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THE
BRITISH MINSTREL,

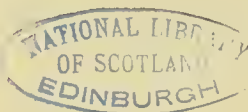
AND
MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY;

A SELECTION OF STANDARD MUSIC,

SONGS, DUETS, GLEES, CHORUSES,
ETC.


AND
ARTICLES IN MUSICAL AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. I.



GLASGOW:

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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

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 *Monus* may trowl lustily while driving gnarled care to the antipodes—and now and then we shall burn Father Matthews' pledge, and chaunt fearlessly a right 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 brawls 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 Josey*," 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 Severini, 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 sickening 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 clarionet 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, *mieo 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 Rubini, 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 monied 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—bark! 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 Rubini, 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*.

AWAY, AWAY, AWAY.

A Favourite Hunting Glee for Three Voices.

COMPOSED BY SAM. WEBB.

ALLEGRO.

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 y^e

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 hounds.

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 unbearably. 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 Medici, 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 "seguaei," 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 Kilmansegge, 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.*

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 amang 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 a'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 Giuseppe 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 lulled, 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 Aneona 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 virtuosos 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 Lucca, 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 loudest 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 competitors 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.

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

cres. f p
tell me where is fancy bred? tell me, tell me, tell me where is fan-ey bred?
cres. f p
tell me where is fancy bred? tell me, tell me, tell me where is fancy bred? Or in the heart, or

cres. scherzando.
Or in the heart, or in - the head, Tell me, tell me, tell me,
in the head, Tell me, tell me, tell me,

f
tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me, tell me where is fan-ey bred? tell me, tell me where is
f
fan-ey bred? How be - got, how nourished? How be - got, how nourished? Re -

ff cres. f ff p
ply, re - ply, re - ply, re - ply, re - ply, it is engender'd
ff cres. f ff
It is engender'd in the eye, It is engender'd

express. ^{tr}lento

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

lies, in the cradle where it lies, by ga - zing fed, and

lies, In the cradle where it lies, By ga - zing

fan - cy dies, In the cra-dle, in the cra-dle where it

fed, and fan - cy dies, in the cra - dle where it

lies, In the cra-dle, in the cra - dle where it lies, where it

lies, In the cra - dle where it lies, where it

dim. cres. dim. p Allegretto, staccato, scherzando.

lies, where it lies. Let us all ring fancy's knell, let us all ring

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 *cres.*

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

p *lento.* *p*
ding ding ding dong bell. ding

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

f
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 vitae," 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 gtees, 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. —*Athenæum.*

THE THORN.

Wutham Shield.

Andante.

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

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

With energy.

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

*Tenderly.**rf*

e - ver I plant in that bo - som a thorn. No! by heav'ns 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 Chloe re-
 A sprig her fair breast to adorn; [quested,
 No! by heav'ns, I exclaimed, may I perish if ever
 I plant in that bosome a thorn.

Then I showed her a ring and implored her to marry
 She blushed like the dawning of morn;
 Yes! I'll consent, she reply'd, if you'll promise that no
 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 bon-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 censure 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 amatenism, 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 "Judas Maccabæus" 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 Mendelssohn 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 Sostenuto

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

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

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

BASS. *p* A - wake, - - - Æ - o - lian Lyre - - - a - wake a - wake. *ff*

mf And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.

mf From Hel - i - cons har

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

mf And give to rap - ture give to &c.

p From Hel - i - cons har - mon - ious springs - - - *f* A

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

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

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

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

mf take, Drink life and fragrance as they flow, *f*

mf take, The laughing flowers that round them blow, *f*

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

Andante Sostenuto

pp *f*

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

p *pp* *f*

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

p *pp* *p* *f*

mf *f*

And Ceres' golden reiga, Now now

mf *f*

Spiritoso

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

mf *f*

a-main -

ff *p*

Headlong impetuous see it pour The

ff *p*

see it pour see it pour, The

ff *p*

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

ff *p*

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.

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 Anarcharsis "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'n't 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 me for; 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 Æolian 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 Meyerbeer's 'Robert le Diable.' When the audience had testified, in an almost frenzied manner, its admiration of these performances, the Count Leon de Festetics, 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 impediment 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—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—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.

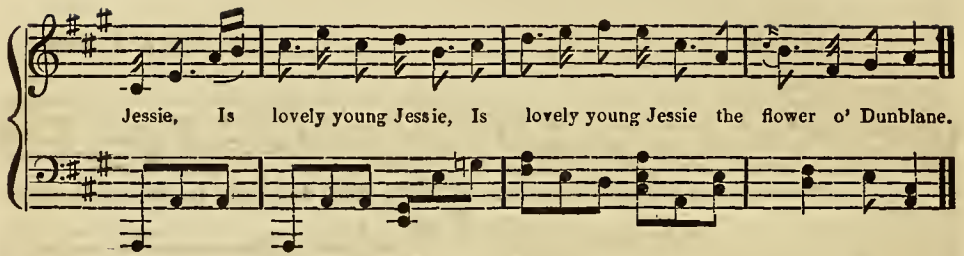
The sun has gane down o'er the lof-ty Ben-lo-mond, And left the red clouds to pre-

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 hosom, 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 ne'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 Abbey 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 bepatched, 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 precursor 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!

* 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 chanted 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 hoard. 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. Proportionably 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 song-writer; 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 hy/cr-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—Jessy!*"

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.



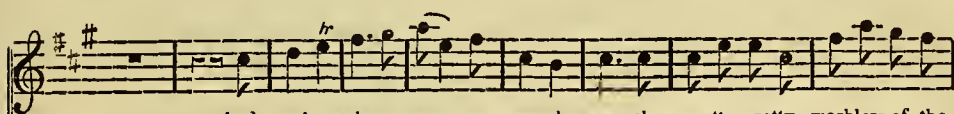
TENOR.



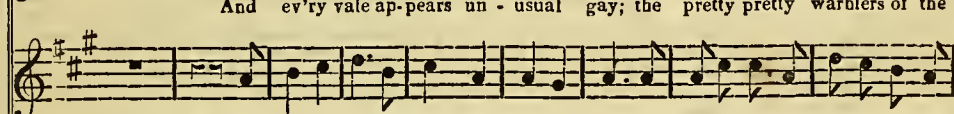
BASS.



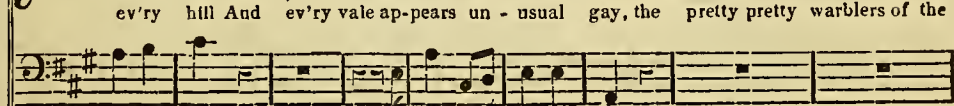
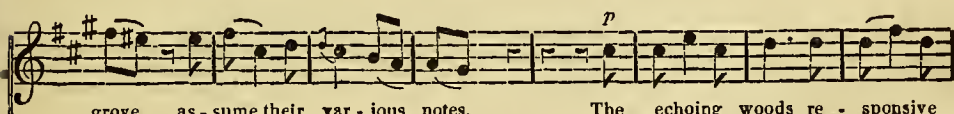
Fair Flo-ra decks the flow'ry ground, and paints the bloom of May,



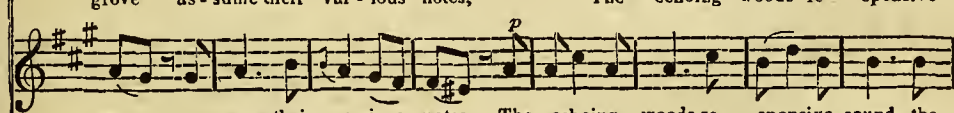
And ev'ry vale ap-pears un-usual gay; the pretty pretty warblers of the



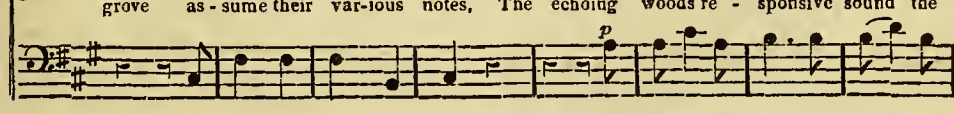
ev'ry hill And ev'ry vale ap-pears un-usual gay, the pretty pretty warblers of the

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



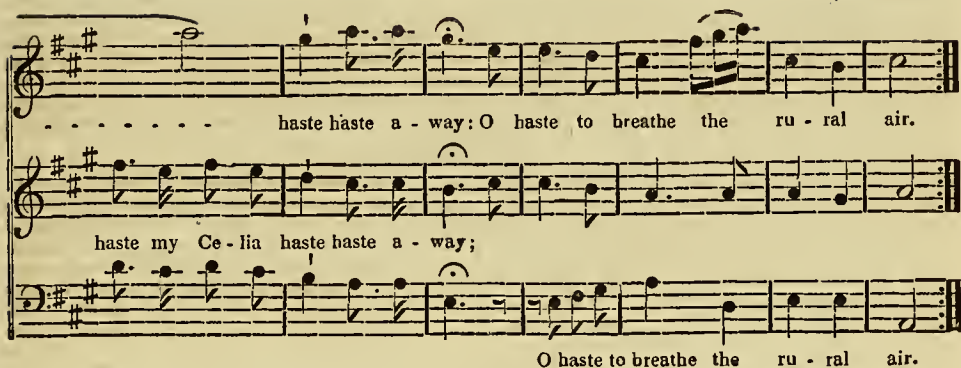
The echo-ing woods re-spon-sive

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



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 these 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 are 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.*

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

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

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 trim 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 singing from human voices that moves me like the nightingales'. 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 become 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 hut, "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 boy 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,

senator, 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*

From all

mf

From all

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

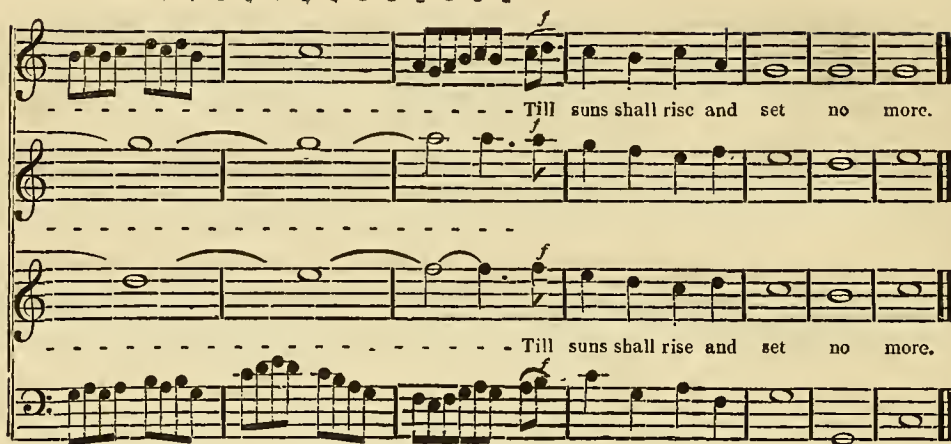
praise, Cre - a - tors praise a - rise. Let his Almigh - ty name be sung, Let

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

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



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 lowly side of the farmer's or cottar's nerve, with besides a wisp o' "Clean pease strae," to serve instead of down or hair-mattress 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 bank-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 taste weel 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 glen. The muffled drum hushes 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 lane 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, *à 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 CHRYSTAL 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*.

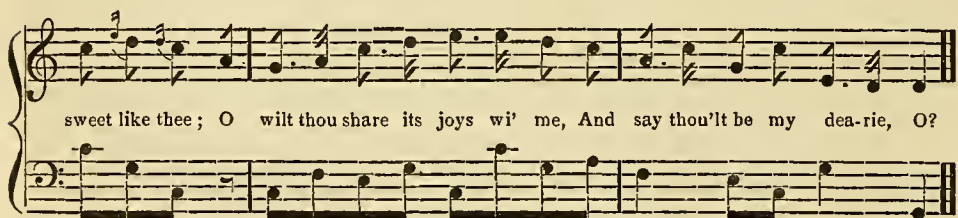
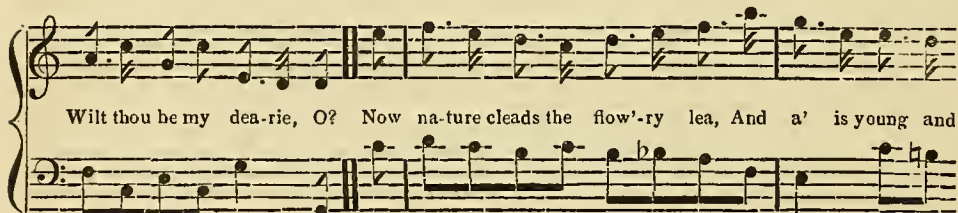
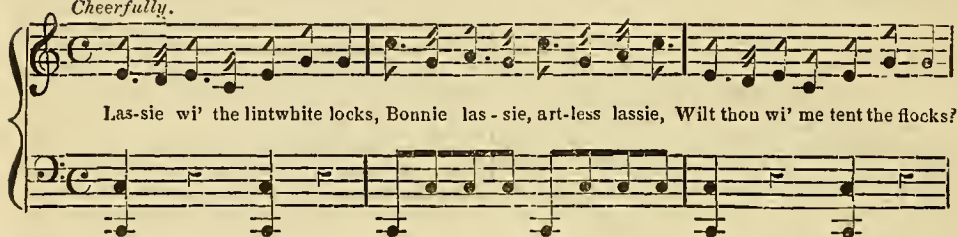
THE ALPINE HORN.—The Alpine horn has, on the lofty hills of Switzerland, another still more solemn

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.



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,
Enclasped 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 hoo, 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-headed laird ne'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 mornin'g'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 chaperoned 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—there was nature and capability of the *real*—in the *imaginary* passions she plays so power- fully. 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 invita- tion, 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 (in- cluding 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 imperative 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 proba- bly 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 he 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 ad- miration 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 respect- ful devotion. All uncovered and stood up, and Grisi, with tears in her eyes, kissed the hand of her bene- factress 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 com- menced, 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 è 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 descrip- tion, 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 inimita- ble: 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 dispatched 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 shining 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 tertzett 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 cat 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 Purcell 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
- - - or in rain in thunder or in
lightning or in rain lightning
lightning or in rain when 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

p *cres.* *f* *p* lightning or in rain in thun - - - der in thunder lightning or
p *cres.* *f* *p* 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
ad. lib.
in rain. When the bur - - - - - 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

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

f

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

p

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

f

Andante.

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

p *piu f.*

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

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

that will be ere set of sun that will be ere

that will be will be

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

set of sun that will be will be

that will be ere set of sun,

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

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 hold 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 woefully disproportionate to the bulk of rhyme. Some of the best sea songs have been written by land-men, 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 lawser, and as boisterous as a north-wester. Though admirably adapted to be growled out by the boatswain when the vessel is scudding 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" (creek), 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 reminiscence—not anticipative; and therefore it is, that with whatever species of fame America may enrich her brows, 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 his 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 car, 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 boy.

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 - joice 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 eh 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.

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 acquirements 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 appal 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 instructed 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 acquirements among amateurs, though no very high degree of artistic 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 halm; 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 drawling, 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 blouse, 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 pleas-eth me, I that hate it and am free,
Laugh and weep as pleas-eth 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 cast,
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 prickle 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 menial. 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 glistering 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 unchecked, 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 fire-side 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 guldurs as he'd wurry me.
O, monie are a mudder's whopes,
And monie are a mudder's fears,
And monie a bitter, bitter pang,
Beath suin and leate her bosom tears!

We brong thee up, pat thee to schuil.
And clead to weel as peer fwoke can;
We larn'd thee beath to dance and read,
But now tou's crazy for a man.
O monie are, &c.

When tou was young, and at my knee,
I dwoated on thee day and neet;
But now tou's rakin, rakin still,
And niver niver i' my seet.
O monie are, &c.

Tou's proud and past aw guid adveece—
Yeu mud as weel speak till a stean;
Still, still thy awn way reet or wrang—
Mess! but tou'll rue't when I am geane!
O monie are, &c.

Dick Waters, I hae tel't 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 whopes,
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 - your - na dee -

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

your - 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 - your - 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, [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!

SIR JOHN GUISE.

CATCH, FOR FOUR VOICES.

1st 2d

Here ly - eth Sir John Guise, No one laughs and no one cries.

3d 4th 1st

Where he's gone or how he fares, No one knows and no one cares.

HARK, HARK, THE LARK.

GLEE, FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Cooke.

SOPRANO. *p*

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, Hark,

TENOR.

ALTO. *p*

Hark, hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, Hark,

BASS.

f

hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a - rise - - his steeds to

And Phoebus 'gins a - rise his steeds to wa - ter at those

hark, the Lark at Heav'n's gate sings, And Phoebus 'gins a - rise - - his steeds to

And Phoebus 'gins a - rise his steeds to wa - - ter

wa-ter at those springs on chalie'd flow'rs that lies; And wink-ing
 springs on cha - - lie'd flow'rs that lies; And wink - ing
 wa-ter at those springs on chalie'd flow'rs that lies;
 at these springs, on chalie'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 -

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

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'La - dy sweet a - rise, my La - dy sweet a - rise, my La - dy sweet a -'. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'La - dy sweet a - rise, a - rise, a -'. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *p* (piano) and *pp* (pianissimo).

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

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

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'rise, With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty bin, my La - dy sweet a - rise, a -'. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'rise, With ev' - ry thing that pret - ty bin, my La - dy sweet a - rise, a -'. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *pp* (pianissimo).

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

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

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'rise, a - rise my La - dy sweet a - rise a - rise.'. The second staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'rise, a - rise my La - dy sweet a - rise a - rise.'. The third and fourth staves are piano accompaniment. Dynamics include *f* (forte).

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 lovable, 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 syllabings of myriad unfledged 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 Bachanalian 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*

First system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves in G major (one sharp) and 6/8 time. The melody is in the treble staff, and the bass staff provides harmonic support. The lyrics are: "Come un - der my plai - dy the night's gaen to fa', Come in frae the cauld blast tho"

Second system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "drift and the snaw, Come un - der my plai - dy and sit down be - side me, There's room in't dear"

Third system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "Las - sio be - lieve me for twa. Come un - der my plai - dy and sit down be - side me, I'll"

Fourth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "hap ye frae ev' - ry cauld blast that can blaw, Come un - der my plai - dy and"

Fifth system of musical notation. Treble and bass staves. The melody continues in the treble staff. The lyrics are: "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 tightly,
 His cheek's like the new rose, his brow's like the snaw.

Dear Marion let that flee stick fast to the wa',
Your Joek's but a gowk, 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 faither 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 twenty, my time is but smarr',
Sae gi'e me your plaidy, I'll creep in beside ye,
I thoct ye'd been aulder than threescore and twa

She erap 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 bursting in twa.
He wandered hame wearie, the night it was drearie,
And thowless, he tint his gate ded 'mang the snaw;
'The howler was screamin', while Johnnie cried, "Women
Wad marry auld Nick if he'd keep them aye braw."

O the delf'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 doirdards 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 seacane of a greene plat,
Vnder protection of an Oake; there sate
A sweet Lutes-master in whose gentle aires
Hee 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 shee 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,
Informes 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 instinct, 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 severely 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 disdaines the Trebles Grace.
 The high-percht Treble chirps at this, and chides,
 Until his finger (*Moderateur*) hides
 And closes the sweet quarrell, rowling all
 Hoarse, 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 hacke; 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 hill,
 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 over her lubricke throat
 In panting murmurs, still'd out of her Brest,
 That ever-bubling 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 threats
 In creak 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 Mattens 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 hopefull 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 Breast,
 Till the fleg'd Notes at length forsake their Nest;
 Fluttering in wanton shoales, and to the Sky
 Wing'd with their owne wild Ecchos, 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 hoarse 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 stain
 In the Musicians face; yet once againe
 (*Mistress*) I come; now reach a straine my Lute
 Above her mocke, 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 coyneess tastes 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
 Thro 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 (Meteor-like) doth curl the aire
 With flash of high-borne fancies: 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 blest 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 throat,
 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 chatt'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) dead, 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 ecstasy 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 the 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. Those 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 stretches 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 vociferation. 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 farrest 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 ungauzy 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, Berlio, 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.—*Gentleman of the Old School*.

WITH FULL VOICED CHOIR.

SACRED CHORUS.

Mozart.

TENOR.

ALTO.

AIR.

BASS.

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

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

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 voic'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

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

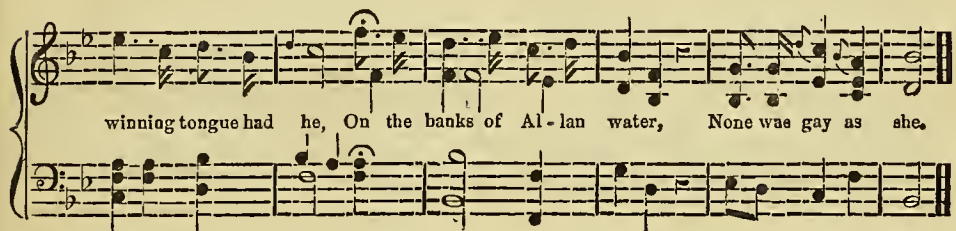
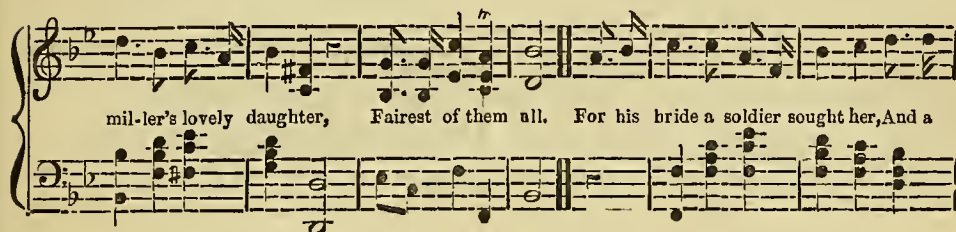
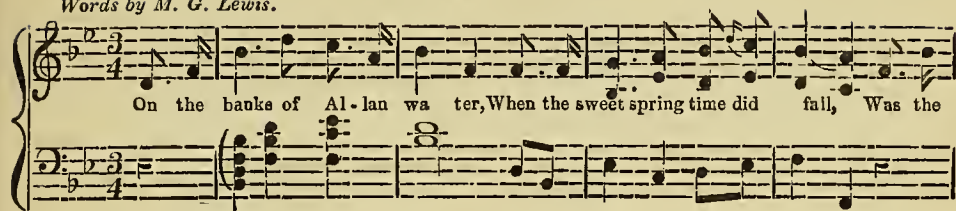
New songs of triumph, New songs of triumph raise; With full voic'd Choir re-sounding

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.

THE BANKS OF ALLAN WATER.

SONG.

Words by M. G. Lewis.

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 rolled 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 overlooked 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 eage 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 entreatingly 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, Señor!*" 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, *Señor*, 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 queen's page, aunt, who came to bid me farewell."

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

"The morning that the *ger-falcon* came into the tower. It was the queen'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 unsinged 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 forgetful 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 overlaid 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 bubble—bubble—bubble—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 lingers 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—bubble—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 complaints 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 mignims 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 maids of honour was walking in those stately gardens, intended, with their avenues and terraces and fountains, to eclipse the glories of Versailles, the famous 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 clasped to the bosom of Ruyz de Alarcón.

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 pragmatical 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 pragmatical 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.

Slow. p

SOPRANO

Here in cool Grot and mos-sy Cell, We ru-ral Fays and Fai-ries, We

p

ALTO.

mf Vivace

We ru-ral Fays and

p

TENOR.

Here in cool Grot and mos-sy Cell, We ru-ral Fays and

p

BASS.

p *cres.*

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

p *cres.*

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

p *cres.*

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

p *cres.*

f *p*

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

f *p*

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

f *p*

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

f *p*

f *p* *f*

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 crystal streams, frisk it frisk it frisk it

f *p* *f*

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 crystal streams, frisk it frisk it frisk it

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

near those 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

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

yet for art - ful strains we call we call we call, But lis-ten lis-ten

strains we call we call we call we call, But lis-ten lis-ten

art - ful strains

cres. *p* *cres.* *p*

lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall, lis - ten

lis - ten lis - ten to the wa - ter fall, lis - ten

mf *p* *mf* *p* *mf* *p*

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

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

f *f* *f*

WE'LL MEET BESIDE THE DUSKY GLEN.

Tannahill.

R. A. Smith.

Andante. p.

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

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

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

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

ad. lib.

We'll meet beside the dusky glen, on yon burn side,
Where the bushes form a cosie den, on yon 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 yon burn

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

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

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 brulante 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 admirably 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 mastermind 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 thenceforth 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 snage
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 superposition 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 despitefully 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 *Freischütz*—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 Weber 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. *Appropos* 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 feuds 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 Cornwall, 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, lanky 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 Dibdin; "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.

With animation, (♩ 116)

2^D TREBLE.

BLOW WARDER! BLOW THY SOUND-ING HORN, AND THY BAN-NER WAVE ON

BASS.

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

rin. 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

f

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

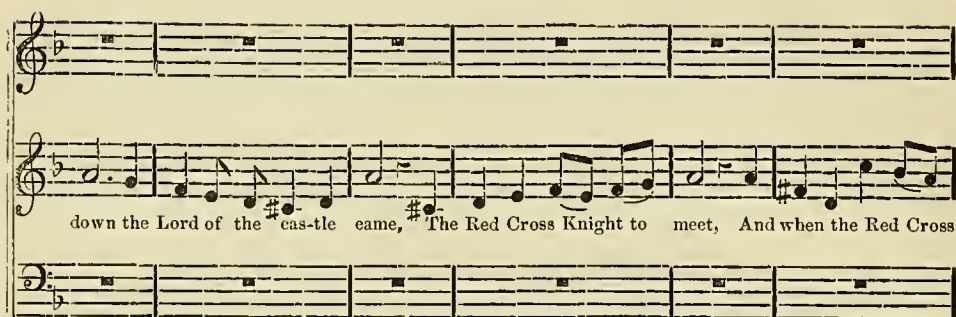
comes from the East coun - try,

f

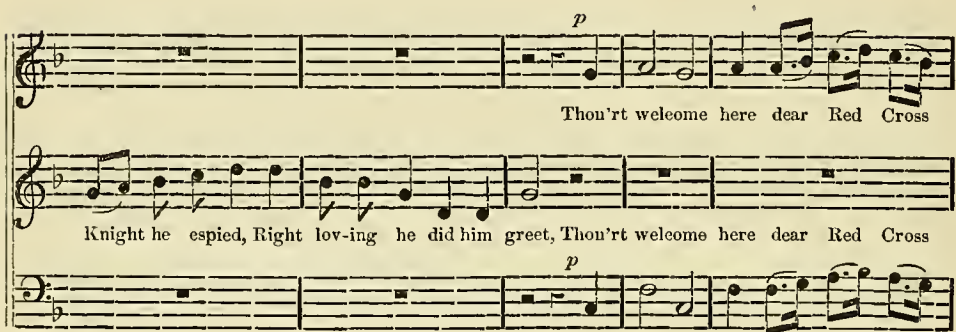
hoarse, I see a bold Knight, And on his shield bright, He bear - eth a flam - ing Cross,

f *mez.*

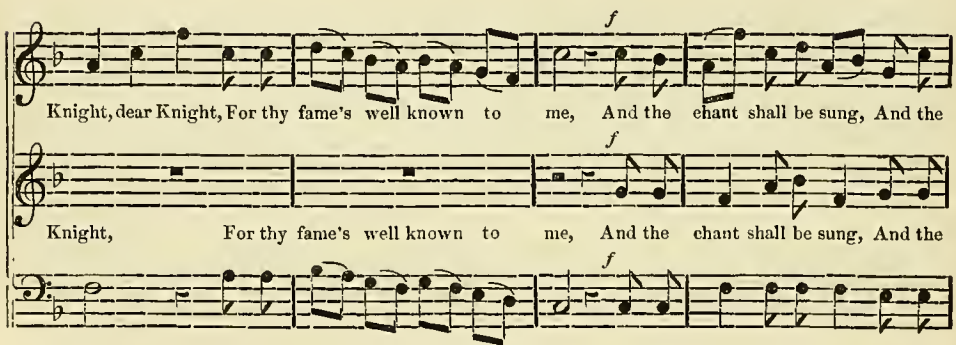
I see a bold Knight, And on his shield bright, He bear - eth a flam - ing Cross, Then



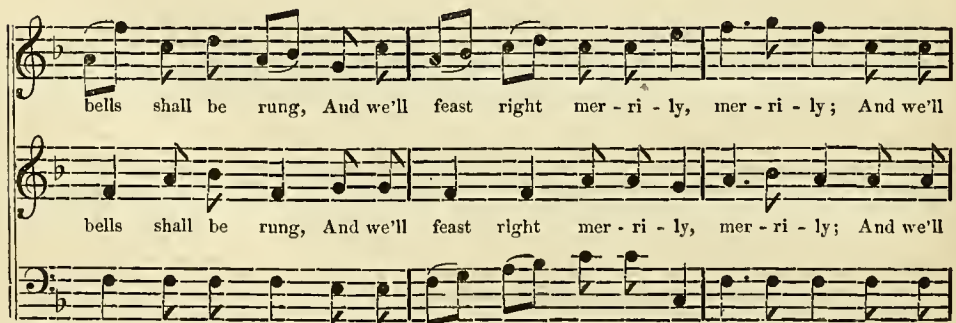
down the Lord of the cas-tle came, The Red Cross Knight to meet, And when the Red Cross



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



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



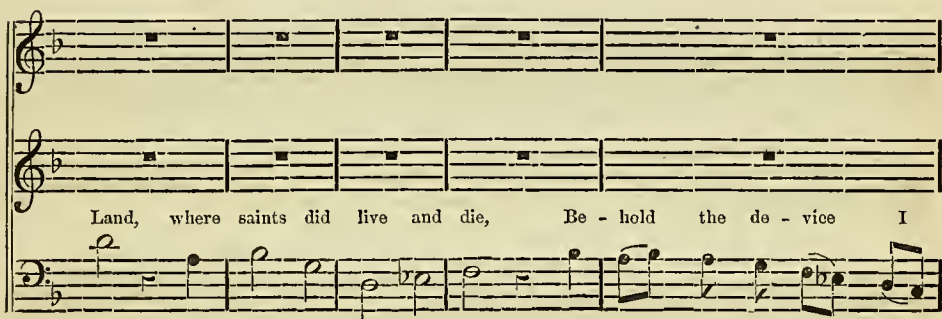
bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; And we'll
bells shall be rung, And we'll feast right mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly; And we'll

rin. f.

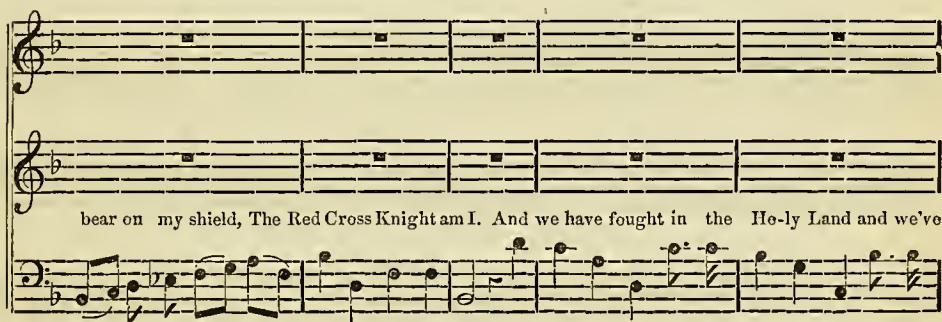


feast right mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly.

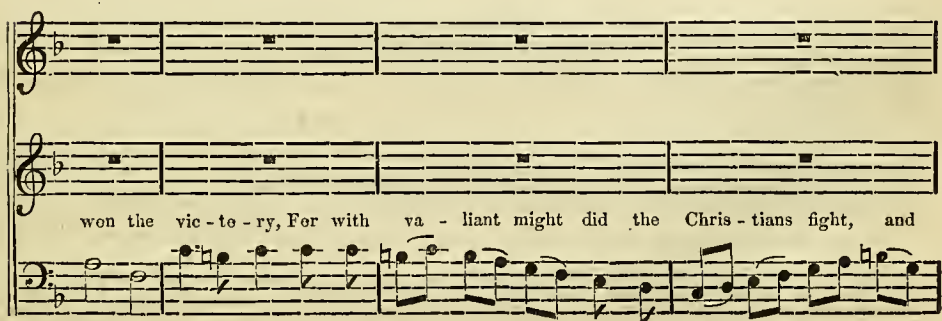
feast right mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly. Oh! I am come from the ho-ly



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-te-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,
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

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

f

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 Vergi," "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. "Rot 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 Vergi," 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; 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.

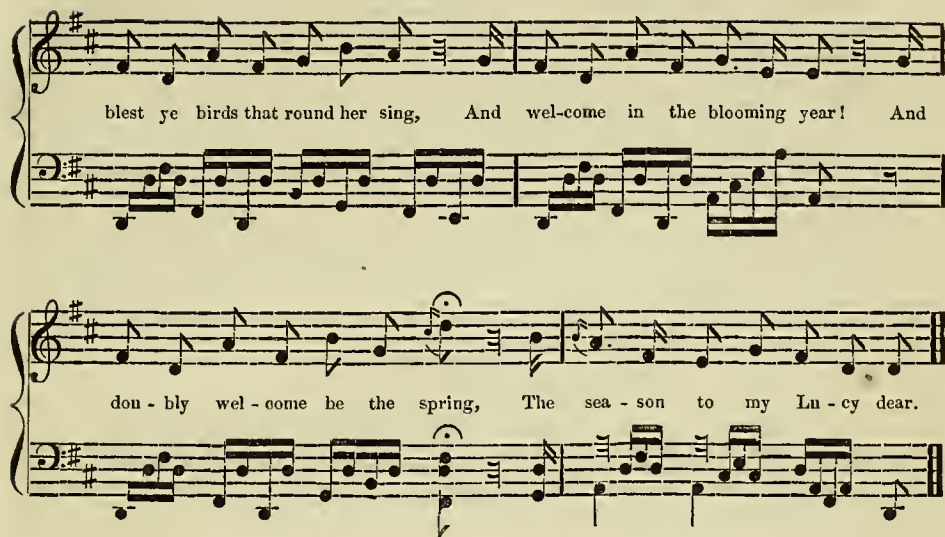
Vivace.

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



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 shelter there.

O sweet is she in yon town,
Yon 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 sall ken, there's nae sall 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 pon 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 aye 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 Tannahill 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.

TWAS 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

1 new Sir, 'twas you that kiss'd the pret-ty girl, 'twas you Sir, you.

2 blue, Sir, 'twas you that kiss'd the pret-ty girl, 'twas you 'tis true.

3 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 which 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 hebled 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

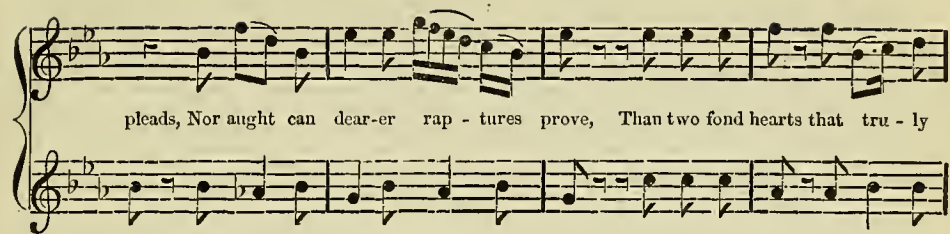
vir - tuo calls its own, 'Tis beau-ty's task soft smiles be-stow-ing, To share and

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 the ills of life be - guil-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 *fête* 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 Peluchenan, 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

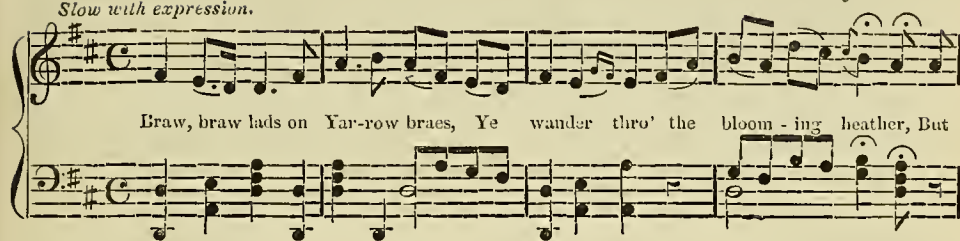
impression on them. They listened in religious silence, and questioned us as to the meaning of that mysterious and sublime language. When I explained to them that it was the prayer of a prophet to God, they asked for a repetition of it; and when their request was complied with, they looked at one another 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 Peluchenan, concluded the musical entertainments of an evening which will be long impressed on my memory. Peluchenan 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 in 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

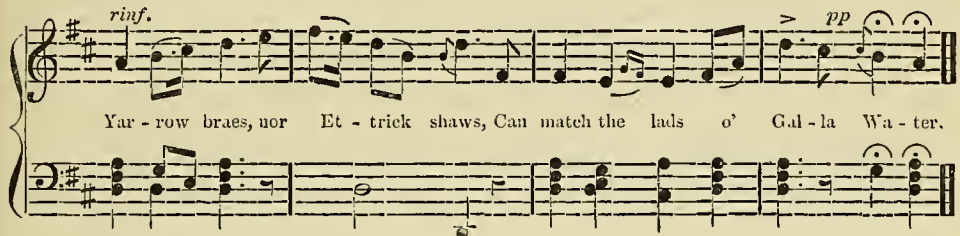
Words by Burns.

Slow with expression.



rinf.

pp



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 fifths, 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 synecopation, 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 all 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 hung, 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 Roehesters, the Sedleys and D'Urfeys 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

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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 stave 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 husy 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 solfeggio 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 arbours winds a panning 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
Afair 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. *f*

Glo - ry be to God our King, Thine e - ter - nal love we sing,

ALTO. *f*

Glo - ry be to God our King, Thine e - ter - nal love we sing,

AIR. *f*

Glo - ry be to God our King, Thine e - ter - nal love we sing,

BASS. *f*

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 Shepherd sought and

Shep-herd came, 'Till the gra-cious Shep-herd came, The Shepherd sought and

f Tutti *p*

sav'd. O praise his name, O praise his name, Death no more we

f *p*

sav'd. O praise his name, O praise his name, Death no more we

f *p*

ff

dread thy sting, We joy-ful sing, We joy-ful

ff

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 no'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 hoyish 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 easement.”

“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 werr't 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 élit-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, chattering 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 gauze. 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, us I thought it passable, I was desir-

ons 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 Staremborg. 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 due 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 Staremborg, who was pacing the apartment with folded arms and a frowning brow, limped about in a most frightful manner. Wilhelmina, tired 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 Heaven! 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 Staremborg; "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?"

"Not a 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 lateails, 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 stannied 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 varié*—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 catching . . . —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 pleasant-ries 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 Boîteux*, and of the ludicrous storm of the harlequin Bernardone.—*The Parterre.*

COME, FOLLOW, FOLLOW.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Hilton.

Come fol - low fol-low fol-low fol - low fol - low fol low me.
Whi-ther shall I fol-low fol-low fol-low whi-ther shall I fol-low fol-low thee.
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 meaning 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, aye, 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. Vicesimus 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 Shakespeares and Miltons touch the lyre, or inspire the table.

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, (1690)

How mer-ri - ly we live that shep-herds he, 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 - lays, round - e - lays, 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-found. *Ad^o* D C

envy which sweet mirth, sweet mirth confounds, we have no en - vy which sweet mirth con-found. *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 bruise 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 Süssmayer, 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 reputed 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 Pepysian 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 bonnie,
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 trow,
But untill her I would give nae ear,
And alace my ain wand dings me now!

O wherefore need I busk 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 crosst 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 lightly 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't

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 divorcee,
 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 bearing 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 Echtermach, 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.

Life's a bum - per, life's a bum - per fill'd by fate,

Life's a bum - per, life's a bum - per fill'd by fate,

Life's a bum - per, life's a bum - per fill'd by fate,

life's a bum-per fill'd by fate, Let us guests en - joy - - - - the

life's a bum-per fill'd by fate, Let us guests en - joy en-

life's a bum-per fill'd by fate, Let us guests en - joy en-

treat, Let us guests en - joy the treat. Nor like sil - ly

joy - - - - Let us guests en - joy the treat. Nor like sil - ly

joy - - - - Let us guests en - joy the treat. Nor like sil - ly

sil - ly mor-tals pass - - - - but half a glass, nor like sil - ly mortals

sil - ly mor-tals pass, Life as 'twere but half a glass, nor like sil - ly mor-tals

sil - ly mor-tals pass, Life as 'twere but half a glass, nor like sil - ly mor-tals

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 wine, All the
wine, All the sweets of life com - bine, Mirth and mu - sic love and wine,

Adagio Ad. lib.
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.

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 crowsfoot'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 snaw-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 Faubourg 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 violin 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 grandees, 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 presage 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 bed. In point of national music, properly so called, we think ourselves 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.)

The first system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "We are three Friars of orders Grey, And down the val-lies we take our way, We".

The second system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "pull not black-ber - ry haw or hip, Good store of ven-son does fill our scrip. Our".

The third system of musical notation consists of three staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 6/8. The middle staff is in treble clef with the same key signature and time signature. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are: "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 Mainzer, 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, accentuating 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 *demisemiquaver*, 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, commingling 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 Champetre 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 luxurious 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*.

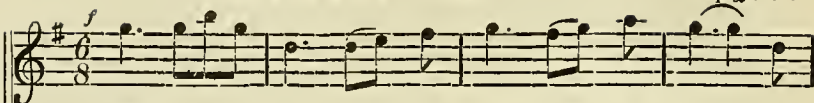
THE GERMAN OPERA COMPANY.—The German Company, who have been giving Operas at Covent Garden Theatre during the season, terminated their performances on Saturday, the 2d July. The theatre was prematurely closed on account of the want of success which attended the undertaking. In consequence, however, of 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.

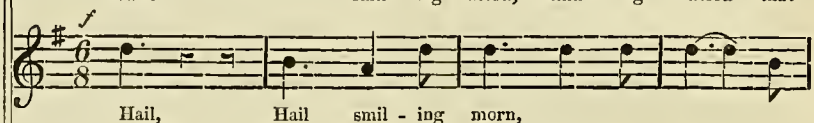
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Spofforth.

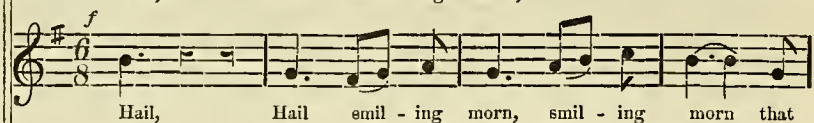
ALTO.



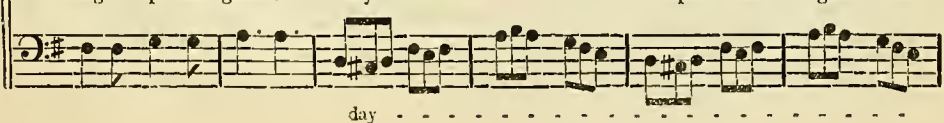
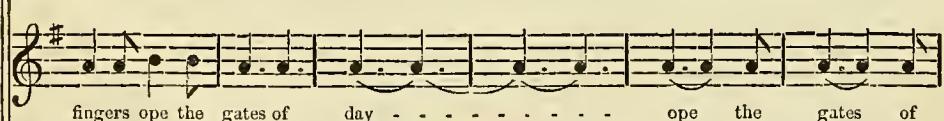
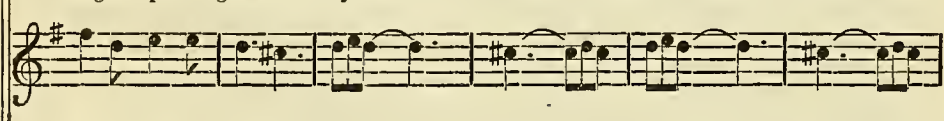
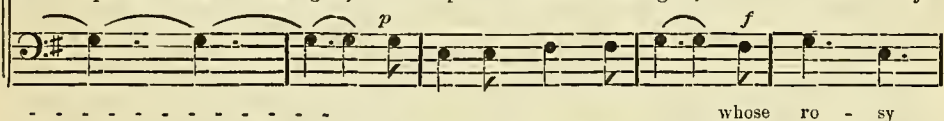
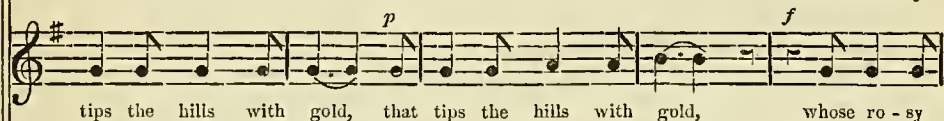
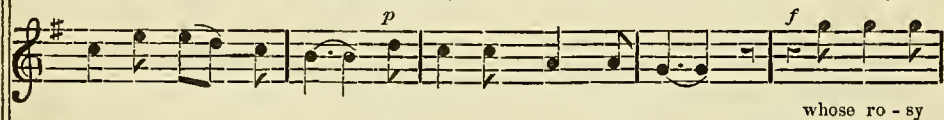
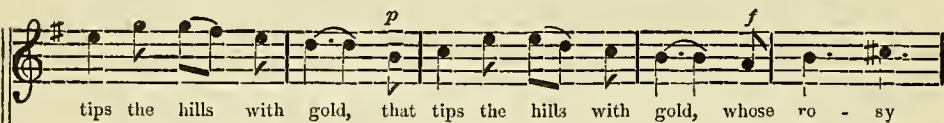
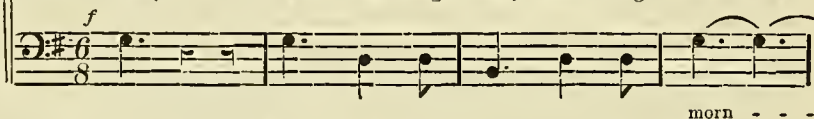
1st TENOR.



2d TENOR.



BASS.



- - ope the 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 -
 flies a - way, flies a -

cres.

- - - dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, at whose bright pre-sence

way, dark - ness flies a - way,

way, dark - ness flies a - way, dark - ness flies a - way, at whose bright pre-sence

fz fz p *cres.*

dark-ness fl - - - - - es a - way, flies a - way - - - -

fz fz *cres.*

dark-ness fl - - - - - es a - way, flies a - way - - - -

fz fz *cres.*

dark-ness fl - - - - - es a - way, flies a - way - - - -

dark-ness flies a -

f *2d time ad lib.*

Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

f

way, dark-ness flies a - way, Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

f

Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail Hail!

f

way, dark-ness flies a - way,

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 did 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*.

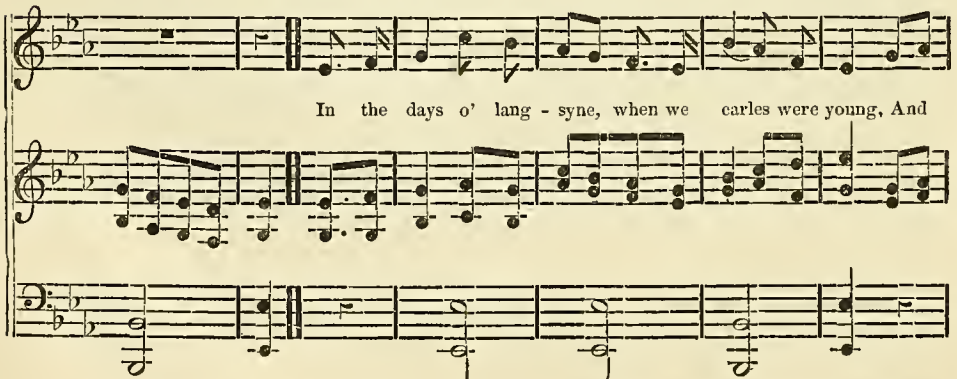
IN THE DAYS O' LANGSYNE

(FROM M'LEOD'S ORIGINAL SCOTTISH MELODIES.)*

Words by Robert Gilfillan.

Music by Peter M'Leod.

Slow with feeling.



* 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 hak'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 Scotland 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! whanr 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 tinue,
It was your stonp 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 Oratorial 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.

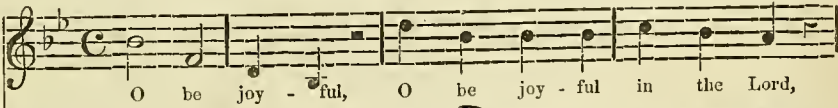
[The foregoing specimen of early American poetry, is extracted from the manuscript memoranda of a Literary Lounger, and serves a double purpose, viz., as a tolerably good specimen of juvenile complimentary verse, and as a historical evidence of the feeling which pervaded the minds of the masters and pupils in Philadelphia with regard to the influence of music as a powerful means to produce salutary and pleasing consequences.—ED. B. M.]

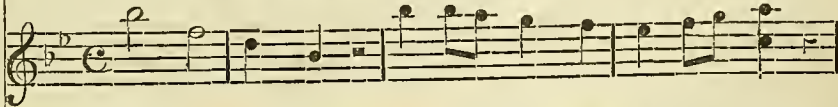
GLOOMY WINTER'S NOW AWA'.—This melody was published in Nathaniel Gow's collection, under the name of "Lord Balgonie's Favourite," as a very ancient air. Afterwards, however, it was claimed by Alexander Campbell, who asserts, in *Albyn's Anthology*, volume i., that it was originally composed by him as 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

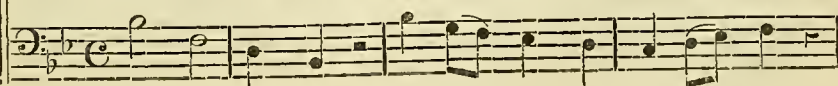
SACRED CHORUS.

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;

Come be-fore him with a song, 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

p
praise; O be joy-ful, be joy-ful in the Lord all ye lands, and come be-
p
praise; O be joy-ful be joy-ful in the Lord all ye lands, and come be-
p

fore his pre-sence with a song. *f* Know that the Lord is God, it is

fore his pre-sence with a song. *f* 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

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 beau - 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^c-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^cCleary,
 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."

"May be; 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 dragged 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."

"LABLACHE," 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 Macheth, 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 "pearl 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 bubbled, I'm bubbled." 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

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.

hear the Dub - lin cries, Sweep, Sweep, Sweep, Sweep.

hear the Dub - lin cries, fine Pars - nips, fine Car - rots and choice Beans.

hear the Dub - lin cries, fine Rad - dish, fine Let - tuce, sold by me.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
LOVE AND FOLLY.

DUET BY WEBBE.

Ad. 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),..... *Spohr.*
 Scena, Miss Bassano, "Ah parlati,"
 (*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, "Pri di partir, (*Ido-
 meneo*)",..... *Mozart.*
 Concerto in D minor, violin, M. Molique, *Molique.*
 Scena, M. Vrugt, "Champs Paternels,"
 (*Joseph*),..... *Mehul.*
 Overture, (*Calypso*),..... *Winter.*

The principal feature in this concert, indeed the only one requiring notice, was the new Symphony by Spohr, "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 Spohr 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 Spohr 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 Spohr. 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 Spohr'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 hearing." 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 bon'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 articulated 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

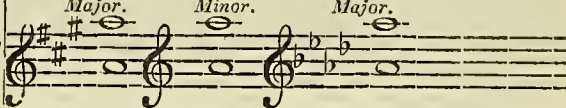
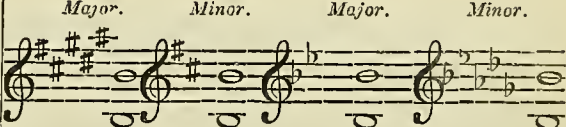
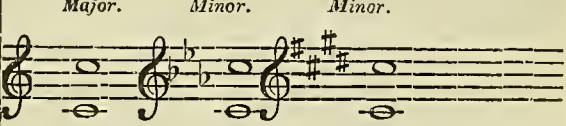
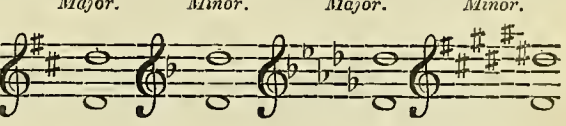
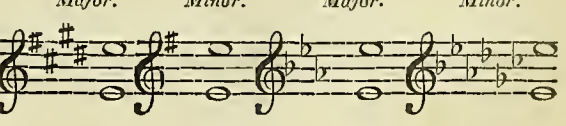
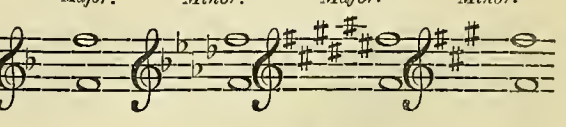
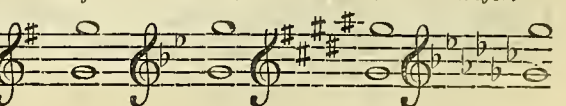
songs, published at Plymouth; six concertos and some psalms, hymns, and canons, published at Reading; twenty-six anthems, and a collection of glees, called the "Harmonia Festi," also many double and single chants, published at Litchfield. At each of the above places he was organist. A glee by Dr. Alcock, 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 Sandford, who was in early life a pupil of Dr. Alcock's.

RULE.

EXAMPLE.

Keys of A.	As <i>major</i> key <i>three sharps</i> will tell, The <i>minor</i> A is <i>natural</i> ; And A <i>flat major</i> all will say, With <i>four flats</i> ever we must play.	Major. Minor. Major.	
Keys of B.	With <i>major</i> B <i>five sharps</i> are sent, B <i>minor</i> is with <i>two</i> content; To B <i>flat major</i> <i>two flats</i> place, With B <i>flat minor</i> <i>five flats</i> trace.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of C.	To prove our axiom plain and true C's <i>major</i> key we <i>natural</i> view; On <i>minor</i> C <i>three flats</i> attend, And C <i>sharp minor</i> <i>four</i> befriend.	Major. Minor. Minor.	
Keys of D.	The <i>major</i> D <i>two sharps</i> doth crave, The <i>minor</i> D <i>one flat</i> will have; With <i>flat</i> D <i>major</i> , <i>five</i> are told, With <i>sharp</i> D <i>minor</i> , <i>six</i> behold.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of E.	With <i>major</i> E <i>four sharps</i> must come, The <i>minor</i> E has only <i>one</i> ; To E <i>flat major</i> , <i>three flats</i> fix, And E <i>flat minor</i> , must have <i>six</i> .	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of F.	F's <i>major</i> key has <i>one</i> poor <i>flat</i> . The <i>minor</i> F has <i>four</i> times that; For F <i>sharp major</i> , <i>six sharps</i> score, For F <i>sharp minor</i> , <i>three</i> —no more.	Major. Minor. Major. Minor.	
Keys of G.	G's <i>major</i> key with <i>one</i> sharp make, G's <i>minor</i> key <i>two flats</i> will take; To G <i>sharp minor</i> , <i>five sharps</i> name, And G <i>flat major</i> , <i>six flats</i> 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.

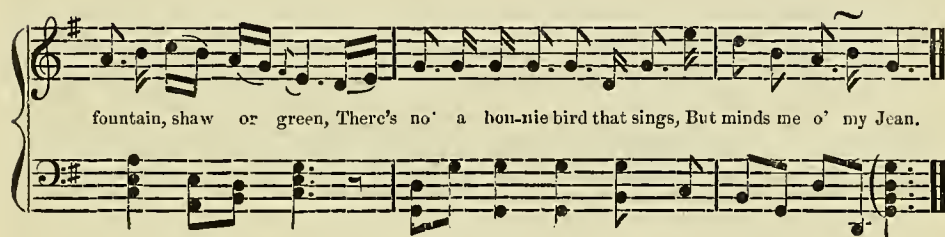
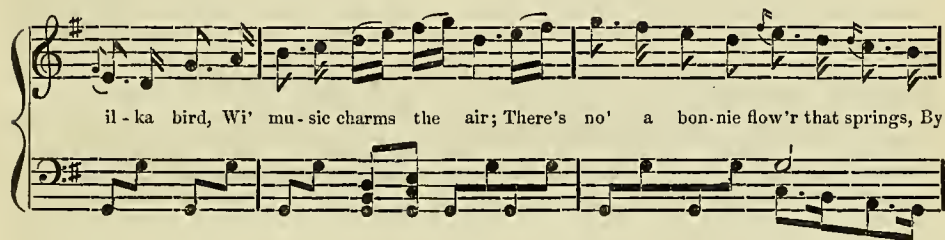
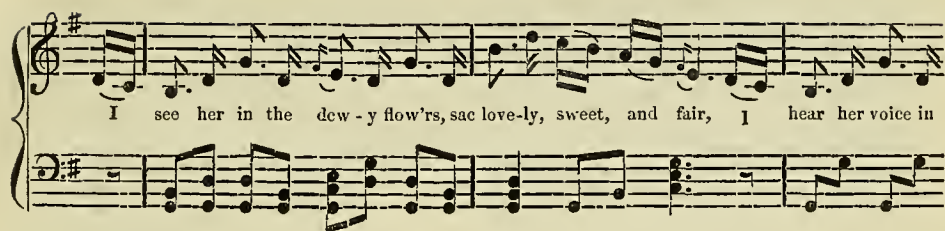
Music by William Marshall.

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.



O' a' the airts the wind can blaw,
 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 tune fu' bird,
 Wi' music charms the air:
 There's no' a bonnie flower that springs
 By fountain, shaw, or green,
 Nor yet a bonnie bird that sings,
 But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
 Amang 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, amang 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 Frederick," "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 braw;
 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 fived 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 TURLÉ. 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, 1832.

CONTENTMENT.

(From the *Bostan*, or *Garden of Sadec*, the *Persian Poet*.)

Soile 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 Damanour, 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 *Zingane*, 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 *Zingane* 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'emportement 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 fairforms 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 dulled 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

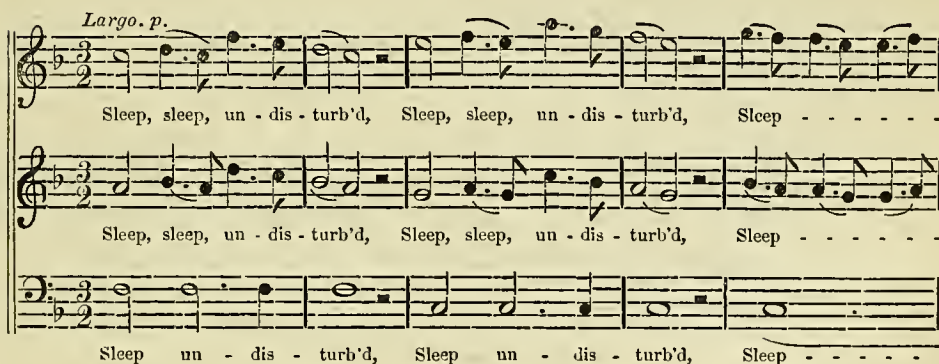


hap-less love; Rest here, dis-tress'd by cares no more, And



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

Allegro ma non troppo



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 Au - 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 "rocking" 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 of 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 extacy 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-I-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 ears till he has finished.—*Musical World*.

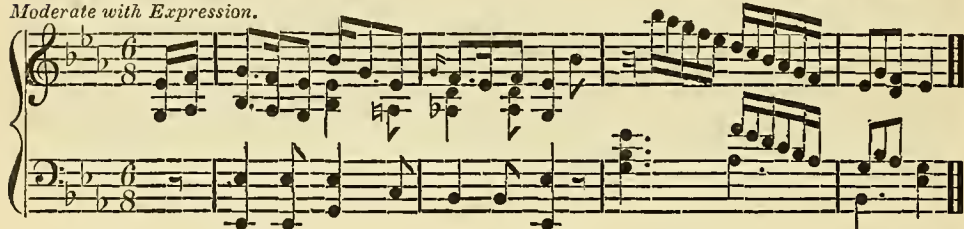
WHEN AUTUMN HAS LAID HER SICKLE BY.

(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 thee - kit 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 hand 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 alight,
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 hide,
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. A.)

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 crambo-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 *Improvvisatore*.
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 dizzien:
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 speel;
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 rhymier—
I never felt the pains and fash
Of those that rack their brains for cash;
Or hards 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' brairded corn;
She feels the impulse glad of spring,
And plies at once her throat and wing;—
To man her song may flow in rain—
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 donbtit—
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 tunefu' 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 Laban'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 Mous. —, 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 *Bibliothèque 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. "*Mois, Monsieur, soyez sur 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 Allegro. *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.

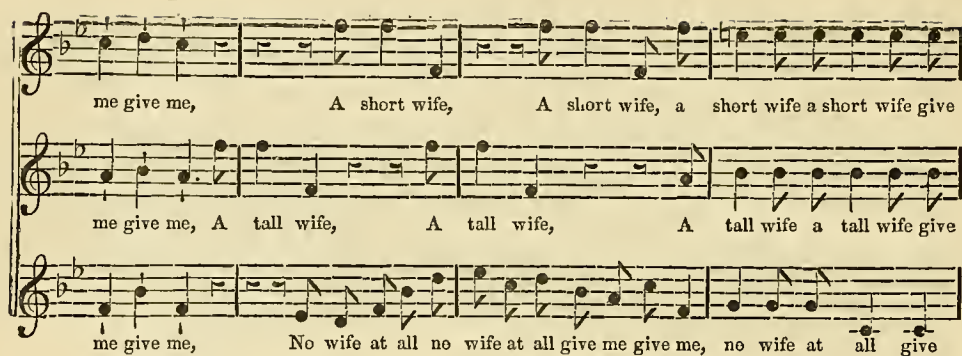
I

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

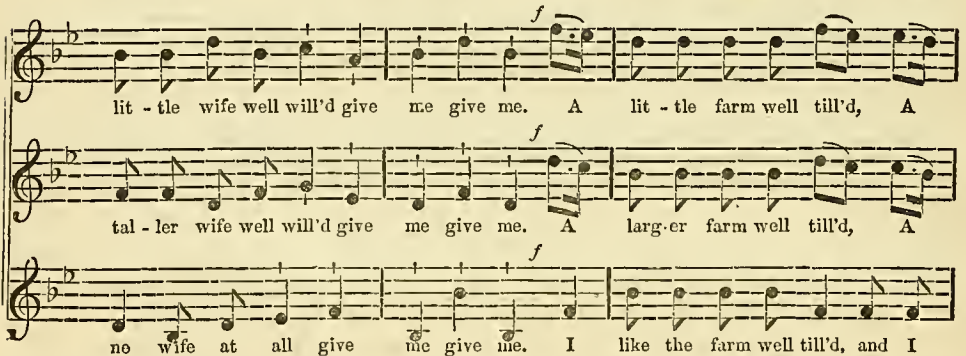
me, give me, No wife no wife at all give me, no wife at all give



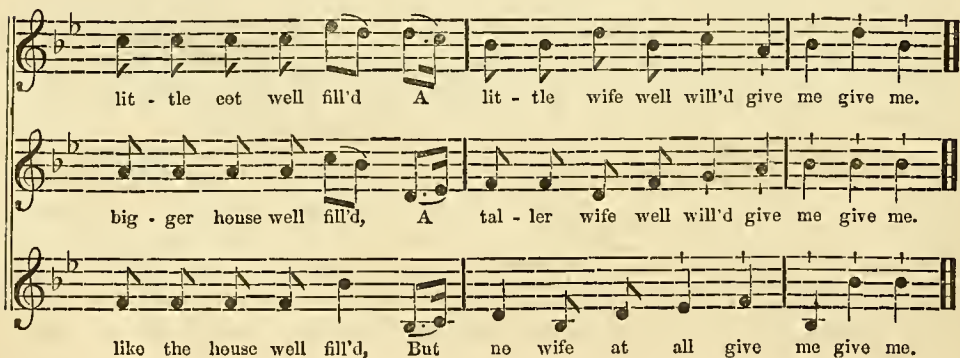
me give me, A short wife, A short wife, a short wife a short wife give
 me give me, A tall wife, A tall wife, A tall wife a tall wife give
 me give me, No wife at all no wife at all give me give me, no wife at all give



me give me. A lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle cot 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 cot 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.

*Andante.**S. Webb.*

1 Would you know my Ce - lia's charms, 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 hydraulicon 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 hydraulicon 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 hydraulicon 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 hydraulicon up to the organ, and afterwards descending from the organ to the hydraulicon, 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 hydraulicon, 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 latinatis*, 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 CASSIODORUS has given of an organ in his explanation of the 150th Psalm, is more applicable to a small hydraulicon, than to our modern instruments. The barbarism which spread amongst the people of Europe, after the time of CASSIODORUS, 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. Gallen, 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. Gallen 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 STRADO 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 BEDOS 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 STRADO, which he expressly says was in a church at Aix la Chapelle. DON BEDOS 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 *Supplementi 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 Baluze, there is a letter from POPE JOHN VIII. to HANNON DE FRISINGUE, in Bavaria, praying him to send him into Italy a good organ, with a skilful artist to repair and play on it. DON BEDOS 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 NANOI 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 SWININUS, the description of an organ that ELFEUS, 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. I do 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 Magdeburg 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 BENOS DE CELES, 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 Magdeburg 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 equality 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 psalter, &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 BALDIUS, Bishop of Dol, in Bretagne, 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 hautbois, 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 BÉDO DE CÉLLES 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 Nördlinguen, 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 Angsburg 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 Peyssenbergh, in Bavaria, whom DUKE ERNEST, in 1433, exempted from every species of impost and contribution, on account of his skill in constructing organs. ANDRÉ, who built in 1456, the old organ of S. REGIDIA, 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. POCIANPI, 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.

Arr—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's 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's weal, And I'll feast up - on bannocks o' bar - ley meal.

I will quickly lay down my sword and my gun,
 An' put my blue boonet 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 brawer 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 adieu,
 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 hard'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*
 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

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.

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 yon 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!

"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.

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 Frantzmenn 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.

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 brent, 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 acquent,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonny brow was brent ;
 But now your head is bauld, 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 pillaging 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 choruses 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 *pere*.

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 MATTHESON, 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. BARNEY) 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 *clam 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 moti 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 *beastly* 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,

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, the bliss of dy-ing,

Trembling, hop - ing, ling'ring, fly - ing, Oh! the pain, the 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.

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

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 An - gels say, Sis - ter
whis - per An - gels say,

f *lr* *f*
Spi-rit come a - way, Sis - ter Spi - rit come a - way. What is this ab-
f *lr* *f*
Spi-rit come a - way, Sis - ter Spi - rit come a - way. What is this ab-
f *lr* *f*

p
serbs me quite, steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spi - rit,
p
sorhs me quite, steals my sen - ses, shuts my sight, Drowns my spi - rit,
p

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

tr *p*

soul, can this be Death. The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my

tr *p*

soul, can this be Death. The world re - cedes, it dis - ap - pears, Heav'n o - pens on my

p

With spirit.

f

eyes, my ears with sounds se - ra - phic ring. Lend lend your wings, I mount I fly, O

f

eyes, my ears with sounds se - ra - phic ring. Lend lend your wings, I mount I fly, O

f

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

p

Grave where is thy vic - to - ry, O Death where is thy sting, Lend lend your wings, I

p

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 - ners, 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—prond 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.

A U T U M N.

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 spirited 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 soothing kind, which soon restored him to his natural good humour.

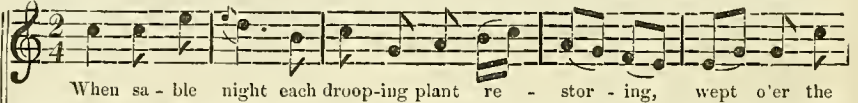
W H E N S A B L E N I G H T.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

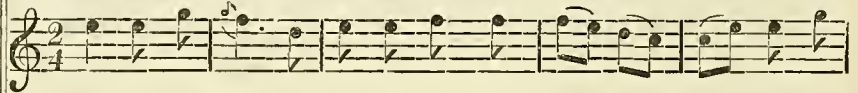
Words by Sheridan.

AIR.—*Deil tak' the Wars.*

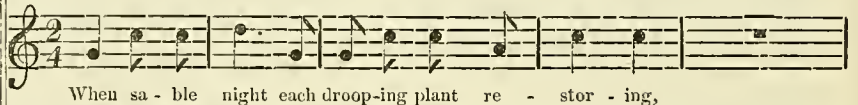
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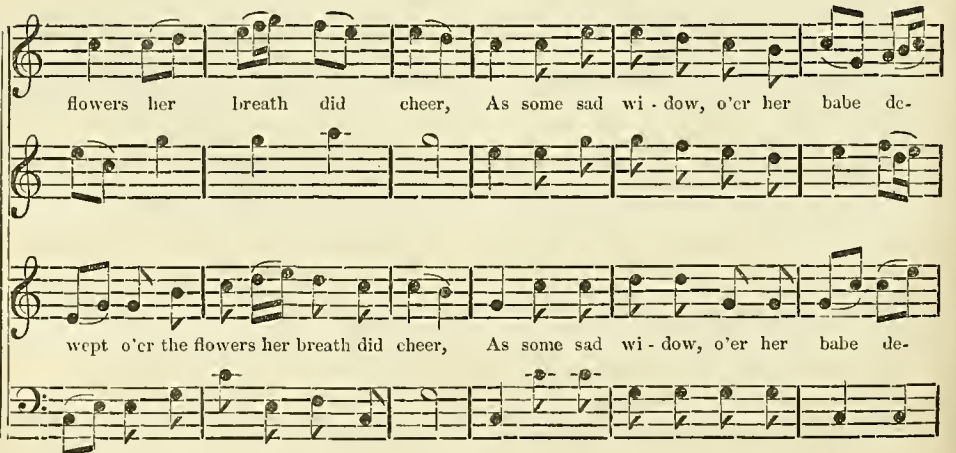
ALTO.



TENOR



BASS.



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

p. len o *tempo*

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;

f

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

then, And he had press'd a - gain, I fear'd my treach'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 [Py 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'Urfe; 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'Urfe'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 reeking floods,

Wild nature's tenants freely, gladly stray;

The lintwhite in his bow

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,

When thro' my very heart

Her beaming glories dart—

'Tis then I wake 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 concords; 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, alliction, 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 Cloacina 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 landlady, that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the comedy of "Rule a wife." She, with a torpid voice and hungry 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 floance 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 uneomely 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 huzzing 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 ease;

I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.

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 SPOHR 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 bide, 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 bleezing 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, Johana 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 iugæ 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 Schenck, 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 uncouthness with the 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-destroy.

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

p *f* *p* *f*

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,

ff *ff*

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

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.

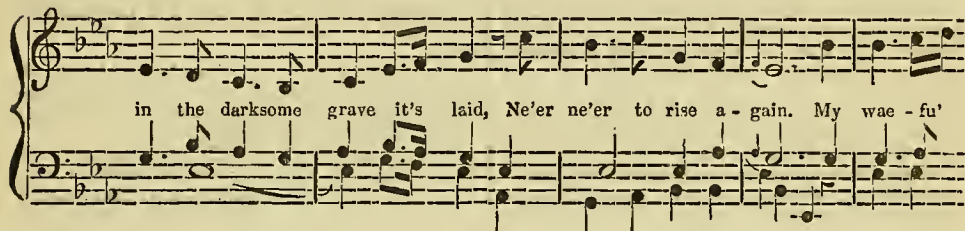
let us be, and hap - py, hap - py, hap - py, let us be.

THE WAEFU' HEART.

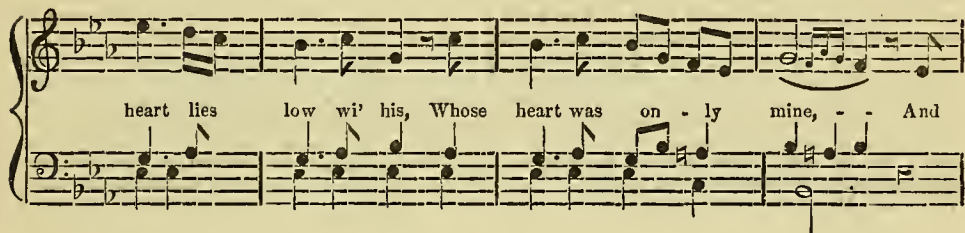
Words by Miss Blamire.

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 mann 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 wond'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

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 (Hirn-besitzer)*," 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 inkstand 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—(Frau 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 afflicting 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 offers 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 Wabring, 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 Nenborg, 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 Dupeut, 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

bot - tom'd old Chairs to mend, Old Chairs to mend, new

man - acks, New Mac - ke - rel, New Mac - ke - rel.

old rags, An - y Hare Skins or Rab - bit Skins.

HARK, THE GODDESS DIANA.

Moderato.

Reginald Spofforth.

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

winding 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 winding 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

dan - ger we scorn, for plea - sure's our aim. To the

fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a -

way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a - way, To the fields then a -

way, To the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a -

way, then a - way let's re - pair. To the fields then a - way, then a - way let's re - pair.

f

fz

p

cres.

f

p

f

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

ad. lib.

see; Bnt 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 sprang 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 Constanza*," written for Mme. Pisaroni. In the year 1819 he produced at the Theatre-Royal, Turin, his "*Sémiramide 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 Mehnl 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 Brandenburger 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 *Académie 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 unwearied activity, the number of works which he has produced during the last 16 years, affords 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 emulgence—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'Institut 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 *ormolu*, 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, uncloud 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;
Uncloud 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.*]

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

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.

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

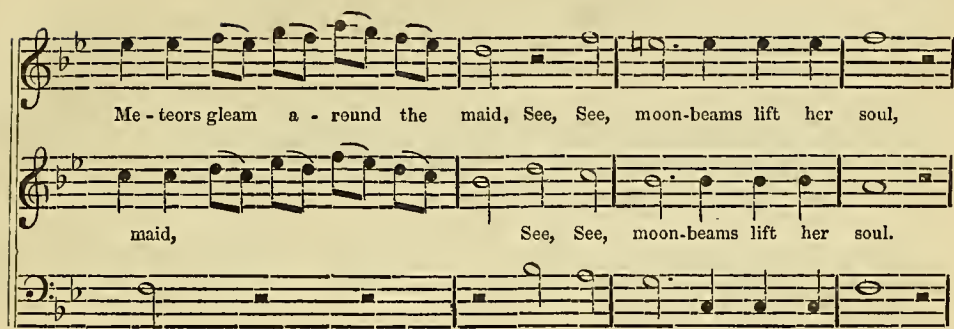
name to the winds of heav'n, her name her name her name,

name to the winds of heav'n. See, See,

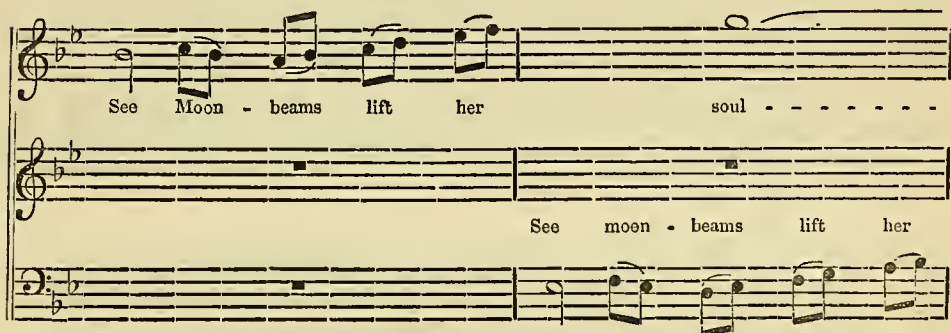
name to the winds of heav'n. See, See, Me-tears gleam a - round the

Me - tears gleam a - round the maid,

maid, Me - tears gleam a - round the



Me - teors 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

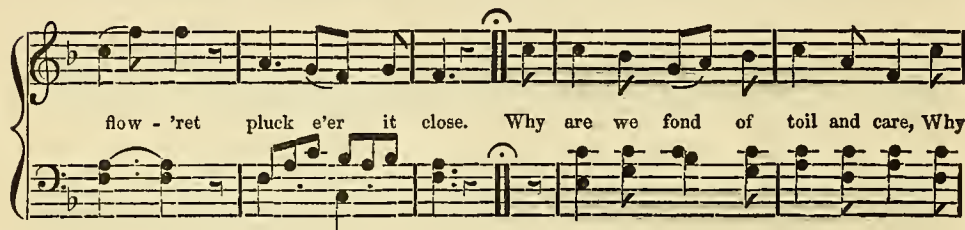
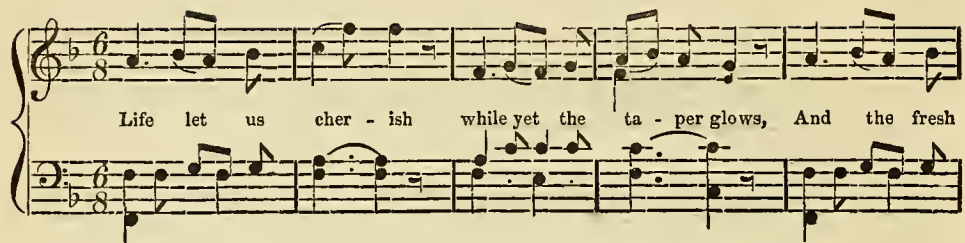


See moon - beams lift her soul, See
soul, See moon - beams lift her soul, See



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.**Negli.*

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 manifold 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'rous 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.

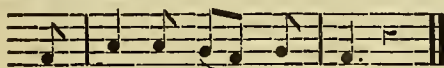
She dries his tears, she strews his way,
E'en to the grave, with flow'rets gay,
Turns night to morn, and morn to day,
And pleasure still increases.
Taste life's &c.

Of life she is the fairest band,
Joins brothers truly hand in band;
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 fading 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 Motets; 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. Beruhard 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 wrapt 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 imbued 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 vacancy 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'Connellan'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 Argyll 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 umqwhile 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 gaily 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.

Moderato. *sotto voce*

SACRED CHORUS.

Haydn.

AIR.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

A new cre - a - ted world, a new cre - a - ted world, springs up springs

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

pair-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 unpremeditated, 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, putting 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 indolently 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 impetuous 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.”

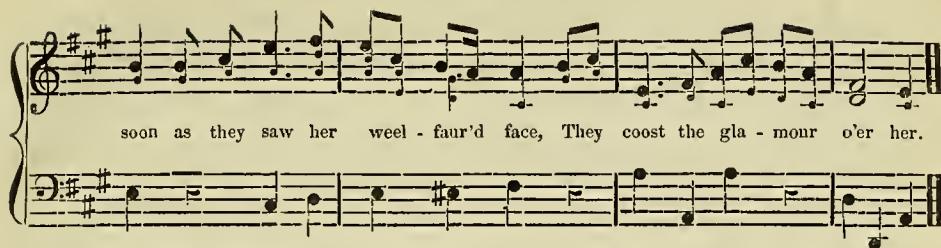
JOHNNY F A A.

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 our 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 gypsie 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 aye she cried, the tither replied,
 "She's awa wi' the gypsie 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 str' bogle;
 And there he found his ain dear wife,
 Alang wi' gypsie 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 gypsie 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 aye,
 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'd Prince Charlie.

Que' 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 "Cnidad 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 *Tea Table Miscellany* in 1724. Several different versions have since appeared, particularly one in Finlay's *Scottish Ballads*, 1808; another under the title of "Gypsie 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 Covenant-er, 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 doun cam our fair ladye.

She came tripping doun the stairs,
Wi' a' her maids before her;
And as sune as they saw her weel-faur'd face,
They cuist the glaumourye 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 heads 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."

PAGANINI.

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 his 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 heav'n instead of earth, and rais'd a prayer

So earnest, vehement, 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,
Ordaining 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 how'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 melodial, 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
TENOR2d
TENOR.

BASS.

f 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

f care. Youth like sum - mer Morn, Age like win - ter wea ther, Age *pp* Age like win - ter *p* care. Age like win - ter wea - ther, Age like win ter *pp* Age - - - - - *tenuto*

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 ab-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, *pp* O sweet shep-herd hie thee, for me - thinks thou stay-est too

pp

pp

p O sweet shep-herd, O sweet shep-herd hie thee, for me - thinks thou stay-est too

f long, Age I do de - fy thee, *pp* O sweet shepherd hie thee, *pp* O sweet shepherd hie then

f *p* *pp*

f *pp*

f long, Age I do de - fy thee, *p* O sweet shepherd *pp* O sweet shepherd hie thee,

cres. *f* *fz* *pp* *cres.* *f*

for methinks thou stay - est too long, for me - thinks thou stay-est too long.

f *fz* *pp* *f*

f *fz* *pp* *f*

for me-thinks thou stay - est too long, for me - thinks thou stay-est too long.

f *fz* *pp* *f*

A LIFE ON THE OCEAN WAVE.

Pivace.

SONG

Henry 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 cag'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 arcanæ 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 Lutherische 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 entireness 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 exertions. 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 are! 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 man 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 are 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 them,
To one who, over the green sward rests,
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 cam'st as the lovely IMOGENE,
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 footstep—ARIEL!
Across the charmed breeze, thy sweetest notes are borne,
And earth with all its ravished ears is sad when thou art gone.
Saturist.

I LOVE ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS.

DUET, (ORIGINAL.)

Words by J. P. Brown.

W. J. P. Kidd.

8va.

Slow with great feeling.

I love all beau - teous things, Cahn

seas and gen - tle streams, Earth's per - fame breath - ing

flow'rs and sum - mer's sun - set hours,

And sleep, and sleep's false false dreams.

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 sunline,
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! appearest
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 Autolycus; 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.*

Cloven.—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.

Autolycus.—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 longed 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.

Cloven.—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.

Cloven.—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 goes 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 bear a part thou shalt hear; 'tis three parts.

Dor.—We had the tune on't a month ago.

Aut.—I can hear 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 fall 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?

Cloven.—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 Bouchifern, 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-

gnage 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.*

Baillet 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? Baillet 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 dip'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 Ciaslau, 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 Wuelff'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!

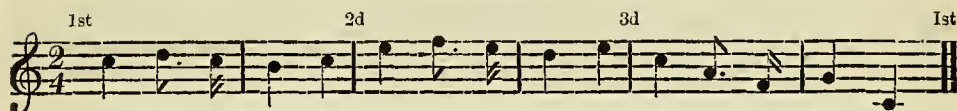
Let not the dark thee cumber;
 What though the moon does slumber,
 The stars of the night
 Will lend thee their light,
 Like tapers clear without number!

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.

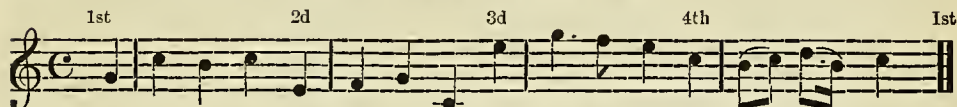
CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.



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.



Sing ye with glee, Come fol - low me, And then shall we, Mu - si - cian s be.

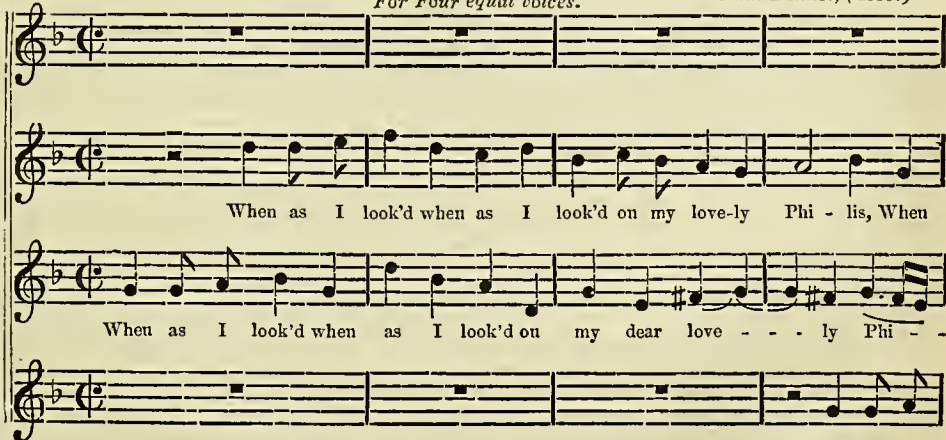
WHEN AS I LOOKED.

MADRIGAL.

Moderato

For Four equal voices.

John Bennet, (1599.)



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 - -

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

f

ed, Then wan-ton - ly she smil - eth, then

S:

eth she smil - eth and grief from me ex - il - - - - eth. Then

eth she smil - eth and grief from me ex - il - - - - eth. Then

eth she smil - eth and grief from me ex - il - - - - eth. Then

eth she smil - eth and grief from me ex - il - - - - eth. Then

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-equal young Jes-sie seek

Scot-land all o-ver, To e-equal young Jes-sie you seek it in vain; Grace

beau-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 Jessie,
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.

AIR—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 blythesome 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;
While 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 Renfrewshire.*

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 conjunctures 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 æra, 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 year without hearing any tidings 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 year. When Blondel heard this, he wrought such meanes that he became acquainted with them of the castell, as Minstrells 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 delight;</i>
Els bells oils amors	<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 me.</i>

RICHARD.

Si bel trop affansia	<i>No nymph my heart can 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 hotred bear</i>
Tot can de vos volria	<i>Than love with others 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'Evereux, 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 Rhwydland), 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 Guarnie (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 Guarnies, 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 Guarnie, (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 Guarnies 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 Rampayne 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 justs and tournaments; and, after various romantic adventures by sea and land; having in the true style of chivalry rescued "certayne ladies owte 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 entreat 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 Holingshead, 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 September, as he lay in his bedde, one namid Alexander Carlile, that was Sariaunt 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 "desiroos 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 Bevis of Southampton, Guy of Warwicke, and others like" in "short and long metrees, and by breaches or divisions [sc. Fits] to be more comodioussly sung to the harpe" as the reader may be informed by a courtly writer, in 1589, who himself had "written for pleasure a little brieve 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 metrees 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 ntered by these buffons or vices in playes, 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: a little kembd, that with a sponge daintily dipt in a little capon's greuce, 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 chainlet 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 shining as a shoing horn.

"About his neck a red riband suitable to his girdle. His harp in good grace dependent before him. His wrest 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 scutcheon, 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 string or two with his wrest, 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 sturdy 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

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,

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' Georgie'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 thinking wi' sic a braw 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' Drumeller,
Gude day to you, brute, he comes ben;
He brags and he blows 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' Georgie's Byre,"

to which air it has been generally sung ever since. The following is the original air:—

TAM GLEN.



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 simples 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, cornet à piston, clarinet, 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. Bae. 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.

"CHARMANT 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 Benvoirloch,
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,
Away 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 buzzed 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

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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 hark 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 leigned 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 ingeniousness. 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 solicita-

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 country-man, 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.

TENOR. *f*

Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah to the

ALTO. *f*

Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah to the

AIR. *f*

Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah, Hal - le - lu - iah to the

BASS. *f*

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

Allegro

Son the Son of God,

Son the Son of God, Praise the Lord ye e-ver-last-ing

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 the
 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
 Praise 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; Praise
 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,

p

Worlds un - born shall sing his glo - ry,

p

Worlds un-

p

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

cres. *ff*

The ex - alt - ed, the ex - alt - ed, the ex - horn shall sing his glo - ry,

ff

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.

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

f

Lord, in ho - ly songs of joy, in ho - ly songs of joy.

f

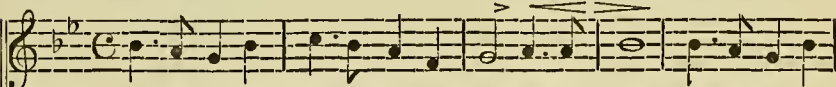
Lord, in ho - ly songs of joy, in ho - ly songs of joy.

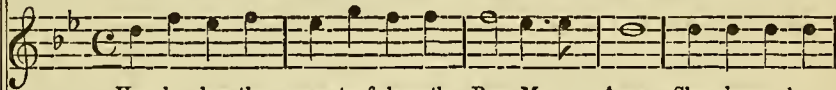
POOR MARY ANNE.

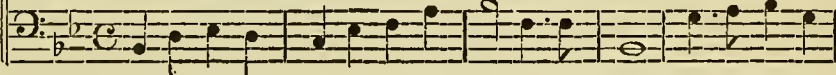
GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.


[Harmonised for the "BRITISH MINSTREL" by J. Seligmann.]

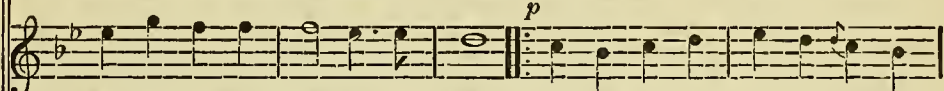
*Adagio et sempre pianissimo.**Welsh air—Ar hyd y nos.*


TREBLE.  Here be - low the green turf sleepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. She whom ev'ry

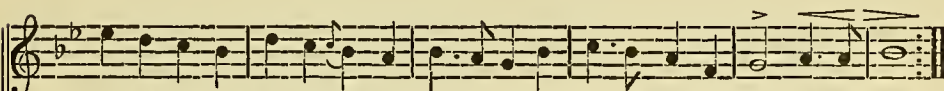
TENOR.  Here be - low the green turf sleepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. She whom ev'ry

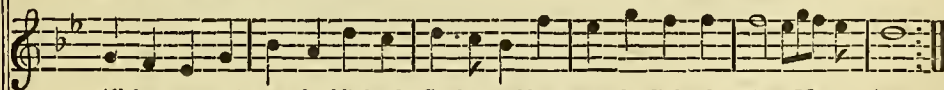
BASS. 

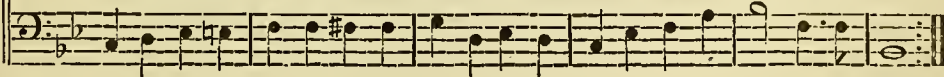
 maid-en weep-eth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. By her lov-er false-ly slighted,

 maid-en weepeth, Poor Ma-ry Anne. By her lov-er false-ly slighted,



 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, shewed 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

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

* 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.

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.

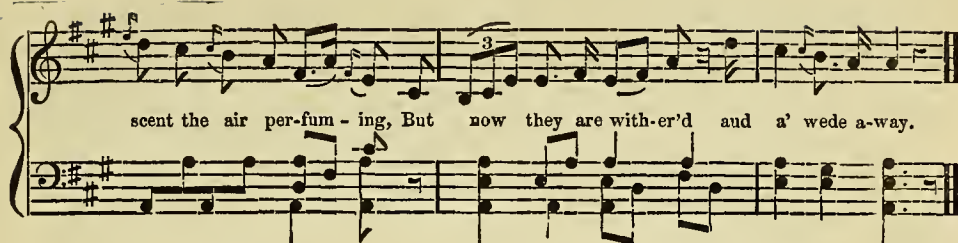
I've seen the smil - ing of For - tune be - guil - ing, I've

tast - ed her plea-sures and felt her de - cay; Sweet was her bless-ing and

kind her ca - res - ing, 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



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 liting at our yowe-milking,
Lasses a-liting before the dawn of day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
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 wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', nae sighing 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, lamenting 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 fought aye the foremost,
The prime o' our land, are cauld in the clay.

We hear nae mair liting at our yowe-milking,
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
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 liting 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 Ettrick 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 Peeblesshire, 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,

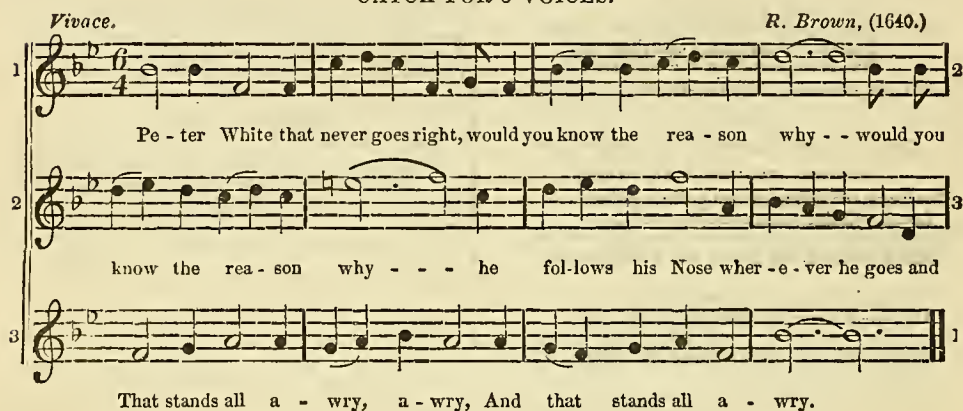
"even at an age advanced beyond the bounds of humanity, she retained a play of imagination, and an activity of intellect, which must have been attractive and delightful in youth, but was almost preternatural at her period of life. Her active benevolence keeping pace with her genius, rendered her equally 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 Ettrick Forest."—*Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.*

PETER WHITE.

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

tried 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 stave 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.

p

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 Snaland, 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 awoke 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 heavily 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) Mansfield, 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 skal 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 be 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 skal 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!"

"Skal! skal!" 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 Carlssfors 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 teacups, 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

3d

1st

A boat, a boat, haste to the Fer-ry, For we'll go o-ver
 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 their 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;
 Thon, 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 Macedon, 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 dews,
 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, EXIMENO, &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.*

HUMMEL.

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

p



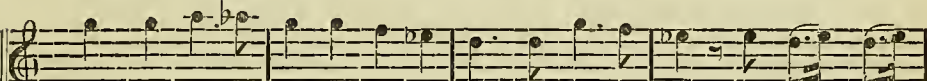
of thy an-cient wrong, While list'ning fair - ies learn - - to grieve, to grieve, learn to

p

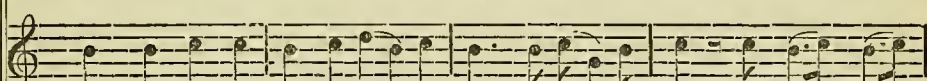


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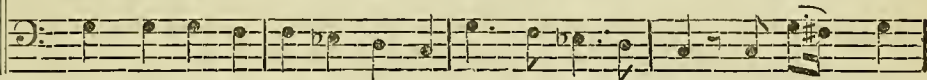
While list'-ning fair - ies learn to grieve, learn to



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



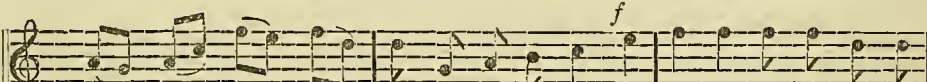

song, What e - cho sweet these shades a - long - - a - long, shall kind - ly



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-



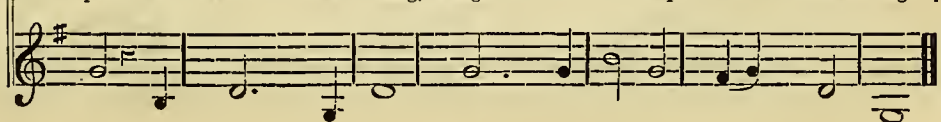
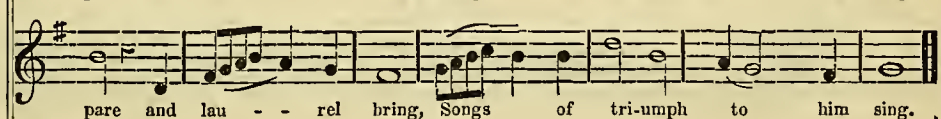
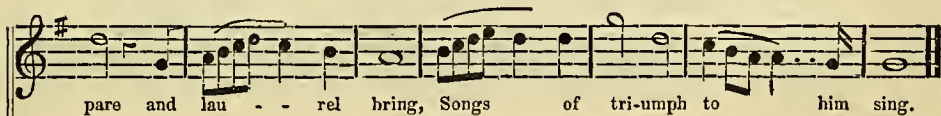
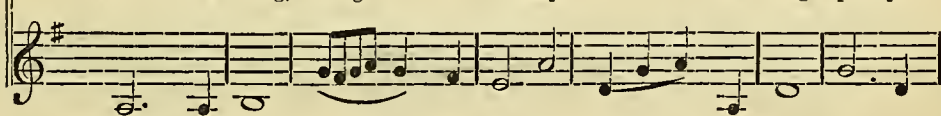
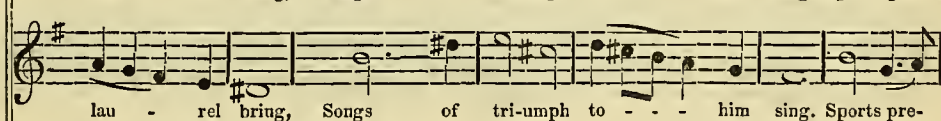
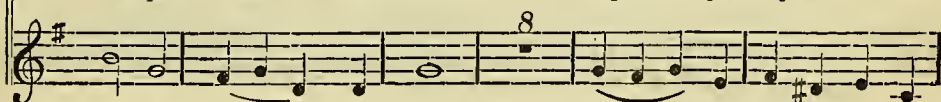
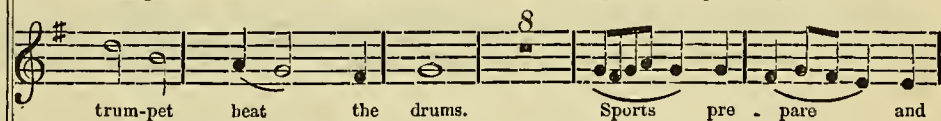
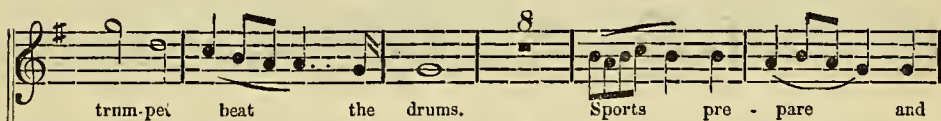
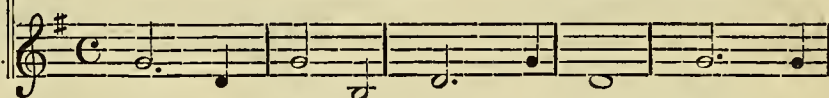
shall kind - ly bear thy dis-tant strain, Where Laur-a while its sounds con-



kind - ly bear thy dis - tant strain,

SEE THE CONQUERING HERO COMES.

TRIO.

*Handel.*1ST
SOPRANO2ND
SOPRANO.3RD
SOPRANO.

DUET.

1st
SOPRANO.2d
SOPRANO.

See the god - like youth ad - vance, Breathe the
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.

FULL CHORUS.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

See the conqu'ring He - ro comes, Sound the

trum-pet beat the drums. Sports pre-pare and lau - rel bring,

Songs of tri - umph to - - him sing; See the con-qu'ring

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 Eulenstein, 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 afterwards 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. Storaice, 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-

timuling 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 call 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.

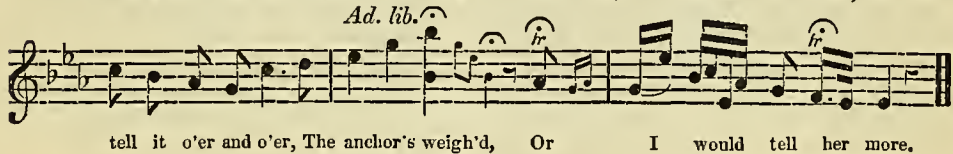
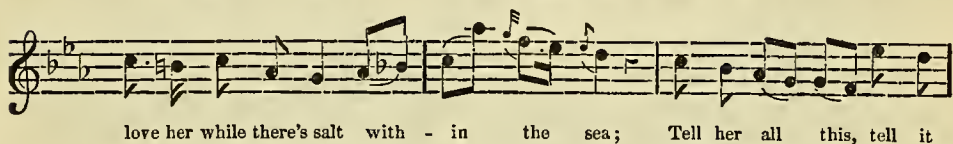
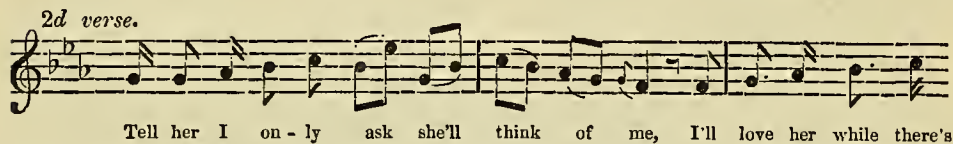
Andantino Grazioso.

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



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 hominied 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-voles, 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 Tonducci and Signor Peretti, that drew from the satiric muse of Churchill, 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's fair and fause that caus-es my smart, I lo'ed her mie-kle and

lang, She's 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 world's gear, Sae let the bonnie lass gang.

Whae'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

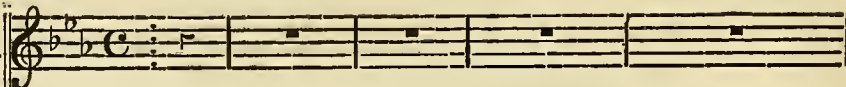
sufficiently powerful motive; for, in perusing his other songs, we are struck with the warmth of his language while addressing "Woman, God's most perfect work." And the chivalrous and romantic fervour displayed in his other songs, makes this one stand out as the solitary example of Burns's unprovoked 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.

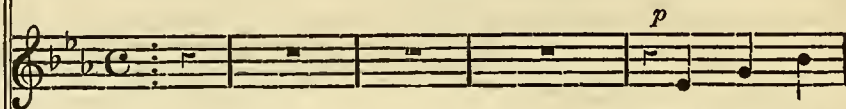
GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

*Andantino.**Webbe.*

SOPRANO.

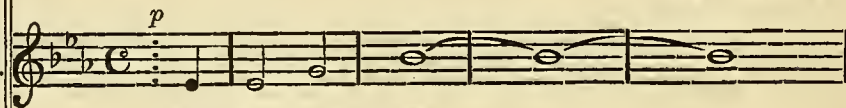


ALTO.



When winds breathe

1st TENOR.



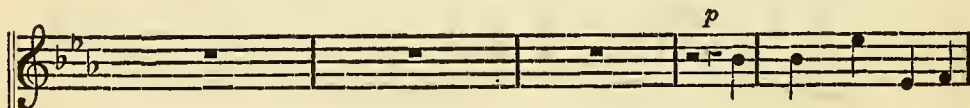
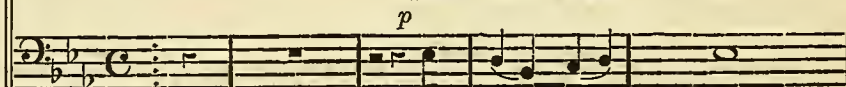
When winds breathe soft

2d TENOR.

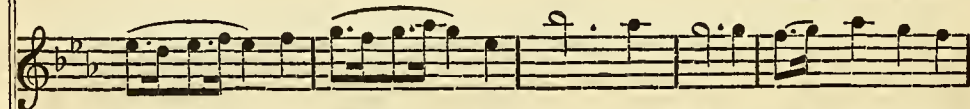


When winds breathe soft

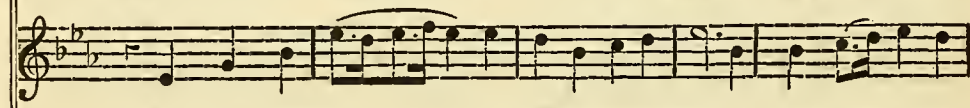
BASS.



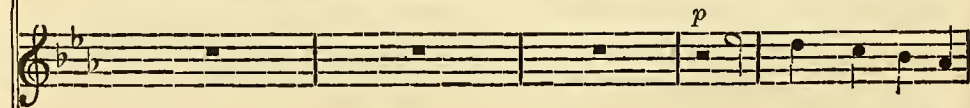
a - long the si - lent



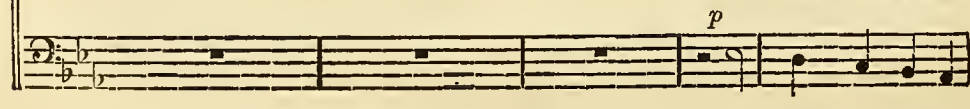
soft . . . a - long . . . the si - lent deep, a - long the si - lent



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. *Moderato.*

peaceful bil-lows sleep, the bil-lows sleep - -

Dim.

curl, the peaceful bil-lows sleep - -

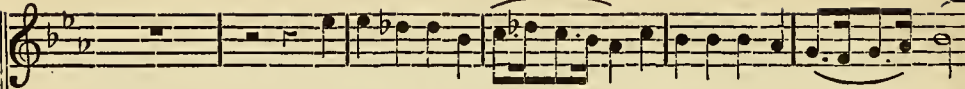
Dim. *f*

the peaceful bil - lows sleep - - A stron-ger

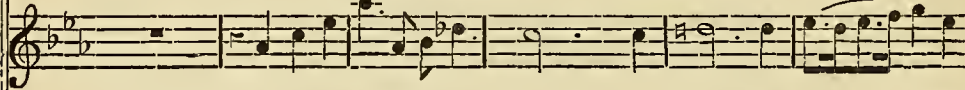
Dim.

the peaceful bil-lows sleep - - - -

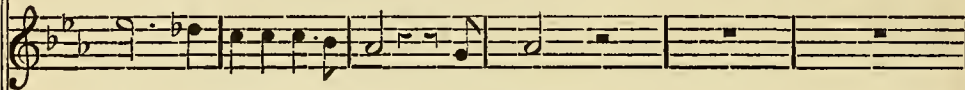
peaceful billows sleep - - - -



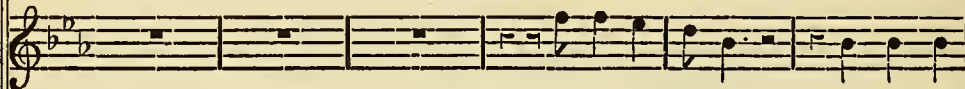
A stronger stronger gale . . . the troubled wave a - wakes . . .



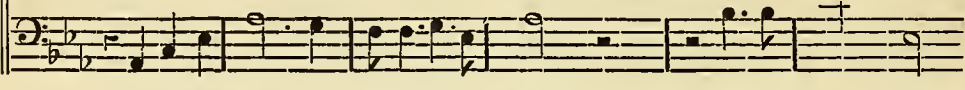
A stronger gale the troubled wave a - wakes, the sur - - - face



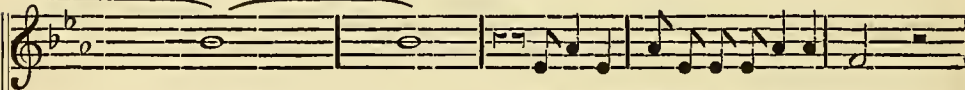
gale the troubled wave awakes, a - wakes,



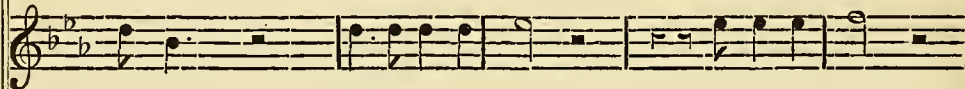
the sur-face roughens the o - ceau



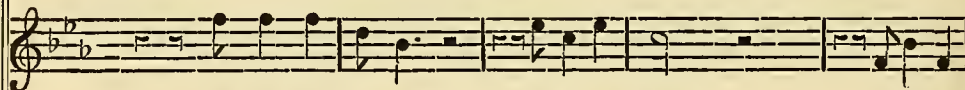
A stronger gale the troubled wave a - wakes and the o - ceau



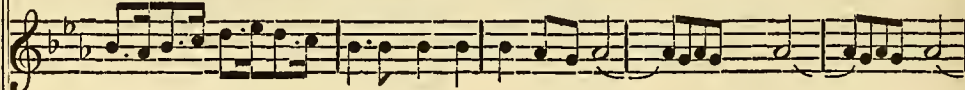
. the surface roughens and the ocean shakes,



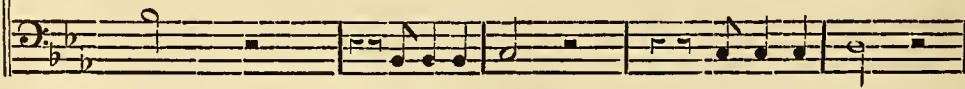
roughens and the o - ceau shakes, the o - ceau shakes,



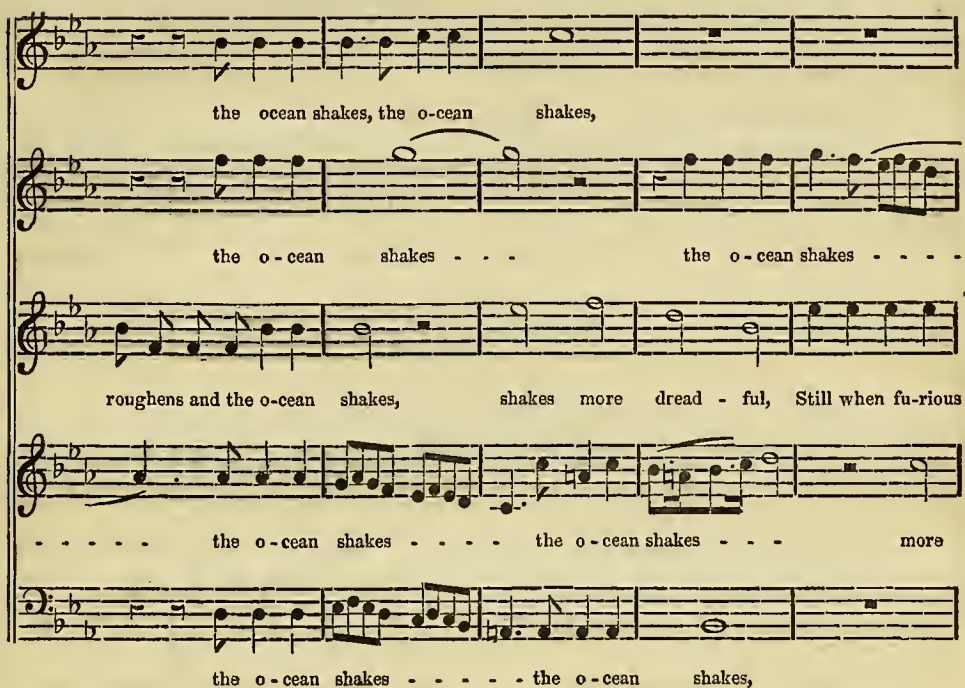
the sur-face roughens the o - ceau shakes, the surface



shakes the o - ceau shakes



shakes, the o - ceau shakes, the o - ceau shakes,



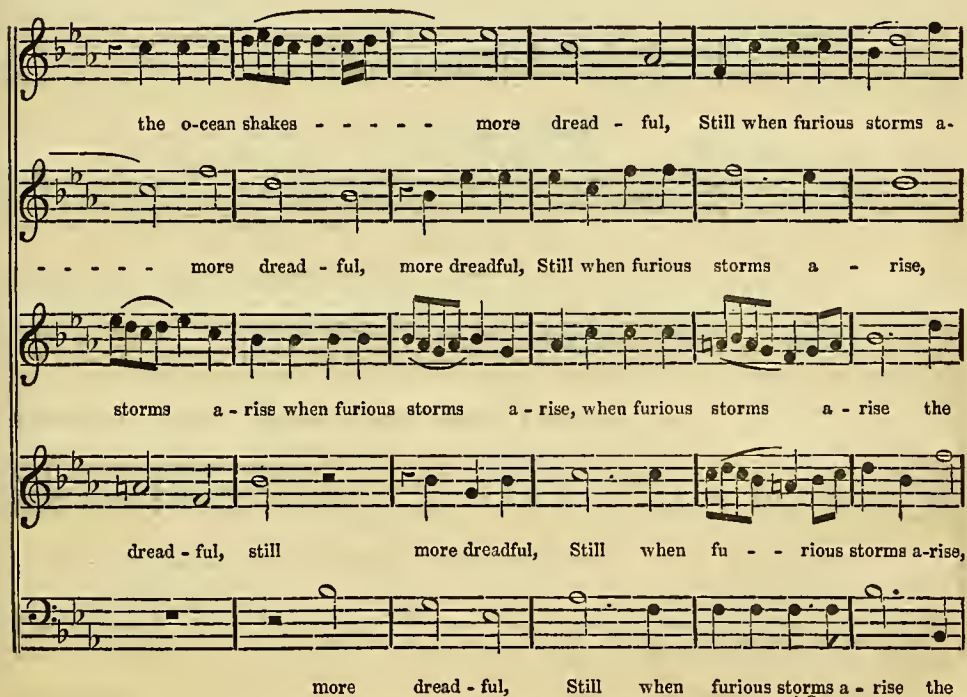
the ocean shakes, the o-cean shakes,

the o-cean shakes - - - the o-cean shakes - - -

roughens and the o-cean shakes, shakes more dread - ful, Still when fu-rious

- - - - the o-cean shakes - - - the o-cean shakes - - - more

the o-cean shakes - - - - the o-cean shakes,



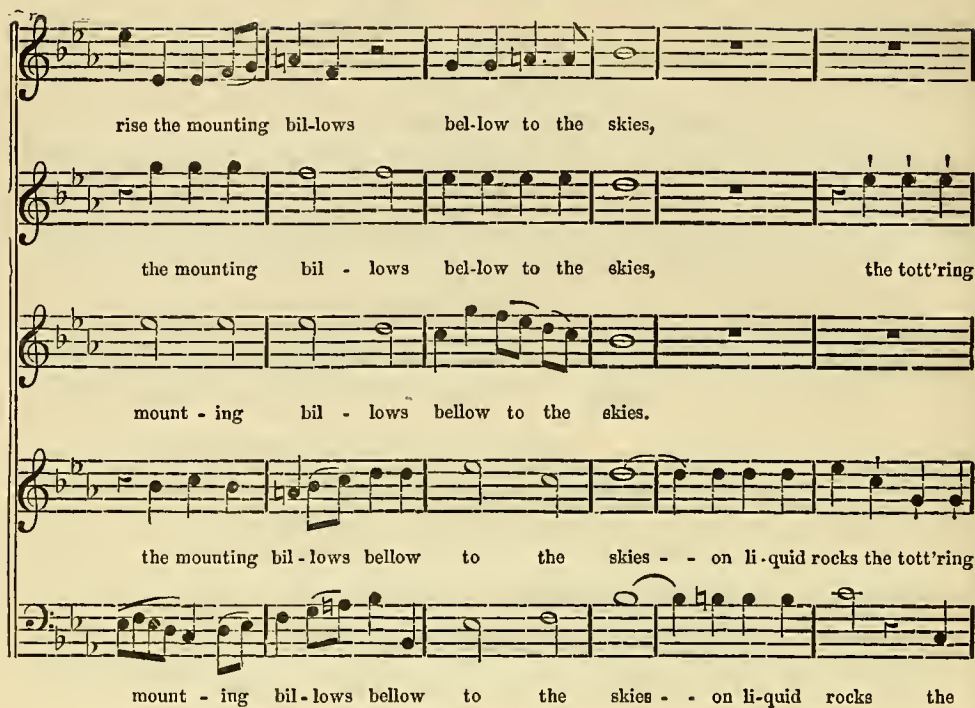
the o-cean shakes - - - - more dread - ful, Still when furious storms a -

- - - - 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



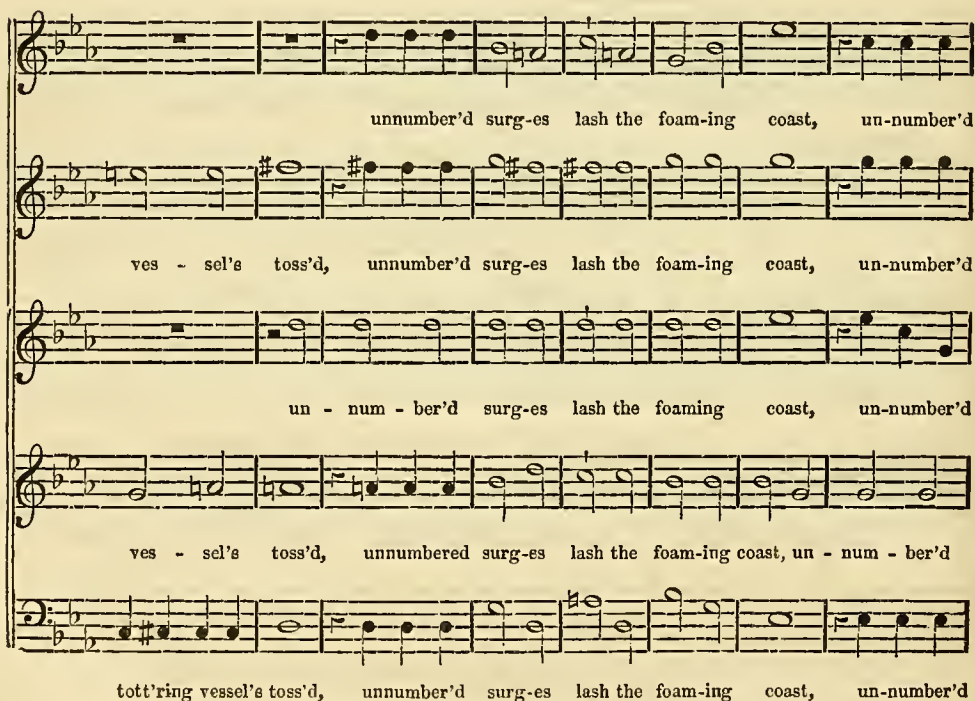
rise the mounting bil-lows bel-low to the skies,

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-liquid rocks the tott'ring

mount - ing bil-lows bellow to the skies - - on li-liquid rocks the



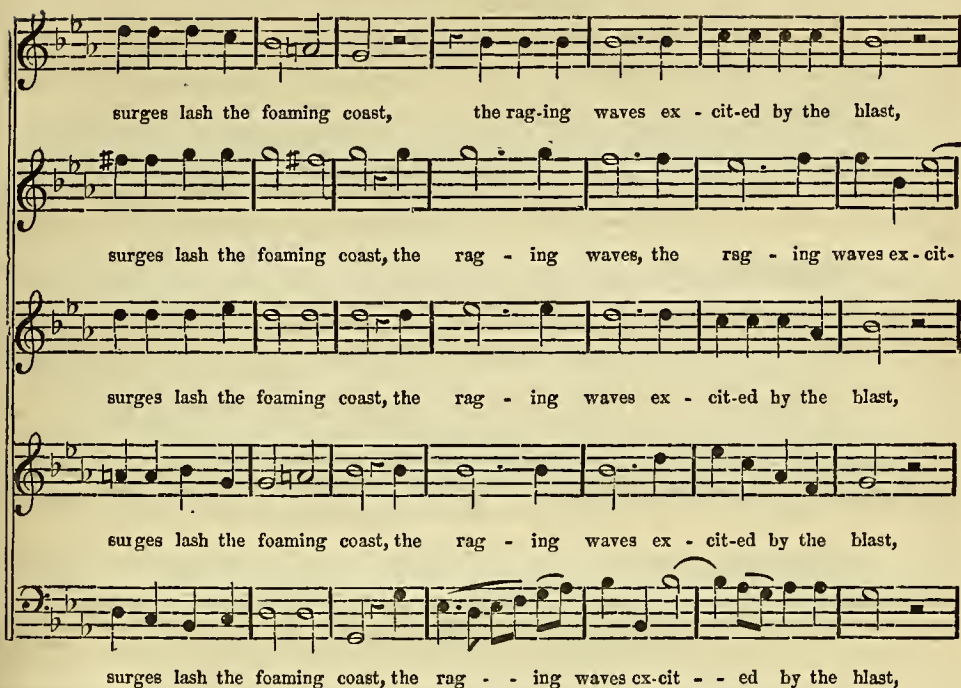
unnumber'd surg-es lash the foam-ing coast, un-number'd

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



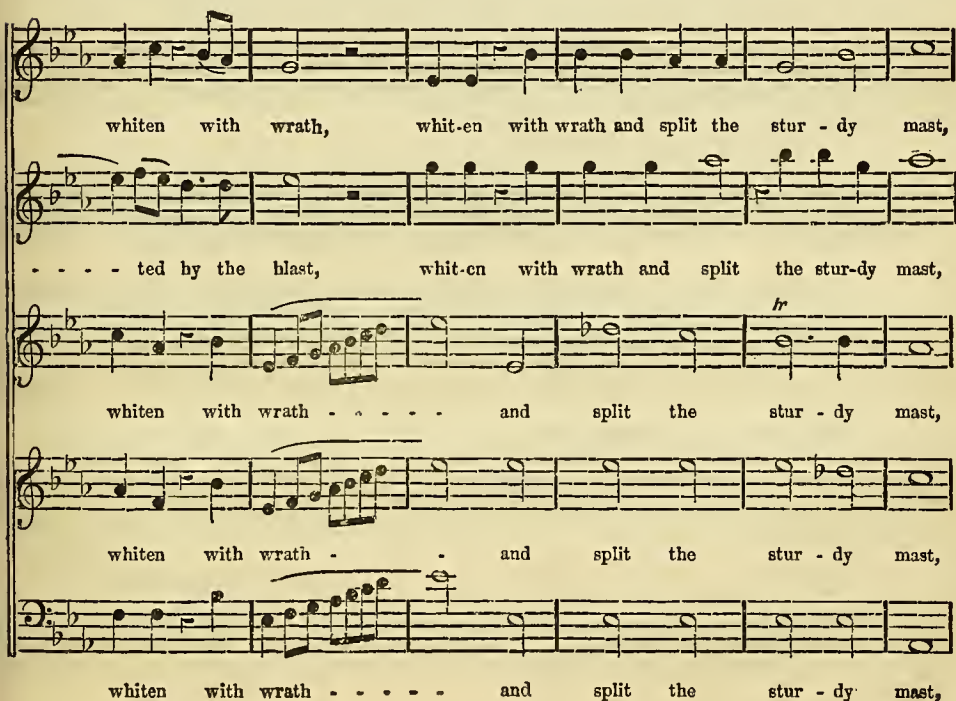
surges lash the foaming coast, the rag-ing waves ex - cit-ed by the blast,

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,

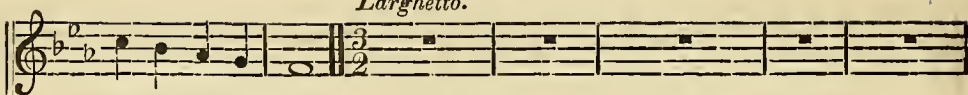
- - - ted by the blast, whit-en with wrath and split the stur-dy mast,

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

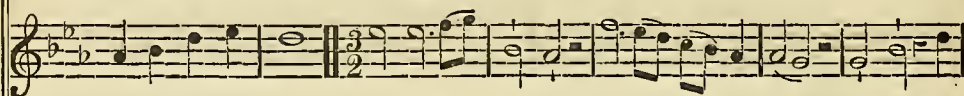
Larghetto.

Split the stur-dy mast.



Split the stur-dy mast.

and

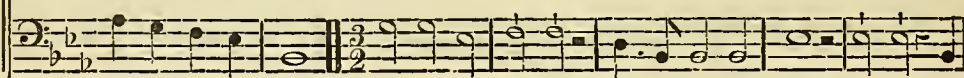


Split the stur-dy mast. When in an in-stant, He who rules the Floods, Earth, Air, and

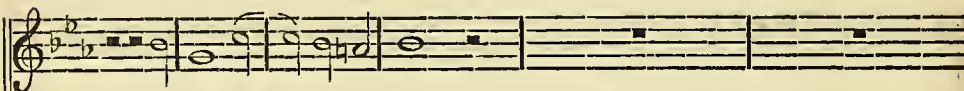


Split the stur-dy mast.

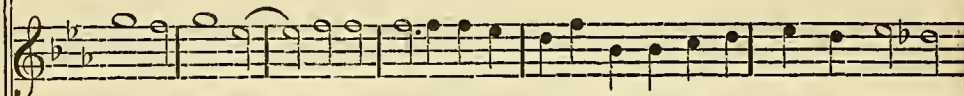
Air, and



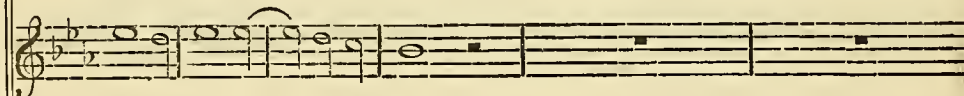
Split the stur-dy mast. When in an in-stant, He who rules the Floods, Earth, Air, and



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

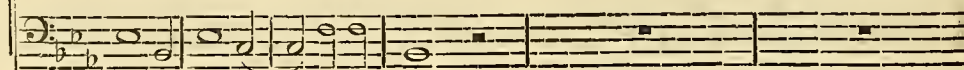


Fire, Je - ho - vah - God of Gods.



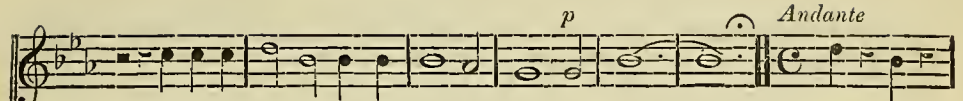
Fire, Je - ho - vah - God of Gods.

in pleasing accents speak his sov'reign

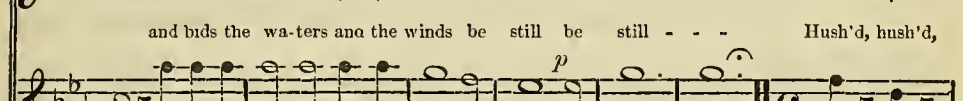


Fire, Je - ho - vah - God of Gods.

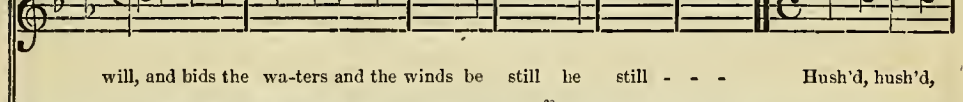
p *Andante*




and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still be still - - - Hush'd, hush'd,



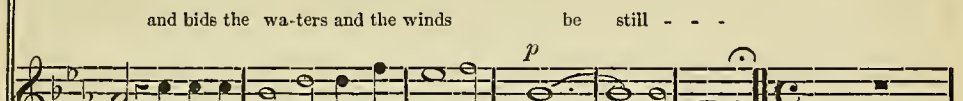
will, and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still he still - - - Hush'd, hush'd,



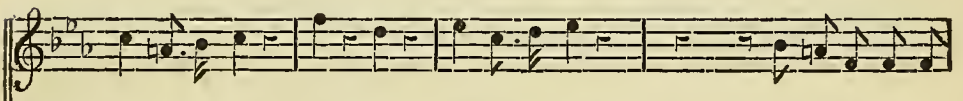
and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still - - -



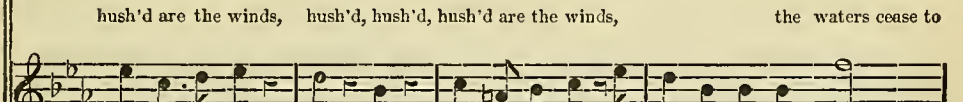
will, and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still . . . be still



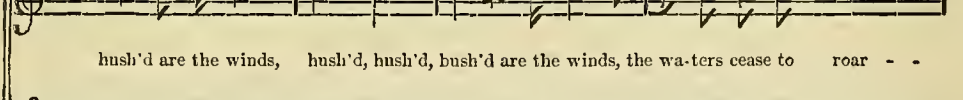
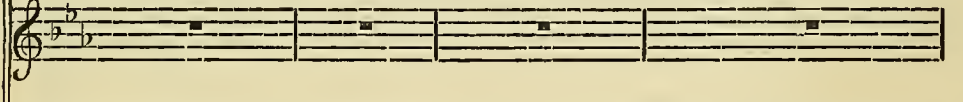
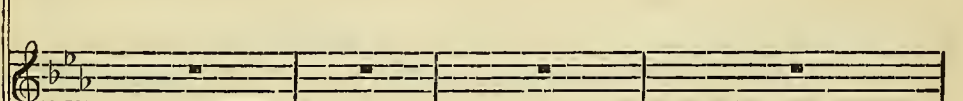

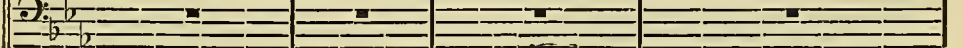
and bids the wa-ters and the winds be still - - - be still



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 - -

p *h* *Allegretto*

roar, safe are the seas and si-lent as the shore. Now say what joy e-lates

p *h*

safe are the seas and si-lent, si-lent as the shore. Now say what joy - e -

p

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 se - rene,

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea se - rene,

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea se - rene, for

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea se - rene, for

transport in each face is seen, the heav'ns look bright the air and sea se - rene,

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 Fergus.

Slow with great feeling.

O! Both-well bank thou bloom-est fair, But oh! thou mak'st my heart fu'

sair; For a' he - neath thy woods sae 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 ae dreary day,
And haplie now sleeps in the clay,
Without ae sigh his death to moan,
Without ae 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,
But, 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 danced, he fiddl'd, 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,
Thochtless 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,
Au' 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 ken'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' wae fu' 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' ronn'd 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'
 Demandin' 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 sojourner, 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 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.

X

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. II.

GLASGOW:

WILLIAM HAMILTON, 33 BATH STREET,
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THE
BRITISH MINSTREL;
AND
MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY.

ADDRESS TO OUR READERS.

THE MINSTREL SPEAKETH TO THE PUBLIC AND
LOOKETH BACKWARD.

During that short period of seeming inaction, which comes between the close of our first and the beginning of our second volume, we cannot refrain from addressing our patrons, the Public, in a few short sentences.

When we commenced our task we had much hope, and many fears; but this uncertainty was to a great extent inseparable from the character of our publication. For although cheap selections of music have at different periods been published, and many of them excellent, still a work like ours, which, while it would bring vocal music of all kinds into the hands of the amateur, promised to do much more, and that was, to unite with the musical selections literary notices of composers and their works, of performers and their various orders of talent, remained a desideratum to be supplied. It was this union of Music and Literature in the same sheet, and at an exceedingly low rate of charge, which constituted the novelty of our publication. While we knew that such a work was wanted, and hoped that it would meet with a ready sale, we feared lest the public should pronounce it to be either too musical or too literary. But the event has proven our idea a good one, and our fear unfounded, for the public has silently answered with the kindest, and to us most grateful, approval, by supporting us liberally. For your patronage, respected public, the Minstrel offers kind thanks, and promises continued and unwearied industry.

THE MINSTREL SPEAKETH OF HIMSELF, AND
FINDETH REASONS OF SELF-GRATULATION.

Having achieved the first part of our labour, and feeling ourselves to a certain extent established in the good graces of the Public, we cast aside every feeling of ~~dependence~~, and gather ourselves up for

a continuance of our duties. We entered upon the task of providing a store of good and cheap music for the people, with the heartiest love for the undertaking, and that sustained us when everything in the social horizon looked lowering, gloomy, and ominous. The state of commerce and trade, the excitement produced in the public mind by various political and other agitations, was such that we could not expect to become the object of especial attention, or to gain all at once that amount of circulation which better times might have procured for our Miscellany. Still, in the midst of all these circumstances, which no doubt rendered hazardous the success of our candidate for favour and acceptance, we have nevertheless been cheered on by a steadily increasing demand. We are not disposed to be egotistical or boastful, but we may say with truth, that the character of our work has brought it healthfully to its present age; we have used none of the usual means to bolster it up, but have left its untrumpeted merits to be its sole recommendation. We have neither sought nor bought the voice of the periodical or newspaper press in our favour; yet we have been noticed by several publications, in words of honourable, because unsolicited, commendation. The Minstrel begs that all those who have condescended to mention and approve of our humble sheet, may accept this public acknowledgment of our gratitude.

THE MINSTREL ADDRESSETH CORRESPONDENTS
AND CONTRIBUTORS.

While we speak of ourselves we are happy to acknowledge that we have been well backed. Every week new support has been vouchsafed to us by numerous able and talented correspondents, who entered heart and hand with us into the business of providing matter, each more anxious than his fellow to aid us. And we venture to express a hope that these our friends will not relax in their research, nor withdraw their support from us, but

continue like good allies until, with their help, our Miscellany has become a "*Paradise of Dainty Delights*," where they may luxuriate, pleased with themselves, and happy because they have assisted us to add one mite to the sum of human happiness.

THE MINSTREL SPEAKETH OF THE FUTURE, AND
TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

And now, when we turn our attention to the future, we are not willing to alarm any one by a mass of unmeaning promises. The field which we occupy is inexhaustible, and we are untiring. We intend to add to our stock of music always such, and only such, as the concurring voices of "approved good masters" have raised to the most honourable place in musical science. Along with our usual amount of sacred chorusses, glees, duets, songs, catches, &c., we intend to continue our literary articles, and, besides, we contemplate immediately to give insertion to the first of a series of airs, (without words or accompaniments,) selected from the myriads which have been allowed to go out of print, or which have never been known except by tradition or in manuscript. Of these latter there are still an enormous number lying hid, and which ought to be brought from the obscurity in which they have been allowed to remain. To all who are in possession of such collections of old music, as have gone out of print, or which have never been published, we would say, that a severe injury is continually being perpetrated upon the fame and genius of their composers, so long as they are not allowed to pass into the world which they were composed to gratify and delight. And any notice of such collections, or of the authors or collectors of old and scarce music, which can be forwarded to us will be acknowledged, and published if found proper. We may remark that it is not our intention, while introducing these airs into our pages, to diminish on that account our usual quantity of other music, each part will contain the same amount as heretofore, and such of these airs as we may insert will be given in addition. With these few words the Minstrel begs to retire for the present, as he must resume his working garb and prepare for the business of Volume Second.

EFFECT OF MUSIC ON ANIMALS.

Curious anecdotes are related of the effects of music upon animals. Thorville has given the following amusing account of his experiments:—"While a man was playing on a trumpmarine, I made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, and a pig, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hen, who were in a yard under the window. The cat was not in the least affected; the horse stopped

short from time to time, raising his head up now and then, as if he were feeding on grass; the dog continued for above an hour, seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably; the hind lifted up her large wide ear, and seemed very attentive; the cows stopped a little, and after gazing at us went forward; some little birds that were in the aviary, and others on trees and bushes, almost tore their little throats with singing; but the cock who minded only his hens, and the hens who were solely employed in scraping a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that the trumpmarine afforded them pleasure."

That dogs have an ear for music cannot be doubted. Steibelt had one which evidently knew one piece of music from the other; and a modern composer had a pug dog that frisked merrily about the room, when a lively piece was played, but when a slow melody was performed, particularly Dussek's Opera, 15, he would seat himself down by the piano and prick up his ear with intense attention, until the player came to the forty-eighth bar, but as the discord was struck he would yell most piteously, and with drooping tail seek refuge from the unpleasant sound under the chairs or tables.

Eastcoat relates that a hare left her retreat to listen to some choristers, who were singing on the banks of the Mersey, retiring when they ceased singing, and reappearing as they recommenced their strains. Bousset asserts that an officer confined in the Bastille, drew forth mice and spiders to beguile his solitude, with his flute; and a mountebank in Paris, had taught rats to dance on the rope in perfect time; Chateaubriand states as a positive fact, that he has seen the rattlesnake, in Upper Canada, appeased by a musician; and the concert given in Paris to two elephants, in the *Jardin des Plantes*, leaves no doubt in regard to the effect of harmony on the brute creation. Every instrument seemed to operate distinctly as the several modes of pieces were slow or lively, until the excitement of these intelligent creatures had been carried to such an extent that farther experiments were deemed dangerous.—*Millingen*.

Buffon mentions, in his "Natural History," the sensibility the elephant evinces for music. Desiring, to prove the truth of this assertion, a party of celebrated "artistes," among whom were Messrs. Duvernoy and Kreutzer, repaired to the Menagerie at the Jardin du Roi, where they gave a regular musical treat to an elephant, the result of which convinced them of the justness of the great naturalist's observation. The little simple melody, "O ma tendre Musette," played on the violin by Kreutzer, seemed to afford much satisfaction to their attentive auditor; but to the brilliant variations that followed, in which innumerable difficulties were surmounted with the greatest facility by the highly talented performer, the quadruped listened with the utmost nonchalance. The merit of a bravura air, although sung in the first style of excellence, and a universal favourite amongst the "Dilettanti," was not better appreciated than had been the variations to the former air. One of Boccherini's celebrated quatuors, to the dismay of all amateurs he it known, shared the same, or even a worse fate; for the elephant could not refrain from showing direct indications of annoyance, and constantly gaped during the per-

formance of the celebrated composition. But when Duvernoy took up his horn to try the effect of his fascinating powers on the animal—when he played a few bars of “*Charmante Gabrielle*,” the creature, all attention, moved nearer and nearer to the player, and was soon so wholly engrossed in the “concord of sweet sounds,” that it even condescended to take a part in the performance, correctly marking the time by agitating its ponderous trunk from right to left, balancing to and fro its unwieldy body—nay, even in producing from time to time some tones in perfect unison with the instrument. When the music had ceased, it knelt down, as if to render homage to the performance of Monsieur Duvernoy, caressed him with its trunk, and, in short, endeavoured, after its own manner, to express the pleasure it had experienced from the unrivalled talent of the performer. Hence it results that the elephant is decidedly a lover of music; but that it prefers the soft simple strains of melody to the more elaborate combinations of harmony, cannot be doubted. His is a weighty suffrage; nor can one accuse such an amateur of having no ear.

Professor Luigi Metoxa, of Rome, has published an account of some singular experiments made by him on snakes, in order to ascertain the truth of the assertion of the ancients respecting those creatures being affected by musical sounds. In the month of July, 1822, he put into a large box a number of different kinds of snakes, all vigorous and lively. “An organ in the same room being then sounded,” says the Professor, “the snakes no sooner heard the harmonious tones than they became violently agitated, attached themselves to the sides of the box, and made every effort to escape.” The *elaphis* and the *coluber esculapii*, it was remarked, turned towards the instrument. This experiment, it seems, has since been several times repeated, and always with the same results.—*Dr. Busby's Orchestral Anecdotes.*

The following interesting narrative on the subject of “Snake Charming,” by means of music, we take from “Hours in Hindostan,” a series of papers in *Bentley's Miscellany*:—

I confess, when I heard that the snake-charmer had arrived in the cantonment I was quite delighted. Curious beyond measure to behold a specimen of his powers, I repaired early to the Commandant's, where I had agreed to breakfast, and afterwards became one of the spectators of his attempts to entrap, by fascination, some of these reptiles. It had long been suspected that Colonel E——'s garden was infested by more than one of these dreaded monsters; we therefore repaired thither, where we found the juggler awaiting us. The man had nothing extraordinary in his appearance—nothing attractive in his eye or manner. He was as common a looking native as I had ever seen. To what caste these people belong I know not; I rather suspect a very low caste.

When we entered the enclosure, we at once desired him to set about his task, which he did thus.—He placed himself immediately in front of the hole in which one of the serpents was supposed to lurk, placing at the same time a *kedgerrec*-pot (an earthen jar) near him, and desiring his assistant to cover the reptile with it on a certain signal being given. He then took from his *kumerband* (sash) a

small pipe, which he instantly began to play on, in a style which, I confess, seemed to me anything but likely to *charm*. Its noise was that of the smallest and shrillest sized fife, only differing from that instrument in being played upon at the end, in the same manner as a flageolet. The tune he performed was monotonous and disagreeable.

For about ten minutes the piping of our juggler, which he accompanied with strange contortions, had no effect, and we were once or twice on the point of turning away, when he entreated us by his looks to remain, and watch the result. At the end of that time we could see, by the fixedness of the man's eye, that he saw his victim approaching; in another instant the head of a large cobra capella peered from the hole. We naturally shrank back. The charmer, however, seemed rather delighted than dismayed as the monster emerged from its earthy home. Presently its whole length appeared. A more magnificent snake I had never seen; and I must admit that it seemed fascinated by the juggler, who now slowly retreated a few paces, to show his power. As he moved, the serpent moved; when he stopped, the serpent did the same. The eye of the snake seemed magnetically riveted on that of the charmer, depending on, and watching his every movement. The man assured me afterwards that, had he ceased to play for a single instant the cobra capella would have sprang on him, and destroyed him. I certainly never saw anything more curious; but I must confess that the very close proximity of this death-dealing monster was by no means pleasing to my feelings.

When the man, followed at about five yards' distance by the snake, arrived at a smooth spot in the middle of the garden, he suddenly squatted down, and began to play louder, and more energetically than before. The animal paused for a moment, then raising itself, stood upright, reared on its tail, in the same position as that which it often assumes previous to making the fatal spring. Imagining this to be the case, a trembling shudder went round that portion of the party who had never before witnessed a similar exhibition. The old hands, the regular *Qui His* (a nickname given to Bengalees,) stood perfectly unmoved. They were aware of what was about to follow. The snake, thus painfully poised, began a sort of bounding up and down, keeping its eye steadily fixed on the musician, almost in time to the tune he was playing. Europeans, who have never visited British India, may doubt the fact; but those who have been in the East will bear me out in the truth of the following assertion. The cobra capella actually danced for several minutes on its tail, apparently charmed with the uncouth music the juggler was playing. In the meantime the native boy stole round, and on a certain signal given by his master, suddenly dropped the *kedgerrec*-pot on the snake. A strong waxed cloth was passed under it, drawn up, and tied. The fatigued musician got up, saluted to the company, and carried his captive into the house, where he had several others similarly imprisoned. In about half an hour the same thing was repeated with precisely similar effect. Out of the four snakes said to lurk in the garden, one only escaped his fascination, and this one failure he ascribed to the presence of an evil eye amongst our followers. Even in these remote parts the same superstition respecting the “Evil Eye” exists, that tinges the minds of half the students in the German Universities.

MARY BAWN.

*Slow with Expression.**Words by Hector Macneil.*

Las-sie wi' the gowden hair, Silken snood, and face sae fair, Las-sie wi' the yel-low hair,

Think na to de-ceive me! Las-sie wi' the gowden hair, Flatt'ring smile and face sae fair,

Fare-ye-weel! for ne-ver mair John-nie will he-lieve ye! O no Ma-ry Bawn,

Ma-ry Bawn, Ma-ry Bawn, O no Ma-ry Bawn, ye'll nae mair de-ceive me!

Smiling, twice ye made me trow,
Twice, poor fool! I turn'd to woo,
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,
Now I've sworn to leave ye!
Twice, fause maid! ye brak your vow,
Twice, poor fool! I've learn'd to rue,
Come ye yet to mak me trow?
Thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me!
No, no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn,
O no! Mary Bawn, thrice ye'll ne'er deceive me!

Mary saw him turn to part,
Deep his words sank in her heart;
Soon the tears began to start,
Johnnie, will ye leave me?
Soon the tears began to start,

Grit and gritter grew her heart!
Yet as word before we part,
Love could ne'er deceive ye!
O no! Johnnie Dow, Johnnie Dow, Johnnie Dow,
O no! Johnnie Dow, love could ne'er deceive ye.

Johnnie took a parting keek,
Saw the tears hap o'er her cheek!
Pale she stood but couldna speak,
Mary's eur'd o' smiling.
Johnnie took anither keek,
Beauty's rose has left her cheek!
Pale she stands and canna speak!
This is nae beguiling.
O no! Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn, Mary Bawn,
No, no! Mary Bawn, love has nae beguiling.

O LET THE MERRY PEAL GO ON.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

*Andante.**Dr. Arne.*

1 O let the mer-ry peal go on, pro-claim how hap - py

2 With Las - ses gay and Lads e - late, the loves and gra - ces

3 Of John and Jane shall be my song, Of John and Jane shall

Jane's with John, pro - claim, pro-claim, pro-

round them wait, The loves, The loves,

be my song, Of Jane and John, Of Jane and John,

claim, pro - - - claim - - -

The loves, With Lass - es gay and Lads e -

Of Jane and John, Of John and Jane the whole day

how hap - py Jane's with John.

late, the loves and grac - es round them wait, the loves and grac - es round them wait.

long, Of John and Jane shall be my song, Of Jane and John the whole day long

DR. HARRINGTON.

Dr. Henry Harrington, a physician, and scientific amateur of music, was born at Kelston, in Somersetshire, in 1727. At Oxford, where he completed his education, his talents for music and poetry soon attracted the attention of the University. At the age of twenty-one, he commenced his medical studies with an ardour and success that laid the foundation of his future opulence and celebrity. After having for some time exercised his profession at Wells, he established himself at Bath, in which city he instituted, under the denomination of "The Harmonic Society," a union of the lovers and patrons of music, amongst whom were the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York. Dr Harrington, besides his theoretical acquisitions in music, was a good performer on several instruments, but particularly excelled as a flutist. While cultivating mechanics or the sublime mathematics, to which he was strongly attached, he pursued the study of polite literature, and the principles of the harmonic art; and, about 1768, published a collection of letters on various subjects, and two odes, one on the subject of harmony, and the other on that of discord, which were most flatteringly received. If his skill as a physician obtained the confidence of the Duke of York, and many persons of the highest distinction, his benevolence and constant wish to promote the cause of *humanity*, (in favour of which he instituted a society at Bath,) ensured him the love and esteem of every tender and feeling heart. His musical compositions chiefly consisted of catches, glees, and other social and convivial pieces, all of which bore the marks of real and original talents, and, in their day, excited much admiration. This excellent and ingenious man died at Bath, in 1816. By a clause in his will, he left funds for an annual sermon, recommendatory of the exercise of humanity towards animals.

Our readers will find the following compositions of Dr Harrington in the first volume of our Minstrel, "O thou whose Notes," glee, page 17, "Poor Thomas Day," catch, page 34, and "Give me the sweet delights of Love," catch, page 265.

THE WAKENED HARP.

WRITTEN ON BEING INFORMED THAT THE IRISH
HARP IS NO LONGER USED.

ERIN! thy Harp is in silence reposing,
Its strings are all broken, its music unknown;
And the minstrel, no longer its magic disclosing,
Has laid it aside and forgotten its tone.

Is it that, Erin, the harp fondly cherished,
Has ceased to be loved by the sons of thy pride?
Is it that valour and ardour have perished,
And the rude hand of bondage has cast it aside?

Ah, no! in the heart of thy children are waking
The notes which those chords are refusing to tell;
And the spirits which tyranny long has been breaking
Still treasure the strains of its gladness full well.

Lone should the harp be while Erin is sitting
The prey of the conqueror, robbed of her might;
For music like thine is the happy befitting—
The sorrows of Erin have put thee from sight.

When the conflict is o'er, and the green Isle rejoices
That hersons and her daughters are happy and free,
Midst the joy of their hearts, and the songs of their
voices,

The harp now so silent awakened shall be!

THE GLEE CLUB.—To promote the practice of glee writing, Lord Sandwich, in 1762, along with several other noble amateurs, established a society for awarding prizes for the best compositions of this species, contributed by English composers. Great emulation was excited by this attempt to stimulate native talent; and Dr. William Hayes, Dr Arne, Baildon, Dr. Cooke, and Webbe, were competitors for the rewards bestowed by the society. Stafford Smith, Atterbury, Lord Mornington, the Paxtons, and Danby followed; and, in the two or three years which succeeded the establishment of this society, the art of glee writing became very extensively diffused, and greatly improved. In 1785, Dr Calcott first sent in his contributions to the society, and, in 1787, the regular Glee Club was established, which has been continued to the present day. Webbe's "Glorious Apollo" was written for this club, and is always the opening glee.—*History of Music.*

G L O R I O U S A P O L L O .

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Soli. *S. Webbe.*

Glo-rious A - pol - lo from on high he - held us wand'ring to find a tem-ple

Glo-rious A - pol - lo from on high he - held us wand'ring to find a tem-ple

Repeat in Chos. Soli.

for his praise. Sent Po-ly-hym-nia hi-ther to shield us, While we our-selves such a

struc-ture might raise. Thus then com-bin-ing, hands and hearts join-ing, Sing we in

2nd time in Chorus.

har-mo-ny A-pol-lo's praise, praise, A-pol-lo's praise, A-pol-lo's praise, A-

pollo's praise, A-pol-lo's praise. Here ev'-ry gen'rous sen-ti-ment a-waking, Mu-sic in-

Repeat in Chos. Soli.

spir-ing u-ni-ty and joy. Each so-cial plea-sure giving and par-tak-ing, Glee and good

spir-ing u-ni-ty and joy Each so-cial plea-sure giving and par-tak-ing, Glee and good

Soli.

hu-mour our hours em-ploy. Thus then com-bin-ing, hands and hearts join-ing,

hu-mour our hours em-ploy. Thus then com-bin-ing, hands and hearts join-ing,

Repeat in Chos.

Long may con-tin-ue our u-ni-ty and joy, joy. Our u-ni-ty and

Long may con-tin-ue our u-ni-ty and joy, joy Our u-ni-ty and

Chos.

joy, our u-ni-ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy.

joy, our u-ni-ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy, our u-ni-ty and joy.

SWEET TYRANNESS.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

*Andante.**H. Purcell.*

Sweet Ty - ran - ness! I now re - sign my heart, for e - vermore 'tis thine; Those ma - gie

Sweet Ty - ran - ness! I now re - sign my heart, for e - vermore 'tis thine; Those ma - gie

sweets force me, my arts, my - self, to sla - ver - y. What need I care thy

sweets force me, my arts, my - self, to sla - ver - y. What need I care thy

beau - ty flings, Such flow - 'ry smil - ing charms would con - quer kings.

beau - ty flings, Such flow - 'ry smil - ing charms would con - quer kings.

GIOVANNI BATTISTA VIOTTI,

THE first violinist of his age, and the enlightened originator of the modern order of violin-playing, was born in 1755, at Fontaneto, a small village in Piedmont. Possessing the happiest disposition for his art, the progress he made under Pugnani was so rapid, that at the age of twenty he was chosen to fill the situation of first violinist to the Royal Chapel of Turin. After about three years residence there, he proceeded on his travels, having already attained maturity of excellence. From Berlin he directed his course towards Paris, where he displayed his

talents in the *Concert Spirituel*, and speedily obliged Giornovich, who was then figuring as a star of the first pretensions, to "pale his ineffectual fire!" The Concertos of Giornovich, agreeable and brilliant as they were, and supported by his graceful and elegant playing, lost their attractions when brought into rivalry with the beauty and grandeur of Viotti's compositions, aided by the noble and powerful manner in which he executed them.

His fame very soon drew on him the notice of the French Court, and he was sent for to Versailles by Marie Antoniette. A new concerto, of his own com-

position, to be performed at a courtly festival, was to afford a treat worthy of Royalty; and every one of the privileged was impatient to hear him. At the appointed hour, a thousand lights illumined the magnificent musical saloon of the Queen; the most distinguished symphonists of the Chapel Royal, and of the theatres, (ordered for the service of their Majesties), were seated at the desks where the parts of the music were distributed. The Queen, the Princes, the ladies of the royal family, and all the persons belonging to their court, having arrived, the concert commenced.

The performers, in the midst of whom Viotti was distinguished, received from him their impulse, and appeared to be animated with the same spirit. The symphony proceeded with all the fire and all the expression of him who conceived and directed it. At the expiration of the *tutti*, the enthusiasm was at its height; but etiquette forbade applause; the orchestra was silent. In the saloon, it seemed as if every one present was forewarned by this very silence to breathe more softly, in order to hear more perfectly the *solo* which he was about to commence. The strings, trembling under the lofty and brilliant bow of Viotti, had already sent forth some prelusive strains, when suddenly a great noise was heard from the next apartment. '*Place à Monseigneur le Comte d'Artois!*' He entered preceded by servants carrying flambeaux, and accompanied by a numerous train of hustling attendants. The folding doors were thrown open, and the concert was interrupted. A moment after, the symphony began again: Silence! Viotti is going to play. In the meantime, the *Comte d'Artois* cannot remain quietly seated; he rises and walks about the room, addressing his discourse loudly to several ladies. Viotti looks round with indignant surprise at the interruption, puts his violin under his arm, takes the music from the stand, and walks off, leaving the concert, her Majesty, and his Royal Highness to the reproaches of all the audience, and leaving his biographers afterwards in some doubt whether a just independence of spirit, or a petulance beyond the occasion, should be regarded as the motive to this premature *finale*. Of those who read the anecdote, some may associate it with the story of the "*bear and fiddle*," while others, siding with Viotti, may consider the interruption that provoked him as something parallel to Beranger's ironical summons of

"Bas! bas!
Chapeau bras!
Place au Marquis de Carabas!"

It has never been satisfactorily discovered what were the reasons which induced Viotti, at an early period of his life, to relinquish all idea of ever performing in public; some have referred to the incident above narrated as the cause of this; but they who pretend to be well acquainted with his character, have asserted that he disclaimed the applause of the multitude, because it was offered almost indiscriminately to superiority of talent and to presumptuous mediocrity. It is well known that he rejected the solicitations of people who were termed of the great world, because he would have no other judges than such as were worthy of appreciating him; and that, notwithstanding the pretensions which the great and fashionable persons of his day asserted, on the score of knowing everything, and of being the supreme arbiters of arts, of artists, and of taste, he observed that it was very rare to find among them men capable of a profound sentiment, who could

discover in others anything beyond their exterior, and judge of things otherwise than by the same superficial admeasurement. He, however, yielded on two occasions, again to the eagerness which was evinced for hearing him—but on two occasions only; of which the one did honour to his heart, the other, as it serves to acquaint us more intimately with his character, may be here related.

On a fifth story, in a little street in Paris, not far from the *Place de la Revolution*, in the year 1790, lodged a deputy of the Constituent Assembly, an intimate and trustworthy friend of Viotti's. The conformity of their opinions, the same love of arts and of liberty, an equal admiration of the works and genius of Rousseau, had formed this connexion between two men who were henceforward inseparable. It was during the exciting times of enthusiasm and hope, that the ardent heart of Viotti could not remain indifferent to sentiments which affected all great and generous minds. He shared them with his friend. This person solicited him strongly to comply with the desire which some of the first personages in the kingdom expressed to hear him, if only for once. Viotti at last consented, but on one condition, namely, that the concert should be given in the modest and humble retreat of the *fifth floor!* *La fortune passe par tout*—"We have," said he, "long enough descended to them, but the times are changed; they must now mount, in order to raise themselves to us." This project was no sooner thought of than prepared for execution. Viotti and his friend invited the most celebrated artists of the day to grace this novel festival. Garat, whom nature had endowed with a splendid voice, and a talent of expression still more admirable—Herman, Steibelt, Rode, (the pupil of Viotti.) To Puppo was confided the direction of the orchestra; and to Bréval the office of seconding Viotti. Among the great female artists of the day, were Madame Davrigny, with Mandini, Viganoni, and Morichelli, a lady as celebrated for her talents as for her charms. On the appointed day, all the friends arrived. The bust of Rousseau, encircled with garlands of flowers, was uncovered, and formed the only ornament of this novel music saloon. It was there that Princes, notwithstanding the pride of rank; great ladies, despite the vanity of titles; pretty women, and superannuated fops, clambered for the first time to the *fifth story*, to hear the celestial music of Bocherini performed by Viotti; and, that nothing might be wanting to complete the triumph of the artist, there was not one of these persons who, after the concert, descended without regret, although it was the lot of some of them to return to sumptuous palaces, and into the midst of etiquette, luxury, and splendour.

Among those friends who enjoyed the envied privilege of hearing this great artist in private, was Madame Montgeralt, who had a country-house in the valley of Montmorency. Some of his most brilliant ideas had their access in the society of this amiable and gifted woman, in whom he had found an enthusiasm for art equal to his own. She would frequently seat herself at the piano, and begin a *Concerto all'improvviso*; while Viotti, catching in an instant the spirit of the *motivo*, would accompany her extemporaneous effusions, and display all the magic of his skill.

The spirit and honesty of Viotti's character are not ill shown in the following anecdote. Guiseppe Puppo, who possessed no mean command over the violin, and whose talents were acknowledged by Viotti with the readiest candour, cherished the more.

than foolish vanity of boasting himself a scholar of the great Tartini, which was known to be an untruth, or, as the French term leniently expresses such deviations, "*une inexactitude*." On some public occasion, when M. Lahoussaye chanced to be present, who was really a disciple, and an enthusiastic one, of Tartini's, Viotti begged him as a favour, to give him a specimen of Tartini's manner of playing. "And now," said he, in a tone loud enough to be heard by all the company, "Now, Signor Puppe, listen to my friend Monsieur Lahoussaye, and you will be enabled to form an idea as to how Tartini played!"

Viotti's stay in Paris was abruptly terminated by the bursting of the revolutionary storm in 1790 which drove him to England. His *debut* in London at the memorable concerts under the management of Saloman, was as brightly marked as it had been in Paris. The connoisseurs were delighted by his originality and felicitous boldness, tempered as these qualities were by a pure and exalted taste. In the years 1794 and 1795, he had some share in the management of the King's theatre, and subsequently became leader of the band in that temple of (occasional) concord. But, as an ancient author has said, success is a thing of glass, and, just when it begins to wear its brightest looks, it provokingly meets with a fracture. The quiet and blameless habits of life of the great musician had not sufficed to exempt him from the officious visitations of political suspicion, prompted, it has been supposed, by some whispering tale of slander, from professional envy. The result was, that poor Viotti suddenly received an order from government to leave England immediately. By what subtle ingenuity of apprehension the proceedings of a violin player came to be associated at the Home office with the revolutions of empires, is as yet a mystery more dark than Delphos. Possibly some future D'Israeli, enquiring for further particulars within, may find the means of enlightening the world on this transaction, which certainly does seem, at present, to afford scantier material for the historian than for the epigrammatist.

Thus expelled from the country which had evinced towards others so many generous proofs of hospitality, Viotti passed over to Holland, and subsequently fixed himself in the seclusion of the beautiful spot near Hamburg, named Schönfeld. Here he gave up his mind to the cares of composition, as most likely to displace or diminish those more painful ones which harassed his sensitive mind, on account of the treatment he had been subjected to. Some of his best works were the product of this retreat; including his celebrated *Six Duets Concertante*, for two violins; in the preface to which he touches on the circumstance that was still affecting him:—"Cet ouvrage est le fruit du loisir que malheur me procure. Quelques morceaux ont été dictés par la peine, d'autres par l'espoir." ["*This work is the fruit of the leisure which misfortune has procured me. Some portions of it have been dictated by affliction, others by hope.*"] And, indeed, it has justly been remarked that it would be difficult to find any musical work that should seem to have proceeded more directly from a feeling heart than these exquisite duets.

In Hamburg he met with his former competitor, Giornovich, who, like himself, had been compelled to fly from Paris, the scene of his pristine glories. The latter gave two concerts at this place; but the graver-minded Viotti could not be persuaded to appear in public and imitate his example.

In 1801, Viotti found himself at liberty to return

to London. Having determined to relinquish the musical profession, he devoted his resources, like Carbonelli of foregone fame, to the ministry of Bacchus, and associated himself with a respectable member of the wine trade. Disappointment was the issue, however, of this undertaking; and, after years of endeavour, he discovered that his whole fortune was gone. Thus reduced, he prevailed upon his own struggling spirit to solicit some appointment from the French Court, and received from Louis XVIII. the nomination to the management of the Grand Opera. Impelled anew by what Byron calls—

"The various joltings of life's hackney-coach,"

he proceeded to Paris, and entered upon the office; but neither his age, nor his quiet unintriguing character, was congenial with such a scene; and he retired unsuccessful, but with the grant of a pension. He then came over to end his days in England, loving rather to be an *habitué* of London, than a citizen of the world, for he had become closely familiarised with the ways and habits of our metropolis, and seemed to have cherished an almost Johnsonian attachment to it. His previous cares and misfortunes had left him little power to continue the race of life, he died on the 3d of March, 1824.

His long retirement from the profession of that art on which his fame was built, had not impaired his love of it, nor his inclination to support it. On the institution of the Philharmonic Society, that "*decus et tutamen*" of instrumental music in this country, he was one of the original members, and, as an honorary performer, he not only led the band in turn with Saloman, F. Cramer, Yanevitz, Spagnoletti, and Vaccari, but, like them, interchanged direction with submission, by taking his seat, on other nights, among the *ripianti*; thus assisting to form an orchestral phalanx such as certainly was never previously witnessed, and is little likely to be ever surpassed.

Viotti was a person of feelings and sentiments far less artificial than are commonly produced in men whose intercourse with society is fostered by their powers of contributing to its amusement. Mixing, of necessity, a great deal with the world, he seems nevertheless, in a remarkable degree, to have preserved himself "unspotted from the world;" and though, as just remarked, he loved London much there is very interesting evidence that he loved nature more. The purity and rectitude of his taste, its association with the poetic and the true, stand thus recorded by one who had good opportunities of appreciating him:—"Never did a man attach so much value (says M. Eymar), to the simplest gifts of nature; and never did a child enjoy them more passionately. A simple violet, discovered in its lowly bed among the grass, would transport him with the liveliest joy; a pear, a plum, gathered fresh by his own hands, would, for the moment make him the happiest of mortals. The perfume of the one had always something new to him, and the taste of the other something more delicious than before. His organs, all delicacy and sensibility, seemed to have preserved, undiminished, their youthful purity. In the country, everything was, to this extraordinary man, an object of fresh interest and enjoyment. The slightest impression seemed communicated to all his senses at once. Everything affected his imagination, everything spoke to his heart, and he yielded himself at once to its emotions."

The natural bias of his character receives further

illustration in the sketch which he himself has given, descriptive of his picking up one of the varieties of the popular *Ranz des Vaches* among the mountains of Switzerland.

"The *Ranz des Vaches* which I send you," says he to a friend, "is neither that which our friend Jean Jacques (Rousseau) has presented us, nor that of which M. de la Borde speaks in his work on music. I cannot say whether it is known or not; all I know is that I heard it in Switzerland, and, once heard, I have not forgotten it since.

"I was sauntering along, towards the decline of day, in one of those sequestered spots where we never feel a desire to open our lips. The weather was mild and serene; the wind, which I detest, was hushed; all was calm—all was in unison with my feelings, and tended to lull me into that melancholy mood which, ever since I remember, I have been accustomed to feel at the hour of twilight.

"My thoughts wandered at random, and my footsteps were equally undirected. My imagination was not occupied with any particular object, and my heart lay open to every impression of pensive delight. I walked forward; I descended the valleys, and traversed the heights. At length, chance conducted me to a valley, which on rousing myself from my waking dream, I discovered to abound with beauties. It reminded me of one of those delicious retreats so beautifully described by Gesner, flowers, verdure, streamlets, all united to form a picture of perfect harmony. There, without being fatigued, I seated myself mechanically on a fragment of rock, and again fell into that kind of profound reverie, which so totally absorbed all my faculties that I seemed to forget whether I was upon the earth.

"While sitting thus, wrapped in this slumber of the soul, sounds broke upon my ear, which were sometimes of a hurried, sometimes of a prolonged and sustained character, and were repeated in softened tones by the echoes around. I found they proceeded from a mountain horn; and their effect was heightened by a plaintive female voice. Struck, as if by enchantment, I started from my lethargy, listened with breathless attention, and learned, or rather engraved upon my memory, the *Ranz des Vaches* which I send you. But in order to understand all its beauties, you ought to be transplanted to the scene in which I heard it, and to feel all the enthusiasm that such a moment inspired."

This susceptibility of pure and simple emotions, which it is delightful to recognise as one of the

attributes of real genius, was in Viotti associated with a clear and cultivated intellect. He passed much of his life in the society of the accomplished, the literary, and the scientific; and his active mind gathered strength and refinement from the intercourse. If the Horatian dictum be right, that

"Principibus placuisse viris haud ultima laus est,"

it may be added to the sum of Viotti's personal merits that he gained the respect and esteem of the great, with whom he mixed on proper terms, not forgetful of their rank as persons of birth and fortune, nor of his own, as a man of rare talent. The strictest integrity and honour regulated all his transactions; and his feelings were kind and benevolent. Thus it may be seen that his character as a man was calculated to give increased dignity and influence to his name as a musician.

In the latter capacity, it has with great truth been remarked of him, that though the *virtuosi* of the present day contrive to execute manual difficulties exceeding those which were attempted in his time, he has never been surpassed in all the highest qualities that belong to performance on his instrument. His compositions for it remain, to this day, unrivalled in spirit and grandeur of design, graceful melody, and variety of expression; and they shall furnish, when performed by the surviving disciples of his school, one of the most delightful treats which a lover of the great and beautiful in music can receive. The *Concerto*, in particular, which attained some of its improvements in the hands of the elegant Jarnowick, and the sweetly-expressive Mestriuo, derived a marked advancement from Viotti, who gave to this style the character which seems peculiarly its own, and brought it to a degree of elevation which it seems incapable of surmounting.

Among the disciples of the school of this great master may be enumerated Rode, Alday, Labarre, Vacher, Cartier, Pixis, Madame Paravieini, Mademoiselle Gerbini, and our countryman Mori.

Dubourg's Violin.

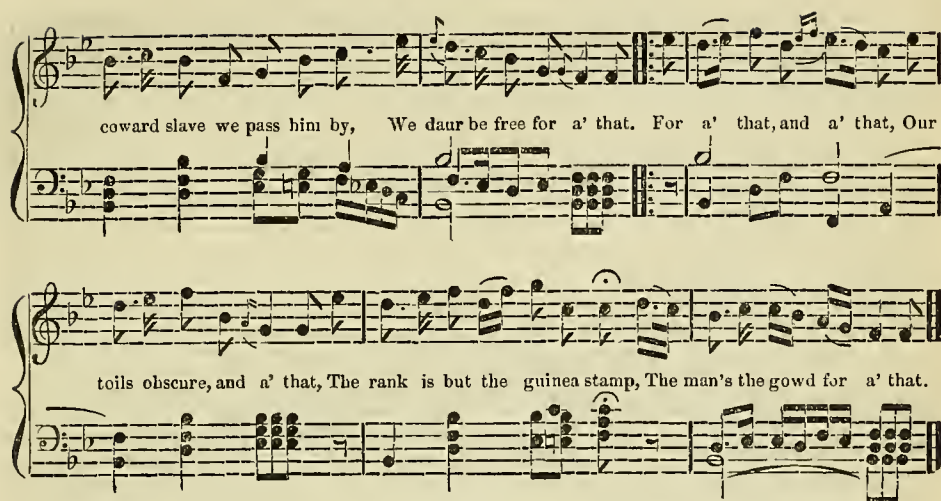
HOME.—The only fountain in the wilderness of life where man drinks of water totally unmixed with bitterness, is that which gushes for him in the calm and shady recess of domestic life. Pleasures may heat the heart with artificial excitement, ambition may delude it with its golden dreams, war may eradicate its fine fibres and diminish its sensitiveness, but it is only domestic love that can render it truly happy.

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT.

Andante Sostenuto.

Words by Burns.

Is there for ho-nest po-ver-ty, That hangs his head an' a' that? The



What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hoddin-grey and a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine;
A man's a man for a' that;
For a' that and a' that,
Their tinsel show and a' that,
The honest man, though e'er sae puir,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts and stares, and a' that:
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a cuif for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribbon, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A king can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his micht,
Gude faith, he maunna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, the pride o' worth,
Are higher ranks than a' that.

Then let us pray, that come it may,
As come it will, for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet for a' that,
That man to man, the world o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

INVENTOR OF THE MODERN SCALE.

Although there is scarcely a work on music which does not make mention of Guido Aretinus as the reformer of the ancient scale of music, and the inventor of the new method of notation, founded on the adaptation of the syllables *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*, from a hymn of St. John the Baptist; yet, by a kind of fatality very difficult to account for, his memory lives almost solely in his inventions. He was a native of Arezzo, a city in Tuscany, and having been taught the practice of music in his youth, and probably retained as a chorister in the service of the Benedictine monastery founded in that city, he became a monk professed, and a brother of the order of St. Benedict. In this retirement he seems to have devoted himself to the study of music, particularly the system of the ancients, and above all, to reform their method of notation. The difficulties that attended the instruction of youth in the church offices were so great, that, as he himself says, ten years were generally consumed barely in acquiring a knowledge of the plain song; and this consideration induced him to labour after some amendment, some method that might facilitate instruction, and enable those employed in the choral office to per-

form the duties of it in a correct and decent manner. If we may credit those legendary accounts that are still extant in monkish manuscripts, we should believe he was actually assisted in his pious intention by immediate communication from heaven. Some speak of the invention of the syllables as the effect of inspiration; and Guido himself seems to have been of the same opinion, by his saying it was revealed to him by the Lord, or, as some interpret his words, in a dream. Graver historians say, that being at vespers in the chapel of his monastery, it happened that one of the offices appointed for that day was the above-mentioned hymn to St. John the Baptist, which commences with these lines:

UT queant laxis, Resonare fibris,
Mira gestorum, Famula tuorum,
Solvī polluti, Labii reatum.

SANCTI JOHANNIS.

"We must suppose," says Sir John Hawkins, "that the converting of the tetrachords into hexachords, had previously been the subject of frequent contemplation with Guido, and a method of discriminating the tones and semitones was the only thing wanting to complete his invention. During the performance of the above hymn, he remarked

the iteration of the words, and the frequent returns of *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*; he observed likewise a dissimilarity between the closeness of the syllable *mi*, and the broad open sound of *fa*, which he thought could not fail to impress upon the mind an idea of their congruity, and immediately conceived a thought of applying these six syllables to his new formed hexachord. Struck with the discovery, he retired to his study, and having perfected his system, began to introduce it into practice.

The persons to whom Guido first communicated his invention, were the brethren of his monastery, from whom he met with but a cold reception. In an epistle from him to his friend Michael, a monk of Pomposa, he ascribes this to what was undoubtedly its true cause, envy; however, his interest with the abbot, and his employment in the chapel, gave him an opportunity of trying the efficacy of this method on the boys who were trained up for the choral service, and it exceeded his most sanguine expectations.

The fame of Guido's invention spread quickly abroad, and no sooner was it known than generally followed. We are told by Kircher, that Hirmauus, Bishop of Hamburgh, and Elvericus, Bishop of Osnaburgh, made use of it, and, by the author of the "Histoire Litteraire de la France," that it was received in that country, and taught in all the monasteries in the kingdom. It is certain that the reputation of his great skill in music had excited in the Pope a desire to see and converse with him; of which, and of his going to Rome for that purpose, and the reception he met with from the Pontiff, Guido has himself given a circumstantial account, in the epistle to his friend Michael, before mentioned.

The particulars of this relation are very curious, and as we have his own authority, there is no room to doubt the truth of it. It seems that John XX., or, as some writers compute, the nineteenth of that name, having heard of the fame of Guido's school, and conceiving a desire to see him, sent three messengers to invite him to Rome. Upon their arrival, it was resolved by the brethren of the monastery that he should go thither, attended by Grimaldo, the Abbot, and Peter, the chief of the canons of the church of Arezzo. Arriving at Rome, he was presented to the holy father, and by him received with great kindness. The Pope had several conversations with him, in all of which he interrogated him as to his knowledge in music; and, upon sight of an antiphony which Guido had brought with him, marked with the syllables according to the new invention, the Pope looked upon it as a kind of prodigy, and ruminating on the doctrines delivered by Guido, would not stir from his seat till he had learned perfectly to sing off a verse; upon which he declared that he could not have believed the efficacy of the method if he had not been convinced by the experiment he had himself made of it. The Pope would have detained him at Rome, but labouring under a bodily disorder, and fearing an injury to his health from the air of the place, and the heats of summer, which was then approaching, Guido left that city upon a promise to return to it, and to explain more at large to his holiness the principles of his system. On his return homewards, he made a visit to the Abbot of Pomposa, who was very earnest to have Guido settle in the monastery of that place, to which invitation, it seems, he yielded, being, as he says, "desirous of rendering so great a monastery still more famous by his studies there."

TOGETHER WE RANGE.

DUET.

Allegretto.

Webbe.

To - ge - ther we range o'er the slow ris - ing hills, De-

To - ge - ther we range o'er the

light - ed, de - light - ed with pas - tor - al views, Or pause on the

slow ris - ing hills. Delighted with

rock where the streamlet dis - tils, And mark out new themes for our

And mark out new themes, new themes for our

Andante.

muse. To pomp or proud ti - tles we ne'er did as - pire, To pomp or proud

ti - tles we ne'er did as - pire, We both are of hum - ble de - scent -

We both are of hum - ble de - scent, Let those who the splendour of

rich - es ad - mire - - - view us and be

rich - es ad - mire, Let those who the splen - dour of rich - es ad - mire.

charm'd with eon - tent - - - view us and be charm'd, be charm'd with eon - tent.

with content,

MY NANNIE, O

*Adagio non troppo.**Words by Burns.*

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Mang moors and moss - es

ma - ny, O, The win - try sun the day has clos'd, And

I'll a - wa to Nan - nie O. Tho' west - lin winds blow

loud and shrill; And it's baith mirk and rai - ny, O; I'll get my plaid, and

out I'll steal, And o'er the hills to Nan - nie O.

My Nannie 's charmin', sweet, and young;
 Nae artfu' wiles to win ye, O;
 May ill befa' the flattering tongue
 That wad beguile my Nannie, O!
 Her face is fair, her heart is true,
 As spotless as she's bonnie, O;

The openin' gowan, wat wi' dew,
 Nae purer is than Nannie, O.
 A country lad is my degree,
 And few there be that ken me, O;
 But what care I how few they be—
 I'm welcome aye to Nannie, O.

My riches a' 's my penny fee,
And I maun guide it cannie, O;
But waird's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thochts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudeman delights to view
His sheep and kye thrive bonnie, O;
But I'm as blyth, that hauds his plough,
And has nae care but Nannie, O.
Come weel, come wae, I carena by,
I'll tak what Heaven will send me, O;
Nae other care in life hae I,
But live and love my Nannie, O

The heroine of this song was a Miss Fleming, the daughter of a farmer in the parish of Tarbolton, Ayrshire. It was written while Burns was a very young man, and while, in reality, his only employment was "to hand the plough," and ponder on his mistress.—*Chambers's Scottish Songs.*

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

WE mentioned in our address at the commencement of the present volume, that we intended to publish a selection of airs which have been lost almost to the present generation; in fulfilment of which we now present our readers with three melodies, one of which, the Gaelic air, has never to our knowledge been published in any other collection, and which is well worth preservation. The second is a West Indian melody, and is offered as a mere curiosity; it possesses no other merit; but as it is a genuine specimen, may serve as a type of the class

to which it belongs. The last, an Irish air, the "Oak Stick," is a lively, rollicking air, at one time very popular in merry-makings, such as "rockings" and "kirns," in the southern parts of Ayrshire, and in Galloway. Our present selection is purposely various, and it will show better than words what scheme we intend to follow. In this division of our Miscellany, we will not tie ourselves down to the melodies of any people or country, but will cull a posie from the productions of all lands.

We respectfully request contributions from those who are the happy possessors of such treasures; the airs of a people are precious, because they constitute a language to such as have been bred in their locality, and furnish a means by which we may judge of the prevailing character of their habits and feelings—none are valueless, because they fill up the chain of the history of music. Much labour has been undertaken from an early period to rescue the lyrical and ballad poetry of Europe from oblivion, and that toil has been amply recompensed, by the amount of interesting matter which has been brought to light. That the same enthusiasm has not been displayed hitherto, with regard to music, we may regret; but it can furnish no excuse why we should allow the traditional and characteristic melodies of our own country still within reach, to die and be heard no more.

THÀINIG AN GILLE DUBH AN RAOIR DON BHAILE SO.

[The black youth came last night to our town.]

Moderato

Gaelic Air.



CALIMBE.

Allegro e pomposo.

West Indian Air.



THE OAK STICK.

Jig time.

Irish Air.



No. 1.—This air is sung frequently by the fair daughters of the Gael, in the district of Lorn, Argyshire. It is said to be of great antiquity. While residing some time in the pleasing village of Oban in the year 1831, we noted the air from the singing of a young lady, and we believe it has never been published. We are sorry that we have not sufficient Gaelic scholarcraft to be able to give the legend to which it was sung, in a southron garb—or convey to our readers a perception of the style of the fair songstress. But we would particularly call the attention of the sons and daughters of song in the locality to which this air belongs, to the well known fact, that ROBERT BURNS, when he made his tour through the Highlands, was so much struck with the beauty of many of the airs, that they became the causes to which we owe some of his sweetest songs. And we are well aware that in Oban and Inverary, and the country round, there are many persons still residing who have the power, if they have the will, to aid us in rescuing their popular airs from the oblivion to which they are fast hastening. The Rev. Patrick McDonald, in the West Highlands, and Captain Fraser, in the North, have done much to preserve their native airs, and make them extensively known, yet many remain to be picked up by the attentive gleaner. There are the war tunes—the gatherings—the bridal airs and funeral chants of several clans, which are of historical importance, and which give a truth to the wild and romantic legends of our Celtic brethren.

Many a time has the bereaved and torn heart found a balm for its afflictions from the low breathing of a melody which contained in itself, or suggested ideas of fairer times, and happier circumstances. And oft when the fierce and rapacious ambition of a more powerful sept has threatened extermination to a doomed name, the pibroch with its simple yet almost inexhaustible variations, has roused a spirit of heroic resolve, and reckless self-devotion in the breasts of its people, which makes the classic valour of Sparta the more true, because the resistance and success of the oppressed was as seemingly impossible. And then, ye Lowland men, who pride yourselves on your more varied sources of happiness, and the multiplicity of means by which ye can add to it,—what is the mirth of your bridal parties? what is the music in which ye are most frequently asked to delight? What are the measures ye dance? Waltzes, quadrilles, mazourkas and gallopadés—foreign all, and therefore inexpressive. Their language is not that of Auld Scotland, in whose music is blended with fearful beauty all nature's utterings. The mountain torrent sud-

denly leaping from its mother lake in the highest cleft of Nevis or Cruachan; and the savage lashing of the sea at Corrie Vrechan, or Connal, then again the melancholy wail of the wind through the native hazel and pine woods, rushing and moaning as if in pain, then soft and softer, dying away or passing into the joyous mirth of gambolling childhood. The fashionable music of the day is silent to the feeling of a Scottish man. It may, and no doubt does speak distinctly and forcefully to the people among whom it had its origin, but to us it must necessarily seem rapid and nerveless. And what funeral music do you possess? None. But let us hear in the glens and on the hillsides of Scotland, the sad strains of “Lochaber no more”—“Elen Loro”—the “Lament of Macgregor”—and “Oran an Oig,” every sense but that of deep melancholy and despair sinks before them.

No. 2.—We will not be guilty of abetting the crime against good taste, which the authors of the present popular Negro Extravanzas are perpetrating, by publishing the rubbish misnamed a song accompanying this air. We present it as a specimen of genuine Negro music. It was *very fashionable* amongst the slave population of the French West India islands about fifty years ago. The word “Calimbe,” which we have prefixed as the title, was the burthen or refrain.

No. 3.—Miles Daily, a violin player, who was living about twenty-five years ago, and was esteemed, in his day, the best jig player in the north of Ireland, gave it as his opinion that the Oak Stick was of Irish origin. He did not know the composer, but we think it is of modern date. It is taken from an MS. collection dated 1779.

SONNET TO MUSIC

Let me again drink, with enraptured ear,
Those soft low tones that fall upon the heart
Like snow flakes on the stream, which to the eye
Soon disappear, but which no more shall part
From its embracing bosom. So a start
Of brilliant melody hath passed by
Unheeded, but that faint and lovely strain
Hath stirred emotions that may never die,
And the glad heart throbs and re-throbs again,
And fancy paints fair visions in the air,
Or dreams of golden hours with love in all,
Paths strewn with flowers and ne'er approached by
care.

'Tis this may gild our darkest clouds below,
And pluck the venom'd sting from grief and woe.
—Greenock Advertiser, May, 1839.

NON NOBIS DOMINE.

CANON.

Wm. Bird.

Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no-bis sed no-mi-ni
 Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no-bis sed
 Non no-bis Do-mi-ne, non no-bis
 tuo da Glo-ri-am sed no-mi-ni
 no-mi-ni tuo da Glo-ri-am sed
 - - - - bis sed no-mi-ni tuo da Glo-ri-am
 tuo da Glo-ri-am. Non no-bis Do-mi-ne,
 no-mi-ni tuo da Glo-ri-am. Non no-bis Do-
 - - - - am sed no-mi-ni tuo da Glo-ri-am Non.

EXTRACT FROM FENTON'S TRAGEDY OF
"MARIAMNE."

Music shall wake her; that hath power to charm
 Pale sickness, and avert the stings of pain;
 But, ever on the mind the sure effects
 Are most conspicuous, where the varied notes
 Can raise and quell our passions, and becalm
 In sweet oblivion the too wakeful sense
 Of grief, or love; and print a dimpled smile
 On the green bloodless cheek of dumb despair.
 Such powerful strains bid harmony resound;
 Such as good spirits are supposed to sing

O'er saints, while Death dissolves the union-band,
 And frees them from the fretful dream of life.

THE COUNTER ALTO.

In order to render our selection of concerted music still more generally useful, we will, for the future, print a double set of notes in the counter alto stave of our glees and choruses where necessary—the lower series being for female, and the higher for male voices.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
ROSLIN CASTLE.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Joseph Corfe.

SOPRANO. 


ALTO. 

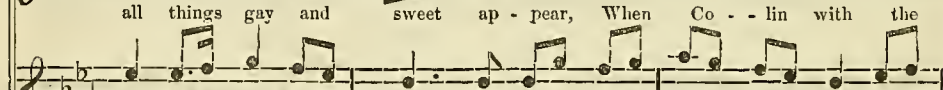
TENOR. 

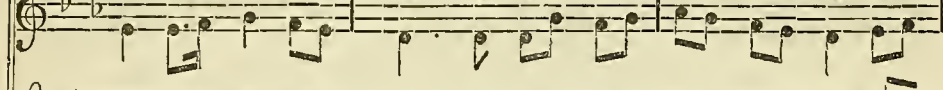
BASS. 

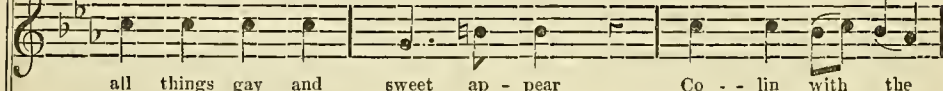
'Twas in that sea - son of the year, when

'Twas in that sea - son of the year, When

 all things gay and sweet ap - pear, When Co - lin with the



 all things gay and sweet ap - pear Co - - lin with the



 morn - ing ray, A - - - rose and sung his ru - ral lay.



 morn - ing ray, A - - - rose and sung his ru - ral lay.



Of Nan - ny's charms the shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with

Of Nan - ny's charms the shep - herd sung, The hills and dales with

Nan - ny - - rung, And

Nan - ny - - rung, While Ros - o - lin cas - tle heard the swain, And

e - - cho'd back the cheer - ful strain, *tr*

e - - cho'd back the cheer - - ful strain, *tr*

Awake, sweet Muse! The breathing spring
With rapture warms: awake, and sing!
Awake and join the vocal throng;
And hail the morning with a song:
To Nannie raise the cheerful lay;
O, bid her haste and come away;
In sweetest smiles herself adorn,
And add new graces to the morn!

O look, my love! on every spray
A feather'd warbler tunes his lay;
'Tis beauty fires the ravish'd throng,
And love inspires the melting song:
Then let the raptured notes arise:
For beauty darts from Nannie's eyes;
And love my rising bosom warms,
And fills my soul with sweet alarms.

Oh, come, my love! Thy Colin's lay
With rapture calls: O, come away!
Come, while the Muse this wreath shall twine
Around that modest brow of thine.
O! hither haste, and with thee bring
That beauty blooming with the spring,
Those graces that divinely shine,
And charm this ravished heart of mine!

This song, which first appeared in David Herd's Collection, of 1769, was the composition of Richard Hewit, a young man who was employed by the blind poet, Blacklock, to act as his guide during his rambles in Cumberland, and continued, for some years afterwards, to serve him as an amanuensis. The air of "Roslin Castle" was composed by Oswald, about the beginning of the eighteenth century. The four voiced glee which we have given is by Joseph Corfe, of Salisbury, the author of several very beautiful glees in which Scotch airs are made the subject of the composition.

WANDERING WILLIE.

* * * All these considerations wrought me up to a kind of impatience yesterday evening; so that I snatched up my hat, and prepared for a sally beyond the cultivated farm and ornaumed grounds of Mount Sharon, just as if I were desirous to escape from the realms of art, into those of free and unconstrained nature.

I was scarcely more delighted when I first entered this peaceful demesne, than I now was—such is the inconsistency of human nature!—when I escaped from it to the open downs, which had formerly seemed so dreary. The clouds, riding high upon a summer breeze, drove, in gay succession, over my head, now obscuring the sun, now letting its rays stream in transient flashes upon various parts of the landscape, and especially upon the broad mirror of the distant Firth of Solway.

I advanced on the scene with the light step of a liberated captive; and, like John Bunyan's Pilgrim, could have found in my heart to sing as I went on my way. It seemed as if my gaiety had accumulated while suppressed, and that I was, in my present joyous mood, entitled to expend the savings of the previous week. But just as I was about to uplift a merry stave, I heard, to my joyful surprise, the voices of three or more choristers, singing, with considerable success, the lively old catch,

"For all our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking;
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;
As they went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking."

As the chorus ended, there followed a loud and hearty laugh by way of cheers. Attracted by sounds which were so congenial to my present feelings, I made towards the spot from which they came,—cautiously, however, for the downs had no good name; and the attraction of the music, without rivalling that of the Syrens in melody, might have been followed by similarly inconvenient consequences to an incautious amateur.

I crept on, therefore, trusting that the sinuosities of the ground, broken as it was into knolls and sand-pits, would permit me to obtain a sight of the musicians before I should be observed by them. As I advanced, the old ditty was again raised. The voices seemed those of a man and two boys; they were rough, but kept good time, and were managed with too much skill to belong to the ordinary country people.

"Jack looked at the sun, and cried, Fire, fire, fire!
Tom stabled his keffel in Birkeodale mire;
Jem started a calf, and halloo'd for a stag;
Will mounted a gate-post instead of his nag;

For all our men were very very merry,
And all our men were drinking;
There were two men of mine,
Three men of thine,
And three that belonged to old Sir Thom o' Lyne;
As they went to the ferry, they were very very merry,
For all our men were drinking"

The voices, as they mixed in their several parts, and ran through them, untwisting and again entwining all the links of the merry old catch, seemed to have a little touch of the bacchanalian spirit which they celebrated, and showed plainly that the musicians were engaged in the same joyous revel as the *menzie* of old Sir Thom o' Lyne. At length I came within sight of them, where they sat cosily niched into what you might call a *bunker*, a little sand-pit, dry and snug, and surrounded by its banks, and a screen of whins in full bloom.

The only one of the trio whom I recognized as a personal acquaintance was the notorious little Benjie, who, having just finished his stave, was cramming a huge luncheon of pie-crust into his mouth with one hand, while in the other he held a foaming tankard, his eyes dancing with all the glee of a forbidden revel; and his features, which have at all times a mischievous archness of expression, confessing the full sweetness of stolen waters, and bread eaten in secret.

There was no mistaking the profession of the male and female, who were partners with Benjie in these merry doings. The man's long loose-bodied great-coat, (wrap-rascal as the vulgar term it,) the fiddle-case, with its straps, which lay beside him, and a small knapsack which might contain his few necessities; a clear gray eye; features which, in contending with many a storm, had not lost a wild and careless expression of glee, animated at present, when he was exercising for his own pleasure the arts which he usually practised for bread,—all announced one of those peripatetic followers of Orpheus, whom the vulgar call a strolling fiddler. Gazing more attentively, I easily discovered that though the poor musician's eyes were open, their sense was shut, and that the ecstasy with which he turned them up to Heaven, only derived its apparent expression from his own internal emotions, but received no assistance from the visible objects around. Beside him sat his female companion, in a man's hat, a blue coat, which seemed also to

have been an article of male apparel, and a red petticoat. She was cleaner, in person and in clothes, than such itinerants generally are; and, having been in her day a strapping *bona roba*, she did not even yet neglect some attention to her appearance; wore a large amber necklace, and silver ear-rings, and had her plaid fastened across her breast with a brooch of the same metal.

The man also looked clean, notwithstanding the meanness of his attire, and had a decent silk handkerchief well knotted about his throat, under which peeped a clean owerlay. His beard, also, instead of displaying a grizzly stubble, unmoved for several days, flowed in thick and comely abundance over the breast, to the length of six inches, and mingled with his hair, which was but beginning to exhibit a touch of age. To sum up his appearance, the loose garment which I have described, was secured around him by a large old-fashioned belt, with brass studs, in which hung a dirk, with a knife and fork, its usual accompaniments. Altogether, there was something more wild and adventurous-looking about the man than I could have expected to see in an ordinary modern crowder; and the bow which he now and then drew across the violin, to direct his little choir, was decidedly that of no ordinary performer.

You must understand, that many of these observations were the fruits of after remark; for I had scarce approached so near as to get a distinct view of the party, when my friend Benjie's lurching attendant, which he calls by the appropriate name of Hemp, began to cock his tail and ears, and, sensible of my presence, flew, barking like a fury, to the place where I had meant to lie concealed till I heard another song. I was obliged, however, to jump on my feet, and intimidate Hemp, who would otherwise have bit me, by two sound kicks on the ribs, which sent him howling back to his master.

Little Benjie seemed somewhat dismayed at my appearance; but, calculating on my placability, he speedily affected great glee, and almost in one breath assured the itinerants that I was "a grand gentleman, and had plenty of money, and was very kind to poor folk;" and informed me that this was "Willie Steenson—Wandering Willie—the best fiddler that ever kittled thairm with horse-hair."

The woman rose and curtsied; and Wandering Willie sanctioned his own praises with a nod, and the ejaculation, "All is true that the little boy says."

I asked him if he was of this country.

"This country!" replied the blind man—"I am of every country in broad Scotland, and a wee bit of England to the boot. But yet I am, in some sense, of this country; for I was born within hearing of the roar of Solway. Will I give your honour a touch of the auld bread-winner?"

He preluded as he spoke, in a manner which really excited my curiosity; and then taking the old tune of 'Galashiels' for his theme, he graced it with a number of wild, complicated, and beautiful variations; during which, it was wonderful to observe how his sightless face was lighted up under the conscious pride and heartfelt delight in the exercise of his own very considerable powers.

"What think you of that, now, for threescore and twa?"

I expressed my surprise and pleasure.

"A rant, man—an auld rant," said Willie; "naething like the music ye hae in your ball-houses and your playhouses in Edinbro'; but it's weel enough

anes in a way at a dyke-side. Here's another—it's no a Scotch tune, but it passes for ane—Oswald made it himsell, I reckon—he has cheated mony a ane, but he canna cheat Wandering Willie."

He then played your favourite air of 'Roslin Castle,' with a number of beautiful variations, some of which I am certain were almost extempore.

"You have another fiddle there, my friend," said I—"Have you a comrade?" But Willie's ears were deaf, or his attention was still busied with the tune.

The female replied in his stead, "O ay, sir—troth we hae a partner—a gangrel body like oursells. No but my hinny might have been better if he had liked; for mony a bein nook in mony a braw house has been offered to my hinny Willie, if he wad but just bide still and play to the gentles."

"Whisht, woman! whisht!" said the blind man, angrily, shaking his locks; "dinna deave the gentleman wi' your havers. Stay in a house and play to the gentles!—strike up when my leddy pleases, and lay down the bow when my lord bids! Na, na, that's nae life for Willie. Look out, Maggie—peer out, woman, and see if ye can see Robin coming. De'il be in him! he has got to the lee-side of some smuggler's punch-bowl, and he wunna budge the night, I doubt."

"That's your consort's instrument," said I—"Will you give me leave to try my skill?" I slipped at the same time a shilling into the woman's hand.

"I dinna ken whether I dare trust Robin's fiddle to ye," said Willie, bluntly. His wife gave him a twitch. "Hout awa, Maggie," he said, in contempt of the hint; "though the gentleman may hae gien ye siller, he may have nae bow-hand for a' that, and I'll no trust Robin's fiddle wi' an ignoramus. But that's no sae muckle amiss," he added, as I began to touch the instrument; "I am thinking ye have some skill o' the craft."

To confirm him in this favourable opinion, I began to execute such a complicated flourish as I thought must have turned Crowdero into a pillar of stone with envy and wonder. I scaled the top of the finger-board, to dive at once to the bottom—skipped with flying fingers, like Timotheus, from shift to shift—struck arpeggios and harmonic tones, but without exciting any of the astonishment which I had expected.

Willie indeed listened to me with considerable attention; but I was no sooner finished, than he immediately mimicked on his own instrument the fantastic complication of tones which I had produced, and made so whimsical a parody of my performance, that, although somewhat angry, I could not help laughing heartily.

At length the old man stopped of his own accord, and, as if he had sufficiently rebuked me by his mimicry, he said, "But for a' that, ye will play very weel wi' a little practice and some gude teaching. But ye maun learn to put the heart into it, man—to put the heart into it."

I played an air in simpler taste, and received more decided approbation.

"That's something like it, man. Od, ye are a clever birkie!"

The woman touched his coat again. "The gentleman is a gentleman, Willie—ye maunna speak that gate to him, hinny."

"The deevil I maunna?" said Willie; "and what for maunna I? If he was ten gentles, he canna draw a bow like me, can he?"

"Indeed I cannot, my honest friend," said I. *

* * * *—Redgauntlet.

IN INFANCY OUR HOPES AND FEARS.

[The lower notes of the treble stave are so arranged that they may be sung as a second part if wished.]

Dr. Arne.

In in - fan - cy our hopes and fears Were to each o - ther known, And

friendship in our rip - er years Has twin'd our hearts in one - - - has

twin'd our hearts in one. one. Oh! clear him then from this offence, Thy

love, thy du - ty prove, Re - store him with that innocence, Which first inspir'd my

love - - - which first - - - in - spir'd my love.

In infancy our hopes and fears,
Were to each other known;
No sordid int'rest then appear'd,
Affection rul'd alone.
As friendship ripen'd with our youth,
The fruit was gathered there;
Bright wisdom and fair blooming truth
Subsided ev'ry care.

Ah! happy, more than happy state,
When hearts are twin'd in one.
Yet few, so rigid is our fate,
May wear the tender crown;
By one rude touch the roses fall,
And all their beauties fade,
In vain we sigh, in vain we call,
Too late is human aid.

HERE AWA, THERE AWA.

*Larghetto.**Words by Burns.*

Here a - wa, there a - wa, wan - der - ing Wil - lie, Here a - wa,
there a - wa, haud a - wa hame. Come to my bo - som my ain on - ly
dear - ie, Tell me thou bring'st me my Wil - lie the same.

Winter winds blew loud and cauld at our parting;
Fears for my Willie brought tears in my ee;
Welcome now, summer, and welcome, my Willie;
The summer to nature, and Willie to me.

Rest, ye wild storms, in the caves of your slumbers!
How your dread howling a lover alarms!

Waken, ye breezes! row gently, ye billows!
And waft my dear laddie ance mair to my arms.

But, oh, if he's faithless, and minds na his Nannie,
Flow still between us, thou dark heaving main!
May I never see it, may I never trow it,
But, dying, believe that my Willie's my ain!

THE RIVAL'S WREATH.

At length the night came, and all Naples crowded to the opera to hear *Gambrica*, the most powerful, the most gifted, the most renowned and dazzling *Cantatrice* that had ever ravished heart, senses and breath, from the fiery-souled inhabitants of that celebrated city. The enthusiasm of the Neapolitans for music, under any circumstances, is inconceivable to the people of a colder clime, but *Gambrica* had excited it beyond itself. Her figure, large, symmetrical and commanding, recalled *Cleopatra* or *Juno*. Her features were sweet and noble. On her queenly brow dignity sat enthroned; and all the lofty and all the tender passions were reflected in turn from her classic and ever-eloquent face. Her eyes, endowed with the power of magic, carried with every glance the highest emotions of poetry and music. The public worshipped her.

No. 44.

She was an empress—a goddess. Her smile sent a sunshine through the multitude. Her step across the stage caused a stir of delight. Her gestures, like those of a prophetess interpreting to mortals the language of heaven, made the pulses leap, and the heart heave in the bosom—and when, all majestic, her superb and awful form, full of inspiration—a statue beyond the chisel of *Angelo* or *Praxiteles*—her countenance, a manifestation of all that *Rossini* ever imagined, or *Raphael* drew, when thus revealed—a magnificent vision before the unnumbered, and expectant faces—her wonderful voice poured forth its volume, now in a stream gentle as the murmuring zephyr, and clear as the voice of the limpid brook—now starting as the heave of the ocean, or the fall of the cataract, and, at length, terrible as the sudden thunder, and rapid as the lightning when it darts

from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven. It was curious to witness the tempest of delight, the hurricane, the earthquake, which involved the assembly and overwhelmed the performances in a chaos of frantic acclamations.

Gambrica was an Italian. With her first breath she had inhaled fire from the sun. Had she been born in Nova Zembla, that bosom had held a heart of passion. Enthusiasm, for good or evil, would have been her leading quality. Had she been bred in the cell of a convent, her vestal veins would still have run fire. Education might have modified her impetuous disposition—it could not have chilled it utterly. But her education! The air of the north had never cooled her blood—she knew not the awful solemnity of solitude. She had always lived in the glare of public observation, and quaffed the intoxicating draught of public applause. It had become to her a necessary aliment—a want—a demand of her nature. Without it she would have faded like a rose without light. It was her air—her sunshine. For years she had been the most potent attraction in her fairy theatric world. In infancy she danced as a fay, or floated as an angel amid murmurs of delight. As time ripened her form, and touched it with the seducing grace of girlhood, she had dazzled mortal eyes as sylph, naiad, or princess; and when, at length, years rolling like summer hours over the rose, had only expanded her into more bewildering loveliness—had only awakened new and more dangerous power—she had queened it as if, indeed, a veritable enchantress. Aided by all the magic of poetry, painting, music and romance, now amid the gorgeous story of oriental lands, now leading on the warm dreams of the burning south—now spell-bound in the far-gone days of Arabian fable—to the sober inhabitants of the outward earth she was only known as the heroine of these magnificent phantasmagoria. Adoring fame, and dwelling amid its beams as the eagle near the sun, she had little sympathy with, or knowledge of, the common earth. Wealth was gathered by her as if it floated in the streams, and fell like manna over the plains. She scarce knew ambition; for she was on the “topmost round.” The world was below her—mankind at her feet—and, at the sound of her voice, they bent or rose like the sea beneath the trident of its monarch. She was the embodied dream of the poet—she became, in turn, each passion—she was the priestess of nature—a creature half earthly, half divine. He who had not seen Gambrica, had seen nothing. He who had not heard her, had not lived. It was a bright life that she led—her simple appearance for ever greeted by thousands and thousands, with tumultuous rapture—her rising upon nations, like that of Aurora, whose approach chases the shadows, and overspreads the sky with rosy light.

Upon this night, after a long absence, she was to appear in her best part. The Neapolitans attended for a thousandth time to enjoy the wonders and witness the triumph of their queen of song.

The second character of the piece was entrusted to a young female, who had tremblingly ventured to make her *début* on this evening. Her simple and sweet taste; the quality, extent, and power of her voice, had more than once gained a word of condescending encouragement from the despotic mistress of song. She did not come on till after the entrance of Gambrica, by whom, as well as by

the audience, her unpretending efforts, her unpronounced name, had been unnoticed. But scarcely had she presented herself, when a murmur of surprise ran through the auditory. Nothing more unlike Gambrica could be imagined; yet so soft, ingenuous, modest, and *spirituelle* were her air, shape, and countenance, and so wonderfully was the impression created by her appearance, confirmed and deepened by her voice and grace, that, as if by preconcert, an audible and universal whisper of “who is she?” was heard, and a general stir from all parts of the house. As if afraid to give utterance to their emotions in the usual manner, the audience remained for some moments in a kind of suspense, looking to behold a heavenly illusion suddenly dispelled, and this celestial visitant utter some tone, or make some motion, to relink her in their minds with the associations of earth. She proceeded, however, in her part; she gave the few introductory passages in the same new and exquisite manner, till, at the end of a brilliant and most difficult *solo*, executed with a taste, ease, simplicity and power not excelled—not equalled by Gambrica herself—a startled “brava! brava!” uttered in the tone of one thrown off his guard by rapture, broke the spell of silence, and such peals burst forth as made the house tremble to its foundations. The performances were stopped. The audience rose in a body. Handkerchiefs, gloves, hats, waved in the air from the high dome to the feet of the lovely being, herself astonished at the tumult she had raised.

Gambrica, from the green-room, heard these ominous sounds, and felt the boards tremble under her feet. She hastened forth, and from an unobserved retreat, beheld the sight-blasting view of a rival, potent with all the spells of grace, youth, beauty, genius; a rival, conjured up from no one knew where—raised like Venus, full-formed from the deep—mounted upon her pedestal—waving her sacred wand—and wielding with a hand, yesterday feeble and unknown, all her thunders. From the lips of the hundreds, too, she heard undisguised raptures, sanctioning, leading on the triumph of this new and all resplendent enemy. Her ears rung with the continual and simultaneous peals—each one seemed a bolt directed at her own head. Her breath failed—the strength forsook her limbs—rage and despair filled her bosom, paralyzed her efforts, and painted themselves on her countenance. It happened that the opera shadowed forth a tale not unlike the reality of those interests and emotions which were thus brought into action, and that the two competitors before the audience bore *roles* which gave a fatal illustration of the downfall of long-successful ambition before the rising of a purer and lovelier star.

Marina gained each moment in the esteem of the auditors. The very dissimilitude between her and Gambrica gave a new impetus to her success. For the first time, the world discovered that nature had other gems than that which they had worn, to the exclusion of all others; and, with the caprice for which they are celebrated, they were prepared in an instant to throw aside that of which they became weary. After Gambrica, Marina pleased by force of novelty and contrast. Her very faults were a relief. She was like the sighing of a flute, after the blast of the trumpet. She resembled silence and odour-breathing moonlight, after the brightness of the “gaudy and remorseless day.”

Gambrica felt that the sceptre was slipping from her hands. The applauses which she subsequently

received were not what they had been. She went from the stage, after having lost all inspiration; trembling, desperate, as if an evil spirit had taken possession of her. A large mirror hung in the green-room. She gazed at herself in it. Her countenance was haggard—her features dark and heavy with passion—and to throw the last shadow over her gloom, at this inopportune and miserable moment, she detected a wrinkle on her brow, and upon the sable and glossy hair parted over her forehead, two or three lines of white. It is thus that mortality breaks upon the aspirations of earthly dreamers.

The curtain fell, but the audience remained, and, with vehement clamours, demanded the manager. On his appearance, a general cry expressed the wish that Marina should receive an immediate engagement as *prima donna*. The ready caterer for their pleasure acquiesced, of course, delighted to find a new treasure. Three heavy rounds of applause offered a parting tribute to the newly-risen star, and then night, calm and quiet, settled over the glittering bay and half-aërial mountains the silent shore and the sleeping city.

For some days nothing was talked of but Marina. How capricious is the popular judgment! how utterly it will be ravished to-day with that which to-morrow will be flung by and forgotten. Gambrica's name was now scarcely heard but as the precursor of an invidious comparison. Marina filled every heart. Marina was uttered by every lip. Marina was the theme of every *café*, every street, every square.

"How unlike Gambrica!" was the ungrateful exclamation.

"Ah! *poverina*, she has had her day," cried one.

"She was good but she is terribly *passée*," said another.

"For me," cried a third, "I always knew she was overrated.

"A sun flower by the rose," said a fourth.

"Too large—too round—too tall—too heavy—her hair too black, her eyes no softness," added a fifth.

"Then," said the first, "how over-dramatic! We are cloyed with a style too studied and voluptuous. Nature is too elaborately improved upon. Nothing is left to itself. She may be the first of her school, but the school of Marina is the first. Did you observe her attitude last night when she drew the dagger?"

"Yes, a fishwoman going to fight."

"She is a great singer, though," ventured a little dandy, who had not heard Marina.

"Certainly, very great; but then she is always the same."

"And what horrid faces!"

These strictures were general. They were the first that Gambrica had ever encountered. They fell on her heart like lava.

Again the night came, and the theatre was besieged by an enthusiastic throng. Equipage after equipage dashed up. Party after party of bewildering faces and dazzling shoulders hastened in. Each seat was filled, the aisles were crowded, the lobbies overflowed; all the nobility, fashion, science, and loveliness, fortunate enough to secure places, were assembled. Sounds of impatience arose. Never had there been a more brilliant audience.

In a small private box, over the stage, in full view, sat Gambrica alone; a spectator of this event-

ful hour, dressed in a style sternly simple—a robe of white. On her uncovered head no ornament, but the raven hair parted over her brow. It was observed that once or twice her dark eyes flashed, and that her cheek was pale and grave.

"Poor Gambrica," whispered many, "her day is over."

Marina appeared. Not her fondest friends had dared to predict so dazzling a triumph. She was trebly successful—as the loveliest creature that ever was seen—as the most touching, noble, and pure actress; and as a singer, transcendent over all her predecessors. Her voice was a phenomenon. Such a one had never before been heard by mortal ears. She herself had not known all its deep powers, its divine revelations. As she proceeded in her *role*, at each instant subduing, electrifying, inspiring her hearers; their enthusiasm and applause arose to an exaltation indescribable, and when she had thrice sung the *finale*, and each time more ravishingly, the rounds of applause were blended into one continued shock; the audience rose in a delirium, an ecstasy, rarely seen out of an Italian opera-house, and crowns, verses, wreaths, flowers, laurels and roses were showered down at her feet.

She stood silent, trembling, overwhelmed, in the presence of these thundering thousands, her hand on her heaving bosom, her eyes bent modestly and gracefully to the ground.

Few sights are more striking than the interior of a spacious theatre completely crowded, around, above, row behind row, circle after circle, tier over tier, an amphitheatre of heads, the floor, the ample walls, swaying with a sea of faces, alive with human intellect, lucid with burning eyes, from the stage lights back to the receding columns, melting into vague masses up to the golden roof, and these thousands of awakened minds concentrated upon one creature, worshipped like a deity. Next to a Roman oration came the half-unearthly triumphs of the opera.

Gambrica rose, attracting universal attention, and for a moment the stormy roar abated. The dethroned queen lifted her tall figure and turned her eyes upon the agitated multitude. In her hand, and resting upon the balustrade, she grasped a massive wreath of ever living green. "Generous Gambrica," cried a voice, "she will award the wreath!"

The most lively applause followed this suggestion, proclaiming at once that it was magnanimous and just, and the lips of thousands echoed "the wreath," "the wreath." There was then a moment's silence.

"Let her advance," was heard distinctly in every part of the house, in the silver tones of that well-known voice.

Marina, her lashes glittering with tears, her cheek flushed, her bosom heaving with delight, advanced a few steps and bent her beautiful head in an attitude sweet as Psyche before the mother of Love.

That arm, majestic, was raised aloft. The wreath was cast. A chaos of applause greeted its fall—but high, shrill, and audible above the roaring thunder, pierced the shriek of that lovely victim.

Marina fell dead upon the boards crimsoned with her blood.

The fatal wreath was of *bronze*.

Italy is the land of poetry even in its crimes. The incident is said to be a literal fact, of recent occurrence.—*Sunbeam*.

FESTIVALS, AND THE OPERA IN SWEDEN.

Catteau, in his "General View of Sweden," says, that there are two days of the year, the first of May, and midsummer, particularly consecrated to mirth and joy. On the first of May, large fires, which seem to announce that natural warmth is about to succeed the severity of winter, are kindled in the fields; around these fires the people assemble, while others go to enjoy good cheer, and with the glass in their hands, to banish care and sorrow. Midsummer-day is still better calculated to inspire mirth and festivity; the fine season is then established; the sun everywhere diffuses his vivifying rays; the tenants of the woods, freed from their long captivity, tune their throats to joy; the flocks range the fields at their ease, to taste the juicy grass; and man, awakened from that lethargy into which he has been sunk, together with all nature, seems to be animated with a new soul, while his faculties resume their wonted vigour, and his heart becomes open to the soft impressions of sensibility. On the evening before this happy period, the people assemble; the houses are ornamented with boughs; and the young men and young women erect a pole, around which they dance till morning. Having recruited their strength by some hours of repose, they repair to church, and, after imploring the protection of the Supreme Being, they again give themselves up to fresh effusions of joy. During these two festivals, the people display all their gaiety by dances and songs—the greater part of which are national, and partake somewhat of the climate.

Among the public amusements of Stockholm, those most worthy of notice are theatrical representations. The opera has attained to a degree of perfection which astonishes strangers. Original pieces are sometimes performed; the rest are translated from the French; but the preference is always given to those which have music of Gluck's composition.

THE GYPSIES.

It is a threatening eve, but yet the sky Hath tints of loveliness. That plain of small clouds, How still it lies upon the glimmering blue, Like a calm rippling lake, or sheet of snow, That the keen wind hath ruffled into ridges! Onward the rain-storm rides;—'tis over past. Those skirts of yellow-gray show that the west Is lighted up—how beautifully! Stand! Stand on this hillock; 'tis a gorgeous sight, To see the black clouds struggling with that gleam Of parting splendour! What a brilliant flood Breaks momentarily, and paints those massive heaps With gold and crimson, while their edges glow As with a living fire. And now those rays Strike down in delicate lines, while the full orb Sinks gloriously. Awhile, the golden beams Dapple the sky, and then a mountainous pile Blackens in sullen triumph. Still the light Strives with the storm, and mingles with its depth, In one broad plain of dull and coppery hue.

O! for a tranquil eve, to fill the soul With a repose of thought; a still warma eve, When the woods glow, and the unfretted water Lingers beneath the green boughs; then the weeds, Thistle and dock, that batten on this bank, Seem beautiful: the linnet hides in them, And, as she upward springs, they gently wave In the soft level light. But a thick dusk,

A lowering solemn dusk, when the stream rolls Rapidly, as the cold willows dip their leaves Into its colder swell, when homeward rooks Fly past in silence, and the grey hern flaps His steady wing,—a dusk, gloomy as this, Hath its own joy. Hark! now, how sweetly mournful The sound of distant bells comes up the wave; 'Tis not the flickering tone that we have loved To hear commingling with the dreamy notes Of folded flocks;—it is the quiet music That the sense strains to catch,—a low soft voice, Something more earthly than the hollow wind, And yet a sound that seems not as of man. That owl's screech—it is not dissonant— The full rich flow of nightingales accords With the clear moonshine and the blossomy gale; But that harsh voice was made for nights like this, It is the storm's own song.

Saw you that light, That sparkles on the stream? A low smoke creeps Above the curved bank; that fugitive glare, Which leaps upon the old oak's scanty twigs, Proclaims the Gypsies' fire: this sudden turn Shows all the trappings of their leafy haunt. It is a quiet nook; the stunted tree, And the lithe weeds that twine about the bank, Will form their night bower. O! how drowsily They bask before the murky flame, which flings Its faint gleam o'er their black dishevel'd hair, Shrouding their deep tann'd faces! Their old horse, His rough, grey-hide whitening in that dim light, Browses beside the low, close covering tent, The only busy one. That wither'd hag Hath heard our voices; now she stirs the flame, And throws aside their dusky canopy:— There lie the lazy group, women, and men, And children, all with vacant upturn'd eye, Tasting an animal joy which lazier wealth Not seldom misses.

Most happy, or most wretched, though your tasks Of pilfering idleness have bowed you low, Ye seem to me as things of other times, And other countries, relics of mystic beings, That held communion with the silent heavens And talk'd of destinies. Cheats, as ye are, Ye have within you dregs of a deep spirit, That dwelt by mountains, or by mighty streams, In forests that no mortal hand had rear'd, In desert plains, wide as the pathless sea. There liv'd that spirit, gazing on the clear stars, Till it would read the hidden depths of fate, In their eternal courses. Lone enthusiasts, Sages and seers! is your mysterious lore Yet known to such as these? They have a bond In their traditions, but the soul is fled Of divination; and the undoubting faith, That lent its wings to pierce the sightless world, Abides not with these children of the wilds:— They see the stars with no oracular soul; They hear not songs of fate in the low wind; Planets eclips'd have no deep lore for them; The very herbs have lost their healing balm; Devotion knows them not; the light of truth, Simple, and pure, and common as the air, For them hath ignorance veil'd; but yet they cling To shadows of tradition, and beguile The simple maid with many a perilous tale Of dark or blissful chance. I scorn you not, Poor wanderers! for still ye seem to me Heirs of a pastoral life, the charter'd tenants Of glade or dingle; some thing that Nature owns.

Charles Knight.—*Friendship's Offering.*

BEETHOVEN'S BATTLE SYMPHONY.

If grandeur of effect, originality of invention, and energetic passages, are to be considered as necessary constituents of that musical compound—an instrumental piece; it is not probable that any other piece of the same length can vie with this specimen of what a man of genius, and only a man of *real* genius, can accomplish when he is determined. In the midst of all the seeming confusion which the title of this piece would lead us to expect in the performance of it, there is one passage trifling *in itself*, but which, from the way it is introduced, shews the master-hand as fully as the most elaborate Symphony could possibly do. I allude to the air of Malbrook, which is at the beginning of the *sinfonia*, understood as the national march played by

the French army in advancing, but as the horrid "confusion worse confounded" proceeds gradually to accumulate, we are morally certain that they are giving way, they fall in numbers under the British army, the whole band are dispersed, and only *one fife* is heard attempting to keep up the fast fleeting valour of his countrymen by playing Malbrook, but the fatigue he has undergone, and the parching thirst he endures, obliges him to play it in the minor key—sorrowfully, instead of the joyful march played by his comrades before the battle. It may be considered fanciful, but I really think there is as true and genuine a touch of nature in this passage as can be found even in the dramatic writings of the "*Bard of Avon*."—*Quarterly Musical Review*, 1821.

THE MIGHTY CONQUEROR.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Allegro con spirito.

S. Webbe.

ALTO.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASS.

The first system of the musical score for four voices (Alto, 1st Tenor, 2nd Tenor, Bass) in G major, 2/4 time. The tempo is 'Allegro con spirito'. The music begins with a forte (f) dynamic. The lyrics for the first line are: 'The mighty con - quer - or, the mighty con - quer - or of'.

The second system of the musical score continues the melody for the four voices. The lyrics for the second line are: 'hearts, His pow'r I here de - ny, With all his flames, his flames, his fires and'. The third line of lyrics is: 'With all his flames, his flames, his fires and'. The fourth line of lyrics is: 'hearts, His pow'r I here de - ny, With all his flames, fires, and darts, fires and'. The fifth line of lyrics is: 'With all his flames his fires and'.

darts, I, champion like, de - - - fy. The might - - - - y
 darts, I, champion like, de - fy. The might - - - y con-quer - or, the mighty
 darts, I, champion like, de - fy, The mighty conquer - or, the might - - - y
 darts, I, champion like, de - fy. The mighty conquer - or, the mighty

con - - - quer - - - or of hearts, His pow'r I here de -
 conquer - or, the might - - - y conquer - or of hearts, His pow'r I here de -
 conquer - or, the mighty conquer - or of hearts, His pow'r I here de -
 conquer - or, the mighty conquer - or of hearts, His pow'r I here de -

- - ny, With all his flames, his fires and darts, I, champion like, I champion
 - - ny, With all his flames, his fires and darts, I, champ - - ion
 - - ny, With all his flames, his flames and darts, I, champ - ion
 - - - ny, With all his flames, his fires and darts, I, champ - - ion

like, de - fy. Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine, at Bacchus'

like, de - fy. *p* I'll offer all my sa - cri - fice Hence - forth at Bacchus'

like, de - fy. I'll offer all my sa - crifice henceforth - - - - - at Bacchus'

like, de - fy. I'll offer all my sa - crifice henceforth at Bacchus' shrine, at Bacchus'

at Bacchus', at Bacchus', at Bacchus' shrine, I'll of - fer all my

shrine, at Bacchus', at Bacchus' shrine, I'll of - fer all my

shrine, at Bac - chus shrine - - I'll of - fer all my

shrine, - - - - - I'll of - fer all my

sa - cri - fice, Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine, The merry

sa - cri - fice Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine, The merry god

sa - cri - fice Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine,

sa - cri - fice Henceforth at Bacchus' shrine, The merry god ne'er tells us

god ne'er tells us lies, There's no deceit in wine, there's no deceit in

ne'er tells us lies, no - - ne'er tells us lies, There's no deceit in wine, there's no deceit in

The merry god ne'er tells us lies, There's no deceit in wine, there's no deceit in

lies no never tells us lies, There's no deceit in wine, there's no deceit in

wine, The merry merry god ne'er tells us lies - - - - -

wine, The merry merry god ne'er tells us lies, The merry merry god ne'er tells us

wine - - - - - The merry merry god ne'er tells us

wine

- - - There's no de - - ceit in wine - - - - - There's no de - - - ceit in wine.

lies, There's no de - - ceit in wine - - - - - There's no de - - - ceit in wine.

lies, There's no de - - ceit in wine - - - - - There's no de - - - ceit in wine.

- - - - - There's no de - - ceit in wine - - - - - There's no de - - - ceit in wine.

AND YE SHALL WALK IN SILK ATTIRE.

*Grazioso.**Author unknown.*

And ye shall walk in silk at-tire, And sil - ler hae to

spare, - - Gin ye'll con - sent to be his bride, Nor think o' Donald mair.

Oh, wha wou'd buy a sil - ken gown, Wi' a poor broken heart? - - Or

what's to me a sil - ler crown, Gin frae my love I part?

The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee;
 For I hae pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Donald's fate to share,
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.

His gentle manners wan my heart,
 He gratefu' took the gift;
 Could I but think to seek it back,
 It wad be waur than theft.
 For langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my troth,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

O MARY, YE'SE BE CLAD IN SILK.

O Mary, ye'se be clad in silk,
 And diamonds in your hair,
 Gin ye'll consent to be my bride,
 Nor think on Arthur mair.
 Oh, wha wad wear a silken gown
 Wi' tears blindin' their ee?
 Before I break my true love's chain,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

For I have pledged my virgin troth,
 Brave Arthur's fate to share;
 And he has gi'en to me his heart,
 Wi' a' its virtues rare.
 The mind whase every wish is pure,
 Far dearer is to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

So trust me, when I swear to thee
 By a' that is on high;
 Though ye had a' this world's gear,
 My heart ye couldna buy;
 For longest life can ne'er repay
 The love he bears to me;
 And ere I'm forced to break my faith,
 I'll lay me down and dee.

THE LAST OF THE PIPERS.

"Rory Oge, or Young Rory, as he is always called, is as enthusiastic and yet as knowing a piper as ever 'blew music out of an empty bag.' He is now—or rather was when we saw him—a large portly man, with a bald high brow, down either side of which flowed a quantity of greyish flaxen hair; his nose had a peculiar 'twist,' and his mouth was the mouth of a Momus—full of ready laughter. He was blind from birth, and jested at this infirmity with great good humour: sometimes he would say that the fairies took away his eyes, 'they war so handsome,' or that he was blinded 'out of mercy to the girls,' who, but for that, would have broke their hearts after him; that they would give him no peace as it was, but that, sure, if the thought of what he would be, 'if his blinkers were to the fore,' almost made himself mad—what would it make others?"

Rory was in great request all over the country. His father, Red Rory, the sire, had been universally admired, and Oge inherited his reputation; but the son laid claim to greater musical knowledge than the father. Red Rory never attempted other than the old-established Irish tunes; while Rory Oge, who had visited Dublin, and once heard Catalani sing, assumed the airs of a connoisseur, and extolled his country's music in a scientific way. When he played some of his heart-moving Irish planxtys, at the commencement of the movement he would endeavour to look grave and dignified; but before he was half through, his entire face expanded with merriment, and he would give 'a whoop' with voice and fingers, as it was concluded, that manifested his genuine enthusiasm. Once in his life he had visited Dublin; it was, as we have intimated, for the purpose of hearing Catalani; and when he was in the mood, his uncourtly auditors used to derive great pleasure from the recital of his interview with the queen of song.

'You see,' he would commence, 'I thought it was my duty to hear what sort of a voice she had; and on my way to the grate city, in the cool of the evening, just by a place—they call it by the name of 'the Meeting of the Waters'—in the county Wicklow, if ye ever heard tell of it, and if ye didn't, ye've a grate loss. Well, just in the cool of the evening, I sat, myself and my little boy, by the side of the two strames—and I've always observed that birds sing most and best by the sides of rivers—and it wasn't long till a thrush began in a rowan-tree on the opposite bank, and then another; and then a blackbird would give his tally-ho! of a whistle, high and above all the rest; and so they went on singing together for ever so long; then, two or three would stop, and one grate songster would have it all his own way for a while, until the rest would stand it no longer; and then they'd bark in together, and if there was any pause, why, you'd hear, maybe, the thin, fine note of a finch, or one of the little hedge birds, like a single thread of silver—so low, and light, and sweet, and delicate; and then

the grate flood of music would gush out again. In the midst of it all, the little gorsoon fell asleep, and, by the same token, fine melody ever and always set that boy sleeping—and I felt the tears come down my face just with thinking of the beautiful music the Almighty puts into the throats of them fluttering birds, and wondering if the furrin lady could bate the thrush in the rowan-tree. In the afternoon of the next day I was in Dublin, and thinking she was to sing that night, I had hurried meeself; but not a bit of her was to tune it up till the night after, and I was kilt intirely with the impatience, and so—but I'll tell you all about it, straight. I thought, for the honour of the country, I'd call upon her; for, troth, I was just fairly ashamed of the fellows that war round her, from all I heard, giving her no idaa of the rale music of Ireland, only playing, night after night, at the theatre, Saint Patrick's Day, as if there was ne'er another saint in the calendar, nor e'er another tune in the country. Well, I got my pipes claned, and my little guide-boy a bran new shoot of cdoes; and to be sure I was in the first fashion: and the lace ruffles round my wrists, that my father wore when he rattled the Fox-Hunter's Jig to the Honse of Commons there, in Collegc Green. And I sent up my card, and by the same token, it was on the back of the tin o' diamonds I had it wrote; I knew the card by the tin pricks of a nail Jemmy Bulger put in it; for I always had grate divarshion with the cards, through the invintion of Jemmy—rest his soul!—giving me eyes, as I may say, in the tops of my fingers; and I got the man where I put up, to write on it, "Rory Oge, the piper of all Ireland and his majesty, would be proud to insense* Madame Cathelany into the beauties of Irish music." Ye see, the honour of ould Ireland's melodies put heart into me; and I just went up stairs as bould as a ram, and before she could say a word, I recited her four varses, my own poethry, that I made on her. Oh, bedad, girls! you may wink and laugh; but I'll tell you what—that was what she didn't do. Only, "Mister Ror Ogere," she said, not understanding, you see, and spaking English with the short unmusical clip the Englishers put on their words, "I'm glad to see you, and I'll not be insensed at anything you please to say." "I'm sorry for it, my lady," I makes answer, "though to be sure it's only faamale nature to shut their beautiful eyes upon sense of all kinds." Well, I can't think she understood me rightly, which, maybe, was natural, living as she did among furriners; but she was as kind as a born Irish; she asked me to sit down and play her an Irish jig; and I just said a few words, by the way, to let her see that I wasn't a mere bog-throtting piper, but one that could play anything, Handel or Peter Parcel, or any of the Parleyvoos; and betwixt and between them all, there isn't a better air in any of their Roratoreys than a march my own father played one day that restored an ould colonel officer to the use of his limbs; there was the power of music for you!—and maybe she didn't think so, and asked me to play it—and maybe she wasn't delighted! Well, though I was consated enough to be proud at tradueing to her my own family's music, it was the music of my country my heart bate to tache her; and so, after a while, I led on from one to another the fine ould ancient airs, the glories of Ireland—the melodies; and, after all, that's but a poor word to express them in all their gran-

* "Insense" to make one understand a thing.

deur and variety, for melody seems a feeble thing, sweet and feeble; but the wonder of the Irish music do you see me now—is that its sweetness is never feeble, and its strength never rude; it's just a holy and wonderful thing, like the songs of the birds by the meeting of the waters, or the talking together of angels. Well, jewel Oge! maybe she didn't drink them down; and then "stop," she'd say, and tune them over every note as clear and pure—the darling! faix, I almost forgot the air when she got round it, every note she'd give as clear as the silver bell that the fairees (God bless us!) do be ringing of a midsummer night under the green hills; and then she'd say, "Play another," and, in the midst of it all, would have my little guide into the room, and trated us like a queen to fine ancient wine:—and now she says (and didn't *that* show the lady she was?)—and now she says, "You've played for me, and I'll sing for you;" and—she—did—sing!

"And what did you do, Rory Oge, agra?" one of his audience would inquire.

"Why, then, just forgot my dignity altogether; and before she'd half done, I fell upon my knees; I could'n't tell how I did it or why, but I *did* it, and stopt there till it was finished, every note; and bedad, girls—and now you'll think this hard to believe, but it's true—*she put me out of consate with the pipes!* she did, bee Jakers! it was as good as a week before I could tatter a note out of 'em; and I left myself a beggar going to hear her sing; and sure enough didn't I rejoice I gave her a taste of the melodies before I heard her, for I don't think I could have played a note before her afther. So," added Rory, drawing himself up, "you may judge what she was—I never forgot her, and if the Lord had given me a minnute's sight to see if she was like her music, I think—the Holy Mother forgive me—I think I should have died a happier man; and yet, when I was laving her, she said, spaking of my music, that I had delighted, but not *insensed* her about Ireland music; the craythur spoke broken English, you see, and understood nothing else."

We left Rory in despair at the state of national music, and full of dread that, owing to the heresy of brass bands, he would be the *last of the pipers*.
—*Mr. and Mrs. Hall's Ireland.*

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, oh, gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw roof'd cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh, green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they
know—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"Oh, my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree
To the babe half slumbering on her knee
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast:
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
But I know that my brothers are there at play;
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams
flow—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow,
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin-home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
But the bird and the blue fly rove o'er it still;
And the red deer bound in their gladoess free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady! oh, let me go."

BRAHAM'S RE-APPEARANCE.

The public career of JOHN BRAHAM is an incident in the history of his art altogether without parallel. To have sung so variously, so well, and so long, belongs to himself alone. While we awaited his appearance on the boards of St. James' Theatre, on Thursday night (Feb. 9th), and glanced over the bill of fare he had selected for the entertainment of his auditors, the inquiry naturally suggested itself, how many among the assembled crowd were there who remembered BRAHAM's first appearance in public as a singer. In all probability, not ten—very likely not one. We taxed our memory; the scheme carried us back to 1805, when on the boards of Covent Garden Theatre he was contending for victory with INCLEDON, and recalled the well remembered contest in "All's Well." It brought back to our remembrance the victory of Trafalgar; and the shout with which his "Death of Nelson" was received at its first performance still rang in our ears. At a remoter period, we remembered the other trial of skill with the rival chief of Covent Garden, when, in "Gallop on gaily," the parts were adjusted with such jealous care that no inferiority or subordination should seem to be; the subject being handed over in turn to INCLEDON and BRAHAM, and the delivery of even a single word by one voice balanced by a corresponding opportunity for the other—"spirit" and "energy" being divided with strict musical justice between the two. The scheme, then, took us back into the last century; presenting BRAHAM at what were called Ashley's Oratorios, seated beside MARA, MISS LEAK, MRS. MOUNTAIN, KELLY, DIONUM, and INCLEDON, and electrifying his hearers with "Deeper and deeper still." To all this our

memory served, but to nothing beyond it. We had to summon our recollection, not of BRAHAM personally, but of his name in a bill of the Royal Theatre, in 1787. Beyond this the remembrance even of documentary evidence failed us; and we were in the situation of the youngest of the audience, about to listen to a performer whom we had heard all our lives—who had charmed our boyish ears—who had won the admiration of our mature judgment. BRAHAM, whose voice and person were associated with every musical enjoyment of half a century, the rival at once of HARRISON and INCLETON, the associate of CIMAROSA and WINTER, the fellow labourer of BILLINGTON, STORACE, FUDOR, GRASSINI, and BANTI. BRAHAM was once more to appear in the character of a public singer, and in the very songs which he had written or selected as the fittest exhibition of his powers in their prime. We anticipated the result with some apprehension. He was sure of the sympathy of his audience; we knew his iron nerves; but what would these avail against age? Was it possible that he should defy the assaults of time, and still be listened to, not only with respect, but delight? We scarcely ventured to hope it. But the first sen-

tence of his recitative in "The last words of Mar-mion," dissipated all these apprehensions, and assured us that BRAHAM was still himself: that is, that the peculiar excellencies of his singing still remained to him. His voice has lost something of its compass: the use of the falsetto is earlier in the scale and more frequent; but his tones are as firm and his enunciation as clear as ever. He sang a little American ballad, of which the effect would have been utterly lost if every word had not been heard; but not a syllable failed to reach even the most distant hearer. His organ has none of the tremulousness of RUBINI, nor is its declamatory power impaired. His faults, of course, remain. They are connected with our earliest recollections of him, and they will go with him to his grave; but he is still a great singer. His welcome was enthusiastic; this it would have been under any circumstances; but his hearers seemed to congratulate themselves that they still possessed not merely the person, but the voice, the vigour, the mind of BRAHAM; that they had not only to evince respect for an old favourite, but to anticipate fresh delight from the exercise of his powers.—*Spectator*, Feb. 11, 1843.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 4.—MY BONNIE LADDIE'S LANG O' GROWIN'.



The above beautiful air is old, and used to be frequently heard united to low and ribald words. Unfortunately for many of the airs of Scotland, there is no longer a BURNS to redeem them from the base alliance to which bad taste has bound them.

JEAN BAPTIST DAVAU, X,

Was one of the most distinguished composers of his own age, yet so great was his modesty, that during the course of his not short life, he never assumed any other title than that of *amateur*. He was born in Dauphiné. At an early age he began the study of music, and went to Paris in his twenty-third year, to prosecute his studies in his favourite science. Soon after his arrival in the capital of *La Belle Nation*, he produced several concertos for the violin, which gained him great *éclat* and became the only fashionable music, on account of the peculiar grace of their style, and their facility of execution. He composed several quartets on an original plan for the celebrated musicians Jarnovich, Guérin, Guénin, and Dupont; in these quartets he contrived it so, that the several combined melodies were heard clearly and distinctly moving sweetly amidst the flow of rich and full harmony. Some of these were belonging to that species of music which receives the name of *Rondo*; and they produced such an effect, and became so much the rage at the time, that they procured for him by universal acclaim, the appellation of the *Father of Rondos*. Several of the compositions of this admired musician, were published upwards of 70

years ago, and they are still listened to with satisfaction; in the hey-day of his fame he gave many concerts, and in the year 1785, composed for the Italian theatre, the Operetta of *Theodore*; but like too many more of kindred genius who have wasted their time, their health, and their energies, in catering for the gratification of the tastes and desires of the fickle public, he was unable to procure from his exertions, resources adequate to his comforts, and having solicited, he at length obtained a situation in the office of General Bournouville, then Minister of War. At the period of the creation of the Legion of Honour, Count Lacedèpe, Grand Chancellor of the Legion, called in Davaux to his assistance, and honoured him with his intimacy and friendship. After the abdication of the Emperor Napoleon, in 1815, and the *entrée* of Louis XVIII, the office which Davaux occupied under Mons. le Comte being abolished, he retired on a pension which was procured to him through the intercession of the Duke of Tarento.

He was a respected member of an academic society, composed of artists, and men of letters called the *Sons of Apollo*, among whom he remained till the period of his death, which occurred in the month of February, 1822.

WORTHY IS THE LAMB.

GRAND CHORUS.

*Largo.**f**Handel.*

TENOR.

COUNTER.

SOPRANO.

BASS.

Worthy is the Lamb that was slain, And hath re -

Andante.

deemed us to God by his blood; To receive power, and riches, and

Largo.

wis - dom and strength, and honour and glo - ry, and bless - ing. Worthy

is the Lamb that was slain, And hath re - deemed us to God, to God by his

is the Lamb that was slain, And hath re - deemed us to God, to God by his

is the Lamb that was slain, And hath re - deemed us to God, to God by his

is the Lamb that was slain, And hath re - deemed us to God, to God by his

Andante.

blood; To receive power, and rich - es, and wis - dom, and strength, and

blood; To re - ceive pow - er, and riches, and wis - dom, and strength, and

blood; To re - ceive pow - er, and riches, and wis - dom, and strength, and

blood; To re - ceive pow - er, and riches, and wis - dom, and strength, and

honour, and glo - ry, and blessing. Blessing and honour, glo - ry and

honour, and glo - ry, and blessing.

honour, and glo - ry and blessing.

honour, and glo - ry, and blessing. Blessing and honour, glo - ry and

pow'r be unto Him, be un-to Him that sit-teth upon the throne and un-to the

Lamb;

Blessing and honour, glo-ry and pow'r be un-to Him, be un-to Him that

That sit-teth upon the throne and un-to the Lamb.

Bless-ing and

sit-teth upon the throne - - - and un-to the Lamb - - -

For e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver. For e - ver and

honour, glo - ry and pow'r be un - to Him, be un - to Him.

- - for e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver. Glo - - - -

Bless - ing and ho - nour, glo - ry and

e - ver, for e - ver and e - - - - ver.

for e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver. That

- - - - - ry

pow'r, be un - to Him be un - to Him that sit - teth upon the

and un - to the

sit - teth upon the throne - - - up - on the throne - and un - to the

That sit - teth upon the throne, and un - to the

throne - - - upon the throne, up - on the throne, and un - to the

Lamb. Blessing and

Lamb. Blessing and honour, glory and pow'r be un - to him Glo -

Lamb. Blessing and honour, glo - ry and pow'r be un - to

Blessing and honour, glory and pow'r be unto Him, For e - ver.

honour, glo - ry and pow'r be un - to Him and un - to the

- ry be un - to Him That sit - teth up - on the

Him, Glo - ry be un - to Him, That

Lamb. throne - - - - - That

That sit - teth up - on the throne, that

sit - teth upon the throne - - - - - and

Blessing and hon - our, glo - ry and pow'r be un - to
 sit - teth up - on the throne, for e - ver and e - - -
 sit - teth up - on the throne - - - for e - ver, and e -
 un - to the Lamb, for e - ver, and e -

Him, Blessing and honour, glory and pow'r be un - to Him, for e - ver, Blessing and
 - ver. And un - to the Lamb for e - ver, Blessing and
 - ver. And un - to the Lamb for e - ver.
 ver. Blessing and honour, glory and pow'r be un - to him for e - ver.

hon - our, glo - ry, and pow'r be un - to Him, be un - to Him; Blessing and
 hon - our, glo - ry, and pow'r be un - to Him, be un - to Him; Blessing and
 hon - our, glo - ry, and pow'r be un - to Him, be un - to Him;
 Blessing and

honour, glory and pow'r, be un - to Him, be unto Him; Blessing, honour,

glory and power be un - to Him; That
glory and power be un - to Him that sit - teth upon the throne - - -
glory and power be un - to Him. That sit - teth upon the

sit - teth up - on the throne, and un - to the Lamb, for e - ver, for
- and un - to the Lamb, for e - ver, for
- up - on the throne and un - to the Lamb -
throne, and - - - un - to the Lamb, unto the Lamb, for

e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver, and e - ver. For e - ver

e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver. For e - ver

For e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver. For e - ver,

e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver. For e - ver

And e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver; For

and e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver

and e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver; For

and e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver; For e - ver, and e - - -

e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver.

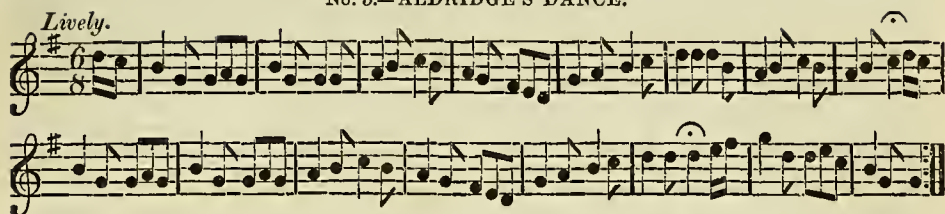
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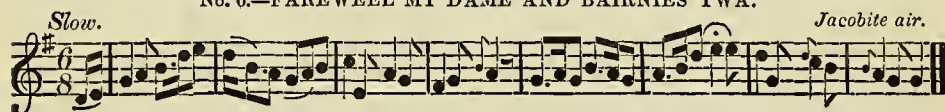
... ver; For e - ver and e - ver.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 5.—ALDRIDGE'S DANCE.



No. 6.—FAREWELL MY DAME AND BAIRNIES TWA.



No. 7.—LE BON FILS.



No. 8.—RORY DALL'S PORT.



No. 5.—Aldridge was a celebrated dancer in Ireland about the year 1758. He composed a national ballet called the "Irish Lilt;" it was made up wholly of Irish airs. While in Dublin he brought out a ballet wholly with Scottish music. During his performance at Limerick theatre he met with an accident which probably shortened the term of his life; springing up and coming down, the boards of the stage gave way, and he went suddenly through to the depth of ten feet; but such was his dancing ardour, that he ran up stairs, darted on the stage, and gave a few steps, when, overcome with pain, he reeled and fell; "yet," says O'Keefe, from whose Recollections the above notice has been gathered, "I heard he afterwards taught dancing in Edinburgh." The air we find in an MS. collection dated 1778, but we cannot say whether it be his composition, or merely a favourite with him, and becoming to be known by his name.

No. 6.—In the songs and airs of the Jacobites we possess a mass of evidence concerning the strife and turmoil which agitated the social institutions of this country, which is of not of equal value with the annals of history, is of very great importance, and furnishes forth strong testimony to prove how much the mind of that portion of society of which history takes no note, was imbued with the fervid affection for their hereditary sovereigns, the blood-royal of the house of Stuart. Independently of the intrinsic merit of much of the lyrical poetry of the Jacobites, and the pathos and beauty of their music, these remains possess this additional claim on our notice, that but for their existence, some portions of the great drama then acting would inevitably have been lost, and

No. 7.—

would as entirely have disappeared from the cognizance of the world, even at this early period, as have the acts and opinions of the Pictish and Druidical inhabitants of Britain. Some one said, "give me the making of the songs of a people," and he spoke wisely; they are frequently the sources from which emanates that particular enthusiasm which distinguishes one nation from another; and they, by their influence on the minds of those whose earliest thoughts were "lisp'd in their numbers," prompt to heroic action, melt to love, and kindle the home affections; in fact, they leave their impress upon the conduct of a nation, and become the channel through which its curbed thoughts find vent. In these exquisite melodies we can almost discover that the people themselves were in many instances the originators of that enthusiasm which exhibited itself so fiercely at Flodden and Killiecrankie, and did not even subside when the last of the Stuarts was driven from the home of his fathers to end his days in inglorious exile. They were a distinct language, and significant of circumstances which the surrounding air dared not be entrusted with, and were intelligible when all other modes of expression were forbidden. Their plaintive murmurs, when hope was lost, preserved in the hearts of the peasantry of these lands the memory of a devotion unequalled in the annals of any other country or people. Let us fondly cherish these gems of the olden time. We have no will to enter into a

discussion with regard to the origin of these melodies; we care not whether they be old themes remodelled by a succession of ages, or by the influence of the Italian masters who found favour at the Scottish court; suffice it to us, that they are eminently beautiful, and have become so thoroughly identified with the deep heart thoughts of the Scottish people, that we hold it next to sacrilege to meddle with their fair proportions.

No. 7.—This is a specimen of the popular music of the French people about sixty years ago. We copy it from a collection, *Etrennes de Polhymnie*, published at Paris anno 1785.

No. 8.—Roderick Morrison, usually called *Dall*, or the blind, was one of the last native Highland harpers. He served in that capacity to the Laird of Macleod, but on the death of his master, Dunvegan castle and its establishment being abandoned, he began an itinerant life. About 1650, he accompanied the Marquis of Huntly on a visit to Robertson of Lude, on which occasion he composed the *Forst*, or air, given above; several of his other compositions are said to be in existence, but it would be no easy task to make a collection of his airs, seeing that they have so long been left to the capricious keeping of mere tradition; and many might be attributed to him, which with as much justice might be attributed to the muse of any other of the clan harpers. Burns' words, "Fare thee well thou first and fairest," are sung to this air.

THE TURTLE DOVE COOS ROUND MY COT.

Hook.

Swift flew the day, and mer - ry pass'd the hours, While o'er the broom my

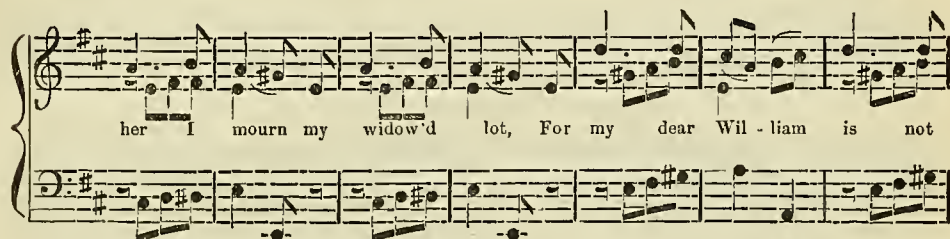
love and I did roam, Bright seem'd the sun, more fra - grant were the flow'rs,

Ere my sweet Wil - liam left his native home. The tur - tle dove coos

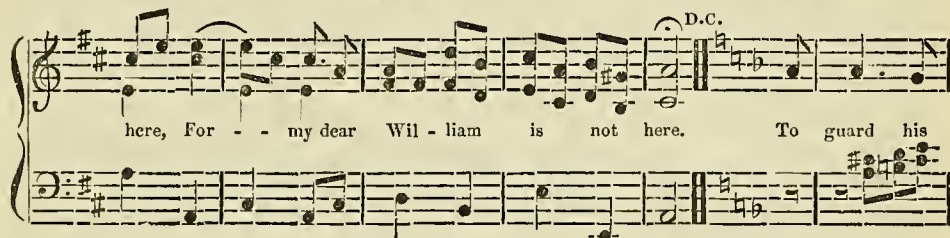
fine



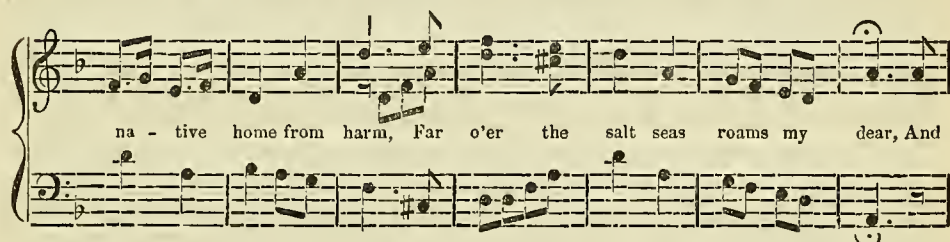
round my cot, Murm - 'ring for her ab - sent dear, With



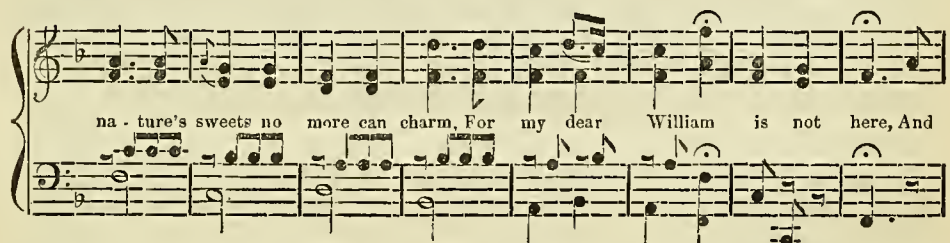
her I mourn my widow'd lot, For my dear Wil - liam is not



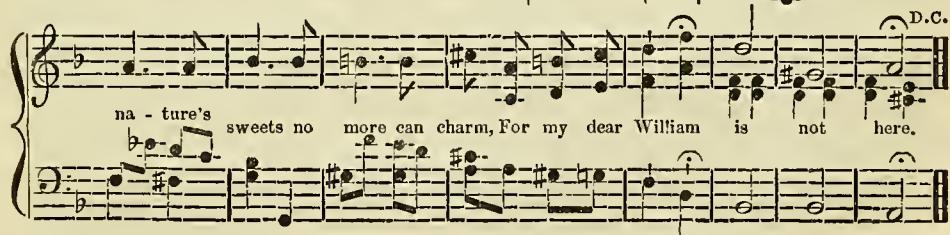
here, For - - my dear Wil - liam is not here. To guard his



na - tive home from harm, Far o'er the salt seas roams my dear, And



na - ture's sweets no more can charm, For my dear William is not here, And



na - ture's sweets no more can charm, For my dear William is not here.

BLOSSOMS.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good night?

'Twas pity nature brought ye forth,
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

For you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you, awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

Robert Herrick.

THOU SOFT FLOWING AVON.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

[Arranged for the "BRITISH MINSTREL," by George Turnbull.]

Larghetto. p

Melody by Dr. Arne.

SOPRANO.

2d SOPRA-
NO, or ALTO

BASSO.

Thou soft flowing Avon by thy sil-ver stream, Of things more than

mortal thy Shakspeare would dream, would dream, would dream, thy Shakspeare would

dream. The fai-ries by moonlight dance round his green bed, For hal-low'd the

turf is which pil - low'd his head. The fai - ries by moonlight dance round his green

turf is which pil - low'd his head. The fai - ries by moonlight dance round his green

hed, For hal - low'd the turf is which pil - low'd his head.

hed, For hal - low'd the turf is which pil - low'd his head.

The love-stricken maiden, the sighing young swain,
There rove without danger, and sigh without pain,
The sweet bud of beauty no blights shall here dread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Here youth shall be famed for their love and their truth,
Here smiling old age feels the spirit of youth;

For the raptures of fancy here poets shall tread,
For hallow'd the turf is which pillow'd his head.

Flow on, silver Avon, in song ever flow,
Be the swans on thy bosom still whiter than snow;
Ever full be thy stream, like his fame may it spread,
And the turf ever hallow'd which pillow'd his head.

A CHURCH ORGAN.

As late beneath the hallow'd roof I trod,
Where saints in holy rapture seek their God;
Where heart-stung sinners, suing heaven for grace,
With tears repentant consecrate the place.
Oh! how my soul was struck with what I saw,
And shrunk within me with religious awe!

The massy walls, which seem'd to scorn the rage
Of battering tempest and of mouldering age,
In long perspective stretch'd, till breadth and height

Were almost lost in distance from the sight;
With monumental decorations hung,
They spoke mortality with silent tongue.
There, sorrowing seraphs heaven-ward lift their eyes,

And little cherubs weep soft elegies.
I trod—and startled at the mighty noise;
The hallow'd pavement lifted up its voice;
Responsive to the stroke, the walls around,
Through lengthen'd aisles, prolonged the solemn sound.

Far in the west, and noble to the sight,
The gilded organ rears its towering height;
And hark! methinks I from its bosom hear,
Soft issuing sounds that steal upon the ear
And float serenely on the liquid air.

Now by degrees more bold and broad they grow,
And riot loosely through the aisles below;
'Till the full organ lifts its utmost voice,
And my heart shudders at the powerful noise;
Like the last trump, one note is heard to sound
That all the massy pillars tremble round;
The firm fix'd building shivers on its base,
And vast vibrations fill the astonish'd place;
The marble pavements seem to feel their doom,
And the bones rattle in each hollow tomb.

But now the blast harmonious dies away,
And tapers gently in a fine decay;
The melting sounds on higher pinions fly,
And seem to fall soft oozing from on high;
Like evening dew they gently spread around,
And shed the sweetness of heart-thrilling sound:
'Till grown too soft, too fine for mortal ear,
The dying strains dissolve in distant air.
Methought I heard a flight of angels rise,
Most sweetly chaunting as they gained the skies;
Methought I heard their lessening sound decay
And fade, and melt, and vanish quite away.

Hail, heaven-born music! by thy power we raise
Th' uplifted soul to acts of highest praise;
Oh! I would die with music melting round,
And float to bliss upon a sea of sound!

—Francis Hopkinson, Esq.—From the *Columbian Parnassiad*, August, 1792.

THE BROKEN FIDDLE.

A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.

Poor blind Jemmy Connor!—he played the sweet and plaintive melodies of our Green Isle with a deep and touching pathos. I have listened to him for hours with a mixture of sadness and pleasure; and as he drew the varying heart-touching strains from the strings of his fiddle, I do not feel ashamed to own that he drew the tears from my eyes. He was taugtht by affliction. But, perhaps, you have never heard the story of Jemmy Connor and his broken fiddle? Well, then, I will tell it you.

The calm sunshine of domestic happiness brightened and made glad the young days of Jemmy Connor. He had married early in life the object of his devoted affection, whose faithful love and cheerful attention to household duties had endeared to him his little home. He never missed the clean and tidy room, the comfortable and wholesome repast, and the welcoming smile, at his return from his work; and his sober and industrious habits had gained for him the esteem and confidence of his employer. Jemmy and Mary Connor were happier in their humble dwelling than many a lordly owner of a proud and princely palace.

Years of peace and joy rolled over their heads; and, though they had wept at the grave of two of their infant offspring, still they were happy; for their eldest, a sweet, blue eyed girl, was spared to them; and, shortly after, a son opened its smiling eyes upon the glad pair. But, in giving birth to this last child, poor Mary Connor had taken cold, which brought on that wasting harbinger of death that follows so many families, and was hereditary in hers. Consumption laid its blighting hand upon her shrinking frame, and left the heart-stricken and inconsolable husband a young widower. How uncertain are the enjoyments of the world!—how fleeting are its pleasures!

In that same room, about six years after, Jemmy Connor lay upon a sick bed; he had taken the small-pox from his little son, who had recovered; but the doctor seemed to have little hope that he would rise from that bed again. His daughter, now twelve years of age, tended and watched him with untiring solicitude and affection; nor would she quit him, though entreated to leave that scene of danger. He did recover—he rose from the bed of sickness—but his sight was gone for ever!

“Dear father!” said Mary Connor, as she sat busily engaged at her needle—the setting sun shining upon them, and the summer breeze, as it passed over the box of blooming mignonette at the opened window, filling the room with fragrance—“Dear father, I am just thinking how good the Lord has been to us, in raising up for us such kind friends. I would not have found it easy to get this work, were it not for that benevolent lady, who exerted herself among her friends, and so earnestly recommended me to them; and how could we have managed to keep this little room so long, but for your kind employment?”

“True, my dearest child, we have great reason to be thankful. The Lord is good! And though I have met with my own share of affliction, my heart is resigned, and I am still happy—very, very happy—since you are spared to me to bless my darkened hours.”

As Mary took his extended hand affectionately in hers, he felt a tear fall upon it.

“Reach me down my fiddle, my dear child,” said

he, “and I will play you one of your favourite little airs.”

Jemmy had amused many a leisure hour, in his younger and happier days, by striving to become a proficient on this instrument. The fiddle, which Mary now handed down to him, was one which his lamented wife had herself purchased for him, and he prized it above all he possessed on earth, next to his beloved Mary and his little Jemmy. Since he had the misfortune of losing his sight it had been a constant source of pleasure to him, and had soothed away many a bitter pang.

I said that consumption was an hereditary complaint in his wife's family. Alas! it soon showed itself in Mary's delicate frame, in the hectic flush of her cheek, and the short oppressive cough. Poor Jemmy Connor! his story is a sad one. His fond, affectionate daughter—the child of his heart—his good, his pious Mary, was carried to an early grave; and it was many a day before he recovered from the effects of this overwhelming shock!

Taking his little boy by one hand, and his fiddle in the other, he left the home where all the ties that bound him to earth were breaking one by one. He could not bear to be any longer a dependant on the generosity of his former master, and was now determined to make his fiddle, which was hitherto only his amusement, the means of his own and his son's subsistence. Rambling through the country, from one farm-house to another, Jemmy Connor and his son became well known and universally liked; and, as he played the old Irish airs sweetly and clearly, you would scarcely see a dry eye among those who were grouped in listening silence around him.

It was a beautiful day in Autumn; the sun was shining on hill and valley, on wood and stream; the song of the lark was breaking from the far-off golden clouds in strains of thrilling melody, which the wrapt fancy might mistake for a chernub's hymn of praise; the rich meadows filled the air with fragrance; and the produce of the fields, which were lately white with the harvest, was conveyed by the busy husbandmen into the well-filled granaries of the farmer. All was cheerfulness, and praise, and love. Even the very beasts seemed to partake of the general joy. And cold must be the heart that could gaze on such a scene without being lifted up in thankfulness to Him who giveth the rain, and the sunshine, and the abundance of the harvest.

There was one that passed through that scene, and, though he saw it not, yet felt his bosom expand with gratitude. The sweet fresh air gladdened his upturned brow, and Jemmy Connor passed along, led by his little son. They were invited to a farmer's house, and they were now taking a short cut through a pathway across the fields. Suddenly, the joys and exciting halloo of the huntsmen came upon the wind, mingled with the deep-toned yellings of the hounds. A hare, closely pursued, darted, with the speed of desperation, past the father and son; almost in the next instant, the hounds and the huntsmen came thundering on.

“Out of the way, you wandering vagabond!” roared a hoarse voice, in startling execration.

“Hasten, dear father!—hasten!” said the trembling boy.

The father, unused to such harsh words, and alarmed at the danger he could not see, dropped his fiddle, and the hindmost hoofs of the flying hunter striking against it, shivered it into pieces.

"Your music is finished," laughed out the unfeeling huntsman, as he bounded over a hedge.

Oh! who could pourtray the deep, the heart-felt agony of poor Jemmy! All the afflictions of his life seemed crowded together in that last misfortune. Had he been offered a purse of gold in exchange for his fiddle, he would have spurned at it, so hallowed had it become in his remembrance. It was the long-cherished gift of his first and only love; it had been the delight of his dear, his departed daughter, who oft had mingled her sweet song with its notes; it was the soother of his cares, and the means of supporting his remaining child, his faithful Jemmy.

When the noise had passed away, he stooped down, and said, in a tone of agony, for he heard the crash, "Is it broke, Jemmy?"

"Broke! broke!" exclaimed the little fellow, sobbing bitterly. "Aye, dear father, it is broke into a thousand pieces!"

The poor blind man clasped his hands, and stood in unutterable anguish; the child cried and sobbed as if his heart would break; and a man twice addressed them, in a voice of condolence, ere they were aware of his approach. It was the farmer who had invited them to his house. He had seen the huntsmen sweeping by—had heard the rough and cruel exclamation—and, fearing that some accident had occurred, he hastened towards them, and saw the scattered fragments which the boy was taking from the bag and laying on the grass.

"Curse on the hard-hearted villain!" said he, "May the red vengeance hotly pursue him, and may he break ———"

"Hush, hush!" said poor Jemmy, roused from the depth of his sorrow. "Curse him not; ven-

geance is not fitted for our weak and erring hands. May the Lord forgive him! and I forgive him, though he has laid this desolate heart completely bare by that one blow."

"Come, come," said the farmer, dashing away the tears of pity which filled his eyes, "you are heartily welcome to my fire-side still. Come, both of you. I will take no excuse. But rouse yourself, man, and, with the blessing of God, you shall have another fiddle as good as the one you lost."

"Never! never!" said the blind man; "never will I handle the like of that again! It was dear and more precious to me than the eyesight which I lost. When I felt it in my hand—when I heard its soothing tone, it illumined my soul with the light of former days; and then my wife, my child, my happiness that vanished when they were gone, came floating through my mind like a sweet dream! It was the gift of my wife. Ah! little did the thoughtless huntsman think that when he broke that precious gift, he broke the minstrel's heart!"

Alas! and so it did. The worthy farmer strove to cheer his guest—in vain; he never rose from his bed again; and a few days after, he was laid in his last home. His parting moments were brightened by the kindness and attention of the farmer, who promised to adopt the little Jemmy—he had no son of his own—which he faithfully fulfilled; and, in course of time, he gave him his daughter in marriage.

Such is the sad tale; and I never meet one of those wandering minstrels, who are, in general, such favourites among our peasantry—particularly if he should happen to be blind—that I do not think of poor Jemmy Connor and his broken fiddle.
C. L.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

W H E N V A N D I.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

H. Purcell.

1 When V and I to - geth - er meet, We make up six in house or street,

2 Yet I and V may meet once more, And then we two can make but four.

3 But when that V from I am gone, A - - las, poor I can make but one.

IMITATION.

IMITATION (not the echo of one part by another, in counterpoint, but the copy of some effect in nature,) has, by various composers, been carried to a most extravagant and ridiculous extent. Froberger, organist to the Emperor Ferdinand III., is said to have represented the passage of Count Thurn over the Rhine; Kuhnh, a musician of celebrity, composed six sonatas, in which he attempted to give a lively picture of David combating Goliath; Buxtehude, of Lubeck, composed a suite of lessons, descriptive of the motions of the planets; Vivaldi, in

his concertos, strove to depict the four seasons; Geminiani translated a whole episode of Tasso's *Jerusalem Liberata*, into musical notes; Handel, in his *Israel in Egypt*, affected to represent the sun standing still; and Haydn, in his *Creation*, has imitated light with sound, in order, it is presumed, to inform the blind what light really is. In reflecting on these absurdities, how we are compelled to pity the mistakes of genius! Even if music be an imitative art, imitation is among the humblest of its pretensions: its true character consists in its power to charm the imagination, move the passions, and awaken sentiment.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
COMELY SWAIN.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

John Playford (ante 1684).

Come - ly swain why sitt'st thou so, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

Fold - ed arms are signs of woe, Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

If thy nymph no favour shew,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,

Chuse another, let her go,
Fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

JOHN PLAYFORD.

Many of our readers may have heard of John Playford, who have no distinct idea of how much the musical amateur is indebted to him. He was reckoned a good composer at the time that Purcell, Locke, and Blow were sending forth their immortal harmonies. He was besides a laborious and indefatigable collector of music, which he published in a series of volumes. At a time when the musical press of Scotland had no existence he published a volume of Scottish dance tunes; and about the same period he published his books of songs for the voice with a Theorbo accompaniment, in which are to be found melodies of the above great composers, besides those of a host of others of inferior note; this work was continued by his son John Playford, in company with John Carr, for some time after the elder Playford had discontinued publishing. We intend to make a selection from the melodies to be found in his last named work.

BASS AND DOUBLE BASS.

Some half century ago, there lived in Liverpool a celebrated bass singer of the name of Meredith,

who possessed a most powerful voice and of great compass; he was a man of six feet high, and of corresponding bulk. Meredith was informed, that in the Vale of Clwdd, about forty miles from Liverpool, there dwelt a man who could sing a deeper bass than he could. Jealous of rivalry, he determined to pay a visit to the man; so off he marched, and towards evening on the second day of his pilgrimage, he arrived at the village; on being informed that the renowned John Griffith was digging in his garden, Meredith sauntered about for some time, making his observations on the unconscious *contra basso*, who was a man of small stature, and of light weight compared with himself. At length he stopped, drew himself up to his full height, and, looking over the hedge, said, on *low A* in the bass clef, "Good evening to you, friend." The Welshman rested on his spade, and answered, on *low D*, a fifth below the pitch of Meredith's salutation, "The same to you, friend." On which Meredith turned on his heel and trotted off, much disconcerted for the time; but afterwards, he used to relate the adventure with a good deal of humour, concluding with, "So, the delver double D'd me, and be D—d to him."

MY FRIEND AND PITCHER.

*Shield.**Moderato.*

The wealthy fool with gold in store, Will still de-sire to grow richer, Give
me but these, I ask no more, My charm-ing girl, my friend and pitcher. My
friend so rare, my girl so fair, With such what mortal can be richer, Give
me but these a fig for care, With my sweet girl my friend and pitcher

From morning sun I'd never grieve,
To toil a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I came home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her
With all my heart, can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

UTILITARIAN REFLECTIONS

ON THE

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

Hail to thee, once again, old Norwich—dear old Norwich, whom I venerate as if thou wert, not indeed my mother, but my grand-mother; or at least my mother's great aunt, or somewhere thereabouts. Thou art sorely changed; but, as the poet, if the most gentlemanly of professors be indeed a poet, says of his Maria, if he ever had a Maria,

No. 47.

“—— no change will I see,
But 'old Norwich' shall still be 'old Norwich' to me.”
I love thy old looks and old ways; thy substantial red brick houses, those especially with their gables to the crooked street; thy two o'clock dinners, not yet superseded by the multiplication and velocity of those country-refiners—the London coaches; thy primitive population whose seniors even yet boast that their city is only fifty years behind the metropolis, forgetting the date at which their comparison was instituted; thy little river, the Wensum, that

winsome wee thing' which runs through thee between brick walls; thy multitudinous churches, with clocks that strike the hour all the hour round, forgetting their allegiance to St. Peter, who here keeps (or used to keep, perhaps they have superseded him now) the keys of time, as he does, above, those of eternity. Yes, I venerate all thy venerabilities from the grace of the Cathedral, and the majesty of the Castle, down to the very pebble pavement, the unehanging pebbles, that, like Wordsworth's dutiful heavens 'are fresh and strong,' their rotundity not visibly impaired by an authenticated century of hobnail friction. Why will they modernize thee here and there, making thee neither old nor young, but a semi-renovated patriarch in the caldron of the Medea? They can never cook thy old English bones into the fashion of an omelet; they can only make thee an-omalous. To boil thee from black to red, like a lobster, was practicable; but there thy capacity of transcoloration ended, and thou wilt never bleach nor blanch into white brick and stucco. O! they have committed many abominations upon thee. One modern appendage to the castle might be tolerated; it recalled an Edinburgh simile, and was 'like a chieftain old and grey, with a young and bonny bride;' though, after all, the new jail, which stood for the bride, was somewhat a-miss; but now there is a whole brood of them, blocking up the public way, making people walk round and round, as if in a show-shop, to see that noble civic panorama, instead of having it cast before their eyes, a stray benediction while they pursued, over the hill, their path of business. And the Gildeneroft again: now hidden by brick and mortar, but once covered, not with marble, but with marbles; where every ragged urchin might have his fancy ball, and many a soaring kite brought down lightnings from heaven into the dust of young imaginations; all gone now. How could the patriots and philanthropists of Norwich tolerate these encroachments on the pleasures, which are the right of the poor? Even Mousehold is now no more, which, in my boyhood, was such a glorious moor. The extent of Mousehold was to me the mystery of infinity; I never could reach the end of it; I did not know that it *had* an end; and *beyond* it?—imagination never conceived the end of Mousehold. And there it is, cut up, hedged in, 'cabinéd, cribbed, confined;' Kits' Castle taken prisoner like Rob Roy, and guarded by a detachment of sentinel fir trees, and all the greatness and glory of the scene made as paltry as the parchment which legalized the inclosure, banished the fairies, broke the spell, and turned the telescope the wrong end towards the object. I am not addicted to lamentations over the past, but at these changes I sigh forth a dolorous *sic transit*, and, indeed, I am myself made sick by such a transit. True, there is some compensation. Poor old Mousehold's wounded sides are picturesque in their scars and gashes; and though the enclosures, like the private boxes of a theatre, have almost left 'no room for standing, miscalled standing room,' yet, as you pace the narrow ridge towards Thorpe, you have glimpses of new created villas, full of prettiness for the living, and of that lovely resting place, the Rosary, for the dead. These for the residents: and for them conjointly, with 'all people that on earth do dwell' within a practicable distance, there is the Festival. It is but triennial; would that it were perennial.

Do not expect, reader, either a history of, or a critique upon, that which was held in the present

year. I threaten you with no such infliction. You have, probably, had enough of both in the newspapers. I only mean to make a few reflections according to my Utilitarian notions of things. Previously, however, it may be mentioned that the best account, both historical and critical, which the writer has met with of the Norwich Festival, is in the SPECTATOR newspaper for the 21st September. It may there be seen how that St. Andrews' Hall, in which the Festival was held, is 134 feet long, 70 feet wide, and 63 feet high; how that the band consisted of 375 persons, 256 vocalists, and 119 instrumentalists; how that the band and the hall made the most of one another's ample capabilities; with many facts and opinions thereunto appertaining.

It is a noble pile, this quondam Church of St. Andrew; stately Gothic, with no fitter or fillagree about it; no ceiling to hide the massy timbers of its roof, and no niches or projections to break its length, save only the two rows of clustered pillars; the portraits of civic worthies which hang around the walls were mostly hidden by the temporary galleries which ran round three sides; and the only conspicuous ornament, a very simple one, was over the orchestra (which occupied the west end of the hall), the cross of St. Andrew, formed by two colossal lanes with which the sons of Anak might have tilted, with just beneath them, and of like colossal proportion, the standard of Le Génèreux festooning its trielior and solitary drapery. There was the band, the instrumental in the centre, the principal singers in front, forming the chord of the arc, and the choristers on each of its projecting sides; an orderly and organized pile of living beings, and of instruments that almost seemed instinct with life and harmony. And then along the thronged area, and around the thronged galleries, what plumes were fluttering, and what eyes were glancing, the assembled pride of the city and the county, all gay and gorgeous as at a tournament of old! There are few sights so splendid; especially when, in the evening, the lambent gas running along the pillar'd and pointed arches, and following their graceful curves, fliekered in the musical undulations of the air; or when, more beautiful still, in the morning, the partial sunlight streamed through some one or other of the Gothic windows, making long radiant groups of lovely heads and faces, a troop of 'shining ones' amid the shadowed gaiety of the surrounding mortals. It is worth while going a pretty long journey only to see the Festival; it is a festival to see it. I know of few buildings that would allow of such a *coup d'œil*, and those few are not likely to have the opportunity. Moreover, I could almost think that the skies love, and do somewhat, at times, to grace the spectacle. I have seen there strange effects of light and shade, as on a landscape, and more than once have heard together the rolling of the drums and of the thunder. Last time, when Braham was singing the 'Battle of the Angels,' peal after peal accompanied his 'big, manly voice,' and the lightnings blazed athwart the hall, as if the reminiscences of the heavens were awakened by the song of that strife of Gods, which once shook them to the centre, and decided their dominion. Nor does the commonest state of the atmosphere, which would not be a common state were it without changes manifold in the many hours which the morning performances occupy, fail of bestowing on the visual sense sundry outglushings of light and glory, intermingled with

dim curtainings of gloom, and rich streakings and shiftings of variegated colouring, which blend their prismatic harmonies and magical alternations with those of the auditory atmosphere, the element of sound in which, for the time we 'have our being,' contributing to an influence over the sensations which altogether is probably without a parallel.

We see no reason why musical festivals should be an aristocratical luxury; but many reasons why they should be rendered much more popular than they are. Nor would the process of so rendering them be a very difficult one. Our observation of what passed at Norwich, suggested many considerations illustrative of its facility, and of its favourable influence on the progress of musical taste and science, as well as on the enjoyments, and thereby, the improvement of the people.

In opposition to an opinion held by many, and repeated by more, we maintain that *the best music produces the greatest popular effect*. Of this position, the Norwich Festival, in accordance with what we have often witnessed elsewhere, furnished a striking continuity and variety of evidence. The great sensations were all produced by the finest passages. The chorus and fugue from Mozart, 'O heavenly Lord;' Spohr's 'Destroyed is Babylon,' with the Quartet which follows, 'Blest are the Departed,' the well known beauties of the Creation, never so efficient as in their connexion with the entire composition; the opening of the Deluge; (E. Taylor's solo, and the chorus, 'God is Righteous;') the succession of choruses ending with 'Sing, Jehovah, our Redeemer;' the air, 'On the dwellings of thy Children;' and the entire selection from Israel in Egypt; these might have been picked out by a deaf person watching the countenances of the auditory during the morning performances. They had a visible electric action on the assembly.

The musician who, by his art, produces any effect on a multitude, may safely calculate that he shall produce a similar effect upon almost any multitude. If the Norwich auditory had been differently constituted: if the price of admission, instead of being a guinea and half-a-guinea, had been a crown and half-a-crown, the same thing would have happened as did happen in the proportionate effect of different parts of the performance. The capability of being 'moved by concord of sweet sounds,' is no appendage of station or fortune; nor of what is called education, nor even of intellectuality. It is a physical and connate, or innate, privilege of certain constitutions, which are generated indifferently in all ranks of society. The proportion of such constitutions to the entire population may probably be varied by many influences, some within, and others above, the reach of human control; but whether they be few or many, they are the centre and the source of what may be called the *public enjoyment* of musical performances. In the bestowment of this gift Nature is strictly impartial. The Lord Lieutenant of the county may have it; and so may the journeyman weaver of the city. It is a spirit that breatheth where it listeth; and they who possess it are the true patrons of musical festivals.

The musical temperament is often hereditary; and it is hereditary under circumstances which show that it must be the result of original constitution and not of early training. It is often manifested in childhood under non-exciting and even unpropitious circumstances. Neglect may impair, or exercise may strengthen and refine it. No education can produce more than its semblance, or a very

low degree of the sensuous enjoyment of sound which it imparts.

There are two secondary species of musical enjoyment which may be added to this primary one, or which may be produced independently of its existence. One is the pleasure which every art affords by a scientific acquaintance with its principles, and a consequent perception of skill in the application of those principles to the production of novel combinations, and the overcoming of difficulties in the execution. The other is the pleasure which musical sounds excite from the associated images or emotions, and which is strong, rich, and varied, in proportion to the general cultivation of the intellect. We may call the one of these the technical, and the other the poetical enjoyment of music. It cannot be expected that either of them should be possessed in a high degree by the uneducated classes of society. So far as what is called the goodness, or fineness of music, consists in the production of the one or the other, it must be allowed that its goodness is no presumption of its general popularity. But these are only secondary modes of enjoyment, and the former in particular is very inferior to the primary.

The first of these kinds of enjoyment has tended to pervert the taste of professional men and amateurs; and it would be greatly for the advantage of the art, as well as for that of the community, that they should be kept to the true standard of musical excellence by the performances of concerts and oratorios, to audiences of a more popular description than the price which tickets usually bear can possibly admit. The taste for technical and mechanical difficulty in music, as in any of the arts, is a taste as false as it must ever be unpopular. The production of the most original combination of sounds, whether in the succession of melody, or in the synchronism of harmony, is but wasted labour, unless that combination produce a proportionate effect, not on the amazed intellect, but on the nervous system of the musically constituted hearer. Otherwise, it only yields a cold, technical gratification, which is scarcely so much musical as mathematical; and which ought not to be indulged at the expense of the pockets and patience of the public. A display of this sort produced the only good musical criticism ascribed to Dr. Johnson. 'That piece is very difficult, sir,' said an admiring lady. 'Yes, madam,' was the reply of Ursa Major, 'I wish it were impossible.' The taste for merely elaborate composition and execution, is affected by many who have it not, but who aim at whatever is exclusive. Such is always the spirit of patronage in an aristocratical country. The performers who minister to it are alike false to the dignity of their profession, the progress of their art, and the refinement of the people. The reception of the Last Judgment, and of the Deluge at Norwich, is a triumphant proof of the fact, that the deepest mysteries of musical science are only the secret of producing the strongest impression on a popular auditory.

A cultivated musical temperament is as unerring in its appreciation as the profoundest science. Indeed, what is science, but a collection of the principles and rules according to which sounds act upon that temperament? Its possessor feels how they act. If his ears have escaped sophistication by familiarity with bad music, he is a living Philharmonic, and deserves the reverence of the art in its professors. To delight them, however humble their station, is the best thing the art can do in proof of

its own excellence, his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York, an illustrious patron of difficult and exclusive instrumentalism, beats time in the wrong place to a very familiar chorus of Beethoven's. How do the mechanics, in the chorus benches, use hands and feet, when the band sends forth the multifarious thunder of the most intricate harmonics of Spohr? Who, that is not a mere mercenary, would not rather play, for the glory and progress of the art, to a dozen well organized Norwich weavers, than to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of York? It is no disgrace to his Grace, simply as a prelate, that he neither feels enough, nor knows enough, to beat time correctly, and that the mechanics beat him out and out; but the example of such patrons may allay apprehension of any deterioration of art by rendering more popular the performance of its noblest productions.

The patrons at Norwich occupied the worst places in the hall for hearing, although the most conspicuous, and paid for them the highest prices. This magnanimous act afforded an opportunity for observing, whether the wealth of the county was differently, or more strongly impressed by the music, than the mediocrity of the city. We traced no symptoms of deeper sensibility; in fact, down to the lowest class of those who, in any capacity had obtained admission, there was an evident unity of impression, independent of station, the diversities being resolvable into those diversities of individual character and temperament which belong alike to all stations.

(Continued at page 61.)

ESQUIMAUX CONCERT.

It is one of the consequences inseparable from music, as an universal language, or general appeal to the human heart, that in various modes and degrees, it should be exercised and felt by every description of mankind. That the frozen wastes of the arctic circle are not, any more than the torrid zone, denied its enjoyment, is manifested by an incident in Captain Parry's second voyage in search of a north-west passage; Captain G. F. Lyon, of the *Hecla*, describing the different occurrences which took place, while the ships were laid up in their winter quarters, gives the following particulars of a musical performance on board the *Fury*:—"Capt. Parry," says he, "invited me on board his ship to an Esquimaux Concert, in which five ladies and a gentleman performed. Their tunes were extremely monotonous, but sung in good time.

"One particular tune is most commonly used; but, as almost every person has a song of his own, of course, each wife sings her husband's favourite air, unless in company, when all sing.

"Oko took, the man, uncovered his head while singing, and, observing his little boy's hood up, pushed it back somewhat roughly. The women, while singing, either entirely closed their eyes, or kept them half open in a very languishing manner.

"In return for the songs, Captain Parry and some of the officers treated the natives with some instrumental music, of which I thought the flageolet was most admired. Ilig-li-ak, the wife of Oko took, appeared to have a very accurate ear, and seemed much distressed at being unable to sing in time to a barrel-organ. All the women had remarkably sweet voices; and I think the tones of

Togor-lat, when speaking, were as musical as any I had ever heard."

Speaking of the incidents of another day, on board his own ship, the Captain says, "Oko took and his wife, Ilig-li-ak, paid me a visit; and, on my exhibiting, among the usual articles of show, a musical snuff-box, they took it for granted that it must be the child of my small hand-organ. While listening to its tunes, they frequently repeated, in a low tone, the word *In-nua* (a spirit) with great emphasis, and I have no doubt that they fancied some superior being was enshrined in the instrument."

TRAINING FOR THE FRENCH OPERA.

In one of the principal provincial towns of France, a young man was singing before the door of the shop where he was working, when a gentleman wearing the decoration of the legion of honour suddenly stopped, and having listened for a few seconds, accosted the young man in the following words:—

"You possess a fine voice, my good fellow."

"Everybody tells me so," was the reply.

"Are you greatly attached to your present craft?"

"Undoubtedly, for it is my sole livelihood!"

"Were a more lucrative one offered you, would you not accept it?"

"Immediately."

"Then come with me."

"Whither?"

"First of all to make a good dinner."

"And afterwards?"

"Into my carriage and drive post to Paris. Does that suit you?"

"Perfectly."

When the two travellers reached Paris, the workman inquired, "What am I to do now?"

"Make yourself at home in this apartment, which is your own, and which has been purposely taken for you close to the Boulevard Italien. Your year's rent is paid, and in your desk you will find 1000 francs, and will receive a similar sum monthly."

"Twelve thousand francs a-year! I shall never be able to do anything with so much money."

"You will do your best. You must now leave off the clothes you have on, which are not suitable to your new condition. Here are some shirts made by Lami Housset, coats built by Humann, varnished boots and satin cravats. Dress yourself, and go and take a walk. You will begin your duties to-morrow."

On the following morning a fencing-master, with a pair of foils under his arm, made his appearance. "I am come, sir, to give you a fencing lesson, having been engaged and paid for that purpose." When the fencing-master was gone, in came a writing-master, a music-master, and, finally, a dancing-master. When this last was gone, the gentleman called and said—"Your work is over for to-day; to-morrow you will continue, and so on till you have made sufficient progress. You will also be taught riding, gymnastics, and declamation; but you cannot do all these things on the same day. The weather is fine—go to the Tuilleries—stroll about the Boulevards—observe the manners and habits of gentlemen, and try and imitate them. After dinner you will go to the play, and you should go thither every evening, for nothing in the world forms a young man like the theatre. You shall have a theatrical paper sent you every morning, and

when you have mentioned the theatre to which you intend going, a *stalle* shall be taken for you."

"And am I to have 12,000 francs a-year for this?"

"Hereafter, when your education is finished, and you are able to appear in good company, you will be treated still better. You are destined to a brilliant fortune, and before long you may perhaps have 100,000 francs per annum."

This is no romance—the workman is not a mysterious child of noble origin, destined by his parents to be well educated previous to being introduced into the circles of nobility, nor the son of a banker

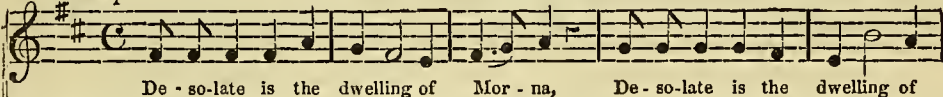
rolling in wealth. He is a youth to whom Nature has given one of her magnificent gifts—in other words he is a tenor, discovered at Rouen, in a cooper's shop, by a gentleman attached to the opera, at the expense of which he is to be thoroughly educated. The young Norman has to begin *ab principio*, for he cannot read, neither can he speak nor walk—that is to say, properly. It matters not, he possesses what cannot be acquired, and the rest will come with time, and the aid of good masters. When one has the diamond, it can easily be set.—*London Newspaper, May 1840.*

DESOLATE IS THE DWELLING OF MORNA.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1st TREBLE.*p*



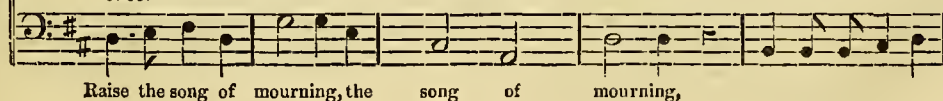
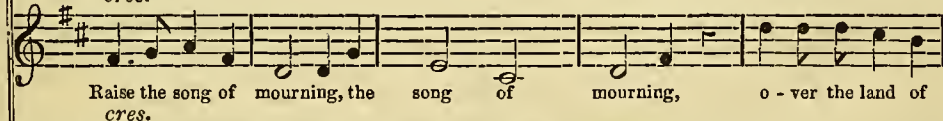
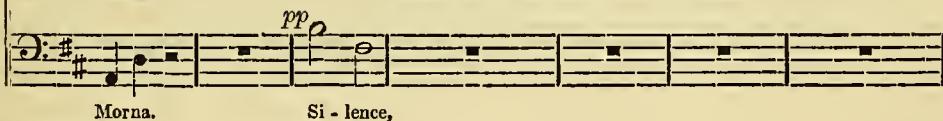
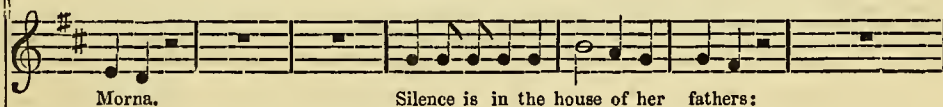
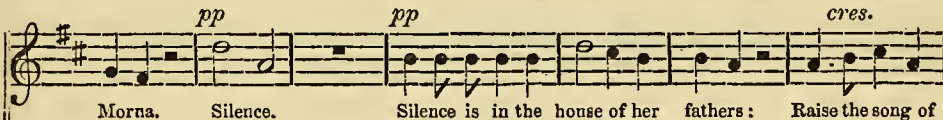
2d TREBLE.*p*



BASS.*p*



De - so - late is the dwelling, the dwelling of



dolce

strangers, They have but fall'n be - fore us, They have but fall'n be - fore us, For

strangers, They have but fall'n be - fore us, They have but fall'n be - fore us, For

*sf**faster.*

one day, one day we must fall. Yet a few years and the blast of the des - ert

one day, one day we must fall. Yet a few years and the blast of the des - ert

comes; And whistles round the half worn shield. And whistles round - - the shield, And

comes; And whistles round the half worn shield, The half worn half worn shield.

And whistles round the half worn shield, And

with resolution.

whistles round the half worn shield, And whistles round the half worn shield. Let the

And whistles round the half worn shield.

whistles round the half-worn shield,

mez.

blast of the de-sert come. We shall be re-

We shall be re-

Let the blast of the desert come

f *f with animation.*

- nowned in our day. We shall be re - nown - ed in our day. The mark of my

- nowned in our day. We shall be re - nown - ed in our day.

arm shall be in battle, be in battle, shall be in battle, be in

The mark of my arm shall be in battle, be in

The

battle, The mark of my arm shall be in battle, My name in the song of

battle, The mark of my arm shall be in battle, My name in the song of

mark of my arm shall be in battle, be in battle, My name in the song of

bards, My name in the song of bards, My name in the song of bards. The

bards, My name in the song of bards, My name in the song of bards - -

mark of my arm shall be in bat - tle, be in bat - tle. My

The mark of my arm shall be in bat - tle, My

shall be in bat - tle, be in bat - tle, My

name in the song of bards, My name in the song of bards, My name -

name in the song of bards, My name in the song of bards, My

slowly.
My name in the song of bards, in the song of bards.

name in the song of bards, My name in the song of bards. In the song of bards.

HERE'S TO THE MAIDEN OF BASHFUL FIFTEEN.

*Spiritoso.**Words by R. B. Sheridan.*

Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen, Here's to the widow of fif - ty,

Here's to the flaunting ex - tra - va-gant queen, And here's to the housewife that's thrif - ty.

Let the toast pass, drink to the lass, I warrant she'll prove an ex-cuse for the glass.

Here's to the charmer whose dimples we prize,
And to the maid who has none, sir;
Here's to the girl with a pair of blue eyes,
And here's to the nymph with but one, sir.
Let the toast pass, &c.

Here's to the maid with a bosom of snow,
And to her that's as brown as a berry;

Here's to the wife with a face full of woe,
And here's to the damsel that's merry.
Let the toast pass, &c.

For let her be clumsy, or let her be slim,
Young or ancient, I care not a feather;
So fill up a bumper, nay fill to the brim,
And let us e'en toast 'em together.
Let the toast pass, &c.

UTILITARIAN REFLECTIONS

ON THE

NORWICH MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(Concluded from page 56.)

The poetical enjoyment of music is a far superior pleasure to that of its scientific or technical enjoyment. *Ceteris paribus*, it is realized most highly by those who have the highest degree of the musical temperament. The more strongly musical sound acts upon the nervous system (until its effect is absolutely overpowering), the more vivid and varied are the associations which it calls up; it enters the brain's 'chambers of imagery' like a despoiling conqueror, and makes gorgeous with their treasures the procession or the banquet of its triumph. Susceptibility to music brings into action all of the poet that there is in a man's nature; and all of the materials of poetry which instruction has accumulated in his mind. Probably the musical is only

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a branch, disproportionately developed, of the poetical temperament. It may be the same kind of physical sensibility, determined to the ear, (and in the painter, determined to the eye,) which, diffused over the whole system, constitutes the poet, or rather the poetic nature. Hence, it is difficult to disentangle the exclusively musical, from the properly poetical excellence of many of the finest compositions. The latter is essential to good vocal music; and even instrumental music produces comparatively little effect, unless there be developed in it a poetical idea. What would be that famous passage in 'The Creation,' when the instantaneous production of universal light is expressed by the crash, which, in like manner, momentarily fills all space with sound, but a trick to make people start, if it were not for the poetical conception conveyed by the sublime words which are so accompanied? The whole would degenerate into *Toodle loo, loodle loo, loodle loo, loodle loodle; toodle loo, loodle, loo, loodle, BANG!!!* Some

composers, and men of name too, would perhaps maintain, at least to that point do their principles tend, that these words would have been as good for the purpose as the words of Moses. But it will not do; language must be more than a peg to hang the notes upon, or the poetical, and a large portion of the popular interest in the performance will be sure to break down. A good subject will often bolster up the success of a poor composition. That old, sweet, Scotch song, 'My heart's in the Highlands,' produced an encore for an insipid and inappropriate melody from a crowded and well-dressed auditory, which had been listening very patiently to a fine German ballad, finely sung too, by Mr. Edward Taylor, and the Italian of Paer and Cimarosa, merely because its simple poetry was understood and felt by everybody. They would have encored the recitation of it, just then; in fact, they would have done so more enthusiastically, for the wistful regret of the verse had to struggle against the false emphasis and false sentiment of that jolly and jingling air. There are very few people who have German and Italian enough to have any poetical enjoyment of the music of untranslated compositions in those languages. With a few stock pieces, eternal repetition makes them familiar; as to the rest, it is only the sense of sound, guess-work, and affection. This barrier to the popularity of great musical performances might as well, therefore, be removed at once. It would do good to the art, and improve people's morals. We should be relieved from the assumption, that pearl ear-drops are conductors of intelligence from an unknown tongue to the brain. A fallacy which pervades most concert-rooms, kept up by mutual consent, and much outward effort, while all are internally conscious what a fallacy it is. In some cases, education contributes largely to the poetical enjoyment of music; it furnishes the material of costume, character, and scenery; it gives the words their significance and power; but happily, the highest kind of poetry, and that in which the noblest powers of the greatest musicians have been employed, is of a description essentially popular. There is universality in its sacredness. The Bible is the people's book, and education does comparatively little for such themes as those of the Creation, the Deluge, Israel in Egypt, and the Last Judgment. We only speak of the Norwich selection; almost all of the masterpieces of art are of a similar character. Such works as these combine the highest of all the varied effects which music, elaborated by science, and acted upon by, and re-acting upon poetry, is capable of producing. This intense pleasure descends lower, and spreads more broadly in society, than any other which the art can realize. For the art, therefore, there would be nothing to fear, but everything to hope, from throwing open more widely the doors of our Festival Halls.

It is a favourable circumstance for our views, that most of the finest effects of the finest compositions, are choral. It is so even in Handel and Haydn, and much more in Spohr and Schneider, and this is, no doubt, the true mode of oratorio composition. Now a prima donna has often cost more for the heartless and artificial warble, repeated every week all the year round, of a few bars of unintelligible difficulties, than would a whole legion of capital chorus singers. Materials for choral bands exist in all large towns as well as in Norwich; and what the happy union of public spirit, with musical taste, in two or three individuals, has accomplished there,

may, with like facility, be realized elsewhere, even in London itself. The attempt would answer every way, pecuniary, artistical, and philanthropic; it would make money, cultivate taste, and refine the population. But the sowers should begin by being reapers, that they may be incited to sow. The first means is the cheapening of the best musical performances, without lowering their character, so as to render them more popular.

The last Norwich Festival was at once the most economical and the most perfect set of performances which has yet been presented there, and *à fortiori*, in the whole country. Even as it was, much of the expenditure had no necessary connection with the best parts of the festival. The morning oratorios must, we suspect, have contributed handsomely towards the evening concerts. It is a pity there is no Joint Stock Company to venture on the speculation of music, good and cheap, without patronage. 'But the company should be select.' True; we would have it more select than it is. The principle of enjoying should be the capacity, not of paying highly, but of highly enjoying.

If professional musicians understood their interest, and loved their art, they might surely effect such a change as we desire; the temporary diminution of profits and increase of exertion would soon be compensated. We believe the best of them are well enough disposed; only it is difficult for them to get upon the right track. There were but few exceptions, and those there was no reason to regret, to the readiness with which the reduced remuneration, offered by the Norwich Committee on this last occasion was accepted. It seemed, and we have no doubt it was, quite as much a festival to the performers as to the audience; any one might perceive that they were in it, heart and soul; they enjoyed everything; all the new German novelties, and all the old German novelties too; for, how else can we describe the second and third acts of the Creation? But, oh! the gladness and the glory was to see them all at last, when they got fairly afloat with Handel upon the billows of the Red Sea; then, how they blew, and scraped, and banged, and shouted, till all the first-born of Egypt trembled in their graves. Majestic, then, was Jupiter Tonans aloft, with his 'double double beat of the thundering drum; and, far below, Lindley's round face grew rounder, and his twinkling eye glanced up at Dragonetti's long form which was growing longer; and the weaver boys made thorough-stitch-work all 'trow the wilderness,' and galloped the 'hoss,' poor fellows, as beggars are said to do when mounted; and amid them all, as lovely and as mighty as the poetic angel of the old couplet, Malibran 'rode in the whirlwind,' and 'triumphed gloriously.'

Malibran! There's one who loves her art, and understands it too, and the nature without which that art is nothing. There were three things for which she was not paid at all, the sight of which repaid all who saw them. 'The first good joy' was to see her crying, as at the Quartet in the Last Judgment, when other people were singing. The next was, to see her singing away, bless her heart, when nobody could hear her, in the loudest choruses. And the third was, her sitting on the Sunday, in the gallery of St. Margaret's little-out-of-the-way Church, with the charity-girls, chaunting the 'Old Hundred,' and dismissing the bewildered clergyman, who would have bowed her to the first seat in the synagogue, with, 'Go your ways to the desk; where should a singing girl sit but with the singing

girls?' The act was like her acting, unconventional; as was her volunteering, at the last concert, in the gladness of her spirit, a comic song, which some of the quidnuncs said was 'not treating the patrons and the audience with proper respect.' Perhaps it was not. But never having cared about *proper respect* ourselves, we cannot pretend to judge. So far from objecting to such 'liberties,' we only wish they were rights. Beautifully did the arch witchery of that song contrast with the lofty enthusiasm and deep feeling which she had previously evinced. 'Ye sacred priests' was sung by her, for the first time, on Friday morning. Was it feeling or study which made her discard the traditional whine of the recitative, and by her dignified rebuke of the hesitating priests give new and far more touching pathos to the commencement of the air, and thus heighten the devout jubilation of its close? Malibran has a magic in her own poetic being which creates poetry in every thing she touches; she breathes soul into music. We trust that she will yet do more (she has already done much) towards that popularizing of highest and finest art which will be a greater good to the nation than the Reform Bill itself, or the repeal of the assessed taxes. —*Mon. Rep.*, 1833.

TURLOUGH O'CAROLAN

Was born about the year 1670, at a place called Newton, near Nobber, in the county Meath. Though gifted with a natural genius for music and poetry, he evinced no precocious disposition for either. He became a minstrel by accident, and continued it more through choice than necessity. Respectably descended, possessing no small share of Milesian pride, and entertaining a due sense of his additional claims as a man of genius, he was above *playing for hire*, and always expected, and invariably received, that attention which he deserved. His visits were regarded as favours conferred, and his departure never failed to occasion regret. In his eighteenth year he was deprived of sight by the small pox; and this apparently severe calamity was the beginning of his career as one of the principal bards of Ireland.

Near his father's house was a mote or rath, in the interior of which one of the fairy queens, or "good people," was believed by the country folks to hold

her court. This mote was the scene of many a boyish pastime with his youthful companions; and after he became blind, he used to prevail on some of his family or neighbours, to lead him to it, where he would remain for hours together, stretched listlessly before the sun. He was often observed to start up suddenly, as if in a fit of ecstasy, occasioned, as it was firmly believed, by the preternatural sights which he witnessed. In one of these raptures, he called hastily on his companions to lead him home, and when he reached it, he sat down immediately to his harp, and in a little time played and sung the air and words of a sweet song addressed to Bridget Cruise, the object of his earliest and tenderest attachment. So sudden and so captivating was it, that it was confidently attributed to fairy inspiration, and to this day the place is pointed out from which he desired to be led home. From that hour he became a poet and a musician.

Though Carolan passed a wandering and restless life, there is nothing on which we can lay our finger as very extraordinary or singular. He seldom stirred out of the province of Connaught, where he was such a universal favourite, that messengers were continually after him, inviting him to one or other of the houses of the principal inhabitants, his presence being regarded as an honour and a compliment. The number of his musical pieces, to almost all of which he composed verses, is said to have exceeded two hundred.

Carolan died in 1737, at Alderford, the house of his old and never-failing patroness, Mrs. M'Dermott. Feeling his end approaching, he called for his harp, and played his well-known "Farewell to Music," in a strain of tenderness which drew tears from the eyes of his auditory. His last moments were spent in prayer, until he calmly breathed his last, at the age of about sixty-seven years. Upwards of sixty clergymen of different denominations, a number of gentlemen from the neighbouring counties, and a vast concourse of country people, assembled to pay the last mark of respect to their favourite bard, one whose death has caused a chasm in the bardic annals of Ireland. But he lives in his own deathless strains; and while the charms of melody hold their sway over the human heart, the name of CAROLAN will be remembered and revered.

FAREWELL TO MUSIC.

Carolan.



THE YELLOW HAIR'D LADDIE.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Joseph Corfe.

SOPRANO.

ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO.

TENOR.

BASS.

In A - pril when primro - ses paint the sweet plain, And

summer ap - proach - ing re - joic - eth the swain, joic - eth the swain.

summer ap proach - ing re - joic - eth the swain, joic - eth the swain.

The yel - low hair'd lad - die would of - ten times go, To

To

wilds and deep glens where the haw - thorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

wilds and deep glens where the haw - thorn trees grow, hawthorn trees grow.

There under the shade of an old sacred thorn,
With freedom he sung his love ev'ning and morn.

He sung with so soft and enchanting a sound,
That sylvans and fairies unseen danc'd around.

DIFFERENT STYLES OF MUSICAL COMPOSITION.

In the art of music, so peculiarly the expression of passion, there are two perfectly different styles: one of which may be called the poetry, the other the oratory of music. This difference being seized would put an end to much musical sectarianism. There has been much contention whether the character of Rossini's music—the music, we mean, which is characteristic of that composer—is compatible with the expression of passion. Without doubt the passion it expresses is not the musing, meditative tenderness, or pathos, or grief of Mozart, the great poet of his art. Yet it is passion, but *garrulous* passion—the passion which pours itself into other ears; and therein the better calculated for *dramatic* effect, having a natural adaptation for dialogue. Mozart also is great in musical oratory; but his most touching compositions are in the opposite style—that of soliloquy. Who can imagine “Dove Sono” heard? We imagine it *over-heard*. The same is the case with many of the finest national airs. Who can hear those words, which speak so touchingly the sorrows of a mountaineer in exile:—

“My heart’s in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart’s in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer,
A-chasing the wild-deer, and following the roe,
My heart’s in the Highlands, wherever I go.”

Who can hear those affecting words, married to as affecting an air, and fancy that he *sees* the singer? That song has always seemed to us like the lament of a prisoner in a cell, ourselves listening, unseen, in the next. As the direct opposite of this, take “Scots wha hae wi’ Wallace bled,” where the music is as oratorical as the poetry.

Purely pathetic music commonly partakes of soliloquy. The soul is absorbed in its distress, and though there may be bystanders, it is not thinking of them. When the mind is looking within, and

not without, its state does not often or rapidly vary; and hence the even, uninterrupted flow, approaching almost to monotony, which a good reader, or good singer, will give to words or music of a pensive or melancholy cast. But grief, taking the form of a prayer, or of a complaint, becomes oratorical; no longer low, and even, and subdued, it assumes a more emphatic rhythm, a more rapidly returning accent; instead of a few slow equal notes, following one another at regular intervals, it crowds note upon note, and oftentimes assumes a hurry and bustle like joy. Those who are familiar with some of the best of Rossini's serious compositions, such as the air, “Tu che i miseri conforti,” in the opera of “Tancredi,” or the duet, “Ebben per mia memoria,” in “La Gazza Ladra,” will at once understand and feel our meaning. Both are highly tragic and passionate; the passion of both is that of oratory, not poetry. The like may be said of that most moving prayer in Beethoven's “Fidelio:”—

“Komm, Hoffnung, lass das letzte Stern
Der Müde nicht erbleichen;”

in which Madame Devrient, exhibited such consummate powers of pathetic expression. How different from Winter's beautiful “Paga pii,” the very soul of melancholy exhaling itself in solitude; fuller of meaning, and, therefore, more profoundly poetical than the words for which it was composed—for it seems to express not simple melancholy, but the melancholy of remorse.

If from vocal music, we now pass to instrumental, we may have a specimen of musical oratory in any fine military symphony or march; while the poetry of music seems to have attained its consummation in Beethoven's “Overture to Egmont.” We question whether so deep an expression of mixed grandeur and melancholy was ever in any other instance produced by mere sounds.—*From an article “What is Poetry?”—Monthly Repository, 1833.*

LOVE CAME TO THE DOOR O' MY HEART.

Words by the Ettrick Shepherd.

Music by P. M'Leod.

Tenderly.

Love came to the door o' my heart ae night, And he call'd wi' a whin-ing

din, "Oh, o-pen the door, for it is but thy part, To let an auld crony come

in." I o-pen'd the door though I ween'd it a sin, To the sweet lit-tle whimpering

fay; - But he rais'd sic a buzz the cove with - in, That he

fill'd me with wild dis - may

"Gae away, gae away, thou wicked wean!"
 I cried wi' the tear in my e'e;
 "Ay! sae ye may say," quo' he, "but I ken
 Ye'll be laith now to part wi' me."

And what do you think? by day and by night,
 For these ten lang years and twain,
 I have cherish'd the urchin with fondest delight,
 And we'll never mair part again.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 9.—SEULE, DANS UN BOIS, FILOIT LISÉ.

[VAUDEVILLE.]

Lento.

M. Grevin, l'ainé, Professeur.

No. 10.—DANCE TO YOUR DADDIE.

Briskly.

No. 11.—THE LADIES OF LONDON.

Moderately.

No. 9.—This is another of the popular airs of *La Belle Nation*, and is from the same collection as that already given at page 45. The following notice explanatory of the term *Vaudeville*, we met with some years ago, but cannot remember where:—“The Church of the Oratorians was much frequented by persons of the court. In order to attract still larger audiences, Father Bourgoïn thought of adapting the words of the Psalms and Canticles to the melodies of the songs, love-ballads, and sarabands then in vogue. These Vaudevilles met with an enthusiastic reception. The lovers of music were so delighted with this new feature in the service, that they styled the Oratorians ‘*très reverend pères du beau chant*,’ (very reverend fathers of sweet song.) It was under the name ‘*Voix-de-ville*’ that these little airs and popular songs were designated. In the reign of Charles IX. appeared the ‘*Airs of the Court*,’ the melodies and words of which were in no respect distinguished from the ‘*Voix-de-ville*.’ From ‘*Voix-de-ville*’ we have by corruption *Vaudeville*. This term has been transferred to those little domestic dramas that are interspersed with popular airs and ballads.”

No. 10.—This melody is by no means rare, for throughout almost the entire length and breadth of Scotland, fond mothers may be heard in trim cottages, and by the warm nook of thousand eanty ingles, chanting its simple and pleasing intervals to the nursery rhyme

“Dance to your daddie, my bonnie laddie,
Dance to your daddie, my wee, wee lamb.”

which at once suggests scenes and circumstances of the most familiar and endearing character. We know nothing of the time of its composition, and never heard it attributed to any one, but can imagine it to have grown note by note, and bar by bar, from the first simple idea which it contains, until it arrived at its present form, and we hold it no crime to ascribe it to the inarticulate but most expressive poetry of maternal affection.

No. 11.—This air is from the collection of the celebrated Tom D’Urfey, the wit and dramatic author of the reigns of William, Anne, and George the First. As many of our friends may be ignorant of the existence of such a work, we will here reprint the title page. Our copy is in two volumes, pub-

lished by Jacob Tonson, at the Shakespear’s head, London, 1719: and is titled, “WIT and MIRTH; or, PILLS to PURGE MELANCHOLY; Being a collection of the best Merry Ballads and Songs, Old and New, fitted to all humours, having each their proper time for either the Voice or Instrument; most of the Songs being new Sett.” Like almost all collections of old songs, that of Tom D’Urfey is more remarkable for its mirth and coarse humour than for delicacy of expression; from a tolerably extensive perusal of the Lyrical and Ballad Poetry of the time of D’Urfey and anteriorly, we are led to infer that he gave a preference to the gross and licentious, rather than the pure and elegant songs within his reach. In a note to the “*Fair Tyranness*,” we mentioned a collection made by John Playford, and although it is by no means remarkable for its refinement, still, there the pruriency is not so obtrusive, and the wit is in many cases equally conspicuous. Some, however, of the Pills to Purge Melancholy, are possessed of considerable value, we refer to those of a political and satirical character. They illustrate some minute portions of the history of the period, and help us to know the state of public feeling and national taste. These will be more particularly noticed hereafter, as we intend to present our readers from time to time with a tune from the “Wit and Mirth” of the facetious Tom D’Urfey. The following particulars regarding him may not be unacceptable:—He was born in the county of Devon, but the date of the event has not come down to us, and was in early life apprenticed to the legal profession. D’Urfey was author of thirty plays, all of which were acted, and met with various success; but he is said by Colman, in his *Lives of the Poets*, ‘to have had a better turn for ballads and little irregular odes, than for the dramatic muse.’ That Thomas D’Urfey was a man of abilities, and enjoyed the esteem and friendship of men of the greatest parts in his time, appears from the testimony of Addison in the *Guardian*, to Nos. 29, 67, 82, of which work we refer our readers. ‘He was,’ says Colman, ‘attached to the Tory interest, and in the latter part of Queen Anne’s reign frequently had the honour of diverting her with witty catches and songs of humour, suited to the spirit of the times. He died, February 26, 1723, in a good old age, and was buried in the Church-yard of St. James’, Westminster.’

WILL YE GO TO THE EWE-BUGHTS, MARION?

Andante.

Will ye gang to the ewe-bughts Marion, And wear in the sheep wi' me? The sun shines sweet, My Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma - rion, But nae half sae sweet as thee.

Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion,
And wear in the sheep wi' me?
The sun shines sweet, my Marion;
But nae half sae sweet as thee.
O, Marion's a bonnie lass,
And the blythe blink's in her e'e
And fain would I marry Marion
Gin Marion wad marry me.

There's gowd in your garters, Marion,
And silk on your white hause-bane;
Fu' fain wad I kiss my Marion,
At e'en when I come hame.
There's braw lads in Earnslaw, Marion,
Wha gape, and glow'r with their e'e,
At kirk, when they see my Marion;
But nane o' them lo'es like me.

I've nine milk-ewes, my Marion;
A cow and a brawny quey,
Ise gi'e them a' to my Marion,
Just on her bridal day;
And ye'e get a green sey apron,
And waisecoat o' London brown,
And vow but ye will be vap'ring,
Whene'er ye gang to the town.

I'm young and stout, my Marion;
Nane dances like me on the green:
And gin ye forsake me, Marion,
I'll e'en gae draw up wi' Jean:
Sae put on your pearlins, Marion,
And kirtle o' cramasie;
And soon as my chin has nae hair on,
I shall come west, and see ye.

THE BAGPIPE.

The bagpipe, or, at least, an instrument very similar to it, appears to have been in use among the ancients. Representations of it are frequently met with on coins, vases, and other monuments of antiquity; and among the Romans it was known by the name of *tibia utricularia*.

Although the horn, the trumpet, and the harp, appear to have been early in use in Scotland, yet

the bagpipe, which is now almost entirely confined to the Highlands, appears to have been a common musical instrument in the Lowlands. James the First introduces the bagpipe to heighten the disorderly festivities of "Pebblis at the Play."

"The bagpipe blew, and that out threw,
Out of the townis untauld."

It appears from other old poems, that it was an instrument equally adapted to war and peace; and

that the piper, whose station was "full in the van" in the day of battle, used, in harvest time, to play behind the reapers while at work; thus, in the elegy to Habbie Simpson, the piper of Kilbarchan, it is asked,

"Wha will cause our shearers shear?
Wha will bend up the brags of Weir?"

It has been, with great appearance of probability, supposed, that "to the poetical enthusiasm thus excited and kept alive, we are probably indebted for many of those airs and songs which have given Scotland so unrivalled a celebrity, while the authors of them remain as unknown as if they had never existed."

The bagpipe, however, was not peculiar to Scotland. In England, too, this instrument seems to have been pretty early introduced. A bagpiper was retained in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and Shakspeare gives Falstaff for one of his similes, "as melancholy as the drone of a Lincolnshire bag-pipe."

There are several distinct kinds of bagpipe, of which the Irish pipe is the softest, and, in some respects, the most melodious. The Highland bagpipe is exceedingly loud and almost deafening if played in a room; and, therefore, it is chiefly used in the fields, for marches, &c. It requires a prodigious blast to fill it, so that those who are not accustomed to it, cannot imagine how Highland pipers can continue to play for hours together, as they are often known to do. The Scottish Lowland pipe is also a very loud instrument, though not so much so as the Highland pipe.

The attachment of the Highlanders to their national music when performed on the bagpipe is almost incredible; and on some occasions, it is said to have produced effects scarcely less than marvellous. At the battle of Quebec, in 1760, while the British troops were retreating in great disorder, the General complained to a field-officer in Fraser's regiment of the bad conduct of his corps. "Sir," said he with great warmth, "you did very wrong in forbidding the pipers to play this morning; nothing encourages the Highlanders so much on the day of action. Nay, even now it would be of use." "Let them blow as they like, then," said the General, "if it will bring back the men." The pipers were then ordered to play a favourite martial air; and the moment the Highlanders heard the well known sounds, they returned to their duty with the most cheerful alacrity. Another instance equally well authenticated may be introduced here. In the war in India, a piper in Lord M'Leod's regiment, seeing the British army giving way before superior numbers, played, in his best style, the well known "*Cogadh na Sith*," which filled the Highlanders with such spirit, that, immediately rallying, they cut through their enemies. For this fortunate circumstance, Sir Eyre Coote, filled with admiration, and appreciating the value of the music in the above emergency, presented the regiment with fifty pounds to buy a stand of pipes.

"It is well known," says a writer in the *Ross-shire Advertiser*, "that the great bagpipe, the instrument on which the national music of Scotland was chiefly played for so long a time, and which has still so striking an effect in rousing the martial spirit of the Highlanders, was cultivated with greater success by the Macrimmons, the hereditary pipers of the Macleans, than by any other in the Highlands. The name of Macrimmon, whether on

fanciful or on conclusive grounds, we pretend not to say, has been derived from the fact of the first musician who bore the name, having studied his profession at Cremona, in Italy. Certain it is, that what rarely happens, high musical talent as well as high moral principle and personal bravery, descended from father to son, during many generations, in the family of the Macrimmons. They became so celebrated that pupils were sent to them from all quarters of the Highlands, and one of the best certificates that a piper could possess, was his having studied under the Macrimmons. Finding the number of pupils daily increasing, they at length opened a regular school or college, for pipe music, on the farm of Borecraig, opposite to Dunvegan Castle, but separated from it by Loch Follart. Here so many years of study were prescribed; regular lessons were given out; certain periods for receiving the instructions of the master were fixed. The whole tuition was carried on as systematically as at any of our modern academies; and the names of some of the caves and knolls in the vicinity still point out the spots where the scholars used to practise respectively on the chanter, the small pipe, and the *Poib mhor*, or large bagpipe, before exhibiting in presence of the master. M'Leod endowed this school by granting the farm of Borecraig to it, and it is no longer ago than seventy years since the endowment was withdrawn. It was owing to the following cause:—The farm had been originally given only during the pleasure of the proprietor; for many ages the grant was undisturbed, but when the value of land had risen to six or seven times what it was when the school was founded, M'Leod very reasonably proposed to resume one-half of the farm, offering at the same time to Macrimmon a free lease of the other half *in perpetuum*; but Macrimmon indignant that his emolument should be curtailed, resigned the whole farm and broke up his establishment, which has never been restored."

This college has long been dissolved, and the use of the Highland pipe was sinking rapidly into disuse, when a society of gentlemen (the Highland Society) thinking it impolitic to allow the ancient martial music of the country to decline, resolved to revive it, by giving an annual prize to the best performers on the instrument. These competitions were first held at Falkirk, afterwards at Edinburgh, where they were held for many years. Latterly, these interesting meetings have been held in several other towns throughout Scotland.

Mr. M'Donald, in his Preface to the *Ancient Martial Music of Scotland*, speaking of the great Highland bagpipe, says, "In the halls of joy, and in scenes of mourning, it has prevailed; it has animated her warriors in battle, and welcomed them back after their toils to the homes of their love and the hills of their nativity. Its strains were first sounded on the ears of infancy, and they are the last to be forgotten in the wanderings of age. Even Highlanders will allow that it is not the gentlest of instruments; but, when far from their mountain homes, what sounds, however melodious, could thrill round their heart like one burst of their own wild native pipe? The feelings which other instruments awaken, are general and undefined, because they talk alike to Frenchmen, Spaniards, Germans, and Highlanders, for they are common to all; but the bagpipe is sacred to Scotland, and speaks a language which Scotsmen only feel. It talks to them of home and all the past, and brings before them, on the burning shores of India, the

wild hills and oft frequented streams of Caledonia, the friends that are thinking of them, and the sweet-hearts and wives that are weeping for them there! And need it be told here, to how many fields of danger and victory its proud strains have led! There is not a battle that is honourable to Britain in which its war-blast has not sounded. When every other instrument has been hushed by the confusion and carnage of the scene, it has been borne into the thick of battle, and, far in the advance, its bleeding but devoted bearer, sinking on the earth, has sounded at once an encouragement to his countrymen and his own coronach."

We will close this paper with a short poem from the pen of the late Robert Nicoll:—

THE BAGPIPES.

The bagpipe's wild music comes o'er the broad lea,
An' the thoughts o' langsyne it is bringing to me,
When the warrior's post on the heather was placed,
When his heart and his hand for the combat was
braced,
When the free and the brave to the battle were led,
An' when ilka man's hand had to keep his ain head.
Then auld-worl'd fancies my heart winna tye,
O' the bauld and the true o' the days o' langsyne.

When the bairn was born the bagpipes were brought;
The first sound in its ear was their bauld-speaking
note:

And when forth came the tartan in battle array,
The proud voice o' war aye was leading the way;
And when dead wi' his fathers the warrior was laid,
Abune his low dwellin' the coronach was play'd,
In weal, as in wae—amid tears, amid wine,
The bagpipe aye moved the bauld hearts o' lang-
syne.

Alang the hill side comes the pibroch's sound
An' auld Scottish thoughts frae my heart are un-
wound;

The days o' the past are around me again—
The hall o' the chieftain—the field o' the slain—
The men o' the plaid and the bonnet sae blue,
Wha by Scotland, my country, stude leally and
true;
O! the land o' the thistle and bagpipe is mine,
Wi' its auld rousin' thoughts o' the days o' langsyne!

THE POPULAR SONGS OF THE TYROL.

POPULAR songs afford us an admirable criterion whereby to form an estimate of the mode of life pursued by that people from whom they emanate; depicted therein are their various manners and customs; such strains tell of the soil and climate they enjoy, keep alive the remembrance of the daring deeds they have done, and chronicle the past with all the historian's fidelity.

Not only do their songs enable us to judge of a people's outward peculiarities—they also lay bare the innermost workings of their souls; they speak of all they hope for, all they yearn after, and betray the secret of their loves and passions. Prism-like, they reflect their various shades of originality—the people themselves. Each song the Sicilian chants, brings before us the fisherman tending his nets in his island home, or plying his task on the rough sea beach. Listen to the strain poured forth by the dweller in the Ukraine, and you have before you that child of adventure, the warlike Cossack—his steed and spear ever at hand, scouring his native wilds, or breasting the rapid stream, free and untram-

melled; whose heart beats but for love and war, sole objects of his existence. Harken to the lays of Lapland, as they tell of the reindeer urging the sledge over deserts of snow and lakes of ice, whilst the master, burning to behold his loved one again, beguiles the time as he speeds over the long and dreary way, by asking each bird, each passing cloud, to tell him of her he cherishes; or discourses of her with his bounding deer, who seem to quicken their pace at the hearing of so much love.

There is a striking peculiarity in the Tyrolese and Styrian song, that distinguishes them from those of other nations; namely, the sudden transition from the chest voice to the falsetto. This medley of high and low notes, produced by the same voice, almost at the same time (the "*Jodler*" as this song is termed), only prevails in the Styrian and Tyrolese mountains. No traces of it are to be found in Switzerland, the Carpathian, or other neighbouring ranges.

I have never been so much delighted, and, at the same time, so struck with the popular songs of any nation, as with those of Tyrol.

It was, therefore, with the view of gratifying my curiosity by becoming acquainted with so poetical a race, and listening to strains so original as theirs, that I sought those lovely mountains, stood on the peaks of Glockner and Wartzmann, and traversed the smiling lakes, to seek out the inhabitants of the Almas.

The impressions made upon my mind by all I had seen at Salzburg, soon gave way to those excited in me by scenery so grand as that around me. At Salzburg, crumbling tombs and ruined walls were my haunting places; my only intercourse was held with men who could discourse but of former times, who lived but to recall the friends and habits of the past—such, for instance, as Haydn's friends, Mozart's wife and sister, besides the wretched Father Edmund. Here, all around me appertained but to the present, and was redolent of life and all that makes life worth enjoying.

It is the prevailing custom for families who inhabit these valleys to gather together before the doors of their houses, or upon the balconies that run round them; there they sing their songs descriptive of the life of their mountain home, their flocks and herds, and the perils they incur in the pursuit of the fleet chamois.

It is a frequent habit of theirs, on the eve of days of solemn observance, such as Christmas, Easter Day, All Saints' Day, and the first of May, for the youths of the place to sing under the village girls' windows, accompanying themselves with the Zitter—the favourite, and almost only instrument the Tyrolese possess. The lover vaunts his mistress' charms, and implores her in moving terms to share with him his father's roof; it sometimes happens that his strains are broken in upon by the jealous outbreak of some rejected swain; this affords them the opportunity of testing their skill in improvisation, and gives them ample room for developing that happy facility so natural to them. The jealous lover points his keenest shaft of satire against his more fortunate rival, endeavouring, by some well directed gibe, or happy epigram, to overthrow his hopes and shake his faith; presently, this *Fensterlied* (window song) attracts a crowd around the rivals; this stimulates the keen encounter of their wits, and for a long time the scales incline to neither side, until at length the

sparkling wit or bitter irony of the one party turns the balance in his favour, whilst the discomfited antagonist quits the field pursued by the taunts and jeers of the bystanders.

They diversify their songs with popular traditions that, redolent of olden times, bring back again the feats of days of yore. Now the convents scattered here and there throughout the villages, furnish food for their inspirations, partaking alike of deeds of love and acts of piety; now the scene is laid at the foot of those time-hallowed castles that crown the mountain heights, and command the adjacent country for miles around; they tell of the deeds of high emprise erst performed by their lordly owners; they relate their exploits in love and war, how they fought and bled in the Holy Land, how they strove who should bear away the palm in the knightly tourney. Anon they strike a less lofty strain, and relate the awesome tale of some brigand chief, how during his life he was the scourge and terror of the country, and how after his career of crime was closed, his spirit returned to its old haunts at the dread midnight hour, still to strike fear into the hearts of those whose lives he had embittered by his cruelty and rapine. "Many a time," as they tell the story, "at the close of some holiday, or when any extraordinary event is about to befall us, are these knights to be seen with their armed retainers; a noise as of chains, the creaking of the portcullis as it grates upon its hinges are distinctly heard; then come the neighing of steeds, the rattle of wheels, the winding of horns, the battle shout, the yelling of hounds, and the cracking of whips. Many an aged man amongst us has been an eye-witness of this ghastly train, and many a benighted sportsman has started at the sight of this warlike display—these fearsome knights."

But their legendary lore is not exclusively confined to castles, convents, and unearthly apparitions; it likewise embraces other subjects that are not the less interesting from the fact of their being authentic. Thus, whilst traversing the Lueg, the Croats' grotto was pointed out to us, which was the scene of a new Thermopylæ; for it was there that in the year 1809, five hundred Croats almost totally annihilated the Bavarian army. The traces of this sanguinary, this exterminating conflict, maintained by a handful of men, aided by a position of an impregnable nature, against an army 16,000 strong, are every where visible.—*Mainzer's Musical Athenæum.*

THE GUERDON OF LIFE.

'Mid cares and cankers, toil begot,
'Mid hungry shrieks and nakedness,
'Mid gaunt disease, the awful lot
Of poverty and raggedness.

In silken tent, on couch of down,
'Neath ermin'd robes, 'mid revelry
In kingly halls, where wealth has flown
To play his pranks and devilry.

In middle state, nor rich nor poor,
The genius fraught, the slaving fool,
The courtly fop, the unletter'd boor,
With savage, and with knavery's tool.

Drear days of misdirected toil,
Whole nights inspired with heavenly thought,
Months, years, nay life's snared in the coil
Of hopes and fears; ah! wretched lot!

And whereto tends this termless strife
Perpetual seeking, never found;
What guerdon waits to cheer man's life,
Hush! sweet sounds murmur all around.

Sleep! sleep! they whisper. Ah how strange!
Soft lulling music; scenes of youth;
Love's first soft sigh; sweet flowers that grow
Round cottage walls; the mellow'd low
Of herds far off; and see even now
My father speaks, his high pale brow
And glistening eyes are fix'd on mine;
And mother dear, soft words of thine
Thrill in my ear; and sisters all;
And brethren too; and, hark, the fall
Of brooklet gushing o'er the linn;
Then, hark, our school-days, and the din
Of merry laughter; sure these ne'er can change—
I see thy beauty, and I feel their thrash.

Sleep! sleep! ye haggard hunger-stricken;
Sleep! sleep! ye pamper'd over-fed;
Sleep! God-inspir'd, let no thought sicken
Your o'er-tax'd mind, your aching head.

'Tis nature's boon to all free given—
Then quaff the cup oblivion fraught—
On earth fore shadowing scenes of heaven,
Short death in life, sweet pause from thought.

Sleep! For till Death's gaunt hand shall wave
It's opiate banner over thee,
What boon more precious can'st thou crave,
Than sleep's soft wings to cover thee.—J. M.

MUSIC SHOULD BE HEARD ONLY.

As they were about to leave "The Hall of the Past," Natalia stopped and said:—"There is something still which merits your attention. Observe these half round openings aloft on both sides. Here the choir can stand concealed whilst singing; these iron ornaments below the cornice serve for fastening on the tapestry, which, by the orders of my uncle, must be hung round at every burial. Music, particularly song, was a pleasure which he could not live without; and it was one of his peculiarities that he wished the singer not to be in view. 'In this respect,' he used to say, 'they spoil us at the theatre; the music there is, as it were, subservient to the eye; it accompanies movements, not emotions. In oratorios and concerts, the form of the musician constantly disturbs us; *true music is intended for the ear alone*; a fine voice is the most universal thing that can be figured; and while the narrow individual that uses it presents himself before the eye, he cannot fail to trouble the effect of that pure universality. The person whom I am to speak with I must see, because it is a solitary man, whose form and character gives worth or worthlessness to what he says; but, on the other hand, whoever sings to me must be invisible; his form must not confuse me or corrupt my judgment. Here it is but one human organ speaking to another; it is not spirit speaking to spirit, not a thousand-fold world to the eye, not a heaven to the man.' On the same principle regarding instrumental music, he required that the orchestra should as much as possible be hid; because by the mechanical exertions, by the mean and awkward gestures of the performers, our feelings are so much dispersed and perplexed. Accordingly, he always used to shut his eyes while hearing music; that so he might concentrate all his being on the single pure enjoyment of the ear."—*Goethe's Wilhelm Meister.*

GREAT APOLLO.

Larghetto.

PRIZE GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Webbe.

Great A - pol - - - - - lo great A - pol - lo

Great - - - A - pol - lo great A - pol - lo great A - pol - lo

Great A - pol - lo great A - pol - lo strike

Great A - pol - lo great - A - pol - lo.

- - - strike the lyre, strike strike the lyre,

strike strike the lyre, strike strike the lyre, Fill the

strike the lyre, great A - pol - lo strike strike the lyre,

strike the lyre, great A - pol - lo strike strike the lyre, fill the raptur'd soul with fire,

Let the fes - tive song go round, Let this

raptur'd soul with fire, let the fes - tive song go round, Let this

let the fes - tive song go round, let this

Let the fes - tive song go round, Let this

night with joy be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, crown'd

night with joy crown'd let this night with joy be crown'd, crown'd

night with joy be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, crown'd.

let this night with joy be crown'd let this night with joy be

let this night with joy be crown'd let this night with joy be

Hark! Hark!

Hark! Hark!

crown'd,

crown'd,

Hark, hark, what num - bers soft and clear

Hark, what num - bers soft and clear, steal up - on the ra - vish'd

let the fes - tive song go round let the festive song go round,
 let the fes - tive song go round,
 Hark, what numbers soft and clear. sure no
 ear, soft and clear, sure no

let this night, let this night with joy be crown'd, let this night with
 let this night with joy be crown'd, let this night with
 mortal sweeps the strings, listen, listen, listen,
 mortal sweeps the strings, listen, listen, listen,

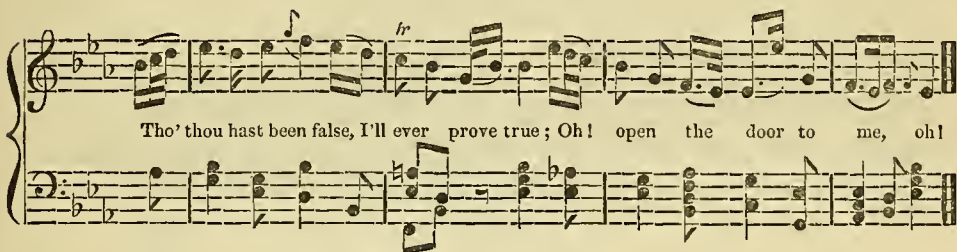
joy be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, Great A - pol - lo -
 joy be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, Great A - pol-lo
 'tis A-pol-lo sings, let this night with joy be crown'd, strike
 'tis A-pol-lo sings,

- - - strike the lyre, strike strike the lyre,
 strike strike the lyre, strike strike the lyre, fill the
 strike the lyre, great A - pol - lo strike strike the lyre,
 strike the lyre, great A - pol - lo strike strike the lyre, fill the raptur'd soul with fire,

let the fes-tive song go round let this night with joy be
 raptur'd soul with fire, let the fes-tive song go round let this night with joy be
 let the fes-tive song go round, let this night with joy be
 let the fes-tive song go round,

crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, be crown'd, be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd.
 crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, be crown'd, be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd.
 crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd, be crown'd, be crown'd, let this night with joy be crown'd.

OH! OPEN THE DOOR.

*Affettuoso.**As altered by Burns.*

Oh! could is the blast upon my pale cheek,
 But coulder thy love for me, oh;
 The frost that freezes the life at my heart,
 Is nought to my pains frae thee, oh!

The wan moon is setting behind the white wave,
 And time is setting with me, oh;

False friends, false love, farewell! for mair
 I'll ne'er trouble them, nor thee, oh!

She has open'd the door, she has open'd it wide,
 She sees his pale corse on the plain, oh;
 My true love! she cried, and sunk down by his side,
 Never to rise again, oh!

JOHN ANTHONY BAIF

Was born at Venice 1532, where it is probable he first acquired his first knowledge of, and cherished his passion for music. He was the natural son of the French Ambassador to that Republic; in early life he had been the fellow student with Ronsard the poet, and was during his life closely united to him by friendship and the near alliance of their favourite arts. Baif, like Sir Philip Sydney, wished to introduce the measures and cadence of the poetry of the dead languages into the living, and with similar success as the English poet. He set his own verses to music; not to such music as might be expected from a man of letters, or a dilettante, consisting of a single melody, but to counterpoint, or music in different parts. Of this kind, in 1561, he published twelve hymns, or spiritual songs; and, 1578, several books of songs, all in four parts, of which both the words and music were his own. When men of learning condescend to study music *d fond*, professors think the art highly honoured by their notice; but poets are unwilling to reciprocate the compliment, and seldom allow a musician to mount Parnassus, or set his foot within the precincts of their dominions. Baif, however, was by his contemporaries considered as good a musician as a poet; and what entitles him to particular notice is, that he established an academy or concert, at his house in the suburbs of Paris, where the performances were frequently honoured by the presence of Charles IX., Henry III., and the principal personages of the

court. Mersennus has given a particular account of this establishment, the first in France of which we have any record. In this academy, or concert, dignified by a Royal Charter, in which voices, viols, and flutes were employed, it was expected to recover the three *genera* of the Greeks, and all the miraculous powers attributed to their ancient music.—*Biographie Universelle*.

THE HARPSICORD.

NEITHER the name of the harpsichord, nor that of the spinet, of which it is manifestly but an improvement, occurs in the writings of any of the monkish musicians, who wrote after Guido, the inventor of the modern method of notation. As little is there any notice taken of it by Chaucer, who seems to have occasionally mentioned all the various instruments in use in his time. Gower, indeed, speaks of an instrument called the citole, in these verses,

He taught her, till she was certeyne
 Of harp, *citole*, and of ciote,
 With many a tune and many a note."

CONFESSIO AMANTIS.

And by an ancient list of the domestic establishment of Edward III., it appears that he had in his service a musician called a cyteller or cysteller. This citole (from *citola*, a little chest,) Sir John Hawkins supposes to have been "an instrument resembling a bag, with strings on the top or belly, which, by the application of the tastatura, or key board, borrowed

from the organ and sacks, became a spinet." Of the harpsichord, however, properly so called, the earliest description of it which has yet been met with, occurs in the *Musurgia of Ottomanis Lascinius*, published at Strasburg in 1536.

SONNET—TO AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN.

BY ALEXANDER BALFOUR, ESQ.

Ah! Minstrel, hush that love subduing strain,
I feel it thrilling to my bosom's core;
It calls to mind my dear lov'd native plain,
Hills, woods, and streams I shall behold no more:
It tells of guileless pleasures, ever o'er,
Of youthful joys, and Love's enraptured reign,
Of sun-bright hours that time can ne'er restore,
When health and hope beat high in every vein,
And fairy Fancy o'er the landscape spread
Illusions bright, in long continuous train.
That strain reminds me they are ever fled,
And turns remembrance of the past to pain
Hope's summer flowers have all their blossoms shed,
And winter's howling storms rave wild around my head.

FORGET-ME-NOT.

CHINESE MUSICAL LOVE FEASTS.

THE Chinese have musical love feasts, in which the amusements of singing and performing on musical instruments have a much larger share than those of eating and drinking. At these entertainments a mandarin always presides, by whom they are regulated, according to established ceremony. After a short but elegant repast, and between the musical performances, some articles of the law are read, and the president adds in the name, and by the command of the Emperor, words to this effect:—"We are assembled at this solemn festival to encourage each others fidelity to our prince, piety to our parents, affection to our brothers and sisters, esteem for our elders, respect for our relations, and attachment to our friends, and to promote peace and concord among our fellow-citizens and neighbours." And the airs which are sung, and the music which accompanies them, as well as that which is purely instrumental, and performed without the voice, all tend to the purpose of furthering the main object of the meeting; to harmonise and conciliate universal regard and benevolence. And, to the honour of music, the effect sanctions the means.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 12.—THE GOBY, O.

Jig time.

Irish.



We find this tune in an old collection of music printed in Glasgow, without date.

THE APOLLONICON.

THIS curious and magnificent organ, which, for several years has been exhibited to the public in the great rooms of the ingenious inventors, Messrs. Flight and Robson, has for the basis of its powers the *cylindric principle*. Working on this, the originators of the Apollonicon have not only contrived to produce all the different lights and shades of organic sound, from the most exquisite softness to the greatest possible degree of tonic force, but have imparted to the treble pipes of their instrument a mellifluousness, to the tenor portion of its scale a richness, and to its bass extremity a dignity and a power, with which every one is astonished and delighted.

This instrument, by its varied and extraordinary effects, approaches, it would seem, nearer than any other existing congeries of vocal tubes the organ described by Plato and his commentator Proclus, denominated by the Greeks a *Panarmonion*. If, in the ancient machine, every aperture of the innumerable pipes of the *fistulae innumerae*, was capable of emitting three or more different notes, the modern

instrument possesses the capacity of pouring forth its voluminous and voluble sounds, either automatically, or by the living action of the finger.

The cylinders employed for the former of these operations, are three in number, and each of them is no less than six feet in circumference. By their revolving motion, all the mechanical powers of the complicated machine are brought into play; and the effect of the combined means employed is tremendous. But this is only a portion of the result of this mechanic and vocal frame. It is furnished with six collateral sets of keys, which are simultaneously performed upon by as many different performers. These, acting in concert, develop the various powers of the organic construction, and operate on the nerves and feelings of the auditors in a truly surprising manner. The external dimensions of the Apollonicon are about twenty-four feet in height, and twenty in breadth. The expense of erecting this instrument, which was built under the Royal patronage, is stated to have been more than ten thousand pounds.—*Dr Busby's Anecdotes.*

MY LIBRARY.

My days among the dead are passed;
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
 The mighty minds of old:
 My never-failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse night and day.

With them I take delight in weal,
 And seek relief in woe:
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedewed
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead, with them
 I live in long past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the dead, anon
 My place with them will be;
 And I with them will travel on
 Through all futurity;
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 Which shall not perish in the dust.

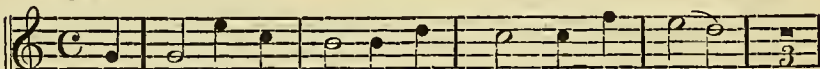
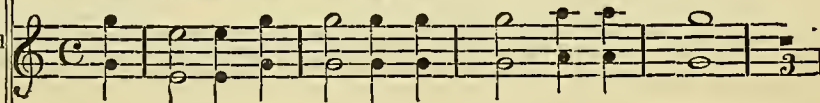
SOUTHEY.

THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

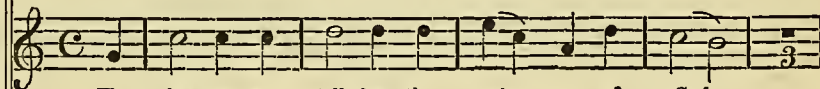
GRAND CHORUS.

*Allegro.**Haydn.*

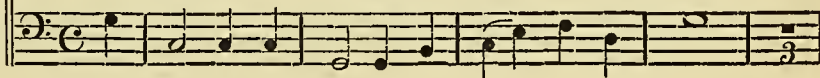
TENOR.

ALTO, or 2d
SOPRANO.

SOPRANO.



BASS.



Musical notation for the second system of the chorus. It consists of four staves (Tenor, Alto, Soprano, and Bass) in C major, 3/4 time. The melody for all parts begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5, then a half note B4, and finally a half note G4. The lyrics "The wonder of his works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The" are written below the staves.

TRIO. *p*

won - der of his works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment. The day that is

won - der of his works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment. The day that is

sotto voce.

com - ing with glo - ri - ous light, Dis - pers - es the gloom of re -

com - ing with glo - ri - ous light, Dis - pers - es the gloom of re -

CHORUS.

- - tir - ing night, Dis - perses the gloom of re - tir - ing night. The hea - vens are tell - ing the

The hea - vens are

- - tir - ing night, Dis - perses the gloom of re - tir - ing night. The hea - vens are

The hea - vens are tell - ing the

glo - ry of God. The won - der, The wonder of his
 tell - ing the glo - ry of God. The wonder of his
 tell - ing the glo - ry of God. The won - der of his works, The
 glo - ry of God. The won - der, The won - der of his works, The

works dis - plays, displays the fir - ma - ment, The wonder of his
 works displays displays the fir - ma - ment, The wonder of his
 wonder of his works, displays the fir - ma - ment, The
 wonder of his works, displays the fir - ma - ment. The

TRIO.

works dis - plays. displays the fir - ma - ment. While o'er the lands re -
 works dis - plays. displays the fir - ma - ment.
 wonder of his works. dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.
 won - der of his works. dis - plays the fir - ma - ment. While o'er the

sounds the word, Never unper - ceiv - ed, e ver under -

While o'er the land re - sounds the word, Never unper - ceiv - ed, e-ver under -

land re - sounds the word, Never unper - ceiv - ed, ever under -

stood, ever, ever, e - ver un - der - stood. While o'er the

stood, e-ver, ever, e - ver un - der - stood.

stood, ever, ever, e - ver un - der - stood.

land re - sounds the word, Ne - ver un - per -

While o'er the land re - sounds the word, Ne - ver un - per -

While o'er the land re - sounds the word, Ne - ver un - per -

- ceiv - ed, e - ver under - stood, e - ver, e - ver, e - - ver

ceiv - ed, ever under - stood, e - ver, e - ver, e - - ver

ceiv - ed, ever under - stood, e - ver, e - ver, e - - ver

CHORUS.

un - der - stood, ever, ever, e - ver, e - ver, un - der - - The

un - der - stood, ever, ever, e - ver, e - ver un - der -

The

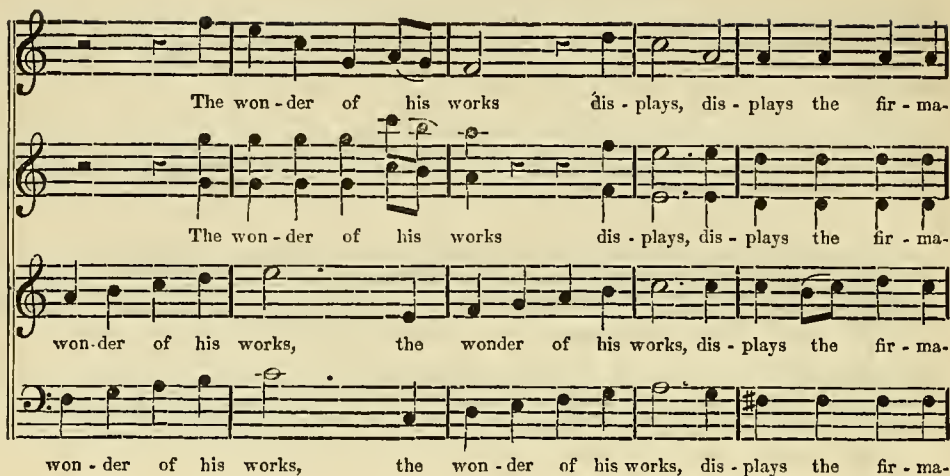
Piu Allegro.

hea - vens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God; The won - der stood.

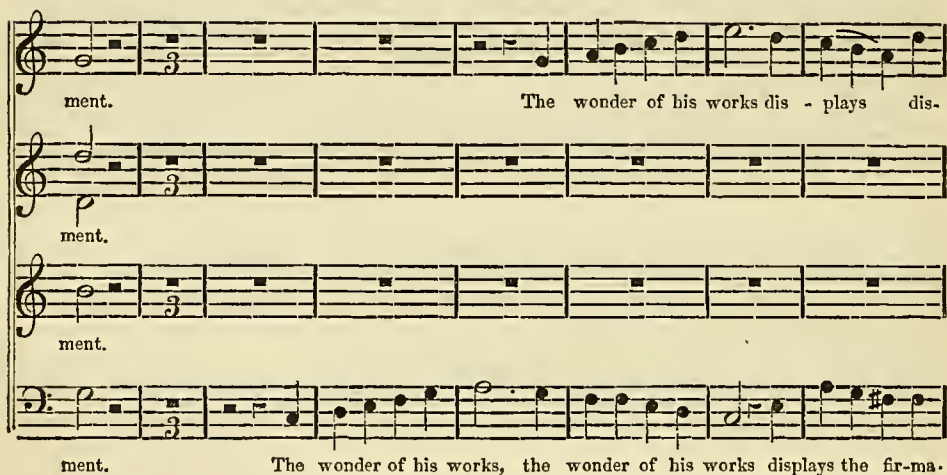
The hea - vens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God.

stood; The Hea - vens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God; The

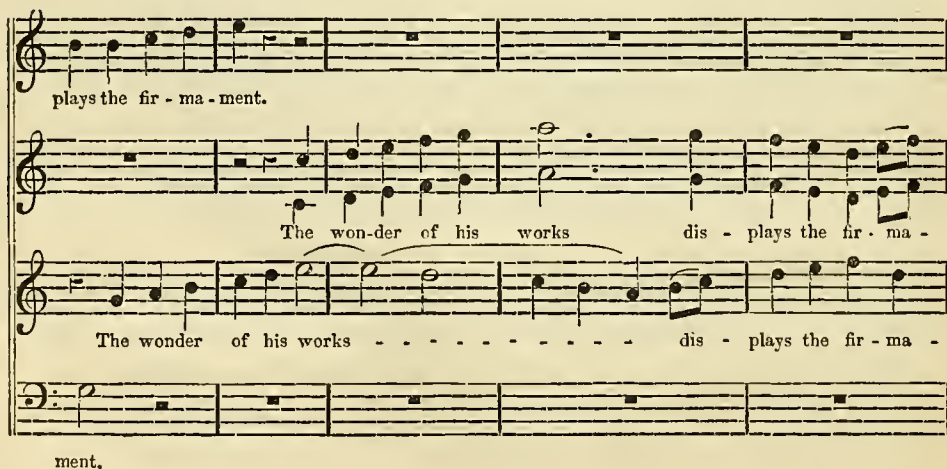
Hea - vens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God; The won - der, the



The won-der of his works dis-plays, dis-plays the fir-ma-
 ment. The won-der of his works dis-plays, dis-plays the fir-ma-
 ment. won-der of his works, the wonder of his works, dis-plays the fir-ma-
 ment. won-der of his works, the won-der of his works, dis-plays the fir-ma-



ment. The wonder of his works dis-plays dis-
 ment.
 ment.
 ment.
 ment. The wonder of his works, the wonder of his works displays the fir-ma-



plays the fir-ma-ment.
 The won-der of his works dis-plays the fir-ma-
 ment. The wonder of his works - - - - - dis-plays the fir-ma-
 ment.

The wonder of his works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment; The
 - ment, The wonder of his works dis - plays the firma -
 ment, The wonder of his
 The wonder of his works - - dis - plays the fir - ma ment; The

won - der of his works dis - plays the fir - ma ment; The wonder of his
 - ment; The wonder of his works .
 works dis - plays dis - plays the fir - ma - ment.
 won - der of his works, The wonder of his works dis - plays the

works dis - plays - - - - - the fir - ma - ment, The wonder of his
 - - - displays the fir - ma - ment the wonder of his works dis -
 The wonder of his works, The wonder
 fir - ma - ment. dis - plays - - dis - plays the fir - ma -

works dis - plays - - dis - plays - the fir - ma - ment; Dis -

- plays the fir - ma - ment, The wonder of his works -

of his works - - - dis - plays - - dis - plays - - the fir - ma - ment,

- ment; The wonder of his works dis - plays, dis -

plays - - dis - plays - - dis - plays the fir - ma - ment,

- - - dis - plays dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The

The wonder of his works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The

- plays - - - - - dis - plays the fir - ma - ment The

The wonder of his works displays, displays, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, The

wonder of his works, the wonder of his works displays, dis - plays the fir - ma -

wonder of his works, the wonder of his works dis - plays, dis - plays the fir - ma -

heavens are tell - ing the glo - - - ry of God; the wonder of his
ment, The heavens are telling the glo - ry of
ment, The hea - vens are tell - ing the glo - ry of God; the wonder of his

works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis -
God, the won - der of his works dis - plays the fir - ma -
works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, dis -
works - - - dis - plays - - - - - dis - plays - - -

plays - - the fir - ma - ment, the wonder of his works displays the
ment, the fir - ma - ment, the wonder of his works, the wonder of his
plays - - the fir - ma - ment, the wonder of his works the wonder of his
- - - - - the fir - ma - ment, the wonder of his works, the wonder of his

fir - ma - ment, the fir - ma - ment, The heavens are tell - ing the glo -

works dis - plays dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, the heavens are

works dis - plays dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, the heavens are tell - ing the

ry of God - - - The won - - - der of - - his works -

tell - ing are tell - ing the glo - ry of God - - the wonder of his

glory of God, the wonder of his works dis - plays - - dis - plays - - the firma -

glory of God - - the won - der of his works dis - plays, the wonder of his

- - dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, displays the firma - ment, displays the firma - ment.

works dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, displays the fir - ma - ment, displays the firma - ment.

ment, dis - plays the fir - ma - ment, displays the firma - ment, displays the firma - ment.

works die - plays the fir - ma - ment, displays the firma - ment, displays the firma - ment.

UNDER THIS STONE.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

H. Purcell.

1 Under this stoue lies Ga - briel John, Who died in the year one thousand and one.

2 Cover his head with turf or stoue, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with turf or stoue, 'tis all one.

3 Pray for the soul of gen - tle John if you please you may, or let it a - lone, 'tis all one.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF MUSIC.

The diffusion of a taste for music, and the increasing elevation of its character, may be regarded as a national blessing. The tendency of music is to soften and purify the mind. The cultivation of a musical taste furnishes to the rich a refined and intellectual pursuit, which excludes the indulgence of frivolous and vicious amusements; and to the poor, a "*laborem dulces lenimen*," a relaxation from toil, more attractive than the haunts of intemperance. All music of an elevated character is calculated to produce such effects; but it is to Sacred Music, above all, that they are to be ascribed. Music may sometimes be the handmaid of debauchery; but this music never can. Bacchanalian songs and glees may heighten the riot of a dissolute party; but that man must be profligate beyond conception whose mind can entertain gross propensities while the words of inspiration, clothed with the sounds of Handel, are in his ears. In the densely peopled manufacturing districts of Yorkshire, Lancashire, and Derbyshire, music is cultivated among the working classes to an extent unparalleled in any other part of the kingdom. Every town has its choral society, supported by the amateurs of the place and its neighbourhood, where the sacred works of Handel, and the more modern masters, are performed with precision and effect, by a vocal and instrumental orchestra consisting of mechanics and work-people; and every village church has its occasional holiday oratorio, where a well-chosen and well-performed selection of sacred music is listened to by a decent and attentive audience of the same class as the performers, mingled with their employers and their families. Hence the practice of this music is an ordinary domestic and social recreation among the working-classes of these districts, and its influence is of the most salutary kind. The people in their manners and usages retain much of the simplicity of the olden time; the spirit of industrious independence maintains its ground among them, and they preserve much of their religious feelings and domestic affections, in spite of the demoralising effects of a crowded population, fluctuating employment, and

pauperism. Their employers promote and encourage so salutary a recreation by countenancing and contributing to pay the expenses of their musical associations; and some great manufacturers provide regular musical instruction for such of their work people as show a taste for it. "It is earnestly to be wished," says a late writer, "that such an example were generally followed in establishments where great numbers of people are employed. Wherever the working-classes are taught to prefer the pleasures of intellect, and even of taste, to the gratification of sense, a great and favourable change takes place in their character and manners. They are no longer driven by mere vacuity of mind to the beer-shop; and a pastime, which opens their minds to the impressions produced by the strains of Handel and Haydn, combined with the inspired poetry of the Scriptures, becomes something infinitely better than the amusement of an idle hour. Sentiments are awakened which make them love their families and their homes; their wages are not squandered in intemperance, and they become happier as well as better."

In every class of society the influence of music is salutary. Intemperance may be rendered more riotous and more vicious by the excitement of loose and profane songs, and music may be an auxiliary to the meretricious blandishments of the stage. But the best gifts of nature and art may be turned to instruments of evil; and music, innocent in itself, is merely abused when it is conjoined with immoral poetry and the allurements of pleasure. "Music," says Burney, "may be applied to licentious poetry; but the poetry then corrupts the music, not the music the poetry. It has often regulated the movements of lascivious dances; but such airs, heard for the first time without the song or the dance, could convey no impure ideas to an innocent imagination; so that Montesquieu's assertion is still in force, 'that music is the only one of all the arts which does not corrupt the mind.'"—*Hogarth's Musical History*.

DANCING IN RUSSIA.

The musical accompaniment to their dancing generally consists of a ballaika, a sort of small

guitar, with a long neck, and only two strings, the lowest of which is the bass, and upon the superior one the melody is played. The dance, executed by two persons, a youth and a maiden, is often full of grace. The latter moves in short sliding steps, while the lad follows quicker or slower, as the sentiment which the music expresses may require. The pining desire of the lover, the diffidence of the beloved, their meeting, his intreating her to hear him, her cold repulse, the increasing passion of the youth, the coquetry of the maiden, the pretended flight of the swain, her regret, and gradual yielding, in which she with much expression exhibits increasing tenderness in her glances, until at length they hold each other in embrace—in short, the entire dance is a little romance, represented with natural truth.

Young men and maidens also, upon certain occasions, dance the *contre* dance, which they accompany with their voices, without any instrument. Solo dances are frequent among the Cossacks of the Don, in which they develope great corporeal elasticity. Lastly, the *ziganka* is a wild, fiery measure, bordering upon a sensual riot, which is danced by the gypsies, who are found in Russia in great multitudes, and from whom bands of dancers come into the cities, where they exhibit their art at the evening parties of the nobility. In these bands damsels are seen of the most attractive beauty, which is still further increased by their fantastic costume. The musical accompaniments to their dance are wild and striking. The dancers also frequently accompany themselves with a small tambourine, and with the so-called “*loshki*” which consists of two wooden spoons, the handles of which are furnished with small bells, and are forcibly struck to-

gether. In St Petersburg, these national dances are frequently introduced as an interlude at the theatre, and are admirably executed by the members of the *corps de ballet*.—*St. Petersburg, &c., in 1833-4, by M. von Tietz*

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,
Prince whose approach peace to all mortals
brings,

Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings;
Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;
Loe, by thy charming rod, all breathing things
Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possest,
And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsie wings
Thou spar'st (alas), who cannot be thy guest.
Since I am thine, O come, but with that face
To inward light which thou art wont to show,
With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;
Or if, deafest god, thou do deny that grace,

Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-
queath,

I long to kiss the image of my death.

William Drummond, born at Hanthornden, 13th
Dec., 1585. Died 4th Dec., 1649.

MUSICAL JOKE.

Jonathan Battishill, an eminent musician of the last century, hearing that Dr. Nares, then master of the children of the King's Abbey, was somewhat unwell, asked what was his complaint? Informed that it chiefly consisted of a singing in the Doctor's head, answered, “that's a favourable symptom, for, if there be *singing* in his head now, who knows but that some time or other there may be *music* there.”

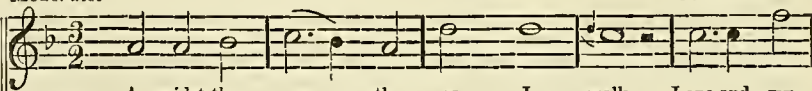
AMIDST THE MYRTLES AS I WALK.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Moderate.

J. Battishill.

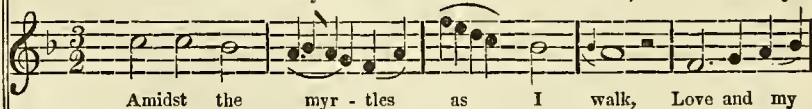
SOPRANO.



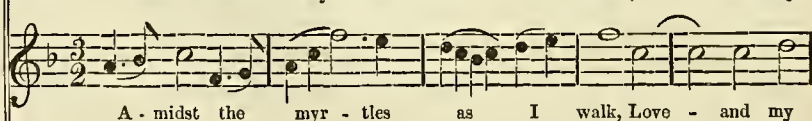
ALTO.



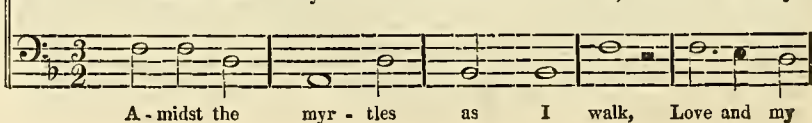
TENOR.



TENOR.



BASS.



1st. 2d.

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I in

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I - - said I in

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I - - in deep distress

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell - - - me said I in deep dis -

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I in

1st. 2d.

deep dis - tress, Where, where I may find my shep - herd - ess - ess.

deep dis - tress - Where I may find where I - - may find my shepherd - ess, - ess.

- - - in deep dis - tress, Where I may find, - my shep - - - herd - ess, - ess.

tress - - - - - Where I may find may find my shepherd - ess, tell, - ess.

deep dis - tress, Where I may find my shepherd - ess, tell - ess.

I've searched the groves and fragrant bowers,
Where oft I've culled her sweetest flowers,
I've search'd each mead and verdant plain
To find my love, but all in vain.

Why did my Silvia from me rove,
Why did she quit her shepherd's love;
Return my Silvia to her swain,
And ease her anxious lover's pain.

LOVE AND OUR OCEAN HOME.

Words by W. Alexander, Esq.

Music by John Turnbull.

Con spirito.

The piano introduction is in G major, 6/8 time, and consists of two staves. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a rhythmic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

The first system of the song begins with a repeat sign. The vocal melody is on the top staff, and the piano accompaniment is on the bottom two staves. The lyrics "Our home is a - mid the sea, Where the billows roll proudly and" are written below the vocal staff.

The second system continues the song. The lyrics "dark; Our course and our thoughts are free, are free, As the breezes that waft our" are written below the vocal staff.

The third system concludes the song. The lyrics "bark. And while, with the best of the brave, On our pathless domain we" are written below the vocal staff. The system ends with a key signature change to G minor, indicated by a natural sign over the F# in the bass staff.

cres. *espress.* *retardo.*

roam, The song that swells far on the wave, Is "love and our o - cean home,"

"Love and our o - cean home," The song that swells far on the wave, Is "love and our

o - cean home.

'Tis night in our sea-girt isle,
And gaily the goblet goes round,
But soon merry morn shall smile, shall smile,
Then to battle away we bound;
And when from the deeds of our fame,
We dance o'er crested foam,

Our fondest song and our proudest theme,
Is "love and our ocean home."
"Love and our ocean home,"
Our fondest song and our proudest theme,
Is "love and our ocean home."

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 13.—PHIURAG NAN GAOL.

Slow.

North Highland Air.

No. 14.—A LAMENT FOR A FRIEND.



No. 13.—The structure of this air, which is from the collection of the Rev. Patrick McDonald, is worthy of remark. There seems an utter carelessness of the key, and the theme is very obscure, still the effect, when played slowly, is by no means unpleasing; there is a pathetic and melancholy feeling running through it, and although it be uncouth and savage-like in its intervals, it nevertheless carries with it the impress of its nationality. Properly to appreciate the effect of such airs they should be heard issuing in all their sudden and abrupt changes from the *piob mhor*, by the shores of the Hebridean seas, in the quiet time of an autumnal twilight.

No. 14.—We picked up this air from an old collection, without title page, and never having heard

it played, or seen it in any other, we think it is not common, and on that account make a present of it to our readers. There is an old proverb, "cocks are free with horses' corn," and we respect old proverbs almost as much as good old airs, still we cannot allow our love for the one to cause us to withhold the other, especially when we have it in our power, as in this case, to bring a beauty within the reach of our friends. This air has a Gaelic twang about it, and is surpassingly beautiful. We know nothing of its age or the circumstance which gave it birth; but we have no hesitation in saying that it will amply repay the trouble of careful study, and is well worthy of preservation.

ON CHURCH MUSIC.

A letter to the Rev. Dr. White, from the works of Francis Hopkinson, Esq., of Pennsylvania, published in Philadelphia, 1791-2.

I am one of those who take great delight in sacred music, and think, with Royal David, that heart, voice, and instrument should unite in adoration of the Supreme.

A soul truly touched with love and gratitude, or under the influence of penitential sorrow, will unavoidably break forth in expressions suited to its feelings. In order that these emanations of the mind may be conducted with uniformity and becoming propriety, our church hath adopted into her liturgy the book of Psalms, commonly called *David's Psalms*, which contain a great variety of addresses to the Deity, adapted to almost every state and temperature of a devout heart, and expressed in terms always proper, and often sublime.

To give wings, as it were, to this holy zeal, and heighten the harmony of the soul, *organs* have been introduced into the churches. The application of instrumental music to the purposes of piety is well known to be of very ancient date; indeed, originally, it was thought that music ought not to be applied to any other purpose. Modern improvements, however, have discovered that it may be made expres-

sive in every passion of the mind, and become an incitement to levity as well as sanctity.

Unless the real design for which an organ is placed in a church be constantly kept in view, nothing is more likely to happen than an abuse of this noble instrument, so as to render it rather an obstruction to, than an assistant in, the good purpose for which the hearers have assembled.

Give me leave, sir, to suggest a few rules for the conduct of an organ in a place of worship, according to my ideas of propriety.

1st. The organist should always keep in mind, that neither the time nor the place is suitable for exhibiting all his powers of execution; and that the congregation have not assembled to be entertained with his performance. The excellence of an organist consists in his making the instrument subservient and conducive to the purposes of devotion. None but a master can do this. An ordinary performer may play surprising tricks, and show great dexterity in running through difficult passages, which he hath subdued by dint of previous labour and practice. But he must have judgment and taste who can call forth the powers of the instrument, and apply them with propriety and effect to the seriousness of the occasion.

2d. The voluntary, previous to reading the lessons, was probably designed to fill up a solemn

pause in the service, during which the clergyman takes a few minutes respite, in a duty too lengthy, perhaps, to be continued without fatigue, unless some intermission be allowed; then, the organ hath its part alone, and the organist an opportunity of showing his power over the instrument. This, however, should be done with great discretion and dignity, avoiding every thing light and trivial; but rather endeavouring to compose the minds of the audience, and strengthen the tendency of the heart in those devout exercises in which, it should be presumed, the congregation are now engaged. All sudden jerks, strong contrasts of *piano* and *forte*, rapid execution, and expressions of tumult, should be avoided. The voluntary should proceed with great chastity and decorum; the organist keeping in mind that his hearers are now in the midst of divine service. The full organ should seldom be used on this occasion, nor should the voluntary last more than *five minutes* of time. Some relaxation, however, of this rule may be allowed on festivals and grand occasions.

3d. The *chants* form a pleasing and animating part of the service, but it should be considered that they are not songs or tunes, but a species of *recitative*, which is no more than speaking musically; therefore, as melody or song is out of the question, it is necessary that the harmony should be complete, otherwise *chanting*, with all the voices in unison, is too light and thin for the solemnity of the occasion. There should at least be half-a-dozen voices in the organ gallery, to fill the harmony with bass and treble parts, and give a dignity to the performance. Melody may be frivolous; harmony, never.

4th. The prelude which the organ plays immediately after the psalm is given out, was intended to advertise the congregation of the psalm tune which is going to be sung; but some famous organist, in order to show how much he could make of a little, has introduced the custom of running so many divisions upon the simple melody of a psalm tune, that the original purpose of this prelude is now totally defeated, and the tune so disguised by the fantastical flourishes of the dexterous performer, that not an individual in the congregation can possibly guess the tune intended until the clerk has sung through the first line of the psalm. And it is constantly observable, that the full congregation never join in the psalm before the second or third line, for want of that information which the organ should have given. The tune should be distinctly given out by the instrument, with only a few chaste and expressive decorations, such as none but a master can give.

5th. The interludes between the verses of the psalm were designed to give the singers a little pause, not only to take breath, but also an opportunity for a short retrospect of the words they have sung, in which the organ ought to assist their reflections. For this purpose the organist should be previously informed by the clerk of the verses to be sung, that he may modulate his interludes according to the subject.

To place this in a strong point of view, no stronger, however, than what I have too frequently observed to happen; suppose the congregation to have sung the first verse of the thirty-third Psalm,

Let all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

How dissonant would it be for the organist to play a pathetic interlude in a flat third, with the slender and distant tones of the echo organ, or the deep and smothered sounds of the single diapason stop?

Or suppose again, that the words sang have been the sixth verse of the sixth Psalm,

Quite tired with pain, with groaning faint,
No hope or ease I see,
The night that quiets common griefs,
Is spent in tears by me.

How monstrously absurd would it be to hear these words of distress succeeded by an interlude selected from the *bag end* of some thundering fugue in a full organ, and spun out to a most unreasonable length? Or, what is still worse, by some trivial melody with a rhythm so strongly marked as to set all the congregation to beating time with their feet or heads? even those who may be impressed with the feelings such words should occasion, or in the least disposed for melancholy, must be shocked at so gross an impropriety.

The interludes should not be continued above sixteen bars in *triple*, or ten bars in *common* time, and should always be adapted to the verse sung; and herein the organist hath a fine opportunity of showing his sensibility, and displaying his taste and skill.

6th. The voluntary after service was never intended to eradicate every serious idea which the sermon may have inculcated. It should rather be expressive of that cheerful satisfaction which a good heart feels under a sense of duty performed. It should bear, if possible, some analogy with the discourse delivered from the pulpit; at least, it should not be totally dissonant from it. If the preacher has had for his subject, penitence for sin, the frailty and uncertainty of human life, or the evils incident to mortality, the voluntary may be somewhat more cheerful than the tenor of such a sermon might in strictness suggest; but by no means so full and free as a discourse on praise, thanksgiving, and joy, would authorise.

In general the organ should ever preserve its dignity, and upon no account issue light and pointed movements, which may draw the attention of the congregation, and induce them to carry home, not the serious sentiments which the service should impress, but some very pretty air with which the organist hath been so good as to entertain them. It is as offensive to hear lilt and jigs from a church organ, as it would be to see a venerable matron frisking through the public street with all the fantastic airs of a *Columbine*.

THE BUNDLE OF STICKS.

Every one, we presume, is acquainted with the little instrument called "the Harmonica," the tone of which is produced by piano-forte hammers striking upon slips of glass. A Monsieur Sankson performs in like manner with two small sticks, of the length and dimensions of a lead pencil, striking upon a number of simple pieces of deal, and elicits from them a tone almost as brilliant as the well-known musical snuff-boxes. The pieces consist of three octaves connected together by a string, and laid upon a table, elevated upon small bundles of straw. The invention is by no means a novel one; for many years ago, in the first exhibition of curiosities at the Egyptian Hall in Picadilly, we remember seeing an imperfect instrument of the same con-

struction, which was brought from one of the South Sea Islands, and under each key was suspended a cocoa-nut shell to act as a sounding board. If, however, there be not any novelty in the invention, M. Sankson will excite no common surprise in the listener to his performance, for he plays several waltzes and polonaises with astonishing rapidity and brilliancy of execution.—*Musical World*, 1836.

THE MERRY HEART.

I would not from the wise require
The lumber of their learned lore;
Nor would I from the rich desire
A single counter of their store.
For I have ease, and I have health,
And I have spirits—light as air;
And more than wisdom, more than wealth,
A merry heart, that laughs at care.

Like other mortals of my kind,
I've struggled for dame Fortune's favour;
And sometimes have been half inclined
To rate her for her ill behaviour.
But life was short—I thought it folly
To lose its moments in despair;
So slipp'd aside from melancholy,
With merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

And once, 'tis true, two witching eyes
Surprised me in a luckless season;
Turn'd all my mirth to lonely sighs,
And quite subdued my better reason.
Yet 'twas but love could make me grieve,
And love, you know's a reason fair;
And much improved, as I believe,
The merry heart, that laugh'd at care.

So now from idle wishes clear,
I make the good I may not find;
Adown the stream I gently steer,
And shift my sail with every wind.
And half by nature, half by reason,
Can still with pliant heart prepare
The mind, attuned to every season,
The merry heart, that laughs at care.

Yet, wrap me in your sweetest dream,
Ye social feelings of the mind;
Give, sometimes give, your sunny gleam,
And let the rest good humour find.
Yes; let me hail and welcome give
To every joy my lot may share;
And pleased and pleasing let me live
With merry heart, that laughs at care.

Harry Hart Milman, born at London, 1791.

THE BARDS OF IRELAND.

Ireland is doubtless preparing to rouse herself from the lethargy of ages, and to snap asunder the bonds which have hitherto bound her. A voice is issuing from within the neglected halls of her literature, which seems to say to her intellect and her genius, "Sleep no more!" Ere long, we trust, she will hold up her head among the nations, and bear away the prize in the strife of generous emulation.

The ancient Irish possessed ample stores in their native language, capable of captivating the fancy, enlarging the understanding, and improving the heart. Our country, from an early period, was fa-

mous for the cultivation of the kindred arts of poetry and music. Lugaid, the son of Ith, is called in old writings, "the first poet of Ireland," and there still remains, after a lapse of three thousand years, fragments of his poetry. After him, but before the Christian era, flourished Roynne File, or the poetic, and Ferceirte, a bard and herald. Lugar and Congal lived about the time of our REDEEMER, and many of their works are extant. The *Dinn Seanchas*, or history of noted places in Ireland, compiled by Amergin Mac Amalgaid, in the year 544, relates that in the time of Geide, monarch of Ireland, "the people deemed each others voices sweeter than the warblings of the melodious harp, such peace and concord reigned amongst them, that no music could delight them more than the sound of each others voice; *Temur* (*Tarah*) was so called from its celebrity for melody above the palaces of the world. *Tea*, or *Te*, signifying melody or sweet music, and *mur*, a wall; *Te-mur*, the wall of music." This extract contains the earliest allusion to the harp, which Mr. Hardiman has met with. There is an ancient Gaelic poem, which used to be sung in the Highlands of Scotland, in which the poet addresses a very old harp, and asks what has become of its former lustre. The harp replies, that it belonged to a *king of Ireland*, and had been present at a royal banquet; and had afterwards been in the possession of Dargo, son of the druid of Baal—of Gaul—of Filan, &c. Such are a few facts regarding the Bards of Ireland before the inhabitants were converted to the profession of the Christian faith.

The introduction of Christianity gave a new and more exalted direction to the powers of poetry. Among the numerous bards who dedicated their talents to the praises of the DEITY, the most distinguished are Feich, the bishop; Amergin; Cinfaela, the learned, who revised the *Uraicept*, or "Primer of the Bards," preserved in the Book of Ballinote, and in the library of Trinity College, Dublin; and many others, the mention of whose names might be tedious. Passing by many illustrious bards, whose poetic fragments are still preserved, we may mention Mae Liag, secretary and biographer of the famous monarch, Brian Boro, and whose poems on the death of his royal master are given in Mr. Hardiman's "Irish Minstrelsy."

For two centuries after the invasion of Henry II. the voice of the muse was but feebly heard in Ireland. The bards fell with their country, and like the captive Israelites hung their untuned harps on the willows. They might exclaim, with the Royal Psalmist,

"Now while our harps were hanged soe,
The men, whose captives then we lay,
Did on our griefs insulting goe,
And more to grieve us thus did say,
You that of musike make such show,
Come sing us now a Sion lay;
Oh no, we have nor voice nor hand,
For such a song, in such a land!"

But the spirit of patriotism at length aroused the bards from their slumbers, and many men of genius started up throughout Ireland. A splendid list of names could be given, but mere names would not interest the reader. In fact, the language itself is so adapted for poetry, that it may almost be said to make poets. Its pathetic powers have been long celebrated. "If you plead for your life, plead in Irish," is a well known adage.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

FAR, FAR AT SEA.

C. H. Florio.

Slow. *Sym.*

'Twas at night when the bell had toll'd twelve, And poor Su-san was
laid on her pil-low, In her ear whisper'd some flit-ting elve, Your
love is now tess'd on a bil-low, In her ear whisper'd some flit-ting
elve, Your love is now tess'd on a bil-low, far, far at sea.

All was dark as she woke out of breath,
Not an object her fears could discover,
All was still as the silence of death,
Save fancy which painted her lover
Far, far at sea.

So she whisper'd a prayer, clos'd her eyes,
But the phantom still haunted her pillow,
Whilst in terror she echoed his cries,
As struggling he sunk in a billow.
Far, far at sea.

MUSIC OF ITALY.

The liking for this art, and fine musical organization, are indeed general; but the result is not at all what those who have not seen Italy are accustomed to believe. The music of the lower classes is of two kinds. That which can alone be considered as their own property has its seat among the peasantry, and scarcely approaches the towns, except in the airs which are played to some of the popular dances, like the tarantella of Naples and the Roman saltarella. This national music may have interest for the antiquaries of the science, who try to recognize in it the ancient scales; or it may have charms for those connoisseurs whose taste is peculiarly edu-

cated; but for the common ear it is as unattractive as it is unvaried. A few airs have indeed been collected, particularly about Venice and Naples, which possess a wild originality; still the general character is very little superior to the nasal chant with which the shepherds in the Campagna of Rome imitate successfully the harshest sounds emitted by their favourite instrument the Calabrian bagpipe. The second kind of popular music is found in the towns, where we often hear excellent singing in parts, still oftener vocal solos skilfully performed, and occasionally serenades with the guitar, which acquire an additional interest from their romantic associations. But every thing in these performances is borrowed.

The airs are usually those of the favourite operas; and the performers with their own national readiness, have learned them in the theatres, or by listening at the windows of houses in which concerts are given.

Italian music, then, is the fruit of artificial cultivation, and its office is to minister to the amusement of the aristocracy. The opera, or musical drama, is its great field; and in all the capitals except Rome, the government in different ways contributes to the support of the chief operatic company. This indeed is distinctively the drama of Italy; it is even considered as exclusively the poetical drama, for in ordinary talk, and in the playbills, a play without music is described as *prosa*.

The immense theatres of the Scala at Milan, and the San Carlo at Naples, which are the largest and finest houses, are also the most celebrated for their exhibitions. The performers may be said to sing for the pit; since the fashionable audience in the boxes resort to the place as a lounge and place of rendezvous, and the conversation of such parties produces a hum which makes it difficult to hear the music, and is interrupted only by the commencement of a favourite air or of the ballet. The preparations for the stage are suited to this careless reception; for not unfrequently two or three operas make up the whole variety during a season.—*Spalding's Italy and the Italian Islands.*

BREATHE SOFT YE WINDS.

Andante affettuoso.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Wm. Paxton.

p *cres.*

Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow, Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs

p

Breathe soft ye winds, ye waters gently flow, Shield her ye trees, ye flow'rs

p

- - - around her grow, Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by, My love in

- - - around her grow, Ye swains, I beg you, pass in silence by, My love in

dim. *cres.* *f* *dim.*

yonder vale - - a - sleep doth lie, my love in yonder vale - a - sleep doth lie.

yonder vale - - a - sleep doth lie, my love in yonder vale - a - sleep doth lie.

BIRDS IN SUMMER.

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Flitting about in each leafy tree ;
In the leafy trees so broad and tall,
Like a green and beautiful palace hall,
With its airy chambers, light and boon,
That open to sun, and stars, and moon ;
That open unto the bright blue sky,
And the frolicsome winds as they wander by.

They have left their nests in the forest bough,
Those homes of delight they need not now ;
And the young and the old they wander out,
And traverse the green wood round about :
And hark ! at the top of this leafy hall
How one to the other they loving call :
"Come up, come up !" they seem to say,
"Where the topmost twigs in the breezes sway !"

"Come up, come up, for the world is fair,
Where merry leaves dance in the summer air ;"
And the birds below give back the cry,
"We come, we come, to the branches high !"
How pleasant the life of the birds must be,
Living in love in a leafy tree,
And away through the air what joy to go,
And to look on the green, bright earth below

How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Skimming about on the breezy sea,
Cresting the billows like silvery foam,
And then wheeling away to its cliff-built home !
What joy it must be, to sail, upborne
By a strong, free wing, through the rosy morn,
To meet the young sun face to face,
And pierce, like a shaft, through boundless space.

To pass through the bowers of the silver cloud,
And to sing in the thunder halls aloud ;
To spread out the wings for a wild, free flight !
With the upper cloud-wings—oh, what delight !
Oh what would I give, like a bird, to go,
Right on through the arch of the sun-lit bow,
And to see how the water drops are kissed
Into green, and yellow, and amethyst !

How pleasant the life of a bird must be !
Wherever it listeth, there to flee ;
To go when a joyful fancy calls,
Dashing down 'mong the waterfalls,
Then wheeling about with its mates to play,
Above, and below, and among the spray,
Hither and thither, with screams as wild
As the laughing mirth of a rosy child !

What joy it must be, like a living breeze,
To flutter about 'mong the flowering trees ;
Lightly to soar, and to see beneath
The wastes of the blossoming purple heath,
And the yellow farze, like a field of gold,
That gladden some fairy region old ;
On mountain tops, on the billowy sea,
On the leafy stems of the forest tree,
How pleasant the life of a bird must be.

Anon.

MOZART AND CIMAROSA.

As some of the Parisian musicians and amateurs placed Mozart and Cimarosa, as composers, in the same rank of merit, while others denied their equality, the Emperor Napoleon one day asked Gretry, what was the real difference between them ;

when the discerning musician replied ; "Sire, the difference between them is this ; Cimarosa places the statue upon the stage, and the pedestal in the orchestra ; instead of which, Mozart places the statue in the orchestra, and the pedestal on the stage ;" meaning, that Cimarosa depended for the effect he wanted more on his melodies than on his accompaniments ; while Mozart trusted more to his accompaniments than to his melodies.

THE BEST TEST OF GENIUS.

Baumgarten, the profound musical theorist, while speaking of the incessant fluctuations of musical taste, justly observed, that the strongest possible test of genius, in some of the old compositions, is their surviving the age in which they were produced, and becoming the admiration of future masters. Handel's music has received this honour in a more eminent degree than even our own divine Purcell. By Boyce and Battishill the memory of the great German was adored ; Mozart was enthusiastic in his praise ; Haydn could not listen to his "Messiah" without weeping ; and Beethoven has been heard to declare, that, were he ever to come to England, he should uncover his head, and kneel down at his tomb. This goes to prove that Handel, like Shakspeare, was born for all ages, and, in despite of the versatility of taste, will ever be modern.

MISERIES OF MUSICAL LIFE.

GROAN FIRST (DILETTANTE).

Going to the King's (her Majesty's) Theatre, on seeing a tempting bill of fare—"Il Don Giovanni," "Il Matrimonio Segretto," &c., and complacently hugging yourself upon having actually secured a seat on the second row, notwithstanding your having battled your way through a host of minacious elbows, to the eminent discomfiture of your intercostal muscles ; suddenly finding the opera changed, (owing to the indisposition of the prima donna—videlicet, a non-payment of salary) and "Olivo de Pasquale," or "La Donna del Lago," or something equally hacked, performed by hacks, put up as a substitute. N.B. You have in the liberality of your joyous anticipation just spent two shillings on a book of the expected opera ; and are, moreover, lumbered with a score of said "Don Giovanni," or "Matrimonio." Mem. Thermometer 75 at sunset.

GROAN SECOND (PROFESSOR).

Pshaw ! don't tell me of the dilettante's miseries ; they are "trifles light as air," compared with the grievances of the professor. Think of this !—Just as you have commenced the cadence to your solo—an original, tasteful, and peculiarly original one (at all events in your own estimation)—which comprises some minutely piano passages ; just in the middle of one of these to find that the remainder of the words have been printed on the second page of the programme, so that the whole audience are simultaneously employed in turning over the leaf, thereby making the room one rustle and flutter.

GROAN THIRD (DILETTANTE).

Straining all your faculties to catch the low sweet notes of Cinti Damoreau (who never yells like a savage), and finding that you receive her passages only by instalments, owing to the barking of a fellow in your rear, with a cough like Polyphemus. N.B. The audience jammed together as though packed by contract.—*Musical World.*

T W E E D S I D E .

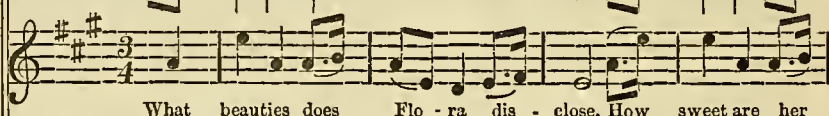
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Joseph Corfe.

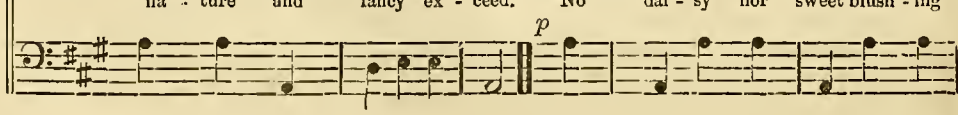
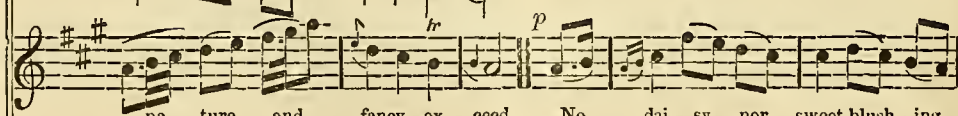
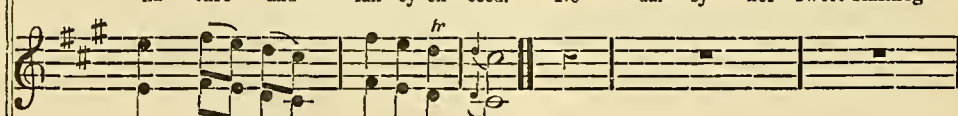
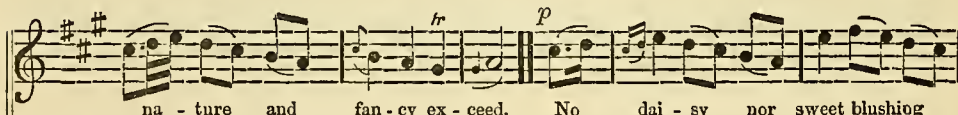
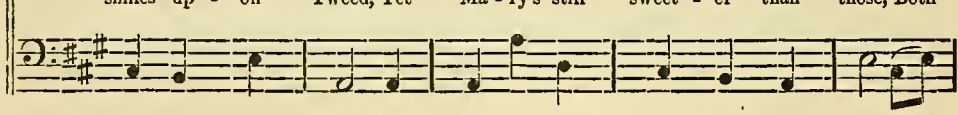
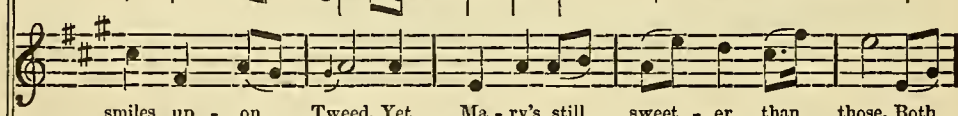
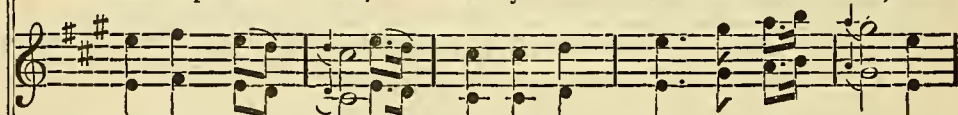
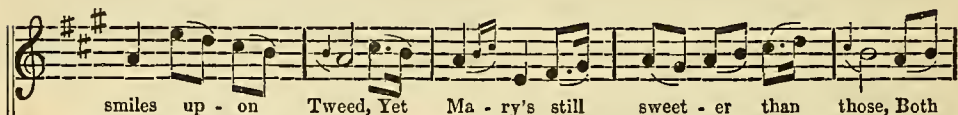
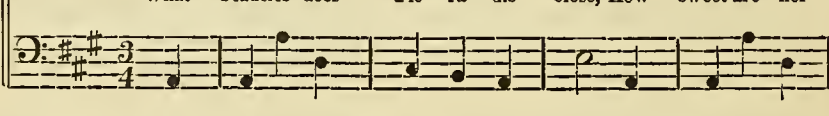
SOPRANO.

ALTO, or 2d
SOPRANO.

TENOR.



BASS.



rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Not Tweed glid - ing

rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Not Tweed glid - ing

mez f *p* *p*

gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and plea - sure does yield.

gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and plea - sure does yield.

f *f* *f* *tr* *tr* *tr*

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her may compare,
Love's graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are fair.

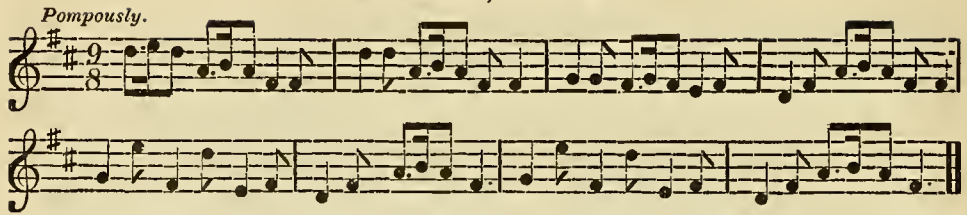
Say, charmer, where do thy flocks stray,
Oh tell me at noon where they feed;
Shall I seek them on sweet winding Tay,
Or the pleasanter banks of the Tweed.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 15.—RATTLING ROARING WILLIE.

Sprightly.

No. 16.—HEY, CA' THRO'.



No. 15.—Rattling Roaring Willie is a chieftain of some mark and likelihood. His bacchanalian merriment, this was long before the advent of Father Matthew, may be found chronicled at length in an old song of considerable merit. We have

seen another sett of this air, and if we can lay hands on it may give it a place at a future opportunity.

No. 16.—This air is from our manuscript store of 1778, and is there called a "Fife Boat Song."

MYSTERIOUS MUSIC.

Soon after my arrival at the Cape I was employed at some ornamental work in the church of the Paarl, a very healthy and pleasant village situated about forty miles from Cape Town, the inhabitants of which devote themselves to the cultivation of the vine, and a variety of table fruits, for which they find a ready market. The village itself lies scattered between two ranges of mountains of no great elevation, but affording shelter and prey to the jackals and wolves of the country, whose howlings and night revels, immediately succeeding the lusty croaking of the frogs and the chirping of the Cape cricket, on an otherwise still and beautiful evening, are anything but "sweet music" to the new comers, such as I was. Close application to my business did not allow me, independent of my ignorance of the language, to make much acquaintance, that being confined to the men employed about the church—some of whom were *Africandos*, and a few young Irish lads, settlers, apprenticed to the master carpenter, who, being accustomed to slaves and slavery, had no very correct notion of any intermediate state between the slave and the freeman, and therefore his apprentices were treated with great severity (to my thinking), stinted as well in their coarse food, as in their *leather* clothing, and being absolute strangers to a bed. Can it be wondered then that they left their lodgings (a barn), to prowl amongst the vineyards and fruiteries at night to appease their hunger—and that their adventures as related to me should partake somewhat of the marvellous. A superstitious belief in the existence of ghosts seemed, however, to have the greatest terror over them, for all, without exception, believed in supernatural appearances, and that the Paarl, of all places, was the most haunted village in the universe. Seeing the utter friendlessness of these youths, and for want of other society, with which I could converse, listening to their conversation, sympathising in their loneliness, and sometimes administering to their wants in the shape of scraps of food or a glass of wine, I had some opportunity for offering disinterested advice, reproof, or instruction, as circumstances required; and it was generally well received; but on the subject of ghosts, all of them having seen them frequently, according to their account, I found great difficulty either in believing myself, or convincing them of the absurdity of such a belief. As a proof of their faith, one of them told

me, and all the rest very gravely affirmed, that the organ of the church where we were then at work, was heard very frequently to play, or be played upon, long after all the doors and gates were locked at night, and the quiet villagers had retired to rest—no person having any chance of surreptitious admission—nor had any one, native or otherwise, any knowledge how these wonderful doings were brought about. But so they were; and I was destined ere long to have convincing proof that ghosts are musical.

However incredulous I might be, I was anxious to appear open to conviction, and therefore begged as a favour that they would inform me the next time the music was heard. The time of waiting was not long, for on the next evening three or four of the young fellows came stealthily to my room, and in half-whispers told me the organ was playing! Going to the door, I could distinctly hear the sacred peals swelling harmoniously through the stillness of the evening, which was somewhat advanced—and although awestruck at the circumstance, immediately proposed a nearer approach to the sacred edifice, which was consented to with considerable reluctance; and indeed, I had myself some misgivings as we approached the gate through which the church-yard was to be entered—I looked at my companions straggling cautiously behind, then listened for the fresh sounds, as they broke on the ear in a new and more awful peal.

Shame only impelled me forward; we entered the gate; a certain chilliness came over me as with difficulty I kept my hat on my head. Drawing near to the church, the sound began apparently to move, and as we got near the front, or principal door, the music seemed to recede as we advanced; rather inspired by this, we proceeded in the same direction, which led us towards a part of the church-yard overlooking the road, from which a furze-bank rose abruptly; here the sounds were much more distinct and harmonious *but the church was behind us in a direct line to our dwelling*; here, then, the dreadful discovery was to be made—looking over the wall we beheld, sitting very comfortably, a couple of Hottentots, playing, as was their usual practice, the sacred tunes on their calabash fiddles!

One of the wonders of the south-west is the mysterious music at West Pascagonla. A correspondent of the *Baltimore Republican* who examined

it attentively, thus takes the mantle of romance from it.

"During several of my voyages on the Spanish main, in the neighbourhood of Baragua and San Juan de Nicheragua, from the nature of the coast we were compelled to anchor, at a considerable distance from the shore; and every evening, from dusk to late at night, our ears were delighted with Æolian music that could be heard beneath the counter of our schooner. At first I thought it was the sea breeze sweeping through the strings of my violin, the bridge of which I had inadvertently left standing, but after examination, found it was not so. I then placed my ear on the rail of the vessel when I was continually charmed with the most heavenly strains that ever fell upon my ear. They did not sound as close to us, but were sweet and mellow, and aerial; like the soft breathings of a thousand lutes, touched by the soft fingers of the deep sea nymphs, at an immense distance. To the lone mariner, far from home and kindred, at the still hour of twilight, the notes were soothing, but melancholy.

"Although I have considerable 'music in my soul,' one night I became tired, and determined to fish. My luck in half an hour was astonishing—I had half filled my bucket with the finest white cat fish I ever saw—and it being late and the cook asleep, and the moon shining, I filled my bucket with water, and took fish and all into my cabin for the night.

"I had not yet fallen asleep, when the same sweet notes fell upon my ear, and getting up, what was my surprise to find my cat-fish 'discoursing sweet sounds' to the side of my bucket.

"I examined them closely, and discovered that there was attached to each lower lip an excrescence, divided by soft wiry fibres, and by the pressure of the upper lip thereon, and by the exhalation and discharge of breath, a vibration was created similar to that produced by the breath on the tongue of the jews-harp."

It seems to have been at length ascertained that the fairy music at Pascagoula is a fish story. If so, it is a capital one, has had a longer run, and required more wit to find it out than even the great moon hoax. Symmes, the novelist, wrote a poem of five hundred lines about it. The sound is exceedingly singular and pleasing at any rate, and it is a pity to tear away the pretty romance attached to it of old.—*N. O. Picayune.*

GREGORIO ALLEGRI.

This composer was born at Rome, in 1590, and died there in 1663. He was a singer in the papal chapel, and is considered even still, in Italy, one of the most excellent composers of his age. He was a scholar of Nanini. His *Miserere*, one of the most sublime and delightful works of human art, has particularly distinguished him. It is even now sung yearly, during Passion week, in the Sistine chapel at Rome. This composition was at one time esteemed so holy, that whoever ventured to transcribe it was liable to excommunication. Mozart disregarded this prohibition, and, after two hearings, made a correct copy of the original. It was engraved and published in London in 1771, and it appeared in 1810 at Paris, in the *Collection des Classiques*. In 1773, the king of England obtained a copy, as a present from the Pope himself. According to the opinion of Baini, now or lately the

leader of the choir, *maestro della cappella* in the Pope's chapel, the *Miserere* of Allegri was not composed for all the voices, but only the bass of the eighteenth or twenty-first parts; all the rest is the addition of successive singers. But in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the existing manner of singing it was established as a standard at Rome by the orders of the then reigning Pope. A full score of it has never existed.—*Biographie Universelle.*

THE ORGAN AT FRIEDBURG, SWITZERLAND.

This organ is a wonderful instrument, as it can be made to imitate all other instruments, and the *human voice*. It has been built only about six or eight years. It has four rows of keys, and sixty-eight registers, which do not draw out as is common, but slide to the right and left. The case is very beautiful, of black walnut, very tastefully and richly ornamented with carved and gilt work. The varied powers of the Friedburg organ have been thus described by Mr. L. Mason, an American musical professor, in a communication to the *Musical World*:—"The organist took his seat, opened the full organ, all the keys being coupled, and commenced by playing an introduction and fugue by John Sebastian Bach. After this he played an orchestra piece, in the manner of an overture, in which the various powers of the instrument were made to appear to admirable advantage. The flute, oboe, horns, violins, &c., all being heard in their turn, and all blending in the richest harmony in the *tutti* passages. The third piece was in the military style;—a fine representation of a military band, in which clarionets, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, &c., are in the hands of the most perfect masters of those instruments. But to the fourth piece. This was a motetto by Haydn;—a *vocal piece*. The moment the introductory symphony commenced, the peculiar style of the imitable composer was obvious. It seemed almost a pity that such a piece of music, requiring voices, should have been selected for the organ, and especially as a piece designed to exhibit the powers of the instrument. But when the prelude was drawing to a close, and the organist came to the vocal passage, what was my astonishment to hear a choir, as it appeared, commence and sing. It was distinct from the organ, which all the while played the accompaniment. The voices were heard, distinctly heard, and it seemed as if there could be no mistake. No one was in the organ-loft but the organist and myself—I looked around for the choir—removed from one position to another, and endeavoured to ascertain whence proceeded the vocal sounds but in vain! I repeatedly moved from side to side, and listened in every position, not being willing to believe, what at last proved to be true, that the sounds I heard were instrumental only and not vocal. At the conclusion of the vocal passage the organ was again heard alone in the symphony, and at the close of this the vocal parts were resumed again: sometimes in solo or duet, trebles and altos, responding tenors and basses, or *vice versa*, in figurative, fugato, and plain counterpoint. Still I could hardly be satisfied that there was not deception,—that there were not voices concealed in or behind the instrument. But the organist having concluded the piece, left the organ, and gave opportunity for others to touch the keys: When I found myself produce the same quality of tone, all my in-

fidelity ceased, and I believed that it is possible for an organ to be made so exactly to imitate the human voice that the difference cannot be easily distinguished. The tremulous tones, as heard in the Catholic chanting, are admirably imitated. The organ was built by Moser, now about seventy-five years of age. I was told that the king of France lately applied to him to build a similar one, but he declined, saying he was too old to build another, and he wished his own city to possess the only instrument of the kind in the world. No one allowed to see the organ's interior."

AWAY WITH MELANCHOLY.

DUET.

*Andante.**Mozart.*

A - way with melan - choly, Nor doleful changes ring On life and human
fol - ly, But mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing fal la. Come on ye ro - sy hours, Gay
emiling moments bring, We'll strew the way with flow'rs, And mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly
sing fal - la, For what's the use of sighing, When time is on the wing, Can
we pre - vent his fly - ing, Then mer - ri - ly mer - ri - ly sing fal la.

O! DINNA ASK ME GIN I LO'E YE.

*Moderately slow with feeling.**Air, "Comin' thro' the rye."*

O din-na ask me gin I lo'e ye, Troth I daurna tell, Din-na ask me

P. F. accomp.

gin I lo'e ye, Ask it o' your-sel, O din-na look sae sair at me, For

weel ye ken me tru, An' gin ye look sae sair at me, I daurna look at you.

An' when ye gang to yon braw town,
And bonnier lassies see,
O dinna, Jamie, look at them,
Lest ye should mind na tue.

For I could never bide the lass
That ye lo'ed mair than me;
And O I'm sure my heart would break,
Gin ye'd prove fause to me.

HOW ROSSINI'S OPERA OF "OTELLO" WAS COMPOSED.

[The following graphic sketch of the circumstances under which this celebrated opera was produced—the artist's whimsical engagement with Barbaja—and the still more whimsical manner in which it was fulfilled—is from the pen of Alexandre Dumas. It is translated from the feuilleton of the *Estafette*, a Paris paper.]

Rossini had arrived in Naples, preceded by a great reputation. The first person whom he met on alighting from the carriage was, as may well be supposed, the Impresario (manager) of the great theatre, San Carlo. Barbaja went up to him with open arms and heart, and without giving him time to make one step, or speak one word, said to him,

"I come to make you three offers, and I hope you will not refuse me any of them."

"I listen," replied Rossini with his usual delicate smile.

"I offer thee my hotel for thee and thy people."

"I accept."

"I offer thee my table for thee and thy friends."

"I accept."

"My third offer is, that thou shalt write an opera for me and my theatre."

"I do not accept."

"How! you will not work for me?"

"Neither for you nor anybody. I compose no more music."

"Thou art foolish, my friend."

"It is as I have the honour to tell you."

"And what dost thou come to Naples for?"

"I come to eat macaroni and take ices; it is my humour."

"I shall cause my limonadier, who is the best in the Toledo, to make ices for you, and I myself shall make you macaroni which shall astonish you."

"The devil! that is becoming serious."

"But thou wilt give me an opera in exchange?"

"We shall see."

"Take one, or two, or six months, whatever time thou desirest."

"Well, six months."

"It is agreed."

"Let us to supper."

From that evening the house of Barbaja was placed at the disposal of Rossini; the proprietor was completely eclipsed, and the celebrated composer regarded himself as being at home there in the strictest acceptance of the word. All the friends, and even the most distant acquaintances whom he encountered in walking, were invited without ceremony to the table of Barbaja, of which Rossini did the honours with perfect coolness. Sometimes he complained that he had not found enough of friends to invite to the entertainments of his host; when he was only able to assemble twelve or fifteen, he considered it a bad day!

As for Barbaja, faithful to the post of cook, which he had imposed upon himself, he invented every day new dishes, emptied the oldest hottles in his cellar, and feasted all the strangers whom it pleased Rossini to bring to him, as if they had been the best friends of his father. Only, towards the end of a repast, with an easy air, infinite address, and a smile upon his lips, he would insinuate, between the cheese and the dessert, a few words on the opera which he was allowed to promise himself, and on the brilliant success which could not fail to attend it. But whatever delicacy of phrase was employed by the honest Impresario, to recall to his guest the debt he had contracted, these few words, as they fell from his lips, produced on the composer the same effect as the three terrible words at the feast of Balthazar. Barbaja, whose presence had been tolerated till now, was in consequence of them, politely requested by Rossini to appear no more at the dessert.

In the meantime, months rolled away; the *Libretto* (words of the opera) had been long finished, and nothing yet announced that the composer had thought of setting to work. To dinners succeeded promenades, to promenades country excursions; hunting, fishing, riding, occupied the time of the great master; but there was no sign of sharp or flat, major or minor. Barbaja was agitated twenty times a-day by feelings of rage, nervous spasms, an impulse almost irresistible to break out. He restrained himself, however, for nobody had greater faith than he in the incomparable genius of Rossini. For five long months he kept silence with most exemplary resignation. But on the morning of the first day of the sixth month, thinking it vain to lose more time, or keep measures longer, he took the great musician aside, and began the following conversation:—

"Ah! my friend, knowest thou that there wants no more than twenty-nine days of the fixed epoch?"

"What epoch?" said Rossini, with the amazement of a man who had been mistaken for another, and asked a question to him incomprehensible.

"The thirtieth of May."

"The thirtieth of May!"—again the same sign of astonishment.

"Hast thou not promised me a new opera which is to be played that day?"

"Ah! I did promise!"

"It is unnecessary to pretend astonishment," cried the Impresario, whose patience was exhausted, "I have born the delay to the utmost, reckoning on thy genius and the extreme facility of working which God has given thee. Now it is im-

possible for me to wait longer; I must have my opera."

"Could not one re-arrange some old opera, changing the name?"

"Dost thou think so? And the actors who are engaged to play in a new opera?"

"You can fine them."

"And the public?"

"You can shut the theatre."

"And the King?"

"You can tender your resignation."

"All that is so far true; but neither the actors, the public, nor the King himself, can force me to break my promise. I have given my word, Sir, and Dominic Barbaja has never failed in his word of honour."

"That, to be sure, alters the case."

"Well, promise me to begin to-morrow."

"To-morrow! it is impossible. I have a fishing-party to Fusaro."

"Good," said Barbaja, thrusting his hands into his pockets, "we talk no more of it; I shall see what step there remains for me to take." And he withdrew without adding a word.

That evening Rossini supped heartily, and did honour to the table of the Impresario, like a man who had completely forgotten the discussion of the morning. When retiring, he ordered his servant to awake him at day-break, and to have a boat in readiness for Fusaro. After that, he slept the sleep of the just.

On the morrow, the hour of noon had sounded from the five hundred clocks in which the town of Naples rejoices, and the servant of Rossini had not yet ascended to his master; the sun darted his rays through the Persiennes. Rossini started out of his sleep, sat up, rubbed his eyes, then rang the bell; the cord remained in his hand.

He called from the window which opened upon the court: the palace remained mute as a seraglio.

He shook the door of his chamber, the door resisted his assaults: *it was built up on the outside.*

Then returning to the window he shouted—"Help! Treason! Murder!" He had not even the consolation to find that echo replied to his complaints; the house of Barbaja was the deafest in the world.

There remained to him only one resource, this was to leap from the fourth storey; but it must be said, to the praise of Rossini's discretion, that this idea did not occur to him.

At the end of an hour Barbaja showed his cotton cap at a window of the third flat. Rossini, who had not quitted his window, had a great wish to throw a tile at him, but he contented himself by loading him with imprecations.

"Do you want anything?" asked the Impresario with a tone of indifference.

"Let me out this instant."

"You shall get out when your opera is finished."

"What! shut me up by force."

"By force if you will have it, but I must have my opera."

"I shall proclaim it to all the actors, and we shall see what will follow."

"I will fine them," said Barbaja.

"I shall inform the public of it."

"I will shut the theatre."

"I shall go even to the King."

"I will give in my resignation."

Rossini perceived that he was taken in his own snares. So, like a man of sense changing at once

his tone and manner, he said with a calm voice—"I take your joke in good part, but may I know when I shall be at liberty?"

"When the last scene of the opera shall be sent me," replied Barbaja, lifting his cap.

"Good; send this evening for the overture."

That evening Barbaja received punctually a copy-book of music, on which was written in large letters, *Overture to Othello*.

The saloon of Barbaja was filled with celebrated musicians at the time he received the first packet from his prisoner. One of them immediately placed himself at the piano, deciphered the new *chef-d'œuvre*, which impressed them with an idea that Rossini was something more than a man; that like a deity he created, without labour or effort, by the sole act of his will. Barbaja, foolish with joy, snatched the piece from the hands of the admiring artists, and sent it to be copied. On the morrow, he received a new copy-book, inscribed, *the first act of Othello*; this new piece was also sent to the copyists, who acquitted themselves of their duty with that mute and passive obedience to which Barbaja had accustomed them. At the end of three days, that division of Othello had been delivered and copied. The Impresario could not contain himself for joy; he threw himself on the neck of Rossini, made him the most sincere and touching excuses for the stratagem he had been obliged to employ, and begged of him to complete his work by assisting at the rehearsals.

"I shall go myself among the actors," replied Rossini, with a careless tone, "and make them repeat their parts. As for the gentlemen of the orchestra I shall have the honour of receiving them here."

"Well, my friend, thou canst arrange with them. My presence is not necessary, and I will admire thy *chef-d'œuvre* at the general rehearsal. Once more, I pray thee pardon me the manner in which I have acted."

"Not a word more on that, or you annoy me."

The day of the general rehearsal arrived at last; it was the eve of the famous thirtieth of May, which had cost Barbaja so many pangs. The singers were at their posts, the musicians took their places in the orchestra, Rossini seated himself at the piano. Some elegant ladies and privileged men occupied the boxes of the proscenium. Barbaja, radiant and triumphant, rubbed his hands, and walked about his theatre whistling.

They played first the overture. Frantic applauses shook the arches of San Carlo. Rossini rose and bowed.

"Bravo!" cried Barbaja, "let us now have the cavatina of the tenor."

Rossini reseated himself at his piano, all kept silence, the first violin raised his bow, and they began again to play the overture. The same applause—more enthusiastic still, if it were possible—burst forth at the end of the piece.

"Bravo! bravo!" repeated Barbaja. "Let us pass now to the cavatina;" and the orchestra began a third time to play the overture.

"Enough!" cried Barbaja, exasperated, "all that is charming, but we cannot remain at that till to-morrow. Come to the cavatina." But in spite of the injunction of the Impresario, the orchestra continued to play the same overture. Barbaja threw himself on the first violin, and taking him by the collar, cried in his ear, "What the devil do you mean by playing the same thing for an hour?"

"Bless me!" said the violin, with a phlegm that would have done honour to a German, "we play what has been given us."

"But turn the leaf then, imbecile!"

"It is in vain to turn—there is only the overture."

"How! there is only the overture!" cried the Impresario, turning pale, "it is then an atrocious mystification!"

Rossini rose and bowed.

But Barbaja had fallen motionless upon a fau-tenil. The *prima donna*, the tenor, everybody pressed round him. For a moment they believed he was struck by a dreadful apoplexy.

Rossini, grieved that the pleasantry had assumed an aspect so serious, approached him with real inquietude. But at the sight of him, Barbaja, springing up like a lion, began to vociferate—

"Out of my sight, traitor, or I shall be guilty of some excess."

"Let us see, let us see," said Rossini, smiling; "is there not some remedy?"

"What remedy, wretch! to-morrow is the day of the first representation."

"If the *prima donna* were to find herself indisposed?" murmured Rossini in the ear of the Impresario.

"Impossible!" replied he in the same tone; "She would never draw upon herself the vengeance and the peltings of the public."

"If you will press her a little?"

"It would be useless; thou knowest not Colbran."

"I believe you are on the best terms with her."

"An additional reason—do as you please, but I warn you it is lost time."

On the following day, the *affiche* (playbill) of San Carlo announced that the first representation of Othello was delayed by the indisposition of the *prima donna*.

Eight days afterwards Othello was played.

The whole world now knows this opera; and nothing need be added. Eight days had sufficed to Rossini to eclipse the *chef-d'œuvre* of Shakspeare.

After the fall of the curtain, Barbaja, weeping with emotion, sought the composer everywhere that he might press him to his heart; but Rossini, yielding no doubt to that modesty which is so becoming in the successful, had stolen away from the ovation of the multitude. Next morning, Barbaja called his prompter, who performed the functions of *valet de chambre* to him, impatient as he was, the worthy Impresario, to present to his guest the felicitations of the preceding evening.

"Go, beg Rossini to come to me," said Barbaja to him.

"Rossini is gone," replied the prompter.

"How, gone!"

"He left for Bologna at daybreak."

"Left without saying anything to me?"

"Yes, Sir, he has left you his adieus."

"Then go and pray Colbran to permit me to visit her."

"Colbran."

"Yes, Colbran; art thou deaf this morning?"

"Excuse me, but Colbran has departed."

"Impossible!"

"They are gone in the same carriage."

"The wretch! she has quitted me to become the mistress of Rossini."

"Pardon me, Sir, she is his wife."

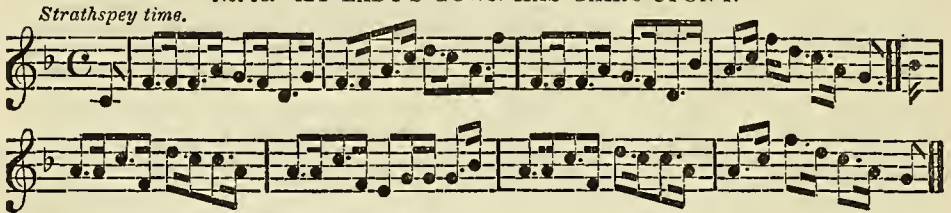
"I am revenged," said Barbaja. N. H. N

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 17.—THE HOWLET AND THE WEAZLE.



No. 18.—MY LADY'S GOWN HAS GAIRS UPON'T.



"The Howlet and the Weazle," and "My lady's gown has gairs upon't," are two excellent tunes not often heard amid the present storm of waltzes and quadrilles. They have both attained no very honourable notoriety from their *old* blackguard names, and the blackguard songs united with them. Dare we hope that the improved taste, and more perfect and pure education which prevails in our age, will be able to banish from all memories the rubbish which has almost incurably contaminated the popular mind, and which blurs the exquisite beauty of our old lyrical remains. Yes, we do hope, and feel assured

that the national mind will as thoroughly imbibe the beauties contained in the inspired strains of the glorious triad of Roberts, the boast and the honour of Scotland, Burns, Tannahill, and Nicoll—to the utter exclusion of such profligate though hoary licentiousness.

We are disposed to attribute the "Weazle" to the musical genius of Ireland; while there can be little doubt with regard to the claims of Scotland to "My lady's gown." This last we take from Neil Gow's collection, the other we publish from our manuscript collection of 1778.

THE SERENADE.

Softly the moonlight
Is shed on the lake,
Cool is the summer night—
Wake! O wake!
Faintly the curfew
Is heard from afar;
List ye! O list
To the lively guitar.

Trees cast their mellow shade
Over the vale;
Sweetly the serenade
Breathes in the gale,
Softly and tenderly
Over the lake,
Gaily and cheerily—
Wake! O wake!

See the light pinnace
Draws nigh to the shore.
Swiftly it glides
At the heave of the oar.
Cheerily plays
On its buoyant car,
Nearer and nearer
The lively guitar.

Now the wind rises
And ruffles the pine,

Ripples foam crested
Like diamonds shine;
They flash where the waters
The white pebbles lave,
In the wake of the moon
As it crosses the wave.

Bounding from billow
To billow, the boat
Like a wild swan is seen
On the waters to float;
And the light dipping oars
Bear it smoothly along
In time to the air
Of the gondolier's song.

And high on the stem
Stands the young and the brave,
As love led he crosses
The star spangled wave,
And blends with the murmur
Of water and grove
The tones of the night
That are sacred to love.

The gold hilted sword
At his bright belt is hung,
His mantle of silk
On his shoulder is flung;
And high waves the feather
That dances and plays

On his cap, where the buckle
And rosary blaze.

The maid from her lattice
Looks down on the lake,
To see the foam sparkle
The bright billows break;
And to hear in his boat,
Where he shines like a star,
Her lover so tenderly
Touch his guitar.

She opens her lattice,
And sits in the glow
Of moon-light and star-light
A statue of snow;
And she sings in a voice
That is broken with sighs,
And she darts on her lover
The light of her eyes.

His "love-speaking pantomime"
Tells her his soul—

How wild in the sunny clime
Hearts and eyes roll!
She waves with her white hand
Her white fazzolet,
And her burning thoughts flash
From her eyes living jet.

The moon-light is hid
In a vapour of snow!
Her voice and her rebeck
Alternately flow;
Re-echoed the swell
From the rock to the hill
They sing their farewell,
And the music is still.

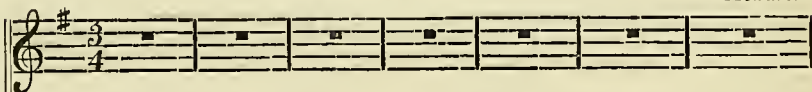
J. C. Percival.

O WHAT BEAUTY LORD APPEARS.

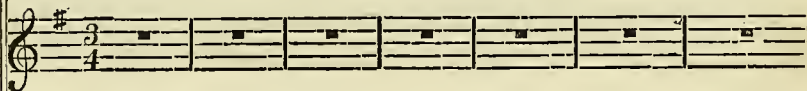
SACRED MOTETT.

Mozart.

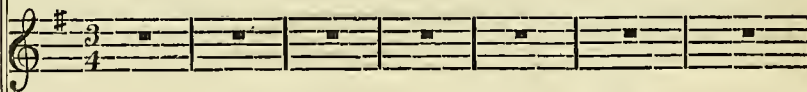
TENOR.



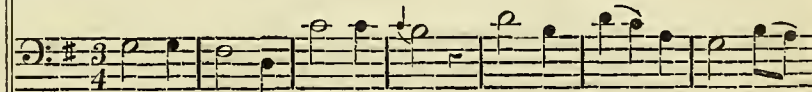
ALTO.



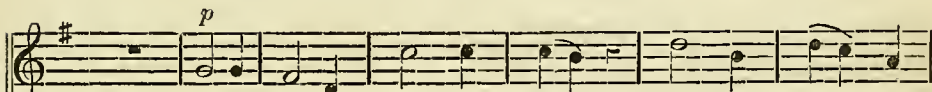
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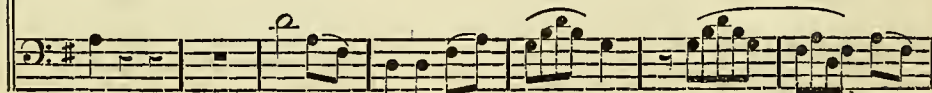
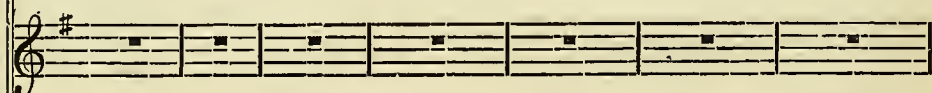
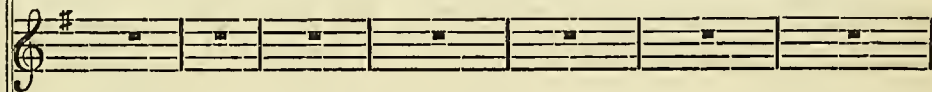
BASS.



O what beau - ty Lord ap - pears, In thy courts of ho - ly



O what beauty Lord ap - pears In thy courts of



praise,

O what beauty, what beau - ty In - - - - - thy

ho - ly praise, - - - O what beau - ty Lord ap -

O what beau - ty Lord ap -

courts - - of praise - - -

pears, In thy courts, thy courts of ho - ly praise; Un - to thee my heart as -

pears in thy courts, thy courts of ho - ly praise; Un - to thee my heart as -

pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I

pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my voice I

f

raise, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires.

f

raise, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires -

f

raise, Un - to thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires -

p

un - to thee my voice I raise, un - to thee my heart -

p

un - to thee my voice I raise, un - to thee my heart -

p

un - to thee my voice I raise, un - to thee my heart -

f

as - pires, Un - to thee un - to thee my voice I raise.

f

as - pires, un - to thee un - to thee my voice I raise un - to

f

as - pires, un - to thee un - to thee my voice I raise,

f

un - to thee un - to thee my voice I raise,

Un-to thee, my heart aspires, unto thee, unto thee, thee, unto thee, my heart aspires, unto thee, unto thee, unto thee my heart aspires, unto thee, unto thee my

my voice I raise, un-to thee my heart aspires, my voice I raise un-to thee, my heart aspires, voice I raise un-to thee my heart aspires, my voice I raise un-to thee my heart aspires

un-to thee my voice I raise, my voice I raise, spires, spires un-to thee my voice I raise, my voice I raise.

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS.

ARIEL'S SONG, FROM THE "TEMPEST," ACT V., SCENE I.

Dr. Arne.

dolce.

The first system of the musical score, featuring a treble and bass staff in G major (one sharp). The tempo/mood is marked *dolce.* The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff.

tr Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a

p

The second system of the musical score. It includes the lyrics "Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a". The tempo/mood is marked *p* (piano). The system includes a trill ornament (*tr*) on the word "lurk".

cow-slip's bell I lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do

The third system of the musical score. It includes the lyrics "cow-slip's bell I lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do".

cry, when owls do cry, on the bat's back I do fly - - - - -

The fourth system of the musical score. It includes the lyrics "cry, when owls do cry, on the bat's back I do fly - - - - -". The system ends with a double bar line and a repeat sign.

- - - Af - ter sun-set mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Af - ter sun-set mer - ri -

This system consists of three staves. The top staff is a single melodic line in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The middle and bottom staves are a piano accompaniment in treble and bass clefs, respectively, featuring chords and moving lines.

ly. Mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Under the

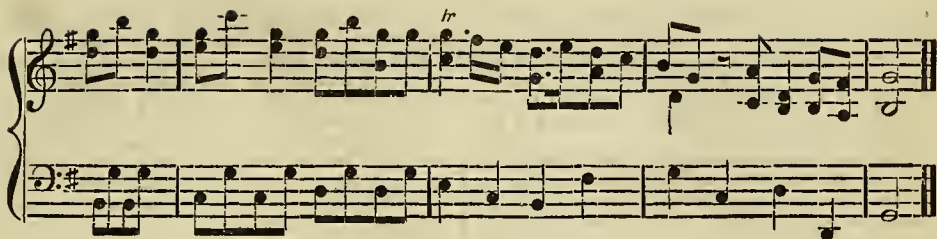
This system continues the melody and accompaniment. It includes a piano dynamic marking (*p*) in the bass staff. The music features a repeat sign in the middle of the first staff.

blos - som that hangs on the bough. Mer - ri - ly, mer-ri - ly shall I live now, Under the

This system continues the melody and accompaniment. The piano accompaniment in the bottom staff uses a mix of eighth and sixteenth notes.

blossom that hangs on the bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

This system concludes the piece with a final melodic phrase and piano accompaniment. The bottom staff ends with a double bar line.



ON TEACHING SINGING.

Singing is an acquirement which perhaps gives more general pleasure than any other accomplishment, since it affords gratification even to those who are ignorant of the art, and does not, like instrumental music, require a practical audience in order to be appreciated, nor, like painting, a particular education in order to perceive its beauties. The love of sweet sounds seems a part of our nature; and these, when connected with poetry, address themselves to the understanding and to the sensibility, as well as to the ear.

Music, and vocal music especially, forms a valuable addition to domestic enjoyments, and as a female accomplishment, deserves cultivation upon this ground, as well as upon the principle that women should possess as many rational resources as possible, both for their own happiness, and that of those who look to them for solace and amusement.

It has been often said, that nothing is worth learning that is not worth learning well. This maxim applies to music equally with other things; and for this reason we would endeavour to show how an acquirement, which contributes so largely to individual and general happiness may be best attained, and with least expenditure of time. We shall here confine ourselves to singing, and to female instruction only, though most of our remarks are generally applicable.

It is first necessary to ascertain whether the voice and ear promise any results.

In determining the natural capabilities, there are two points to be examined, first, whether there is any power of imitation, since it is evident that all singing must be resolved into an imitation by the voice of sounds heard by the ear. If the pupil is totally incapable of repeating the sounds of an instrument, or another voice, all attempts to learn singing are hopeless.

Secondly, presuming the imitation to be made, it must be next ascertained whether the notes be strictly in tune, and if they be not, whether the imperfection arise from a density of hearing, or from weakness in the voice itself; and also (which a few trials will decide) whether the natural defect in formation is likely to be overcome by practice. If these points be determined unfavourably, we conclude that no rational person would contend against nature in a matter which does not concern the moral welfare of the pupil; and that, where organic capability does not exist, the attempt to learn will not be made.

We next consider how the pupil whose organs are worth cultivating may be best trained. The object of vocal art is to produce agreeable sounds,

and, at the same time, to modify those sounds to the expression of the words which are uttered in connexion with them, and which are presumed to have dictated the sentiment of the melody to the composer.

Purity of tone (which necessarily implies perfect tune) is the first object to be attained in learning to sing; and to acquire this, the practice of the diatonic scale, ascending and descending, beginning on C natural (the first ledger line below the lines) and ending where the compass of the voice ceases, ought to be steadily pursued.

By *pure tone*, we mean that the notes emitted by the voice are free from the guttural thick sound which shows that they are formed in the throat—from the snuffling which indicates that the nose is not performing its proper function—and from the muffled indistinct sound which indicates the improper action of the tongue and lips. Some one of these defects is generally perceptible in amateur singers. The Italian method of instruction is the only system which makes pure tone the basis of vocal instruction, and it is this that we would here recommend and explain.

The diatonic scale, ascending and descending, ought to be executed in the following manner. Let the pupil pronounce the Italian letter *a*, which is uttered like the *a* in the English word *father*, and begin the note very soft, swelling it gradually to the full power of her voice, and then as gradually diminishing it to the softest sound. The mouth must be opened wide, but a little elongated, and kept steadily in the same position till the note is ended; for it is evident that the size of the aperture through which the sound issues must alter the character of the sound, even if it do not affect its tune or pitch, and a variation in the tone during the production of a note is always bad; the *quantity* but not the *quality* may change. This method ought to be applied to every note in the scale, going on to the second octave, and descending as soon as the voice has reached the extent of its compass, taking care not to strain it beyond that compass.

In all voices the upper notes are formed by using what is called the *false* *sette*, or *voce di testa*, which we may translate by the words *head voice*. This term seems to imply that the voice comes from the head; but the fact is, that all false *sette* notes are produced by an action in the upper part of the throat, and the tone is sensibly felt in the head. High notes can also be formed by the chest voice, or *voce di petto*, but they are loud, strained, and harsh, incapable of flexibility, possessing neither sweetness, richness, nor brilliancy, and wholly unfit for chamber singing; indeed they ought to be employed only

occasionally on the stage, in the expression of strong passion.

The singer, in practising the scale, should discover where the chest voice (or natural voice) ends, and learn to unite it to the falsetto, so that no breach or striking dissimilarity between the two voices may appear.

Particular attention should be paid to taking the breath. A long note cannot be held unless the lungs are fully inflated, and this is equally important in a succession of short notes, because a frequent inhaling disturbs the smoothness of the performance, and gives an idea of exhaustion which is both painful and destructive of effect.

In practising the pupil should open the chest by throwing back the shoulders and raising the head, so that the action of the throat, as well as of the lungs, may be unimpeded. The breath should be very deeply inhaled *before* the note is commenced and should not be emitted rapidly with the sound, but gradually, and in a restrained way, rather than exhaled quickly. By this means a command of the breath will be acquired, and the singer will never be, or appear to be, distressed, but will have the power of duly apportioning the quantity of force she may be called upon to use, and of applying it where and when it will be required. When the voice has become tolerably steady, and the tone certain, it will be necessary to learn to unite the notes; and this may be done by proceeding from one note to the next in a breath, or at intervals of a second, third, fourth, fifth, and so on.

The first note should be commenced soft, gradually swelled, and when it nearly reaches the loudest point, the next note taken, and the voice diminished. In passing from one note to another, whether slowly or rapidly, that union should invariably be observed which the Italians designate by the term *legato*, i.e. *tied*. This quality is essential to a singer. It may be best attained by the practice of the diatonic scale, pushing the voice from note to note, in ascending throughout the octave, and increasing in loudness; in descending, by sliding the voice from note to note, and decreasing the sound; the rapidity should be increased in proportion to the progress of the student, but all first essays must be slow. The times for breathing will also vary in the like proportion. And here we would caution the singer against changing the syllable, or altering the position of the mouth when executing rapidly; it is a defect which commonly obtains either from carelessness, or from an idea that the execution is thereby facilitated. It may be imagined, that as, in singing words, a constant change of syllables occurs, it is therefore needless to guard against an event which must necessarily take place; every finished singer, however, knows that words may be made articulate, and yet be kept subservient to tone, and that the latter is first to be steadily acquired. For this reason the voice should first be practised on one and the same syllable.

When the pupil can execute a slow scale, in which each note has the same character of tone, and in perfect tune, with the power of beginning and ending either loud or soft, and a quick legato scale, possessing the same characteristics of unvaried tone and correct tune, much has been done towards the formation of a singer; at least, the chief mechanical difficulties are overcome. Half an hour a day, regularly and well employed on the best means, will be sufficient for the amateur, but the voice ought to be used in singing no other way until good

habits are firmly fixed, otherwise the process of learning to sing will be all doing and undoing.

Exercises for the voice form the next step (among which the best are those of Ferari or Lablache). These should also be practised on the syllable *a*, with the same cautious attention to the purity of tone, correct intonation, and legato execution; taking breath without effort or noise, never suffering it to be exhausted, yet, when inhaled, being careful not to break the accent of the music, selecting a rest, or the unaccented part of the bar, for the purpose, and filling the lungs before a long note or passage of uninterrupted execution.

Attention should also be paid to the increase or diminution of sound, whether upon one or a succession of notes, giving the loud parts without violence, and the soft with the distinctness of an audible whisper. Contrast is as necessary in singing as in painting, but it is seldom required to be violent; this character belongs to the expression of strong passion rather than sentiment, and is more suitable to the theatre than a private room.

In the acquisition of rapid execution, the student must be guided by the time she can devote to the practice. It is decidedly an ornamental part of the art, and, when properly applied, a valuable and powerful adjunct of expression. But it is not, like tone, an essential, and should therefore be the last considered. Voices which are naturally flexible, acquire execution easily, while thick and heavy voices move with difficulty, and demand more labour.

The mode of practice, and the energy of the learner, will convert minutes into hours; half an hour daily will scarcely be deemed too great a sacrifice; and we boldly assert that this is time enough, when coupled with regularity and ardour, to produce an agreeable, and where nature has been bountiful, an accomplished singer.

The essentials are tune, tone, the expression which results from the singer's capability to make the voice perform her intentions and conceptions, and the power of producing the precise quality of tone which will best express the various emotions of joy, sorrow, love, anger, disappointment, or calm delight. In plainer language, we may say that the pupil must learn the simple means of expression, and then the power of applying them. Until these are acquired, she has no pretensions to be styled a singer at all; and when they have been obtained, it depends upon opportunity and other circumstances whether the acquisition ought to be carried any farther.

Having thus described the course of study necessary to acquire the first principles of the art, we proceed to the adaptation of words to sound. It is a rule that pronunciation must be distinct and free from vulgarity and affectation; the inaccuracies of dialect are even more disagreeable in singing than in speaking.

Though distinct utterance is essential, the pupil should be on her guard against the sharp pronunciation which separates the speaking from the singing, so that the words appear to come upon the ear unconnected with the tone of the voice. If words be clearly begun and perfectly finished, they will fall distinctly upon the ear, and will neither impede nor be impeded by the tone. A clear and finished enunciation, when not carried to excess, also imparts a general finish to tone and manner. The tongue must be held rather back in the mouth, and the lips not suffered to hang loose, or they will

make the pronunciation, as well as the tone, thick and indistinct.

Attention should also be paid to the meaning of the words, to their accent, and to the rhythm and sentiment of the poetry; for unless the sense be ascertained, the right expression will be wanting, and every singer is expected to unite her own conceptions with those of the composer.

Recitative, as the term implies, approaches more nearly to speaking than to singing; it is commonly so written that one note falls to each syllable; it requires more of striking enunciation, and less of singing, than the performance of an air; and some compositions call upon the performer for the feeling and elocution of an orator rather than the qualities of a singer, since she is neither limited by time nor rhythm, but solely by the accent of the words themselves. It is therefore in recitative especially that the elocutionary defects of the singer are detected; and it is consequently the best exercise for the attainment of articulate and finished pronunciation. But in singing an air, the speaking must blend so entirely with the tone, that although the audience may be able to hear every word, yet the speaking must be only as an adjunct. The poetry ought not to be the prominent part of a song; the pronunciation, as in reading, should be articulate and free from vulgarity or affectation.

In taking a breath, the singer must endeavour not to breathe in the middle of a word, and also not to break the sense, or accent of the melody. The singer should not change the vowel or syllable upon which she may have to hold a note or execute a passage, since it will detract from the beauty of articulate speaking, as well as from correct tone.

As to the ornamental part, professional singers are expected occasionally to alter or add to the notes set down in a melody, for the sake of novelty and variety, and also for the purpose of exhibiting their peculiar attainments, or their invention and imagination. The nearer an amateur approaches professional excellence, the more highly is she estimated; and this custom is consequently practised by the former where music is highly cultivated. It is obvious that, in order to create new combinations of notes, the mind must be stored with examples, and possess the power and habit of invention; and in order to apply them tastefully and appropriately, there must be a perfect understanding of the style of the composer, and of the character and expression of the composition. All this information and ability presumes an acquaintance with the science of music, an intimate knowledge of style, or a wide and extensive reading in the works of various masters. There are, however, some persons with retentive memories, quick apprehension, and refined feelings, who can remember and apply ornaments appropriately and effectively. But these are exceptions, for this capability is generally the result of study, and requires more time and labour than singers can commonly bestow. There are some graces which are indispensable, and call for no such exertion, nor such expenditure of time, but only patience and industry. The shake is one of these. It should be practised first on the middle of the voice, beginning slow, and gradually increasing in velocity. A perfect shake is rapid, but distinct, liquid, smooth, and full of tone. In old English music it almost invariably terminates every composition; the Italians use it more as a passing grace, either very slow or very quick. The singer ought to be able to make a shake on every note of the voice; but though es-

sential in the middle, it is not often required at the extremes of the compass. It demands some labour and more patience on the part of the pupil, but is an indispensable ornament to an English singer, and well worth the trouble of acquiring.

The mordente and the turn, both plain and inverted, are other necessary graces, requiring liquid tone, and distinct, but legato execution. Their application, where not designated by the composer, must be regulated by the sentiments of the passage to which they are affixed; and their expression may be varied, and a new character given by the employment of different accentuation and tone. A slow inverted turn, though composed of the same notes, bears a totally different expression from a quick turn; and the accent falling upon any one of the four notes will again change its meaning. Excellence in these minor points is derived from the mind; it is the intellect working with mechanical means which raises artists of every description above the mass. We cannot, therefore, urge too strongly upon the young vocalist to exercise her understanding at the same time that she practises her voice and her fingers.

The appoggiatura is another addition, the use of which calls for the discretion and judgment of the performer. It is too common to need description; it requires legato execution, and may be varied in rapidity, accent, and tone, according to the expression required. The Italians almost invariably introduce the appoggiatura when the same note occurs twice in succession; this frequently happens in recitative, when the rule is that the singer instead of taking the first note as it is written, introduces the note above, or the half note below, as an appoggiatura.

Another modern application of this ornament consists in repeating the appoggiatura a second or even a third time before taking the note which it precedes. The execution of the repetition should be soft, like a throb of the voice, if we may be allowed the expression.

The portamento, or carrying the voice from one interval to another, comes perhaps under the head of legato execution. It consists in sliding the voice through the intervening notes. Italian singers rarely omit so to connect the notes; in English music it must be employed with caution, and under all circumstances it ought to be used without violence, otherwise it has a ludicrous effect, and resembles a caricatured imitation of the Italian manner.

It has long been the fashion to conclude English songs with a cadence, why we know not, unless it be to give the singer further opportunity of displaying his execution and invention. The Italians have better taste, and although they may be justly accused of ending all arias alike, yet this is a less obvious absurdity than commencing a long roudade upon a word of no meaning, when the sentiment has drawn to a close, and passion has vented its fervour. The singer has every opportunity in the course of an air to show her taste and ability, and these are not unfrequently best displayed by a sparing rather than a redundant use of ornament. It is desirable to possess the power of execution, but equally so to employ it judiciously.

We have now treated of tone, execution, elocution, ornament, and expression. We come next to style, or the peculiar mode in which all these means are to be employed. It seems impossible that a succession of notes arranged to certain words should

be so performed by two or more persons as to bear a different character, and yet that each performance should be equally successful. This is undoubtedly the case in acting. Actors give the same passage different readings, and accompany it by different action, yet each may claim equal excellence; how else indeed should there be variety or novelty, the two great charms of life? So is it with singers. No two voices have the same character, and although trained by the same master, and in the same method, yet they are totally dissimilar; and as no two minds are alike, the nature of the intellect gives other varieties which are manifested in conception, imagination, and feeling. For instance, one singer will be distinguished for tenderness, another for dignity, a third for pathos. One will employ mere beauty of voicing, another great power, a third will adopt contrast, a fourth delicate or powerful execution. Some will introduce appropriate, but far-fetched ornaments; others, when the character of the words is not decided, will alter the time of a composition from quick to slow, or the contrary, so as to surprise by novelty, or to gain the opportunities of displaying some acquirement or natural gift peculiar to herself. It is also to be remarked, that different kinds of compositions have each their peculiar character. The music of the church in all its subdivisions, chamber music in all its varieties, such as the canzonet, the air, the bravura, the ballad, &c. are distinct species which call into action the same qualifications, but demand an application fitted to the particular nature of the composition. There is also some regard due to the age and country of the composer. Attention to these points implies a general knowledge of the art and its history, and requires more than mere mechanical excellence. All these differences constitute style; for as they belong to mind, or the attainments resulting from long and diligent study, they will manifest themselves in every attempt, however extensive the field upon which they are exerted. It follows, therefore, that style is a consequence of sedulous practice united to a good understanding, and the experience which comes from hearing and observing; and hence it is that amateurs seldom acquire style. It is lamentable how little the reasoning powers are exercised and cultivated in female education; were it otherwise, the time and money now wasted upon accomplishments would be employed to the advantage and pleasure of the pupil, and of all who expect from her the fruits of those long years which she has expended on her studies.

Those parents, then, who desire their daughters to become singers, must first ascertain how far nature has lent her aid; next, what degree of excellence it is probable they may attain, and whether the talent is to be employed as a means of profit or of mere amusement; and, finally, how much time they can rationally spare from duties and studies of more importance. The next step is to adopt the methods most likely to secure the ends proposed. *An honest and capable instructor is essential*; but an explanation, such as we have endeavoured to convey, of the best method, although necessarily general, will materially assist the pupil, because she will understand why that method is desirable, and being thus led to reflect upon the subject, she will be more likely to apply it advantageously. *When some progress in the art has been made, hearing the best models frequently, listening with the mind as well as with the ears, will do more than many lessons carelessly given and thoughtlessly received.*

Slightly abridged from an article in the "Quarterly Journal of Education," of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge.

KING FROST.

King Frost galloped hard from his palace of snow
To the hills whence the floods dashed in thunders below;
But he breathed on the waters, that swooned at his will,
And their clamour was o'er, for the torrents stood still!
"Ho! ho!" thought the King, as he galloped along,
"I have stopped those mad torrents awhile in their song."

With pennons high streaming, in gladness and pride,
A fair vessel moved o'er the billowy tide;
But whilst bold hearts were deeming their peril all past,
King Frost struck the billows, and bound them all fast!
"Ho! ho!" cried the King, "Ah, their homes may long wait
Ere aught, my fine vessel, be heard of their fate!"

Thro' the forest rode he, and the skeleton trees
Groan'd, wither'd and wild, 'gainst the desolate breeze;
And shook their hoar locks as the Frost King flew by;
Whilst the hail rattled round, like a volley from high!
"Ho! ho!" shouted he, "my old sylvans are bare,
But my minister, snow, shall find robes for your wear."

By the convent sped he, by the lone ruined fane,
Where the castle frown'd wild o'er its rocky domain;
And the warder grew pallid, and shook, as in fear,
As the monarch swept by with his icicle spear!
Whilst his herald, the blast, breathed defiance below,
And hurra'd for King Frost and his palace of snow!

INAUGURATION AT LIEGE.

On the 17th and 18th of July, 1842, the festival took place for the inauguration of the statue of Gretry. The ceremony was magnificent. When the statue was uncovered, acclamations burst from all sides. The work, which was cast by Duckens, from a model furnished by Geefs, was much admired. The sculptor has chosen the moment in which the musician, giving way to his inspiration, has found a new melody. He has just produced the popular air, "*Où peut-on être mieux qu'au sein de sa famille?*" A song of triumph, by Pertuis, was performed by an orchestra consisting of three hundred musicians. A beautiful chorus, "Homage to Gretry," by M. Dausoigne Mehul, was then sung. Lastly came the "Apotheosis of Gretry," a grand lyrical scene, with words by M. Desessart, and music by M. Hanssens, intermingled with dances and chorusses. Liege will long remember this festival; which, however, would have been still more splendid had not the death of the Duke of Orleans prevented the King of the Belgians, and the members of the Institute of France, from being present.

CORRELLI.—While the famous Correlli, at Rome, was playing some musical compositions of his own, to a select company in the private apartment of his patron cardinal, he observed, in the height of his harmony, that his eminence was engaged in a detached conversation; upon which he suddenly stopped short, and gently laid down his instrument. The cardinal, surprised at the unexpected cessation, asked him if a string was broken?—to which Correlli, in an honest consciousness of what was due to his music, replied, "No, sir; I was only afraid I interrupted business." His eminence, who knew that a genius could never show itself to advantage where it had not proper regards, took this reproof in good part, and broke off his conversation, to hear the whole concerto played over again.

HUSH TO PEACE.

Affettuoso.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Arne.

Hush to peace each rud - er wind, Purl - ing rills in si - lence

roll, While on ro - sy bed re - clin'd, - - - Sleeps the

charm - er of my soul, While on ro - sy bed re -

clin'd, sleeps the charm - - - er of my soul. Chaste Di - a - na

bed reclin'd - sleeps the charm - er of my soul. Chaste Di - a - na

clin'd, sleeps the charm - - - er - - - of my soul.

watch my trea - sure, Guard her beau - ty from a - larms, Let no sa - tyr's
 watch my trea - sure, Guard her beau - ty from a - larms, Let no sa - tyr's

bru - tal pleasure Dare in - vade her bloom - ing charms, Somnus,
 bru - tal pleasure Dare in - vade her bloom - ing charms, Somnus,

god of balm - y rest, Sweetly slumb'ring let her prove, Ev' - ry
 god of balm - y rest, Sweetly slumb'ring let her prove, Ev' - ry
 ev'ry joy, ev'ry

joy which Strephon blest Could be - stow in wa - king love.
 joy which Strephon blest Could be - stow in wa - king love.

THE BEAM ON THE STREAMLET WAS PLAYING.

*Irish air—Coleen dhas croothe na moe.**Slow.*

The beam on the streamlet was playing, The dewdrop still hung on the thorn, When a

blooming young couple were straying, To taste the mild fragrance of morn. He

sigh'd as he breath'd forth his dit - ty, And she felt her breast sweetly glow, "Oh

look on your lo - ver with pi - ty, Ma coleen dhas croothe na moe."

"Whilst green is yon bank's mossy pillow,
Or evening shall weep the soft tear,
Or the streamlet shall steal 'neath the willow
So long shall thy image be dear.
O fly to these arms for protection,
If pierc'd by the arrows of woe;
Then smile on my tender affection,
Ma coleen dhas croothe na moe."

She sigh'd as his ditty was ended,
Her heart was too full for reply;
Oh! joy and compassion were blended,
To light the mild beam of her eye;
He kiss'd her soft hand, "what above thee,
Could heaven in its kindness bestow?"
He kiss'd her sweet cheek, "Oh! I love thee
Ma coleen dhas croothe na moe."

A MODERN PIANIST.

A foreign gentleman, who wanted his hair cut very badly, with a name that nobody had, up to the present time, been able to pronounce, now took his seat at the piano, Mrs. De Robinson having prevailed upon him to oblige the company with a per-

formance thereon. And this he did with a vengeance—it was only a wonder how the piano survived such a succession of violent assaults as were continued upon it for about twenty minutes. First the foreign gentleman arranged his hair to his satisfaction, turned up his cuffs and wristbands, and galloped his

fingers at random over the keys, by way of symphony; whilst those immediately round the piano, compelled by their position to take an interest in the display, gave forth various intonations of the word "ish-h-h," to command silence. When this was procured, the *artiste* commenced his prelude, which might be likened to a continuous discharge of musical squibs, the occasional attack of the little finger of the left hand upon the extreme bass notes producing the bangs; and then there was that vague sort of instrumentation which a lively kitten might be expected to produce when shut up in the front part of an old-fashioned cabinet piano, by running over the keys. At last all this came down to the popular air of "Auld Lang Syne," which was played throughout as people had been accustomed to hear it, previously to introducing the variations thereon. But these contained the grandest part of the foreign gentleman's performance, and were founded upon the principle of making the tune as unlike itself as could possibly be done. And there was a great deal of wily pleasantry in these variations, the leading joke appearing to be that of putting the original air to great personal inconvenience. First of all, the tune seemed stretched out to twice its length, while a quantity of small notes buzzed all about it, like tiresome flies; and then you thought you were going to hear it again, only you did not, but something quite different, through which, however the tune kept starting up at certain intervals, to be immediately knocked on the head by some powerful

chord for its audacity, until it was finally settled, and appeared no more until the finale. It took a great deal of beating, though for all that, to get rid of it even for a time; and when at last you heard it in conclusion, it seemed to have become quite reckless from its captivity, and darted wildly about to all parts of the piano at once, with such a headstrong audacity, that you no longer wondered at the airs it had given itself in a previous part of the performance. Nor was the foreign gentleman less excited; for, being evidently under the influence of some invisible galvanic battery, he breathed hard and fast, and shrugged his shoulders, and twitched his face and elbows to such a degree, that nobody would have been at all surprised to have seen sparks fly off from him in all directions towards the nearest conductors,—the most proximate being the caoutehouc ear-cornet upon which a deaf old lady, in a rather terrific turban, was performing a solo near the pianist.

Great was the applause when he concluded by giving a final spring at all the keys together, and precipitately rushing from the instrument, as if he stood in extreme dread of the consequences likely to result from so savage and unprovoked an attack. But everybody appeared extensively delighted,—whether at the wonderful performance, or because it was over, did not seem so clearly defined; although there was no doubt that somehow or another, these firework harmonies created a sensation.—*Bentley's Miscellany*.

HERE'S A HEALTH TO ALL GOOD LASSES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Allegro.

Here's a health to all good lass-es, Here's a health to all good lass-es, Here's a

Here's a health to all good lass-es, Here's a

health to all good lasses, Pledge it mer-ri-ly fill your glasses, Let a bumper toast go

health to all good lass-es, Pledge it mer-ri-ly fill your glasses, Let a bumper toast go

round, Let a bumper toast go round. May they live - - - - -

round, Let a bumper toast go round. May they live a life of pleasure, without

May they live a life of pleasure, without

- - - - - For with them true joys are found, All good lasses,

mixture without measure, For with them true joys are found, All good lass-es,

mixture without measure, For with them true joys are found, Here's a

Fill your glasses, Here's a health to all good lasses, Pledge it

Fill your glasses, Here's a health to all good lasses, Pledge it

bumper, Here's a bumper,

mer-ri-ly fill your glasses, let a bumper toast go round, let a bumper toast go round.

mer-ri-ly fill your glasses, let a bumper toast go round, let a bumper toast go round.

MUSICAL FLOURISHING.

Felici Giardini, the very distinguished violin performer, who resided in England during a great part of the latter half of the last century, was when a young man, one of the *ripienos* in the opera orchestra at Naples. Elated with the praise his rising talents excited, he became too fond of flourishing and displaying his powers of execution. One night Jomelli, the great operatic composer at Naples, on coming into the orchestra, happened to seat himself beside Giardini, who, ambitious of letting the *maestro di capella* know what he could do, began in the symphony of a tender and pathetic air, to give a loose to his fingers and his fancy, when Jomelli immediately rewarded him with a violent slap

on the face. Giardini assured Dr. Burney that this was the best lesson he ever received during his lifetime.

THE CHARMS OF MUSIC.

'Tis thine, sweet power, to raise the thought sublime,
 Quell each rude passion, and the heart refine.
 Soft are thy strains as Gabriel's gentlest string,
 Mild as the breathing zephyrs of the spring.
 Thy pleasing influence, thrilling through the breast,
 Can lull e'en raging anguish into rest.
 And oft thy wildly sweet enchanting lay,
 To fancy's magic heaven steals the rapt thought away.
Columbian Magazine, 1792.

A B E L A R D

SACRED GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Moderata. f.

ALTO. Ah! why this bod - ing start, this sud - den

TENOR. Ah! why this bod - ing start, this sud - den

TENOR. Ah! why this bod - ing start, this sud - den

BASS. Ah! why this bod - ing start, this sud - den

Larghetto. dol.

pain, That wings my pulse and shoots from vein to vein, What means

pain, That wings my pulse and shoots from vein to vein, What means

pain, and shoots from vein to vein. *Larghetto.*

That wings my pulse and shoots from vein to vein, What

what mean, regard-less of yon mid - night bell.

what mean, regard-less of yon mid - night bell,

mean what mean regard-less of yon mid - night

These earth-born visions, earth-born vi - sions sad'ning o'er my cell, these earth - born

These earth-born visions, earth-born vi - sions sad'ning o'er my cell, these earth - born

sad'ning o'er my cell.

bell, These earth-born vi - sions sad'ning o'er my cell.

Adagio.

vi - - sions earth-born vi - - sions earth-born visions sad'ning sad'ning o'er my

vi - - sions earth-born vi - - sions earth-born visions sad'ning sad'ning o'er my

these earth-born vi - sions sad'ning sad'ning o'er my

Adagio.

These earth-born vi - sions these earth-born vi - sions

a tempo.

cell, What strange dis - or - der prompts these thoughts to glow These sighs to mur - -

cell, What strange dis - or - der prompts these thoughts to glow, These sighs to mur - -

cell,

a tempo.

These sighs to

Maestoso. *f*

- - mur, and these tears to flow - - - Sleep, conscience

- - mur, and these tears to flow - - - Sleep, conscience,

these tears to flow, to flow. Sleep, conscience,

murmur, and these tears to flow. Sleep, conscience, sleep each

sleep, each aw - ful thought, each aw - ful thought be drown'd.

sleep, each aw - ful thought, each aw - ful thought be drown'd,

sleep, each aw - ful thought be drown'd,

aw - ful thought be drown'd, each aw - ful thought be drown'd, and sev'nfold

Recit^{vo}. agitato. f

And sevenfold darkness veil the scene a - round. What means this pause, this a - gonizing

And sevenfold darkness veil the scene a - round. veil, veil,

the scene a - round, veil, veil,

dark - - ness veil the scene around, veil, veil,

start, This glimpse of heav'n just rushing thro' my heart, This glimpse of heav'n just rushing thro' my

the scene, veil the scene a - -

the scene, veil the scene a - -

the scene, veil the scene a - -

Larghetto. p

heart. Me - thinks I see, I see a radiant cross dis - play'd,

round. I see a radiant cross dis - play'd, A wounded

round. I see a radiant cross dis - play'd,

round. I see a radiant cross dis - play'd,

bleeds a - long the shade; A - round th'ex - pir - ing God bright

Saviour bleeds a - long the shade; A - round th'ex - pir - ing God bright

bleeds a - long the shade; a - round

bleeds a - long the shade; a - round th'ex - pir - ing

an - - - gels fly, Swell the loud hymn, the loud hymn, the loud hymn, and

an - - - gels fly, Swell the loud hymn, the loud hymn, the loud hymn, and

bright an - gels fly, Swell the loud, hymn - - and

God bright an - gels fly, bright angels fly, Swell the loud hymn, the loud hymn, and

Spiritoso. ff

o - pen all the sky. O save me, save me, O save me, save me,

ff

o - pen all the sky. O save me, save me, O save me, save me,

ff

o - pen all the sky. O save me, save me, O save me, save me,

ff

o - pen all the sky.

e'er the thun - der roll - - And end - less ter - rors end - less ter - rors

e'er the thun - der roll - - And end - less ter - rors end - less ter - rors

e'er the thun - der roll - - And end - less ter - rors end - less ter - rors

swal - low up my soul. Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm - -

swal - low up my soul. Fly, fly, for justice bares the arm - -

swal - low up my soul, for justice bares the

Fly, fly, fly, fly, for justice bares the

- - for justice bares the arm of God, And the grasp'd vengeance on - ly

- - for justice bares the arm of God, And the grasp'd vengeance on - ly

arm, bares the arm of God, And the grasp'd vengeance on - ly

arm,

waits his nod, the grasp'd vengeance on - ly waits his nod,
 waits his nod - - - and the grasp'd
 waits his nod - - - and the grasp'd ven - geance
 and the grasp'd ven - geance on - ly waits his

and the grasp'd ven - geance on - ly waits his nod, the grasp'd
 ven - geance ven - geance on - ly waits his nod, the grasp'd
 on - ly waits his nod, waits his nod, the grasp'd
 nod, the grasp'd ven - geance on - ly waits his

Adagio.
 vengeance on - ly waits his nod, And the grasp'd ven - geance on - ly waits his nod.
 vengeance on - ly waits his nod, And the grasp'd ven - geance on - ly waits his nod.
 vengeance on - ly waits his nod, And the grasp'd ven - geance on - ly waits his nod.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 19.—DULCE DOMUM.

Allegro moderato.

The old and justly favourite song of "Dulce Domum," the melody of which we give above, was written more than two hundred years ago, by a Winchester scholar, who had been detained at the usual time of vacation, and chained to a tree or pillar, for an offence to the master, when the other scholars had liberty to visit their friends and homes. This unfortunate youth was so affected with the disgrace, loss of liberty, and all that was dear to him, that, before his companions returned to school he is said to have died of a broken heart.

In memory of this melancholy incident, the scholars of Winchester school or college, attended by the master, chaplains, organist, and choristers, have an annual procession, and walk three times round the pillar or tree, to which their unhappy fellow-collegian was chained, chaunting, as they proceed, the following Latin verses, which we sub-join for the delectation of our young friends who are deep in the mysteries of Ovidius Naso, rendering into English verse the beauties of Virgilius Maro, and scanning the verses of Horatius Flaccus.

Concinamus, O sodales!
Eja! quid silemus!
Nobile canticum,
Dulce melos Domum,
Dulce Domum, resonemas.

Appropinquat ecce! felix!
Hora gaudiorum:
Post grave tedium,
Advenit omnium
Meta petita laborum.

Musa libros mitte, fessa;
Mitte pensa dura
Mitte negotium,
Jam datur otium
Me mea mittito cura!

Ridet annus, prata rident;
Nosque rideamus.
Jam repetet Domum,
Daulius advena;
Nosque Domum repetamus.

Heus! Rogere! fer caballos;
Eja, nunc, eamas;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Saaviter et repetamas.

Concinamus ad Penates
Vox et audiat,
Phosphore quid jubar
Segnius emicans
Gaudia nostra moratur.

For the benefit of our unclassical subscribers we insert an English rendering of the student's song Dulce Domum. Of two versions of this song which we have seen, we give the preference to the following, which, independently of its merit as a translation, has this additional advantage over the other, that it may be sung to the air given above, the first four lines being the chorus.

Home, sweet home! an ample treasure!
Home! with every blessing crown'd!
Home! perpetual source of pleasure!
Home! a noble strain resound!

Sing a sweet melodious measure,
Waft enchanting lays around;
Home's a theme replete with pleasure!
Home! a grateful theme, resound!

Lo! the joyful hour advances;
Happy season of delight!
Festal songs, and festal dances,
All our tedious toil requite.

Leave my wearied muse, thy learning,
Leave thy task, so hard to bear;
Leave thy labour, ease returning,
Leave my bosom, O, my care.

See the year, the meadow, smiling,
Let us then a smile display;
Rural sports, our pain beguiling,
Rural pastimes call away.

Now the swallow seeks her dwelling,
And no longer loves to roam;
Her example thus repelling,
Let us seek our native home.

Let both men and steeds assemble,
Panting for the wide champaign,
Let the ground beneath us tremble,
While we scour along the plain.

Oh, what raptures! oh, what blisses!
When we gain the lovely gate!
Mother's arms, and mother's kisses,
There our blest arrival wait.

Greet our household gods with singing,
 Lend, O Lucifer, thy ray;
 Why should light, so slowly springing,
 All our promis'd joys delay?

We have this air, with the Latin song, from "Dale's First Book of Songs," where there is an English version, but it is more literal and prosaic than that which we have given. This last we have extracted from "Music and Musicians," by Dr. Busby.

BLIND GIRLS GATHERING FLOWERS.

The love of Nature in her spring attire is so powerful, that even the loss of sight cannot quench it. A proof of this was witnessed on May Day in Tyn-dall's Park, where some fourteen or fifteen blind girls, belonging to the Bristol Asylum, were engaged in groping for and picking daisies, their happy faces indicating the delight they felt in the occupation.—*Felix Farley's Bristol Journal.*

Play on, play on, ye merry girls,
 And gather the fair young flowers—
 The laughing Spring her banner unfurls,
 And scatters her blooming dowers.

Ye have cast away the veil of care,
 Which hung on your youthful brow
 And ye seem as blithe as the lark in the air,
 And ye feel as happy now.

Though you cannot look on the radiant skies,
 In their golden glories clad—
 Though you cannot perceive their changing dyes
 Yet still they make you glad.

Though ye cannot watch their airy wings
 Which bear the light bird away,
 Yet ye listen with joy to the song it sings,
 And ye love the enchanting lay.

The whispers which come from the rustling trees
 Have a thousand charms for you;
 And dearer by far is the soft-winged breeze
 Than the sunlight's fairest hue.

Though the darkling film obscures the sight,
 It cannot dim the mind;
 And your fancies float on their waves of light
 Where they list—for they are not blind.

Then sport away, ye merry girls
 And gather the fair young flowers;—
 The laughing Spring her banner unfurls,
 And ye reap her blooming dowers.

Play on, play on! and when ye die,
 And the blinding clouds are riven—
 Then may ye gather in fields on high
 The Amaranth Flowers of Heaven.

American paper.

INAUGURATION AT SALZBURG.

On the 5th of September, 1842, the inauguration of Mozart's statue took place at Salzburg, his birth-place. It was an imposing ceremony. At noon precisely, the statue was uncovered; and at that moment all the bells of the churches began to ring,

and salvos were fired by 200 pieces of artillery; while a band of 600 mingled their triumphal flourishes with the hurrahs of more than 50,000 spectators. At ten o'clock in the evening the statue was illuminated with Bengal lights, and 2000 musical *artistes* and *dilettanti* executed a popular hymn written for the occasion by Count Ladislaus Pirker, Archbishop of Erlan in Hungary, and set to music by the Chevalier Nenkomn. The brilliancy of the *fete* was increased by the fineness of the weather.

LOVE OF THE COUNTRY.

Perhaps there is no country in the world where green fields and quiet out-of-the-way places are more eagerly sought for than in England. I speak not of the enjoyment of them occasionally, but a thirst to possess some such spot, which has stimulated many a man to industry such as few save Englishmen can contend with. Look only at London! What numbers you meet on a summer's evening walking home to their picturesque dwellings, which lie perhaps five miles from the city. They care not for the fatigue of the long walk—nay, it refreshes them after a long day's application to business, and they feel a pleasure in knowing they will meet a lovely wife and fair healthful children awaiting their return at the garden gate; perchance their ears will be arrested by a sound of laughter echoing from the smooth greensward, where they are romping and tumbling over each other. Look at the healthful families that daily pour into the metropolis; they are not indwellers of the city, but live where the blackbird sings them to sleep in the evening, and where the early lark is heard singing above the paddock on which their chamber windows open. Many a father leans with aching head over the time-worn desk in the city, that his family may enjoy the pure air of the suburb. Many a merchant plods through the dull and feverish calculation of traffic for years, that he may at last retire to some quiet cottage which he can call his own, and spend the remainder of his days in peace. And is there no love of nature in all this? Watch some old citizen, seated in his little summer-house—one who has been city-dried for fifty years of his life—view him eyeing his little garden, and you will at once discover that he feels amply rewarded for all he has undergone. These things are beyond the reach of the poor; but still the heaths and commons and green fields are not. There is a pleasure in contemplating the happiness of others; and although we may never be so fortunate as to possess one of these earthly paradises, still there is nothing to hinder us from occasionally enjoying ourselves in similar scenes. We have yet left a few lovely places, where the flowers spring forth, and the shady trees offer a shelter, and the free birds carol as loudly as they did of yore. * * * There is nothing more delightful than for a poor man to have the right of walking over some rich gentleman's estate. He enjoys the wealth of his neighbour without envying him: he feels it his own for the time; and lays the same claim to the fragrant breeze, and the cool shade of the venerable trees, as the lord of the estate. He sees the stately deer troop before him with as much pleasure as the owner of the soil; he enjoys a wealth which leaves the proprietor no poorer, and partakes of the happiness that renders others happy without diminishing the store.—*Miller's Boastics of the Country.*

O HOLD YOUR HANDS.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

H. Purcell.

Lively.

O hold your hands or lose your lands, the

Noddy board marched a-bout, and a-bout, the candle-stick flew and the candle went out, till

Mur-der, murder, one cry'd out, and this was the end of the rev-el ront.

Strike old Jack, strike old Jack, strike old Jack, strike old Jack.

ORGANS.

All music, with the single exception of the human voice, is tame, when heard beside the proud and billowy tones of the organ. There is no instrument so calculated to express devotional feelings, and to give a tone of devotion to the mind; and when it rolls its notes, as we have sometimes heard it, over an assembly of six or eight thousand persons, while every one stood uncovered, and joined in swelling back the solemn anthem, it seemed to us that the combined energies of the world could not produce a more thrilling effect. The organ is an instrument of great antiquity; neither the time, nor place of invention, nor the inventor's name have ever been identified. Gervas, the monk of Canterbury, who flourished about 1200, says they were in use about a hundred years before his time. If his authority be good, it would countenance a general opinion that organs were common in the churches of Italy, Germany, and England, about the tenth century. After the Restoration, the number of workmen being found too few to answer the demand for organs, it was thought expedient to make offers of encouragement for foreigners to come and settle here, which brought over Mr. Bernard Schmidt and — Harris; the former, for his excellence in the art, deserves to live in the remembrance of all those who are friends to it. Bernard Schmidt, or as we call it Smith, was a native of Germany, but of what city or province is not known. He brought with him two nephews, the one named Gerard, the other Bernard; to distinguish him from these, the elder had the appellation of Father Smith. Immediately upon their arrival Smith was employed to build an organ for the royal chapel at Whitehall, but as it was built in great haste, it did not equal the expectations of those who were judges of his abilities.

He had been but a few months here before Harris arrived from France, with his son Renatus, who No. 56.

had been brought up in the business of organ-making under him. They met with but little encouragement; for Dallans and Smith had all the business of the kingdom; but upon the decease of Dallans in 1672, a competition arose between these two foreigners, which was attended with some remarkable circumstances. The elder Harris was in no degree a match for Smith; but his son Renatus was a young man of ingenuity and perseverance, and the contest between Smith and the younger Harris was carried on with great spirit. Each had his friends and supporters, and the point of preference between them was hardly determined by that exquisite piece of workmanship by Smith, the organ now standing in the Temple church, whereof the following is the history.

On the decease of Dallans and the elder Harris, Renatus Harris and Father Smith became great rivals in their employment, and there were several trials of skill betwixt them; but the famous contest was at the Temple church, where a new organ was going to be erected, towards the end of the reign of Charles II. Both made friends for that employment, and as the Society could not agree as to which should be the man, the Master of the Temple and the Benchers proposed that each should set up an organ at each end of the church. In six or nine months this was done. Dr. Blow and Purcell, who was then in his prime, showed and played Father Smith's organ on appointed days, to a numerous audience, and till the other was heard, everybody believed that Father Smith would carry it.

Harris brought Lully, organist to Queen Catherine, a very eminent master, to touch his organ. This rendered Harris's organ popular, and the organs continued to vie with one another near a twelvemonth. Harris then challenged Father Smith to make additional stops against a set time; these were the vox humana, the cremona or violin stop, the bag's flute, with some others. These additional

stops, as being newly invented, gave great delight and satisfaction to a numerous audience, and were so well imitated on both sides, that it seemed hard to adjudge the advantage to either. At last it was left for the Lord Chief Justice Jeffries, who was of that house; and he put an end to this controversy, by pitching upon Father Smith's organ; and Harris's organ being taken away without loss of reputation, Smith's remains to this day.

Now began the setting up of organs in the principal parishes of the city of London, where for the most part Harris had the advantage of Father Smith, making two, perhaps, to his one. Among them some are very eminent, viz. the organ of St. Bride's, St. Lawrence, near Guildhall, St. Mary Axe, etc. etc. Notwithstanding Harris's success, Smith was considered an able and ingenious workman; and in consequence of this character he was employed to build an organ for the cathedral of St. Paul's. The organs made by him, though in respect of the workmanship they are inferior to those of Harris, and even of Dallans, are yet justly admired, and for the fineness of their tone have never yet been equalled.

Harris's organ, rejected from the Temple by Judge Jeffries, was afterwards purchased for the cathedral of Christ Church at Dublin, and set up there towards the close of George II.'s reign. Mr. Byfield was sent for from England to repair it, which he objected to, and prevailed upon the chapter to have a new one made by himself, he allowing for the old one in exchange. When he got it, he would have treated with the parishioners of Lynn in Norfolk for the sale of it; but they, disdaining the offer of a second-hand instrument, refused to purchase it, and employed Sutzler to build them a new one, for which they paid him seven hundred pounds. Byfield dying, his widow sold Harris's organ to the parish of Wolverhampton for five hundred pounds, and there it remains to this day. An evening master, who was requested by the churchwardens of Wolverhampton to give his opinion of this instrument, declared it to be the best modern organ he had ever touched. The organ at Haarlem is said by many to be not only the largest but best in Europe, and therefore in the world. We shall not enter curiously into either of these particulars, but lay before our readers with a little modification, the lively account given by Dr. Burney of this instrument in his "Present State of Music in Germany, the Netherlands, and the United Provinces, 1773." There were few things (says this most competent judge of musical affairs) that I was more eager to see in the course of my journey than the celebrated organ in the great church of this city. Indeed it is the lion of the place, but to hear this lion roar is attended with more expense than to hear all the lions and tigers of the tower of London. The fee of the keeper or organist is settled at half-a-guinea, and that of his assistant-keeper or bellows-blower is fixed at half-a-crown,—expectation when raised very high is not only apt to surpass probability, but possibility. Whether imaginary greatness diminished the real on this occasion I know not; but I was somewhat disappointed on hearing this instrument. In the first place the person who plays it is not so great a performer as he imagines; and in the next, though the number of stops amount to sixty, the variety they afford is by no means equal to what might be expected; as to the *vox humana*, which is so celebrated, it does not at all resemble the human voice, though a very good stop of the kind. But

the world is very apt to be imposed upon by names,—the instant a common hearer is told that the organist is playing upon a stop that resembles the human voice, he supposes it to be very fine, and never inquires into the propriety of the name, or the exactness of the imitation. However, with respect to my own feelings, I confess that, of all the stops I have yet heard, which have been honoured with the appellation of *vox humana*, no one, in the treble part, has ever reminded me of anything human so much as the cracked voice of an old woman of ninety; or in the lower parts, of Punch singing through a comb. The organ was built by Müller, in 1738. It has sixty stops; several of which are not known to our organ-builders, or to be found in any instrument in this country. There are two tremulants, two couplings, or springs of communication, five separations, or valves to close the wind-chest of a whole set of keys, in case of a *cipher*, and twelve pair of bellows. Upon the whole—concludes Dr. Burney—it is a noble instrument, though I think that of the New church at Hamburg is larger, and that of the Old Kerk in Amsterdam better toned.

But all these enormous machines seem loaded with useless stops, or such as only contribute to augment noise and stiffen the touch. In the cathedral of Seville in Spain, there is an organ with 100 stops, which comprises 5300 pipes. The organ at Goerlitz in Upper Lusatia, has 82 stops, comprising 3270 pipes. That at St. Michael's, in Hamburg, has 67 stops (not 64, as stated by Burney), containing 9 pipes of 16 feet high, and 3 of 32 feet. It is stated that the monks were so delighted with this fine instrument, that they presented the builder (Gabelaar, of Ulen) with 6666 florins—a florin for each pipe beyond the amount of his charge.

The old organ at York was the largest in England. It had 52 stops, 3254 pipes, and three rows of keys. The largest organ at Rome is that in the church of St. John Lateran. It has 36 stops. There is one in the cathedral at Ulen that has 45 stops, with 3442 pipes. At Baltimore, in the United States, there is an organ in the cathedral which has 36 stops, with 2213 pipes, the height of the largest of which is 32 feet.

It is usual, in describing an organ, to dwell particularly on the number of its stops; but, in point of fact, the number of pipes is a more accurate criterion of the power of such instruments. Many of the organs on the continent, with such an imposing number of stops, are, in actual power, greatly inferior to those of much humbler pretensions. To complete this comparative statement, we may add that the organs at Seville, Goerlitz, Merseberg, Hamburg, Weingasten, and Tours, are now proved to be all larger than that of Haarlem; and that the new instruments at York and Birmingham exceed them all. It is still a disputed point which of the two is the largest, though the question would not seem very difficult to determine: but it is admitted that the pipes in the Birmingham organ are a trifle larger than in that of York; and, from its situation in a noble room, in which the volume of sound is not deadened, broken, or impeded by pillars and other obstructions, it possesses advantages which would enable a very ordinary instrument to compete in fulness of effect with the more powerful cathedral organs. The width of the Birmingham organ is thirty-five feet, the depth fifteen, the height forty-five. The swell-box, or receptacle for the pipes used for the swell alone, is of the size of an

rdinary church-organ. In this organ there is a reed-stop, called the *posanna*, or trombone, which all who are acquainted with the organs of the continent consider to be the most powerful and the richest in tone of any existing. The powerful volume of sound proceeding from this stop, is mingled with a mellowness which corrects the unpleasant impression which loudness occasionally produces. The assistance afforded by these pipes to the voices in the chorusses, cannot easily be estimated by those who have not heard it. Much of the superiority of the choral effects at the Birmingham Festival is attributed, by eminent professors, to the power of this splendid stop. The builder of this grand instrument is Mr. Hill of London. The requisite funds were raised by subscription, and the expense is calculated at the very moderate sum of £2000; which seems to indicate that the artist has rather sought reputation than pecuniary profit in his undertaking. The case of the instrument is from a design by Mr. Mackenzie, and perfectly harmonises with the architectural style of the building in which it is placed. It is calculated that the timber alone, employed in the construction of this organ, would weigh between twenty and thirty tons, while the metal and other materials of the structure would raise the weight of the whole to at least forty tons.—*Wonders of the World*.

INFLUENCE OF THE STUDY OF THE FINE ARTS.

I can pretend to little knowledge of the rules of art, and must be content to look at the works which are presented to my notice with an unpractised eye; a fervent love of the beautiful must compensate for the want of scientific knowledge. A passage quoted from Plato which I met with the other day pleased me; "In beholding daily," says he, "the masterpieces of painting, sculpture, and architecture, full of grace and purity in all their proportions, we learn to observe with accuracy what is lovely or defective in the works of nature and art, and this happy rectitude of judgment will become a second nature to our souls." I cannot describe the effect which painting and sculpture produce on my mind; it is strange and overpowering, and awakens thoughts and feelings which are as novel as they are delightful. He who walks through the world with no love of art, or perception of its power and influence, may well be said to have one sense asleep, and to lose a source of pure and exalted pleasure. God has implanted in our nature the love of the beautiful, and as we meet with nearer and nearer approaches to its perfection, in character, in form, or in the various combinations in which beauty is presented to us, our hearts glow in proportion with delight, and our thoughts rise to Him who is the source of all that is true, and beautiful, and good. Art appeals to the feeling of truth within us; through the feelings it speaks to the heart, and awakens our noblest faculties. In saying this, I look at what its tendencies might be, more than what they actually are; in proportion as the pursuit of art is followed in a spirit of trade, for the wealth that it promises, rather than the mental delight which it so richly affords, its character must decline. There is, however, a pleasure in reflecting that although artists may vary at different periods in excellence with the shifting influences of society, art remains unchanged, its powers immutable, its purposes pure and noble.—*Catherine Taylor's Letters from Italy to a Younger Sister*.

ODE TO SCOTTISH MUSIC.

What words, my Laura, can express
That power unknown, that magic spell,
Thy lovely native airs possess,
When warbled from thy lips so well,
Such nameless feelings to impart,
As melt in bliss the raptur'd heart.

No stroke of art their texture bears,
No cadence wrought with learned skill;
And though long worn by rolling years,
Yet, unimpair'd, they please us still;
While thousand strains of mystic lore
Have perish'd, and are heard no more.

Wild, as the desert stream they flow,
Wandering along its mazy bed;
Now, scarcely moving, deep and slow,
Now, in a swifter current led;
And now along the level lawn,
With charming murmurs, softly drawn.

Ah! what enchanting scenes arise,
Still as thou breath'st the heart-felt strain
How swift exulting fancy flies
O'er all the varied sylvan reign!
And how thy voice, blest maid, can move
The rapture and the woe of love!

There, on a bank by Flora drest,
Where flocks disport beneath the shade,
By Tweed's soft murmurs lull'd to rest,
A lovely nymph asleep is laid;
Her shepherd, trembling, all in bliss,
Steals, unobserved, a balmy kiss!

Here, by the banks and groves so green,
Where Yarrow's waters warbling roll,
The love-sick swain, unheard, unseen,
Pours to the stream his secret soul;
Sings his bright charmer, and, by turns,
Despairs, and hopes, and fears, and burns.

There, night her silent sable wears,
And gloom invests the vaulted skies;
No star amid the void appears,
Yet see fair Nelly blushing rise;
And, lightly stepping, move unseen
To let her panting lover in.

But far removed on happier plains,
With harps to love for ever strung,
Methinks I see the favour'd swains
Who first those deathless measures sung;
For, sure, I ween no courtly wight
These deathless measures could indite.

No! from the pastoral cot and shade
Thy favourite airs, my Laura, came,
By some obscure Correlli made,
Or Handel never known to fame!
And hence their notes, from Nature warm,
Like Nature's self, must ever charm.

Ye spirits of fire, for ever gone,
Soft as your strains, O be your sleep!
And, if your sacred graves were known,
We there should hallow'd vigils keep,
Where, Laura, thou should'st raise the lay,
And bear our souls to heaven away!

The above "Ode to Scottish Music" was written by a poet now almost forgotten, but whose memory is worth preservation—he was named M'Donald, but was better known as Matthew Bramble, the author of "Vimonda," &c.

MY GENTLE BRIDE.

Words by James Manson.

Music by W. J. P. Kidd.

Scherzando, non troppo allegro.

Col. treble.

The musical introduction for the piano is in G major, 6/8 time. It features a lively, scherzando character with a melody in the right hand and a supporting bass line in the left hand. The introduction concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

1st verse, The ea - gle soars thro' fields of air, Re - joice - ing in his
2d verse, So I would brave the storms wild blast, For thee my joy and

The first system of the song features two verses. The melody is in G major, 6/8 time, with a light, bouncy quality. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first verse in a smaller font and the second verse in a larger font. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, providing a steady bass line.

power; Un - aw'd by storm, un - check'd by fear, He seeks his true love's
pride, I'd sing as blythe - ly when 'tis past, To please my gen - tle

The second system continues the melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first verse in a smaller font and the second verse in a larger font. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, providing a steady bass line.

ad. lib.
bow'r, He seeks his true love's bow'r, He
bride, To please my gen - tle bride, To

tempo.
Col. Treble.

The final system of the song features a tempo change to *tempo.* The melody is in G major, 6/8 time, with a steady, walking pace. The lyrics are written below the staff, with the first verse in a smaller font and the second verse in a larger font. The piano accompaniment is in the left hand, providing a steady bass line. The system concludes with a final chord in the right hand.

ad lib.

seeks his true love's bow'r. The sky - lark singeth
please my gen - tle bride. Tho' fair - er forms have

p ad lib. *f*

blythe by day, Pure joy his notes pro - long, He pours his heart in -
met my sight, In rich - er robes ar - ray'd, A spot - less mind in

to his lay, 'Tis love that prompts his song, The sky - lark sing - eth
vir - tuesdight, Is thine my dark eyed maid, Then smile, oh sweet - ly

tempo.

blythe by day, 'Tis love that prompts his song, 'Tis love that prompts his
smile on me, My pure my own dear bride, My pure my own dear

song.
bride.

Col. treble.

DAMON AND CLORA

DUET.

Moderato.

Go false Da-mon go, your sue-ing is in vain, your

Turn fair Clo-ra, turn fair Clora, Ah! cruel turn a - gain, Ah! cruel turn a -

sueing is in vain, I am betray'd, I am betray'd, must leave you, No, no,

gain, un - grateful maid, ungrate - ful maid dont leave me, turn, turn, Clo-ra

no, your sueing is in vain. See thy Clora flies,

turn, Ah cruel turn a - gain. See thy Damon dies, If you go none

If I stay you will deceive me, If I stay you will deceive me, you in - constant

can relieve me, If you go none can relieve me, yield to Damon's love.



prove, No, I'll hear no more, No I will be - gone,
 Clora I a - dore, Thee I love a - lone, Cruel beauty
 faithless shepherd, faithless shepherd I must go. Farewell, Farewell,
 cruel beauty, turn nor leave me so. *p* Farewell, Farewell,
 Damon fare - well. Let tears fast flow - ing love re - new, re - turn and
 Clora fare - well. For - bear fond nymph to complain, Thy
 prove thy Clo - ra true. Hear me, ah! hear me thy Clo - ra
 tears are all all in vain. No, no, no, no,
 cries - - re - turn, or else thy Clo - ra dies, Let tears fast
 no, no, no, no, no more I'll court your whin - ing sex, No
 flow - ing love - - re - new, re - turn and prove thy Clo - ra true.
 more your art shall per plex, No more, no more shall per - plex.

THE CONVENTS ON THE BANKS OF THE DANUBE.

* * * * In Germany, the school of Austrian composers and organists holds a conspicuous place in the annals of the art of music; and it is for the most part in the cloisters on the banks of the Danube that these distinguished men dwelt and prosecuted the study of their art. There, too, were the works of the composers of Southern Germany planned and executed; and had it not been for the noble hospitality afforded to artists by these monasteries, many a rising genius would have been nipped in the bud for lack of the sheer necessities of life. Their works once completed, the convent itself took care to bring them forward, for the choristers, scholars, heads of the chapter, and musicians attached to the establishment amply sufficed for this, without it being necessary to have recourse to extraneous resources.

To the convents of St. Florian, Krems-Münster, Seitensteden, Lerchenfeld, Melk, and Neuburg, the Fuchs, Albrechtsbergers, Schneiders, Stadlers, Haydn, and Mozarts, were indebted for a generous welcome, organ, orchestra, and choirs.

In the schools attached to the convents, music is cultivated equally with the classics and foreign languages; it is followed up in all its branches, both of composition and execution; the latter includes the practice of all instruments from the organ downwards.

There are some abbeys where, besides the usual choristers, their choir is aided by the students, novices, and professors. A military band, including *janissary** instruments, is often united in their instrumental music.

In the convents on the banks of the Danube every species of music is cultivated. Haydn's and Mozart's instrumental works are performed there with a degree of accuracy not to be surpassed in the drawing-rooms of Vienna. The brothers meet together several times a week for the purpose of executing these works; nor do they confine themselves exclusively to Haydn and Mozart, for their repertory is diversified with Beethoven, Spohr, Weber, Hummel, Romberg, Mayseder, Ries, and Fesca. They are well acquainted with, and execute with the greatest skill, foreign productions, such as the inspirations of Boccherini, Viotti, Kreutzer, Rode, Baillot, and Clementi.

Some of these *réunions* take a still more extensive range; overtures, symphonies, concertos, have their turn. The vocal powers of their establishment are put in requisition, and, aided by amateurs and ecclesiastics from neighbouring chapters, they perform the motetts, cantatas, and oratorios of Bach, Handel, Graun, Caldara, Jomelli, and likewise such modern works as Stadler's "Jerusalem Delivered," Schneider's "Paradise Lost," and "Last Judgment," "Die letzten Dinge," by Spohr, and a variety of others. Dramatic music is not so little heard in these pious establishments, as one would be led to suppose; operettas founded on scriptural subjects are performed there, such, for instance, as the lyric drama of "Rebecca," or "Isaac's Bride;" and even Gluck's, Spontini's, Weber's, and Rossini's finales and concerted pieces. During Passion Week

the abbey walls resound with mournful strains of penitence and prayer, furnished by Allegri, Pergolesi, Schicht, Fasch, and others.—*Musical Times*.

ORIGIN OF MUSIC.

The first idea of music, perhaps, was derived from the birds; for what poetic mind could rise with the sun, when to borrow those noble lines of Thomson,

"Up springs the lark,
Shrill voice'd and loud, the messenger of morn,
Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings."

What poetic mind could hear the feathery songsters carolling their matins, "the sweetest length of notes" of the thrush and woodlark, the concert of the blackbird, the linnet, and the mellow bullfinch, and not conceive that it was possible, with the aid of skilful hand and curious ear, to imitate their music? Or, if such a fancy do not seem a probable consequence, did Jabal, the brother of the artificer in brass and iron, derive his first notion of harmonies from the smithy of Tubal Cain? Did the collision of the massy hammer with the ringing anvil teach him his first lesson in the gamut? Whether was it an analysis of the notes of the choral birds or the habitual audience of Tubal Cain's hammer that created the first musician?

There is a story connected with Pythagoras, not generally known, which may decide the point. "Pythagoras," says Professor Whewell, "walking one day, meditating on the means of measuring musical notes, happened to pass near a blacksmith's shop, and had his attention arrested by hearing the hammers, as they struck the anvil, produce sounds which had a musical relation to each other. On listening further, he found that the intervals were a 4th, a 5th, and an octave; and on weighing the hammers, it appeared that the one which gave the octave was one-half the heaviest, the one which gave the 5th was two thirds, and the one which gave the 4th was three-quarters. He returned home, reflected on this phenomenon, and finally discovered that if he stretched musical strings of equal length, by weights which have the same proportions as those above described, they produced the intervals above mentioned." Now, although the musical intervals in question would not be elicited by striking with hammers of the weight specified, yet, as the learned and reverend author from whom we borrow the story adds, "the experiments of the strings is perfectly correct, and is to this day the ground-work of the theory of musical concords and discords;" and therefore, after all, this singular story may rest upon good foundation.

Whencesoever Jubal may have gleaned his original ideas of intervals, however, we may, I think, safely conclude, that though it might have continued in a rude state down to the time of Pythagoras, the science of harmonics has never since been wholly lost. We can easily imagine the effect which its discovery and promulgation would produce on the young world—the softening tone which it would lend to popular morals, and, if it preceded it a single day, how soon it would be succeeded by its sister Poetry. It would undoubtedly raise emotions in the human bosom to which it had hitherto been a stranger; it would lend sentiment, if it fixed no limit, to the yet animal and unrestrained passion of love; it would exalt the mind of man, and add grace to the person of woman.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

* This appellation is given in Germany to all instruments of percussion, such as the timbal, double-drum, cymbal, triangle, &c.

HASTE THEE O LORD.

SACRED ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Lento.

Thomas Ford (1650).

1 Haste - thee O Lord, make haste, with speed, And help me in this time - - - of need

2 - - - My soul doth sink, my forces fail My wea - ry'd arms can - not prevail, The waters

3 flow so fast that I Can scarcely cry, help me O Lord, help - me O Lord or else I drown or die.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 20.—MY SPIRITS ARE MOUNTING.

Briskly.

"My spirits are Mounting." This is the first line of a song written by the late Captain Morris, the boon companion of George IV. The air, which is good, is evidently of older date than the captain's song, but how much we have hitherto been unable to ascertain. About twenty years ago died John Coulter, aged 70, a violin player in Ayrshire, who had his memory stored with an immense amount of old

melodies, and this was one among many others which he played, and which we listened to with delight; he said that he knew no name to it save "*Fal de riddle laddy*," "but," he added, "it is as old as the hills, for I mind the tune since I was a bairn." We by no means claim so venerable and remote an origin for it, but believe it to be upwards of an hundred years old.

EXPRESSION.

What a mighty mystery is expression. Poets and orators, to whom the world feels itself so much indebted, and with whom it has been so enamoured and delighted, have revealed no new facts to mankind. We do not owe to them the knowledge that we possess of the course of the stars—of the movements of ocean's waters—of the mechanism of the human frame—of the elements and their combinations which form the material world. When the voice of Demosthenes thundered over the waves of the democracy of Athens—when the solemn music

of Cicero's eloquence in the senate or forum awakened indignation against treason or tyranny—when the blind old bard wandered through the cities of Greece singing the tale of Troy divine—the rapture with which these men were heard, was not owing to any perception of profitable knowledge which they conveyed, but was measured by the beauty of their expression. We have all eyes to see and hearts to feel; but when the eye roams delightedly over the external and visible world, or the heart beats rapturously in a happy sympathy with beauty, there is a pleasure for which it is not easy to find

words; and it is when the poet gives expression to these feelings, and embodies them in language, that we admire his genius. Now, the poet who describes external nature beautifully and poetically, has no more physical apprehension of its beauty than we have; and, indeed, we can only measure the excellence of the poetry by its answering to our feelings. It is precisely the same with the poet of the heart and with the impassioned orator: their excellence is measured, not by their apprehension, but by their expression; and this is proved by the simple and well-known fact, that if any sorrow, suffering, or injustice, be spoken of by the poet or orator in terms too strong for our own apprehension, we are not excited to sympathy, but offended by what we feel to be bombast; nay, only let a real matter of sorrow be spoken or written of with an excess of passionate language beyond our sympathy, and that which might have moved us to tears will go nigh to provoke us to laughter. The sorrows of children and the sorrows of lovers are matters with which we *can* sympathise; yet we *can* also laugh at the lackadaisicalness of lovers, and smile at the pretty passions of infancy. I dare say that a genius like Shakspeare or Goethe could make a very moving passage out of the tears of a little girl for the loss of a doll,—but it would require great management, or it would presently become ridiculous. Good reader, do not say that the fact itself is ridiculous; it is not so; it may indeed be a species of microscopic sorrow, easily overlooked by the broad gross eye of the world—and you think the sorrow nothing because you know it will soon be over. But I am not discoursing of the philosophy, but of the feeling of life; and I am sure, that if you were to see and for a moment attend to the gentle sobbings of a weeping child, you would sympathise with them. What a volume of poetry there is in a mother's breast when she hears the inarticulate wailings of her infant, while the passing stranger cries—"Out upon the squalling brat;" and yet that stranger is susceptible of the emotion which true expression can excite. With sorrow, with joy, and with all human emotions, we must as human beings, sympathise—but the expression must not exceed the bounds of verity or the capacity of sympathy. If a young girl should have a favourite bird, and that bird should die, she would place the little corpse in her delicate hand, would smoothe down its feathers, turn the closed beak with her finger to place the head in the attitude of life, would sigh and shed a tear or two, smiling the while at her own weakness—as she would call it, by way of apologising for giving way to a natural feeling. So far so good; but if the young lady should be pleased to go into hysterics, to wear mourning, to close the shutters, to deny herself to all company, and refuse to be comforted, then her sorrow would be laughable. All expression therefore should be in unison with the average capability of sympathy, so that we hence discover or discern that the great art of the poet and the orator is to apprehend aright the general feeling, and to express it well. Now, do we not hereby arrive at the secret of genius and at the standard of poetic excellence? But while we gain knowledge, we gain no power—we may know what genius is, and what is the standard of poetic excellence, but we thereby attain to no ability to express what we are conscious ought to be expressed. I contemplate moral or physical beauty or sublimity, and I have certain definite feelings of delight; I may say that they exist, and any one else may

know that they must exist, but I am not able to express them: yet a man of genius, not feeling more than I do, clothes these feelings in words, and I applaud in proportion as his expression approaches the height or depth of my own. It is precisely the same with eloquence as it is with poetry. The orator has a mighty power over human hearts, moving and exciting them to pity and indignation, as the case may be, but then he can only move them in proportion to their susceptibility, or, in other words, he can only move them by expressing their feelings. If an orator would fain excite indignation against an oppressor, he must make those whose indignation he would excite, sympathise with the oppressed; but there can be no sympathy where there is no feeling, and sympathy cannot go beyond feeling. For want of rightly considering this, we often find young and inexperienced barristers making outrageous demands on the sympathy of a jury, and these demands are successfully met and opposed by the adverse party casting ridicule on their extravagance. How very clearly then do we see that the genius of the poet and orator is discerned, not by any peculiar perception of his own, but by the power of expressing what all can feel and sympathise with. Even a metaphor or simile, or any illustrative language, must commend itself to our judgment, or it cannot command our admiration. Hence it is that we are said to feel the beauty of poetry or eloquence. And I think I see how it is that we enjoy and appreciate the fine arts, for in them we find a reflection of our own minds, and, as it were, an incarnation of our own feelings. The ignorant, the savage, the brutal, and the stupid, have their several and peculiar feelings, and enjoy the expression of them; but their feelings are not of the same nature as those of the cultivated, the refined, and the reflecting, therefore the same expression will not suit them. With Milton's Paradise Lost they have no sympathy; but a rude drinking song from the lips of a drunkard awakens their feelings, and they cry "Bravo!" They can see no beauty in the Cartoons of Raphael, but they admire a well painted sign. Now, he that among the rude and ignorant can make or sing a song which will call forth their applause, is a man of genius, for he can express their feelings, which they themselves cannot; though they can heartily sympathise with the expression when another makes it for them. It is also very possible that a man who may have the capacity of admiring and enjoying, by way of the fine arts, the expression of the deepest and purest and sublimest feelings, may not have the power to give expression even to the lowest, coarsest, or shallowest. The power of giving expression is the great secret of genius, and a secret it must ever remain. The poet, the painter, the musician, who pleases you, must not have an apprehension of feelings which you have not, but must have the power of expressing your feelings—you may say exciting, awakening; well, be it so, you cannot awaken that which is not. In this line of thought we have an interpretation of the rampant and roaring mistakes of the outrageous blockheads, who, because they cannot hit the public taste by a right expression, fancy that they shall take approbation and success by storm, and so out-Herod Herod. This is altogether a great mistake, and I think I can show why. The feelings up to a certain point will sympathise with a certain degree of expression, but beyond that point will not go. Now, if the expression, not exceeding the feelings in intensity, but

merely missing them by awkwardness, fails of awakening sympathy, it will go yet more wide of its mark in proportion to its extravagance. I will use a metaphor, and that will make the matter plain. You shoot an arrow at a target; you miss the target;—then you draw your bow more vigorously in the same direction and send your arrow farther still; then you are farther from the target than ever. Few can send the arrow into the bull's eye—they are men of genius; few, but more can hit the target—they are men of ability; but many miss, before, beyond—they are friends to the trunk-maker —*Athenæum*.

THE CHILD AND THE DEW-DROP.

One summer's morn, when Nature's dress
Was rich in varied loveliness—
When, from the sky, the morning sun
Was pouring floods of radiance down
And, shooting from the glowing east
Had scatter'd wide the morning mist,—
A father and his youthful son
Thro' field and wood were sauntering on.
Pale was the boy, and in his eye
Beam'd not the smile of infancy.
Nor sport had he, nor gambol wild,
That mark the frolic of the child.
But even in his youthful face
Wisdom's grave features you might trace.
With listless step, as on they stray'd,
The child, with earnest gaze, survey'd
A flow'ret, on whose mantle green,
There glitter'd still the dewy sheen;
Tho' with rude heat, each sparkling cup
The scorching sun was drinking up.
Till on the flower the last one shone—
Trembled a moment—and was gone.
Then rais'd the child his thoughtful look,
As the last drop the flower forsook;
"Father! why hath yon wrathful light
Chas'd from the earth these dew-drops bright?
And why doth he whose quick'ning beam
Gives life to all, deal death to them?
Why does the morning bring their doom
That wakens all things else to bloom?"—
But as he spoke, a wat'ry cloud
Threw o'er the sun its dark'ning shroud;
It passed him o'er and, now on high
A brilliant rainbow arch'd the sky.
"See," said the father, "yon bright bow—
There stand the dew-drops shining now;
The sun but took them from the earth
To give them there a glorious birth.
Thus learn, my child, what withers here
Is wak'd to joy and glory there!"—
The child with wonder heard him trace
Earth's dew-drops to their heav'nly place;
But read not in their changed state,
The emblem of his coming fate—
For few more suns pass'd o'er his head,
Ere he was mingled with the dead.
A while to sparkle here was giv'n—
Then dew-drop-like he rose to heaven!—Z.

The foregoing verses were suggested by the following passage in one of our late numbers:—
"A delicate child, pale and prematurely wise, was complaining on a hot morning that the poor dew-drops had been too hastily snatched away, and not allowed to glitter on the flowers like other happier dew-drops that live the whole night through and sparkle in the moonlight. 'The sun,' said the

child, 'has chased them away with his heat, or swallowed them up in his wrath.' Soon after there came rain, and a rainbow; whereupon the father pointing upward—'See,' said he, 'there stands the dew-drops gloriously re-set—a glittering jewellery in the heavens—and the clownish foot tramples on them no more! By this, my child, thou art taught that what withers upon earth blooms again in heaven.' Thus the father spoke, but knew not that he spoke prefiguring words; for soon after, the delicate child, with the morning lightness of his early wisdom, was exhaled like a dew-drop into heaven!" —*Greenock Advertiser*, 24th October, 1838.

MUSIC.

It addresses itself to the mind through the medium of the sense of hearing. We own that some can find much pleasure in studying it with the eye only; but the gratification must be somewhat like that of the hungry Shacabac, whom the generous Barmecide treats with a delicious supper—at least in description and idea, a kind of feasting on a bill of fare. But poetry touches the mind more immediately, so that it is indifferent whether we hear it pronounced, con it with our eyes, or, closing our optic organs, give ourselves up to a delightful reverie, while memory opens her broad page, and reads to us a lesson of delights. Now, if to the refined pleasures of sense, we add those more directly connected with the mind, what an exquisite *liaison* do we form: one assists and beautifies the other, or perhaps rather the effect of both disposes us to overlook trivial defects, which might have attracted more attention had each been single.

Sweet the wild song that wakes the valley—sweet
Warbles the soft lute's melancholy note;
But sounds with silver melody replete
From Lesbia's lips on gales of fragrance float.
Salmagundi.

The first words we hear adapted to music, become identified with that music (first impressions being most durable), and even when we hear the sounds without the words, the same associations are raised, the same ideas excited, the same picture brought before our eyes. To most persons, an air is elegant or vulgar accordingly as they have heard it sung to elegant or vulgar words; though we grant that when an air that we are acquainted with only by hearing it in the nursery or street, is elegantly arranged to more expressive and well-turned words, we may, by an effort, throw off part of our bad feeling towards it, but still we conceive we must be more or less prejudiced against it, as long as we remember our former opinion. The same expressions will, with little modification, apply *vice versa*; when an elegant song has been parodied and ridiculed, we may laugh for a moment, but we have far more cause to deplore that so fair an image has been broken, to afford a transient burst of mirth—we must set about gathering up the fragments, but it will be long ere the fissures where it has been joined can be effaced. Those who have heard some of the melodies so beautifully adapted by Mr. Moore, before he arranged them, when they were sung to some unmeaning or foolish words, will easily enter into our idea; they may rejoice to see them rescued from so low a fate, but they must regret ever having seen them in that state, while those who have been happy enough to have known them first in their new attire will still admire them, even though they may hear them parodied, or ground upon a barrel organ.

OH! NO, MY LOVE NO.

Words by M. G. Lewis.

Michael Kelly.

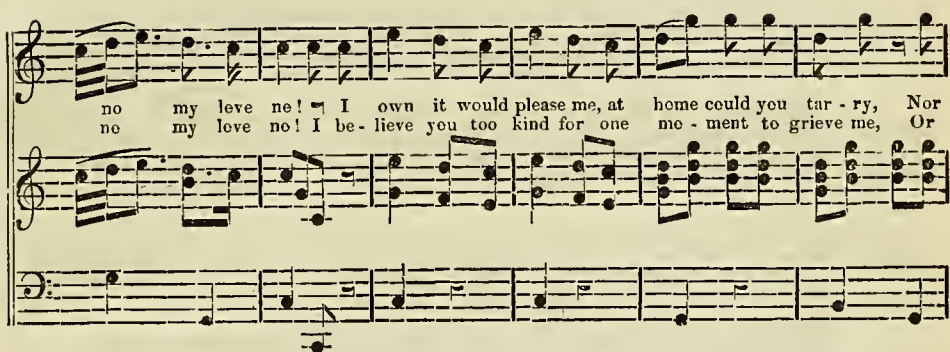
Expressivo.

Piano introduction in 2/4 time. The right hand features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a harmonic accompaniment. Dynamics range from *p* (piano) to *f* (forte).

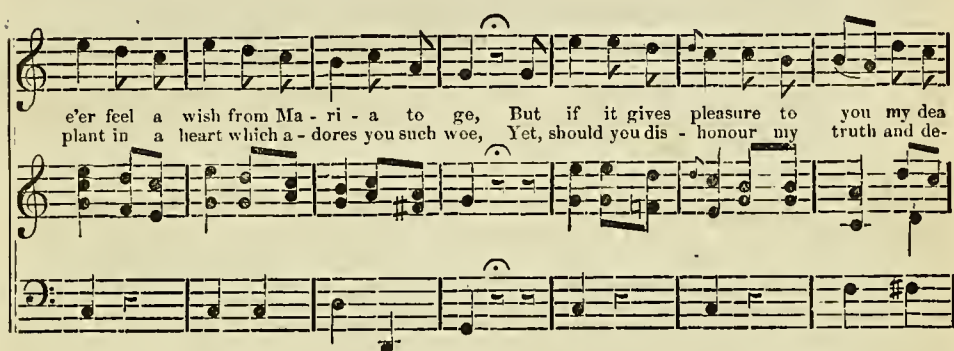
First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line begins with a whole rest, followed by the lyrics: "While I hang on your bo-som dis- Now do not dear Har, while a-". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady eighth-note pattern.

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "tract-ed to lose you, High swells my sad heart, and fast my tears flow, Yet broad you are stray-ing That heart which is mine on a ri-val be-stow, Nay,". The piano accompaniment maintains its accompanimental role.

Third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "think not of coldness they fall to ac-cuse you; Did I e-ver upbraid you! Oh ban-ish that frown, such dis-plea-sure be-traying, Do you think I suspect you! Oh". The piano accompaniment provides a final harmonic support.



no my love ne! I own it would please me, at home could you tar - ry, Nor
no my love no! I be - lieve you too kind for one mo - ment to grieve me, Or



e'er feel a wish from Ma - ri - a to go, But if it gives pleasure to you my dea
plant in a heart which a - dores you such woe, Yet, should you dis - honour my truth and de-



Har - ry, Shall I blame your de - part - ure, Oh! no my love no, Shall I blame your de-
ceive me, Should I e'er cease to love you, Oh! no my love no, Should I e'er cease to



part - ure! Oh! no my love ne!
love you! Oh! no my love no!

THE LASS OF PATIE'S MILL.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

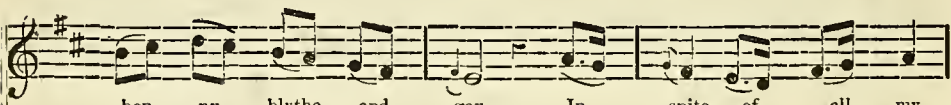
Joseph Corfe.

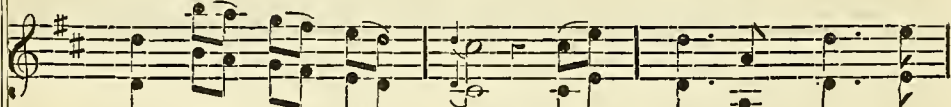
SOPRANO.  The lass of Pa - tie's mill - - - So

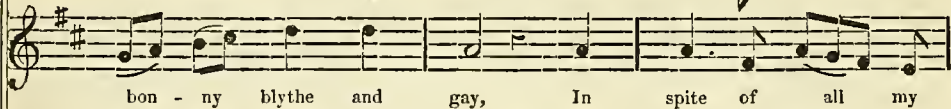
ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO. 

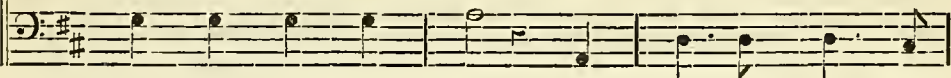
TENOR.  The lass of Pa - tie's mill, So bon - ny, so

BASS. 

 bon - ny blythe and gay, In spite of all my



 bon - ny blythe and gay, In spite of all my



 skill - - She stole my heart a - way. When



 skill, She stole - my heart a - way. When

 she stole my

ted - ding of the hay - - Love

ted - ding of the hay - - Bare - head - ed on the green, Love

midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.

midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.

The lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Sae bonnie, blythe, and gay
 In spite of a' my skill,
 She stole my heart away,
 When teddin out the hay,
 Bareheaded on the green,
 Love mid her locks did play,
 And wanton'd in her een.

Without the help of art,
 Like flowers that grace the wild,
 She did her sweets impart,
 Whene'er she spak or smil'd:
 Her looks they were so mild,
 Free from affected pride,
 She me to love beguil'd;
 I wish'd her for my bride.

Oh! had I a' the wealth
 Hopetoun's high mountains fill,
 Insured long life and health,
 And pleasure at my will;
 I'd promise, and fulfil,
 That nane but bonnie she,
 The lass o' Patie's Mill,
 Should share the same wi' me.

The song of "The Lass o' Patie's Mill" was written by Allan Ramsay (born 1686 died 1757), and appeared for the first time in the *Tea-Table Miscellany*, 1724; to the copy of it printed in "Chambers's Scottish Songs" the following note is appended:—

"The scene of this song lies on the southern bank of the Irvine Water, near Newmills, in the eastern part of Ayrshire. I visited the spot in September 1826, and took an exact note of the locality. Patie's Mill, or rather Pate's Mill, for the poet seems to have eked out the name for the sake of his versification, stands about a stone-cast from the town of Newmills, and a mile from Loudoun Castle. The mill and all the contiguous tenements have been renewed since Ramsay's time, except part of one cottage. They occupy both sides of the road to Galston. A field is pointed out at the distance of two hundred yards from the mill, as that in which "the lass" was working at the time she was seen by the poet. Ramsay had been taking a forenoon ride with the Earl of London along the opposite bank of the river, when they observed the rural nymph, and the Earl pointed her out to his companion as a fit subject for his muse. Allan hung behind his lordship, in order to compose what was required, and produced the song at the dinner-table that afternoon."

THOMAS AUGUSTINE ARNE.

This celebrated composer was born in London on the 28th of May, 1710. He was the son of Mr. Thomas Arne, upholsterer, in King Street, Covent Garden, the person at whose house the Indian kings, who visited this kingdom in the reign of Queen Anne, had their lodging. Young Arne was sent to receive his education to Eton, but a love of music even at this seat of classical education, was his predominant passion; at his return home he gratified this predilection, unknown to his father, by putting on livery and going to the upper gallery of the opera house, then appropriated to domestics. He also contrived to secrete a spinet in his room, on which he used to practice in the night, first muffling the keys with a handkerchief. His father, who designed him for the law, obliged him to serve a three years' apprenticeship; but during this period he devoted all the time he could command to the study of music, and having procured a violin, he took some lessons of Michael Festing, an eminent performer. Such was his progress, that soon after the expiration of his clerkship, his father, happening to go to a private amateur concert, learnt for the first time of his son's musical proficiency by seeing, with surprise, the young lawyer in the act of playing first fiddle. This decisive proof that music was more to his liking than the study of law, convinced his father that resistance was useless, and induced him to consent to his following it professionally; thenceforward the resigned parent supplied him with the means of prosecuting the study of music in an open and advantageous manner. Young Arne soon imbibed his sister with a love for the art of vocal music, and gave her such instructions as enabled her to appear on the stage as a singer; she made her debut in Lampe's opera of "Amelia," and her first appearance gave such promise of success, that her brother composed music for Addison's "Rosamond," in which Miss Arne represented the heroine. She shortly after became the celebrated Mrs. Cibber. Arne himself was engaged as leader of the band at Drury Lane, a situation he held for many years with great credit. The success of "Rosamond" led to the composition of others, and soon afterwards he converted Fielding's "Tom Thumb" into a burlesque opera, which was likewise well received. In 1738 he produced his "Comus," in which he evinced powers of a kind much superior to what he had as yet given proof of, and his reputation became at once thoroughly established. In the masque he introduced a light, airy, original, and pleasing melody, wholly different from Purcell and Handel, whom all English composers had hitherto pillaged or imitated. Indeed, the melody of Arne at this time, and of his Vauxhall songs afterwards, forms an era in English music; it was so easy, natural, and agreeable to the whole kingdom, that it had an evident effect upon the national taste.

In 1740, Arne married Miss Cecilia Young, a pupil of Geminiani, and a singer of eminence. In 1742, he went into Ireland, where he and his wife were engaged by the Dublin manager, the one to sing, the other to compose. There he produced his masques "Britannia," and "The Judgment of Paris;" "Thomas and Sally," an afterpiece; and "Eliza," an opera. In 1745, he accepted an offer of engagement from the proprietor of Vauxhall gardens, who thus added Mrs. Arne to the list of his vocal performers, her husband at the same time becoming his principal composer. Subsequent to

this, he wrote his two oratorios, "Abel" and "Judith," after which the University of Oxford conferred on him the degree of Doctor in Music. His greatest work, "Artaxerxes," was composed in 1762, in imitation of the Italian opera, and to prove that it was possible to succeed with the English language in the recitative. The attempt was bold and triumphant; the approbation which crowned his labours, and the high place assigned to it by posterity, prove its many and great merits. The libretto is a translation by himself of the "Artaxerxes," from the Italian of Metastasio, and is much above mediocrity. While Dr. Arne was engaged as composer to Drury Lane, he is said frequently to have rebelled against the sovereignty of Handel, but with as little effect, according to Dr. Burney, as Marsyas against Apollo. The writer in the Penny Cyclopaedia states, that in 1765 he produced an entire Italian opera at the King's Theatre, Metastasio's "Olimpiade," of which no notice is taken by any of his biographers. He afterwards produced "The Fairies," music to Mason's "Elfrida," and "Caractacus," additions to the "King Arthur" of Purcell, music to the songs of Shakspeare, airs for the Stratford Jubilee, &c. His opera, "Love in a Village," is a compilation from various sources, but many of the airs are the composition of Arne, among which "Gentle youth, ah! tell me why?" is admirable, and will be a favourite of all time. Dr. Arne was successful in other departments of music; many pieces of his harmonised vocal music must continue to give pleasure as long as harmony has power to gratify. "His song and chorus, 'Rule Britannia,'" says the writer last quoted, "need hardly be mentioned as the offspring of his genius; it may be said to have waited his name over the greater half of the habitable world."

Dr. Arne was seized with spasms of the lungs, and died 5th March, 1778. He was educated in the Roman Catholic religion, and after a life spent in the pursuit of pleasure, the influence of early principles began to be felt; he seized the consolations afforded by the rites of that church, and his last moments were cheered by a Hallelujah sung by himself.

He left an only son, Michael, who evinced a precocious taste for music, but never attained the same eminence with his talented father. He produced the opera "Alcmena," at Drury Lane theatre, written in conjunction with Mr. Battishill, but with indifferent success. His "Cymon," subsequently brought out at the King's theatre, was more successful and more profitable. He is said to have died without issue.

SONG—TO A DESPAIRING LOVER.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prythee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Prythee why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prythee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Prythee why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame! this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:—

The devil take her.

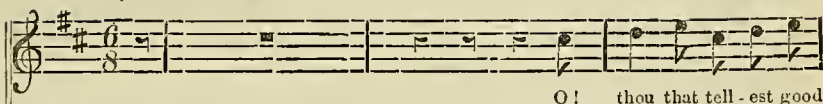
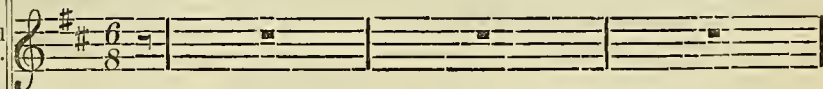
Sir J. Suckling born in Middlesex, 1609, died 1641.

O THOU THAT TELLEST.

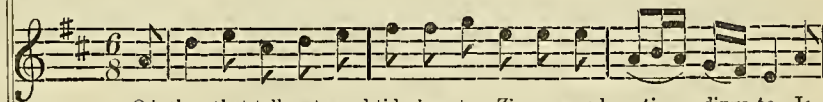
SACRED CHORUS.

Handel.

TENOR.

ALTO, or 2d
SOPRANO.

SOPRANO.



BASS.



tidings to Zi - on.

O! thou that tellest good

tidings to Zi - on.

O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, to Zi - on,

ru - sa - lem,

O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, good

tidings to Je - ru - sa - lem.

tidings to Zi - on, A - rise! A - rise! Say un - to the ci - ties of

A - rise! A - rise! Say un - to the ci - ties of

tidings to Zion, A - rise! A - rise! Say un - to the ci - ties of

A - rise! A - rise! Say un - to the ci - ties of

Judah, Behold your God, Be - hold, the glo - ry of the Lord - - is

Judah, Behold your God, Be - hold, the glo - ry of the Lord - - is

Judah, Behold your God, Be - hold, the glo - ry of the Lord - - is

ri - sen up - on thee: O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zi - on, Say un - to the

ri - sen up - on thee: O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zi - on, Say un - to the

ri - sen up - on thee: O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zi - on, Say un - to the

cities of Judah, Be - hold, be - hold, The glo - ry of the Lord of the

cities of Judah, Be - hold, be - hold, The glo - ry of the Lord of the

cities of Judah, Be - hold, be - hold, The glo - ry of the Lord of the

Lord, the glo-ry of the Lord is ri-sen up-on thee.

Lord, the glo-ry of the Lord - - - - - is ri-sen up-on thee.

Lord, the glo-ry of the Lord is ri-sen up-on thee.

Lord, the glo-ry of the Lord is ri-sen up-on thee.

THE NUN.

'Tis over; and her lovely cheek is now
On her hard pillow—there, alas to be
Nightly, through many and many a dreary hour,
Wan, often wet with tears, and (ere at length
Her place is empty, and another comes)
In anguish, in the ghastliness of death;
Hers never more to leave those mournful walls,
Even on her bier.

'Tis over; and the rite,
With all its pomp and harmony, is now
Floating before her. She arose at home,
To be the show, the idol of the day;
Her vesture gorgeous, and her starry head—
No rocket, bursting in the midnight-sky,
So dazzling. When to-morrow she awakes,
She will awake as though she still was there,
Still in her father's house; and lo, a cell
Narrow and dark, nought through the gloom dis-
cern'd,
Nought save the crucifix, the rosary,
And the grey habit lying by to shroud
Her beauty and grace.

When on her knees she fell,
Entering the solemn place of consecration,
And from the latticed gallery came a chaunt
Of psalms, most saint-like, most angelical,
Verse after verse sung out, how holly!
The strain returning, and still, still returning,
Methought it acted like a spell upon her,
And she was casting off her earthly dress;
Yet was it sad as sweet, and ere it closed,
Came like a dirge. When her fair head was shorn,
And the long tresses in her hands were laid,
That she might fling them from her saying, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world and worldly things!"
When, as she stood, her bridal ornaments
Were, one by one, removed, even to the last,
That she might say, flinging them from her, "Thus,
Thus I renounce the world!" when all was changed,
And, as a nun, in homeliest guise she knelt,
Veiled in her veil, crown'd with her silver crown,

Her crown of lilies as the spouse of Christ,
Well might her strength forsake her, and her knees
Fail in that hour! Well might the holy man,
He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
('Twas in her utmost need; nor while she lives,
Will it go from her, fleeting as it was)
That faint but fatherly smile, that smile of love
And pity!

Like a dream the whole is fled;
And they that came in idleness to gaze
Upon the victim dress'd for sacrifice,
Are mingling in the world; thou in thy cell
Forgot, Teresa. Yet, among them all,
None were so formed to love and to be loved,
None to delight, adorn; and on thee now
A curtain, blacker than the night, is dropp'd
For ever! In thy gentle bosom sleep
Feelings, affections, destined now to die,
To wither like the blossom in the bud,
Those of a wife, a mother; leaving there
A cheerless void, a chill as of the grave,
A languor and a lethargy of soul,
Death-like, and gathering more and more, till Death
Comes to release thee. Ah, what now to thee,
What now to thee the treasure of thy youth?
As nothing

But thou canst not yet reflect
Calmly; so many things, strange and perverse,
That meet, recoil, and go but to return,
The monstrous birth of one eventful day,
Troubling thy spirit—from the first, at dawn,
The rich arraying for the nuptial feast,
To the black pall, the requiem.

All in turn
Revisit thee, and round thy lowly bed
Hover, uncall'd. Thy young and innocent heart,
How is it beating? Has it no regrets?
Discoverest thou no weakness lurking there
But thine exhausted frame has sunk to rest.
Peace to thy slumbers!

Rogers's Italy.

THE MORN RETURNS IN SAFFRON DREST.

Stephen Paxton.

Andante.

a mezzo voce

The first system of the score is a piano introduction. It consists of two staves, treble and bass, in a key of B-flat major (two flats) and 4/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Andante.' and the vocal instruction is 'a mezzo voce'. The music features a series of chords and moving lines in both hands, with a prominent eighth-note melody in the right hand.

The morn re - turns in saf - fron drest, But not to sad Ro -

p

The second system contains the vocal entry and piano accompaniment for the first line of the song. The vocal line is on a single staff in treble clef, with lyrics 'The morn re - turns in saf - fron drest, But not to sad Ro -'. The piano accompaniment consists of two staves, treble and bass, in the same key and time signature. The dynamic marking 'p' (piano) is placed at the beginning of the piano part.

si - na's rest; The blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A -

The third system contains the vocal and piano accompaniment for the second line of the song. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'si - na's rest; The blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A -'. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves, maintaining the harmonic support for the vocal line.

wakes the tune - ful choir. The blushing morn a - wakes the strain, A -

mf *p* *sf*

The fourth system contains the vocal and piano accompaniment for the third line of the song. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics 'wakes the tune - ful choir. The blushing morn a - wakes the strain, A -'. The piano accompaniment continues with two staves. Dynamic markings 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'p' (piano), and 'sf' (sforzando) are placed below the piano part to indicate changes in volume.

The musical score is written for three parts: Soprano, Alto, and Bass. The key signature has one flat (B-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are: "wakes the tune-ful choir, But sad Ro-si-na ne'er a-gain shall strike the ex-ult-ing lyre." The score includes dynamic markings such as *mf* and *p*. The piece concludes with two endings, labeled "1st." and "2d.", each followed by a repeat sign.

GLUCK IN DISHABILLE.

Mehul the eminent composer of the oratorio of "Joseph," in his latter years delighted in talking about Gluck, and relating the circumstances of his first connexion with that illustrious composer.

"I arrived in Paris in 1779," said Mehul, "possessing nothing but my sixteen years, my old woman, and hope. I had a letter of recommendation to Gluck: that was my treasure; to see Gluck; to hear him; to speak to him; that was my sole desire upon entering the capital; and that thought made my heart leap for joy.

"Upon ringing at his door I could scarcely draw my breath. His wife opened it to me, and told me that M. Gluck was at his occupation, and that she could not disturb him. My disappointment I have no doubt gave an air of vexation to my features, which touched the good lady; she made herself acquainted with the nature of my visit; the letter of which I was the bearer came from a friend. I took courage; spoke with fervour my admiration of her husband's works; of the delight I should have simply in beholding the great man—and Madame Gluck completely relented. She proposed to me, with a smile, that I should look at her husband while he was at work, but without speaking to him or making the slightest disturbance.

"She then conducted me to the door of a cabinet, from whence proceeded the tones of a harpsichord, upon which Gluck was thumping away with all his strength. The cabinet was opened and closed with-

out the illustrious composer's suspecting that any profane being was approaching his sanctuary; and there was I behind a screen, which was luckily pierced here and there, so that my eye could feast upon the slightest movement, or most trifling expression of feature in my Orpheus.

"He had on a black velvet cap of the German fashion. He was in slippers; and his stockings were negligently pulled over his drawers. As for the remainder of his dress, he had on an Indian jacket of a large flower pattern, which came no lower than his waist. I thought him superb in this accoutrement. All the pomp of Louis the Fourteenth's toilette would not have excited my admiration like the dishabille of Gluck.

"Suddenly I saw him dart from his seat, seize on the chairs, range them about the room to represent the wings of the scene, return to his harpsichord to give the air, and there was my man, holding in each hand the corner of his jacket, humming an *air de ballet*, curtsying like a young dancer, making *glissades* round the chairs, cutting capers, describing the attitudes, and acting all the tricks and pretty allurements of an opera nymph. He then appeared to wish to manœuvre the *corps de ballet*, but space failing him, he desired to enlarge his stage, and for this purpose came with a bang of his fist against the first wing of the screen, which suddenly opened—and, lo! I was discovered.

"After an explanation, and some future visits, Gluck honoured me with his protection and friendship."—*Musical World*.

IT IS FOR THE PEOPLE LETTERS MUST BE CULTIVATED.

Poetry has hitherto been for the most part the humble follower and dutiful servant of tyranny and aristocracy; a minstrel to soothe them in their mood, or to celebrate their praises, a herald to proclaim their doctrines to the multitude. But things are changed, or, at least, changing. And now we can feel that the paramount reason for Shakspeare's greatness (as for Homer's), and the guarantee of his everlasting renown, is, that he was the POET OF THE PEOPLE. Princes, and courts, and castes, are perishable things; and their putrefaction imparts disease, and brings death upon all works reared for them; but the People is eternal, and to its own servant, orator, conqueror, poet—Mirabeau, Napoleon, Shakspeare, it can communicate its own eternity. A poet yet living, and one more universally popular with his nation than perhaps any who ever yet lived, has recognised as the great happiness of Shakspeare, and as the first great cause of the unapproachable excellence of his dramas, that he wrote for the people. I gladly cite his opinion both about the people and him whom I hold pre-eminently of the olden time, to have been their poet. I can strengthen it, too, by some high authorities. Béranger, in the preface to the last and great edition of his works, says, when alluding to his own success as a *chansonier* :—

“I have sometimes thought that if contemporary poets had reflected that henceforth it is for the people letters must be cultivated, they would not have envied me the little laurel which, through their hanging back, I have succeeded in gathering; and which, doubtless, would have been more enduring, if twined with others more glorious. When I speak of the people, I mean the multitude; I mean, if it so please you, the low, common people. They are not sensible to the subtleties of wit, to the niceties of taste! So be it! But for that very reason authors, to captivate their attention, are compelled to conceive more grandly and more vigorously. Adapt, then, to their vigorous nature both your subjects and the development of them. They neither require from you abstract ideas nor yet models. Show them the naked human heart! Shakspeare, it seems to me, was happily bound in this obligation. But what would become of the perfection of style! Can it be believed that if the inimitable versification of Racine were applied to one of our first-rate melodramas, it would have hindered the success of the works even on the Boulevards? Invent, conceive, for all those who know not how to read; write for those who do know how to read! In consequence of rooted habits, we still judge the people with prejudice. They appear before us only as a gross multitude, incapable of noble, generous, tender feelings. Nevertheless, it is the worse with us even in the matter of literary judgments, and especially with regard to the theatre. If there be any poetry left in the world, it is in the ranks of the people we must seek it. Let us endeavour then to compose for them; but to succeed in this, we must first study the people. When we do accidentally win their applause, we treat them after the manner of those kings who, on their days of munificence, pelt them with sausages and drown them with factitious wine. Look at our painters! Whenever they have to represent men belonging to the people, even in their historical pictures, they seem to take a pleasure in

making them hideous! Might not this people say to those who represent them thus—Is it my fault that I am wretchedly ragged?—that my features are branded by want and occasionally by vice? But in these worn and withered features the enthusiasm of courage and liberty has blazed,—under these rags there flows a blood which I lavish at my country's call. It is when my soul is sublimed that I should be painted. Then I am beautiful! and in speaking thus the people would be right. With very few exceptions all who belong to literature and the arts have sprung from the lower classes. But we are like those upstarts who wish to have their origin forgotten; or if we do indeed tolerate family portraits in our houses, it is upon condition of making them caricatures. Truly here is a fine mode of ennobling oneself! The Chinese are wiser, they ennoble their ancestors.

“Napoleon, the greatest poet of modern times, and, peradventure, of all times, when he withdrew from an imitation of the ancient monarchical forms, judged the people, as they should be judged, by our poets and artists. For example, he desired that in the grutuitous representations the entertainments should consist of the master pieces of the French stage. Corneille and Molière often did the honours, and it has been remarked that never were their pieces applauded with greater discernment. In camps and amidst our revolutionary troubles THE GREAT MAN had early learned the point of elevation which the instinct of masses ably agitated could obtain. One would be almost tempted to believe that it was to satisfy this instinct he has so worried the world. The love borne to his memory by the new generation that knew him not sufficiently proves the power which the poetic influence has upon the people. Let our authors then labour earnestly for this multitude so well prepared to receive that instruction whereof it has need. By sympathising with it, in the end, they will make it moral, and the more they add to its intelligence the more will they extend the domain of genius and of glory.”

These are the words of one who could understand Shakspeare's mission to the people. In a later age he has been himself a servant in the same high cause. And while, like Shakspeare, he exercised a genius which must recommend him to all countries and all times, he shares with him for his own country and his own times the especial, the heart-home praise of nationality. Each adopted the popular vehicle for the communication of highest thoughts and noblest feelings to his countrymen.

Let us now cite a great authority to explain the Shaksperian drama. Pions translator of Milton, you who gratefully acknowledge that our second poet, the champion of liberty and the minstrel of the Lord, soothed your exile and delighted your youth, and, at last, gave you bread in your old age—Chateaubriand, appear!—

“Shakspeare plays at one and the same moment the tragedy in the palace and the comedy at the door. He does not paint a particular class of men; he mingles, as they are mingled in real life, the sovereign and the slave, the patrician and the plebian, the warrior and the peasant, the illustrious and the obscure. He makes no distinction between classes; he does not separate the noble from the humble, the serious from the comic, the gay from the grave, laughter from tears, joy from grief, good from evil. He sets in motion the whole of society, as he unfolds at full length the life of man. The great poet knew that the incidents of a single day

cannot present a picture of human existence, and that there is unity from the cradle to the tomb. He takes up a youthful head, and, if he does not strike it off, he gives it you back whitened by age. Time has invested him with its own powers."

The grandee with "the stirring memories of a thousand years," takes to his bosom the *player* whom the hosier's son despised. Chateaubriand understood the man; he conceived his mission; he had love and reverence for the people.

From an excellent article in *Frazer's Magazine*, "On the Shaksperian Drama, and the Commentators on Shakspeare."

ON MODERN SONGS SUNG AT PLACES OF PUBLIC DIVERSION.

[The following paper from the "Winter Evenings" of Dr. Vicissimus Knox, although not strictly applicable to the present age, is nevertheless well worthy of the attention of all readers of light literature, and the youthful admirers of ballad and lyrical poetry.]

Every scholar knows that Bishop Lowth, in a solemn introduction to his *Lectures on Sacred Poetry*, has inserted in the very first place, and as one of the most striking instances of the power of poetry, a Greek political ballad, which used to be sung by the Athenian liberty-boys at their festive *symposia*, and by the mob and the ballad singers in the streets and alleys of that celebrated city. The Bishop, after citing it at full length, suggests, that if, after the memorable Ides of March, such a song had been given by the *Tyrannicides* of Rome to the common people to be sung in the suburra and the forum, it would have been all over with the party and the tyranny of the Cæsars. This ballad (*Harmodion Melos*) would, in the opinion of the Prelate, have done more than all the philippics of Cicero; and yet, though in Greek, it is not better than many a one sung in the Cheapside in praise of Wilkes and liberty. It bears a considerable resemblance to several popular songs written by such poets as Tom D'Urfey and George Alexander Stevens, whom some future lecturer in poetry may call (as the Bishop does Callistratus, the author of his favourite song) ingenious poets and excellent members of the state.

That the Bishop thought proper to select a trivial ballad to show the force of poetry, when he was to treat of heaven-inspired poetry, evinces that he deemed ballads capable of producing wonderful effects on the human heart, and therefore of great consequence, and worthy to be ranked with the sublimest strains, and even with sacred poetry.

I imagine there must have been a favourite tune to these words, which is now lost past recovery; for among us a popular tune and popular words are generally united; at least the words will seldom be long popular without a favourite tune. Words scarcely above nonsense have had a fine effect when recommended by favourite sounds; "Lillihullero" is an obvious instance, and many others might be enumerated. Lord Wharton boasted that he rhymed the king out of the kingdom by it. "Hearts of oak are our ships," is as good a composition as that of the old Grecian with the hard name, and I dare say has contributed to animate many a poor creature whose unhappy lot it was to be *food for powder*. "Hosier's Ghost," "The Vicar of Bray," and "Joy to Great Cæsar," had great weight in the times in which they first appeared.

But if political songs produce consequences so

important, it is but reasonable to conclude that bacchanalian and amorous songs have, in their way, an influence similar and no less powerful.

Music and poetry are wonderfully efficacious on the mind when they act separately; but, when united, their power is more than doubled. They are, of necessity, united in songs, and the effect is usually increased by wine, cheerful conversation, and every species of convivial joy.

I argue then, that, if political songs have had such wonderful power as to lead on armies to conquest, and to dethrone kings; those songs in which the joys of love and wine are celebrated, must have done great execution in private life. It is fair, I think to draw such an inference.

I proceed to infer, that it is of great consequence to the cause of temperance, and all other virtues, that the poetry of popular songs should be of a good tendency. For as songs may do great harm, so may they do great good, under proper regulation.

Perhaps we have not improved in song writing so much as in other species of poetry; for the old songs are still the best, if we judge by that infallible criterion, popularity.

But such is the love of novelty, that with a new tune there must be a new song; and, unhappily, the composers of the poetry are less excellent in their art than the composers of the music. The music is often delightful, while the verse is merely rhyme, not only unaccompanied with reason, but destitute of fancy, harmony, and elegance.

But they who can write neither good sense nor poetry, can write licentiously, and give to their insipid jingle the high seasoning of indelicate double meanings, or even gross obscenity.

If they descend not to this degradation, they yet represent the passion of love in language, which, though mere common-place, renders it very difficult for ladies of decency to sing their songs without the blush of confusion. Nothing is, indeed, more common than to hear young ladies say, "The tune is delightful, but the words are nonsensical. We never mind the words, we only make use of them to sing the tune, without giving them a moment's attention."

The effects of a song ought to arise conjointly from the music and the poetry. If the words are considered as of no consequence and unworthy of attention, it is evident that much of the pleasure, perhaps half of it, is entirely lost to the singer and the hearer. But though the young lady may apologise for singing nonsense, or warm descriptions of passions which her delicacy must conceal, by saying she does not mind the words, it may be doubted whether it is not possible to learn a song by memory, and sing it frequently in company, without giving the words a very considerable degree of attention. The ear often corrupts the heart by the intervention of the lyre.

And I think it probable that indelicate songs have done almost as much harm by inflaming the imagination, as novels and sentimental letters. I do not speak of songs grossly indecent, for such are certainly never permitted to lie on the young lady's harpsichord; but I speak of those which come out every season at the celebrated places of public amusement. The music is charming, and the words are usually well adapted to a mixed audience of those places, but not so well to the parlour, the drawing-room, and ladies library.

I propose to the musical ladies, or rather to the music masters, that whenever a foolish or improper

song is set to a pleasing and excellent tune, they would seek some poetical composition of similar metre, and of established reputation, which may be sung to the same tune, without any inconvenience, but on the contrary with great advantage to the tune, to the morals, to the taste, and with an addition to the pleasure of all young persons who are educated with care and delicacy.

Where young ladies have a poetical talent, which is common in this age, I should think they could not employ it more agreeably and usefully, than in writing new words to tunes which are accompanied with such as they cannot but disapprove. It would be an additional pleasure to hearers to have at the same time, a specimen of the fair performer's skill both in music and poetry.

I cannot dismiss this subject without expressing a wish that the composers of fashionable songs would take care, for their own sakes, that the poetry should be at least inoffensive; for there are many most pleasing pieces of music rejected by respectable families, and consequently soon lost in obscurity, because the words are such as cannot be sung without causing some degree of pain or exciting a blush. This is not indeed a licentious age in theatrical amusements, nor in song writing, compared with the reign of the second Charles; but still there is a disguised indecency which prevails in both, and which is probably the more injurious, as the poisoned pill is gilded, and as the dagger is braided with a wreath of myrtle.

But, exclusively of moral considerations, every man of taste must wish to see good poetry united with good music.

The best poets of antiquity wrote the most popular songs. Most of the odes of Horace are love and drinking songs. Anacreon has gained immortality by songs alone. Sappho was a song writer. Even great statesmen, as, for instance, Solon, wrote songs for political purposes with great success.

Many of our best poets also who have obtained the rank of English classics, wrote songs; but who writes for Vauxhall? The best writers of the age need not think it a degrading condescension, when they consider the dignity of music and poetry, and how widely their effects are diffused in this musical age and country.

JOSEPH NOTOT.

This composer was born at Arras, Pas de Calais, in 1755. From his earliest infancy he manifested a most wonderful aptitude for music. Before he had completed his sixth year, he happened to be taken to a public concert where he astonished all by the enthusiasm with which he listened to the performances. His father designing to educate him for the pulpit or the bar, felt much displeasure at the bias his genius exhibited towards music, and did all in his power to alter the inclination of the child. Nevertheless his musical predilection remained; and, though he never had received any instructions, he would frequently stand behind his sister while she was practising on the piano-forte, and, the moment she had gone through a difficult piece, which he perhaps had never heard before, would take her seat and execute it with the utmost facility and correctness. His parents marked these proofs of his precocity with pain, as they wished to restrain him from a study so much opposed to their fondest wishes; and for the purpose of diverting his attention they sent him to Paris. It happened soon after his arrival in that city that the friend to whose

care the young Notot was confided, took him to Saint Germain-des-Pres; where having obtained permission of Leclerc, the celebrated organist, to sit at the organ, he performed extempore in so ingenious and learned a manner that Leclerc would not believe it possible that the boy could be playing from his own ideas. But having got from Leclerc a subject, the untalented boy instantly formed a fugue upon it, and acquitted himself so admirably in the performance, that the great composer seized him in his arms, and lifting him as high as he could, exclaimed in an ecstasy of fond delight, "*Tu resteras à Paris*" (Thou wilt remain at Paris). His father yielded at length to his son's propensity, and permitted him to adhere to music as his future profession, and he remained at Paris where he soon acquired great reputation. At his return to Arras he was appointed organist of that town. His compositions, which were greatly admired by John Christian Bach, consist of four symphonies, three piano-forte concertos, and a number of sonatas for the same instrument. In his style of accompanying from the score Joseph Notot was unequalled. Piccini, Sacchini, Vogel, and Salieri, were happy when he played from their *partituras*, because no one else they remarked could so well elicit and express their meaning. At the French Revolution, which caused so many to leave their homes, this excellent musician renounced music as a profession, and settled in England. We have not been able to ascertain the date of his death.

ROSSINI.

When Rossini visited this country, I was introduced to him by Spagnoletti. He was a fine, portly, good-looking fellow, a voluptuary that revelled in the delights of the table as much as in the luxury of sweet sounds. He had just composed a dirge on the death of Lord Byron, the score of which he exhibited to me, obviously penned with the greatest rapidity. I heard part of it performed, and thought it worthy of that great genius. I am not aware that this work was ever printed. He sang the principal airs himself in a graceful manner, and with a rich liquidity of tone; the easy movement of his voice delighted me; his throat seemed lacquered with Florence oil, so ripe and luscious were the tones he threw out. He was a perfect master of the piano-forte, and the mode of his touching that instrument was beautifully neat and expressive. Garcia had brought his daughter Malibran, then only fourteen, for the Maestro to hear her sing; he accompanied her in a cavatina. When he sat down, he had his walking-stick in his hand, for he was a great beau, and he contrived to hold it while he was playing; but Madame Colbran his wife, seeing the incumbrance drew it away. He was the most joyous, good-natured, well-fed fellow I ever saw; and I have no doubt, when at Carlton House, he broke through all ceremony, and was as much at ease with his Majesty as represented. In his operatic pieces, his style is as gay as himself; light and cheering, glowing with the brightest colours—a path so flowery that it gives birth to a new set of feelings in the musical science. Having none of the dark shades of Beethoven, we are lured into the gayest flowers of lancy. His compositions, though highly ornamented, possess a simplicity of thought intelligible to the most untutored ears. His style is full of voluptuous ease, and brings with it a relief from the cares of the world.—*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

TO ME THE MERRY GIRLS.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

S. Webbe.

To me the merry girls in - sulting say, Here, here in this glass thy fading
 To me the merry girls in - sulting say, Here, here in this glass thy fading
 To me the merry girls in - sulting say,
 bloom survey, here - - in this glass thy fa - ding bloom sur - vey. Just
 bloom survey, here, here, in this glass thy fa - ding bloom sur - vey. Just
 Here in this glass thy fa - ding bloom sur - vey Just
 on the verge of life 'tis e - qual quite, 'tis equal quite, Whether my locks, whether my
 on the verge of life 'tis e - qual quite, Whether my locks are black or
 on the verge of life 'tis e - qual quite, 'tis e - qual quite, Whether my locks
 locks are black or sil - ver white, Roses a - round my
 white are black or sil - - ver white.
 whether my locks are black or sil ver white. Roses a - round my fragrant brows I'll

fragrant brows I'll twine - Roses around my brows I'll twine around my brows,
 Ro - ses a - round my fragrant brows I'll twine, ro - ses a - round my brows I'll
 twine, I'll twine roses a round my brows I'll twine,

Roses around my brows I'll twine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in
 twine - - - - and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in
 Ro - ses around my brows I'll twine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in

wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in wine, *p* Ro - ses a -
 wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - eties in wine *p* Roses a -
 wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - eties in wine, *p* Ro - ses a -

round my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx - i - eties in wine,
 round my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx - i - eties in wine,
 round my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx - i - eties in wine,

f
Roses around a-round my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx -

f
Ro - ses around my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx - i - e -

f
Roses around around my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx -

i - e - ties in wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in wine.

ties in wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in wine.

i - e - ties in wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in wine.

PITCHING THE VOICE.

Pitching the voice is uniting as perfectly as possible the movements of respiration with the emission of sound, and to develop the voice as much as its compass will allow, but it must not degenerate into a shriek. In former times, when what is called the good old Italian school existed, pitching the voice was a long study; it was not then supposed that talent could be *improvised*; it is easy to judge what pains were taken by the following anecdote:—

Porpora, one of the most illustrious Italian masters, took a liking to a young pupil, and asked him if he felt sufficient courage to follow his directions, however tiresome they might prove; receiving an affirmative answer, he took a sheet of music paper, wrote down the diatonic and chromatic scales, the thirds, fourths, and fifths, the intervals, shakes, appoggiaturas, slurs, turns, cadenza, and sol-fa-ing of different sorts. Both master and scholar spent a year over this single sheet of music; the second and third year they did the same, the pupil began to murmur; the master reminded him of his promise. The fourth year passed, and so did the fifth; no change had been made, the lesson was the same, with some instructions on articulation, pronunciation, and declamation. At the end of the fifth year, the scholar not aware of the progress he had made, was surprised to hear his master say, "Go, my son, thou hast nothing more to learn, thou art the first

singer in the world." He spoke truly, for this singer was Caffarelli.

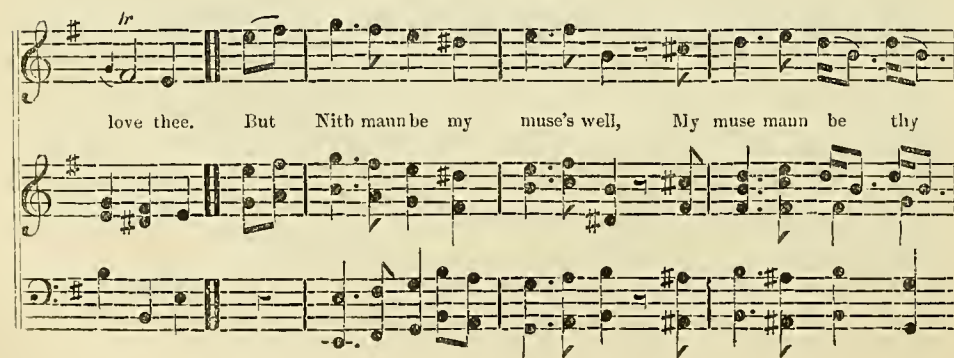
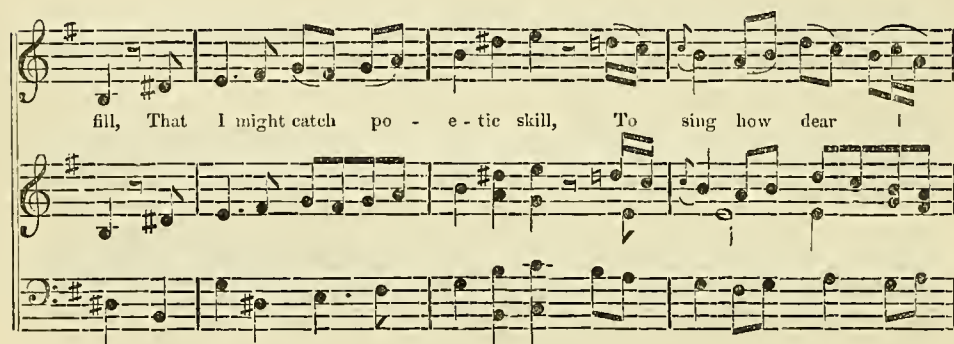
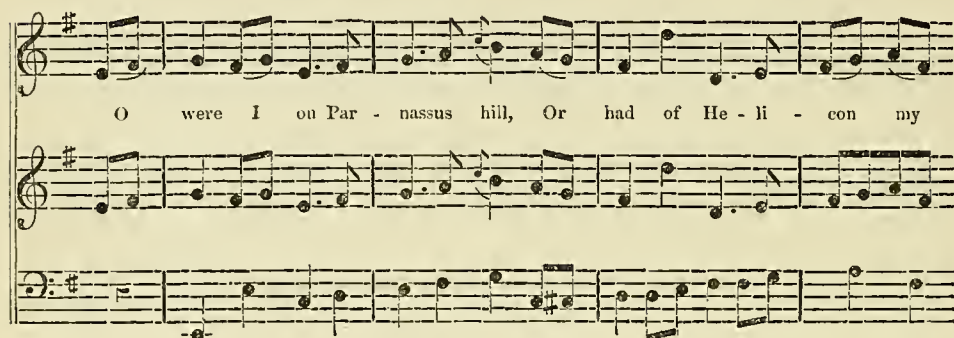
MADAME MAINVILLE FODOR.

This lady, who first performed the character of Zerlina on the English boards, is settled at Fountainbleau. Her musical *soirees* are spoken of with the highest gusto, where the musical selections are executed with a perfection that artists never hear and feel so thoroughly as when they are given in this manner—*en famille*. Madame Fodor was one of the few opera singers who gave us the idea of an artist that possessed a knowledge beyond the mere part in which she appeared. Her manner, like that of Lablache, impressed you with the feeling that she was a musician. She never committed any of those contemptible extravagancies that some of the modern singers resort to, for the purpose of creating a sensation, and because they are conscious of a deficiency of true sentiment. Her singing of Mozart's music was all but perfection. We despair of ever hearing the part of Zerlina, and particularly the "Batti, batti," delivered with the exquisite polish, brilliancy, and purity of tone with which she was accustomed to invest it. They were noble days that first season of Don Giovanni! Madame Fodor, it is said, has still preserved the fine quality of her tone.—*Musical World*.

O WERE I ON PARNASSUS HILL.

Words by Burns.

Air—"O Jean I love thee."

Andante Espressivo.



Then come, sweet muse, inspire my lay!
For a' the lee-lang simmer's day
I coudna sing, I coudna say,

How much, how dear, I love thee.
I see thee dancing o'er the green,
Thy waist sae jimp, thy limbs sae clean,
Thy tempting lips, thy rognish een—
By heaven and earth I love thee!

By night, by day, a-field, at hame,
The thoughts o' thee my breast inflame;
And aye I muse and sing thy name—

I only live to love thee.
Tho' I were doom'd to wander on
Beyond the sea, beyond the sun,
Till my last weary sand was run;
Till then—and then I'll love thee.

AUBER'S MUSIC.

The *Illustrated Polytechnic Review*, of Jan. 14, 1843, in noticing the revival of "Gustavus, or the Masked Ball," has the following judicious remarks, which we have much pleasure in presenting to our readers, while we recommend the work to their especial attention.—"The great charm of Auber is his strong dramatic feeling—his subjects are distinctive, and his colouring, though at moments somewhat broad, is always in perfect keeping with the grand outline of the work. Unlike Rossini, and the great masters of the German school, he has no standard rule for the construction of his operas. The several *motivos* are not methodically introduced at given positions—the concerted pieces in which other writers express the passions of love, hate, fear, and revenge, by the same subject, with a different physical action—in 'Masaniello,' 'Fra Diavolo,' 'Le Cheval de Bronze,' spring naturally from the incidents of the drama, without any positive dependence on their musical form or harmonic developement. The costume, if we may venture the expression, is wonderful. 'Masaniello' is redolent of Naples;

while the quaintness of the 'Cheval de Bronze' carries us to 'furthest Ind'; 'Gustavus' is full of the national musical thoughts of the North, and the exquisite airs in 'Fra Diavolo' breathe of the 'sweet South.' Auber's fertility is boundless—the most lovely flowers of thought spring up almost spontaneously. His great productions are marked by the most extraordinary invention, the highest test of musical genius. He is the greatest composer France has produced. Singularly fortunate in his 'coparcenary' with Monsieur Scribe, he is certain to possess a book with sufficient dramatic skill to interest, and operatic construction to bear gracefully his musical interpretation. The leading error in authors who write operas, is the burthening their stories with a complication of interests and complexity of plan. If the story does not evolve itself, vainly may genius inform the characters by radiant thoughts breathing melody, or the rarest or most truthful harmonic combinations. All must be lucid and obvious, the eye captivated, the feelings interested, the heart refined, and the ear charmed. *This is music's power when combined with dramatic genius.*"

MUSIC FOR INSTRUMENTS.

In the musical taste of the British public an immense change has taken place within the last fifteen years. Let any one turn back to the year 1830, and reflect for a moment on the condition of the popular mind in this respect at that time. Music, as a part of education, was confined only to the comparatively wealthy, and amongst the people it was almost unknown. Here and there individuals might have been met who, by years of awkward and laborious perseverance, had acquired the power of reading at sight with an instrument; and those who could sing at sight were spoken of as among the wonderful men of the district in which they lived. Now, however, scarcely a village can be named which has not its glee and choral society, and amateur instrumental band. Thanks to the labours of Mr. Mainzer, and his indefatigable professors, and those of Mr. Hullah, the number of sight singers is rapidly on the increase; and we are hopeful that ere long those possessed of a musical ear, as it is called, who cannot sing at sight will be thought as much objects of especial wonder as were they who had the ability to do so ten years ago. While we contemplate with satisfaction and delight this revolution which is taking place, we cannot choose but lament that some circumstances are in operation which tend mightily to retard the progress of musical education amongst the working classes; and chief of these, we name the enormously high price at which musical works are offered to the public. We are well aware that original music could be published, yielding ample remuneration, at a price at least fifty per cent. lower than it is at present. Publishers and composers would be both benefited by the reduction; there would be more than double the quantity disposed of, because just in proportion as the price is low so are the chances of a wide circulation increased. This evil however is being ameliorated to a considerable extent. Many works are publishing at present which all strive honourably to bring music within the reach of the poorest of the poor people of Great Britain. By means of these periodical issues the amateur vocal performer can provide himself with an amount of music, which fifteen years ago would have been held incredible, for an amount of outlay ridiculously small when compared with its usual published rate. Among these we claim an honourable place for our "British Minstrel," and speak with honest pride of the good which it inevitably must achieve. We have no doubt but that its success will lead the way to changes in the trade of musical publication, and we rejoice in such a prospect, the realization of which would conduce so greatly to the happiness of

the multitude, without inducing the smallest amount of concomitant evil to any one. While the vocalist is thus cared for, by philanthropic professors, who are each and all striving to smooth the way by which he is to acquire the power of reading, and we and others are collecting and publishing for his especial gratification, we cannot but lament that his brother instrumentalist is left to knock at the door of the Temple of Music, and cannot gain admittance strive he ever so earnestly. Is there no instrumental Mainzer or Wilhelm willing to devote themselves to the task of cheering his path and lightening his labour? We dare hazard the prediction, that at this moment some minds are anxiously experimenting for the express purpose of clearing away the difficulties which waylay the enthusiast who would begin the work of self-tuition in instrumental music. It may be said that innumerable treatises already exist which give full instructions on all instruments. But some of these bear internal evidence of the unfitness of the writer for teaching the initiatory steps and rudimentary principles necessary to be acquired before entering upon the study of an instrument. He who would instruct others must, while he communicates his knowledge and experience, forget that he is a proficient, and write in the simplest manner the simplest lessons; and as he progresses in his theme, always put himself in the position of the learner, and study how to make his precepts most thoroughly useful, and most easy of apprehension. And however excellent others of these written treatises may be, still no written work, however perfect, can make an instrumentalist more than a vocalist. Many circumstances combine to render the assistance of a master absolutely necessary. But passing over all this, and supposing that the power of reading at sight upon an instrument has been acquired, how can the working man improve his taste in music, or how find access to the compositions which belong to other ages and to foreign countries? He cannot—because his means are inadequate, the price is so exorbitant. Publishers in England procure, often at a trifling outlay, the published works of German, Italian, and French masters, reprint them in London, and affix a price which most effectually circumscribes the range of their usefulness. These reprints may be found in the *boudoir* of the Duchess this, my Lady that, and here and there on the music stand of the wife of some wealthy commoner, but their names and their characters never reach the habitation of the artisan. And yet wealth does not endow with the taste for music; it is as much diffused as the power to speak; and frequently it exists in a higher degree with the lowly born than with the favourite of fortune.

For the purpose of enabling the working man who has learnt the use of an instrument, to taste the delights of music, which he is so thoroughly capable of relishing, and which may be enjoyed without the slightest dereliction of duty or infringement of moral principle, we intend shortly to commence publishing, periodically, a Collection of *Airs of all Nations*, adapted for Violin, Flute, Clarinet, &c., which we are confident will be the commencement of a better state of things. Our Book is intended to furnish him with a *Cyclopedia of Melodies* collected from the works of the composers of all times and countries. We will have airs from the Operas, Waltzes, Quadrilles, Gallopades, Strathspeys, Reels, Country Dances, Jigs, and Hornpipes. We hope that our work will be found on the window sill of every peasant's and mechanic's dwelling, and that its strains will be heard cheering the hours of relaxation, and making glad the hearts of aged toil-worn men, yielding a rich and sweet accompaniment to the sedate joy of healthy and virtuous manhood, and carrying with it a talismanic force to excite the gay laugh, and sportive and innocent mirth of youth and childhood. Let no one say that music leads to vice or to vicious indulgence. We remember hearing an old man state, that in the village church where he had knelt in prayer when a child, and had poured out the fulness of his heart to the God of Heaven when he was a man—we mind like yesterday, although it is now more than twenty years since he was laid in the grave of his fathers—he laughed when he told us the story, for he had learnt other things before he retired from the world an honoured and grey-haired grandfather. The story is soon told. A new precentor having been elected to lead the psalmody of the church, the person who was appointed, on the first day of his task, sung the tune known in the books of Scottish Psalmody by the name "*St. George's*," then heard for the first time; such was the consternation and surprise caused by the seeming irreverence of its transitions, that the narrator, and many more beside, rose from their pews and left the church, protesting that they could not sit still and hear the sanctuary of their God polluted by the chaunting of such light and ale-house tunes. Now mark the change—the same air is voted old by common consent, and tunes of a more seemingly frivolous and sprightly character have been introduced, and have given way to others. And so it must be for ever. Music is never profane, is never irreverent; the mighty minds who weave such magical melodies, like the great poets, are the inspired prophets of this latter time, and interpreters of the Eternal Mind. Music may be prostituted, or it may be associated with the highest offices of the sanctuary, but because we hear an air for the first

time in questionable circumstances, are we thence, with bigot blindness, to infer that the air is necessarily base? No! Men are beginning to penetrate the thin veil of sophistry which hides the truth in this as in other matters, and are not, and for the future will be less, likely to be seduced by the hue-and-cry of illiberal ignorance.

We had intended to write a prospectus, but find we have been led into an article. As we said above we will shortly publish No. I of a *Book of Melodies of all Nations*, which is meant to be at once carefully and correctly printed from the best editions, and to be, if we meet encouragement, the most complete work of the kind ever offered to the public. Particulars as to time of publication, price, and quantity, will be found advertised on the wrapper of our monthly part.

MONUMENT TO TANNAHILL.

Our readers would observe, from a paragraph in our last, that it has at length been resolved on to rear a monument to the lamented poet Tannahill, in the place of his birth. More than thirty years have passed away since this sweetest of our lyric poets sung his last, and found an undistinguished grave in his native place, and amidst scenes which have been rendered classical by his muse. The lapse of so long a period has tested well the real value of his productions. The simple songs, which at first the scholastic and pedantic were inclined to sneer at as imperfect and inartificial, are now generally admitted to possess qualities far above the mere niceties of regular structure and strict literary accuracy. The genuine poetic feeling that pervades them has been universally felt and acknowledged. Their truth to nature, their descriptive fidelity, their chaste beauty, and their unaffected and touching simplicity, have endeared them to every lover of Scottish song. One excellence which they possess is not often adverted to, namely, their perfect originality. There is not one of our native poets who has borrowed less from others, or who has been imitated so seldom, and with so little success, as Tannahill. His style is his own, and can be mistaken for that of no other author. There is a family likeness in "*Gloomy Winter*," "*The Braes o' Gleniffer*," "*The Braes o' Balquhider*," "*Thou dark winding Carron*," "*The bonny wood o' Craigie lee*," and his other songs, which is very striking; and yet how different, too, are they all! Burns himself did not treat similar themes with more variety, or more completely in a manner of his own. There is another element of permanency in the songs of Tannahill. They above all others express the peculiar feelings, and paint the habits and manners of the manufacturing population of his country. In the productions of Ramsay, Crawford, Burns, Macneill, and Hogg, we have pictures of Scottish rustic life, and ideas common to the people both in town and country. But Tannahill alone represents the aspect of nature as seen and appreciated by the artisan class in our populous towns. He alone delineates truly their joys and sorrow, and their peculiar feelings. Even when he portrays pastoral scenes and characters, as in the "*Lass of Arran-teenie*," "*The Braw Highland Laddie*," and "*Jessie the Flower o' Dumblane*," he contemplates every

thing at a distance and through a medium that lends enchantment to the view. He speaks not as a rustic to whom close contact with the scenes he describes has rendered them familiar and somewhat stale. He speaks like a sensitive town-bred man (as he was) enraptured with his casual glimpses of the freshness and beauty of nature. Hence, he is more enthusiastic in his admiration of fine scenery and simple rural life, and perhaps more felicitous in describing it, too, than other poets of higher powers. Above all he has enbalméd the best feelings, "The homely joys, the destiny obscure," of the class to which he belonged, in a manner that leaves him without a rival in his own walk. His memory must ever be cherished by his countrymen, for the lapse of time will only cause the productions he has left to be more and more appreciated. Not only in his own country, but in every distant clime where the tide of emigration has carried the handloom-weavers of Scotland, Tannahill's songs will continue to be sung so long as the lowland Scottish dialect is understood. Many a young maiden who was never within a thousand miles of Glenfleech, or saw a recruiting party in her life, will rouse the echoes of Canadian or Australian hills singing,—

"My heart sunk wi' wae on that wearifu' day,
When torn from my bosom, they march'd him awa,
He bade me fareweel, and he cried Oh! be leal;
And his red cheeks were wat wi' the tears that did fa';"

and many a youth traversing the flat prairies of Illinois, or the sandy shrubless plains of New South Wales, will be in imagination

"Far o'er amang yon Highland hills,
Midst nature's wildest grandeur;"

and sigh as he sings—

"We'll meet beside the dusky glen
By yon burnside,
Where the bushes form a cozy den
By yon burnside."

This is indeed fame. The poet's hope to rank as one of the minor bards of his country has been realised. His reputation has become more universal than he could ever have anticipated, and is likely also to be more enduring. Let us hope that the monument about to be erected to his memory will be worthy of his rank as a poet who has done honour to his country and his class, and of his virtues as a man.—*Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*.

[We are happy to have an opportunity of presenting to our readers the above kindly and generous review of Tannahill as a poet. Melancholy was his fate, and pitiful it is to think that his resting place should have remained so long without a stone to tell the wayfarer where moulders the all that remains of what once was the warm-hearted, and nature-loving Tannahill. Truly it may be said that he describes nature in a manner of his own, and like no other author. Little know they whose hours are all spent looking abroad upon the gorgeous and everchanging panorama of gaily painted nature, what difficulties Tannahill and those who like him are necessitated to earn their daily bread by handloom weaving have to strive against, and how seldom they are enabled to learn the language spoken by the hills and rivers, the trees and flowers of Scotland. The young spring-day of their life is devoted to long and irksome toil, their man-

hood is chained to a course of unrelenting and miserably paid industry—no evening walks, no mid-day hours of pleasing recreation on the hill side—even the Sunday of the working man is no holiday, for it is only robbing him of one-seventh part of that time which commercial exigencies would almost force him to economise for the production of his meagre pittance. But Tannahill, who was gifted with the power to appreciate nature in a degree beyond his compeers, became her interpreter even in spite of such deadly drawbacks. His talent has achieved for itself a place in the rank with the highest, his memory lives green in the affections of his fellow men, and his songs have become identified with the language and with the loves and home joys of all the working people of the West of Scotland. The simple utterings of the genius of Tannahill are more thoroughly akin to the feelings, tastes, and education of the manufacturing population even than those of Burns. In Burns we meet with the fierce strife of a chained giant struggling against the unyielding force of fashion and existing impediments, while in Tannahill the power is subdued, and though it strives with as much bravery it nevertheless has less of moral power, because the dead weight has cut a way into the very soul, and the motives come with just sufficient force to meet a ready response from the aching hearts of his fellow artizans. The soft and balmy expressions of Tannahill are more in accordance with the tastes of a people whom adversity and ill paid work has almost brought to the brink of despair; while the metaphors of Burns are adapted to the thoughts of men great in their mind's independence, who have not been forced to bow their knee before the god of commerce, whose insatiable appetite must be gorged with gold, no matter how procured, whether by the chicanery of commercial etiquette, or wrung from the muscular tissue of starved and ragged Paisley weavers.

Poor Tannahill, little reckest thou of monument or sarcophagus. Thy sleep is quiet and blessed be thy awakening. But earnestly do we hope that the monument about to be raised over thy dust may beget a generous warmth in the cold bosoms of those whose wit and whose wealth relish none the worse that they be raised and enjoyed at the expense of wearied bodies and aching minds.—*Ed. B. M.*]

JOHN ABELL,

An English musician, belonged to the chapel of Charles II., and was celebrated for possessing a very fine counter-tenor voice. Being dismissed as a papist at the Revolution, he went abroad; and at Warsaw, he was sent for to court by the King of Poland, and refusing to go, he was taken there by a guard of soldiers, placed in a chair in a spacious hall, drawn up to a considerable height, while the king and his courtiers appeared in a gallery opposite. While swinging in the middle air, several bears were brought into the arena below him, he was informed that he might take his choice, either to sing or be let down among the bears. He chose to sing; and if we believe his own account of the adventure, he never sung better in his life. He subsequently returned to England, and in the year 1701 published a book of songs in several languages. It is said of Abell, that he possessed a secret by which he was enabled to preserve the tone of his voice to an extreme old age.

THE BLUE BELL OF SCOTLAND.

Andante.

Oh! where and oh where is your Highland laddie gone? He's

gone to fight the French for King George up - on the throne, And its

oh in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where and oh where is your Highland laddie gone?

He's gone to fight the French for King George upon the throne,

And it's oh in my heart I wish him safe at home.

Oh! where and oh where did your Highland laddie dwell?

He dwelt in merry Scotland at the sign of the blue bell,

And it's oh in my heart I love my lad lie well.

In what clothes, in what clothes is your Highland laddie clad?

His bonnet of the Saxon green, and his waistcoat of the plaid,

And it's oh in my heart I love my Highland lad.

Suppose, and suppose that your Highland lad should die?

The bagpipes should play over him, and I'd sit me down and cry,

And it's oh in my heart I wish he may not die.

CAMILLO SIVORI.

A musical wonder made his appearance on Thursday in the shape of M. Sivori, the sole pupil of Paganini, who not only brings with him the violin, but the very spirit of his master. This is the only one of all Paganini's imitators that we have heard who may be considered any way worthy to supply his place. If there is a doubt respecting him, it is whether he has not too large a portion of the mimic mingled with the legitimate artist. The same shower of ornaments which Paganini used to lavish on the ear, the same fantastic jumble of all the eccentricities which the violinist can achieve, distinguish the performance of his wonderful successor. He has even caught the personal manner of Paganini, those peculiarities which were seized with No. 60 and Sup.

such avidity by the makers of *statuettes*. There is the curious jerk of the bow, the strange position of the legs, and the sidling twist of the body. It is in his master's "Carnivale di Venize" that M. Sivori chiefly shows his powers, and the piece was encored on Thursday with the utmost enthusiasm.—*Examiner*, May 20, 1843.

Who says the age of song is o'er,
Or that the mantle finely wrought
Which hung upon the bards of yore
Has fall'n to earth and fall'n uncaught.

The dying bequest of Paganini, namely his favourite violin to his beloved and only pupil, has given birth to a belief in a novel kind of metempsychosis—that the genius or soul of the *maestro* was transferred to the *élève* by the gift; such supersti-

tions are quite worthy of those who imagined that *il diavolo Paganini* had his violin manufactured from the wood of his father's coffin, with many other absurdities of a similar nature. Sivori is universally allowed on the Continent to be the first performer on his difficult instrument now living, and we are prepared to add to the opinion by saying that perhaps he can "enchant our ears" more deliciously still than the magician his master. The compositions which he played for Perrot's benefit at her Majesty's Theatre on Thursday week, were a *concerto* composed by himself and Paganini's "Carnivale di Venize," which he played so supernaturally that he left us "gaping with mute wonder and delight;" and, consequently, feeling the inadequacy of language to convey any idea of his miraculous powers, must request our readers to forego any demand of detailed description on our parts, and advise them to hasten as soon as possible to hear, not an *artist*, but an inspired genius, a personification in musical power of the angel Israfil himself, who (we almost fear to express it) is the *greatest* violinist that has yet appeared.—*Illustrated News*, May 20, 1843.

Paganini's only pupil, as it is said, made his first *debut* at the Italian opera, by performing two solos on the violin, and seems to have imbibed from his extraordinary master all his eccentricity of manner and singularity of execution. But Signor Camillo Sivori does not make the violin a mere instrument on which he can display an ingenious rapidity of execution, which it would almost seem impossible for the human fingers to cause; but he plays with feeling, and brings out the full tone of the violin in passages of expression, and that in a manner seldom heard amongst the best players. But as a copyist of Paganini, he has all the oddity of humour which the great *artist* used to throw into his most extraordinary and difficult performance. We will not say that Signor Sivori is equal to his famous instructor; but no one can say that he is not one of the wonders of Europe. To hear him is to be surprised, and that surprise will amply repay the person who hears him.—*Weekly Dispatch*, May 21, 1843.

He (Sivori) is a disciple of the wonder-giving, that is of the Paganini school, and a successful one, for he accomplishes all that he proposes or attempts. The accuracy with which he alights upon a note after the boldest leaps, the truth and facility of his double stopping, and his command of the harmonics, are equally surprising. But there our commendations end. His *concerto*, of a single movement, was a mere vehicle for this sort of display, having little character or pretensions as a composition.—*Spectator*, June 10, 1843.

LITERARY NOVELTY.

Friday last, *Punch* had the satisfaction of being present at Signor Sivori's farewell concert. He was exceedingly diverted by the performance of that clever violinist, which also reminded him of an idea that had occasionally occurred to him before, on hearing Olé Bull, Liszt, and other professors of musical gymnastics.

He perceived that the talent of these gentlemen lay principally in executing variations on certain favourite airs; that is, in disjoining their different portions, and filling up the intervals with divers fantastical and eccentric movements of their own—runs, shakes, and so forth; thus interspersing the original music, which was expressive of some senti-

ment, feeling, or state of mind, with passages which, having no meaning at all, formed an agreeable contrast to the melodies wherewith they were blended.

Now, the idea that occurred to *Mr. Punch* was, that the principle which (so greatly to the gratification of the public) is acted upon by musicians, might be advantageously applied to the sister art of poetry. He thinks that Shakspeare with variations would very probably be received with great applause. The variations, of course, should correspond in expressiveness and intellectuality to those above alluded to. For instance, let the line to be varied be,

"To be, or not to be; that is the question."

The theme ought to be first recited entire, and then treated as follows:—

To be or not, *fiddle*; to be, *diddle*; that, *tooral*; is, *looral*; the question, *lay*.

Fiddle, fiddle, iddle, iddle, tooral, looral, lay.
Tooral, to be; *looral*, or not; *lay*, to be; that is, *fiddle*; the question, *iddle de dee*.

To, *yoddle*; be, *doddle*; or, *fol*; not, *dol*; to, *de*; be, *rol*; that, *ri*; is, *tol*; the, *lol*; question, *de rido*.

Yoddle doddle fol de rol, to be; *hey down derry diddle dum*, or not; *whock rum ti oodity*, to be; *ho down*, that; *chip chow cherry chow*, is; *tra la lu la*, the question.

Ding dong, harum scarum divo, question.

Right fol di riddy oody, bow, wow, wow!

Drowning men will catch at straws; and considering the present declining state of the drama, *Punch* seriously recommends his suggestion to the notice of managers. Its adoption will doubtless astonish the weak minds of many, to whom Shakspeare's sense, at present too strong for them, will be rendered the more palatable by dilution.—*Punch*, August 12, 1843.

WHAT DOES THE YOUTHFUL POET LOVE?

He loves to wander 'neath the heaven's broad arch,

When day has faded from the blue expanse,
When moon and stars are on their midnight march,
And in their wake bright streamers lightly dance.

He loves to roam when dewy morning wakes
All fair, like maiden from a sleep of dreams,
When rosy light o'er hill and mountain breaks,
And giant shadows sweep the gurgling streams.

He loves to stray 'mongst fields and forests wild,
To cull rich beauty from each bursting flower,
To gather sweets—rich perfume undefiled—
From groves that balmy fragrance heavenward pour.

He loves to muse by some clear crystal well
That oozes from the dark grey mountain's side,
When brilliant thoughts voluptuously swell,
And flow more rapid than the glitt'ring tide.

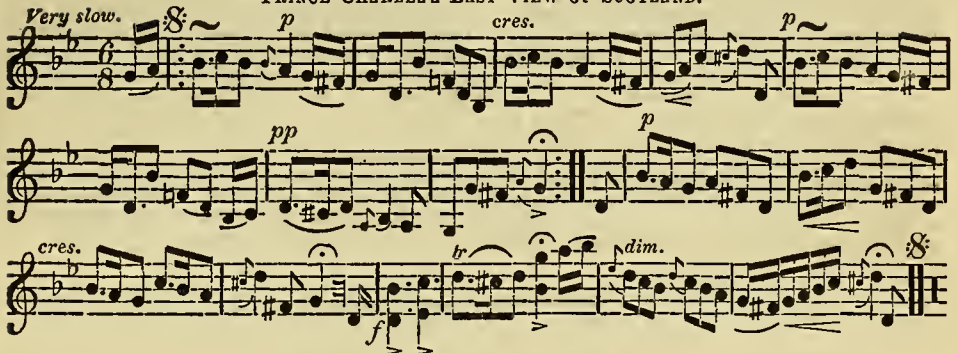
He loves the light that sparkles from bright eyes;
Love fires his soul, high thoughts gush forth anew,
And, leaving earth, they soar into the skies,
There grasp at things of bright and heavenly hue.

'Tis when his soul is tempest-tost and riven,
Love's honey'd essence o'er frail nature steals,—
With dreamy sweetness—earth seems changed to heaven,
Fraught with such bliss as saint or angel feels!
Glasgow, August, 1843. James M'Gregor.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 21.—AN SEALLADH MO DHEIREADH DO THEARLACH.

"PRINCE CHARLES'S LAST VIEW OF SCOTLAND."



No. 22.—CHARMANTE GABRIELLE.

Old French air.



No. 21.—This is a perfect gem. It will be as good as new to a very great number of our subscribers, and to those who know it previously, we are very certain that it will not be considered an unwelcome intruder. Captain Frazer, who has it in his collection, states that it was transmitted to him by

Colonel Stewart of Garth, and says of it, that "whether ancient or modern, the mind readily associates it with the name it bears."

No. 22.—*Vide* Volume First, "BRITISH MINSTREL," page 272.

HEALING THE DAUGHTER OF JAIRUS.

Freshly the cool breath of the coming eve
Stole through the lattice, and the dying girl
Felt it upon her forehead. She had lain
Since the hot noontide in a breathless trance,
Her thin pale fingers clasp'd within the hand
Of the heart-broken Ruler, and her breast,
Like the dead marble, white and motionless.
The shadow of a leaf lay on her lips
And it was stirr'd with the awakening wind,
The dark lids lifted from the languid eyes,
And her slight fingers mov'd, and heavily
She turn'd upon her pillow. He was there—
The same lov'd, tireless watcher, and she look'd
Into his face until her sight grew dim
With the fast falling tears, and with a sigh
Of tremulous weakness, murmuring his name,
She gently drew his hand upon her lips,
And kiss'd it as she wept. The old man sunk
Upon his knees, and in the drapery
Of the rich curtains buried up his face—
And when the twilight fell, the silken folds
Stirr'd with his prayer, but the slight hand he held
Had ceas'd its pressure, and he could not hear
In the dead, utter silence, that a breath

Came through her nostrils, and her temples gave
To his nice touch no pulse, and at her mouth
He held the lightest curl that on her neck
Lay with a mocking beauty, and his gaze
Ach'd with its deathly stillness.

Like a form
Of matchless sculpture in her sleep she lay—
The linen vesture folded on her breast,
And over it her white transparent hands,
The blood still rosy in her tapering nails,
A line of pearl ran through her parted lips,
And in her nostrils, spiritually thin,
The breathing curve was mockingly like life,
And round beneath the faintly tinted skin
Ran the light branches of the azure veins—
And on her cheek the jet lash overlay
Matching the arches pencilled on her brow.
Her hair had been unbound, and falling loose
Upon her pillow, hid her small round ears
In curls of glossy blackness, and about
Her polished neck, scarce touching it, they hung
Like airy shadows floating as they slept.
Twas heavenly beautiful. The Saviour rais'd,
Her hand from off her bosom, and spread out
The snowy fingers in his palm, and said

Maiden! Arise!—And suddenly a flush
Shot o'er her forehead, and along her lips
And through her cheek the rallied colour ran,
And the still outline of her graceful form
Stirr'd in the linen vestüre, and she clasp'd
The Saviour's hand and fixing her dark eyes
Full on his beaming countenance—Arose!

N. P. Willis.

MR. VAUGHAN.

This accomplished singer died in his 61st year, after a short but painful illness, at Birmingham, the week before last. With him ended a school of vocalists so completely national that a record of his excellence may justly find a place in our pages. To a singularly beautiful tenor voice he added the graces of a style most chaste and finished. Aiming

at effect through the means of careful and impressive enunciation, he addressed himself to the refined few; and never laid himself out for the applause of the uncultivated multitude. His early efforts were rewarded by the approbation of the Court at a time when the taste for English composition had a full share of Royal favour; and when English artists had the prudence to avoid the treacherous ground of imitation of foreign performers. Here we offer our tribute of admiration to Mr. Vaughan's talents, and record the fact that he has, by highly honourable conduct and the zealous discharge of his varied and laborious duties, descended to the tomb with the esteem and affection of all who knew him. He lies interred in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey, close by his friends Bartleman and Dr. Cooke.—*Illustrated Polytechnic Review*, Jan. 28, 1843.

H A L L E L U J A H.

GRAND SACRED CHORUS, FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Allegro.

Hande..

SOPRANO.  Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO.  Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

TENOR.  Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

BASS.  Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

 lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu jah! Halle -

 lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle -

 lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle -

 lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle -

lujah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God om-ni-po-tent

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God om-ni-po-tent

reigneth, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

reigneth, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

For the Lord God om-ni-po-tent reigneth, Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! Halle-

For the Lord God om-ni-po-tent reigneth, Halle-lujah! Halle-lujah! Halle-

lujah! Halle - lujah! for the Lord God omni - potent

lujah! Halle - lujah

lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal -

reign - eth, Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle -

lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle -

le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! for the Lord God omni - -

Halle - lujah! for the Lord God omni - -

lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

- potent reign - eth, Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

- potent reign - eth, Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

Halle - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu -
 for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent reign -
 for the Lord God om - ni - po - tent reign -
 Halle - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle -

p jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! The kingdom of this world
p eth, Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! *p* The kingdom of this world
 eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! The kingdom of this world
p lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! The kingdom of this world

f is he - come the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and of his
f is he - come the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and of his

Christ;

Christ

Christ; and he shall reign for

Christ; and he shall reign for e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver and

and he shall reign for e - ver and

e - ver and e - - - ver, and he shall reign for e - ver and

e - ver and he shall reign, and he shall reign for e - ver, for

and he shall reign for e - ver and e - - -

e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver and

e - - - ver, and he shall reign for e - ver and

e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, for e - ver, for e - ver and

- - ver, King of Kings

e - ver, King of Kings

e - ver, for e - er and e - ver Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

and Lord of Lerds

and Lord of Lerds

lu - jah! for e - ver and e - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

lu - jah! for e - ver and e - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le -

King of Kings - - - and Lord of

for e - ver and e - ver Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

lujah! for e - ver and e - ver, Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

lujah! for e - ver and e - ver, Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah!

Lords - - - - - King of
for e-ver and e-ver, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

Kings - - - - - and Lord of Lords -
for e-ver and e-ver, Halle-lujah! Halle-lujah! King of

- - - and Lord of Lords, and he shall reign and
Kings and Lord of Lords, and he shall reign - - - and he shall
Kings and Lord of Lords, and he shall reign for e - - - ver.
Kings and Lord of Lords, and he shall reign for e-ver and e-ver.

he shall reign for e - ver and e - - ver for e - ver and
 reign - - - for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings, for e - ver and
 and he shall reign for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings - -
 and he shall reign for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings, for e - ver and

e - ver, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and he shall
 e - ver, and Lord of Lords, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and
 - - - and Lord of Lords - - - and he shall
 e - ver, and Lord of Lords, Hal - le - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! and he shall

reign for e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings! and Lord of
 he shall reign for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings! and Lord of
 reign for e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings! and Lord of
 reign for e - ver, for e - ver and e - ver, King of Kings! and Lord of

Lords! King of Kings! and Lord of Lords! and he shall reign for ever and e -

Lords! King of Kings! and Lord of Lords! and he shall reign for e-ver and e -

Lords! King of Kings! and Lord of Lords, and he shall reign for e-ver and e -

Lords! King of Kings! and Lord of Lords, and he shall reign for e-ver and ever and e -

- ver, King of Kings! and Lord of Lords! Hal-le-lu-jah! Halle -

- ver for e-ver and e-ver, for e-ver and e-ver, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le -

- ver, for e-ver and e-ver, for e-ver and e-ver, Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le -

- ver, for e-ver and e-ver, for e-ver and e-ver, Hal-le-lu jah! Hal-le -

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah!

CONTENTED IN THE VALE.

*Siciliana.**Haydn.*

While en-vy and am-bi-tion fire The wealth-y and the proud, I

to my hum-ble cot retire, To shun the self-ish crowd, Se-cure I envy

not a king, While o'er my nut brown ale I mer-ri-ly and

jo-cund sing, Content-ed in the vale, Con-tent-ed in the vale.

Let senators and statesmen great,
Together disagree,
While I remain in humble state,
Both unconcern'd and free.
No duns to interrupt my joys,
No troubles to assail,
I'd live retir'd from care and noise,
Contented in the vale.

The stately oak that proudly held
Dominion o'er the plains,
Is by the furious tempest fell'd,
The humble reed remains.
Then may I envy not the hill,
Nor at my fortune rail,
Rut unconstrain'd continue still
Contented in the vale.

WITHOUT A RIVAL.

"There was never anything so beautiful from the palette of a mere mortal!" exclaimed old Berto Linaiulo.

"The boy has signed a contract with the father of mischief, for by no other means that I know could this be effected!" added Antonello.

No. 61.

"What delicacy—what brilliancy—what harmony of colouring!" observed Donato.

"I really am perplexed and confounded," rejoined Berto. "I begin to believe there is magic in it."

"All the master spirits of Florence," remarked a fair lady of high rank, who, among the rest, had come to gaze upon the painting—"all the master spirits of Florence may hide their heads now"

"Your art, signors," added her companion to the surrounding artists, "can produce nothing like that."

"Did you say a boy, *Giulietta*?" demanded the lady.

"Ay, madam, and with a shape as seemly as my own; and that is something, I ween."

"So young and handsome?"

"His face is as fair and unsullied as any on his own canvass—as fair—I had almost said as yours, madam."

"Nay, then if he be so, it were worth a coronet to see him."

"And have you never, is it possible, beheld him?"

"Never, how should I? he has been away—abroad; he has just returned to Italy."

"Ay, madam, but before he went and since his return he has I am almost afraid to say, often crossed your path."

"Mine *Giulietta*! what do you mean?"

"Alas! madam, this young painter loves you—has long loved you with a kind of adoration which belongs only to enthusiasm, refinement, intellect, and genius."

"How you run on! You are a child, *Giulietta*—you jest."

"No madam."

"And if you do not, what care I? This young man is audacious if he presume to think of me before I have interchanged a word with him—before I know his character or listen to his voice."

Ah! but madam, you have listened to his voice. It was he who sung beneath your window last year, and who saved you in the path by the river, from the ruffian *Bandenelli*. Despairing of your favour—for genius is ever modest—he withdrew from Florence and went abroad to foreign lands—beyond the Alps—I scarce know where. There his genius for painting drew all eyes, and he has carried his art so far, that no noble is richer, and no painter more renowned. He has just returned. This is his first work here. The critics are all in raptures, and his brother artists are dying of envy."

"Well, I hope he has long ago forgotten me," said the lady with a passing blush. "I remember the boy you speak of, a mere child, noble and princelike, certainly, but a silly boy. I never supposed he had been bold enough to think of me; travel has doubtless cured him. It was an idle dream."

"Ah no, madam, *Signor Dominica* loves you yet; he sought me yesterday, and, to say the truth, induced me to persuade you here that he might learn your opinion of his production."

"It is most beautiful, it is heavenly; but where found he a face so lovely—not on earth, surely?"

"It is your portrait, madam, from memory, and he has really succeeded in—"

"Hush, *Giulietta*, your tongue has no bounds."

"Look, madam, he has entered the hall at this moment."

"Let us go, *Giulietta*, instantly."

"It is too late."

"He bows to you, *Giulietta*, and with the prettiest blush. Yes, it is the stranger who has so mysteriously hovered near me—gained an interest in my heart, and then abandoned me."

"How, madam?"

"What have I said! Ah! *Giulietta*, you have betrayed me; you have made me betray myself. He is coming this way too."

"Yes he approaches—he retreats—he will retire—you may never see him again."

"Well, let him come, I will speak to him."

At a sign from the maiden, the young man approached, with a deep obeisance and a colour that rose perceptibly at the unwonted honour of being thus publicly presented to the haughtiest and most beautiful of the Florentine nobility.

"Young painter," said the lady, resuming her self-possession, and with a grace and sweetness that dazzled the eyes and the heart of that fervid worshipper of beauty, "your production, which attracts the attention of all Florence, has not escaped mine. It has afforded me unmingled pleasure."

"I am too much honoured," replied the artist in a low voice, "when such eyes deign to dwell even for a moment upon the humble work of these hands."

"No," said the lady, raising her dark soft eyes modestly to his, and then lowering them beneath his ardent gaze, "you are wrong; genius like yours is humble only to itself. It sighs over what to all other minds is perfection; and even when it most triumphs, unconscious of its powers it most despairs."

"Speak again!" said the youth. "Years of toil, of despondency, of solitude and hopeless gloom are repaid by the sound of your voice. Oh! speak again."

"You may claim from us of the present day, what will be certainly paid you by posterity—the meed of praise. Report speaks of your having travelled."

"I am but just returned from Flanders—"

"Where you have been studying the delightful art in which you so far excel all your contemporaries."

"Did you mark that?" said *Castagna*, a Florentine artist, in an under tone, to his companion.

"Silence," said the other, "let us hear the rest."

"My time was devoted to study and one other occupation."

"What was it?"

"Grief for the absence of one I loved."

"Is it in the north that you have learned this matchless skill of the pencil?"

"I am the possessor of a secret."

"A secret?"

"Ay, by which, more than by any skill of my own, I produce on the canvass the effects which please you."

"By such a frank acknowledgment, you make us feel that you have something better than a skilful hand—a generous heart. You are every way fortunate. We have on this side of the Alps seen nothing so beautiful. In what way can I express my gratitude for the pleasure you have caused me in matter more substantial than words?"

"You embolden me to give utterance to a wish which has long dwelt in my breast."

"Speak it. I know you would ask nothing which I may not grant before you name it."

"Yonder face," said the painter, in a lower tone, "is the copy of one borne only in my memory, and till I approached the original, I deemed it not wholly unworthy. But now—I am in despair—my pencil is uninspired until I attain the triumph of my art by copying it anew from nature. I am a claimant for the honour of painting your portrait."

A slight colour grew deeper at this request, and their eyes met. The lady opened her lips to utter a negative to a request couched in such bold language, but as she encountered the glance of this young aspirant after immortality, she changed her mind, as women sometimes will, and said—

"*Signor Dominica*, I consent, you may take my portrait. Addio, signor."

The artist bowed.

"At four, to-morrow, at the palazza D——."

"Madam, I shall be punctual."

And they parted.

Dominica had received from nature the gift of genius. The same partial Providence which had invested him with inspiration, had bestowed upon him the form of Narcissus and the heart of Leander. It sometimes happens that such beings appear among men, recalling the golden days when the gods walked through the woods and mingled among the shepherds. The lady of his dreams was like himself, of half celestial mind and form. To his enthusiastic soul, this young creature had presented herself as the star of evening. He watched and worshipped it as something not of the earth—above his reach—a light created to illumine other and distant spheres—thrice happy he, if, like a sad wanderer o'er the deep, he might sometimes behold it, and utter to its kindling beams his unrequited, his unheard prayers. What was his wild emotion when certain tokens awoke in his bosom a hope, a dream, an instinct indefinable as the light which first heralds the morn, but more intoxicating than the breath which rises from the valleys and plains, when the grass, trees, and flowers are moistened with evening dew. He had cherished only two burning hopes—the one was fame, the other love. The first he had acquired. Europe began to murmur his name with applause, and it was already recorded where future generations might read; and now, as if fortune in a laughing mood had resolved to fill his goblet to the very brim—the wildest and most delicious vision of his fancy was about to be realised. He was going to stand before that young scraph, whose eyes had already said more than his tongue dared to utter, more than his heart dared to dream. He muttered to himself in a kind of blissful phrensy—

"To-morrow—to-morrow—at length to-morrow—roll on leaden hours—oh, when will it be to-morrow?"

"A secret!" cried the knot of artists, gathered together in conclave in the grand square by the old tower.

"I knew as much!" said Berto.

"I could have sworn it!" cried Antonello.

"To be sure!" exclaimed a third, "I always said it was a secret!"

"The lucky dog! I, too, will visit Flanders!" cried Berto. "I am only five-and-eighty,—quite a boy!"

"And how my haughty mistress, who queens it so before the rest of us, how she softened in his favour!"

"He is a rare fellow, and rolls in gold."

"She will marry him if he wishes—she is young, and untamed, and her own mistress withal."

"Jupiter! what a lucky dog!"

"I swear," said old Berto, "I will go to Flanders too!"

It was night, and a very bright moon slowly ascending in the heaven, rendered everything as visible, only in more softened outlines, as in the day. The young lover had wandered forth in a secluded path by the river, which wound for nearly its whole course through thick groves. He was not, however, long allowed to be alone. Castagna, the friend and guide of his infant years, joined him,

and they walked together a long time, and conversed earnestly. At length Castagna said,

"Dominica, you know I have ever cherished for you an affection all paternal. I have watched over your interests with fidelity and vigilance. I have been your best friend."

"And so I esteem you, dear Castagna."

"But what is friendship, Dominica? It is mutual confidence. It is an interchange of each other's thoughts and sympathies. If you have troubles, you communicate them, if you have pleasures, you divide them. Ah! I have a soul for friendship. Too well I know what it is! Too long I have sighed for a true and real return!"

"Am I not your friend, Castagna?"

"No! oh, no!"

"No!—how?—you jest!"

"You hold a secret from me, Dominica. Between friends there are no secrets."

"But, Castagna, this is a part of my profession. To ask it of me is to ask my fame. You are yourself so good an artist, that you stand at the head of the art in Florence."

"Not now—not since you have returned."

"But I freely confess to all that not skill alone, but a remarkable mechanical discovery only, places me in the eminence which—how—you weep, Castagna—"

"Did I? Why I believe there *was* a drop—I felt it rise to my lids. I did not know that it left my lashes. I am old, and tender-hearted—and sometimes I think that I am almost falling into my dotage. Yes, Dominica, I did shed a tear—not from disappointment at losing the secret—oh, no!—but at the fading away of a vision—a rainbow of the heart—a bright, deceitful, false—"

"My dear and good Castagna, what is it you would say?"

"Your friendship, my beloved and once-trusted Dominica, I thought it mine. I pleased myself with the idea that you loved me. Except yourself, there was no one on earth to whom my heart clung secretly. I have seen you a boy at my feet. I have watched your course to manhood with a father's solicitude and delight. I have not always, perhaps, sufficiently discovered my feelings—but—"

"Yes, my dear Castagna I know you have always loved me. You once saved my life at the risk of your own—"

"I did. I was determined not to remember that incident *first*."

"Moreover, when I was in want, you furnished me with gold."

"That, too, I feared you had forgotten."

"And, Castagna—perhaps—indeed, I feel convinced that I have not been right in concealing from you my inmost thoughts and knowledge. Yet in relating to you the secret which you desire, I am about to make a great sacrifice. You are now the first Florentine artist after myself. Possessed of this secret you will be the first! Yet on condition that you never reveal it, it shall be disclosed to you."

"I solemnly swear it, dearest Dominica."

"Know then, that at Bruges I met a learned man, who taught me to despise water-colours, and to paint—"

"Well!"

"In oil!"

"In oil? I see. And have you told this to *no one*?"

"Not one human being this side the Alps has the slightest conception of it but we two. This

paper contains the details. It will teach you all you desire. Now, have I not tested my friendship, Castagna? Have I not earned your confidence?"

"Nobly, Dominica—most nobly—embrace me—and my thanks be—*this—and this—and this!*"

The moonbeams glanced from a glittering blade; its keen point, at each thrust, pierced deep to the heart. * * * * *

There was a heavy splash in the river—the cloud sailed silently from before the moon—the breeze gently waved the tree-tops—Castagna stood alone.

"At length!" cried he—"at length, then, I am the first in Florence. I am *without a rival!*"

This incident, which marked the introduction of oil painting into Italy, is related on the authority of Lanzi.—*The Sunbeam.*

ODE TO MUSIC.

Music! thy mystic influence I own,—

First of thy lovely heav'n-born sisterhood:

Thy sway hath with my dawning spring-time grown,

Till now, whate'er the hour, or place, or mood,

On dancing wave, on upland, or in wood,—

With joy thy varied time and tone I hail,

Mid kindred souls, or wrapt in solitude:

My heart-strings vibrate with responsive thrill,

Nor soon their homage cease, though past the strain and still.

Accept the offering on thy altar laid;—

Devotion's tribute and his suit receive:

Thine are the warblings, in the woodland glade,

Whose joyful choir their feather'd bosoms heave,

In untaught harmony from morn till eve:

Thine the electric gift with potent spell

Around our senses magic toils to weave;

The care-fraught bodings of our hearts to quell,

Till in some fairer sphere, our spirits, dreaming, dwell.

At ruddy sunfall, ere the shadows meet,—

When rosy belles and rustie swains agree,

Old care to spurn with merry-making feet,

And trip the mossy mead in dinsome glee,—

With steps unmodish, and to strains as free;

Thine are the charms, sweet pow'r! which then unthral

The toil-yoked victims of adversity;—

Mingling with sweets their daily cup of gall;

Strewing their thorny path with fairer flow'rs withal.

The hopeless captive in his dungeon drear,

With feeble limbs in stone and iron bound,—

When tender strains salute his startled ear,

Forgets his woe, and drinks each soothing sound;

While rays of former sunshine stream around:

Visions of joy each slumb'ring pulse awake;

And back he glides o'er long familiar ground;

His fancied footsteps boyhood's pathways take,

Where, saving love's first pang, his young heart knew no ache.

When, summon'd sudden to the field of strife,

The youthful warrior grasps his battle brand,—

The martial clarion and the stirring fife

Bring back his wav'ring strength of heart and hand,

And fire his patriot love for father-land:

The life-stream flows with unchecked ardour now,

At timeous touch of thy inspiring wand;

Mantling, with fervid glow in cheek and brow;

While from his quiv'ring lip comes retribution's vow.

When silent gliding through the sacred aisle,

To join the throng on pious ritual bent;

The organ's solemn peal our thoughts can wile

From ways profane to virtuous intent;

And teach the vengeful bosom to relent;

Each cadence wakes a dormant sympathy;

Each swelling symphony makes penitent:

Such thy celestial pow'r, oh harmony!

In holy fane attuned, to man on bended knee.

Thy varied strains have each their high behest;—

Like errant angels on love missions sped,

To calm the troubled and make glad th' oppress,

And kindle hope in hearts to sorrow wed;—

Infusing gladness where repose had fled:

Oft has thy simplest song my spirit cheer'd,

When brooding o'er some theme of pleasure fled;

Thus to thy vot'ry hast thou been endear'd;

And long he'll cherish thee, though sad his soul,
and sear'd. James Wyllson.

ANECDOTES IN THE LIFE OF A MUSICIAN.

One of our Southern papers, writing in praise of Anthony Philip Heinrich, a foreign musician transplanted to our American soil, relates the following remarkable incidents occurring in his eventful life:

From a passage in a German work, we learn that Mr. Heinrich was, originally, a rich Bohemian banker, with branches in Prague, Vienna, Trieste, and Naples; and that he resided at his mansion in Schoenlinden, where, trusting to the financial operations of treacherous agents, and absorbed in musical reveries, he relinquished sordid acquisitions to revel in the wealth of harmonious sounds.

Meeting with pecuniary misfortunes, he came to the United States, and was for some time in the West, where it is said, that he once went into the solitudes of the woods of Kentucky with no companion but his fiddle, and there remained for a whole year, living upon roots and water, his only object being to dwell in the undisturbed paradise of his own harmony. Another anecdote relates that "he was once crossing the Atlantic for this country in a French brig, when a dreadful storm arose, which continued for two days with unabated violence; during this time, the sailors and all on board but the musician were much frightened, and expected to go to the bottom; he, on the contrary, appeared the while to be wild with delight, rushing hither and thither, fiddling to the storm, and gathering inspiration from its fearful but sublime melody. This the sailors at length took notice of, as also that his eye, and bearing, and manner, were different from those of other men, and hence in their superstition they concluded that he was the cause of the storm, or, in other words, the Jonah of the ship, and came to the resolution to throw him into the sea. When they came down to announce this to Mr. Heinrich, he was busily employed in composing an air to those words which were subsequently published. 'Ha, ha! you are going to drown me, you say,' said Mr. Heinrich, still fiddling away; 'very well, I am ready; but if you will give me ten minutes to finish my piece of music, I shall be more ready still.' The sailors agreeing to this, the enthusiast continued his occupation with the utmost calmness and delight, with the full assurance of death hanging over his head, but before the ten minutes were out, the storm suddenly abated, so that Mr. Heinrich's life was saved,

and the piece of music finished about one and the same time."—*Boston Daily Evening Transcript*.

FISCHER THE OBOE PLAYER.

This celebrated performer, who flourished about the year 1775, was a man of great professional pride. Being very much pressed by a nobleman to sup with him after the opera, he declined the invitation, saying, that he was usually very much fatigued, and made it a rule never to go out after the evening's performance. The noble lord would, however, take

no denial, and assured Fischer that he did not ask him professionally, but merely for the gratification of his society and conversation. Thus urged and encouraged, he went; he had not, however, been many minutes in the house of this consistent nobleman, before his lordship approached him, and said, "I hope, Mr. Fischer, you have brought your oboe in your pocket." "No, mylord," said Fischer, "my oboe never sups." He turned on his heel, and instantly left the house, and no persuasion could ever induce him to return to it.—*Reminiscences of Michael Kelly*.

THE GYPSIES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Wm. Reeve.

O I who has seen the miller's wife? I, I, I, And kindled up new
I, I, And kindled up new

strife, And kindled up new strife,
strife, And kindled up new strife,
A shilling from her palm I took, Ere on the

Who, who the tanner's daughter seen, I, I, I, In
I, I, In
cross lines I could look,

quest of her have been, In quest of her have been,

But as the tan - ner

But as the tanner was within, 'Twas

But as the tanner was within, 'Twas

was within, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin,

p

hard to 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin - -

p

hard to 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin - -

p

Andante.

These

From .ev' - ry place con - demn'd to roam, In ev' - ry place we seek a home, These

branches form our sum - mer roof, By thick grown leaves made wea - ther proof. In

branches form our sum - mer roof, By thick grown leaves made wea - ther proof. In

shelt'ring nooks and hol - low ways, We cheer'ly pass our win - ter days, Come circle round the

shelt'ring nooks and hol - low ways, We cheer'ly pass our win - ter days,

gypsies' fire, Come circle round the gypsies' fire, Como circle round the gypsies' fire,

Come circle round the gypsies' fire, Come circle round the gypsies' fire,

p Our songs our sto - ries ne - ver tire, *f* Our songs our sto - ries ne - ver tire,

p Our songs our sto - ries ne - ver tire, *f* Our songs our sto - ries ne - ver tire,

p

lento. *Allegro con spirito.*

ne - ver tire. Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry, Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,
ne - ver tire. Come stain your cheeks with nut or berry,

Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber - ry, You'll find the gypsies' life is mer - ry,
Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber - ry, You'll find the gypsies' life is mer - ry.

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,
You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,
You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

p

You'll find the gypsies' life is mer - ry. Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber - ry,
You'll find the gypsies' life is mer - ry. Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber - ry,
Come - - - -

cres. *dim*

f

You'll find the gyp-sies' life is mer-ry! Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry,

You'll find the gyp-sies life is mer-ry!

cres. *dim.*

Come - - -

Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry, * Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry,

f

Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry, Come stain your cheeks with nut or ber-ry,

You'll find the gyp-sies' life is mer-ry! You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

You'll find the gyp-sies' life is mer-ry! You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry,

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies' life is merry!

You'll find the gypsies merry, merry, merry, You'll find the gypsies' life is merry!

ENGLISH SAILORS AND THEIR SONGS, BY COUNT PECCHIO.

Whoever wishes to acquire a knowledge of another class of Englishmen, not less interesting than the mechanics, must descend into one of those narrow by-streets near London Bridge, which leads to the Thames. The sailors, those sons of the Ocean, are like the amphibious animals, which, even when on land, always keep close to the water. One day I took it into my head to walk into one of the numerous public-houses which stand in these alleys, to see what metamorphoses those silent and serious beings undergo on land, in whose company I had, at various times, spent eight months on ship-board. How changed did I find friend Jack from what I had seen him at sea! No longer serious, no longer quiet. In a corner of the room there was a group of these mariners, who were singing one of their sea-songs, with the burden "Haul away, yeo ho, boys!" the cry with which they accompany any exertion made in concert:—

British sailors have a knack,
Haul away, yeo ho, boys!
Of pulling down a Frenchman's jack,
'Gainst any odds you know, boys!
Come three to one, right sure am I,
If we can't beat 'em, still we'll try
To make old England's colours fly,
Haul away, yeo ho, boys!

British sailors when at sea,
Haul away, yeo ho, boys!
Pipe all hands with merry glee,
While up aloft they go, boys;
And when with pretty girls on shore,
Their cash is gone, and not before,
They wisely go to sea for more,
Haul away, yeo ho, boys!

British sailors love their king,
Haul away, yeo ho, boys!
And round the bowl they love to sing,
And drink his health you know, boys,
Then while his standard owns a rag,
The world combined shall never brag
They made us strike the British flag,
Haul away, yeo ho, boys!"*

When these had finished their song, which was duly knocked down by their leathern hands, a second group struck up another of their favourite songs, "Hearts of Oak!"

Come, cheer up my lads, 'tis to glory we steer,
To add something new to this wonderful year;
To honour we call you, not press you like slaves,
For who are so free as we sons of the waves?
Hearts of oak are our ships,
Jolly tars are our men,
We always are ready,
Steady, boys, steady,
We'll fight and we'll conquer, again and again!

A fiddler, who had in the mean time entered with his creaking instrument, now struck up a *reel*, a kind of Scotch dance, much in favour with the lower classes in England, which requires nothing but un-

trung strength and nimbleness of foot, without any elegance or lightness in the movements of the body. Of all the English, the sailors are the most *galeatic*; above all, when they have emptied two or three cans of grog;—

For if sailor ever took delight in
Swigging, kissing, dancing, fighting,
Damme, I'll be bold to say that Jack's the lad!"

At this sound, as if it had been the signal for battle, all jumped on their legs, and began throwing their feet about, for I cannot say they danced. To get out of the way of this tempest of kicks, I mounted a small flight of stairs, and entered a second room, which presented another picture in the style of Teniers. It was exactly like that I had left, except that by the round hat of glazed leather, by the jacket and trowsers of blue cloth, in fine, by the uniformity and superior neatness of their dress, I perceived that the seamen belonged to the Royal Navy. In their faces, though flushed with liquor, the impression of discipline and obedience was still visible; and although their deportment and gestures exhibited nothing of insolence, they betrayed nevertheless more of arrogance and presumption than the others, although not so much as is generally exhibited on the continent (I know not why) by soldiers of the line. They were singing the beautiful national anthem, composed by the poet Thomson, the author of "The Seasons," about a century ago,—*"Rule, Britannia!"*

When Britain first, at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain—
*Rule, Britannia! Britannia rule the waves,
Britons never shall be slaves!*

I am sorry that the fire and spirit of these songs disappear as entirely in the literal prose translations I give of them, as the melodies were spoiled by the rough and uncultivated voices of those who sung them. However lifeless, nevertheless, the translations may be, it will still be easy to see by them, that simple, manly, and even sometimes jocular thoughts, are quite in unison with the character of the sailors. It was thus, perhaps, in the days of their glory and freedom, that the Venetians sung in the "holds" of their magic city, their victory over some Turkish fleet. At the present day they have substituted for those martial songs "*Visin di Nina*," and "*La Biandina in Gondoledda*;"—"The Face of Nina," and "The Fair-haired Girl of the Gondolett;" even songs are sufficient to mark the revolutions of the wheel of fortune. With this melancholy reflection I left these merry mariners and quitted the tavern.—*Italian Exile in England.*

CHARLES FREDERICK ABEL.

This eminent musical composer and performer, was a native of Germany, and a disciple of Sebastian Bach. He left Dresden in a destitute condition in 1758, and travelled through Germany, supplying his necessities by his talents, till at length he arrived in England in 1759, where he soon gained notice and recompense, both as a public performer and as a private teacher. He had a salary of £200 a-year as chamber musician to her Majesty, and his weekly concert, in conjunction with Bach, was liberally supported. He performed on several instruments, but he was chiefly attached to the viol

* The following Italian version of the first verse of the above song will serve to give the reader an idea of the figure which our naval ditties make in the foreign dress given them by Count Pecchio;

"I marinai britanni hanno una arte,—Oh! Eh! Ih! Oh ragazzi!—d'abbattere un marinaio francese, qualunque sia la disparità; voi lo sapete ragazzi!"

di gamba. The knowledge Abel had acquired in Germany in every part of musical science, rendered him the umpire in all musical controversies, and caused him to be consulted in all difficult points. The taste and science of Abel were rather greater than his invention, so that some of his later productions, compared with those of younger composers, appeared somewhat languid and monotonous. Yet he preserved a high reputation in the profession till his death. Abel was irascible in his temper, and apt to be overhearing. He loved his bottle, and by excess of drinking, when he was labouring under a spitting of blood, he put an end to his complaint and to his life. He died in London, on the 20th of June, 1787.

The following anecdote will suffice as an example of his irascibility. It happened one day, at a dinner given by a certain titled amateur, that the powers and characters of the different musical instruments formed the subject of conversation; it was suggested by the noble host, that every one present should name his favourite. In compliance with the proposal, one mentioned the organ, another the violin, another the flute, another the violoncello, another the horn, &c. When Abel, whose performance on the viol di gamba excelled that of every other professor, after expecting, with impatience, but in vain, to hear his own beloved instrument included in the catalogue, was unable longer to endure his mortification, and, with feelings of ungovernable rage, suddenly started from his seat, and quitted the room. It is not to be wondered that his favourite instrument should have been omitted in the enumeration, as from the thin, wiry, and grating quality of its tone, notwithstanding the exquisite execution of Abel, it failed to give pleasure to any other ears but his own.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

BY MISS BLAIRE.

The wars for many a month were o'er,
E'er I could reach my native shore;
My friends ne'er hop'd to see me more,
But wept for me, as for the dead.

As I drew nigh, the cottage blaz'd;
The evening fire was clear and bright;
And through the window long I gaz'd,
And saw each friend with dear delight.

My father in his corner sat,
My mother drew her usual thread,
My brother strove to make them chat,
My sister bak'd the household bread.

And Jean oft whisper'd to a friend,
That still let fall a silent tear;
But soon my Jessie's grief shall end—
She little thinks her Harry near.

My mother saw her catching sighs
And hid her face behind the rock;
While tears swam round in both her eyes,
And not a single word she spoke.

What could I do?—if in I went,
Surprise might chill each tender heart;
Some story then I must invent,
And act the poor maimed soldier's part.

I drew a bandage o'er my face,
And crook'd up a living knee,

And found, that even in that blest place,
Not one dear friend knew aught of me.

I ventur'd in,—Tray wagg'd his tail,
And fawn'd and to my mother ran;
"Come here," they cried; "what can he ail?"
While my feign'd story I began.

I chang'd my voice to that of age,
"A poor old soldier lodgings craves;"
The very name their loves engage—
"A soldier! aye, the best we have."

My father then drew in a seat,
"You're welcome," with a sigh he said;
My mother fry'd her best hung meat,
And curds and cheese the table spread.

"I had a son," my father sigh'd,
"A soldier too; but he is gone!"
"Have you heard from him?" I replied;
"I left behind me many a one;

"And many a message I have brought
To families I cannot find
Long for John Goodman's have I sought,
To tell them Hal's not far behind."

"O does he live?" my father cry'd
My mother did not stay to speak;
My Jessie now I silent eyed,
Who sobb'd as if her heart would break.

"He lives indeed! this kerchief see,
At parting his dear Jessie gave;
He sent it her, with love, by me
To show that he still 'scapes the grave."

An arrow darting from a bow
Could not more quick the token reach
The patch from off my face I drew
And gave my voice its well known speech.

"My Jessie dear!" I softly said;
She gaz'd and answer'd with a sigh;
My sisters look'd as half afraid;
My mother fainted quite for joy.

My father danced around his son;
My brother shook my hand away
My mother said her glass might run,
She ead not now how soon the day.

"Hout woman!" cry'd my father dear,
"A wedding first I'm sure we'll have;
I've warrant we'll live this hundred year,
Nay, may be, lass, escape the grave."

ANECDOTE OF BRAHAM.

Braham was once at the house of a friend, and sung to him in private. His style was quite different from that which he exhibits in public. It was simple and undisturbed, but extremely effective. "Why is it," said his friend, "that you do not always sing like this?" Braham's reply was remarkable, and at the same time just. "If," said he, "I could always have my own way, I would always sing as I have done now; but that is impossible. The public are fond of boisterous passages and rapid execution, and would not be satisfied without them. If I were to sing in public in the style you have just heard, every body would say, 'Where is Braham?' And if Braham lost his attraction, he would lose his engagements."—*Edinburgh Dramatic Review.*

IN MY COTTAGE NEAR THE WOOD.

Andante.

In my cottage near the wood, Health and plenty still combine, Me to bless with ev'ry

good That can ren - der life di - vine. Pa - rents dear and e - ver kind, Du - ty

then impress my mind, Whilst the joys of life we prove, Blest with hap - pi - ness and love.

Let not envy's sullen tale,
Fraught with false and base design,
Reach the wood or cottage vale,
Nor disturb th' encircling vine.

Peaceful innocence remain,
Greater bliss in hopes to gain,
Nature's bounty thus in store,
Gentle Mary seeks no more.

ONE DAY I HEARD MARY SAY.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Corfe.

SOPRANO.

One day I heard Ma - ry say, How can I leave thee,

ALTO, or 2d
SOPRANO.

TENOR.

One day I heard Ma - ry say, How can I leave thee,

BASS.

Stay dear - est A - do - nis stay, Why wilt thou grieve me. A -

Stay dear - est A - do - nis stay, Why wilt thou grieve me.

las! my fond heart will break If thou should'st leave me, I'll live and die

las! my fond heart will break If thou should'st leave me,

A - las! my fond heart will break If thou should'st leave me, I'll

for thy sake, Yet ne - ver leave thee.

die for thy sake, Yet ne - ver leave thee.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES

No. 23.—GOODWIFE ADMIT THE WANDERER.



No. 23.—The following note is given in connection with this air, by Capt. Frazer, from whose excellent collection we extract it:—"Prince Charles Stuart is known to have suffered extreme hardships in wandering from the place of his defeat to gain a temporary refuge in the Isle of Skye,—often remaining all night in the cold month of April, in the open air, without approaching house or cabin. Overpowered with an effort to which he must have been so unaccustomed, it was often necessary to send one

of his attendants to entreat for quarters. From the hesitation and impatience of this individual, anxious, yet afraid, to communicate his request to the *good-wife*, and uncertain but she might accept of a bribe, in case of speedy pursuit, the air, at first, represents him as scarcely whispering his request, in broken sentences, but on finding that they were likely to be well received, he acquires more confidence, and the second part seems to picture a composure, however temporary, at their success."

MR. VERNON.

The following account of this favourite singer and actor, having never yet been published, it is presumed it will prove acceptable to my readers.

In the year 1752, Mr. Richard Yates, and Mr. John Palmer, stopped, on their journey to Birmingham, where they were going to open their newly erected theatre, at the Bull Inn in Coventry. Proposing to remain here for the night, they were solacing themselves with a cheerful glass after dinner, when their ears were saluted by the melodious sounds of a young warbler. Their conversation was instantly suspended, in order to listen more attentively to the wild notes of the songster. The doors of the dining-room were, at the same moment, thrown open, to enable them to hear more distinctly the words of the song which had so engaged their attention.

Being considerably gratified at hearing the words agree with the melody and expression of the music, they rang the bell, and enquired of the host who the youth was by whom they had been so much delighted; whether he was sent for to entertain a select party in the kitchen, or had come there by chance? To these questions the landlord answered, that the singer was a poor lad, who deserved and received the greatest encouragement from the inhabitants of Coventry and its neighbourhood, not only for his taste in singing, but for his goodness to his mother: for every penny, said he, that he collects by his innocent trade of singing at different public houses, he gives to her. This generosity and filial affection still more stimulated the theatric strangers to desire a sight of the boy. Young Vernon was immediately introduced, blushing like the morn. Being cheered

with a glass of wine, he was desired to sing one of his best songs. Without much intreaty, he very modestly complied. The actors were charmed. Mr Yates asked him, if this talent was the only means of his subsistence?

"No," answered the boy, "a good-natured man, who is a plush weaver in our town, has offered to take me 'prentice, without a fee. But though I should like to learn some trade, by which I might get an honest livelihood, yet I could not find it in my heart to leave my helpless mother to the mercy of parish officers, who might almost starve her. Rather than she should want, I would beg for her from door to door as long as I live."

"My boy," said Mr. Yates, "you possess a noble heart; your regard for your poor mother will ensure you happiness through life. I know not how it is, but I never was so much pre-possessed or interested in favour of a stranger, as I am with you, my dear lad. But to the point at once—Can you, landlord, vouch for the boy's honesty?"

"Indeed, sir," answered the landlord, "he has never given any person the least reason to suspect it. And would he live with me as a drawer, I would be glad to take him without any security."

"That's sufficient," replied Yates. "My good lad, how should you like to wear a livery, and attend a gentleman?"

"I should like it very well, sir," answered the young vocalist. "But, sir, what will become of my mother?"

"Pooh, pooh! your mother," replied Yates, "will be glad to see you provided for; and if you will agree to go with me to Birmingham, you shall not want for encouragement. And if your mother will

not object to bind you to me for a term of five years, I will allow her two shillings a week, which, with the allowance the parish must give her, will prove a comfortable subsistence."

"You belong to the actors, sir, do you?" asked the boy.

"Yes," answered Yates, "would you not be glad of the opportunity of seeing plays for nothing every night?"

"O yes, dear sir," replied the young lad, "it would be the delight of my heart. You must know, sir, that I offered myself to the master of the actors that play in the hay-loft over the stables at the Half-Moon here. I think they call him Mr. Squelch. But he told me that he could sing better himself, and that my voice was common enough every where."

"What," said Palmer, "are there players in your town, landlord?"

"Yes, sir," replied the landlord, "they came here at our Lady Godiva fair. It seems they claimed the common privilege of other shows and sights.—But they have remained here longer than the time granted them by the mayor, to take benefits. They are but a weary set, as a body may say. We shall soon, however, have the *Great Ward*, who has taken our *Old Bridenell* here below, in the *Bobblicks*, and he intends to make a shining play-house of it. He has now a very great company at Birmingham: many of them are no less than *Londoners*; and I am sorry to tell you, gentlemen, if you are going to play there against him, you will find him a tough match for you: he is a rich old fellow. He swore here in my house to'day that to some gentlemen, that he would work you a penn'orth, if it would cost him even the last inch of land, or the last spangle upon his clothes."

"We thank you, landlord," said Palmer, leering at his brother manager, who was more attentive to the engagement of young Vernon, than to the intelligence given by his landlord. To complete his wish of having the boy instantly bound to him, the mother was sent for. She came, and being informed of Yates's intention, was overjoyed to hear of her own, and her son's good fortune, in finding such an honourable master as Mr. Yates promised to be.

An attorney that night bound the boy to the joyful manager. Having taken next morning a tender leave of his mother, and being fitted by his master with decent apparel, he set off for the famous town of Birmingham, where, for a few weeks, he served Yates as a lacquey; but wore no other badge of livery than a crimson collar. Yates, however, soon found the means of employing the lad's talents to much greater advantage than running errands or handing a tea kettle.

To prepare the boy for his change of occupation, he was sent to school, where he learnt to read, &c. with such rapidity, that he was not only the praise, but the astonishment of all who knew him. By his own private means and application, he learnt dancing from some professors employed by the managers as stage-figuranti; and, by acute and incessant observation, he corrected his provincial dialect, so as to speak upon the most common subjects with singular ease, spirit, and propriety.

All this improvement was effected in a few weeks. Although these qualifications were in their infancy, yet they escaped not the notice of Mr. Yates.—Being the acting manager, he was possessed of more power than any other of the company. This

authority he exerted, in trying the talents of his young servant on the stage. Having great hopes, from several specimens he had given in private, that he should derive great emolument by employing him on the stage, he soon prepared him for the scene, and as a farther encouragement, allowed him a small salary. That the lad might no longer consider himself as a servant, he was divested of his red collar, which Mr. Yates perceived had for some time been considered by him as the insignia of slavery. Being graced with a smart laced hat, and a waistcoat trimmed with silver, he was announced in the bills of the play, to sing between the acts, under the name of Master Vernon. He was received with the greatest applause, and soon became one of the chief supporters of the theatre.

His improvements were so rapid, that in a very short time he became one of the most popular ornaments, both as an actor and a singer, the London stage had to boast for a series of years. In the last of these dramatic perfections he had but few competitors. His judgment was correct, his execution rapid, and his expression such as went to every heart. Mr. Yates, on his return to London, proposed to resign the remaining time of his servitude to Mr. Garrick, for a valuable consideration. The boy's rapid progress and fame having reached the capital, induced that consummate judge of theatrical perfection to accept Mr. Yates's proposal. Garrick knew the value of the treasure he had in part purchased, and determined to spare no expence in the cultivation of so exuberant and sweet a gem as he conceived Vernon to be: he, therefore, for the advantage of both, had him instructed in music, dancing, fencing, &c., his mind was also improved by attaining a knowledge of polite literature. These accomplishments were soon attained by such a capacity as that of Vernon's. This forward plant was carefully cherished by his master, Garrick. The town received him with attention and favour, and his great talents secured their admiration and esteem, while he continued before them.—*Memoirs of Charles Lee Leves.*

QUEEN CHRISTINA AND LULLY'S MUSIC.

Christina, Queen of Sweden, and the learned patroness of Grotius, Salmasius, and Descartes, was frequently so absorbed in her profound and abstract ideas, as to be utterly unmindful of common things, and lose all recollection of what was necessary to her own personal accommodation. One night, instead of putting on a night cap, she wrapped her head in a thick napkin, and in consequence, but without knowing why, felt so heated, and was so little at ease, that she could not sleep. She, therefore, by way of relieving her ennui, ordered the musicians of the court to be conducted into her bed-chamber, where, drawing her bed-curtains, she might listen to their performance without being seen. Knowing that her Majesty was particularly partial to the compositions of the great Lully, the deserved favourite of Louis XIV., the band began by playing one of his finest overtures; when, enchanted with a particular passage, she, as abruptly as unconsciously, thrust her cloth enveloped head beyond the curtains, and cried out "*Mort et diable!*" (death and the devil!) but that is exquisite!" The sight was so grotesque, as well as unexpected, that the Italians, not less scared than astonished, threw down their instruments, and scampered out of the room.

I WILL SING UNTO THE LORD.

ANTHEM FROM THE XV. CHAP. OF EXODUS.

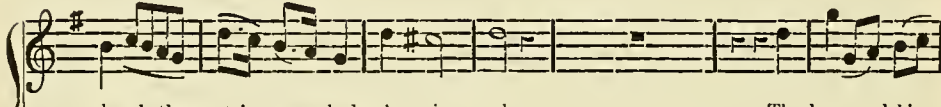
DUET. J. Key.

TREBLE. 

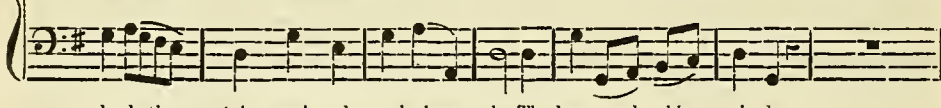
I will sing - - - un - to the Lord, for

BASS. 

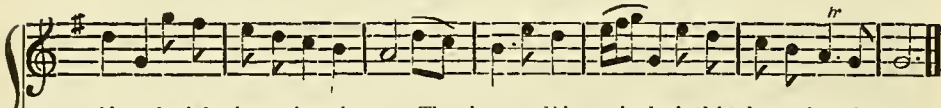
I will sing - - - un - to the Lord, for



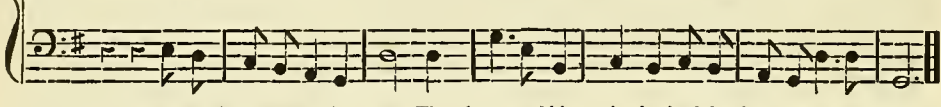
he hath tri - umphed glo - rious - ly, The horse and his



he hath tri - umph - ed glorious - ly, The horse and his ri - der,



rid - er hath he thrown into the sea, The horse and his ri - der hath he thrown into the sea.



hath he thrown into the sea, The horse and his ri - der hath he thrown into the sea.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

TENOR. 

The Lord is my strength, the Lord is my strength, my

ALTO. 

TREBLE. 

The Lord is my strength, the Lord is my strength, my

BASS. 

strength and song, my strength and song, And he is be - come, and he is be -

come my sal - va - tion. The Lord is a man of war - - - The

Lord is a man of war, a man of war, The Lord is his name, Thy right hand, O

Thy right hand O Lord, thy

Lord is become glo - - - rious, thy right hand O Lord, thy

Thy right hand O Lord is be - come glorious,

right hand O Lord is be - come glorious in pow'r, And in the greatness, the greatness of thine

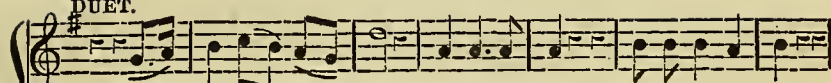
right hand O Lord is become glorious in pow'r, And in the greatness, the greatness of thine

ex - cellency thou hast o - verthrown them, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

ex - cellency thou hast o - verthrown them, thou hast overthrown them that rose up against thee.

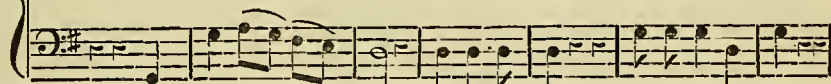
DUET.

TENOR.

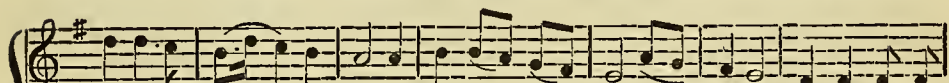


The e - ne - my said, I will pur - sue, I will over - take,

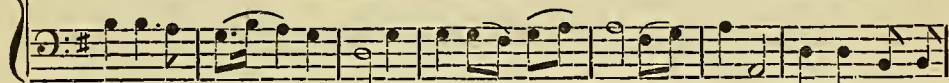
BASS.



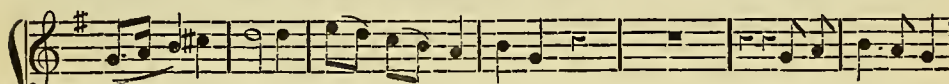
The e - ne - my said, I will pursue, I will over - take,



I will di - vide the spoil, my lust shall he sa - tis - fy'd up - on them, I will

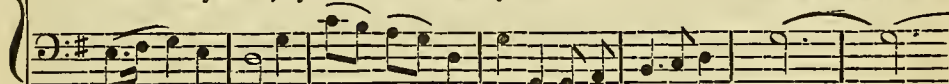


I will di - vide the spoil, my lust shall be sa - tis - fy'd up - on them, I will

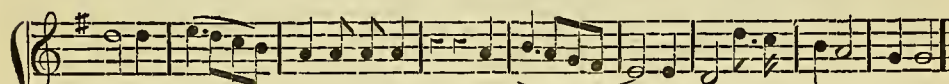


draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them.

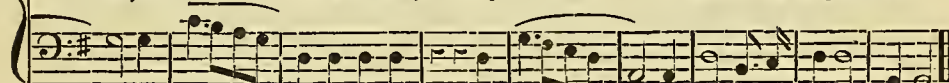
Thou didst blow with thy



draw my sword, my hand shall destroy them, Thou didst blow with thy wind - - -



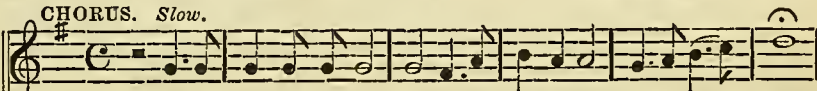
wind, the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.



- - - the sea covered them, they sank as lead in the mighty waters.

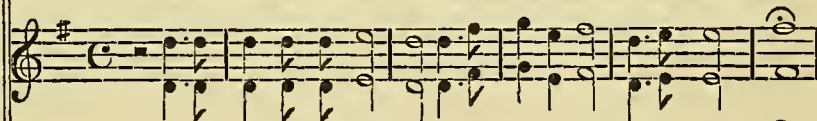
CHORUS. *Slow.*

TENOR.

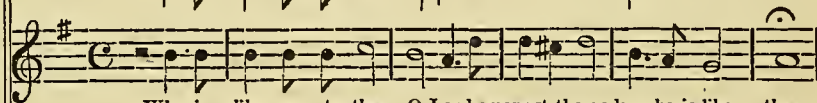


Who is like un - to thee O Lord amongst the gods, who is like thee,

ALTO.

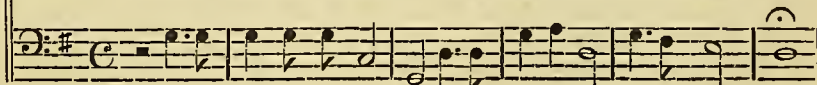


TREBLE.



Who is like un - to thee O Lord amongst the gods, who is like thee,

BASS.



Allegro.

glorious in ho - li - ness, fearful in prais - es, doing wonders, Hal - le - lu - jah!

glorious in ho - li - ness, fearful in prais - es, doing wonders. Hal - le - lu - jah!

Hal - le - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah!

THE GRAVE OF DERMID.

This beautiful and affecting sketch by the late Rev. Charles Wolfe, (the author of the so much admired ode on the death of Sir John Moore,) is extracted from the "Remains" of that highly gifted man, edited by his early friend the Archdeacon of Clogher. It was designed originally as a characteristic introduction to the well known and admired song, "The Last Rose of Summer," and can scarcely be read by any one without deep and heartfelt emotion. Of the work itself it may justly be said, that every page bears the impress of the powerful and masterly hand of its talented author.

"This is the grave of Dermid! He was the best minstrel amongst us all—a youth of a romantic genius, and of the most tremulous, yet most impetuous feelings. He knew all our old national airs of every character and description. According as his song was in a lofty or a mournful strain, the village represented a camp or a funeral; but if Der-

mid was in a merry mood, the lads and lasses were hurried into the dance with a giddy and irresistible gaiety. One day our chieftain committed a cruel and wanton outrage against one of our peaceful villagers. Dermid's harp was in his hand when he heard it. With all the thoughtlessness and independent sensibility of a poet's imagination, he struck the chords that never spoke without response—and the detestation became universal. He was driven from amongst us by our enraged chief; and all his relations, and the maid he loved, attended our banished minstrel into the wide world. For three years there were no tidings of Dermid, and the song and the dance were silent; when one of our little boys came running in, and told us that he saw Dermid approaching at a distance. Instantly the whole village was in commotion; the youths and the maidens assembled in the green, and agreed to celebrate the arrival of the poet with a dance; they fixed upon the air he was to play for

them—it was the merriest in his collection. The ring was formed; all looked eagerly to the quarter from which he was to arrive, determined to greet their favourite bard with a cheer. But they were checked the instant he appeared. He came slowly and languidly along; his countenance had a cold, dim, and careless aspect, very different from that expressive tearfulness which marked his features even in his more melancholy moments; his harp was swinging heavily upon his arm—it seemed a burden to him—it was much shattered, and some of the strings were broken. He looked at us for a few moments—then, relapsing into vacancy, advanced, without quickening his pace, to his accustomed stone, and sat down in silence. After a pause, we ventured to ask him for his friends. He first looked sharply in our faces—next down upon his harp—then struck a few notes of a wild and desponding melody, which we had never heard before; but his hand dropped, and he did not finish it. Again we paused; then, knowing well that if we could give the smallest mirthful impulse to his feelings, his whole soul would follow, we asked him for the merry air we had chosen. We were surprised at the readiness with which he seemed to comply; but it was the same wild and heart-breaking strain he had commenced. In fact, we found that the soul of the minstrel had become an entire void, except one solitary ray that vibrated sluggishly through its very darkest part. It was like the sea in a dark calm, which you only know to be in motion by the panting which you hear. He had totally forgotten every trace of his former strains, not only those that were gay and airy, but even those of a more pensive cast, and he had got in their stead that one dreary, single melody—it was about a lonely rose that had outlived all its companions. This he continued playing and singing from day to day, until he spread an unusual gloom over the whole village; he seemed to perceive it, for he retired to the church-yard, and remained singing it there to the day of his death. The afflicted constantly repaired to hear it, and he died singing it to a maid who had lost her lover. The orphans have learned it, and still chaunt it over poor Dermid's grave."

HENRY PURCELL.

His Sacred Music, edited by Vincent Novello.

With pride and delight we have perused the volumes before us (they extend to five large and handsomely printed volumes, compiled from many rare and valuable MSS. and private collections). They unfold a rich mine of inestimable beauty in the ecclesiastical writings of our boasted countryman, Henry Purcell,—the sublime, the profound, the original and highly-gifted Purcell, the pride of his country, the Mozart of his age, the Shakspeare of his art. The church writings of this great master have been regarded by the best judges as standing unrivalled for dignity, pathos, originality, and expression; though it has been justly observed, with reference to his secular writings, that the wide range of his imagination rendered him capable of applying his talents with equal facility to the stage and the chamber; of which we have sufficient proof in the many admirable productions of this class which he has achieved. But with the exception of a few that have been snatched, as it were, from the abyss of oblivion, by a more modern arrangement, with some of which Bartleman and Mara were wont

occasionally to delight admiring hundreds, the world at large knows comparatively little of this great author's writings.

Mr. Novello appears before us not only as editor but as the biographer of Purcell; he has brought unto the latter character the good taste and feeling, the judgment, industry, and skill, which distinguish him in the former; and his pen, like other instruments to which his fingers are more accustomed not only "discourses eloquent music," but is exciting and suggestive, striking the key-note of many strains of mental melody, and awakening by the power of association, thoughts and feelings which may often flow far remote from their original source.

Purcell was a fortunate man. There was the rare felicity of a correspondence between his nature and his early circumstances. They harmonised like one of his own melodies with its rich and varied accompaniment. He came of a musical family. He inherited those peculiarities of organisation which alone confer the highest degree of susceptibility to the effect of musical sounds. His frame was tuned, and ready to vibrate sweetly and powerfully as soon as the winds of heaven should breathe upon it. And the first winds that blew were propitious ones. His father and uncle were both attached, as musicians, to the chapel of Charles II. At a very early age he became one of the children of the chapel. He lisped music. He was the companion and pupil of Blow, that "fine old church writer," who outlived and succeeded him, and caused it to be engraven on his tomb, that he was "master to the famous musician Mr. Henry Purcell." Pelham, Humphrey, and Michael Wise were also his associates; and they all gained renown as juvenile composers. They must have made a glorious quartet, these gifted and aspiring youths. No wonder that "Purcell became an early proficient in the science of musical composition, and was even able to write correct harmony and counterpoint at an age, when to be qualified for the performance of choral service is, in general, all that can be expected." There was the further stimulus of successful ambition. At the age of eighteen (1676) he was appointed organist of Westminster Abbey, "probably the only instance of so young a man being appointed to an organist's situation of such high honour and importance." Six years afterwards, he became one of the organists of the Chapel Royal.

The biographer discredits the tradition of Purcell's love for Italian music having originated in his intercourse with the band brought over by Mary D'Este, of Modena, the wife of James II.; and he probably had, at an earlier period, devoted himself to the study of Carissimi and Stradella. Whatever led him to that study, it was an additional circumstance to the favourable combination of influences under which his genius was developed. Seldom is it that the links of a golden chain can be traced at so great a distance. Seldom is it that there is so happy a concurrence of external agencies operating harmoniously upon a nature so admirably prepared for them. In and about him, all things were fitly framed together. He was amongst the few people in the world who are "placed according to their capacity," and richly has the world reaped the advantage.

One circumstance of his maturer life (of mature life he had but little, he died in his 37th year,) must be added to the propitious influences of his youth. He was led by rapid gradations to the expansion of

his genius in every direction. While the duties of his situation, as well as his own taste, conducted him to perfection in those solemn and lofty strains which belong to the music of devotion, he was led to, and immediately excelled in dramatic composition, nor were there wanting inducements to distinguish himself in those lighter lays that ladies loved, or the noisier expression of bacchanalian merriment. "A great number of songs and airs, rounds and catches, and even dance tunes, set by him, are proof of Purcell's extensive genius." But all real musical genius, not enslaved by habit to some particular form, is universal. Music is the inarticulate expression of emotion, whether with or without the words which render that emotion definite, and give it "a local habitation and a name." Now the organisation which is capable of strong emotion at all, is capable of it in all its varieties, and may easily be excited to almost any of its varieties. The psalm and the jig may be the same tune in different time. The capacity of strong feeling, and the capacity also of expressing that strong feeling by musical composition, is one and indivisible. When the highest talent for any particular species exists separately, it is an indication that the original power of the composer has been restricted by unfavourable circumstances. And few circumstances can be more unfavourable than those which make up the present state of the world. It is no wonder that we have no Purcells. Every department is a monopoly; teachers of schools and families are compelled to eke out their scanty and precarious remuneration by the sale to their pupils of music, especially adapted for that purpose, in the same way as the surgeon puts his skill and time into the bill under the form of unnecessary medicine. Cathedrals stick to the old established anthems as an integral portion of the old established faith; and Dissenters must have only what is bald enough and bad enough for the whole congregation to sing with their "most sweet voices," and most exquisite skill. Concerts borrow the *stars* from the opera, and they will sing nothing new, while money is to be had for the old. O the everlasting "Di tanti palpiti," and all the rest, which make one say with Falstaff, "I know ye as well as he that made ye." And as to music, the theatres are a monopoly within a monopoly. "In the lowest deep a deeper still." Happily, at this worst point, we seem on the eve of a reformation.

The influences under which Purcell's genius attained to such a rich and ripe maturity were in many respects favourable to his character, which was altogether a fine and noble one. But we must not forget that it had two great defects. Of which we trace the cause, while we deplore the result. He was a timeserver in politics. "In James the Second's time, he sung down the Whigs; and in that of William, the Tories." To produce this prostitution of art is the natural tendency of depending upon patronage rather than upon the public. We shall never know what can be done for music, poetry, painting, or any of their beautiful combinations, until we have a people educated up to the enjoyment of art. Nor ever till then, save in some rare instances, will the *artiste* be any other than a degraded character. Then, indeed, he may feel the true nobility of his vocation, and though he will still "live to please," and therefore "must please to live," yet the gratification will be incompatible with those unworthy arts which the reign of patronage has generally required of him for its production.

Subservience, in the exercise of his powers, to the views of patronising individuals, was, in some degree the fault, the inexcusable fault, as well as the despicable folly, of any like gifted men.

Our other complaint is of the words, the gross and licentious words, to which he married some of his immortal melodies. This too, was no doubt partly owing to the same corrupting influence, patronage. But there must have been the appropriate weakness in himself, or no imaginable inducement could have bowed his genius to the foul degradation. Events had not been such as to generate political principle in him, and so he ministered in turn to the aims and pleasures of either faction or dynasty. And events had failed to inspire his heart with that surest safeguard for refined and delicate taste—a pure love for a worthy object; and so he debased himself to attune the vilest strains of physical licentiousness. "Man that is born of a woman" never ought to have enwreathed such foulness with melody; and man that really loved woman never *could* have done it. But heaven, that showered down other gifts so liberally on Purcell, denied this inspiration. He was linked with a "low-minded termagant," who, after harassing his life and degrading his tastes, cut short his existence by the ingenious process of locking him out of his own house because he came home after midnight. The inclemency of the night brought on fever, his death soon followed, and his afflicted widow found some consolation in the profits of the "Orpheus Britannicus," which she forthwith published, with a lachrymose dedication concerning "her dear lamented husband." This posthumous affection in print was a bad way of balancing the account.—*Monthly Repository*.

DER FREISCHUTZ AND WEBER'S MUSIC.

It is ridiculous to call the English a musical nation; we may as well call it a dancing one. This is not

"The land of singing and of dancing slaves,
Love whispering woods, and lute resounding waves."

We sit at an opera with our eyes half open and half shut, nodding and winking like the *owl* in the wolf's glen; and, if we dance,

"How ill the dancing with the music suits?
So Orpheus play'd, and, like them, danced the brutes."

Unlike our continental neighbours, a concord of sweet sounds with us is not the *summum bonum* of human existence. We care not to put our heads in a musical pillory,

"An opera's like a pillory—may be said
To nail our ears down, but expose our head."

The divine strains of Handel barely reconcile us to the *Oratorio* season once a year; and Haydn and Mozart cannot sustain the falling state of the Italian opera, without the aid of new names and new faces to suit the caprice of those who attend—not for the music, but the fashion. Were the English really an harmonious nation their *own composers* might well satisfy the nicest ear. Setting aside Handel as the noblest composer in the world, Arne, Purcell, Boyce, Jackson, and a host of others, may fairly uphold the English character for science melody, and taste. Novelty is, however, the charm that must win us to sweet sounds; and the introduction of Weber's music into this country was the most popular and successful novelty in our time, and well repaid the good taste that ventured the experiment.

If any thing could reconcile us to a man selling himself to the devil, it must be his throwing in, by way of *bonus*, such music as Carl Maria Von Weber's. Indeed, we are half inclined to suspect that the Carl must have followed the example of his friend Caspar, and, in like manner, bartered his own soul for a musical equivalent; for, had the imps of darkness tuned their fiddles in the orchestra, and Lucifer himself presided at the piano-forte, symphonies more unearthly and diabolical had never been heard than those in the incantation scene.

The grand features of Weber's music are terror and sublimity. Gaiety and tenderness occasionally delight the ear; science leads it through all the mazes of enchantment; but wildness and melancholy are its prevailing qualities, and sounds of deeper and more awful intonation never thrilled the soul since the triumph of the fabled Timotheus.

"Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head;
As awaked from the dead,
And amaz'd he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries;
See, the furies arise,—
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!"

The death of such a man as Weber is a national calamity; genius is of no country—every land is its home. England received with open arms this magnificent composer; she crowned him with rapturous applause while living, and would have entombed his sacred dust among her illustrious dead, but for the uncharitable bigotry of her priesthood, who could not endure that the solemn sounds of Catholic rites should profane a Protestant cathedral. On our first introduction to Weber, we were forcibly struck with his appearance and manner. A slender fragile form; a weak tremulous voice; a countenance long, meagre, and pallid, but beaming with melancholy expression; and an eye full, sparkling and intelligent. Sickness and study had worn him to the bone; and, though a young man, he had the tottering decrepitude of age. But his mind was active, fervent, and enthusiastic; the glorious sounds of his divine art kindled the fire of his spirit; and, his enthusiasm thus awakened, he moved, spoke, and directed with the alacrity and vigour that belong to health. But, the excitement over, his frame sunk beneath the effort—

"A fiery soul, which, working out its way
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-informed the tenement of clay."

Hail! and farewell!—Remarks upon "*Der Freischütz*," by the Editor of Cumberland's British Drama.

DEATH OF HERR FREDERIC KIND.

Author of the libretto of "*Der Freischütz*."

Herr Kind, the worthy coadjutor of the immortal Carl Maria Von Weber, has recently died, in his 66th year. A short time since (on the occasion of the one hundred and first representation of "*Der Freischütz*," at Dresden) he published an account of his introduction to the great composer, and the manner in which the matter was concocted between them. The following extracts may not be uninteresting:—

In the course of the year 1816, the chamber musi-

cian, Schmiedel, brought to me a stranger dressed in black, extremely thin in person, of a pale complexion, but intellectual countenance, and from his long arms and large extended hands, I took him at once for a pianist. It was Carl Maria Von Weber. I was delighted to form his acquaintance; he had already acquired some reputation from having set to music some popular songs taken from the collections of Herder and of Winderhern, the songs of Körner, and some by me. I knew also that he was to be appointed kappel-meister at Dresden.

The conversation between us was animated; we talked of various things. At last Weber said to me, "you must write for me an opera." The proposal made me laugh. I had already made various attempts in many branches of literature, but it had never occurred to me to write an opera. The idea made me laugh heartily; but I considered nothing to be impossible to a poet. I acknowledged to him with great simplicity that I scarcely understood a note of music. He told me that was of no consequence whatever. He added, "we are agreed; we understand each other; and as for the rest we will settle another time." We separated as if we had been old friends.

Weeks and months passed; I worked at various descriptions of pieces, but I did not forget my project; I recollected that a certain number of my poems had been set to music, and that they had met with some success; I recollected having read somewhere that a tragedy, by its being adapted to music, had attained extraordinary success. At length Weber came to reside at Dresden; he paid me a visit, and spoke again upon the subject of my *libretto*. I had often heard speak of the exigencies of composers, who only view an opera as regards the music, and often impose on the writer alterations and considerable changes. I explained this circumstance very freely and openly to Weber. "I will compose your *libretto*," said I, "such as you direct me, I give you my word; as to those details which require but a dash of the pen, these you will not refuse to make yourself out of friendship for me."

It now only remained to find a subject; I wished that it should be popular, such as became Weber's talents and my own. We searched Musæns, Bened, Naubert, several collections of romances and novels; at length we stopped at the "*Freischütz*" by Apel, and then we gave it up. The censure was severe; the subject might appear to them dangerous, as tending to increase superstitious ideas. Besides, in the tale of Apel, the two lovers die, which could not be supported on the stage. All these difficulties discouraged us; we parted without doing anything. But the fatal shot had struck me; my heart fluttered. I paced my room intoxicated with the poems of the forests, and popular legends. At length the mists dispersed and the sun broke forth to enlighten me. The same evening, or the morrow of the eventful day, I ran to Weber's house, and exclaimed on seeing him, "I have done '*Der Freischütz*!' I have attacked the devil himself! I have gone to work in an original manner; nothing of the modern. Time—the conclusion of the thirty years' war; scene—the depths of the Bohemian forests. A pious hermit has appeared to me! The white rose protects itself against the Demon Hunter! Innocence comes to the aid of the weak—vice is destroyed—and virtue triumphs." I further explained more perfectly my plot, we shook hands together; and wished hearty success to our "*Freischütz*"—*London Illustrated News*, August 19, 1843.

O SAW YE BONNIE LESLEY.

Words by Burns.

Air—"The Collier's bonnie Lassie."

Allegretto.

O saw ye bon - nie Les - ley, As she gaed o'er the bor - der? She's

gane, like A - lex - an - der, To spread her con - quests far - ther, To

see her is to love her, And love but her for e - ver, For

na - ture made her what she is, And ne - ver made an - ith - er.

O, saw ye bonnie Lesley,
As she gaed o'er the Border?
She's gane, like Alexander,
To spread her conquests farther
To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made another!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we before thee:
Thou art divine, fair Lesley;
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The Deil he couldna skaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say, I canna wrang thee!

The Powers aboon will tent thee,
Misfortune shanna steer thee;
Thou'rt like thyself sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.
Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There's nane again sae bonnie.

The above song was written by Burns in honour of Miss Lesley Baillie, of Ayrshire, on her passing through Dumfries on her way to England.

LADY AS THE LILY FAIR

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Andante. p *cres.* *p* *M. P. King.*

La - dy as the li - ly fair! Ah whither dost thou stray? O'er the mountains
p * now no long - er *p*

La - dy as the li - ly fair! Ah whith - er dost thou stray? O'er the mountains
p * now no long - er *p*

f *dim.*

bleak and bare, A wild and drea - ry way.

f

bleak and bare, A wild and drea - ry way.

f

See, see the clouds the storm foretell, A

dolce. *p* *f* *dim.*

La - dy shel - ter, la - dy shel - ter in this cell, Un - til the tem - pest
p *f* * And ne - ver ne - ver

La - dy shel - ter, la - dy shel - ter in this cell, Un - til the tem - pest
p *f* * And ne - ver ne - ver

lone - ly man am I - - -

Fine.

fly, un - til the tempest fly. Her mit spare thy friendly care! O let me wander
** And* ne - ver ne - ver

fly, un - til the tempest fly.
** And* ne - ver ne - ver

on; Mountains bleak and stormy air, I ne-ver more will shun, A -

las! a - las! A - las! my bo-som knows no rest, And fa-ded is my

form, For Henry thou thy Emma's breast, Has steel'd against the storm.

La-dy as the li-ly fair! Ah whither dost thou stray? O'er the mountains

f *fp* *fp*

bleak and bare, A wild and dreary way, Weeping wand'rer dost thou then Be -

f *fp* *fp*

bleak and bare, A wild and dreary way, Weeping wand'rer dost thou then Fe -

fp *rinf.* *p* *f*

wail thy Henry's flight, Dost thou seek him once again? Would he glad thy

fp *p* *f*

wail thy Henry's flight, Dost thou seek him once again? Would he glad thy

sight.

sight.

f

He thought thee faithless, These sad tears, Prove he wrong'd thy heart, Be -

p *cres.* D.C.

ne - ver, never, never,

never, never, never.

neath this cowl thy love appears! We never more will part - - -

FRANZ SCHNEIDER.

Franz Schneider was born at Pulkau in 1737; he was the son of a poor carpenter. The village schoolmaster undertook his education; and so early did he display his aptitude at acquiring knowledge, that, independently of the regular course of scholastic studies, he taught him singing and playing upon the violin, piano, organ, and several wind instruments. He was twenty years of age when Albrechtsberger summoned him to Melk, where he so formed himself under this master's guidance, that on Albrechtsberger quitting for Vienna, he proposed Schneider as his successor, who proved well worthy such a master, both by his talent in composition and execution on the organ.

In the convent library are to be found the follow-

ing autograph compositions of his, which furnish ample testimony of the pitch to which he had carried the knowledge of his art: fifty masses, thirty-three motetts, thirty-four gradualia and offertories, fourteen requiems, &c. His works are imbued throughout with clearness and depth, science and inspiration. He was, according to Stadler, one of the first organists that ever appeared. Abbé Vogler, who undertook a journey for the express purpose of hearing him, one day gave him alternately with Forkel a very difficult chromatic theme, from which he improvised fugues indicative of the full powers of this colossal instrument with thirty-two feet pedal registers. Such was their admiration of his performance, that they pronounced him king of all living organists. He departed this life in 1812.—*Musical Times*.

THE STREAMLET THAT FLOW'D ROUND HER COT.

Affettuoso. W. Shield.

The

streamlet that flow'd round her cot, All the charms, all the charms of my E - mi - ly

knew, How oft has its course been for - got, While it paus'd, while it

1st. 2d.

paus'd her dear im - age to woo! paus'd her dear im - age to

wro. rf rf dim.

Believe me, the fond silver tide
Knew from whence it deriv'd the fair prize,

For silently, silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies!

LISZT.

Franz Liszt was born at Raiding, a village in Hungary, on the 22d October 1811, the year of the comet. His parents drew a prognostic from this coincidence, regarding the future career of their son. Adam Liszt, the father of Franz, was not a professional musician, but an enthusiastic amateur, and one of Haydn's most intimate friends. He held an employment in the administration of the domains of prince Esterhazy, son of the old Prince Esterhazy who had received Haydn in his youth, and had made him his chapel master. Adam Liszt was a good musician, and a good pianist, and played many different instruments. His ambition was to become an artist, but he could not command the necessary means, being always kept poor by administering to the wants of fourteen or fifteen brothers and sisters. The disappointment of his wishes in this respect gave him great chagrin and rendered him morose and melancholy. But he was soon consoled by the extraordinary aptitude for music which he discovered in the child Franz; and from that moment determined to devote his whole life to his musical education and advancement. When an infant, Franz was very delicate, and was so ill, when about two years old, that they gave him up for dead, and had his coffin made. From his infancy he showed a strong devotional turn of mind, and this was only interrupted for a short time by circumstances attending his after residence in Paris. His father gave him his first lessons on the piano-forte. He continued to practise from six to nine years old, when he first performed in public at Edenburg, where he played Ries' Concerto in E flat, and improvised. At Presburg, whither his father soon after took him, Franz found useful protectors in several noblemen, especially in Count Thaddæus Amadeus, and Count Zapaty. These noblemen, gave him a pension for six years of 12,000 or 15,000 francs. A year after, Adam

Liszt determined to give up his place under Prince Esterhazy, to sell his effects, and to go to Vienna with his wife and son. At Vienna Franz was placed under Czerny the pianist. There, too, Salieri gave him some instructions. At this time he could play at sight any piano-forte music. When he had been eighteen months at Vienna, he gave a concert at which Beethoven was present. Beethoven spoke to him encouragingly, but with that tone of reserve which was habitual to him in the latter years of his life. In 1823, Adam Liszt took his son to Paris, in order to have him entered as a student in the Conservatory there. They carried letters of recommendation to Cherubini from Prince Metternich, but Cherubini refused to receive Liszt as a pupil in the Conservatory, *because he was a foreigner*. This was a great disappointment to old Liszt. Meantime Franz's talents and performance made him the idol of the Parisian ladies. He was flattered, caressed, and spoiled; and his father foreseeing the bad consequences of this, resolved to put him under a system of hard training. He forced him, after each meal, to play over twelve of Bach's fugues. In the month of May 1824, Franz's father took him to London, where his playing surprised everybody. He returned to Paris in September. In 1825 he revisited England, and at the end of that year he produced an opera at the Royal Academy of Music in Paris, "Don Sanche, ou le Chateau d'Amour." It was performed four times, and very well received. In 1826 his father and he made a tour through the French provinces. The same year he returned to Paris, and began to study counterpoint under Reicha. He became fond of solitude, and would shut himself up for six months together to study. His devotional feelings became more strong than ever, but took a most extraordinary turn in his admiration of suicide, without his seeming to be aware of this monstrous contradiction. At this time he went often to confession, and thought

that he felt a call to the priesthood. He also took a disgust to music, and could be made to attend to it only by the inflexible will of his father. This conflict threw him into a miserable state of mind. In 1827 he visited Geneva, Lausanne, and Berne, and his reading consisted entirely of religious works. He delighted in that form in the Litany, "Have mercy upon us! Have mercy upon us!" In the spring of 1827 he returned to London, where he was most favourably received. On his return to Paris, his health became impaired, and his father took him to Boulogne. Here Adam Liszt died of inflammation, after three weeks of illness. Now become his own master, Franz Liszt resolved to free himself from all restraint of former doctrine or example in music, and to strike out a new path suitable to his own peculiar genius. When he returned to Paris from Boulogne after his father's death, he maintained himself by teaching. At this time he began his literary studies, and also fell in love with a lady of a rank which her father considered so far above that of a professional musician, that nobility spurned the degradation of an alliance with unennobled talent and genius. From that moment of disappointment may be dated Liszt's furious hatred of aristocracy, so strongly expressed in some of his Essays "On the Condition of Artists,"—and also his fresh access of devotional fury. In this state of mind he conceived the idea of composing religious music of a new kind, different from any known, and which "might express the forms of human thought and sentiment." During these exercises he fell sick; and for six months his life was despaired of. In newspapers, &c., he was several times reported to be dead. After his recovery, a sudden revulsion took place in all his feelings and conduct. He threw aside all his devotional ideas, and rushed headlong into all the physical pleasures of Paris; that city so dangerous to the young, excitable, and inexperienced man. His devotion was succeeded by a bitter contempt for mankind, and by a glorying in the most outrageous infidelity. The atheistical writers whom he read eagerly at this time kept up his new state of unhealthy mental excitement. But, fortunately, this state of mind did not last long. Liszt's natural character is devout; and his natural character prevailed over the false excitement which his ill-directed studies had produced. In some of his musical compositions at that time, especially in his "Fantasie sur la Fiancée," he has endeavoured to express the state of his own mind as to sensualism, irreligion, and scorn of mankind. The reaction of disgust which he felt for his late pursuits and opinions, led him to desire active employment for his mind as an artist; and one day he said to himself in a fit of self-defiance, "*I must become Paganini on the piano-forte!*" He shut himself up and studied hard, not neglecting literary pursuits. He thought of marrying. No! He thought of travelling abroad, and increasing his reputation and his fortune. No! One single idea besieged him, tormented him—it was the want to find out *what was true* in his art! He revisited Switzerland for six months. On his return to Paris he became acquainted with M. Barraut, one of the chiefs of the Saint Simonian Sect, and entered with enthusiasm into the doctrines of that crazy school. In 1830 he witnessed the new French Revolution of three days. He then became a Revolutionist, and wrote a "Revolutionary Symphony."—*From a biographical sketch of Liszt, published in France in 1835.*

VON REAUMER'S DESCRIPTION OF A PHILHARMONIC CONCERT.

Mr. M—— took me to the Philharmonic Concert. I ought to be doubly grateful to him, since it is very difficult to get tickets for this exclusive assembly. The room is large, lighted with ten chandeliers, and the roof is arched. Between the windows (which in the evening are mirrors) are Corinthian pilasters. There are no other decorations worth mentioning. At one end of the room is a sort of royal box, supported by pillars; at the other the orchestra, which rises very abruptly. The centre is filled with benches, and three rows run along each side, as in our academy of singing at Berlin.

The first thing was a symphony of Maurer, which bore marks of industry and originality, but was too long, and entirely in the modern, over-loaded chromatic style. Next, the tenor sang out of Haydn's "Orfeo," remarkable for its simplicity, more especially when contrasted with the symphony. Mr. Parry's voice is soft and agreeable, but he wants force and animation.

Aria, out of the "Donna del Lago," sung by Mdlle. Brambilla, "*Elena, o tu ch'io chiamo.*" Often as I have heard Rossiniades, I cannot help wondering afresh every time at the music which this audacious composer sets to the words before him. It is quite impossible to guess the melodies from the words, or to infer the words from the melodies. Mdlle. Brambilla, a mezzo-soprano, sang the colerature so well and so piano, that one could make nothing distinct out of such sweet quavering, and then dropped fortissimo to the lowest notes of her voice,—to the admiration of the audience; but, in my opinion, in a manner neither feminine nor sublime, but simply coarse and mannish. It is not necessary for me to enlarge upon this manner, which Pizaroni though with far different powers and skill, brought into fashion.

Overture to "Leonore," the old one, which is inferior to the new.

Second Act.—Mozart's symphony "Jupiter." I immediately concluded that, under this name, the symphony in C sharp, must be meant; and I was not mistaken; without question the most brilliant thing of the evening.

Scena out of "Spohr's Pietro di Albano," sung by Mrs. Bishop. If the modern Italians do not trouble themselves about the *general* meaning of the text of an air, on the other hand the modern Germans are in danger of falling into the opposite fault of laboriously running after the expression of each single word. Mrs. Bishop is but a second-rate singer; very inferior to Mad. Grunbaum, as Mdlle. Brambilla is to Mdlle. Hahnel.

Mori had studied Beethoven's violin concerto and played it accurately; but it seemed to me to want the necessary inspiration. He is certainly inferior to the great French and German masters.

In one of Mozart's quintets Mr. William played the clarinet with great sweetness of tone and beauty of style.

A terzetto from "Cosi fan tutti," and the overture to Weber's "Euryanthe," were to follow. But as I have often heard the former in greater perfection than I could have heard it here, you will not blame me for going away * * * *

I may venture, after one concert, to compare London with Paris, the result, on the whole is this. The mass of instruments may be equal; but the effect is better in the Salle at Paris, and the French

performers on the stringed and wind instruments seem to me more thorough artists than the English. In London you hear distinctly that the music is produced by many; whereas in Paris it appears as if the whole were the work of one mind and one hand. Like the half shadows and the flickering lights on a landscape, so I often thought I perceived uncertainties and tremblings of tone, though the main stream flowed on its regular course. In Paris, my expectations, as to instrumental music, were far exceeded; here, they are in a degree disappointed, because I had heard people assert that it is doubtful which capital had the pre-eminence. In both, vocal music seems quite subordinate. — *Von Raumer's England in 1831.*

THEATRES AND MUSIC IN BERLIN

Of the three theatres of Berlin, the grand opera is the largest, being capable of containing easily two thousand persons. It has four tiers of boxes, which are tastefully fitted up. With the exception of Vienna, and probably Munich, there is no city in the world where music is more universally patronised, or where the opera is better performed or more heartily appreciated, than in Berlin. Here it is not fashion, but a passion for the art, that prompts the crowd of admiring listeners to congregate in the royal opera-house—listeners, whose judicious applause, as given to particular musical passages, when compared with that shown in London, is at once illustrative of their taste for, and knowledge of, good music. In England, we find that it is generally some clap-trap roudade of the performer which gains the plaudits of the audience; but in Germany, these are only bestowed on correct and tasteful intonation. The opera of “Iphigenia,” by Gluck, which I heard the other night, was a splendid specimen of what can be done with the opera *seria*. What a marked and novel character the actor here gives to the recitative; and then the accompaniment by the orchestra is altogether indescribable.

Perhaps I have said too much of the theatre and of music; with regard to the latter, however, there may be some excuse, seeing that in no other country, not excepting Italy itself, is music in all its moods more sedulously cultivated, or musicians more highly prized and more heartily patronized, than in Germany. Dull and phlegmatic though the people who reside between the Vistula and the Rhine are generally considered, I can assure you that there are few hearts among them that cannot be roused to enthusiasm by a pealing chorus, or carried away captive by a soul-touching melody. The fact is, that, in Germany, music in all its branches is thoroughly studied, practised, and worshipped by every one, from the peasant to the prince; affording, as it does, the most hallowed delight of the one, and the most favourite pastime of the other. The boor, for example, on finishing his daily labours, retires to the bosom of his family to enjoy, after his beer and black bread, a glee or a madrigal; the citizen, in the evening, hastes to the *Wirtshaus*, not to discuss politics and fret about taxation, but to meet a set of good-humoured gossips, who can join in the choral music of “*Am Rhein, am Rhein*,” or over a bottle of Rhenish, pour out a loud burst of harmony in praise of *Crambambuli*; the student, amid the murky atmosphere produced by his *meersch-chaum*, and the phantastic visions resulting from the intoxicating weed, capricious and modulates on

his harpsichord, or practises his solfeggi in all their direct or inverted intervals; the traveller, on leaping out of the *Eilwagen* for the one o'clock table d'hôte, would find his beef and sour-cROUT insipid, were they not seasoned with a minuet by Haydn, or a trio by Gluck; the doughty baron quits the joyous and noisy pursuit of the boar, to take a part in a quartett, or to become the director of an orchestra; the statesman, alive to the balance of power, feels it also a pleasure, as well as a privilege, to balance the instruments in a symphony, or the voices in a *Kyrie eleison*; while the reigning duke, in all the pride of an unsullied escutcheon, and of an illustrious *stammbaum*, dances attendance after a *prima donna*, and acts as *capell-meister* to a rehearsal in the opera-house! — *Strang's Letters from Germany in 1831.*

A FUGUE TRANSLATED.

Mornigny, a celebrated French writer, who imagines music to be a language, and that nothing was ever written without having some little romance or descriptive scene attached to it, has the following fanciful account of what Handel *might* have imagined, while writing the Fugue in F \sharp minor.

“A severe father commands his daughter to give up the object on which she has fixed her affections. She, unable to banish from her heart its best beloved, mournfully pleads—‘Ah, dearest father, let me by your indulgence retain the lover whom my heart has chosen.’ To this the inflexible father replies, ‘I will be obeyed;’ and while he thus declares his determination, the poor girl appeals to her mother. ‘Intercede for me dear mother.’

“The progression in the bass admirably describes the growing anger of the father. At this point the different parts become so lively and complicated, that the father, mother, and daughter, catch only here and there a broken sentence.

“Then becoming still more animated, they hear each other no longer, and each pursues his own theme, without paying any attention to the others. The father angrily repeats—‘It is in vain, wholly vain, I will be obeyed!’

“In the canon of two voices, the mother and daughter lament their inability to soften the enraged father.

“The daughter ceases in despair any farther entreaties, and vehemently declares that sooner should her heart be torn from her bosom than her lover be banished from it, and she is even bold enough to mingle with the protestations of love, the bitterest reproaches against her father's cruelty.

“The latter astonished beyond measure at such audacity, is fixed in silent wonder. This is signified by the pedal point in the bass.

“The affectionate mother now endeavours to lead back her daughter to the duty and respect she owes to her father.

“This is pretty nearly what we may suppose Handel felt in composing this Fugue.” — *Musical World.*

GIORDANI.

When I had enough of Margate breezes, I returned to town with my brother and little boy. I had now finished my opera to my own mind, and called it “The Castle of Andalusia.” Mr. Harris purposely engaged for it Signora Sestini, who had been the first comic singer of the Italian opera.

and I matched her with Italian music of the most perfect kind, and good broken English. To be near the Park and cow's milk, I took lodgings in Spring Gardens. I hired a piano, and Dr. Arnold used to come and note down from my voice such airs as I myself chose to introduce, with his accompaniments, into my new opera. One morning he had played to me a beautiful Italian air to write words to for Lorenza. On his going away, the maid-servant of the house told me the gentleman who lodged up-stairs over my head would be glad to speak to me. I returned my compliments, and would be happy to see the gentleman. An elderly man, tall, and elegant-looking, in night-gown and slippers, came into my room, and said the air he had just heard played was his original composition; and added with much good-humour, that, as he understood I was a dramatic poet bringing out a new opera, I was very welcome to the air, and that, if I chose, I should have another of his, but that he hoped he might be allowed to publish them for his own emolument. Much surprised, I asked the gentleman his name. He replied Giordani. This pleased me greatly, as many years before I remembered him and his Italian opera-party in Dublin: but being then a younker, and my pursuits falling upon the study of drawing and painting, I had not the slightest acquaintance with him. On afterwards communicating the circumstances of this interview to Dr. Arnold, he, with the disinterested frankness that was natural to him, cheerfully consented to allow Giordani the sale of his two airs, with my words and his own accompaniments. The first air is that beginning, "Heart-beating Repeating," the rival air of Giardini's celebrated "Di mi Amor;" and the second is "If my heart surrender."—*Recollections of John O'Keefe.*

LIFE.

We are born; we laugh, we weep,
We love, we droop, we die!
Ah! wherefore do we laugh, or weep?
Why do we live or die?
Who knows that secret deep?—
Alas, not I!

Why doth the violet spring
Unseen by human eye?
Why do the radiant seasons bring
Sweet thoughts that quickly fly?
Why do our fond hearts cling
To things that die?

We toil—through pain and wrong;
We fight, and fly;
We love, we lose—and then, ere long,
Stone-dead we lie.
O life! is all thy song
"Endure and—die?"

Barry Cornwall.

RONZI DE BEGNIS.

Ronzi de Begnis—who does not know her as the model of voluptuous beauty? Perhaps no performer was ever more enthusiastically admired. Her beauty came on the spectator at once, electric and astonishing. You did not study her, nor trace out feature by feature, till you grew warmed into admiration; one look fixed. Her personal perfection

took the more sure hold, because it was not of the ordinary stamp. Her features, but not her complexion, were Italian. The characteristic of the latter was a fairness so perfect as to be almost dazzling, the more so, because so palpably set off by the glossy blackness of her hair. Her face was beautiful and full of intelligence, and made almost eloquent by the incessant brilliance of eyes, large, black, and expressive, and in which the playful and the passionate by turns predominated; either expression seemed so natural to them, that it seemed for the time incapable of being displaced by another as suitable and as enchanting. Her mouth was so delightfully formed, that she took care never to disfigure it, and whatever she sang she never forgot this care. Her figure, if a thought more slender, would have been perfect; perhaps it was not less pleasing because it inclined to exceed the proportions to which a statuary would have confined its swell. The form, when at rest, did not seem a lively one, but when in action it appeared perfectly buoyant, so full of spirit, so redundant with life. The exquisite outline of her swelling throat, pencilled when she sang with the blue tinge of its full veins, admitted of no parallel—it was rich and full—in effectual terms to convey an idea of its beauty. But to be thought of justly she must be seen.

Her vivid delineation of comic characters made her the best *artiste* in the opera buffa I have known. And much as may be said of her beauty, more, much more, may be said of the talent of a performer, who was alike able effectively to sustain the characters of Fatima, in "Il Turco in Italia," Agia, in the "Mosè," or Pietro, and Donna Anna, in "Giovanni." In the first her beauty, gaiety, and that little touch of the devil so exquisite and essential in a comic actress, were almost too bewitching; but admiration was blended with astonishment, when the representative of the coquettish Fatima, changing her walk, exhibited, with a life and force that spoke to the soul, the wretchedness of the bereaved Donna Anna, when, in thrilling accents of despair, she calls on her dead father, and invokes her lover to avenge his fate.

It has so happened, that the very walks in which Ronzi was most singularly adapted to charm, have, by coincidences as peculiar as unfortunate, never been fully open to her. Camporese, qualified by nature to sustain comic as well as serious parts, was too jealous of her station as prima donna assoluta to suffer a rival nearer her throne than was unavoidable. Camporese disappeared, but causes, similar in nature and operation, have too often debarr'd Ronzi from opportunities of displaying her talents to the utmost advantage.

Madame de Begnis came to this country along with her husband, leaving behind her a brilliant reputation at the Italian Theatre of Paris, where she held the rank of first woman.

Signor de Begnis, the husband of Madame Ronzi de Begnis, had been previously, as well as his wife, engaged at the Italian Theatre, Paris. Few performers had a more original conception of their parts than this excellent comic singer, though he, perhaps, sometimes filled his characters to exaggeration; his voice was deep, though not perfect in tone, and he possessed command of feature sufficient to enhance greatly the value of his performance. He still retains his popularity; and being a young man, and attentive to his profession, will doubtless continue to do so.—*Eber's Seven Years of the King's Theatre.*

M Y B O Y T A M M Y.

Words by H. Macneill.

Air—"The Lammy."

Andante.

Whar hae ye been a' day, My boy Tam - my? Whar hae ye been a' day,

my boy Tam - my? I've been by burn and flow - ry brae, Meadow green and

mountain grey, Courting o' this young thing, Just come frae her mam - my.

And whar gat ye that young thing,
My boy Tammy?
I got her down in yonder howe,
Smiling on a broomie knowe,
Herding ae wee lamb and ewe,
For her puir mammy.

What said ye to the bonnie bairn,
My boy Tammy?
I praised her een, sae lovely blue,
Her dimpled cheek and cherry mou;—
I prae'd it aft, as ye may trow!—
She said she'd tell her mammy.

I held her to my beating heart,
My young, my smiling lammie!
I hae a house, it cost me dear,
I've wealth o' plenishin and gear;
Ye'se get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gie ye will leave your mammy.

The smile gaed aff her bonnie face—
I maunna leave my mammy.
She's gien me meat, she's gien me claise,
She's been my comfort a' my days:—
My father's death brought monie waes—
I caana leave my mammy.

We'll tak her hame and mak her fain,
My ain kind-hearted lammie.
We'll gie her meat, we'll gie her claise,
We'll be her comfort a' her days.
The wee thing gies her haad, and says—
There! gang and ask my mammy.

Has she been to the kirk wi' thee,
My boy Tammy?
She has been to the kirk wi' me,
And the tear was in her ee:
For O! she's but a young thing,
Just come frae her mammy.

FELICI GIARDINI.

Giardini, the celebrated violin player, who came to England in 1749, and whose extraordinary talents made a conspicuous figure in this country for upwards of thirty years, was an excellent composer as well as violin player, and was without a rival till Cramer arrived in this country. He was however a man of haughty and capricious disposition,

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and his vanity being continually flattered by the marked attentions he received from the haut ton, among whom he lived, he was led to imagine that there was no rank in life, however exalted, that would not be proud of his association, as the following instance will show. The late Duke of Cumberland, brother of George III., being a great admirer of Giardini's superior talent, once engaged

him to attend his music parties, during a week, at his lodge in Windsor Great Park. When Giardini arrived there, before leaving his carriage, he inquired of Mr. Waterhouse, the principal page, where he was to sleep during his stay there. The answer being satisfactory, he next inquired where he was to dine? On being informed that this was to be at the pages' table, he appeared to be greatly disappointed; and on its being explained to him that no part of his Royal Highness's establishment, the equerry and chaplain excepted, were admitted to his table, he replied, "Oh, very well, when you want me, you'll find me at the White Hart in Windsor;" and drove off immediately. Giardini, however, at times could not only relax the severity of his disposition, but also enter into a joke with great good humour. Whilst he led the band of the King's Theatre there was an Italian composer of great ability named Giordani, who played the harpsichord in it, and whose name, it will be perceived, differed from that of Giardini only in two letters. The embarrassments of the former occasioning a sheriff's officer to enter the pit one night, during the performance of the second act of an opera, Giordani instantly left the theatre. Giardini's name being very popular, the bailiff, impressed with it, asked one of the violin players, as he stood close to the orchestra, if the name of the gentleman on the high seat was Giardini. Being answered in the affirmative, he sat quietly down, not doubting but he should soon have an opportunity of making his caption. At the end of the opera Giardini, who had been necessarily informed of the cause of Giordani's absence, on passing by where the officer stood, was civilly accosted by him, and informed that there was a writ against him. Giardini, a good deal surprised, soon recovered his presence of mind, and after a minute's pause, having determined to carry on the equivoke, said, with a smile, "Very well, I

will go with you." He then selected two of his musical friends, who were in the secret, and accompanied the officer to a well-known mansion in Chancery Lane, most appropriately called a sponging-house, where he ordered an elegant supper. Giardini and his friends having passed a couple of hours very agreeably, sent for the master of the house, the officer, and desired to see the writ, which being produced, he pointed out the difference betwixt his name and Giordani's, which appeared on the face of it, assuring him at the same time that he would bring an action against him for false imprisonment. The astounded bailiff, aware of the unpleasant predicament into which his error had placed him, having offered every apology, and positively refusing to receive any remuneration for the supper, Giardini, who thought he had inflicted sufficient punishment, advised him to be more circumspect in future, got into a hackney coach with his companions, and drove home, highly amused with the adventure. Giardini, after a brilliant career in this country went to Italy, but returned with his pupil Signora Laurenti in 1790, and took a parting benefit at Ranelagh on the 15th of May, 1792, when was performed his oratorio of "Ruth." The great point of attraction was his violin concerto, which, allowing for his age, almost seventy, was in all respects worthy of his high reputation. He did not aim to surprise; but he played with great expression; his tone and taste were exquisite, and the universal applause he received was truly valuable as coming from the best judges. Giardini, on leaving England, went with his pupil Signora Laurenti (who had failed at the King's Theatre) to St. Petersburg, to give Italian burlettas. But not succeeding in that city, he proceeded to Moscow, where he was equally unsuccessful, and where, at an advanced age, he died of a dropsical complaint, in great indigence, on the 17th Dec., 1796.—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 24.—NEGRO MELODY.

With spirit.



No. 25.—NIS O RINNEADH AR TAGHADH.

Not too quick.

Fin.

Gaelic "Jorram," or rowing air.



No. 24.—The Negro Melody we give above has been some time known in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen, where it has been played in 6-8th time as a quadrille, but we have restored it to its original form. It was noted from the playing of a West

Indian Negro by a young gentleman belonging to the —th regiment of foot.

No. 25.—This is another specimen of the very peculiar music of the North Highlands. It is from the Rev. Patrick Macdonald's collection.

JEAN-PAUL GILLES MARTINI

Was born at Freistadt, in the Upper Palatinate, in 1741. His early infancy was engaged between Latin and music. In the latter study he made such rapid progress, that he was qualified, and was appointed organist in the seminary of Neuburg, in the tenth year of his age. After filling this situation for six years, he was removed to the university of Fribourg, that he might finish his academical studies. At the expiration of this time, his mother being dead, and his father having married again, he, instead of returning to his native home, went on his travels; and after visiting the principal cities on the continent of Europe, he arrived at Nancy, in France (see Vol. I. page 221). At this place, he published several sonatas and airs, which are still favourites there. About this time he married; and wishing to exert his talents in a wider sphere, he determined to visit Paris. On the day of his arrival at the French capital, learning that the Swiss regiment wanted a set of new marches, he spent the night in composing one, which he had the satisfaction of hearing performed, and approved of, at parade next morning. The Duke de Choiseul was so pleased with the composition that he without scruple paid him the price which he demanded, although it is said to have been a high sum he asked. Some time after this he received his commission as officer of hussars. He composed a great number of Trios, Quartetts, &c. &c. adapted for wind instruments for many regiments, and also for the concert room. At length he turned his attention to the composition of music for theatrical purposes, and in 1771, produced the music for "L'Amoureux de quinze Ans," first performed on the occasion of the marriage of Mons. le Duc de Bourbon. Many other pieces followed this, and all were highly successful. After leaving the service of the theatre, he became

successively director of music to the Prince of Conde, and to the Count d'Artois. He was appointed to the honourable situation of superintendant of the Royal concerts; where he was when the Revolution broke out, which deprived him of his situation, and also of the greatest part of what property he had accumulated. Youth and genius, supported by high spirits and untiring strength and energy, led him on to further efforts; and, after composing several operas, one of which had a run of an hundred nights, he, in the sixth year of the new Constitution, was nominated one of the five inspectors of the Conservatory of music. At the restoration in 1814, he was reinstated in his office of superintendant of the King's concerts, the duties of which he performed so highly to the satisfaction of his Royal master that His Majesty conferred upon him the grand cordon of the order of Saint Michael. In the month of January, 1817, a mass for the dead which he had just finished the composition of, was performed at Saint Denis, on which occasion he assured the musicians around him, that he felt a strong persuasion that he should not have long to live, and requested them to perform the same mass for him, after his death; it is very remarkable, that in a few days afterwards, he fell ill, and died, in the seventy-sixth year of his age, honoured by the great, and regretted by the good.

Martini's compositions for the church, theatre, and chamber, are numerous and excellent. His melodies, of which we give an example below are graceful, easy, and beautiful; his harmony always rich and scientific; purity and elegance is the character of whatever he produced. Martini was a scholar, and a pleasing, social companion, his genius was ardent, and his judgement cool; and, while his heart was good, his manners were frank and easy.

MARTINI'S MINUET



MELODY.

The following is extracted from a poem called the "Minstrel Boy," written by James Nack, an American, who is both deaf and dumb.

Amid a throng in deep attention bound,
To catch the accents that from others fall,
The flow of eloquence, the heavenly sound
Breathed from the soul of melody, while all
Instructed or delighted, list around,
Vacant unconsciousness must *me* enthrall;
I can but watch each animated face,
And there attempt the inspiring theme to trace.
Unheard, unheeded are the lips by *me*,
To others that unfold some heaven-born art,

And melody—Oh, dearest melody!

How had thine accents, thrilling to my heart
Awaken'd all its strings to sympathy,
Bidding the spirit at thy magic start!
How had my heart responsive to thy strain,
Throbb'd in love's wild delight or soothing pain.

In vain—alas! in vain! thy numbers roll—

Within my heart no echo they inspire;
Though form'd by nature in thy sweet controul,
To melt with tenderness, or glow with fire,
Misfortune closed the portals of the soul;
And till an Orpheus rise to sweep the lyre
That can to animation kindle stone,
To me thy thrilling power must be unknown.

HALLELUJAH, AMEN.

SACRED CHORUS

Handel.

TENOR.

ALTO, or 2d TREBLE.

TREBLE.

BASS.

Hal - le - lu - jah! Amen

Hal - le - lu - jah! Amen, Amen, Halle - lujah! A - men,

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu -

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah! A - men, Halle - lu - jah! - - - Hal - le - lu - jah! Halle -

Halle - lu - jah! Amen, A - men, Halle - lu - jah! A -

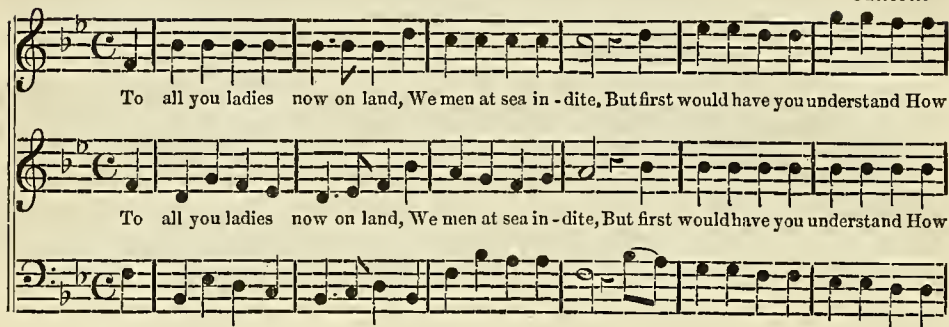
Halle - lu - jah! Amen, A - men, Halle - lu - jah! Hal -

jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,
 jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Halle - lu - jah, Amen,
 jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Halle - lu - jah, Amen,
 jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Halle - lu - jah, Amen,

A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -
 Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Halle - lu - jah, A -
 Amen, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A -

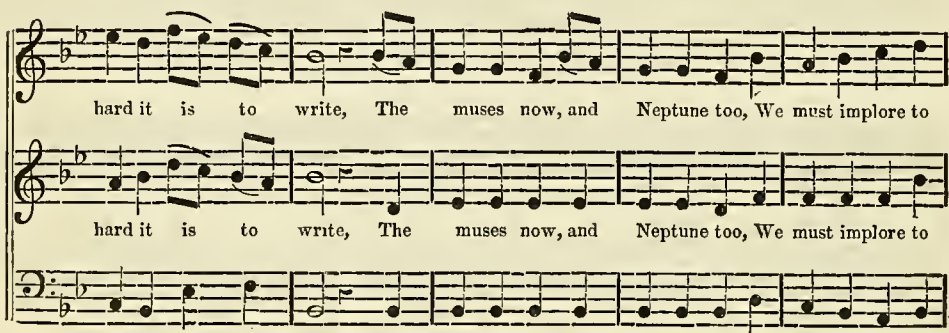
men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.
 men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men.

TO ALL YOU LADIES NOW ON LAND.

Callcott.


To all you ladies now on land, We men at sea in-dite, But first would have you understand How

To all you ladies now on land, We men at sea in-dite, But first would have you understand How



hard it is to write, The muses now, and Neptune too, We must implore to

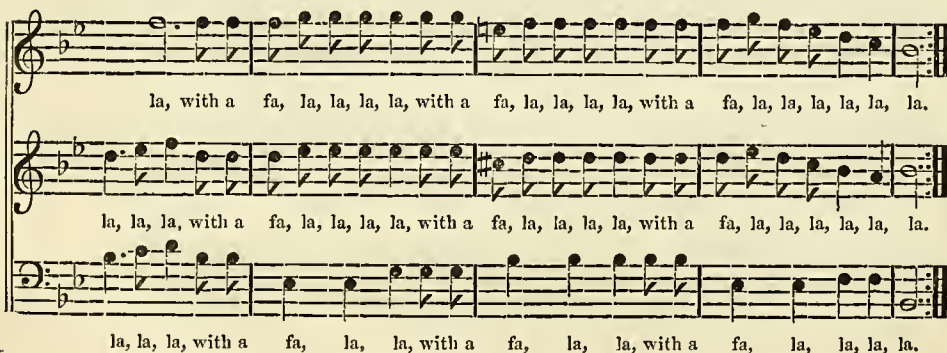
hard it is to write, The muses now, and Neptune too, We must implore to



write to you, to write to you. With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a fa,

write to you, to write to you. With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la,

With a fa, la, la, la,



la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, with a fa, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, - - - Hal - le - lu - jah - - Halle - lu - jah,
 lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen,
 men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal -
 le - lu - jah - - - Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen

Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -
 A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men,
 le - - - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, A - men, A - men, Hal - le - lu - jah, A -
 A - men, Halle - lu - jah, A - men,

men, The Lamb shall e - ver, shall e - ver reign, shall e - - -
 The Lamb shall e - ver, shall e - ver reign, the Lamb shall
 men,
 The Lamb shall e - ver, shall e - ver reign, shall e - ver

- - ver, shall e - ver reign, Let Hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song, Hal - le - lu -
e - ver

jah! Let Hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song, Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Amen,
jah! Let Hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song, Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - lu -
jah! Let Hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song, Halle - lu - jah! Halle - lu - jah! Amen,
Let Hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song, Halle - lu - jah! Hal - le - -

Amen, Halle - lujah, A - men, Halle - lujah, A - men, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu -
jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Halle - lu - jah, Amen, Amen, Hal - le - lu -
Amen, Halle - lujah, A - men, Halle - lu - jah, A - men, Hal - le - lu -
lu - jah, A - men, A - men Hal - le - lu -

For though the muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a day.
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story;
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree:
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be ye to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote;
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness.
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves,
Some pity for our tears,
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa, &c.

This song, "written at sea, in the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement," is the composition of Charles Sackville, sixth Earl of Dorset (born 1637, died 1706), according to Horace Walpole, "the finest gentleman in the voluptuous court of Charles II." Dr. Johnson heard from Lord Orrery that "he had been a week about it, and only re-touched it or finished it on the memorable evening."

[It is usual to sing only the first and two last verses.]

THE SINGING MOUSE.

In lack of other musical novelties, we were led, a day or two since, to examine into the pretensions of a singing mouse, now exhibiting at the Cosmorama-rooms in Regent Street, which we visited, we must confess, rather sceptically inclined. The little vocalist is confined in a common cage such as is used by the Italian boys for their exhibition of white mice. The animal sang incessantly during the whole time we were present—a quarter of an hour; its notes are low but clear, and not unlike those of the nightingale. Every facility is afforded by the exhibitor for examining into the genuineness of this musical phenomenon, and with all our care we could detect no appearance of fraud. The fact, if it be one, is especially curious in a zoological point of view, as it is said that the larynx of the mouse is not fitted for the production of musical sounds, and that the present specimen consequently must be somewhat of a *lusus naturæ*.—*Athenæum*.

This engaging little *virtuoso* is fascinating distinguished parties of dilettanti every day. The singing mouse is a very low *contralto*, and is supposed to have studied in Italy under one of the

monks of La Trappe. It can run up to the very top of the scale, if there happens to be a piece of cheese in it, and will sing to the accompaniment of any instrument but a violin, for the little vocalist has a natural aversion to catgut in any form. There is a rumour that the distinguished performer is to be engaged at one of the large theatres, but the treasury has been so thoroughly overrun with mice that the engagement of an extra one would appear superfluous. The assertion that the lessees mean to have no more cats than will catch mice, gives some colour to the rumour. We have obtained a copy of the following:—

SONG OF THE SINGING MOUSE.

"When the cat's away the mice will play,"
Is an old and oft said thing;
But we never met a proverb yet,
Which said that a mouse could sing.
My little throat can sustain a note
In a manner firm and easy;
'Tis muscular force, as a matter of course,
That makes me of mice the *Grisi*.

Punch

DISCORD DIRE SISTER.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

S. Webbe.

Largo.

Discord, discord dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r, Small at her birth, but

Discord discord dire sis-ter of the slaught'ring pow'r, Small at her birth, but

f ris-ing, ris-ing ev'-ry hour, While scarce the skies her horrid head can

f ris-ing, ri-sing ev'-ry hour,

f ris-ing, but ris-ing ev'-ry hour, While scarce the skies her horrid head can

f ris-ing, ris-ing ev'-ry hour.

bound, she stalks on earth, While scarce the skies her horrid head can bound,

She stalks on earth, While scarce the skies her horrid head can

bound, she stalks on earth - - - While scarce the skies her

bound, She stalks on earth, She stalks on

Allegro.

she stalks on earth, and shakes the world a - round, Dire
bound, she stalks on earth and shakes the world a - round, dis -
horrid head can bound, she stalks on earth and shakes the world a - round, Dis -
earth - - and shakes the world around, and sbakes the world a - round, dis -

sister of the slaugh - - t'ring pow'r, small at her birth but rising
cord, of the slaught'ring pow'r, small at her birth but rising
cord, of the slaught'ring pow'r, small at her birth but rising hut ris -
cord dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r, small at her birth but ris - iog

ev' - ry hour, while scarce the skies her horrid head can bound, she stalks on
ev' - ry hour, while scarce the skies her horrid head can bound, she stalks on
- ing ev'ry hour, her horrid head can bound, she stalks, she stalks on
ev' - ry hour, while scarce the skies her horrid head can bound, she stalks on

1st. 2d. *Grazioso.*

earth and shakes the world around, -round. But love - ly peace in an - gel's

earth and shakes the world around, -round. But love - ly peace in an - gel's

earth and shakes the world around, -round, But love - ly peace in an - gel's

earth and shakes the world around, -round. But love - ly peace in an - gel's

form de - scend - ing quells the ri - sing storm, Soft ease and sweet con -

form de - scending descending quells the ri - sing storm, Soft ease and sweet con -

form descending quells the ri - sing storm, Soft ease and sweet con -

form de - scend - ing quells the ri - sing storm, Soft ease and sweet con -

tent shall reign and discord ne - ver rise a - gain.

tent shall reign, and discord ne - ver rise a - gain.

tent shall reign, and discord ne - ver rise a - gain.

tent shall reign, and discord ne - ver rise a - gain.

MY ONLY JO AND DEARIE O.

*Slow.**Words by Richard Gall.*

Thy cheek is o' the ro - se's hue, My on - ly jo and dearie O; Thy

neck is o' the sil - ler dew, Up - on the bank sae brie-rie O.

Thy teeth are o' the i - vo - ry, O sweet's the twin - kle o' thine e'e, Nae

joy, nae plea - sure blinks on me, My on - ly jo and dearie O.

Thy cheek is o' the rose's hue,
 My only jo and dearie, O;
 Thy neck is o' the siller dew,
 Upon the bank sae brierie, O.
 Thy teeth are o' the ivory;
 O sweet's the twinkle o' thine ee;
 Nae joy, nae pleasure blinks on me,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

The birdie sings upon the thorn
 Its sang o' joy, fu' cheerie, O;
 Rejoicing in the simmer morn,
 Nae care to mak' it eerie, O.
 Ah! little kens the sangster sweet
 Aught o' the care I ha'e to meet,
 That gars my restless bosom beat,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

When we were bairnies on yon brae,
 And youth was blinkin' bonnie, O,
 Aft we wad daff the lee-lang day,
 Our joys fu' sweet and monie, O.
 Aft I wad chase thee o'er the lea,
 And round about the thorny tree;
 Or pu' the wild flowers a' for thee,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

I hae a wish I canna tine
 'Mang a' the cares that grieve me, O;
 A wish that thou wert ever mine,
 And never mair to leave me, O;
 Then I wad dant thee nicht and day,
 Nae ither worldly care I'd ha'e,
 Till life's warm stream forgat to play,
 My only jo and dearie, O.

Richard Gall, the author of the above song, was born at Linkhouse, near Dunbar, in 1776. He was brought up to the business of a letter-press printer, in Edinburgh, where he died in 1801.

M. GUZIKOW.

At page 95 of the present volume of the "British Minstrel," we inserted a short paragraph giving an account of the bundle of sticks on which M. Sankson performed so wonderfully as to draw forth plaudits from the *cognoscenti* of the time. We now make an extract from the "Letters from New York" of Mrs. Child, in which she narrates the history of M. Guzikow, another performer on the same rude instrument. While this extract will be of interest to the musical philosopher, it will at the same time exhibit a characteristic specimen of her style and the animus of her writings.

"It is curious to observe by what laws ideas are associated; how, from the tiniest seed of thought, arises the umbrageous tree, with moss about its foot, blossoms on its head, and birds among its branches. Reading my last letter, concerning the spiral series of the universe, some busy little spirit suggested that there should, somewhere in creation, be a flower that made music. But I said, do they not all make melody? The Persians write their music in colours; and perchance, in the arrangement of flowers, angels may perceive songs and anthems. The close relationship between light and music has been more or less dimly perceived by the human mind everywhere. The Persian, when he gave to each note a colour, probably embodied a greater mystery than he understood. The same undefined perception makes us talk of the harmony of colours, and the tone of a picture; it led the blind man to say that his idea of red was like the sound of a trumpet, and taught Festus to speak of 'a rainbow of sweet sounds.'" John S. Dwight was inspired with the same idea, when he eloquently described music as "a prophecy of what life is to be; the rainbow of promise, translated out of seeing into hearing."

"But I must not trust myself to trace the beautiful analogy between light and music. As I muse upon it, it is like an opening between clouds, so transparent, and so deep, deep, that it seems as if one could see through it beyond the farthest star—if one could but gaze long and earnestly enough.

"'Every flower writes music in the air;' and every tree that grows enshrines a tone within its heart. Do you doubt it? Try the willow and the oak, the elm and the poplar, and see whether each has not its own peculiar sound, waiting only the master's hand to make them discourse sweet music. One of the most remarkable instruments ever invented gives proof of this. M. Guzikow was a Polish Jew, a shepherd in the service of a nobleman. From earliest childhood music seemed to pervade his being. As he tended his flocks in the loneliness of the fields he was ever fashioning flutes and reeds from the trees around him. He soon observed that the tone of the flute varied according to the wood he used; by degrees he came to know every tree by its sound; and the forests stood around him a silent oratorio. The skill with which he played on his rustic flutes attracted attention. The nobility invited him to their houses, and he became a favourite of fortune. Men never grew weary of hearing him. But soon it was perceived that he was pouring forth the fountains of his life in song. Physicians said he must abjure the flute, or die. It was a dreadful

sacrifice; for music to him was life. His old familiarity with the tones of the forest came to his aid. He took four round sticks of wood, and bound them closely together with bands of straw; across these he arranged numerous pieces of round, smooth wood, of different kinds, they were arranged irregularly to the eye, though harmoniously to the ear; for some jutted beyond the straw-bound foundation at one end, and some at the other; in and out, in apparent confusion. The whole was lashed together with twine, as men would fasten a raft. This was laid on a common table, and struck with two small ebony sticks. Rude as the instrument appeared, Guzikow brought from it such rich and liquid melody, that it seemed to take the heart of man on its wings, and bear him aloft to the throne of God. They who heard it, describe it as far exceeding even the miraculous warblings of Paganini's violin. The Emperor of Austria heard it, and forthwith took the Polish peasant into his own especial service. In some large cities, he now and then gave a concert, by royal permission; and on such an occasion he was heard by a friend of mine at Hamburg.

"The countenance of the musician was very pale and haggard, and his large dark eyes wildly expressive. He covered his head, according to the custom of the Jews; but the small cap of black velvet was not to be distinguished in colour from the jet black hair that fell from under it, and flowed over his shoulders in glossy, natural ringlets. He wore the costume of his people, an ample robe, that fell about him in graceful folds. From head to foot all was black, as his own hair and eyes, relieved only by the burning brilliancy of a diamond on his breast. The butterflies of fashion were of course attracted by the unusual beauty of his appearance, and ringlets *à la Guzikow* were the order of the day.

"Before this singularly gifted being stood a common wooden table, on which reposed his rude-looking invention. He touched it with his ebony sticks. At first you heard as a sound of wood; the orchestra rose higher and higher, till it drowned its voice; then gradually subsiding, the wonderful instrument rose above other sounds, clear-warbling, like a nightingale; the orchestra rose higher, like the coming of the breeze—but above them all, swelled the sweet tones of the magic instrument, rich, liquid, and strong, like the skylark piercing the heavens! They who heard it listened in delighted wonder, that the trees could be made to speak thus under the touch of genius.

"There is something pleasant to my imagination in the fact that every tree has its own peculiar note, and is a performer in the great concert of the universe, which for ever rises before the throne of Jehovah. But when the idea is applied to *man*, it is painful in the extreme. The Emperor of Russia is said to have an imperial band,* in which each man is doomed all his life long to sound *one* note, that he may acquire the greatest possible perfection. The effect of the whole is said to be admirable; but nothing would tempt me to hear this musical machine. A *tree* is a *unit* in creation; though, like every thing else, it stands in relation to all things. But every human *soul* represents the *universe*. There is horrible profanation in compelling a living spirit

* See British Minstrel, Vol. 1. page 173, "Musical Monstrosity."

to utter but one note. Theological sects strive to do this continually; for they are sects because they magnify some one attribute of deity, or see but one aspect of the divine government. To me, their fragmentary echoes are most discordant; but doubtless the angels listen to them as a *whole*, and perhaps they hear a pleasant chorus."

THE BIRTH-DAY OF ROBERT BURNS.

This is the natal day of Him,
Who, born in want and poverty,
Burst from his fetters and arose
The freest of the Free,—

Arose to tell the watching earth
What lowly men could feel and do—
To show that mighty Heaven-like souls
In cottage hamlets grew.

BURNS! thou hast given us a name
To shield us from the taunts of scorn;—
The plant that creeps amid the soil
A glorious flower hath borne.

Before the proudest of the earth
We stand with an uplifted brow;
Like us, THOU wast a toil-worn man,
And we are noble now!

Inspired by THEE the lowly hind
All soul-degrading meanness spurns;
Our Teacher, Saviour, Saint, art THOU,
IMMORTAL ROBERT BURNS.

Robert Nicoll.

THE CONTRAPUNTIST SOCIETY.

SIR,—Allow me to address a few lines to you on a subject which I hope will not be altogether uninteresting to the numerous readers of your widely circulated and valuable columns.

Societies for the cultivation and advancement of musical students are in existence in England, and other societies are known where music is ably performed, but unfortunately none has ever yet been established where *only truly accomplished composers are eligible to become members*. The advantages of such a society to the musical profession would be similar to those experienced in other professions where a strict examination must be passed, before a man be considered competent *even* to pursue his profession. Were it not for the noble universities of Oxford, Cambridge, London, and other colleges, and large institutions for learning, the professions of divinity, law, and physic would be crowded with men of little information. These three professions are in every sense protected by government against impositions. Thus, then, every man is at least duly qualified to undertake or practise each of these professions honourably and ably; and on this account (apart from the intrinsic merits of these professions) the clergy, lawyers, and the medical men must be esteemed by the world an erudite and gentlemanly body of men.

Whilst the laws of our country justly favour in so large a degree these three professions I have named, there is no reason why they should not confer somewhat similar advantages on the *musical* profession, since it inherently possesses the elements

to make it rank so very much higher than it at present stands. Were music *only* the result of genius, there would be little need for the assistance of schools; but as it is a *SCIENCE*, reducible to mathematical principles, it must be allowed that there is ample scope given for any country to apply such means as are afforded to other professions to make it a learned and gentlemanly pursuit. It is however true that the universities of Oxford and Cambridge (but not in London) confer degrees in music, which add respectability to those who are capable of taking them; but the misfortune is *not* that these degrees are so expensive that few musicians are able to afford the money to pay for them, but that the profession is in itself so widely removed from the respectability of the three principal professions, that parents moving in the better walks of society (although many of them find the *greatest* difficulty in knowing what pursuit to choose for their sons) are, however, on this account, obliged to shun the musical profession.

Hitherto the government has presented no form which shall universally protect the musical profession from impostors; it cannot be wondered at therefore, that the profession should abound in evils of every description, and that a want of gentlemanly bearing is one of the *last* things to be consulted. I therefore, Mr. Editor, have suggested that a society be established which shall exclude every member of the musical profession who is unable to compose a *severe* musical exercise. I will not trouble your readers with a long explanation of a most important branch in the theory of music which is *very much* neglected by British musicians, I refer to COUNTERPOINT; but will merely inform them, that *without* a practical acquaintance with counterpoint, the musical works, even of an imaginative mind, would be valueless in the estimation of a true musician, and will never long survive him. I have then, proposed that a difficult exercise on counterpoint should be exacted from every candidate, which, if it be composed according to a *fixed principle* (not subject to comparison, for this would engender contention amongst the candidates and members) should gain a candidate admission into the society called the "CONTRAPUNTIST SOCIETY." The exercise on counterpoint would form that part of the composition which, if properly executed, would render a candidate eligible to become a member; but other movements (which will hereafter be fully determined on) in other styles of music would be expected from a candidate, in order to show his imagination combined with his knowledge in counterpoint.

Lastly, I have pleasure in informing your numerous readers that the encouragement my project has met with is truly gratifying to me; I hope in a few weeks to be able to announce to them that the Contrapuntist Society is duly established in England, and I sincerely trust that it may be the means of elevating the musical profession, and of encouraging counterpoint and the science of music to be more studied amongst us, which will not fail to produce a better understanding in the musical profession generally, which is the anxious desire of

Yours, faithfully and much obliged,

GEORGE FRENCH FLOWERS, Mus. Bac., Oxon

3, Keppel-street, Russell-square.

—Mark Lane Express.

HARK THE BONNIE HIGH CHURCH BELLS.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Aldrich.

1 Hark the bon - nie high church bells, one, two, three, four, five, six, they sound so

2 Hark the first and second bell that e - ve - ry day at four and five cries

3 Tingle, tingle, ting, goes the small bell at nine, to call the bear - ers home, But the

2 woun - dy great, so wondrous sweet, and they troll so mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly.

3 come, come, come, come, come to pray'rs, and the Ver - ger troops be - fore the Dean.

1 ne'er a man will leave his can till he hears the migh - ty Toun

THE REPUTATION IN WHICH MUSIC WAS HELD IN ANCIENT TIMES.

In the earlier ages of the world, music, in its rudest, simplest form, is said to have stopped the flow of rivers, to have tamed wild beasts, and to have raised the walls of cities; allegories which at least show the prodigious influence the art possessed over the inhabitants of infant Greece. In the course of time, love of the art was a national characteristic of this people; and music became a specific in the hand of the physician, a fundamental principle of public education, and the medium of instruction in religion, morals, and the laws. The lyre may be said to have ruled Greece, the glorious and the free, with the same despotic sway with which the iron hand of tyranny has in our own day governed her. Discord and civil commotions arose among the Lacedæmonians; Terpander came, and with his lyre at once appeased the angry multitude. Among the Athenians it was forbidden, under pain of death, to propose the conquest of the isle of Salamis; but the songs of Solon raised a tumult amongst the people; they rose, compelled the repeal of the obnoxious decree, and Salamis straightway fell. Was it found necessary to civilize a wild and extensive province; music was employed for this desirable object; and Arcadia, before the habitation of a fierce and savage people, became famed as the abode of happiness and peace. Plutarch places the masters of tragedy—to which the modern opera bears a great resemblance—on a

level with the greatest captains; nor did the people fail in gratitude to their benefactors; they held their memory in veneration. The lyre of Orpheus was transplanted to the skies, there to shine for countless ages; and divine honours were paid to the name of Sappho.

The Greeks, although perhaps excelling all other nations in this, as in the other arts, are not the only people among whom music was cultivated and esteemed. Both China and Arabia are said to have felt its influence upon their customs, manners, and institutions. The musical traditions of China might seem to be but repetitions of the marvels of the Greeks. King-lun, Kovei, and Pinmonkia, are said to have arrested the flow of rivers, and to have caused the woods and forests, attracted by the melody of their performance, to crowd around. The Chinese are said to believe, that the ancient music of their country has drawn angels down from heaven, and conjured up from hell departed souls: they also believe that music can inspire men with the love of virtue, and cause them faithfully to fulfil their several duties. Confucius says, "to know if a kingdom be well governed, and if the customs of its inhabitants be bad or good, examine the musical taste which there prevails." There is still extant a curious document, which shows the importance which a ruler of this people attached to music, as a moral and political agent. We allude to a proclamation of the Emperor Ngaiti, who ascended the throne of the Celestial Empire in the year of

the tenth æra 364. After complaining, that tender, artificial, and effeminate strains inspire libertinism, he proceeds, in severe terms, to order a reformation in these matters; the first step to which, is a prohibition of every sort of music but that which serves for war, and for the ceremony Tido. The Arabs also appear to have held similar opinions as to the power of music. They boast of Ishac, Kathab Al Moussouly, Alfarabi, and other musicians, whom they relate to have worked miracles by their vocal and instrumental performances. With the Arabs, music was interwoven with philosophy: and their wise men imagined a marvellous relation to exist between harmonious sounds and the operations of nature. Harmony was esteemed the panacea, or universal remedy, in mental and even bodily affections; in the tones of the lute were found medical recipes in almost all diseases. Upon one occasion, in the presence of the grand vizier, Alfarabi, accompanying his voice with an instrument, is related to have roused a large assembly to an extreme pitch of joyful excitement, from which he moved them to grief and tears, and then plunged all present into a deep sleep, none having the power to resist the enchantment of his performance.

The children of Israel cultivated music in the earliest periods of their existence as a people. After the passage of the Red Sea, Moses, and his sister Miriam, the prophetess, assembled two choruses, one of men, and the other of women, with timbrels, who sang and danced. The facility with which the instruments were collected on the spot, and with which the choruses and dances were arranged and executed, necessarily implies a skill in these exercises, which must have been acquired long before, probably from the Egyptians. We have abundant evidence in Holy Writ, of the high estimation in which music was held among the Hebrews at a later period of their history. They also appear to have successfully applied it to the cure of diseases. The whole of David's power over the disorder of Saul may, without any miraculous intervention, be attributed to his skilful performance upon the harp. In 1st Samuel, c. xvi., we read that Saul's servants said unto him, "Behold now, an evil spirit from God troubleth thee: Let our lord now command thy servants, which are before thee, to seek out a man who is a cunning player on an harp: and it shall come to pass, when the evil spirit from God is upon thee, that he shall play with his hand, and thou shalt be well." Saul having assented to this proposal, the son of Jesse the Bethlemiter was sent for, and stood before him. "And it came to pass, when the evil spirit from God was upon Saul, that David took an harp, and played with his hand: so Saul was refreshed, and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him." So great were the esteem and love for music among this people when David ascended the throne, that we find that he appointed 4000 Levites to praise the Lord with instruments, (1. Chron. c. xxiii.) and that the number of those that were *cunning* in song, was two hundred four score and eight, (c. xxv.) Solomon is related by Josephus to have made 200,000 trumpets, and 40,000 instruments of music, to praise God with. In the 2d chap. of Ecclesiastes, music is mentioned by Solomon among the vanities and follies in which he found no profit, in terms which show how generally a cultivated taste was diffused among his subjects. "I gat me men-singers and women-singers, and the delights of the sons of men, as musical instruments, and that of all sorts."

Many other passages of similar import might be quoted from the sacred writings, and among others, some from which it would appear that musicians marched in the van of the Jewish armies, and not unfrequently contributed to the victory by the animation of their strains; and that music was the universal language of joy and lamentation. There is, however, one portion of Holy Writ, which, from the highly interesting testimony it incidentally bears to the love of music which prevailed in Jerusalem, and the skill of her inhabitants, we cannot forbear to notice. We allude to the 137th Psalm, "By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Sion. As for our harps we hanged them up upon the trees that are therein. For they that led us away captive required of us there a song and melody in our heaviness: Sing us one of the songs of Sion." From the facts here narrated, we may judge how great was the attachment of the Jewish people for the musical art; their beloved city sacked, their temple plundered and destroyed, their homes desolate, in the midst of danger and despair, deserted by their God, surrounded by infuriated enemies, (Isaiah, xiii. 16.) nevertheless their harps were not forgotten. From this beautiful and pathetic lamentation, it would also appear that the repute of Hebrew musicians was far extended. No sooner had they arrived in the land of their captivity, than the Chaldean conqueror required of them a song and melody in their heaviness, demanding *one of the songs of Sion*. The fame of the captives must have long preceded them, for, according to Dr Burney, the art was then declining in Judea.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

CANZONET.

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,
Silence bestows such virtue on it.—*Shakspeare*.

Love dwells not in the sparkling blaze,
When noon rests on the stream;
His tender flowerets dare not raise
Their blossoms to the beam.
When gleams the moon, through latticed bowers,
And stars are shining bright;
He communes with the shadowy hours,
And woos the silent night.
The dreamy perfume of the rose,
The violet's deeper sigh,
The music of the rill, that flows
In liquid cadence by;
The sweet tones of some village chime
On sweeter echoes borne,—
These, these are joys of evening time,
Which scarcely wait the morn!
Not in the rich and courtly hall
The heart's pure faith is given;
But when the greenwood shadows fall
Beneath a twilight heaven.
Life's crowded pomp and pageant show,
May darker passions move,
But solitude alone can know
The incense thoughts of love.
When worldly cares are hush'd in sleep,
Love wakes at such an hour,
Young hopes their angel vigils keep,
And joy resumes its power;
Though night, in all its dusky state,
Athwart the skies be thrown;
Yet beauty's glance can then create
A noontide all her own.—*Lit. Souvenir*.

ANCIENT CONCERTS, LONDON.

The *Athenæum*, of March 18, 1843, says, in reviewing the first of these concerts, "As regards the music selected, the gems of the evening, to us, were Handel's overture to "Alcides," with a minuet and march which might have been written yesterday, and a chorus, "Domine ad adjuvandum," by Giovanni Porta. This was a Venetian composer born about the end of the seventeenth century, who for awhile was music director to Cardinal Ottoboni, the patron of Corelli, subsequently paid a visit to London, and finished his career as chapel-master to the Elector of Bavaria, in whose service he died in 1740. His name

is appended to seventeen operas, some of which must be well worth enquiring after, if the noble composition, produced on Wednesday, be a fair specimen of his genius. We have not heard anything so grand save from Handel. The opening movement, indeed, bears so close an affinity to the "Hailstone Chorus," that we could not help speculating whether the splendid plagiarist, who from an ancient dance tune could weave the pastoral symphony in "The Messiah," might not possibly have made its acquaintance; a fugue which follows is little less admirable. How low have the Italians fallen since such music was written, and not by their most famous men!

A L I C E B R A N D.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Soli.

Mer-ry it is now in the good greenwood, When the ma-vis and merle are

When the ma-vis and merle are

sing-ing, When the deer sweeps by and the hounds are in cry, And the

sing-ing,

hun-ter's horn is ringing, and the hun-ter's horn, and the hun-ter's horn is

hun-ter's horn is ringing, and the hun-ter's horn, and the hun-ter's horn is

Repeat in chorus.

ring - ing.

Dolce.

ringiog. Oh, A - lice Brand, my na - tive land Is lost for love of

you, And we must hold by wood and wold, As outlaws wont to do, as

out - laws wont to do, And I must teach to hew the beech, The

hand that held the glaive, For leaves to spread our low - ly bed, And stakes to fence the

Mer - ry it is now in the good greenwood, So
cave, and stakes to fence the cave. So

blithe Lady Al - ice is sing - ing, On the beech's pride and the oak's brown side, Lord
blithe Lady Al - ice is sing - ing,

Rich - ard's axe is ring - ing, Lord Richard's axe - Lord Richard's axe is
Lord Richard's axe - Lord Richard's axe is

ringing.
ringing.
Uprose the moody ol - fin king, Who wonn'd within the hill, Like

wind in the porch of a ruin'd church, His voice was ghostly shrill, Why

on beech and oak,

Why sounds that stroke

Our moonlight circle's

sounds that stroke on beech and oak, Our moonlight circle's

Or

screen, Or who comes here to chase the deer Belov'd of our el - fin queen, Or

screen, Or who comes here to chase the deer Belov'd of our el - fin queen,

who may dare, on wold to wear, The fai - ries' fa - tal

who may dare, on wold to wear, The fai - ries' fa - tal

No. 67. Or who may dare, on wold to wear, The fai - ries' fa - tal

green. Merry it is now in the good greenwood, When the mavis and merle are

sing - ing, But merri - er are they in Dum - fer - line grey, While all the bells are

ringing, While all the bells, while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are

while all - - -

ringing, while all - - - while all the bells are ring - ing.

ringing, while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are ring - ing.

while all the bells are ringing, while all the bells are ring - ing.

LEONARD McNALLY.

This gentleman, well known both at the English and Irish bars, and in the dramatic circles as the author of a once popular little piece, "Robin Hood," &c., was one of the strangest fellows in the world. His figure was ludicrous; he was very short, and nearly as broad as long; his legs were of unequal length, and he had a face which no washing could clean. When in a hurry, he generally took two thumping steps with the short leg, to bring up the space made by the long one; and the bar, who never missed a favourable opportunity of nicknaming, called him accordingly "one pound two." He possessed, however, a fine eye, and by no means an ugly countenance; a great deal of middling intellect; a shrill, full, good bar voice; great quickness at cross-examination, with sufficient adroitness at defence; and in Ireland was the very staff and standing-dish of the criminal jurisdictions; in a word, McNally was a good-natured, hospitable, talented, dirty fellow, and had, by the latter qualification, so disgusted the circuit bar, that they refused to receive him at their mess—a cruelty I set my face against, and every summer circuit endeavoured to vote him into the mess, but always ineffectually; his neglect of his person, the shrillness of his voice, and his frequenting low company, being assigned as reasons which never could be set aside.

McNally had done something in the great cause of Napper and Dutton, which brought him into still farther disrepute with the bar. Anxious to regain his station by some act equalizing him with his brethren, he determined to offend or challenge some of the most respectable members of the profession, who, however, showed no inclination to oblige him in that way. He first tried his hand with Counsellor Hendry Deane Grady, a veteran, but who, upon this occasion, refused the combat. McNally, who was as intrepid as possible, by no means despaired; he was so obliging as to honour me with the next chance, and in furtherance thereof, on very little provocation, gave me the retort *not* courteous in the court of King's Bench.

I was well aware of his object; and, not feeling very comfortable under the insult, told him (taking out my watch) "McNally, you shall meet me in the Park in an hour."

The little fellow's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the invitation, and he instantly replied, "In *half an hour*, if you please," comparing, at the same moment, his watch with mine; "I hope you won't disappoint me," continued he, "as that — Grady did."

"Never fear, Mac," answered I, "there's not a gentleman at the bar but will fight you *to-morrow*, provided you live so long, which I can't promise."

We had no time to spare, so parted, to get ready. The first man I met was Mr. Henry Harding, a huge, wicked, fighting King's County attorney. I asked him to come out with me; to him it was fine sport. I also summoned Rice Gibbon, a surgeon, who being the most ostentatious fellow imaginable, brought an immense bag of surgical instruments, &c., from Mercer's Hospital. In forty-five minutes we were regularly posted in the middle of the review-ground in the Phoenix-Park, and the whole scene, to any person not so seriously implicated, must have been irresistibly ludicrous. The sun shone brightly; and surgeon Gibbon, to lose no time in case of a hit, spread out all his polished instruments on the grass, glittering in the light on one side of me. My second having stepped nine

paces, then stood at the other side, handed me a case of pistols, and desired me to "*work away!*" McNally stood before me, very like a beer-barrel on its stilling, and by his side were ranged three unfortunate barristers, who were all soon afterwards hanged and beheaded for high treason; namely, John Sheers (who was his second, and had given him his *point-blanks*), with Henry Sheers, and Bageal Harvey, who came as amateurs. Both the latter, I believe, were amicably disposed, but a negotiation could not be admitted, and to it we went. McNally presented so coolly, that I could plainly see I had but little chance of being missed, so I thought it best to lose no time on my part. The poor fellow staggered, and cried out "I am hit!" and I found some twitch myself at the moment which I could not account for at the time. Never did I experience so miserable a feeling. He had received my ball directly in the curtain of his side. My doctor rushed at him with the zeal and activity of a dissecting surgeon, and in a moment, with a long knife, which he thrust into his waistband, ripped up his clothes, and exposed his body to the bright sun.

The hall appeared to have hit the buckle of his gallows (yclept suspenders), by which it had been partially impeded, and had turned round, instead of entering his body. Whilst I was still in dread as to the result, my second, after seeing that he had been so far protected by the suspenders, inhumanly exclaimed, "By the powers, Mac! you are the only rogue I ever knew that was *saved by the gallows*."

On returning home, I found I had not got off quite so well as I had thought; the skirt of my coat was perforated on both sides, and a scratch just enough to break the skin had taken place on both my thighs. I did not know this whilst on the ground, but it accounts for the *twitch* I spoke of.

My opponent soon recovered, and after the *precedent* of being wounded by a King's Counsel, no barrister could afterwards refuse to give him satisfaction. He was therefore no longer insulted, and the poor fellow has often told me since, that my shot was his salvation. He subsequently got Curran to bring us together at his house, and a more zealous friendly partizan I never had, than McNally proved himself, on my contest for the city of Dublin.

Leonard was a great poetaster; and having fallen in love with a Miss Janson, daughter to a very rich attorney, of Bedford-row, London, he wrote on her the celebrated song of "The lass of Richmond Hill" (her father had a lodge there). She could not withstand this, and returned his flame. This young lady was absolutely beautiful, but quite a slattern in her person. She likewise had a turn for versifying, and was therefore altogether well adapted to her lame lover, particularly as she never could spare time from her poetry to wash her hands, a circumstance in which McNally was sympathetic. The father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent; and, consequently, McNally took advantage of his dramatic knowledge, by adopting the precedent of Barnaby Rattle, and bribed a barber to lather old Janson's eyes as well as his chin, and with something rather sharper too than Windsor soap. Slipping out of the room, whilst her father was getting rid of the lather and the smart, this Sappho, with her limping Phaon, escaped, and were united in the holy bands of matrimony the same evening; and she continued making, and McNally correcting, verses, till it

pleased God to call them away. This curious couple conducted themselves, both generally and towards each other, extremely well after their union. Old Janson partly forgave them, and made some settlement upon their children.—*Personal Sketches of his own Times, by Sir Jonah Barrington.*

SONNETS.

HEAVEN AND EARTH.

There are no shadows where there is no sun,
 Like sailing stars upon a misty night,
 And all things in two lines of glory run,
 Darkness and Light; ebon and gold, inlaid.
 God comes among us thro' the shrouds of air;
 And his dim track is like the silvery wake
 Left by yon pinnacle on the mountain lake,
 Fading and re-appearing here and there.
 The lamps and veils through heaven and earth that
 move,
 Go in and out, as jealous of their light,
 Like sailing stars upon a misty night.
 Death is the shade of coming life; and love
 Years for her dear ones in the holy tomb,
 Because bright things are better seen in gloom!
Rev. F. W. Faber.

THE MYSTERY OF NIGHT.

Alas! the weakness of our human praise,
 Disparaging the Power that we adore?
 We fondly dream He walks the silent shore,
 The illimitable Godhead,—feign he strays
 The Genius of deep woods, and solemn ways—
 And think, when darkness clouds the mountains hoar,
 The shadow of his hand is passing o'er—
 And hide our faces from his dreaded gaze.
 Last night—as centinelling stars 'gan shed
 Dim light o'er coming gloom, that did enclose
 And curtain in and pillow as a bed
 The earth with clouds, awe-struck, I straight arose—
 "Sure, here," thought I, "some God would lay his
 head,
 And lie unseen in this prepared repose."
The Sketcher,—Blackwood.

MISS ADELAIDE KEMBLE.

We have but a word or two to say touching the past career of Miss Adelaide Kemble. As to the date of her birth-day, that concerns not us. We are reserved when ladies are in the case; and are contented to remind the public that she is the younger daughter of Mr. Charles Kemble—that, to the dramatic heritage derived from him, she adds a right to the musician's gift, being a child of one who, some years since, made the name of De Camp famous as belonging to one of the most fascinating stage-singers of the time. Every circumstance, therefore, of position and education combined to develop the talents which nature had given her. The air she breathed was a stimulus to perpetuate the most classical traditions of music and the drama. To this was added consciousness of the honourable position always maintained by her family, and their liberal general cultivation—exciting her to do her part also, and to become, not merely a voice—not merely a *gesture* personified, but an artist: that is, a gifted intelligence, to whom voice and gesture serve but as means of expressing its "fancies chaste and noble," and its elevated conceptions. Miss Kemble has trained herself for her profession, with that thorough-going industry and ardour, without which there are no Siddonses, no Pastas, no Malibrans. Like the

second distinguished woman named, her voice, though amply sufficient for every theatrical purpose, may not originally have been a *willing* one. Nothing, strange to say, has been so fatal to the attainment of the highest musical excellence, as too great a facility and richness of organ. By it Catalani was led astray—by it sundry contemporary warblers—but "comparisons are odious." We are discreet as well as reserved. Enough, that, under Signor Bordogni of Paris, Miss Kemble went through all that severe course of study, to which too few of her countrywomen will subject themselves. She was first heard in London in 1835, where she sang at a few concerts. Though then weighed down by a consciousness of power with means as yet inadequate for its utterance, though restrained by an excess of timidity, it was even then to be seen that a great dramatic artist was there. We remember two words from the great duet in "Semiramide," which we heard her sing with Tamburini—merely an exulting "*O gioja!*"—but they said enough to make us sure of what would come. At the end of that season, after appearing at the York Festival, Miss Kemble was heard of no more in England. But ere long, rumours came from Germany of an English lady turning wise heads by her dramatic truth and energy of feeling; and late in the autumn of the year 1838, we were told that another of the Kembles had entered her proper arena, the stage—at no less distinguished a place than the Teatro della Scala, Milan.

From that time, in spite of lets and hindrances innumerable, which too generally beset the English gentlewoman undertaking a foreign artistic career, Miss Kemble has slowly and steadily advanced towards her present high position. At Venice she was applauded to the echo for her execution of Pasta's grand *cavatina* in "*Niobe*,"—at Mantua made a *furor*, as an actress who was "*simpatica*" (there is a good deal in the word, as all Italians know); later still at the Teatro San Carlo, Naples, rising to such a height of popularity, that upon her contracting an engagement for Palermo, Barbaja, "*le bourru bienfaisant*," broke the contract, and paid the forfeit to retain her. Her chief parts have been in the operas of "*Lucia di Lammermoor*," "*Norma*," "*Elena da Feltre*," "*Gemma di Vergy*," "*La Sonnambula*," and "*Boatrice di Tenda*." But lest the English should fancy that their favourite is but a *signora* in disguise, be it known to them that the subject of our notice is as fine a linguist in music as the most universal of her contemporaries. We have heard her applauded to the echo by the Rhinelanders for her singing of Schubert and Beethoven:—We believe that she possesses a *cahier* of French romances, which she can *say* as well as sing, with *finesse* enough to charm the fastidious ears of the Panserons and Adams who compose such dainty ware; and we know that she can do worthy homage—to Handel. The oratorio-goers may look for the Miriam in her, and will not be disappointed.

What more remains?—save to record, that after having made her mature talent heard at the never-to-be-forgotten Polish *matinée* at Stafford House, and at a private concert, Miss Kemble made a second German journey this autumn, as we said, to the infinite delight of the Rhinelanders, who are not easy to please;—and lastly, to give the 2d of this month (Nov. 1841) as the date of her commencing a career among her own countrymen, which for Art's sake, as well as her own, we fervently hope will be as long as it must be brilliant.

Cruikshank's Omnibus.

MASTER SPEAKER.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Baildon.

1 Master Speaker tho' 'tis late, Master Speaker tho' 'tis late, tho' 'tis late, I must

2 Question, question, question, question, question, hear him, hear him, hear,

3 Order, order, order, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear him, hear, pray sup-

length - - - en the de - bate, I must length - - - en the de -

Sir I shall name you if you stir, if you stir, Sir I shall name you if you

port the chair, pray support the chair, pray sup - port the chair, pray support the

bate, Master Speak - er tho' 'tis late, I must length - en the de - bate.

2

stir, Sir, I shall name you Sir, I shall name you Sir, I shall name you if you stir.

3

chair, question, or - der, hear him, hear, pray sup - port support the chair.

1

PAESIELLO.

Jean Paesiello, a justly admired Italian composer, was the son of a veterinary surgeon, and was born in the year 1741. His father, designing him for the profession of an attorney, confided his education to the Jesuits, which gave the boy an opportunity of pursuing in some degree the bias of his own mind, and displaying his natural taste for music. The fine, full, and silver tones of his voice, greatly

helped to deliver the psalmody from the drawling and monotonous style which long usage had, in different degrees, sanctioned in almost all the churches of Europe. The taste he displayed, and the reputation he had already acquired, determined the able maestro, Resta, to teach him the principles of harmony and composition. At the age of thirteen, his father, who was much gratified at his progress, placed him in the conservatory of Saint

Onefrid, at Naples, where he benefited greatly by the instructions of the great Durante. Before he arrived at his sixteenth year, he surprised and delighted all who had an opportunity of hearing his motetts and masses composed at this early period of his life. He quitted St. Onefrid, and went to Bologna, where his two first operas met with such decided success that his reputation spread over the whole of Italy, this was in 1763. He still pursued his studies, and became perfectly familiar with the sublime styles of Leo, Traetta, Pergolesi, and Jomelli; and at length determined to visit Naples. Possessed with a great amount of genius, and confident of his own ability, he felt no fear from the presence of Pacini who was then in Naples and at the zenith of his fame. Paesiello while in that city composed three operas, all of which were bright with the scintillations of a masterly mind. The Empress Catherine, amazed with the reputation which everywhere accompanied the name of Paesiello, invited him to her capital, whether he went in 1776; and where he flourished in the double character of composer to the imperial theatre, and director of the musical studies of the Grand Duchess Maria. After nine years residence in Russia, during which time his powers and his popularity still continued to increase, and notwithstanding the polite and pressing invitations he received from France, and from Prussia, he returned to Italy. Immediately on his arrival at Naples he was appointed director of the King's private concerts. He resided at Naples until the year 1801, when yielding to the frequent solicitations of the conservatory of music, and of the first consul, he again left his native country, and went to France, where every respect was paid to his merits, and where he at once entered upon the honourable office of *maître de la chapelle Consulaire*. After remaining two years in France, during which time the health of his wife had suffered from the effects of the climate, he found it necessary to return to Naples. He quitted France, loaded with honours, and arrived in his native country, then under the dominion of France; Joseph and Joachim successively appointed him director of the private royal concerts; of the chapel royal; and president of the conservatory of music. About the same time, he was decorated with the cross of the legion of honour, and of the order of the Two Sicilies; and, not long after, he succeeded Haydn as a member of the French Institute.

After a life of the most persevering and ardent exertion, rewarded with great emolument, and the highest professional fame, this very distinguished composer died, in the year 1816, in the seventy-fifth year of his age. Besides the extraordinary talents he was gifted with, he possessed qualities which endeared him to whatever society he honoured with his friendship; in the courtesies of life Paesiello was a finished gentleman, in heart he was generous and benevolent, and his information was varied and extensive. The wish expressed on his death-bed was, that he should be buried without any pomp whatever; but his memory was held in such high estimation that it was found impossible to prevent the people from attending his funeral in immense numbers. The principal professors, assisted by the pupils of the conservatory, sung a requiem which was found among his papers after his decease. On the day of his interment, every theatre in the city performed some favourite piece of his composition; such a compliment to the talents and memory

of Paesiello recalls a circumstance of a similar character which happened at the obsequies of that master spirit of the art of painting, Raphael; when his own picture of the transfiguration was exhibited to the public as the highest mark of respect which could be shown to the memory of the great departed.

LINES

SUGGESTED ON THE MORNING OF MONDAY, OCT. 9, 1843, WHILE AT CLIFTON COTTAGE, GARELOCH.

Calmly springs the beauteous morn
Life and day together waking;
Island breezes gently borne,
Fan the lake in ripples breaking.

Time moves on with stealthy pace,
Only aching hearts are sighing;—
Nature's ever varying grace,
Charms with aspect never cloying.

Oh! that we would learn to know
Times first lesson, and its last,—
Truest guide on earth below,
And the best when Time is past.—

Grant us great Father, while our earthly course we
run,
Enough of power to say thy sovereign will be done.
J. M.

DESCRIPTION OF THE GRAND ORGAN AT HAARLEM.

We are indebted to a friend for the following communication:—Although this magnificent instrument is generally visited by travellers, and also mentioned by them as remarkable for its size and tones, we are not aware that a description so minute as that which we now present to our readers has ever been published:—

“After the stranger has procured admission to the cathedral of Haarlem, and proceeded forward forty or fifty paces, on turning round, the exterior of the most magnificent instrument in the world shines before him with extraordinary splendour. At the first glance, it appears like three immense organs piled on the top of each other. But a moment's reflection convinces him that what appears the lowest, is the choir organ! still, the height of the great organ realizes all this anticipation of its dimensions: The lofty top of the instrument is surmounted by two lions supporting a shield, below which is a motto, not legible, from its height; the largest pipes are arranged in two handsome pillars, containing five or six each, on different sides of the instrument. The figure upon the pillar on the spectator's right is St. Asaph, on his left King David, engaged in adoration, with his harp in his hand, and his eye fixed on heaven. Still lower, and on each side of the organ, is an angel upon a lofty pedestal, blowing a trumpet. Farther down, and distributed in niches in front of the organ, are four figures, apparently enjoying a concert of their own. They are all employed with different instruments, the tambourine, violin, flute, and violoncello, and have certainly an airy appearance, quite unsuitable to the instrument. The choir organ stands before the great organ, at the distance of several feet, and it is likewise surmounted with the figures of two

angels, and embraced half its height by wood work, carved into various devices, and coloured white, which is also the colour of all the figures, the pedestals on each side the organ, and the arms on the top, which occasions an agreeable contrast to the silvery hue of the pipes in front, which are not gilt as in this country, but in their original state and colour. There are several reasons for finishing them in this plain manner: in particular, it is supposed, when the pipes are surrounded with gilding, that the vibrations are lessened, and the tones injured. There is, however, a little gilding at the mouths of the pipes, sufficient to break the uniformity which the front would otherwise exhibit, and the tops are concealed by the drapery of a little gilded curtain. The wood-work in front is of a light pink colour. The fore part of this stupendous instrument is supported by four strong pillars, while behind it is rested on a thick wall, and, indeed, the weight of such a body requires no common support for its security. The musical reader will learn with surprise, that the instrument contains no less than sixty stops.

The organ has three rows of keys besides those used as pedals, but their range is not extensive. It contains two *tremblers*, which by alternately opening and shutting the valves which admit the air to the pipes, produce a pulsation as it were in the sound, which to most hearers is not agreeable. The *vox humana* stop has the most sweet and soothing tones I ever heard, it seems to sound the very music of heaven, and indeed, notwithstanding the powers of the instrument, it would be difficult to detect a harsh or ill-toned pipe in the five thousand which it contains. The air is forced into the wind-chest by twelve pairs of bellows, each nine feet in length and five in breadth, to fill which, the constant exertions of two men, as blowers, are required. The largest pipe is thirty-eight feet long and fifteen inches in diameter; those in the *principal* 32 feet, in the *trumpet* and *quintadeena* 16, *vox humana* 8, *roer quint* 12, and *bazuin* 32. There is no swell in the organ, nor does it seem to be in use either in France or Holland. The organist, an obliging little fellow, played several airs, amongst others, a song of his own composition, which was pretty, and an imitation of thunder, which displayed the tremendous powers of the instrument, was astonishing. When asked to play sacred music, he immediately brought a volume of Clarke's edition of Handel's works, and, the *balalljah* chorus having been selected, he played it with wonderful effect, and after a short interval concluded with the old 100th Psalm. The dimensions of the cathedral, where the organ is placed, are admirably calculated for so large an instrument, the length of this church is 391 feet, and its height 111. The organ is 108 feet high, 50 in breadth, and was built by Christian Muller, 1738.

Amateurs will be disappointed to find the touch of this instrument so stiff as to make both strength and exertion requisite in keeping down the keys. In this part of their mechanism, modern instruments are mightily superior, but it is doubtful if ever finer tones will be produced than those of the grand organ at Haarlem.—From "*The Day*," published in Glasgow, 1832.

A NEW PIANIST.

The event of the month is the arrival of a pianist from the remotest parts of Germany, who unites

the grace of Thalberg with the power of Liszt, and promises to be, if he is not already, the greatest master of the instrument the world has yet seen. Buddens—such is the name of this astonishing genius—is a young man, scarcely 19 years old, tall, of slim figure, with a face that has no traces of the mind to which it should be the index; of swarthy complexion, his eye singularly mild and amiable, in manner most unaffected, and appearing utterly unconscious of the almost superhuman powers with which he is gifted. In company he is modest and retiring. He speaks our language but imperfectly; but to the best of his ability, he freely informs the inquirer of the story of his life, his labours, his past successes, and his aspirations. At the age of seven years his musical talent first displayed itself. His father, who is a noble, of Russian descent, destined him for a military life; but the passion for music was too strong in him to be resisted, and necessity seconding the claims of nature, the proud father yielded, and the boy was permitted to follow the bent of his genius. This developed itself with wonderful rapidity, and industry almost unexampled was brought by the youth in aid of the impulses of his soul. Day and night he toiled in his vocation, scarcely quitting the instrument he had resolved to master, as none had commanded it before him.

Buddens has visited various courts of Europe, and in all was received with the applause due to his accomplishments. He is now about to try his fortunes in Great Britain, where real worth rarely fails to reap a golden harvest. And a prodigy indeed he is. The instrument *lives* and *speaks* under his hand; it becomes endowed with intelligence, and seems to be a part of himself, rather than a distinct thing, so rapidly does it give utterance to the harmonies that flood his inspired mind. An air floats through his brain, and on the instant is made audible upon the instrument, over whose keys his fingers play so rapidly, that the keenest eye cannot follow them. Nor one air only does he thus express; we have counted four or five distinct themes, rolling at once, each audible, yet all blending and harmonising, as if as many different players were striking the chords together. And his touch is as remarkable for its delicacy as for its rapidity; such light, *thin* tones—such silvery music we never heard—save from that prodigy of sound, old Lindley's violoncello. Then the player; he is all imagination—wholly absorbed in his theme—forgetful of the place and persons about him, as he pours forth his very soul in music.—*Critic*, Dec. 1843.

EXTENSIVE ORDER.—A Newcastle timber-merchant, the other day, sat in his counting-house, bemoaning the bad times, and the discontinuance of those large colliery orders, which, in days of prosperity, were wont to flow in upon him in such grateful profusion; when his gloomy cogitations were interrupted by the entrance of a dingy customer, evidently from the collieries. The stranger briskly demanded if the merchant had any plane-tree in stock at present? "Plane-tree, sir?" replied the merchant, rubbing his itching palms together, and stepping forward with a bland smile upon his face, "as good a stock as any on the Tyne, sir, I assure you. Do you want it in the log or plank, my dear sir? We have abundance of both." "I'm not particular," replied the pitman, "it's not much I want—it's only for a FIDDLE BRIG!" —*Gateshead Observer*.

THE SWEET LITTLE GIRL THAT I LOVE.

Andantino con espressione.

My friends all declare that my time is mispent, While in ru - ral re - tirement I

rove, I ask no more wealth than dame fortune has sent, But the sweet little girl that I

love, The sweet lit - tle girl that I love. The rose on her cheek's my de -

light, She's soft as the down as the down on the dove, No

li - ly was e - ver so white, As the sweet lit - tle girl that I love.

Tho' humble my cot, calm content gilds the scene,
 For my fair one delights in my grove;
 And a palace I'd quit for a dance on the green,
 With the sweet little girl that I love.
 The sweet little girl, &c.

No ambition I know but to call her my own,
 No fame but her praise wish to prove,
 My happiness centres in Fanny alone,
 She's the sweet little girl that I love.
 The sweet little girl, &c.

SWEET DOTH BLUSH THE ROSY MORNING.

DUET.

*Dr. Harrington.**Amoroso.**tr*

Sweet doth blush the ro - sy morning, Sweet doth beam the glist' - ning dew,

sweet doth beam the

sweet - er still the day a - dorn - ing, Thy dear smiles transport my view.

Midst the blos - som's fra - grance flow - ing, Why de - lights the

Wh de - lights the

hon - ied bee? Sweet - er breath's thy self be - stow - ing,

sweeter breath's thy

One kind kiss on me, on me, One kind kiss on me,

THE STROLLING ACTOR.

"The strolling actor," said Gag, "is of high social importance, and, philosophically considered, is entrusted with a noble mission. He is the servant

of the poet, and, like his master, has suffered from the ingratitude and ignorance of mankind. What is his purpose? why, to array the shivering nakedness of human life with a garment of beauty; to ad-

minister to the higher aspirations of even the coarsest natures, which have at times "immortal longings," and yearn to escape from the "weariness, the fever, and the fret," of working-day realities into the fairy world of poetic invention. It is his noble privilege to awaken the sympathies of the humblest of his fellows, and, it may be, often to startle them with a consciousness of the mystery of mysteries which has slumbered within them. Look at the actor treading the threshing floor of a village barn. Behold the village clowns, rapt by his "so potent art," carried for a time beyond the "ignorant present" by the genius of the poet and the passion of the player. Who shall say that these men are not, without knowing it, refined, exalted, by the "cunning of the scene?"—that they do not, in the strange emotion stirring within them, vindicate the universal desire to fly, at times, from the oppression of realities to the solace and delight of ideal life; to have their imaginations quickened, and their hearts made to throb with new interests; to behold the sorrows of kings and queens—to rejoice with the good and fortunate, to mourn with the struggling brave, and to exult at the downfall of the oppressor? These are moments that tune the coarsest nerves with a new music, and these moments are the gift of the strolling player. Who shall say that the veriest churl, the merest clod of humanity, does not take away with him from the player's scene thoughts that at times leaven his mere earthiness—recollections that come to him, aye at the plough-tail or in the sheep-fold, and make him recognize a something better, higher, in his nature, as first revealed to him by the strolling player, the mere outcast, the despised of men? Poor, happy, careless wretch, he trudges on from thorne to thorne, and with "bated-breath and whispering humbleness," begs of beef-trained magistrates a gracious leave to make some bumpkins happy—to busy them for a time with a picture of human affections; in fact, to bestow upon them more real, more humanising good, than many of the said justices ever dreamt of in their long dreams of official usefulness. Why if the purpose of the stage were duly acknowledged, were truly allowed, the magistrate himself, followed by his constables, would with floral wreaths and crowns of laurel, meet the strolling players at the outskirts of every town and hamlet—yea, would lodge them in the best inn's best rooms, and banquet them as benefactors of the human family. They would be received with pipe and tabor, and treated as befits the humble, much enduring missionaries for the diffusion of Shaksperianity! The strolling player is the merry preacher of the noblest, grandest lessons of human thought. He is the poet's pilgrim, and, in the forlornest byways and abodes of men, calls forth new sympathies—sheds upon the cold dull trade of real life an hour of poetic glory, "making a sunshine in a shady place." He informs human clay with thoughts and throbbings that refine it, and for this he was for centuries "a rogue and vagabond," and is, even now, a long long day's march from the vantage ground of respectability. Poor strolling player! your beaver is brown—brown as is a berry; your elbows are breaking through your coat—no shirt to vulgar eyes is visible—your nether garments are withered as hay, and pack-thread stitches are in your shoe-leather; nevertheless, it may happen that in your rambling vocation you have done more for the real happiness of your fellow men than many a magistrate; and that, weighed for worth in the golden scales of justice,

you would outweigh even an alderman in his violet and miniver."—*New Monthly Magazine.*

TO THE EVENING WIND.

Spirit that breathest through my lattice, thou
That cool'st the twilight of the sultry day,
How grateful flows thy freshness round my brow!
Thou hast been out upon the deep at play,
Riding all day the wild blue waves till now,
Rough'ning their crests, and scattering high their
spray,
And swelling the white sail;—I welcome thee
To the sear'd land, thou wanderer of the sea.

Nor I alone,—a thousand bosoms round
Inhale thee in the fullness of delight;
And languid forms rise up, and pulses bound
Livelier, at coming of the wind of night;
And, languishing to hear thy grateful sound,
Lies the vast inland, stretched beyond the sight.
Go forth into the gathering shade! Go forth,
God's blessing breath'd upon the fainting earth!

Go, rock the little wild bird in his nest,
Curl the still waters, bright with stars, and rouse
The wild old wood from his majestic rest,
Summoning, from the innumerable boughs,
The strange deep harmonies that haunt his breast;
Pleasant shall be thy way where meekly bows
The shutting flower, and darkling waters pass,
And, 'twixt o'ershadowing branches and the grass

The faint old man shall lean his silver'd head
To feel thee; thou shalt kiss the child asleep,
And dry the moistened curls that overspread
His temples, while his breathing grows more
deep;
And they who stand about the sick man's bed,
Shall joy to listen to thy distant sweep,
And softly part his curtains to allow
Thy visit, grateful to his burning brow.

Go!—But the circle of eternal change
That is the life of nature, shall restore
With sound and scents from all thy mighty range,
Thee to thy birth-place, on the deep, once more:
Soft odours, to the sea-air sweet and strange,
Shall tell the home-sick mariner of the shore;
And, listening to thy murmur, he shall deem
He hears the rustling leaf and running stream.

William Cullen Bryant.

EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

Music has unquestionably a very powerful influence over the mind, and through that medium upon the body. In certain morbid conditions of the system music is a valuable remedial agent. Two modes are adopted to explain the operation of music on the animal economy. The monotony of the sound is said to have a soothing effect, similar to that which results from listening to the distant gurgling of a mountain stream or cataract. How often has the irritation of the nervous system been allayed, and sleep been induced, when all narcotics have failed to "steep the senses in forgetfulness," by the music caused by the waves dashing upon the sea beach. The attachment of the Swiss to their native soil, notwithstanding the severity of the climate, is one of the most prominently developed

features in the character of the inhabitants of the dark and rugged mountains of Switzerland. Poets and orators have entered into chivalrous rivalry to celebrate the romantic affection of the Swiss for their own mountainous and bleak wilds. It is well known that when they are separated from their dearly loved country for any length of time, they are attacked with a disease termed *nostalgia*, which often produces the most fatal consequences. In Switzerland there is a favourite dance which the young shepherds perform to a tune played on a kind of bagpipe. It is of a wild and irregular character, but so intoxicated are the lower orders of Swiss with it, that if they hear it played when on foreign service, it creates such an intense desire to revisit their native homes, that, if not gratified, disease and death are known to result. So powerful an effect had this music on the minds of the Swiss troops in the French army, that orders were issued that the tune should not be played in the Swiss regiments on pain of death.—*Polytechnic Journal*.

BOILDIEU AND TALLEYRAND.

In the last years of the eighteenth century lived, in humble circumstances, a youth whose musical talents had just begun to develop themselves. Nobody had as yet noticed the merit of the young *virtuoso* except his master, an obscure member of the Paris Opera Comique's orchestra. The latter doubted not that Adrien (for that was his name) would make a noise in the world. His only difficulty was to devise the means of bringing him out in a suitable manner. Another obstacle remained to be overcome; our youthful musician had no coat. The old master was the owner of one, a splendid piece of woven wool, the origin of which coincided with the commencement of the Revolution, and which he sported only on extraordinary occasions. In spite, however, of the great interest he took in his pupil's success, he held his coat in such high estimation that he could not make up his mind to lend it him. The love of art, however, ultimately prevailed, and the coat was reluctantly handed to Adrien, with the earnest recommendation that he would carefully shelter it from all mishaps; and although it was of capacious size, the master being very corpulent and the pupil very lean, the latter was glad to wear it. At six precisely they repaired to the theatre. The attention which the old musician paid to his coat, and his anxiety about Adrien's *debut*, were manifested in all his movements. At one time he gave his pupil in haste a piece of advice he deemed indispensable for the execution of the pieces about to be played; at another he pointed out the proper manner of wearing the said garment, so as to avoid all friction of the elbows; he taught him at the same time to avoid monotony in his execution, and to beware of such quarters as might bring his coat in contact with the oil trickling from the lamps. He was trying with one hand the piano, and removing with the other the dust that profaned the collar and sleeves of his most valuable piece of clothing, when the manager gave the wonted three strokes, and called over the performers; and the worthy master was compelled to descend, and, for the first time, leave to their fate his pupil and darling coat. At that period concerts were given in front of the curtain, which continued lowered, and the whole orchestra was stationed below in its usual place. The *artistes* who were to execute solos, and who successively presented them-

selves on the front of the stage, often had great trouble to find their way between the curtain and the first *coulisse*. When it was Adrien's turn to come forward, he was some seconds in finding his way through the passage. His patron, who was in the orchestra, seeing his handsome coat exposed to the risk of being soiled, by rubbing against the greasy ropes of the curtain, could not stand the sight; he rushed forward, upset his desk, and cried out in a heart-rending tone, "Adrien, Adrien, do take care of my coat!" It would be useless to attempt to describe the young man's dismay at a moment when the whole audience had their eyes on him, and he required all his presence of mind. Yet his confusion was but transient; his genius prevailed, and his execution kindled unanimous plaudits. The manager introduced him to Prince Talleyrand, who had expressed a wish to see him. After overwhelming him with congratulations, the Prince said to him with great kindness, "My young friend, do you go to my cashier, who will hand you five hundred francs, with which you will be enabled to buy yourself a new coat." Thirty-three years after, Prince Talleyrand, whose health advancing years had impaired, was at the baths at Hyeres, in Provence, living in a house where he had assembled several artists to whom he had just told the above anecdote. A very pale man, whose features denoted great sufferings, suddenly rose and said to the Prince, who had not yet perceived him in the crowd—"Monseigneur, I am that same Adrien!" "You?" returned the Prince. "I myself, Adrien Boildieu," reiterated the composer of so many charming operas. Talleyrand embraced the author of "La Dame Blanche," who was already sinking into his grave.

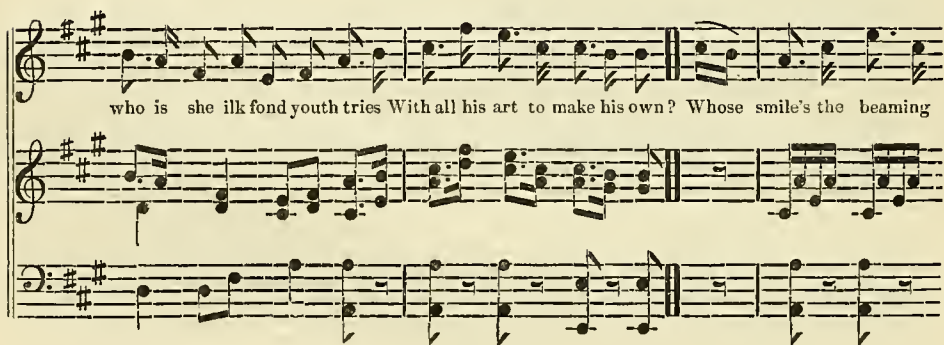
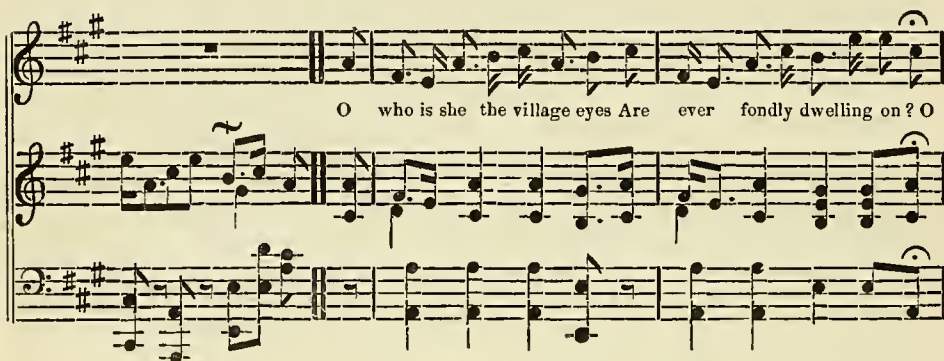
ANECDOTE OF INCLEDON.

Vanity was the besetting sin of Incledon—the chief yet amusing abatement to his otherwise just and liberal character. In pronouncing his own name he believed he described all that was admirable in human nature. It would happen, however, that his perpetual veneration of self laid him open to many effects which, to any man less secretly locked and bolted in his own conceit, would have opened the doors to his understanding. But he had no room there for other than what it naturally contained; and the bump of content was all-sufficient to fill the otherwise aching void. Incledon called himself the "English ballad-singer" *per se*; a distinction he would not have exchanged for the highest in the realm of talent. Amongst many self-deceptions arising out of his one great foible, he was impressed with the belief that he was a reading man. Matthews calling upon the ballad-singer one day to get a lesson of him by heart, found him poring over a book. As it was not a music-book, his visitor felt curious to learn the nature of his study, and inquired what he was reading. Incledon turned down upon its face the open page reverentially upon the table, and with a solemn expression of countenance replied,—“My dear Matthews, I'm doing what every master of a family should do, improving my mind; and not only my mind but my morals. I'm reading a book which should be in the hands of every father and husband. My dear boy, I'll lend it to you; you're a young man, and will be the better for it all your life. My dear Matthews, it's the 'Newgate Calendar!'”—*Frazer's Magazine*.

J E A N I E L E E.

Words by A. Stewart.

Music by John Turnbull.

Allegretto.

bonnie blue eyed Jean - ie Lee. My bonnie blue eyed Jeanie Lee, 'Bove

all the earth thou'rt dear to me; May ne - ver guile be - dim the smile of

bonnie blue eyed Jeanie Lee.

As violets show, at break o' day,
Their beauties thro' a crystal veil,
So Jeanie's een o' blue pourtray
A heart where heaven's graces dwell.

The gowden locks play on her brow,
Like sunbeams on a summer sea;
She has my heart, she has my vow,
My bonnie blue eyed Jeanie Lee.
My bonnie, &c.

THE DULCIMER.

This ancient and curious instrument consists of a flat box about three feet long, nearly the same in breadth, and four inches in depth; and in shape it somewhat resembles the cushion of an ordinary chair,—the front, or side next the performer, being wider than the opposite side. The top, or belly, of the instrument is of thin wood, perforated with two

sounding holes. On the belly, and respectively parallel to the ends of the instrument, there are fixed two rows of wooden pins,—about a dozen in each row; each pin being about two inches high, with a space of about half an inch between every two. Each row stands about one third of the whole length of the instrument from its contiguous end,—the two rows thus dividing the belly into three

compartments. These pins, being bevelled, or brought to an edge at the top, serve as bridges to elevate and support the strings. The strings are of thin metallic wire,—four to each note,—tuned, of course, to the same pitch. The wires are fastened at one end of the instrument by means of small brass jags, and at the other by iron pegs, which can be turned round by a key to tune the instrument, as is done in the pianoforte. Although there are two rows of bridges, the strings composing one note do not pass over two pins; for the pins are so placed that one stands opposite the space between two on the other side; thus giving room to the strings upon it to run, without interruption, the whole length of the instrument from the bridge to the opposite end. By this arrangement, the several notes present a surface of alternate elevations and depressions similar to the appearance of the warp threads in a loom, when moved by the treadles to receive the woof. The compass of the instrument extends to two octaves and a half, tuned in the chromatic scale. When played upon, it is placed on a table, and is slightly inclined, so as to face the performer, who sits opposite to it, and beats upon it with both hands, by means of slight slips of cane, about six inches long, and curved at one end. The strings are struck with the curved end, which is muffled by a thread being twisted round it.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
*James Hogg, born at Ettrick, 25th Jan., 1772,
died 21st Nov., 1835.*

FORGIVE BLEST SHADE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1st
SOPRANO.

2d.
SOPRANO.

BASS.

For - give blest shade, this tri - bu - tary tear, That mourns thy exit from a

For - give blest shade, this tribu - tary tear, That mourns thy exit from a

world like this, For - give the wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy

world like this, For - give the wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy

progress to the seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to grow'ling scenes of

night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather

hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of

day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

OPERATIC AND SACRED MUSIC IN ITALY.

Translated for the BRITISH MINSTREL, from the French of Rousseau.

We must not quit Venice without saying a word or two on its celebrated amusements, or at least of the part that I took in them during my sojourn in that city. It has been seen how little I had indulged in the pleasures of youth—at least such as are called so; at Venice my tastes were unchanged. My occupations, however, which would have hindered me from acting otherwise, rendered more delightful the simple recreations that I indulged myself with. The first and most pleasing was the society of people of talent, such as Messrs. le Blond, de Saint Cyr, Currio, Altema, and others; we were intimate also with two or three English gentlemen of great talents and acquirements, and as fond of music as ourselves. All these gentlemen had their wives, their friends, or their sweethearts, at whose houses we had frequently musical entertainments and balls. We had sometimes cards also, but not often: the theatre, and the abundance of liveness, talent, and taste among ourselves, made card-playing a poor amusement—at the best but the resource of the dull and idle. I had brought with me from Paris the prejudices of that country against Italian music; but I had also fortunately inherited from nature a sufficiency of that sort of feeling against which prejudices cannot long hold out, so that I soon experienced for this music the passion which it inspires in those who are fit to judge of it. In listening to the *barearolles*, I discovered that I had never heard proper singing till now, and I soon was so taken with the opera, that, tired of the babbling and other frivolities around me, when my sole wish was to be a listener, I frequently left my companions for another part of the theatre. There, alone, and shut up in my box, I became all attention to the piece, and, in spite even of its great length, would sit absorbed in it till the close. Once, at the theatre of Saint Chrysostom, I fell asleep—more fast asleep even than I could have been if in bed. The more loud and brilliant airs did not awaken me: but who can express the sensations I experienced by the delightful harmony and angelic melody of that air which did. And what an awakening—what extacy—when I opened at the same moment both my ears and my eyes! My first notion was to think myself in paradise. This enchanting air, which I can still call to mind, and shall never forget while life lasts, began thus:—

“Conservami la bella
Che si m' accende il cor.”

The piece I was desirous of possessing—my wish was as soon gratified, and long have I preserved it: but it was far from being on paper what it was in my memory. It was indeed the same notes, but not the same thing, and never shall it be executed, but in my imagination, as it was on the evening that it awakened me from my slumbers.

A kind of music, in my opinion very superior to that of the opera, and which has no equal in Italy, or indeed any where else, is that of the *scuole*. The *scuole* are the charity houses established for the education of young girls in poor circumstances, and whom the republic afterwards sets off into the world with a dowry. Among the talents that are cultivated in these young people, music holds the first rank. Every Sunday, at the church of each of

these four *scuole*, are performed, during vespers, in full chorus and with a complete orchestra, motets, composed and directed by the great masters of Italy, and executed, in galleries enclosed with gratings, by girls the oldest of whom is not twenty years of age. I have no idea of anything so charming, so touching, as this music: the exquisite taste of the airs, the beauty of the voices, the correctness of the execution—every thing, indeed, about these delicious concerts, concurs in producing an impression that it is impossible for any one not to feel. Currio and I never missed being present at vespers, and in that we were not singular. The church was always crowded with amateurs, the actors of the opera even making a point of attending to improve their taste in singing from these excellent models. One thing that annoyed me, however, was the provoking gratings, from which nothing but sounds issued, and which concealed from view the angels of beauty within. I could speak of nothing else. One day when I was talking of the subject at Mons. le Blond's, “if you are so anxious,” said he, “to see these young ladies, I can easily satisfy you, for I am one of the directors of the establishment; I shall take you there to luncheon.” I gave him no rest, you may be sure, till he kept his word. Having entered the hall that contained these beauties, Mons. le Blond presented to me, one after the other, those with whose names and voices I had become familiar. “Come here, Sophie”—she was a perfect fright. “Come here, Cattina”—she was blind of an eye. “Come here, Bettina”—she again was disfigured by the smallpox. Scarcely one but had some notable defect. The rascal laughed at my surprise and disappointment. Nevertheless two or three appeared to me passable, but they only sung in the choirs. During luncheon I remarked that indifferent looks do not necessarily chase away the Graces; and then I said to myself—whoever sings so well must have soul—and they have souls. In short, my disappointment had begun so much to subside, that, when I took my departure, I found myself almost in love with the whole of them. I hesitated about returning to vespers—but could not stay away. I continued to find their singing delightful, and their voices painted their faces so well, that, while they sung, I persisted in spite of my eyes, in thinking them the greatest beauties in the world.—J. C.

MUSIC AT THE ITALIAN OPERA.

A subdued tone and repose are the characteristic features of the subscribers to the opera, you will not be surprised to find the music there of a subdued and *reposo* character; there is no noise at the opera, no thrashing out sound as one thrashes out oats with a flail; the expression of the music to be performed is more attended to than even the execution, and taste reigns supreme. A vulgar ear will be infinitely more pleased with the crashing, stunning, blasting noise of the concerts at the English opera house, but nothing of that loud talking upon eatgut is understood here; the object of the performers *here* is to make their instruments speak, and in speaking to make them say something, as it is of the singers to make their songs *act*, and in acting to *do* something. This is precisely, and concisely, the difference between the music at the Italian opera and the music everywhere else about town, and this expressiveness it is that gives to the former its deserved superiority.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

TURN AGAIN THOU FAIR ELIZA.

Words by Burns.

Air—The bonnie bruckie Lassie.

Andante espressivo.

Turn a - gain thou fair E - li - za, Ae kind blink be - fore we

part, Rue on thy des - pair - ing lov - er, Canst thou break his faithfu' heart;

Turn a - gain, thou fair E - li - za; If to love thy heart de - nies, For

pi - ty hide the cruel sen - tence Under friendship's kind dis - guise.

Turn again, thou fair Eliza,
 Ae kind blink before we part,
 Rue on thy despairing lover!
 Canst thou break his faithfu' heart?
 Turn again, thou fair Eliza;
 If to love thy heart denies,
 For pity hide the cruel sentence
 Under friendship's kind disguise!

Thee, dear maid, hae I offended?
 The offence is loving thee:
 Canst thou wreck his peace for ever,
 Wha for thine wad gladly die?

While the life beats in my bosom,
 Thou shalt mix in ilka throe;
 Turn again, thou lovely maiden,
 Ae sweet smile on me bestow.

Not the bee upon the blossom,
 In the pride o' sunny noon;
 Not the little sporting fairy,
 All beneath the simmer moon;
 Not the poet, in the moment
 Fancy lightens in his e'e,
 Kens the pleasure, feels the rapture,
 That thy presence gies to me.

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

A dim and mighty minster of Old Time!
 A temple shadowy with remembrances
 Of the majestic past!—the very light
 Streams with a colouring of heroic days
 In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle
 A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back
 To other years;—and the rich fretted roof,
 And the wrought coronal of summer leaves,
 Ivy and vine, and many sculptor'd rose—
 The tenderest image of mortality—
 Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts
 Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things
 Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly,
 On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love!
 Honour be with the dead!—the people kneel
 Under the helms of antique chivalry,
 And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown,
 And midst the forms, in pale shroud slumber carv'd
 Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel
 Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewelled
 crowns
 On the flushed brow of conquerors have been set;
 Where the high anthems of old victories
 Have made the dust give echoes. Hence vain
 thoughts!

Memories of power and pride, which long ago,
 Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk
 In twilight depths away. Return, my soul!
 The cross recalls thee.—Lo! the blessed cross!
 High o'er the banners and the crests of earth
 Fix'd in its meek and still supremacy!
 And lo! the throng of beating human hearts,
 With all their secret scrolls of buried grief,
 All their full treasures of immortal hope,
 Gathered before their God! Hark! how the flood
 Of the rich organ harmony bears up
 Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst!—
 A forest sounding music!—every tone
 Which the blasts call forth with their harping
 wings
 From gulfs of tossing foliage, there is blent:
 And the old minster—forest-like itself—
 With its long avenues of pillared shade,
 Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
 O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
 One tomb unthrilled by the strong sympathy
 Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
 In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
 And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

*Felicia Dorothea Browne (Mrs. Hemans) born at
 Liverpool, Sep. 21, 1793, died at Dublin, May 16, 1835.*

MY VOICE SHALT THOU HEAR IN THE MORNING, O LORD.

ANTHEM, BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

Moderato. *Hitherto unpublished.*

1st TREBLE. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing O

2d TREBLE. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O

TENOR. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O

BASS. My voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O

ORGAN
OR
PIANO
FORTE. *f*

Lord! I will di - rect my pray - er un - to

in the morning will I di - rect my prayer un - to

Lord! I - - will direct my pray - er my pray - er un - to

Lord in the morn - ing will I di - rect my prayer un - to

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The vocal parts enter with the lyrics 'Lord! I will direct my prayer unto' and continue with 'in the morning will I direct my prayer unto'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines.

thee, and will look up, I will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my

thee, and will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my

thee, and will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my

thee, and I will look up O Lord! O Lord!

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn. It features four vocal staves and two piano accompaniment staves. The lyrics for the vocal parts are 'thee, and will look up, I will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my' and 'thee, and will look up, O Lord! O Lord! my'. The piano accompaniment continues with harmonic support, including chords and melodic fragments.

f

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

f

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

f

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

f

O Lord! A - rise, O

f *f* *p*

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

f *f* *p*

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

f *f* *p*

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

f *f* *p*

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

f

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

f

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

f

get not the poor, forget not for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

f

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

p *f*

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

p *f*

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

p *f*

rect my pray - er un - to thee, O Lord! and will look up O
O Lord, O

rect my prayer un - to thee, O Lord! and will look up O
up, and will look

Lord! I will look up, my voice shalt thou hear in the morning, my voice shalt thou hear, O
my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O

Lord! I will look up, my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O
my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O

up O Lord, my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O

f
Lord, I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee O

f
Lord, I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee O

f
Lord, I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee, un - to thee I will di -

f
Lord, I will di - rect my prayer - - un - to thee I will di -

p *f*
Lord! I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look

p *f*
Lord! I will di - rect my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look

p *f*
rect my prayer - - my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look

p *f*
rect my prayer - - my prayer un - to thee, and will look up, and will look

up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord.

up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord, I will look

up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord, I will look

up, O Lord - - - I will look up, I will look

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The first four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass) and the fifth is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#). The lyrics are: 'up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord.' followed by 'up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord, I will look' and 'up, O Lord! I will look up, O Lord, I will look'. The piano part features a steady accompaniment with some melodic lines.

I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!

up, I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!

up, I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!

up, I will look up, O Lord!

The second system of the musical score continues the piece. It also consists of five staves (four vocal and one piano). The lyrics are: 'I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!' followed by 'up, I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!' and 'up, I will look up, I will look up, O Lord!'. The piano part continues with a similar accompaniment style, ending with a final chord.

FYE, NAY PR'YTHEE JOHN.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

H. Purcell.

1
Fye nay pr'ythee John, do not quar - rel man,

2
You're a rogue, you've cheated me, I'll prove be - fore this com - pa - ny, I

3
Sir, you lie, I scorn your word, or a - ny man that wears a sword, for

2
let's be mer - ry and drink a - bout.

3
caren't a farth - ing, sir, for all you are so stout.

1
all your huff who cares a fig, or who cares for you.

MR. MAINZER IN SCOTLAND.

This indefatigable and philanthropic gentleman has shown an amount of devotion and perseverance which fully entitle him to the thanks of the liberal and educated portion of the population of the British Empire. No distance seems too far, no labour too great, no obstacle seems insurmountable, to will and to do are with him terms of the same import. South, West, North and East have been visited by him. He has identified himself with every movement which has the elevation and improvement of the people for its object, whether religious or moral, throughout the country—at one time we find him joining in the labours of Father Mathew and zealously endeavouring to supply for the working-classes a pleasing and delightful substitute for the deep seduction of the whiskey-shop—at another we hear of him lecturing to the inmates of the lunatic asylums and striving to provide a fund of pleasing associations to those whose reasoning faculties are shattered and perverted by the most melancholy and humbling of all human ailments. Then again we find him

co-operating with the teachers of charitable institutions in the labour of instructing the unsophisticated and pliant heart of childhood, and his beautiful little airs become the means by which the words of religious hope or of moral precept will take a fast and permanent hold on the young imagination, and, as far as human foresight can pierce, giving promise of at least laying the foundation of what will go far to make a happy and virtuous old age.

In Scotland, we hear of him lecturing to thousands in Edinburgh, and immediately he is holding a *fete champetre* on the romantic Loch Lomond, and its echoes, which erewhile reverberated the slogan and the war-song of barbarous caterans, are now heard whispering back and pleasedly lingering over and repeating the songs of peace and universal brotherhood. Then as though he had a lease of the "seven league boots" of our nursery days—he is off and away, and Iona or Inverness is not too distant for him—"even with a twynke" he is in Dumfries, Kilmarnock and Ayr. But it is needless for us to attempt following him in his tour through Scotland,

for one day he is on the mountains, amid the cloudy spectres of Ossian's land, and the next he is speaking in a meeting of assembled divines, or gaining among the laity the suffrages alike of the educated and the ignorant. He is a feature of the age in which we live. Men begin to perceive that the ornamental does not detract from the useful, but that a high utility requires more than mere thews and sinews, and that a religious education does not necessarily require a sacrifice of the arts which civilization has perfected, and which in the rudest times were held marks of superiority.

In our Miscellany we have endeavoured to develop and carry out some of the foregoing principles, and it is with much gratification that we witness the approach of a time when music will be held as a necessary part of our system of national education. Too long had the profession of music, especially in Scotland, been doomed to obloquy and almost contempt. And it is not to be wondered at, for it is no very long time since a little degree of knowledge in music was associated with a very great amount of personal carelessness, not to say vice, on the part of the possessor.—The time necessary to acquire a knowledge of its principles, and the small remuneration which fell to the share of him who had devoted his time for its acquisition, made it not worth the attention of the educated portion of society, and thus it fell into the hands almost exclusively of a class of men whose acquirements in the science were as contemptible as their conduct and character were worthless—this, although the class is now in a great measure extinct, has left an evil influence which is not yet entirely removed, and we cannot look upon the advent of Mr. Mainzer in any other light than as a great public and universal benefaction.

The puritanical spirit which held sway over the religious exercises of the Scottish church, almost entirely proscribed music from the duties of the sanctuary, and what was allowed to remain, was performed on the part of precentors and people in a manner so slovenly and heartless, that saving the reels, strathspeys, and popular song airs, which custom had identified with the national thought, and which were almost integral portions of our national language, music was allowed to languish, and its fascinating and moral powers were unknown and unappreciated. It was impossible however, that this state of things could long continue. A spirit of inquiry and self tuition began to establish itself upon the substratum of antiquated and time consecrated observances and abuses, and men thenceforth resolved to add the elegant to the useful. Immediately there sprung up innumerable institutions which had for their object the widening the

range of human observation, and adding to their means of rational enjoyment.

Gradually throughout all Scotland the wish to know and to be able to read music with facility has been gaining strength, and most fortunate is it for the people, that this wish will meet with a speedy and full gratification. Still more happy is the circumstance that Mr. Mainzer, who appears among us, comes prepared with so many necessary qualifications to aid in the delightful exercise. He comes as an educated gentleman to redeem the profession and the study of music from the lowly position to which they were consigned, and from which they were but beginning to emerge. His mind is amply stored with the material to make music respectable, gathered evidently from a careful study of the writings of the elder literary giants, which he delivers in the most easy and seductive manner. His erudition brought to illustrate the history of music raises it to a noble position among subjects for study and practice. His own conduct and captivating manners are a plea for the beneficent influence of music, and speak more powerfully than any words of ours can in behalf of it as a means for the furtherance of social delight, and the knitting together of the whole human family. His genius and industry, brought to the task of popular musical instruction, give the study an importance which a mind less eminently gifted would fail to produce.

Most heartily do we wish him success. For his labours have been severe, and the highest pleasure and reward—we feel convinced—he could enjoy or wish for, would be to see the knowledge of music as widely diffused as is the knowledge of letters. Scotland is rich in melody, and most rich in song, and the people of Scotland are gifted with the power and the feeling to unite these twin charmers, as far as the possession of musical voices is concerned; and the Scottish people have the power of perseverance in a degree not inferior to that of any other people. Why then should he not succeed? Our wish is, that he may find the people of Scotland so ready to embrace his system, and those who have the power to further his views so willing to aid him, that he may be tempted to make his home among our own wild hills and luxuriant valleys, whose echoes are perpetually gushing forth the richest melodies and the most noble harmonies.

It has been said that "the wish is father to the deed;" would it were so in this case, for soon would we have Mr. Mainzer installed into the Chair of Music in our Metropolitan University, where his talents would add a lustre to its already high fame, and where his services and his presence would perpetuate and render permanent the desire for musical tuition which we know is already in existence. In

the event of such a circumstance, we can look forward to and anticipate the time when the noble music hall in Edinburgh would be filled with eager and entranced crowds, listening to the inspired strains which some of the purest and best of men breathed from their deep hearts; when the works of the old composers of our native land, and those of Bach, Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, &c. would be heard and understood in Scotland, and not be as now, mere nicknames for an overpowering mystery which every one has heard of but which no one understands. We can see meetings held in the glens and upon the hill sides, where hundreds of voices are joining together, and hearts bounding with rapture of the pure enjoyment. We are certain that his presence amongst us would turn public attention to the state of our psalmody, the singing of which is a disgrace to a civilized people. Psalmody is the only part of our national worship in which the people are allowed to join their voices, and why should they not endeavour to improve their singing so as to show that they are in earnest, and have a delight in the enjoyment of the salutary privilege; as it is at present there is little of heart in the singing of our congregations, and a deplorable want of taste. This is a branch of musical education to which Mr. Mainzer has already made frequent reference in his lectures, and the benefit which would accrue to the service of religion by his residence as professor of music in the University of Edinburgh is altogether incalculable.

Our readers in this part of the country will already be aware that Mr. Mainzer has offered himself as a candidate for the Chair of Music in the above University. Addresses from various parts of the country to the senate of the academy have been sent—we hope these will be immediately followed by others from the towns where he has visited and lectured, so that the respectful expression of the esteem in which he is held may influence those with whom the franchise lies in the forthcoming election.

We have much pleasure in giving publicity to the following extract from the address of Mr. Mainzer to the very reverend the Principal and Professors of the University of Edinburgh, as, not being printed for public circulation it is not likely to fall into the hands of our readers:—

In the year 1826, after the completion of my studies of the classic writers of Greece and Rome, natural philosophy and the mathematics, I determined on devoting myself exclusively to the study of Music, which I had learned and practised from my childhood, and with the general principles of which I was so well acquainted, that I not only read all Music at sight, but played on almost every kind of instrument.

In order to acquire a perfect knowledge of harmony and counterpoint, together with the history and philo-

sophy of the Art of Music, I travelled, during three years, over Germany, France, and Italy. My masters in composition were men whose names stand among the first in Europe. I began with C. H. Rinck of Darmstadt, and studied harmony and counterpoint under his care during nine months, and continued under the Chevalier Ignatius Von Seyfried and Abbate Stadler, in Vienna, during a similar period. I then visited Rome, and studied under the learned Abbate Baini, Director of the Pontifical Chapel, with the especial design of acquiring the style called the "Stylo alla Cappella," or "alla Palestrina."

After a course of seven months' study under Baini, and having visited the celebrated Zingarelli in the Conservatorio di Naples, I returned to Germany, where I wrote various theoretical and practical works on Music, and composed cantatas, masses, oratorios, and operas—the titles of which appear in the accompanying catalogue. I established several schools, and was at the head of the Musical department in the Normal Schools for the instruction of Teachers and students of divinity. Besides this, I taught singing in charity and military schools, and, for the first time in prisons. In a few years, I was fortunate enough to see my Elementary Books on Singing and my Collections of Songs for Two, Three, and Four Voices, in every school, and in the hands of every child in Germany. The performances of my compositions, and the success of my popular teaching, speedily attracted the attention of the public to my exertions. In the year 1829, the King of Prussia sent me the gold medal "Für Kunst und Wissenschaft."

Although I had received several demi-official invitations to Berlin, I preferred going to Paris, for the purpose of bringing my dramatic compositions before the public, where I was sure to find a wider field for that method of tuition which I had then already in contemplation.

My methods and compositions, published in France, where as successful as those in Germany, and successive editions of all have been issued, even to the present day. Notwithstanding the adoption of the *Method of Wilhelm* by the French Government, many years previously to my visit to Paris, they recommended my *Méthode de Chant* to all schools, and placed it in the official catalogue of works approved and adopted by the Minister of Education.

In Paris, for the first time, I taught simultaneous singing to the working classes, on that extended scale in which it is now generally done. My classes in the French capital attracted so much attention, that the present King of Prussia, then Crown Prince, commissioned the Director of the Military Singing Schools of Berlin to visit Paris, for the express purpose of making himself acquainted with my method of teaching large numbers at once, with a view to its application to the instruction of the soldiers and artisans of Prussia.

The establishment of the Parisian schools for workmen brought me into personal communication with the Ministers Gasparin and Guizot—also with Arago, De Lamartine, De la Mennais, De Potter, Victor Hugo, &c. &c. Many celebrated musicians also visited my schools, and expressed their entire concurrence with my views and practice; among these were Pner, Berton, Baillot, Riess, Wilhem, Meyerbeer, Liszt, &c. &c. The Chevalier Sigismund Neukomm was not only a daily visitor at my classes, but wrote several compositions for them.

During my travels in Germany and Italy, and also during my residence of ten years in France, I made acquaintance with the most celebrated masters of the day. With many I maintained, and still maintain, a most interesting and cordial correspondence, extracts from which I intend to introduce in an appendix, as the only testimonials of which I shall avail myself.

In addition to my works for classes and schools—and my practical teaching, I published in Paris probably more than *two hundred treatises* on the various branches of music, whether scientific, historical, æsthe-

and the glo-ry the glory of the Lord,
 shall be re - veal - ed, be re - veal -
 glory of the Lord, shall be re - ,
 be re - vealed,

Shall be re - veal'd, and the glo-ry the glo-ry of the
 ed, and the glo-ry the glo-ry of the
 veal - - ed, and the glo-ry the glo-ry of the
 and the glo-ry the glo-ry of the

Lord shall be re - veal - ed,
 Lord shall be re - veal - ed, and all flesh shall see it to -
 Lord shall be re - veal - ed,
 Lord shall be re - veal - ed,

ge - ther,

And all flesh shall see it to - ge - ther, For

For

And all flesh shall see it to - ge - ther, For the mouth

And all flesh shall see it to - ge - ther, And all

the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, And all

the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, And all

of the Lord hath spoken it.

flesh shall see it to - ge - ther, and all flesh, and all

flesh shall see it to - ge - ther, And all flesh shall

flesh shall see it to - ge - ther,

and all flesh shall see it to - ge -

flesh shall see it to - gether, and all flesh shall see it to - ge -

see it to - ge - ther, the mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken

For the mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken

ther, and the glo - ry the glo - ry of the Lord, and all

ther, and the glo - ry the glo - ry of the Lord, and all flesh shall

it, and the glo - ry the glo - ry of the Lord, and all flesh shall

it, and the glo - ry the glo - ry of the Lord, and all

flesh shall see it to - gether the mouth of the Lord hath

see it to - gether, and the glo - ry the glo - ry of the

see it, shall see it to - gether,

flesh shall see it to - gether,

spoken it,
 Lord shall be re - veal - ed, and all flesh shall
 and all flesh shall
 and all flesh shall

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, bath
 see it to - gether, For the mouth of the Lord -
 see it to gether, the glory the glory of the Lord shall be re - veal - -
 see it to - gether, and the glo - ry the glory of the

spo - - ken it,
 bath spoken it, And all flesh shall
 ed, And all flesh shall
 Lord shall be re - veal - ed, and all flesh shall

And the glory the glory the glory of the Lord shall be re -
 see it to - gether. And the glory the glory of the
 see it to - gether. And the glory the glory of the
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veal - - ed,
 Lord shall be re veal - - ed re - veal - ed, And all
 Lord shall be re - veal - -
 Lord shall be re - veal - - ed re - veal - -

And all flesh shall see it to - ge - ther to - ge - ther, for the
 flesh shall see it to - ge - ther to - ge - ther,
 - - ed, And all flesh shall see it to - ge - ther, to - ge - ther,
 - - ed, For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it,

mouth of the Lord - - hath spoken it, for the mouth of

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, for the mouth of

For the mouth of the Lord - - hath spoken it, for the mouth of the

For the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it, for the mouth of the

Adagio.

the Lord - - - hath spo - ken it.

the Lord - - - hath spo - ken it.

Adagio.

Lord, the mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it.

Lord, the mouth of the Lord hath spo - ken it.

DONIZETTI.

This author's fecundity seems to increase with his years—he goes on with constantly accelerated rapidity; and, if greatness is to be measured by bulk, he bids fair to be the very greatest of composers. During the last Parisian season, he produced two new pieces at the Italian Theatre, “Linda di Chamouni,” and “Don Pasquale;” and he is now employed upon a great five act opera for the *Académie Royale de Musique*, written for him by Scribe, the play-wright general for the French stage. Signor Donizetti is wise in his generation; he is the fashion; and, well aware, no doubt, what a fleeting thing musical fashion is, especially in his branch of the art, he is busily making hay while the sun shines. But such great and general popularity, it may be assumed, cannot be altogether undeserved. In order to attract, there must be attractive qualities; and the people attracted, it must be remembered, are not a rude and uncultivated rabble, but the

most refined and polished audiences all over Europe. Still, however, popularity (in music, at all events) has never been found a test of merit. On the contrary, the popularity of musical composers has generally been in the inverse ratio of the greatness and originality of their genius. When we recall the names of illustrious and *now* popular musicians, we must think what they were in their own day. Mozart and Beethoven lived and died neglected and poor, while they saw many popular competitors reap the golden harvests which were denied to them. Purcell, immeasurably the greatest musician that England produced, has never had a tithe of the popularity enjoyed by many ballad-mongers. And what shall we say to the case of Handel, the Colossus of music? His whole life, long as it was, exhibited a heart breaking struggle with difficulties, failures, and disasters, which at one time unsettled his reason, and nearly brought him to the grave. Those who now hear around

them, in every direction, the sound of his mighty name, little know the injustice, the neglect, the hostility he experienced in his own day; the preference bestowed on inferior artists—on the Donizettis and Mercadantes of the time—while his own beautiful operas were performed to empty benches. Even his oratorios have gained only what may be called a posthumous popularity. It rouses indignation to see how slightly both he and they were talked of by the fashionable arbiters of taste—Horace Walpole, for instance; and they were very often performed (even in their freshness of novelty) to such select audiences, that Handel used, with a sort of rueful pleasantry, to console himself by saying to the persons about him, "Never mind—the music will sound the better." In truth it is not by transcendent genius that popularity is speedily acquired, it is by the possession, by one who knows

how to turn them "to account," of common-place qualities, easily appreciable by the vulgar—for there is a great vulgar as well as a small. Such a man is Donizetti. He has great facility in stringing together pretty but thoroughly hackneyed passages, adapted with tact and skill to the voices and powers of the admirable singers for whom he has the good fortune to write. These singers can do what they will with his music; they can cover it with brilliant ornaments, and fill it with beautiful flights and fancies of their own, without the smallest apprehension of being at variance with its meagre harmonies or disturbing its expression. With music of a higher class they cannot take such liberties; and that is the reason why they (almost without exception) have such a dislike to the very name of Mozart.—*London Morning Chronicle.*

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 26.—OH LOVE! HOW JUST AND HOW SEVERE THY MIGHTY GODHEAD IS.

Not too slow.

Francis Forcer.—Playford's Collection.



No. 27.—LOWLAND WILLIE.

Lively.



No. 26.—This tune, by Francis Forcer, is from the collection of John Playford, dated 1684. The rhythm of this old melody will be new to most of our readers, yet in spite of its quaint and out of the way transitions, it is well worthy of a perusal. The literary antiquary pores with huge delight over the unique black letter copy of some book, which in his eyes is more valuable than a whole Alexandrian library of modern works. To him the first glance upon its broad page is eloquent, and the *imprimatur* of Wynkyn de Worde, or Caxton, is a guarantee for its correctness. The student, however, regards these remains in another and more worthy

aspect. To such a one they mark the tastes and modes of thought and expression of the people of its era, and, by contrast, show him the vast difference that has taken place in the national ideology, as well as in the structure of language. In like manner old melodies are useful to the musical student, because they inform him of the style of the time in which they were composed, and enable him to appreciate the very important variations which through the lapse of time have taken place in the structure of musical phrases. The curious, in this specimen from the collection left by Playford, are furnished with a true strain of the jolly days of

"merry England," when the fathers of English music were thrilling the ears of gay courtiers, mumming masquers, mad roysterers, and bully rooks, with their mighty harpings.

No. 27.—Lowland Willie is evidently of modern date. We found this air on an odd leaf of a tattered

and soiled music book, which supplied no hint of its author. As the tune is good we hastened to place it among our old and scarce melodies, lest it should escape from our sight and memory. Perhaps some of our correspondents are able to furnish us with the particulars of its history.

MY LOVE SHE'S BUT A LASSIE YET.

Words by Burns.

Fivace.

My Love she's but a lassie yet, My Love she's but a lassie yet, We'll

let her stand a year or twa, She'll no be half sae sau-cy yet. I

rue the day I sought her, O, I rue the day I sought her, O, Wha

gets her needs na say he's woo'd, But he may say he's bought her, O.

My love she's but a lassie yet,
My love she's but a lassie yet;
We'll let her stand a year or twa,
She'll no be half sae saucy yet.
I rue the day I sought her, O,
I rue the day I sought her, O;
Wha gets her need na say she's woo'd,
But he may say he's bought her, O!

Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet,
Come, draw a drap o' the best o't yet;
Gae seek for pleasure where ye will,
But here I never miss'd it yet.
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't,
We're a' dry wi' drinking o't;
The minister kiss'd the fiddler's wife,
An' could na preach for thinkin' o't.

SAW YE JOHNNIE COMIN'.

p

Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin', Saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she,

f

Saw ye Johnnie comin': O saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she, Saw ye Johnnie comin': Wi'

cres. - - - p

his blue bonnet on his head, And his doggie rinnin', quo' she, And his doggie rinnin'

O saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie comin';
O saw ye Johnnie comin', quo' she,
Saw ye Johnnie comin':
Wi' his blue bonnet on his head,
And his doggie rinnin', quo' she,
And his doggie rinnin'.

O fee him, faither, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, faither, fee him;
O fee him, faither, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, faither, fee him;
For O he is a gallant lad,
And a weel doin';
And a' the wark about the town
Gaes wi' me when I see him, quo' she,
Gaes wi' me when I see him.

O what will I do wi' him, hizzie,
What will I do wi' him?
He's ne'er a sark upon his back,
And I hae nane to gie him.
I hae twa sarks into my kist,
And ane o' them I'll gie him;
And for a merk o' mair fee
Dinna stand wi' him, quo' she,
Dinna stand wi' him.

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him;

For weel do I lo'e him, quo' she,
Weel do I lo'e him.
O fee him, faither, fee him, quo' she,
Fee him, faither, fee him;
He'll haud the plough, thrash in the barn,
And crack wi' me at e'en, quo' sh',
And crack wi' me at e'en.

THOU HAST LEFT ME EVER.

Words to the same Air, by Burns.

Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever;
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie!
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever;
Now thou's left thy lass for ay—
I maun see thee never, Jamie,
I maun see thee never!

Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken;
Thou hast me forsaken, Jamie!
Thou hast me forsaken.
Thou canst love another jo,
While my heart is breaking:
Soon my weary een I'll close,
Never mair to waken, Jamie,
Never mair to waken!

MUSIC IN RUSSIA.

So little is known of the state of art in Russia, beyond the sums of money munificently lavished on individual artists, that the following paper, a translated abstract from two letters addressed by M. Adolphe Adam, the sprightly composer of "*Le Postillon de Lonjumeau*," to the Editor of *La France Musicale*, can hardly fail to be interesting. M. Adam, it will be remembered, passed the winter of 1839-40 in St. Petersburg, having been invited there to compose the music of a ballet for Mlle. Taglioni.—*Athenæum*.

Sacred music in St Petersburg, carries away the palm, because it is the only music typical of its birth-place, and not imitative of the music of other nations: at least, so far as regards its execution. The Greek church does not admit of the use of instruments. The singers of the Emperor's chapel, therefore, who never sing any other music but that of the services, have arrived at a power of singing unaccompanied, with a justness of intonation which it is impossible to imagine. An inconceivable strangeness is also given to their performance, by the nature of the double bass voices, the extent of which is from the Δ below the lines to the c above (bass clef), and which, by its lower octave doubling the bass voices of the ordinary register, produces an amazing effect. With us the limit of the bass voice seems to be E flat, below the line, n being an extreme rarity; but whereas all our students labour to push the voice upwards,—sacrificing such pedal tones, that they may be able to sing the modern music, in Russia, a few double-bass chest-notes are a fortune; if their possessor be also a good musician, he becomes his Majesty the Emperor's pensioner for life. Alone, these voices would be insupportably heavy, but in combination their effect is miraculous; and never have I been so moved by any orchestral performance as by the vocal services of the Emperor's chapel. The *soprani* are energetic, and there are some agreeable solo voices among the children: the tenors, though far from being as unique as the bass voices, are still very satisfactory. Ivanoff belonged to this chapel, and was sent thence to Italy to complete his musical education, but the unexpected fugue by which he terminated his studies, will probably hinder any other of the pupils from being allowed a like advantage. I wish the music were equal to the singers. Almost all of it dates back to the last century, and is the composition of a certain Bernensky, who did not want talent or science so much as original invention. The direction of the chapel is intrusted to Colonel Lvoff, an exceedingly clever composer, and a distinguished violinist.

Dramatic music flourishes less than any other in St. Petersburg: and it is difficult to understand why, when the church has such magnificent voices, and the army such excellent wind instruments, the theatre should have such a poor orchestra, and neither choruses nor singers. There are three theatres—the Great Theatre, devoted to ballet and Russian and German opera; the Theatre Michael, where they play the lighter German comedies and operas, French comedies and vaudevilles; and the Alexandrine Theatre, exclusively devoted to Russian pieces;—all three are allowed an enormous sum by the Emperor—but the Alexandrine Theatre alone pays its expenses. The Great Theatre is one of the finest edifices of its kind in Europe—the *salle* is larger than that of our French Opera;—but Opera has

lost all its importance since the arrival of Mlle. Taglioni. The orchestra is numerous, but made up of inferior materials; and capable of nothing better than ballet music—it contains, however, an excellent flute and very good oboe, both Russian artists. That of the German Opera is, on the whole, better, but still there is much to be desired in its details. The company is weak, and I can only particularise Breiting, the first tenor, and Versing, the bass, whose magnificent organ deserves to have been better practised. The repertory, as is the case throughout Germany, consists of translated French and Italian operas, and half a dozen German works, including two by Weber and four by Mozart. The Russian opera has not more influence on the public taste, having only the same repertory to another text, and with other singers. Leonof, the first tenor, is only Russian by birth, being the son of Field, the pianist, and having studied in France; he is a good musician, but wants voice. The *prima donna*, too, used to be known at our Opera Comique, as Mlle. Vertenil: here, having also been born in Russia, she has taken the name of Soloviova, which translated, is a sort of diminutive of "*nightingale*:" she has a pleasing voice, and excessive facility, but she is a poor musician, and most unequal singer. Mlle. Stepanova, a young pupil of the Academy, would have been a good singer had she studied good models. Petrof, the first bass singer, has a fine voice, but little method—his wife, La Petrova, has a very limited *contralto*, but which she knows how to use with great expression and energy. As the Russian company has only one bass singer, she is obliged to sing such parts as Tamburini's in '*I Puritani*,' and, of course, to take the redoubtable duo in unison, in the higher octave. The orchestra of the Russian opera is no better than the German. M. Cavos, who directs it, is a composer and musician of talent, and the eldest son of the distinguished architect, who rebuilt the Great Theatre. There is but one national Russian opera, '*All for the Czar*,' founded on a simple anecdote of the old wars between Russia and Poland, and the devotion of a serf who exposes his life to save his sovereign. Such a tale was sure to be popular in Russia, and the music of M. Glinka has had as much success as the poem; the work having for some years been played with little intermission. There is, unquestionably, great merit in the musician's share of the work,—skill in form, and care in instrumentation. M. Glinka was resolved to write music which should be neither Italian, French, nor German, and so far he has succeeded; but he has not made his work interesting to any save Russian ears. I never heard any work so soporific—his opera being written in the style of the national melodies, which are almost all in the minor key, and of an undecided and melancholy rhythm. There is not one recitative—only sweet and pensive airs, intermixed from time to time by very well managed and well written choruses. This opera is much better executed than any of the translations with which it is alternated. One cause of the scarcity of singers in Russia is, doubtless, the height of the pitch, which is half a tone sharper there than in Paris. Conceive the torture of those unfortunate beings who are compelled to sing parts written for Rubini, Duprez, Falcon! It will be difficult to mitigate this, on account of the resistance always made by the stranger artists who visit St. Petersburg, and who, being chiefly violinists or violoncellists, find great advantage and brilliancy in so exaggerated a diapason.

The number of musical amateurs at St. Petersburg is great: they confine themselves, however, apparently, to three instruments, the piano, the violin, and the violoncello—an amateur player on any wind instrument would be sought for in vain. Thus, the artists who are certain of success in Russia are pianists, violinists, and violoncellists, as the past winter's campaign of Henselt, Vieuxtemps, and Servais, sufficiently testifies. In the first class of amateurs I must mention the Counts Michael and Matthew Wilheurski,—the first, an amateur composer, some of whose works have been adopted by Paris and Berlin publishers,—and who has written a national opera, which, with retrenchments, would, I am sure, be more successful than that by M. Glinka, the second, a violoncellist, and the best in St. Petersburg, artists included, with the exception of Servais. At the house of these noblemen, I have heard the quartetts of Mendelssohn, which are scarcely known in France, admirably executed, Vieuxtemps and Coloeel Lvoff alternately taking the first violin, without any extraordinary difference being observable. Colonel Lvoff, too, besides his remarkable performance, is an extremely clever composer. I must speak, too, of the Prince Odoeski, an excellent musician and a good pianist—of the bass voice of the Prince Gregory Wolkonski, of the exquisite tenor of Prince Michael Kotchoubéi, and of the duet between tenor and bass in the brothers Pachkof. This excellence, in a pursuit so widely distinct from the profession and position of those exercising it, seems to excite no astonishment in Russia. In France, it is a reproach to a grave and learned person to have cultivated with success an art treated merely as a trifling relaxation—and I recollect well the astonishment excited in some persons by the talent in singing displayed by the celebrated Dr. Orfila. In Russia it is different: a gentleman may speak his three or four languages, and be a good instrumentalist into the bargain, without being treated as a *rara avis*. Life goes so easily with us at Paris—pleasures and dissipations pursue us so incessantly, that it absolutely demands courage to escape them; and those even, who are compelled to labour, are often obliged to exercise strong constraint to procure the requisite leisure. But in Russia, it is necessary to create occupations to get rid of *ennui*. Think of a winter eight months long, where the climate obliges you, perforce, to confine yourselves to apartments in which an artificial heat mimics the spring, and where daylight appears at nine o'clock, to disappear at three! Thus the arts, which with us are an amusement, become there a necessity. Justice, however, must be done to the rare superiority which the Russians have attained—an amateur, who is not of the first class, dare not confess that he knows anything of music. I have said that singing is little cultivated—there is no want of good voices, only of models. The Countess Rossi (ex Sontag), who has for some years been resident at St. Petersburg, could have given a great impulse to this branch of art; but, being newly admitted amongst the aristocracy, her influence has been small or none. There are at St. Petersburg two masters of Italian singing, who are far from being without merit, M. M. Rubini and Soliva; but they labour under the disadvantage of not being themselves singers. The greater number of artists are Germans, and, consequently, excellent musicians; but directing the tastes of their pupils towards instrumental rather than vocal music.

The people do not cultivate music, but they love

it. The serfs have some rude instruments, on which they accompany themselves, while singing. But I must not forget to speak of the bands of Gipsy singers which I have heard. Their music, made up of a dozen voices, or thereabouts, is the most extravagant thing conceivable. When they begin, their quaint and shrill voices absolutely hurt the ear; but as they become animated, beating their drums and *tearing* their guitars (their only instrument), their wild energy—a positive musical frenzy, augmented by their gestures and their pantomime—takes you by storm, and excites sensations never felt before.

IMPERIAL COURT SINGERS OF RUSSIA.

Every Saturday morning, from ten to twelve o'clock, the "Imperial Court Singers" rehearse in their institution, on the Moika canal, which, with its extensive fore-court and side buildings, forms almost a palace; and I wish, with all due respect to the young and amiable King Otho of Greece, that his palace at Nauplia, with its front of *five* windows, could be conveniently converted into such a dwelling as this. To the rehearsals a card of admission is easily obtained from the director of the institution; and on those days a select company generally assembles. One is here induced to repeat the expression of Madame Catalani, (who once reigned as queen in the kingdom of sound) on the occasion of her being present at a chorus of these singers. She is said to have exclaimed with tears, "My song is but of this world—but that which I have just heard is a chorus of angels!" It is certain that a very peculiar feeling pervades the audience, when without the accompaniment of any instrument, the full choir, consisting of one hundred men and boys, ascend gradually from the softest *piano* to the most overpowering *forte*, and then, by slight modulations, the notes die away as it were in the distance. Among other pieces, I heard a *Crucifixus*, written for six voices, by Lotti; and I cannot describe the impression it made, not only upon myself, but upon all present. I might indeed be accused of exaggeration, were I to dwell at length on the emotions excited, in the most visible way, upon the entire auditory, young and old; and therefore I content myself with alluding again to the before stated opinion of the great singer, which appears to embody so felicitously my own judgment. What in other choirs is so unpleasantly prominent,—namely, the overstraining of individual voices—is here quite unknown. All the singers are equally well gifted; the selection of them (mostly from the peasant class) being made with the greatest care.

This vocal academy, which existed under Wladimir the Great, that is between the years 980 and 1015, and was then formed of Greek singers, is maintained by the state, which provides for the improvement of the students in every branch of musical science; and not in music *only*, but other departments of instruction are added,—so that when a boy, in consequence of ripening years, loses his voice, he will have received a sufficiently good education to be enabled to serve the state in some other way,—means of doing which being furnished by the Emperor. The older members of the institution receive a salary, and board in the establishment, and are not precluded from marrying. They are promoted, like other official persons, according to gradation of rank, as is customary in Russia; and as regards the pensioning of their

widows and children, they are placed on the same footing. The more important Russian embassies at foreign courts are accompanied by a small choir from this institution, whose exertions are required in order to complete the religious ceremonies of their church service. Such a choir, for instance, is attached to the church of the Russian embassy in Greece, which I have often heard there at festivals. On particular grand occasions, as at Easter, in the year 1834, the officers of the Russian fleet stationed at Nauplia (amateurs in music) strengthened the choir. Similar vocal bodies are attached to all the Russian regiments, consisting of soldiers and soldier-boys, who are obliged to assist at the military church service.—*M. von Tietz, St. Petersburg, &c. &c.* 1833-1834.

SONG—THE LILY O' THE VALE.

How aft I've sat beneath this bower,
At twilight's calm enchanting hour,
An' wou'd a sweet wee modest flower,
The Lily o' the Vale.

My heart has throbb'd wi' pleasure sweet,
The hours ha'e fled like moments fleet,
When her ripe lips wi' mine did meet,
Fair Lily o' the Vale.

The nichtbird's sang frae 'mangst the trees
Soon lost its charn wi' heart to please,
When her rich voice swell'd on the breeze,
Sweet Lily o' the Vale.

Her brow is o' the snaw-drap's hue,
An' dark her een o' shining blue,
Her lips twin roses gemm'd wi' dew,
Fair Lily o' the Vale.

Her dark an' flowing silken hair
In ringlets kiss a cheek sae fair,
That aft I've wished sic bliss to share,
Sweet Lily o' the Vale.

Wi' beauty's form an' grace refined,
She bears within a wealthy mind,
Whar a' that's pure an' bricht's combined,
Dear Lily o' the Vale.

Flowers more gay may deck the plain,
Sae chaste an' lovely there are name—
To me at least—compared wi' Jane,
The Lily o' the Vale.

Glasgow, August, 1843. JAMES M'GREGOR.

HANDEL'S MONUMENT, AND COMMEMORATIONS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

At the left hand corner of the same wall on which is Garrick's monument, is that of Handel, in which the musician is represented surrounded by the materials and accessories of his art—the organ in the back ground, a harp in the hands of an angel above, and an effigy of himself in the act of composition, and as if suddenly inspired, in front. No one speaks of theatrical or orchestral gestures in connexion with this great work.

Above the monument just referred to, Handel's, is a tablet which reminds us of an interesting event in the history of the musical art in this country, the commemorations which took place within the abbey walls on several different occasions during

the last century, and once during the present. The idea was first suggested in a conversation between some enthusiastic admirers of the great musician in 1783, who, seeing that, in the following year, a century would have elapsed since his birth, and a quarter of a century since his death, resolved to attempt the getting up of a performance, on the most magnificent scale, of Handel's works, by way of commemoration. The directors of the Concerts of Ancient Music not only highly approved of the scheme, but voluntarily undertook the arduous and responsible duty of arranging the performances. The King, George III., also gave his fullest sanction. On the 26th of May the performances began, during the whole of which the abbey presented a magnificent and unique spectacle. At the one end of the nave was seen a kind of throne, with an enclosure fitted up for Royalty, and most regally decorated, in the centre; and two other enclosures, one on each side, for the Bishops, and for the Dean and Chapter. At the other end rose the vast orchestra, with upwards of five hundred performers, and the organ, in a Gothic frame, at the summit. The choral bands were on steps at the sides, rising stage upon stage till they seemed lost to the eyes of the spectators, in their extremest elevation. Lastly, in the area and galleries, in every nook and corner into which it seemed possible for human beings to introduce themselves, were the audience, three or four thousand in number. The triumph of the architect to whom the arrangements for the fitting up of the Abbey had been confided, Mr. Wyatt, was seen in the harmonious aspect which, we are told, the whole presented; all "so wonderfully corresponded with the style of architecture of this venerable and beautiful structure, that there was nothing visible, either for use or ornament, which did not harmonise with the principal tone of the building."

The success which attended this Commemoration was very great. Two additional days were added to the original number of three, and the additional tickets sold amounted to nearly four thousand. The receipts were £12,736 12s. 10d.; and out of this, the Society of Decayed Musicians received £6000, and the Westminster Hospital £1000. So great was the excitement produced by it, that a series of annual "commemorations" took place for a series of years, the first of which was celebrated in 1785 (exactly a year after the grand commemoration) in the Abbey, under the same patronage and direction as before. The band was increased by the addition of more than a hundred performers; but, on this occasion, the receipts were less, although, singular to say, the expenses were also diminished, notwithstanding the increase of the band. In 1786, the festival was again repeated, and the band also enlarged, so as, on this occasion, to amount to 741 individuals. The proceeds this year came within £400 of the receipts in 1784, but the expenses were increased. The public appetite being rather excited than satiated, a fourth grand festival took place in 1787, with still an increase in the band, which now amounted to 825, including the principal singers, twenty-five in number. On this occasion the receipts rose to £14,042, proving the interest of the public to be still on the stretch. But during the two succeeding years, there were no renewals of these splendid scenes,—the state of the king's health being the principal cause why they were suspended. They were again renewed in 1790, and finally in 1791, when the performers were increased to the astonishing number of 1667. But though tolerably

well attended, the tickets were not demanded with the same avidity as before; the edge of novelty was blunted; the expenses of the performances were increased, and the means of defraying them diminished. At this last Abbey-meeting the immortal Haydn, then on his first visit to this country, was present; and from it derived his deep reverence for the mighty genius of Handel, which, to the honour no less of his candid modesty than of his judgment, he was ever ready to avow. The last commemoration was that of 1834.—*Knight's London.*

PRICE OF A VIOLONCELLO.

Batta's violoncello was once sold to a French family in a small town in Spain for 300*l.*, and remained for years silent, neglected, and unappreciated. One day it accidentally came under the eye of a connoisseur, who at once pronounced it to be worth 3000*o*., but he was treated as a wild enthusiast. Some time afterwards, Batta had the fortune to fall in with the instrument and determined to possess it, but its intrinsic merits had become known, and he could not obtain it for less than 8000*o*.. Having had it repaired it is now considered without a rival in Europe. An English gentleman lately offered Batta 25,000*o*. for his favourite, but the artist declared that no price could

induce him to part with it. Upon this, the amateur offered Batta the same sum for the reversion of the violoncello after the cunning band of the master had ceased to draw forth its "potent witchery" and was unstrung by death, but whether this has been accepted is not known.

APOLLO.

A SONNET AFTER* THE ANTIQUE.

Methought I stood on high Olympus mount,
What time great Jove did hold celestial state;
There heard the Nine, from golden harps create
Songs sweetly bubbling as Pierian fount;
The great god Pan, too, and his jocund choir,
With one vast chorus wake the trembling sky,—
Scare swarthy Vulcan from his smithy fire,
And make Jove pause amidst the revelry.
Then all was hushed, and one stood forth, who drew
From well shaped viol, tones most exquisite;
And as their quickening spirit through me flew,
I asked of one stood by—"Apollo is it?"
"Apollo don't play at these rooms, Sir, and I'm sure he
Can't play one half so well—why that there's Mori."
William J. Thoms.

* A long way.—*Printer's Devil.*

IS IT NIGHT?

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Allegro. *Webbe.*

Would darkness fright, would darkness fright us, Let us

Is it night? is it night? would darkness fright us, Let us

drive dull thoughts a - way - - Let us drive dull thoughts a -

drive dull thoughts a - way - - Let us drive dull thoughts a -

way, Let gay mirth - and songs u - nite us, unite us, Let mirth u -

nite us, Till we see the ri - sing day. 'Till we see the rising day, Let gay mirth and

day, Let gay mirth and songs unite us, u - nite us, Let gay mirth and

songs u - nite us, 'Till we see the rising day, the ris - ing day - -

nite us - - 'Till we see the ris - ing day - -

songs u - nite us, 'Till we see the ri - sing day - -

'Till we see the rising day

Allegro.

Fly, fly, fly, care, fly, to the winds thus I

blow thee a way, fly, care, fly, to the winds thus I blow thee a way

blow thee a way, a way, I'll drown thee in wine, If thou darest to stay, I'll

I blow thee a way, If thou darest to stay, I'll

thee a way, I'll drown thee in wine if thou darest to stay, I'll

drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay, I'll drown thee in wine if thou darest to
 drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay, I'll drown thee in wine, if thou darest to
 drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay - - - If thou da - rest to

stay, I'll drown thee in wine, If thou darest to stay - - If thou
 stay, I'll drown - - - thee, I'll drown - - - thee, I'll drown thee in wine, if thou
 stay, I'll drown - - - thee, I'll drown - - - thee in wine,

da - rest to stay, Fly care to the winds, thus I blow thee a - way, I'll drown thee in
 da - rest to stay, Fly care to the winds, thus I blow thee a - way, I'll drown thee in
 wine, If thou darest to stay I'll drown thee in wine if thou da - rest to stay.

wine, If thou darest to stay I'll drown thee in wine if thou da - rest to stay.

Musical score for 'The British Minstrel' featuring a melody with lyrics and piano/forte markings. The score is written in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. It consists of a single melodic line with a bass line. The lyrics are: 'drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay, I'll drown thee in wine if thou darest to drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay, I'll drown thee in wine, if thou darest to drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay - - - If thou da - rest to stay, I'll drown thee in wine, If thou darest to stay - - If thou stay, I'll drown - - - thee, I'll drown - - - thee, I'll drown thee in wine, if thou stay, I'll drown - - - thee, I'll drown - - - thee in wine, da - rest to stay, Fly care to the winds, thus I blow thee a - way, I'll drown thee in da - rest to stay, Fly care to the winds, thus I blow thee a - way, I'll drown thee in wine, If thou darest to stay I'll drown thee in wine if thou da - rest to stay. wine, If thou darest to stay I'll drown thee in wine if thou da - rest to stay.' The score includes dynamic markings: *p* (piano) and *f* (forte).

LOGAN WATER.

*Slow, with expression.**Words by Burns.*

O Lo - gan sweetly didst thou glide, The day I was my Wil - lie's bride, And

years sin - syne hae o'er us run, Like Lo - gan to the summer sun.

But now thy flow'ry banks ap - pear, Like drumlie win - ter dark and drear While

my dear lad maun face his faes, Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

O Logan, sweetly didst thou glide,
That day I was my Willie's bride;
And years sinsyne hae o'er us run,
Like Logan to the summer sun:
But now thy flowery banks appear
Like drumlie winter, dark and drear,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me and Logan braes.

Again the merry month of May
Has made our hills and valleys gay;
The birds rejoice in leafy bowers,
The bees hum round the breathing flowers:
Blythe morning lifts his rosy eye,
And evening tears are tears of joy:
My soul, delightless, a' surveys,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

Within yon milk-white hawthorn bush,
Amang her nestlings sits the thrush;
Her faithfu' mate will share her toil,
Or wi' his sang her care beguile:
But I, wi' my sweet nurslings here,
Nae mate to help, nae mate to cheer,
Pass widow'd nights and joyless days,
While Willie's far frae Logan braes.

O, wae upon you, men o' state,
That brethren rouse to deadly hate!
As ye make many a fond heart mourn,
Sae may it on your heads return!
How can your flinty hearts enjoy
The widow's tears, the orphan's cry?
But soon may peace bring happy days,
And Willie hame to Logan braes!

LOGAN BRAES.

"By Logan's streams that rin sae deep,
Fu' aft wi' glee I've herded sheep;
Herded sheep, or gather'd slaes,
Wi' my dear lad, on Logan braes.
But wae's my heart! thae days are gane,
And I, wi' grief, may herd alane;
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes.

"Nae mair at Logan kirk will he
Atween the preachings meet wi' me;
Meet wi' me, or when it's mirs,
Convoy me hame frae Logan kirk.
I weel may sing thae days are gane—
Frae kirk an' fair I come alane,
While my dear lad maun face his faes,
Far, far frae me, an' Logan braes!

"At e'en, when hope amais is gane,
I dauner out, or sit alane,
Sit alane beneath the tree
Where aft he kept his tryst wi' me.
O! could I see thae days again,
My lover skaithless, an' my ain!
Belov'd by frien's, rever'd by faes,
We'd live in bliss on Logan braes."

While for her love she thus did sigh,
She saw a sodger passing by,
Passing by wi' scarlet claes,
While sair she grat on Logan braes:
Says he, "What gars thee greet sae sair,
What fills thy heart sae fu' o' care?
Thae sporting lambs hae blythsome days,
An' play fu' skip on Logan braes?"

"What can I do but weep and mourn?
I fear my lad will ne'er return,
Ne'er return to ease my waes,
Will ne'er come hame to Logan braes."
Wi' that he clasp'd her in his arms,
And said, "I'm free from war's alarms,
I now ha'e conquer'd a' my faes,
We'll happy live on Logan braes."

Then straight to Logan kirk they went,
And join'd their hands wi' one consent,
Wi' one consent to end their days,
An' live in bliss on Logan braes.
An' now she sings, "thae days are gane,
When I wi' grief did herd alane,
While my dear lad did fight his faes,
Far, far frae me an' Logan braes."

The above beautiful song is the production of John Mayne, author of the "Siller Gun," "Glasgow, a poem," &c. Mayne was a native of Dumfries, but spent the early part of his life in Glasgow, where he served an apprenticeship as a compositor under the celebrated printers, Foulis. He afterwards removed to London, and was long connected there with the *Star* daily newspaper. He died on the 14th of March, 1836. "Logan Braes" was first printed in the *Star* newspaper on the 23d May, 1789, and we believe consisted originally of only the first two stanzas, to which, indeed, the song, in singing, is generally limited. The four additional stanzas first appeared in the *Pocket Encyclopedia of Songs*, published at Glasgow in 1816, and are probably not by Mayne.—*Book of Scottish Song*.

FIORELLO'S FIDDLE-STICK.

(From an American Magazine.)

Among the men of rank in London who were distinguished during the last century for their love of music, the Baron Baygo held a prominent place.

This worthy man found music in every thing. Did a door creak upon its hinges, did a chair make a shrill sound in gliding over the floor, presto! in an instant our melomaniac seizes his tablets and marks down the corresponding musical inflections. There was not, in short, an itinerant merchant of the streets of London whose favourite cry had not been reproduced in the collection of Baron Baygo. To speak truth, however, it must be confessed that the musical education of our baron had not been of the most thorough character, being rather superficial than solid. He was consequently obliged to have recourse to an amannensis to note down for him, in a proper and artist-like manner, all the noises, good, bad, or indifferent, which figured in his musical agenda.

To procure a person of sufficient tact and patience to understand and humour all the baron's whims, it may readily be imagined was no easy task. Having changed a score of times his musical secretaries, he succeeded at length in attaching to him the celebrated Fiorello, an Italian violinist of rare talent, and as simple and candid in character as the majority of his countrymen are crafty and astute.

Still the baron, in spite of the three hours which he devoted every day to the practice of the violin, could never attain the faculty of playing with correctness; and his harmonical hand was continually entangled in difficulties, and made sad havoc with the doleful-sounding flats.

Fiorello was almost in despair. At length the baron one day throwing his violin on the floor, cried out in a rage: "Yes! I have already restrained myself too long; but patience! I am determined that these cursed flats shall bother me no longer!"

"What is it you mean, my lord?" said Fiorello, in astonishment.

"Why I mean to say," replied the baron, "that this very night I will make a motion in the House of Lords, to oblige musical composers from henceforth to leave out all those infernal flats from their music, under a heavy penalty."

"Ah, ha!" said Fiorello, bursting into laughter, "the proposal will be a pleasant one."

It will at least have a good moral effect, sir," replied the baron, with dignity. "Have we not a statute against profane swearing?"

"Certainly, my lord."

"Well then, were it not for these vile flats, I should not have broken it, for my own part, more than a thousand times, since I commenced the practice of the violin."

It never appeared, however, that the baron carried his threat into execution.

One day, when the baron, after three years of close application, had come to handle the bow passably well, and could execute with tolerable correctness a solo of Jarnovichi, (leaving out the flats,) he declared to Fiorello that he had made up his mind to give his friends a taste of the first fruits of his newly-acquired talent; and he accordingly directed him to make arrangements for a concert for the ensuing Saturday.

By order of the baron notes of invitation were sent out to princes of the royal family, to the grand dignitaries of the united kingdoms, to the speakers of the two houses of parliament, and to the lord-mayor of London. So well known in high life were the foibles and eccentricities of the baron, that each one took a malicious pleasure in accepting the invitation.

The day appointed for the concert at length ar-

rived. Fiorello was very thoughtful; and at breakfast, spite of the repeated invitations of the baron's niece, a sprightly girl of sixteen with whom he sat at table, scarcely swallowed a mouthful.

"What ails you my good master?" said Miss Betsy to him.

"Alas! Miss," replied the poor musician, "I fear that his lordship will compromise this evening my twenty years of honourable professorship."

"What! is that all, Signor Fiorello? Is not your reputation already sufficiently established? Take my advice; place yourself on the side of the laughers; and believe me, they will be the most numerous party this evening."

Fiorello, in spite of the encouragement of Miss Betsy, repaired to the rehearsal with much fear and anxiety. When the time for the commencement arrived, the baron, carrying his head very erect, mounted the stage prepared for the solo players, and without waiting to see if the others were ready, went to work in a most pitiless manner upon the piece he had selected for his debut.

It was a frightful *charivari*! But the musicians were paid to find out great talent in their patron, and the applause he received, although given with a degree of *empressement* which might seem a little ironical, made him the happiest of mortals. So far, all went on well; but when, in the evening, the baron saw among the invited guests the brother of the king, an excellent violinist, and his cousin, the Duchess of Cambridge, who had the reputation of being one of the first musicians of the day, he was seized with an insurmountable panic, and ran to find Fiorello. But the professor had departed about noon, and his servant could not tell what had become of him.

"Come on then!" said the baron, "the die is cast! I must play, eost what it will! I will at least, however, make use of the fiddle-stick of my master, who, without the least regard for my reputation, has abandoned me at this critical moment, in such a shameful manner."

The concert commenced with a magnificent chorus of Handel, which brought forth immense applause. Then La Mengotti warbled in a divine manner an air of Paisiello, and was conducted back to her seat in triumph. The order of the programme now designated the solo of the baron. Trembling from head to foot, he took his place, and bowed profoundly to the august assemblage; while the orchestra attacked the overture, which usually precedes those *moreaux* which are designed to give *clat* to a virtuoso. To the astonishment of all present, the baron executed the opening part of the concerto with a vigour and precision that was marvellous. The audience, who had come with the intent of laughing at their entertainer, were lost in perfect amazement. But still greater was their astonishment, when the baron executed, with consummate taste and skill, a delicious *vitanello*, which was set in the midst of the greatest difficulties of his piece, like an odour-breathing violet in the midst of a bunch of thorns. All arose with one accord; handkerchiefs waved in the air; and the name of the *Amphytrion* of the entertainment was mingled with the most hearty *vivats*. The poor baron experienced a sensation that he had never before known; his limbs trembled beneath him, and his forehead was covered with huge drops of perspiration.

The next day, the valet-de-chambre of Baron Baygo, while arranging the instruments which had

been used at the concert, observed that the hair of a valuable bow was covered with a thick coating of candle-grease. Astonished at this phenomenon, he carried it to his master, who, equally puzzled, sent for Fiorello, and holding up the bow, said: "Here, my dear master, is your fiddle-stick; it was of great service to me last evening, I assure you; for without it I should not to-day have carried my election as speaker of the house. Leave it with me as a token of remembrance, and accept this as a mark of my esteem." Thus saying, he slipped into the hand of Fiorello a draft on his banker for a hundred pounds. "But explain to me," added the baron, "how comes the hair of the bow in such a condition?"

Fiorello hung down his head, without replying. "Oh, uncle!" cried Miss Betsy, "I will tell you all about it. Last night, during the concert, Signor Fiorello was hid behind the screen; and it was he who made all the beautiful music, while you were scraping the fiddle so hard with a fiddle-stick that made no noise!"

For a few moments, the baron stood confounded. "Marvellous effect of self-love!" at length he exclaimed, for with all his foibles he was at bottom a man of sense; "so excited was I last evening, that I really thought it was myself who executed those beautiful pieces! But come, I must not quarrel with you, my dear Fiorello; and I beg leave to double the amount of this draft, for the sake of the stratagem, which has saved my reputation as a virtuoso. But I see plainly that I must stop here, and play no more upon the violin, lest this affair should get wind."

The baron kept his word; he gave up for ever his favourite instrument; but in order to make himself amends, he diligently collected, from time to time, all the different inflections of voice of the members of the upper house; and a curious medley it was!

ANACREONTIC—TO THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy Insect! what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature's self thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice;
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently joy,
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
The country hind with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know

But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flow'ry leaves among,
(Voluptuous, and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Sated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

*Abraham Cowley, born in London, 1618, died at
Chertsey, 28th July, 1667.*

BEAUTIFUL INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF MADAME MALIBRAN.

A young English singer in the chorus of the
Italian opera at Paris, not having the means to

follow the company to London, resolved upon taking
a benefit concert, Malibran having promised to
sing for her. By chance, on the evening fixed for
her concert, Madame Malibran was summoned to
the Duke of Orleans' party. The beneficiere,
uneasy, and alarmed, requested the audience to be
patient. Eleven o'clock had struck, and Malibran
came. After singing several romances, she took
the lady aside, and said: "I promised you my
evening you know; well, I have contrived to make
double harvest of it. Before I came here I sang
for you at the Duke of Orleans', and here are the
hundred crowns he has sent you." Delicacy and
generosity, form a lovely combination.—*Musical
World.*

FAIR, SWEET, CRUEL.

MADRIGAL.

Thos. Ford (1636).

Lento.

1st SOPRANO. Fair, sweet, cru - el, why dost thou fly me, why - dost thou fly me,

2d SOPRANO. Fair, sweet, cru - el, why dost thou fly, why dost thou

TENOR. Fair sweet, cru - el, why dost thou fly me, why dost thou

BASS. Fair, sweet, cru - el, why dost thou fly me, why dost thou fly me,

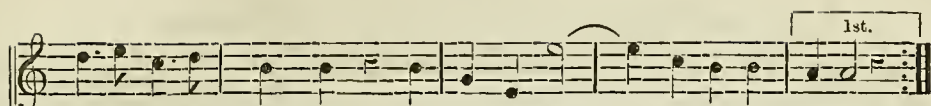
go not, go not, Oh go not from thy dearest, tho' thou dost

fly me, Oh go not from thy dear - est, tho' thou dost

fly, why dost thou fly me, go not from thy dear - est, tho' thou dost

go not oh! go not from thy dear - est, tho' thou dost

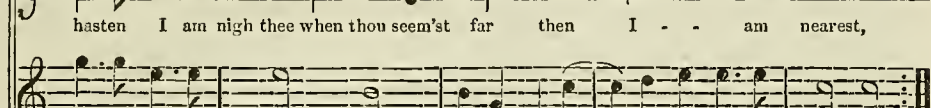
1st.



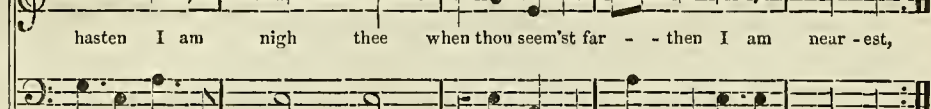
hasten I am nigh thee when thou seem'st far - - then I am nearest,



hasten I am nigh thee when thou seem'st far then I - - am nearest,



hasten I am nigh thee when thou seem'st far - - then I am near-est,



hasten I am nigh thee, when thou seem'st far then I am near-est,

2d.



near - est, tar-ry then, tar-ry then, oh tar-ry



near - est, tar-ry then, tar-ry then, tar-ry then, and take me



nearest tar-ry, then tar-ry, then oh tar-ry, tar-ry, then oh tar -



near - est, tar - ry then, oh tar - ry

1st.



oh tar-ry then and take me with you, with you.



with you, oh tar-ry then and take me with you, tar-ry with you.



- ry, oh tar-ry then and take me with you, tar-ry then with you.



oh - tar-ry then and take me with you, with you.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.



This exquisite little Gaelic air must be played slow and softly all through, marking the crescendos and diminuendos, though not pointedly, so as to produce a melancholy and wailing sound like the wind sighing through trees, with the low muttering of the sea laving the shingly beach at a little distance. In our opinion this short melody stands perfectly unrivalled as a specimen of that music which

strives to depict feelings which "lie too deep for tears," and which words are too coarse to enunciate. We have noted it down from the singing of a friend, and we are not aware that it has ever before been printed. There is a little romance connected with this air which will probably see the light at a more convenient season.

LA SCALA, MILAN.

The theatre of La Scala, built after the designs of Piermarini, is deemed, with respect to architecture, the most beautiful opera-house in Europe; and, except the great theatre at Parma, and that of San Carlos at Naples, it is the most spacious. The stage-decorations, also, are splendid and classical; and the orchestra is, generally speaking, the best in Italy; but the circumstance most creditable to this, and, indeed, to every other theatre on the Continent, is that perfect decorum which enables ladies, though unattended, to go, return, and even walk from box to box, without the slightest chance of receiving an insult.

Perhaps the first feeling on entering La Scala is that of disappointment—at least, we experienced it so; it is not until you have looked around you, and become aware of your own insignificance in the area, that its vast dimensions are apparent, and then you perceive that it is indeed magnificent. There is, however, one drawback; it is badly lighted, one chandelier alone throwing its lustre over the whole interior, and that, we thought, by no means so large as the lustre at our Astley's. All the light is thrown upon the stage—the audience being in comparative gloom. This, of course, greatly deteriorates the splendour of the theatre, but rather adds to its appearance of immensity. The decorations were clean and light, having been newly furnished for the coronation of the Emperor of Austria.

By a fortunate coincidence, for we had wished it might be so, the opera was the divine "Sonnambula" of Bellini. We have always thought the music of this opera the most pathetic and heart-touching in existence. Perhaps associations (and how strongly are we governed by them!) may have flung a further charm over it. Many scenes—many lights and shadows of our past life, important and varied as an existence of not many years can comprise, have been so closely connected with the music and representations of our favourite opera, that we never hear it without a thrill of intense emotion—a feeling that we can scarcely define as allied to pain or pleasure, so equally do they mingle. Every passage—every bar—calls up some recollection of bygone times; from the joyous "Viva Amina" of the commencing scene, to the beautiful "Ah! non giunge" of the finale, "memory will bring back the feeling" of past hours; which, although sometimes "fraught with sadness," we would not willingly forget.

But there were other associations connected with La Scala that awakened a lively interest in us. It was here poor Malibran carried all before her: this was the scene of her greatest triumphs, and here is her name still venerated. A handsome bust has been placed in the foyer of the theatre to her memory, since last autumn; but this souvenir was not needed. The names of Amina and Fidelio are so coupled with her own, that as long as these operas are played, she will not be forgotten.—*Literary World.*

THE FLOWER O' THE WEST.

The dew drops o' mornin' ilk flower were adornin',
The sweet early lark soar'd on high 'bune her nest,
When by Kelvin I stray'd, whar its clear waters
played,
To think on fair Jeanie, the flower o' the west.
O lang hae I lo'ed her, wi' fond thochts hae wou'd her,
To her breath'd my soul in the strains she lo'es
best;
There's name kens the feeling that's thro' my heart
stealing
At name o' sweet Jeanie, the flower o' the west.
Her hair in saft tresses her pale cheek caresses,
Her e'en are twa stars when the sun's gane to rest,
I've aft thoct that heaven to name smiles hae given
Like those o' fair Jeanie, the flower o' the west.
The earth has its pleasures, and rich gowden treasures
Lie hid in the caves o' its dark rocky breast;
But bricht' gems dwell in each rich laden cell
O' the mind o' sweet Jeanie, the flower o' the west.
May despair's chilling storm ne'er assail her fair
form—
May her pure heart by pale anguish ne'er be
oppress'd—
May fair angels bless her—watch o'er and caress her,
And shield frae cauld winds the fair flower o' the
west.
Though the sweet bonnie blossom should ne'er graece
my hosom,
Or pour forth its perfume on this wounded breast,
Yet still will I nourish, in fond mem'ry cherish
My heart's love for Jeanie the flower o' the west.
Glasgow. August, 1843. JAMES M'GREGOR.

DEZÈDE.

This able and agreeable composer, who was called Dezède or Dezaides, became known to the public by his opera of "Julia," the libretto of which was written by Monvel. It was represented with success at the *Theatre Italienne* at Paris, in 1772. He afterwards produced twelve operas, and a variety of detached compositions, which added greatly to his reputation. He tried the strength of his genius in the composition of three serious operas, which were performed at the *Académie Royale de Musique*; but the nature of his talents more particularly fitted him for the treatment of pastoral subjects, in which he so far excelled that his contemporaries styled him the *Orpheus of the groves*. Though his productions are numerous, still they were purely original; and so entirely that he scarcely ever borrowed a subject or phrase even from his own works. His passages were sweet, fresh, and full of expression, and always appropriately accompanied; he never mistook loudness for fulness or power, nor mere power for sublimity or grandeur. Dezède died in 1793, without ever having come to the knowledge of who were his parents, and never even knew the place of his birth. In his infancy he was brought to Paris, by whom he knew not, his education was entrusted to an Abbé, who cultivated his natural taste for music, and taught him to play on the harp. The handsome pension assigned for his maintenance caused it to be surmised that he was the unowned progeny of some opulent person; and a very natural curiosity excited him to endeavour to clear up the mystery attached to his paternity; but persevering in his fruitless search (contrary to the advice and command of the Abbé his corator) he was suddenly and for ever deprived of all succour. It was then that he first experienced the full value of his musical acquirements. He used his talents as assiduously as judiciously, and enjoyed the supreme happiness of being indebted to no one save himself for the means of living respectably and honourably.

MUSICAL OBITUARY.

The veteran violoncellist, CHARLES ASHLEY, died suddenly on Tuesday, the 5th of September, 1843, from apoplexy, in the 72d year of his age. He was one of the principal performers at the commemoration of Handel in 1786.

JOHN WEIPPERT died on the 25th Sept., 1843. His death was occasioned by the injury which he received on the Thursday previous, when he was thrown from his gig, and fell with great violence in the road near Bushy. He was upwards of twenty years director of the orchestra at the court balls, and at Almacks, and by his enterprising endeavours he maintained a high position at all the fetes of the aristocracy both in London and at their various country residences.

GABRIEL PROTTA, who was the only surviving composer of the Scarlatti and Durante school, died lately at Vienna, at the age of 89. Educated at the conservatory of Loretta, he was, with Cimarosa and Zingarelli, under the tuition of the Abbé Speranza and of Finaroli. He was celebrated as a contrapuntist. His Requiem, Stabat, and Miserere gained for him a great reputation as a composer of church music. In his early days he composed an opera called "Enzio," which was produced for the first time in 1784, and afterwards performed throughout Italy with much success.

JOSEPH MAZZINGHI.—The papers announce the death at an advanced age, of Count Mazzinghi. He was well known in the world of art, some thirty years since, as a musical composer, and his "Chains of the Heart," and "Ramah Droog," kept the stage for a while as favourite ballad operas. He belonged to a noble Corsican family, and being many years excluded from the succession to its property and titles, honourably devoted the period of expectation to professional labour.—*Athenæum*, Jan. 20, 1844. [Mazzinghi died on the 15th January, aged 79, at Downside College, near Bath, where he had gone to visit his only son.]

THE FAIREST MONTH.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Danby.

1st SOPRANO. *p* The fair - est month of the fair year, Like thy own beauty

2d SOPRANO. *p* The fair - est month of the fair year, Like thy own beauty

BASS. *p* of the fair year,

fresh and clear, Presents thee on this hap - py day, With the first fruits of
 fresh and clear, Presents thee on this hap - py day, With the first fruits of

in - fant May For where should Flo - ra spread her sweets, But
 in - fant May. For where should Flo - ra spread her sweets, But

where she e - qual fragrance meets. To thee their breath the
 where she e - qual fragrance meets. To thee their breath the

ze - phyr's bring, And rob a - gain to make the spring.
 ze - phyr's bring, And rob a - gain to make the spring.

STILL IS THE NIGHT-BREEZE.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

*Larghetto.**Dr. Harrington.*

1 Still is the night-breeze, still is the night-breeze, still is the night-breeze,
 2 O'er these high battlements, o'er these high battlements, o'er these high battlements,
 3 On all but me, I vain-ly ask his dew's to steep in short for -

not a lone-ly sound steals thro' the si-lence of this drea-ry hour,
 sleep reigns profound, And sheds on all his sweet ob-li-vious power,
 get-fulness my cares, Th'af-fright-ed god still flies when love pursues, still

steals thro' the si-lence of this drea-ry hour.
 And sheds on all his sweet ob-li-vious pow'r.
 still de-nies the wretch-ed lo-ver's pray'rs.

THE BEWITCHED PAINTERS.

A TALE OF STRASBURG.

It was in the ancient city of Strasburg, about the year 1630, that one fine spring day several young men were seen arriving, almost at the same moment, at the gateway of the house of a celebrated painter, Murillo. They saluted each other with cordiality,

and bounding up the stairs, they gained the studio of the painter.

The master was not yet there, and each one slowly approached his own easel, to ascertain if the work of the previous evening had dried, or perhaps to admire his own work.

"By St. Jacques of Compostello!" cried Isturitz, "which of you was last in the study yesternight?"

"Are you yet asleep?" replied Cordova and Fernandez; "or do you forget that we all left at the same time?"

"This is folly, gentlemen," said Isturitz, in a tone of ill humour; "it was but yesternight I cleaned my palette with particular care, and it is as dirty as if it had been in use the whole night."

"Look here!" cried Carlos, "here is a little figure upon my canvas; which of you is it who every morning amuses himself drawing figures, first upon my canvas, then upon the wall? Why, Fernandez, it was but yesterday that there was one upon thy easel."

"Tis Isturitz," cried Fernandez; "his palette bears witness against him."

"Gentlemen, I will take my oath it is not."

"Oh, don't swear, we believe you; you have not sufficient genius to design such a figure as that."

"I am full as clever as thee, Carlos, all the world knows, and my brushes are every one dirty," cried Gonzale; "by our patron saint! but extraordinary things occur here every evening."

"Perhaps you are like the negro Gomez, who imagines it to be Obi?" said Isturitz.

"My faith!" cried Mendez, (who had not yet spoken, and who had been occupied in carefully examining the figures,) "if it is the Obi of the negroes who has designed these figures, he is an astonishing being, and I wish he would improve upon my virgin's head in my Descent from the Cross, and render it softer than I can make it." Saying these words with great nonchalance, he approached his own easel, when he uttered a sudden exclamation, and remained pale before his canvas, on which he saw a fine unfinished virgin's head, the lines of which were so delicate, the contour so graceful, that it seemed amongst the crowd of figures by which it was surrounded, to be like an apparition.

"Holloa!" cried a harsh, broken voice, "what is the meaning of all this uproar?"

The students started, and bowed respectfully before him who had just spoken; "look here, Seigneur Murillo," replied they, pointing to the easel of Mendez.

"Which of you has painted this?" said Murillo quickly; "but speak, speak." Seeing that no one replied to him—"very well, very well," he added, "would that I had painted this myself! By the head of my father! what a touch, what delicacy! Mendez, my dear boy, is it thee? speak! I tell thee that he who has painted this will one day be the master of us all."

"No, seigneur," replied he with an air of sadness.

"It is thee, then, Isturitz; or thee, Fernandez; or thee, Gomez."

But all replied no, in the same tone as Mendez.

"It has not painted itself," cried Murillo.

"Certainly not," cried Cordova, "but it is not the only surprising thing that has happened here."

"How?" said Murillo, without ceasing to regard the work of the unknown painter.

"Why," continued Fernandez, "we never quit the study without putting every thing in order, washing our palettes, wiping our brushes; and in the morning when we return everything is displaced, our brushes are full of paint, our palettes dirtied; but yet there are these figures scattered about here and there, perhaps a virgin's head, perhaps the profile of a young girl or an old man, but all so ravishing, so admirable; but to-day you see one yourself, and if he who works so much better by night than we do by day is not yourself, then it is the devil."

"I wish to Heaven it was me," said Murillo, "for most certainly I would not disown these lines; the contour, indeed the whole sketch, wants but little to render it perfect. Sebastien! Sebastien!" cried he: "now, gentlemen, we will soon know who has done this. Sebastien," added he, (addressing a little mulatto of about fourteen years of age,) "did I not order you to sleep in this room every night?"

"Yes, sir," replied the terrified boy.

"Then speak. Who has been here this morning before these gentlemen came in? Speak, sir, or I will make you acquainted with my stick."

The child trembled, but did not reply.

"Ah! you will not answer," added Murillo, taking him by the ear.

"No one, no one sir," cried the boy, now obliged to speak, but trembling much.

"Thou liest!"

"No one but me, I assure you," said Sebastien, throwing himself before Murillo.

"Listen to me," replied the painter. "I will know who has designed this virgin's head, and the figures that my pupils from time to time have discovered upon the walls of the study. This night, in the place of sleeping thou shalt keep watch, and to-morrow if thou hast not discovered it I will chastise you well; and now go and grind thy colours, and you, gentlemen, to your work."

The hour of study now commenced, at first in silence, for Murillo was a painter from his soul, and was too enthusiastic in his art to suffer any conversation but that relating to it, but at his departure the discourse again turned upon the mysterious paintings. Mendez spoke first.

"Have a care of the stick, Sebastien, if thou dost not catch the culprit to-night. Give me the Naples yellow!"

"You do not need it, seigneur, you are sufficiently sallow without it."

It was night in the city of Strasburg, and the study of the celebrated painter was deserted by the gay throng with which it was usually filled. Upon a marble table was burning a solitary lamp, and not far from the table a young child, whose colour was confounded with the shadows that reigned around him, but whose eyes sparkled like diamonds, was leaning against an easel, and so statue-like was his attitude that he appeared to be turned into stone, and so absorbed was he in his reflections, that a door opened and a tall noble-looking negro entered and called the boy by his name three distinct times without attracting his attention: he approached and touched him. Sebastien lifted his eyes.

"What would you, father?" said he.

"To keep you company, my boy!"

"No! no! my father, I would rather be alone: go to your bed, father, I can watch without you." "But if the Obi should come?" Sebastien smiled sadly. "I do not fear him, my father." "He will carry you away, and poor Gomez will be left without a comfort in his slavery." "Oh, how frightful it is to be a slave!" said the child, crying.

"What would you, my boy? Providence has willed it."

"Providence!" said the child, lifting his eyes towards the glass dome of the study, through which might be seen the bright heavens. "I have prayed to him and he has heard me, and one day or other we shall no longer be slaves; hut go, father, go,

I shall rest upon this straw mat. Go! go! my father, I beseech thee."

"Then thou dost not fear the Obi?"

"Father, the Obi is a superstition of our country. Fra Eugene has explained it to me, and he says that Providence would not permit anything so unholy to exist."

"Then, why, when the gentlemen asked you who had drawn those figures, did you answer the Obi?"

"To amuse myself, and to make them laugh."

"Then thou dost not fear?"

"No! no!"

"Then good night, good night, my child."

When the boy found that he was alone, he bounded with joy. "To work! to work!" he exclaimed, but again he reflected,—“but to-morrow my master's anger, and perhaps worse, if I tell him the truth. Heaven protect me!” and the boy knelt; but sleep surprised him in the middle of his prayer.

Morning was dawning when the boy arose from the floor. Sebastien started, it was three o'clock. "Courage! courage!" exclaimed he, "there are yet three hours! three hours for thee—profit by them; the rest are your master's. Be master at least for three hours. First," said he, "let me efface these figures;" and he took a brush dipped in oil, then approached the virgin's head, which by that light appeared supernaturally beautiful! "Efface it! efface it. Never! never! No," said he, "I would sooner die. But oh! this head, it moves, it breathes, it lives—if I efface it, it will bleed; no, no, let me rather finish it."

As this idea struck him, he seized the palette! The negro boy was at work. Seven o'clock came, Sebastien was still at his task, he was absorbed with his work, which seemed to start into life under his hands. Yet another touch—Sebastien forgot the hour, forgot his slavery—forgot everything except his virgin's head. A sudden noise caused him to turn; he was surrounded by the pupils, with Murillo at their head. He did not seek to justify himself, he bowed his head, and awaited in silence the punishment he thought he had merited. There was a dead silence among them—Sebastien was petrified to find himself caught in the fact. Murillo and his pupils were wonderstruck at what they beheld. The painter waving his hand to command attention, approached Sebastien, and hiding his emotion under a cold and severe air, he stood before his slave, who seemed changed into stone.

"Who is thy master, Sebastien?"

"You, seigneur," replied the boy, in a voice that was almost inaudible.

"Thy master in painting, I would say?"

"You, seigneur," again replied the trembling boy.

"Me!" replied the astonished Murillo, "why I never gave you a single lesson."

"But you have given them to others," said the boy, now emboldened by the kind tone in which the painter spoke.

"And thou hast not only listened to them, but profited by them also. Gentlemen," added he, "which does this boy deserve, a reward or a punishment?"

"A reward, a reward!" they all exclaimed.

"But what reward?"

"Ten ducats," said Fernandez.

"Fifteen," said Gomez.

"Speak, Sebastien, are these rewards to thy taste? I am satisfied with thy work, thy touch, thy admirable colouring, and with this head which thy pencil has created; I will comply with any request thou mayest

make. Speak, tell me thy desires, and fear nothing. By my father's head, I swear that whatsoever thou dost demand, if it is in my power, it shall be granted."

"Oh if I dared"—the boy fell upon his knees before his master, he joined his hands together, and you might have read upon his expressive features an all-engrossing idea, that extreme timidity prevented him from making known. Thinking to encourage him, the students whispered in his ear and each suggested some request. "Ask gold Sebastien." "Ask for rich clothes." "Ask him to receive you among his pupils." A feeble ray of satisfaction illumined his countenance, but he spoke not.

"Now Sebastien speak, decide. The seigneur is in a good humour; ask him thy liberty," said Fernandez.

The poor boy uttered a cry of anguish, and lifting his eyes to his master's face, he exclaimed in an almost suffocated voice,—“Oh, seigneur, my father's liberty."

"And thine also, my child," said Murillo, now no longer able to conceal his emotion. Lifting him in his arms, he pressed him to his breast and spoke thus:—"Thy pencil has proclaimed thee a genius; thy request proves that thou hast an heart; the painter is complete. Not only shalt thou be my pupil, but thou shalt be my child. Happy, happy Murillo, before I only painted pictures, but now I have made a painter."

Sebastien Gomes, better known as the Mulatto of Murillo, became one of the first painters. The most admired of his works are the *Virgin and Child* in the Cathedral at Seville, *Saint Joseph*, and *Christ attached to a column having Saint Peter at his feet*.

SONNETS TO CHATTERTON.

I.

Near seventy years have pass'd since Chatterton,

Scorning the world's neglect, despaired and died!

Although with his own reckless hand he rent

Life's veil, and bears the name of suicide,

Judge not—nor e'en refuse a simple stone

To bear his name, whom Bristol spurning, sent

To war with want, unsuccour'd and alone!

He died,—but mercy is omnipotent!

Stern moralist! despise not him who sought

Such rash relief. God knows what secret pain

Crush'd his high spirit, when he wildly sought

At once to sever life, and misery's chain.

Hast thou no pride? Bare thy cold heart, there see
That spirit which was in the Pharisee.

II.

Genius to frailty ever is allied;

And they who holdly venture near the sun,

May lose the wings which bore them in their pride

High through the realms of thought! So Chatterton,

Cast swiftly down, walked for awhile the earth

In mournful mood;—then sullen misery came;—

Famine and genius in his brain gave birth

To madness; and the want enfeebled frame,

By a wild effort of the soul within,

Ceas'd to imprison. Blame not though he fell;

Thou art as frail as he was; and to sin

As prone. Not rashly then consign to hell

One whom the Eternal mercy might forgive,

Nor let the spirit of a Walpole live!

Sunbeam.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND GUARD YE THE PASSES.

THE SONG OF-CLAN-ALBIN.

Words by Robert Allan, Esq.

Music by John Turnbull.

With energy.

2d verse, The

Guard ye the passes, de-fend your high mountains, These harriers that Roman invaders withstood, Re-South'rons they gather, around thee they ho-ver, Despoiling thy landmarks, foretelling thy doom, A-

member your sires, Call their shades from their slumber, The he-roes who o-ver these wake thee, Clan Al-bin! the rea-vers they know not That these are thy mountains, these

valleys have trod.
valleys thy home.

A-wake thee, Clan Albin! thou prides of the highlands, And
A-way then, thou reaver, the word it is giv-en, The

start from thy lair as the light bounding roe, Draw, draw from thy scabbard thy
thun-der is heard on the mountains a-far, It rolls through the val-ley, it

broad-sword and let it Fall hea-vy and surs on the head of the foe.
wa-kens the ham-let, It calls forth the brave and the dauntless to war.

[3d verse.]

They come! and their swords they have whetted in
vengeance, [their eye,
Their hearts they have steel'd, and there's wrath in
They reckon thy numbers, they scorn thy proud phalanx
They come for their country to conquer or die.

Now, now the proud eagle hath left his bright region
Of sunbeam—to perch on the field of the slain,
Clan-Albin returns to her mountains in triumph,
And dares to the combat the foemen again.

AT SETTING DAY

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Corfe.

SOPRANO.  At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, With soul that still shall

ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO.  At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, With soul that still shall

TENOR.  At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, With soul that still shall

BASS.  At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, With soul that still shall

 love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe re - turn, With all that can im - prove thee;

 love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe re - turn, With all that can im - prove thee;

 love thee, I'll ask, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return, With all that can im - prove thee;

 love thee, I'll ask, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return, With all that can im - prove thee;

 I'll vi - sit oft the birk - en bush, Where first thou kind - ly told me Sweet

 Where first thou kind - ly told me Sweet

 Sweet

 I'll vi - sit oft the birk - en bush Where first thou kind - ly told sweet tales of

tales of love, and hid my blush, Whilst round thou didst en - fold me.

tales of love, and hid my blush, Whilst round thou didst en - fold me.

tales of love, and hid my blush, Whilst round thou didst en - fold me.

SHOULD COUNTER-TENOR BE SUNG BY MALE OR FEMALE VOICES?

By MR. J. SELIGMANN.

The prevailing opinion in Great Britain is, that the part of counter-tenor, or alto, must be sung by male and not by female voices, while all over the continent it is the very reverse. It is, therefore, of importance to those professionally engaged in music, and I hope it will not be uninteresting to the lovers of music generally, to discuss the matter; and with this view I beg to submit the following as the results of my investigations.

The reasons put forth by those who contend for the counter-tenor being sung by male voices, are the following:—

1st, The compositions are written for it.

2dly, It is the common practice, and difficult to alter.

Let us now see what may be said against this. The first reason is only partly true. It is asserted that Handel wrote his master-pieces—the oratorios—in this way, and that after him many a good glee was written in like manner by English composers. But why did they write so? Because they would not have been able to have their compositions performed if they had done otherwise, as few female counter-tenors were then in existence. Setting this aside, Handel and the English composers are the only few who have written for male counter-tenors. No continental composer has done so for the last century, neither in the case of sacred nor secular music, therefore the greater number of counter-tenor compositions are written for female voices. Besides, I am not sure at all if Handel, who, as a German, must have preferred female counter-tenor voices, composed the alto part in his oratorios only for male voices, as Dr. Burney, Dr. Busby, and

Mr. Hogarth, in their histories of music, speak of female as well as of male counter-tenors who performed at that time; and they tell us of Handel engaging a Signora Merighi and a Mrs. Barbier, to sing the counter-tenor in his compositions.

The second reason mentioned in favour of male counter-tenors falls to the ground of itself. To have anything left undone, or any improvement uneffected, because its accomplishment is difficult, is not the maxim of the present age, and, moreover, the difficulty of changing the present mode is hardly worthy of notice. If we come to account for the custom of using male counter-tenors, we find the reason only in the want of a sufficient number of trained female voices, which again had its origin chiefly in the prejudice of former times against any appearance of females in public. Every musician must admit that the male counter-tenor has always a harsh and forced character, arising from the manner in which it is produced, I mean by the constant use of the falsetto. He must also have found out the difficulty of keeping up the tone at its proper pitch, and observed its constant tendency to fall lower, on account of the unnatural relaxation of the nerves and sinews of the larynx and its adjoining parts. It would look like flattery of the fair sex, if I were to endeavour to point out, as a counterpart to this, all the well-known beauties of low female voices.

The next point we come to is, can we sing the part in question in Handel, Calcott, Arne, Arnold, &c. by female voices. I answer in the affirmative, without hesitation, because the lower female voice has a far greater compass than the male counter-tenor; and for this very reason it is often impossible for male voices to sing from the original scores the alto part of the compositions of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Bach, Spohr, Mendelssohn, Weber,

Auber, Meyerbeer, Cherubini, Rossini, Bellini, &c. &c., while you hear on the continent the alto parts of Handel's compositions performed, unaltered, by females or boys. Every great foreign composer who has been in England (for on the continent, with the exception of some French provinces, no one knows anything about male counter tenors, the last male counter-tenor in Italy having died in 1644), and particularly Carl Maria Von Weber, expressed a very strong opinion against male counter-tenors, and every writer of authority whom I have consulted about this matter speaks in favour of the female voice; while, on the contrary, I have not found a single one in favour of the other mode. I beg to subjoin a few authorities:—

1. *J. J. Rousseau's Dictionnaire de Musique*, 1782.—“Haute-contre; contre-tenor. This part, which the Italians call contralto, is nearly always sung by female voices. Indeed, the contre-tenor sung by male voices is not at all natural, it must be forced to bring it up to its proper pitch; and you may try it how you like, it will seldom be in tune, and always sound disagreeable.”

2. *Gottfried Weber's Theory of the Art of Composing*: Mainz, 1830.—“Voices are divided into male and female, the latter of which are equal to boys' voices. They are subdivided into four principal kinds. 1st, High female or boys' voices; 2d, Low female or boy's voices, alt, alto, its compass is from G to D; 3d, High male voices, tenor, tenore, taille, compass C—G; 4th, Low male voices. There are many intervening voices in existence. Finally, you can find, especially in France, male voices which *crow up* to the height of the alto; they are called haute-taille or haute-contre, contre-tenor.”

3. *Musical Conversations Lexicon*, by *Guthy*: Hamburg, 1840.—“Tenor, taille, the highest natural male voice; its compass is from C to G; sometimes to A or B, but then seldom a chest voice.”

4. *Mainzer's Musical Grammar*: London, 1843.—“There are two different sorts of voices, male voices and female voices. The higher male voice is called tenor, the higher female voice soprano; the lower voice of men is called bass, and of women, alto. The general division is therefore reduced to these four. This classification comprises every existing voice. Choruses in general are written for these four voices.”

5. *Lablache's Singing Tutor*: London.—“The extent of the sounds usually produced by the human voice is completed by six species of voice,—three male (the bass, the baritone, and the tenor); and three female (the counter-alto, the mezzo-soprano, and the soprano).”

6. *Barnett's Singing Tutor*: London.—“There are four distinct kinds of voice, viz.:—1, Treble, or soprano; 2, Counter-tenor, or alto, or contralto; 3, Tenor; 4, Bass. The contralto is the second species of the female voice, but lower and richer than the soprano. There are contralto among the male voices, but they are not so pure as the former.”

7. *Edinburgh Observer*, 3d Oct. 1843.—“Edinburgh Musical Festival. Nor can we subscribe to the propriety of having a male soprano, when so excellent a one as Miss M. B. Hawes could easily have been secured.”

8. *Musical World*, No. 42: London, 1843.—“Edinburgh Musical Festival. One thing provoked

me, viz. the lovely song, ‘Oh thou that tellest,’ which has such a heavenly effect when calmly warbled by a counter-alto or a mezzo-soprano, was given to Mr. Hawkins, a counter-tenor, and thus unnecessarily spoiled.”

9. *Treatise on Music in Chambers's Information for the People*, written by *George Hogarth*.—“The male voice of the highest pitch is called tenor, of the lowest, bass. The female voice of the highest pitch is called treble or soprano, of the lowest pitch, contralto.”

In conclusion, I think it necessary to add, that a great many teachers of music in England, and also in Scotland, and amongst those the most talented, have exerted themselves against the use of male counter-tenors. And it is to be hoped that it may soon be universally acknowledged to be better that the part of counter-tenor, or alto, should be sung by female voices, and that in this way it should be introduced in all places where vocal music is performed.

101, Fife-Place, Glasgow, 1844

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR 1843.

CARE SOLILOQUISETH.

Life! dazzling pageant! plumed with hope;
Thy flaunting banners, feverish dreams;
Thy shows unreal as meteor gleams
That flash awhile, then die;
’Tis but a moment and shall drop
From this year's glass the ebbing sand
Which Time holds with unsteady hand,
Bow'd head, and tear-dimmed eye.

VIRTUE ADDRESSETH CONSCIENCE

What tale does miser memory hoard,
Which pure hearts laugh'd to see begun,
Which joy can banquet gaily on,
And conscience still approve.
Didst thou e'er heap the needy's board,
Or comfort to the mourner send;
Did justice with thy dealings blend,
And single hearted love.

Did no vain glory prompt thy deed,
Nor appetite for vulgar praise,
No wish to court the approving gaze?
A bright reward thou hast.
Pure memories hover round thy head;
A fount of happiness is thine;
Reflection thence will ever twine
Thy future with thy past.

HOPE SPEAKETH TO THE BEREAVED HEART.

Have ties been rent which friendship bound
Or hearts divorced which love had knit,
Are bosoms cold which heaven had lit
With empyrean light.
Look from thyself above, around,
See nature labouring full of bliss,
Think of that pure world after this
Where balm awaits thy blight.

THE OLD YEAR COUNSELLETH.

A truce to care. Act well thy part.
For see how young Time presses on
With brighter suns than ever shone
To grace the coming year.
Again shall bound the aching heart,
To greet the wanderer's glad return,
Then, ah, awhile forget to mourn,
Love! Hope! and banish fear. J. M

THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

*Air—Locherroch Side.**Grazioso.*

'Twas on a sim - mer'a af - ter - noon, A wee be - fore the sun gaed down, My

las - sie in a braw new gown, Cam o'er the hill to Gow - rie. The

rose-bud ting'd wi' morning's show'r, Bloom'd fresh within the ha - zel bow'r, But

Kit - ty was the fair - est flow'r, That e - ver bloom'd in Gow - rie.

'Twas on a simmer's afternoon,
A wee before the sun gaed down,
My lassie in a braw new gown.
Cam o'er the hills to Gowrie.
The rosebud ting'd wi' morning's show'r,
Bloom'd fresh within the hazel bow'r,
But Kitty was the fairest flow'r
That ever bloom'd in Gowrie.

I had nae thought to do her wrang,
But round her waist my arms I flang,
And said my lassie will ye gang
To view the Carse o' Gowrie.

I'll take you to my father's ha',
In yon green field beside the shaw,
And make ye lady o' them a',
The bravest wife in Gowrie.

Soft kisses on her lips I laid,
The blush upon her cheek soon spread,
She whisper'd modestly and said,
I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
The auld folk aoon gied their consent,
And to Mess John we quickly went,
Wha tied us to our heart's content,
And now she's Lady Gowrie.

THE SABBATH.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe:
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved
ground;

The aged man, the howed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-
pleased;

These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,

Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues,
The organ breathes its distant thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full:
The people rising sing, 'with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;' harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong.
And now the tubes a softened stop controls;
In softer harmony the people join,
While liquid whispers from yon orphan band,
Recall the soul from adoration's trance,
And fill the eye with pity's gentle tears.
Again the organ peal, loud, rolling, meets
The hallelujahs of the quire. Sublime
A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
As if the whole were one, suspended high
In air, soaring heavenward: afar they float,
Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheered;
He smiles on death.

Grahame's Sabbath.

IN GOD'S WORD WILL I REJOICE.

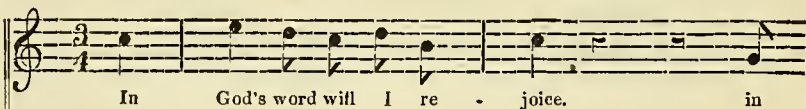
ANTHEM FROM PSALM LVI. 10, 11, 12.

BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

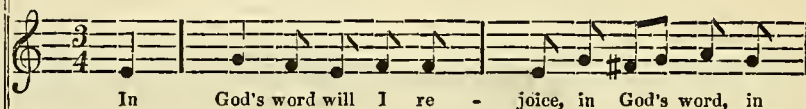
Andante Sostenuto.

Hitherto Unpublished.

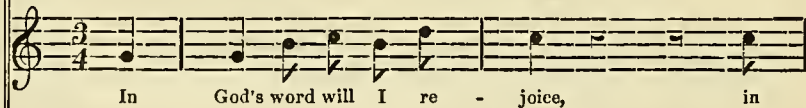
1st
TREBLE.



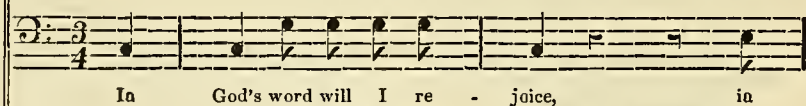
2d
TREBLE.



TENOR.



BASS.



ORGAN
OR
PIANO
FORTE.



God's word will I re-joice, in the Lord's word will I comfort me, in the

God's word will I re-joice, in the Lord's word will I comfort me, in the

God's word will I re-joice, in the Lord's word will I comfort me, in the

God's word will I re-joice, will I re-joice, and will I comfort me, in the

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "God's word will I re-joice, in the Lord's word will I comfort me, in the". The piano part features a steady eighth-note accompaniment in the right hand and a more active bass line in the left hand.

Lord's word will I comfort me, *f* Yea, in God have I put my

Lord's word will I comfort me, *f* Yea, in God have I put my

Lord's word will I comfort me, *f* Yea, in God have I put my

Lord's word will I comfort me, Yea in God have I put my

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn. It features four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Lord's word will I comfort me, *f* Yea, in God have I put my". The piano part continues with the same accompaniment pattern, and the vocal parts have a more active melody. The system ends with a double bar line.

trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a - fraid, O

trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a -

trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a -

trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a -

The first system of the musical score consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal staves are arranged in two pairs, with the first pair on the top two staves and the second pair on the bottom two staves. The piano accompaniment is written on a grand staff (treble and bass clef). The music is in G major (one sharp) and 4/4 time. The lyrics are: "trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a - fraid, O" for the first pair and "trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a -" for the second pair. The piano accompaniment provides a harmonic foundation for the vocal lines.

Lord! what man can do un - to me. Un - to

fraid what man can do un - to me. Un - to

fraid, what man can do un - to me, what man can do un - to me.

fraid, what man can do un - to me.

The second system of the musical score continues the hymn. It also consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "Lord! what man can do un - to me. Un - to" for the first pair, "fraid what man can do un - to me. Un - to" for the second pair, "fraid, what man can do un - to me, what man can do un - to me." for the third pair, and "fraid, what man can do un - to me." for the fourth pair. The piano accompaniment continues to provide harmonic support for the vocal lines.

thee, O God! un - to thee, O God! will I pay my vows, my vows,

thee, O God! un - to thee, O God! will I pay my vows, my vows un - to

un - to thee, O God! will I pay my vows, my vows un - to

un - to thee, O God! will I pay my vows, my vows un - to

un - to thee, O God, will I give thanks, un - to

thee, O God will I give thanks - - un - to thee,

thee will I give thanks, O God! un - to

thee will I give thanks un - to thee, O God will I give

thee - - O God, un - to thee will I pay my
 God! un - to thee will I pay my vows, un - to
 thee, O God, will I give thanks, un - to thee will I
 thanks un - to thee, O God, will I give thanks, O

p
 vows, un - to thee, O God, will I pay my vows, un - to thee will I give
p
 thee, un - to thee will I pay my vows, un - to thee will I give
 pay my vows, will I pay my vows,
p
 God, un - to thee, O God, I will give
p

f

thanks - un - to thee will I give thanks, un - to

f

thanks, - un - to thee will I give thanks - un - to

f

un - to thee, un - to

cres.

thanks, un - to thee O God, un - to

cres. f

thee, O God, un - to thee will I give thanks, will I give

thee, O God, un - to thee will I give thanks - will I give

f

thee, O God, un - to thee will I give thanks, will I give

thee, O God, un - to thee will I give thanks O God, will I give

f

p thanks, un - to thee will I give

p thanks un - to thee will I give

p thanks un - to thee will I give

p thanks, un - to thee will I give thanks, give

f Adagio. thanks, un - to thee will I give thanks.

f thanks, un - to thee will I give thanks.

f thanks, un - to thee will I give thanks.

f thanks, un - to thee will I give thanks.

THE GLASSES SPARKLE ON THE BOARD.

Words by W. D. Diggs.

Composed by T. A. Geary.

Andante pomposo

The glasses sparkle on the board, The wine is ru-by bright; The reign of pleasure

is re-stor'd, Of ease and gay de-light. The day is gone, the

night's our own, Then let us feast the soul - - If a-ny pain,

a-ny pain, a-ny pain or care remain, Why drown it in the bowl, why

drown it in the bowl, If a-ny pain or care remain, why drown it in the bowl.

This world they say's a world of woe,
 But that I do deny,
 Can sorrow from the goblet flow;
 Or pain from beauty's eye:
 The wise are fools, with all their rules,
 When they would joy control,
 If life's a pain, I say again,
 Let's drown it in the bowl.

That time flies fast, the poet sings,
 Then surely it is wise,
 In rosy wine to dip his wings,
 And seize him as he flies.
 This night is ours, then straw with flowers,
 The moments as they roll,
 If any pain, or care remain,
 We'll drown it in the bowl.

ENCOURAGEMENT OF GENIUS.

(From "Life and Literature," a M.S. Story.)

"You were surprised at some of the strong things I said, the other evening, when you were at my house, respecting your determined devotion to literature. Without abating your zeal, I wished to awaken your prudence. I am glad to hear that you have resolved to remain in your dingy office at Manchester. Pleasant as it might appear to you, just now, to go down to your kind uncle's residence in the country, tempting as may be the prospect of the quiet study there, with its window looking out upon the hills; yet such a step might be the beginning of great miseries for you. No: stay where you are and struggle on! The greatest proof a young man can give of his ability to succeed in a new situation is when he masters the difficulties of his present circumstances. The desirable reconciliation of our intellectual life with our social and physical relations is, perhaps, still far distant; but every one may do something towards it in his own case. I would not (as some have done towards young men of literary tastes) treat your ambition with contempt. I would not say you must throw all your papers into the fire and never pen a story nor give birth to a stanza again, if you wish to succeed in the world. This is not my style; though I have heard of even literary men who have treated beginners in that contemptuous way. No: I would not sacrifice any talent: I would not quench the feeblest ray of genius; for it has as much a *right* and a *duty* to shine as the brightest sunbeam. Only I would impress this upon you that your living and your literature are *two things*, and the more distinct you keep them the better it will be for you. I know a young man, an attorney, who perfectly illustrates my theory. He inherits from his father a strong taste for literature and art, especially for *music*. Being brought up in very easy and respectable circumstances, he made literature and art the main objects of his youthful studies, and only touched the study of law as with the tips of his fingers. But when, in consequence of an unfortunate lawsuit, his family became reduced in circumstances, my friend Harry found that his expensive lessons on the violin and his amateurship in paintings might lead to very unpleasant results. Then what did he do? Did he break the back or stave in the belly of his idolized Cremona, which seemed to grow better and better every time he laid the bow across it? Oh no! he carefully put it into its case and laid it by with Spohr's great school, Campagnoli's duets, Viotti's concertos and all the fine delicacies of Rode, Corelli, Mayseder, Kreutzer and De Beriot; and, then, buckled himself to the desk in the office, plunged into all the harmonious combinations of legal questions, bound himself to *law* for ten hours every day, and all this for the love of music! See him bending over his musty old papers! for lucre do you suppose? nothing of the kind. If Harry gets only enough, by honest practice, to keep poverty and duns away from himself and his good sister, he cares nothing for the remainder; but, at seven o'clock every evening, when he leaves his office, he shuts the door with a hearty bang, locks it, like a man in good earnest, and down stairs he comes, at three prodigious leaps, to tea, his sister's piano, and the dear little fiddle that seems to have a soul of happiness in it powerful enough to dispel all the legal cares under the wig of a counsellor. 'There he goes! fairly in tune—"rum-ti-iddity,

tweedle-tweedle-dee," and away up to a charming trill at the top of the first string—and now where are all the crooks and tangles and knotty points of law but with their great patentee?

I heartily commend the example of my friend Harry to your study and imitation. If you will try it, you will find the good of it, both with regard to your literary progress and your station in society."

"I am not writing in a negative way to discourage your genius. No: as I have said, I would not diminish a ray of it. I would not sacrifice literature to the necessities of social life; but would unite the two as well as possible. I know that when a man's inherent genius is depressed, the world must be for him only a place of dull, dark toil. It is the genius of a man that must sustain him amid his toils, and my great design should be to direct all his labours towards the due development of that genius. I will tell you a little story of a musical genius with whom I was once acquainted, to show you my meaning.

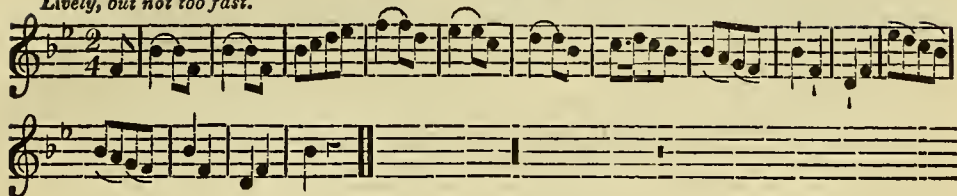
Down in a valley in the North, where the winding Wear flows over beds of coal and carries thousands of keels laden with dark riches down to the sea, there lived a rude, hardy old pitman, whose eldest son evinced a strong passion for music, and early began to practice on the violin. The boy would even take the pleasant instrument down two hundred fathoms into the bowels of the earth, and there cheer the black solitude with its strains. But this the father would not tolerate. He seized the instrument, and restrained the boy from all musical exercises. The result was, that the boy, as he *might* not be a good fiddler, so he *would* not make himself a good collier. As he grew older, he became a dull, mopish fellow, for the enlivening flame of his peculiar genius was stifled in him. Then he took to idle ways and wandered about the country, getting a little work now and then, here and there. After some years of poverty, he came home in disgrace and depression; but his father had gone to another colliery in a distant part of the country. The young man found his old violin, stringless and broken and dusty; but when he saw it a new idea dawned upon him. He determined to mend the fiddle and to mend his own life with it! He got new strings for the old violin, and procured regular employment for himself. He resolved to work for the sake of the fiddle. He now felt that he had something to labour for. He cogitated over sweet melodies while down in the black mine, and, when he came home from his six or eight hours' hard toil in the gloomy pit, there hung the friendly instrument by the mantel-piece in his cottage. He washed himself, took his food, and devoted the remainder of the day to his violin. He told upon it all his sorrows and all his pleasures. Every day he mastered more of its pleasing difficulties, and became more delighted with its expanding powers of expression, until he became the best musician in all the valleys of the winding Wear.

And so I contend that the intellectual faculties and tastes which, sometimes, lead the youth away from the duties of life, may be made the means of giving interest to the dull routine of daily tasks. Tell the youth to cultivate his gifts, to consider this cultivation the object of life; but teach him that, to do this, worldly industry and prudence are necessary, and thus you will put him in the right way to make the best of himself and of the world about him."

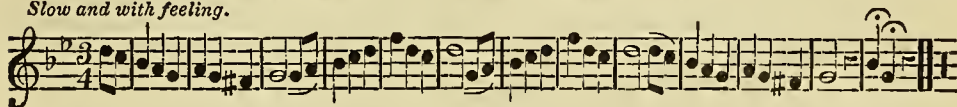
JOSEPH GOSTICK.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

No. 29.—OLD NICK IN LOVE.

Lively, but not too fast.

No. 30.—AN OLD WOMAN CLOTHED IN GRAY.

Slow and with feeling.

No. 29.—An old ballad air, formerly common in the coal mining districts of Scotland.

No. 30.—This air has impressed upon it the veritable marks of age. We have endeavoured to discover to what period it belongs, but hitherto without success. The old man who used to croon it over to a single verse, who was upwards of eighty years old when he died, said that he had heard his grandfather singing it, and had no idea of its age.

The single stanza is of little value, but we retain it here as it serves to give an individuality and life-like quality to the melody.

An old woman clothed in gray,
Whose daughter was charming and young,
But she was deluded away
By a villain with flattering tongue.
Ah! me.

MADAME CATALANI.

Our readers may have seen in the public papers the announcement of the death of Madame Catalani; the following letter from the celebrated *cantatrice* to Dr. Heller, the journalist of Leipsic, is the best answer to the rumour:—

‘Sir,—What have I done to the German press that they have now, for the fourth time, killed me? Though at the age of 64, I still retain good health, and live in quiet retirement, in the remembrance of former days. The French journals, misled by those of Germany, have twice announced my death, the English once. At first the intelligence was more laughable than frightening to me, and I read with satisfaction the many praises with which my fancied decease was accompanied. The spring of my life and my artistical efforts seemed once more strewn with the flowers which were to have covered my grave; but which, fortunately for me, does not yet contain my corpse. But, I must confess, the repetitions of the statements of my dissolution begin to alarm me. What base cruelty to continually announce to an old woman ‘her death!’ I shall at last believe it myself, and really die. The journals, so weak in the art of animating and vivifying, will then have the sad satisfaction of knowing my heart to be cold and motionless. Good heavens! I do not wish to sing any more, nor to stand in the way of the young rising talent before whom the journals all crouch, in order, perhaps, later to condemn to the dust, and treat as hard-heartedly and ungratefully as they have done me. I should at least yet be allowed to breathe. The inheritance I have to leave is too trifling to assure the cupidity of survivors. That which from the extravagance of

my husband was left, I devoted to the art when I was at the head of the Italian Opera at Paris, and the greater half of the proceeds of my concerts, I divided with the poor. The estate where I reside, and a few thousand livres of income is all I have saved from the millions the principal capitals of Europe awarded me. Grant me, I pray, the enjoyment of so modest a possession, and the happiness of existence a little longer. From the contradictions of the journals, I perceive that a Signor Karl Herlossohn, in Leipsic, was my last murderer. A German *cantatrice*, whom I had the the pleasure of receiving in my solitude last summer, sang to me a charming ballad in our native language, entitled ‘Ob ich dich liebe, frage die Sterne.’ The melody and words which he translated to me, moved my heart, notwithstanding it having long been chilled. Chevalier Fraisselli, at Florence, who is well acquainted with the German language, gave me an Italian version, since which I have often sung it, and the author of it cuts the thread of my life in a journal which is not named the Owl or Raven, but the *Morning Star*. I am well aware that, henceforth, I have to direct my looks to the departing stars, and not to the rising ones. Signor Herlossohn’s incivility (you will not change this expression in the translation, as I say *scostuma senza*) is enhanced by the excuse he attempts to make for his proceedings. He states that he wanted to mislead the minor journals by imputing to them the old novelty of my death, which he furnished five years ago, just as if it were necessary for him, the editor of the *Allgemeine Theater Lexicon*, to give additional proofs of his being able to resort to falsehoods heroically. In that publication, as well as perverting artists’ ages, he also kills me too soon. Tell him I cannot any more sing his ballad, without fancying I am humming

my funeral hymn. 'A woman,' says my Italian countryman, the Venetian Casanova, 'is only as she appears in the eyes of her lover.' Had the world, which one day gave me all her laurels, and much more praise than I was entitled to receive, reserved for me some esteem and interest, they would not to-day have thought me so shockingly old, or allowed me to have been so regardlessly killed.

'This is the sorrowful treatment I experience. Communicate the contents of this letter in your journal; most likely you are now better initiated in the Italian language than you were in 1839, when you came to see me at the Lake of Como, and brought me greetings from friends in Germany; and allow me, for the present, to subscribe myself really and truly, Sir, your obedient servant,

ANGELICA CATALANI.

Florence, Jan. 6, 1844.'

A SONNET.

By MISS MITFORD.

I could have lengthen'd out one fleeting hour
 Into an age—sitting at set of sun
 Under the long, low, open shed, where won
 The mellow evening light through leaf and flower;
 Playing the hostess in that summer bower
 To such dear guests, while rose the antique song,
 By those young sister voices pour'd along,
 So wild, so pure, so clear, so full of power,
 Ringing and vibrating. It was a lay
 That sent a smile into the very heart;
 As when the early lark shoots up in May,
 With his blithe matins, rarer than all art
 Save this. O happiest and most fleeting day,
 Why art thou gone so soon?—Why must we part.

FOR UNTO US A CHILD IS BORN.

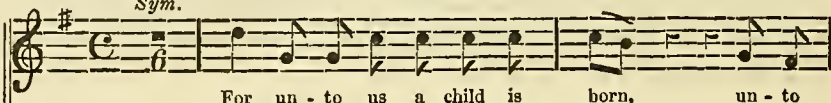
SACRED CHORUS, FROM THE "MESSIAH."

Andante Allegro.

Handel.

Sym.

CANTO



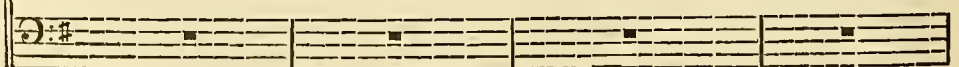
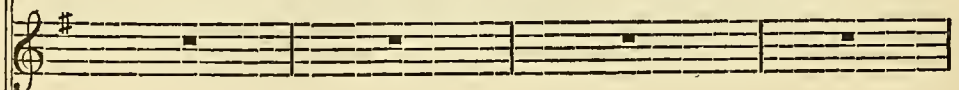
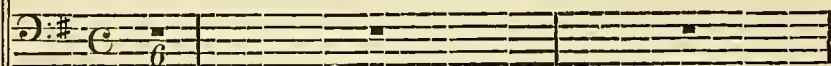
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.



For un - to us a child is born

us a child is born, un - to us a son is

For un - to

giv - en, un - to us a son is giv - en,

us a child is born, un - to us a son is

For un - to us a child is born

giv-en, un-to us a son is giv-en, un-to

un-to us

us a son is giv-en,

and the government shall be upon his shoul

a son is giv-en,

and the government shall be up-on his shoul

der,

and the government shall

der, up - on his shoulder, and his name shall be call - ed Wonderful! Counsellor!

be up - on his shoulder,

and his name shall be call - ed Wonderful! Counsellor!

be up - on his shoulder,

the mighty God! the e - verlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!

un-to us a child is

the mighty God! the e - verlasting Father! the Prince of Peace!

un to us a son is

born, un - to us a son is given,

For un-to us a child is born

giv'n,

and the government shall be up-on his shoul

Un-to us a Son is giv'n,

and his name

der, and his

and his name

And the government shall be up-on his shoul - - - der, and his

shall be call-ed Wonder-ful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the

name

shall be call-ed, Wonder-ful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the

name

e - ver - lasting Father! the Prince of Peace! For un - to

us a child is born, For un - to us a child is born un - to

un - to us a son is us a son is giv - en,

giv - eo, and the government shall

giv - en, and the government shall be up - on his shoul - - der,

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the first line of music. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the second line of music. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the third line of music. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the bass line for the first line of music.

be up - on his shoul - - der, and his

and the government shall be up - on his shoulder, and his

and his

and the government shall be up - on his shoulder, and his

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the first line of music. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the second line of music. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the third line of music. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the bass line for the second line of music.

name shall be call - ed Wonder - ful! Counsel - lor! the mighty God! the

name shall be call - ed Wonder - ful! Counsel - lor! the mighty God! the

This system consists of four staves. The first staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the first line of music. The second staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the second line of music. The third staff is a treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the melody for the third line of music. The fourth staff is a bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#). It contains the bass line for the second line of music.

e - verlasting Fa - ther ! Prince of Peace ! For un - to us a child is born -

e - verlasting Father ! Princes of Peace ! For un - to us a child is born

un - to us a child is born,

un - to us, a son is giv - en un - to us, a son is

- un - to us a son is given, and the government, the government shall be upon his

and the government shall be upon his

given, unto us a son is given,

shoul - der, and the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall be called

shoulder,

and the government, the government shall be upon his shoulder, and his name shall he called

Wonderful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the e-ver-lasting Father! the

Wonderful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the e-ver-lasting Father! the

Sym.

Prince of Peace! the e-ver-last-ing Fa-ther! the Prince of Peace!

Prince of Peace! the e-ver-last-ing Fa-ther! the Prince of Peace!

GUISEPPE MILLICO.

This vocalist was born at Naples, in 1730. In the year 1790, we find him attached to the concerts of the King of Naples. The principal excellencies of his performance consisted in the power and sweetness of his voice, the sensibility of his expression, and the simplicity, yet nobleness, of his manner. In 1772, he visited Vienna, and during his stay there, was engaged by the celebrated composer Gluck to give his niece some instructions in singing. The young lady's progress under his tuition, astonished every one. "She, in a short time," say the authors of the *Dictionnaire Historique des Musiciens*, "became the object of universal admiration."

In 1774, Millico came to London, and, at the King's Theatre, obtained the greatest success. On his return to Naples, in 1780, he was engaged in the royal concerts. It is pretended, that his professional merits were counterbalanced by two faults, the most common among courtiers, ambition and perfidy. "He persecuted," say his enemies, "Marchesi, and every foreign singer who neglected to court his protection." In 1790, we find him attached to the concerts of the King of Naples, but the time of his death is not precisely known. Besides being justly celebrated as a vocalist, he is known as a composer of tolerable ability.

SACRED PEACE, CELESTIAL TREASURE.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Andantino. *Dolce. p* *S. Storace.*

1st SOPRANO. *p* Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, *sf* Here be-

2d SOPRANO. *p* Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, *sf* Here be-

TENOR. *p* Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, *sf* Here be-

BASS. *p* Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, *sf* Here be-

sf stow thy smiles a - gain. Care and grief have

sf stow thy smiles a - gain. Care and grief have

sf stow thy smiles a - gain. Care and grief have

sf stow thy smiles a - gain. Care and grief have

made us wea-ry, Come, O come, and soothe our pain - -

made us wea-ry, Come, O come, and soothe our pain, Como, O

made us wea-ry, Come, O come, and soothe our pain, Come, O

- - - and soothe our pain; Come, O come, and soothe our

come, and soothe our pain, and soothe our pain - - - - -

come, and soothe our pain, and soothe our pain, Come, O come, and soothe our

pain, and soothe our pain - - Sa-cred peace, ce-les-tial

- - - and soothe our pain, Sa-cred peace, ce-les-tial

pain, and soothe our pain, Sa-cred peace, ce-les-tial

sf trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, *tr* *p* Heav'nly
sf trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, *tr*
sf treasure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, *tr*
sf *p* Heav'nly

f *p* trea - sure, heav'nly trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain,
f *p* heav'nly trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, heav'nly
f *p* heav'nly trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, heav'nly
f *p* trea - sure,

f *pp* heav'nly trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain.
f *pp* trea - sure, heav'nly trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain.
f *pp* trea - sure, heav'nly trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain.
f *pp*

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Slow, with feeling.

Rev. William Levees.

Dolce.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride, But sav-ing a crown, he had

nae-thing be-side, To make the crown a pound my Jamie gaed to sea, And the

p

crown and the pound were baith for me. He had na been gane a

cres. *p*

week but on-ly twa, when my fa-ther brake his arm, and our cow was stown a-wa; My

mith-er she fell sick, and my Ja-mie at the sea, And



When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye a' at hame,

When a' the weary world to sleep are gane,
The wae's o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;
But saving a crown he had naething else beside.
To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea;
And the crown and the pound, they were baith for me!

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my mither she fell sick, and the cow was stown awa;

My father brake his arm—my Jamie at the sea—
And Auld Robin Gray came a-courting me.

My father couldna work—my mither couldna spin;
I toid'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his e'e,

Said, "Jenny, for their sakes, will you no' marry me?"

My heart it said na, for I look'd for Jamie back;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack;

The ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jenny dee?
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

My father argued sair—my mither didna speak,
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;

Sae I gied to Rob my hand, tho' my heart was at the sea;

And Auld Robin Gray is gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife, a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I couldna think it he,
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle did we say;
We took but ae kiss, and we tore ourselves away.
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;
Oh why do I live to say, O wae's me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin;
I carena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,
For Auld Robin Gray is a kind man to me.

The authoress of "Auld Robin Gray" was Lady Ann Lindsay, daughter of the Earl of Balcarras. She was born on the 8th Dec., 1750, and was married in 1793 to Sir Andrew Barnard, a son of the bishop of Limerick, and Colonial Secretary at the Cape of Good Hope. Her husband died in 1807 without issue; her own death did not take place till the 6th of May, 1825, at Berkeley Square, London, where she had long resided. Shortly before her death, she made a communication to Sir Walter Scott, from which we make the following extract:—"Robin Gray, so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was written soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London: I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scottish melody, "The Bridegroom greits when the sun gaes down," of which I was passionately fond. ———, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.' 'Steal the cow, sister Ann,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately *lifted* by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret. Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerminham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-dogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in my obscurity." It is necessary to add, that although "Auld Robin Gray" was written for the old tune of the "Bridegroom greits," it is now universally sung to the air which we have given above, and which was composed by the Rev. William Leves, rector of Wrington, who died in 1828, aged 80. In singing it is usual to omit the first verse.

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(From the Monthly Chronicle.)

We live in an age when attempts are made, not only to explain every thing by way of analysis, but also to lend to all the phenomena of intellectual life a general signification, a character bearing upon the general development of the human mind. Music, the most popular, attractive, and sublime of the fine arts, has, it can easily be imagined, not escaped the test of critical ordeal, and the results of the investigations it shall be our task to exhibit in the following pages.

Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven may be considered the first who have impressed German music with a character, at once original, profound, and energetic. Their works are distinguished, not only for sublime harmony, but also for their obvious tendency to raise music into the sphere of science by the better development of its elements. Haydn, especially in his earlier productions, though he never loses sight of the ordinary rules and principles of the art, appears, nevertheless, to animate them with a new spirit, and often even to metamorphose them into new elements, by the brilliancy of his style, breathing a calm and innocent spirit imbued with all the grace and serenity of nature. Grief and melancholy assume in his compositions a soft and mild character, never giving utterance to bursts of violent and stormy passions. In Mozart, form and principle are blended with wonderful tact. The structure of his compositions is generally rounded into perfect symmetry by means of contrasts and repetitions, while the whole is characterised by sublime harmony, lofty melody, and graceful rhythm. His music expresses a divine or "melodious sorrow" on the one hand, and the most exalted joy on the other. But the title of the "Father of music" he chiefly owes to the skill with which he brought to perfection instrumental music, raising it on a level with the vocal part of the art, in the true spirit of the German style. "Don Juan," the grandest of his creations, will also always remain the grandest opera in German music. In Beethoven, science predominates over all the other elements. He contemplated nature in all her charms, struggles, and sorrows, from an elevated station, and disdaining form and symmetry as something too sober and physical, he obeyed, in his ethereal flight, the inspiration of his poetical imagination alone. Joining the cheerful simplicity and variety of Haydn with the deep fervour and richness of harmony of Mozart, Beethoven succeeded in establishing harmony between all the various instruments, and with it also the sovereign power of instrumental music; while vocal music, proving rather deficient to express the nuances of the violent emotions of his poetical fancy, he almost neglected altogether. These three maestros may be considered as the original founders of the various schools of music now extant in Germany.

The Rombergs, rather deficient in profundness and original thought, are the disciples of Haydn, while Spohr, in creating in his symphonies a style of his own, characterised no less by harmony than passion, is easily known as the follower of Mozart, by the form of his style. Ries seems to work on neutral ground, without marked partiality for any school; his talents have produced charming melodies in all styles, while Kalliwoda, after having imparted to his earlier compositions the character of Spohr, pursued afterwards a new style, full of pleasant and fantastical melody. Onslow, is, we

think, the only one of that period who well knew how to control his lively fancy by the principles of the art.

The *Concerto* was first brought to perfection by Mozart, by the change he wrought in the instrumental part. It was greatly cultivated after him by Beethoven and the later composers, such as Clementi, Dussek, Handel, and lastly, Moschelles, all of whom united science with brilliancy of style and execution. In Ries and Kalkbrenner, we are more struck with graceful melody than scientific harmony.

The *Sonata*, of which the early masters were Bach, Haydn, and Handel, was perfected by Mozart and Beethoven, and afterwards greatly cultivated by Humel, Kalkbrenner, Schmit, &c. At present, it is partly neglected by the profession, and entirely abandoned by amateurs, though the spirit still lingers in the masterpieces of Moschelles, Pixis, Reissiger, and Schubert.

The *Variation* is, of all the species of music, the only one which has undergone a change for the worse in the process of time. It formerly had at least the merit of scientific harmony and combination, while now it is destitute of all character and principle whatever; the whole consisting of random and superficial melodies and accompaniments. Mere mechanical execution, especially on the piano, seems to be the fashion of the day; while all the numerous compositions are more or less confined to the piano alone, the favourite instrument of the present time, among all classes and both sexes. The fashionable mania for brilliant mechanical execution has infected even the scientific Czerny, who relinquished his more serious and sterling compositions in favour of the existing lolly; he is followed by Herz and Hünten, who, with more tact and elegance than profoundness, have become the spoiled children of the fair sex. Their whole power consists in turning, twisting, and repeating certain passages of favourite operas with taste and precision.*

Of the composers of simple music for other instruments besides the piano, we shall only mention Viotti, the father of our modern violinists. His style and ideas are clear and naïve. His pupil Rode was at first inclined towards simple, but noble and pathetic compositions, but was afterwards influenced by the progressive spirit of the age to give them a more complicated and scientific character. The concertos of Spohr for the violin are, in that respect, the best models for study, as even the parts which are chiefly characterised by the diffi-

* And a careful abstinence from all meaning in their legerdemain. This is precisely the case in England at present. Scarce a single concert takes place in which every solo performer does not play similar tricks. He gets through his morsel of original melody, or theme, as soon as he decently can, and the next instant off he goes, up and down the scale, in endless evolutions, and you hear no more of the melody. In this manner, and by the hour, do pianists, more especially, worry the ears of an exhausted flock of fashionables with the interminable repetitions of their mere manual exercises; and these exemplary auditors sit patiently, partly because they have paid their money—partly because they are afraid it would show a want of science and taste not to be delighted—and partly because, like the English at Waterloo, they will not go away, however worn out, while there remains any thing more to endure.—ED. M. C.

culty in execution partake of the most sublime lyric beauty. Of equal merit are his, as well as Weber's concertos for the clarinet; nor ought we to omit noticing the charming pots-pourris of Spohr, as also the pieces composed for the violoncello by B. Romberg.

The number of composers for the wind instruments is comparatively very limited, owing to the imperfection of the instruments themselves, on which no great variety can be performed. There is no more such a thing as military music, the truly military marches of the former days having been superseded by dances and opera-airs; nor can we, indeed, withhold our admiration for the dances of Strauss and Lanner: there is in them something piquant, varied, and cheerful, which renders them altogether irresistible.

Let us now examine the state and progress of vocal music. We shall begin with the opera, which has obtained, in our age, a high degree of perfection, and nearly monopolised stage popularity, above even tragedy. The causes more in the increasing taste for music, than in the absence of good dramatic performers. The popular predilection for the real drama has of late so diminished in Germany, that the composers take care to select subjects for their music the least poetical, provided they express strong passions, and admit of stage effect. The million usually prefer seeing and hearing, to thinking.*

Mozart is, without doubt, the first creator of the German opera. Before him, the German composers, with only one or two exceptions, confined their talent to imitations, and especially of the Italians, but Mozart finally effected a perfect revolution in the musical world by the appearance of his two masterpieces, "Don Juan" and "Figaro" where he united to a great extent dramatic effect with the most original vocal harmony, blended with all the grace of Italian melody. Beethoven's "Fidelio" has, however, a better claim to scientific harmony, despite the comparative inferiority of the vocal part in it. Before Beethoven had published his "Fidelio," Cherubini and Mehul were the musical stars in France; the first was distinguished for original harmony, as the latter for great simplicity of expression; but their chief forte was the instrument: the orchestra was the sphere of operation, and dramatic situations were more delineated by the harmony of the instruments than expressed by the utterance of the voice; so much so that when, in process of time, instrumental music became more and more developed, a sort of forced and unnatural modulation was introduced into the songs, utterly destitute of all melody, expression, and dramatic action. The malady found its way also to Germany, and affected the productions of all her composers, with the exception of Weigel and Winter, who had been reared in the Italian school.

About that time arose in Italy a maestro who wrought a reform in vocal music, and established, by the force of his genius, a school of his own, which soon spread all over the musical world; we mean Rossini, whose melodious airs resound throughout the civilised world. It was Rossini who gave life and spirit to the Italian opera, and elevated the

vocal part to the utmost degree of melody and art. In his earlier compositions, it is true, we rather miss the prevailing spirit and truth of the drama itself; but in his later productions, he proved that he was no stranger to them; nor could the Germans, with all their strict adherence to principle, withhold their admiration for a genius, even in his transgressions of the laws of the art. In Germany, vocal music was characterised by science and principle alone, never making allowance for melody or natural sentiment; while Rossini, with the boldness of a genius that defies pedantic restraint and authority, broke through the barriers of dry laws and discordant principles, and created such luxuriant melodies as to share his triumph with the performers themselves. All that time the German opera had been under the control of two rival composers, Spohr and Weber. The efforts of the latter evidently tended to give to music, both vocal and instrumental, the language of thought and sentiment; in short, to express, by musical sound, even the delicate various shadings of inward emotions, as conveyed in the words of the text,—a task that met with many obstacles in the practical part; it had, however, the advantage of preventing the German stage from copying the Italian style altogether.

It was reserved for the genius of Weber to introduce in France a taste for German music, and more especially by means of his wonderful opera of "Der Freischütz." It soon also led to the introduction of Beethoven's music, first in the concerts of sacred music, and then in the musical conservatories, with rapid progress and success. Ever since, the superiority of German instrumental music was duly appreciated in France, at the side of the Italian style of vocal music, which had been introduced in the opera-comique by Hérold and Auber, in opposition to the style of Dalayrac, Isenard, and Boieldieu. Hérold and Auber possess, indeed, to a wonderful extent, talent, and taste for graceful rhythm, which lends to their compositions a character not less distinguished for art than delectable harmony.

Airs and songs have taken in Germany a more artistical turn, with that of the instrumental accompaniment, in which Schultz, Hiller, Himmel, Reichardt, and, above all, Zelter, so much excelled. As to Beethoven's accompaniments, they surpass, in every point of view, the art, melody, and harmony of the songs themselves.

At the time when the lyric poems of Göethe, Schiller, Uhland, Rückert, Müller, Körner, Schneekendorf, &c. attained in Germany high popularity, they soon became a theme for musical composition; and in which Weber distinguished himself by his peculiar mode of expressing the words. The elegies of Spohr, the airs of Berger and Weidemann, belong as yet to the best specimens of that branch of vocal music, which was, however, soon superseded by the grand cavatinos of operas, introduced under such a heavy load of flourishes and other artificial ornaments, as to banish nature and expression altogether from the sphere of music. Some composers, such as Löwe and Schubert, it is true, did their best to arrest the rapid decay of natural music, by the composition of a great number of ballads; but they failed in their attempts, by a fault of their own, by rendering the accompaniments stupendously difficult in point of execution.

Church Music was originally confined to the voice alone, as religious worship does not require the éclat and effect of instruments. The masterpieces of that early period might as yet serve for models of

* The million never did otherwise in any part of the world: the greater reason why there should be as little delay as possible in teaching them better, instead of pandering to their grossness.—ED. M. C.

sublime simplicity; even profane music had then partaken of the same character. But the perfection of instrumental music soon secularised the style of sacred music, and filled it with all the richness of imaginary art. Some are of opinion that this sort of worldly splendour in sacred music has entirely destroyed its true spirit, and that, in order to create it anew, we ought to re-adopt the style as prevalent in the sixteenth century. No one has, however, as yet found any blemish in the taste of introducing an immense orchestra in the temple of Solomon: why then suppose that the Christian worship be averse to the sublime joy of the heart manifested through the imposing sound of buoyant instruments? The Credo surely contains, not only *passus* and *sepultus*, but also *ressurrexit*; and the words, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo*,"—do they not claim the greatest display of pomp and splendour imaginable? Moreover, the advanced state of civilisation, and the peaceable times of our present age, do by no means correspond with the gloomy and sombre character of the ancient sacred music, risen, as it was, amidst the horrors and disasters of war and civil convulsions. But we digress: let us return to the history and progress of sacred music.

Church music, during the seventeenth century, bore the stamp of a spirit not less narrow and pedantic than dogmatic and semi-savage, despite the noble efforts of a Bach and Handel towards its amelioration. Some will conclude, from the endeavours of Haydn to extend and enlarge the instrumental part of church music, that his religious sentiments had lost of their previous intensity. In looking, however, at his "*Salva Regina*," and the "*Seven words*," we only discover in the compositions a strain so sublime and divine as to disclose to us at once the sacred source from which they emanated, viz., religious enthusiasm and devout piety; though we must admit, on the other hand, that in his "*Creation*," Haydn seems more to preach the gospel of nature than Christianity. His brother, Michael Haydn, who devoted his time and talent solely to the composition of sacred music, proved by his productions the immense extent to which modern art may be rendered subservient to the exigencies of religion. The masses of Mozart were produced in his earlier days; his hymns belong to a later date; and his requiem he composed shortly before his death. Beethoven wrote but little of sacred music; circumstances, and the peculiar turn of his mind, rendered him unfit for the task; witness his oratorio of "*Christ in the Olive Garden*," and many more, which are decided failures, despite some fine parts in them.

Among our contemporaries, we must notice Eybler, the follower of Michael Haydn, and Schneider, who unites deep study with a fertile imagination, and has given quite a new character to the oratorio. His style partakes of the dignity of Handel, and the popularity of Haydn, and the talent he displayed in the total reform of the choral music, especially in his "*Last Judgment*," places him in the rank of the first-rate composers of Germany. Klein and Löwe followed his footsteps, the first (in his oratorio "*Japhet and David*") with characteristic simplicity, and the latter with a touch of stage effect. Both of them, as also Spohr, have composed the most excellent choruses.*

* We do not know why our correspondent omits his highly gifted countryman, Mendelssohn, and his grand oratorio of "*Paul*."—ED. M. C.

In the other countries beside Germany, we meet with but one great composer of sacred music; we mean Cherubini the elder, who after having quitted the stage, where his talent was not duly appreciated, turned his whole attention to church music. His requiem, masses, and hymns rank among the best compositions of the day. In all the temples of Italy, with the sole exception of the Vatican chapel, we hear nothing but the adapted airs from Rossini's operas.

Having given a brief sketch of the progress of the art in its different species with regard to composition, we shall next endeavour to examine the prosaic part of music, practical and mechanical execution.

THE HARMONIOUS SISTERS.

Three sisters, one calm evening, sang their hymn,

While gentle shades enfolded them around;

And, as they chaunted in the twilight dim,

And mystic voices seemed to swell the sound,

While the stars look'd out, softly, from the skies,

They knew not how the tears had gathered in their eyes.

Then spoke young Emily: "the vernal prime

I never shall behold: I heard a voice

Blent with our song, and, in the sweet spring-time,

When all the rivers and the woods rejoice,

I shall be hush'd; but, in calm evening hours,

Dear sisters, sing: my voice shall blent with yours!"

While in the hall they raise the solemn song,

The sweet old lay in which *she* much delighted,

A gentle voice is heard the chords among—

Their sister's voice with theirs once more united!

But now so thrilling sweet, so pure, so high!

For such a voice they almost long to die.

And Emma liv'd to see the gentle spring,

But faded ere the woods had lost their green;

And Anna now was left alone to sing,

But droop'd before the breath of winter keen;

While her sad mother, in her chamber lone,

Heard through the long, sad nights that sweet
inviting tone.

And, one sad morning, when she came to see

Her only child, she found her pale and still—

Three voices fill'd the room with harmony,

Pass'd o'er the lake, and died beyond the hill

In one celestial cadence, soft and clear,

Too sweet for any but an angel's ear!

JOSEPH GOSTICK.

GEORGE I. AN OPERATIC MANAGER.

When the great composer, Steffani, was appointed director of the opera at Brunswick, by Ernest-Augustus, father of George the First, he found the singers so perverse and refractory, that he could not restrain his indignation, and was even compelled to declare to the Duke, that he must resign his office. Upon this, Prince George determined to take the duty on himself, and try the influence of his talents and authority. The experiment, however, was of short duration. The performers became more unmanageable than ever, and he soon quitted a task which he found so arduous, that in despair, he protested he could much easier command an army of fifty thousand men, than manage a single troop of opera singers.

BEAUTEOUS EYES DISCOVER.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

1 Beau-te-ous eyes dis-cov-er, Why so-much cru-el-ty.

2 You'll ne-ver find a lo-ver, Not one that loves like me.

3 No, no, no, ne-ver one that loves like me.

POWER OF MUSIC.

During the expedition to Buenos Ayres, a Highland soldier while a prisoner in the hands of the Spaniards, having formed an attachment to a woman of the country, and charmed by the easy life which the tropical fertility of the soil enabled them to lead, had resolved to remain and settle in South America. When he imparted this resolution to his comrade, the latter did not argue with him, but leading him to his tent, he placed him by his side and sung him 'Lochaber no more.' The spell was on him. The tears came into his eyes, and wrapping his plaid around him, he murmured, 'Lochaber nae mair!—I maun gang back—Na!' The songs of his childhood were ringing in his ears, and he left that land of ease and plenty for the naked rocks and sterile valleys of Badenoch, where at the close of a life of toil and hardship, he might lay his head in his mother's grave. He who writes once travelled a road in Perthshire, in company with an old, ignorant, very ignorant man, a common beggar. Unused to sympathy, when he found himself sympathised with, his heart was opened, and he told something of his past life. From his earliest years he had been an outcast, one of that class who form the hewers of wood and drawers of water in our great manufacturing towns. Instruction of any sort, save in evil-doing, he had never received; he was one of those who are kept in ignorance and crushed and driven into vice, and then punished for that very ignorance and vice. At the commencement of the war he enlisted for a soldier, and was ultimately sent to Portugal. His comrade happened to be a Scotchman, who was well acquainted with the poetical literature of his country, and this poor and ignorant soldier felt all that was good in him so attracted by the sound and sentiment, when he could understand it, of these songs, that he learned many of them by heart. Much evil he saw and committed, and much hardship, heart-hardening and grievous hardship, did he endure in the course of that long and bloody war; but at length it approached its close, and the British army was advancing on France. One day while encamped,

this soldier, in strolling in the neighbourhood of the camp, came suddenly on a small house embosomed among trees. It happened to be tenanted solely by a woman, and thoughts of hell, of such scenes as make the heart shudder, and the hand clench, and the lips curse, even in the name of God, war and warriors, came thronging into this ignorant and debased man's mind; but even in that hour of projected sin, a remembrance came faintly at first, but gradually stronger and stronger of the scenes, the peace, and the innocence, described in the songs he had learned, and the beauty and manliness and goodness pictured in them, seemed, in his own words, to take a divine shape and lead him away from iniquity. And that old and miserable man wept while he remembered how Scotland's songs had been instrumental in keeping a damning stain from his darkened but still immortal soul. The old belief that guardian spirits ever hover round the paths of men, covered with the misty mantle of superstition a mighty truth, for every beautiful and pure and good thought which the heart holds, is an angel of mercy, purifying and guarding the soul.—*Robert Nicoll.*

STANZAS.

WRITTEN BY A YOUNG LADY.

Fair Nature smiled in all her bowers,
But Man the master work of God,
Unconscious of his latent powers,
The tangled forest trod.
Without a hope, without an aim,
Beyond the sloth's, the tiger's life;
His only pleasure sleep, or strife—
And war his only fame!

Furious alike and ceaseless beam'd
His lasting hate, and transient love,
And every mother's instinct seem'd
The fondness of the dove;
The mental world was wrapt in night,
Though some, the diamonds of the mine,
Burst through the slrondding gloom to shine,
With self-emitted light.

But see the glorious dawn unfold,
The brighter day that lurks behind,
The march of armies may be told,
But not the march of mind;
Instruction, child of heaven and earth!
As heat expands the vernal flower,
So wisdom, goodness, freedom, power,
From thee derive their birth.

From thee, all mortal bliss we draw;
From thee, religion's blessed fruit;
From thee, the good of social law;
And man redeemed from the brute.

From thee all ties to virtue dear;
The father's, brother's, husband's name;
From thee the good and holy fame
That never shed a tear.


Oh breathe thy soul along the gale,
That Britons still in generous strife,
Knowledge and goodness may inhale,
The mingled breath of life;
So shall they share what they possess,
And show to distant worlds thy charms,
Knowledge and peace their only arms,
Their only aim to bless.


Glasgow Chronicle.

THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

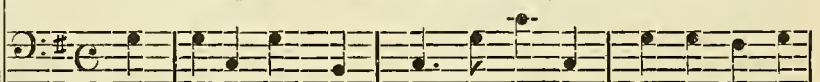
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.


Corfe.

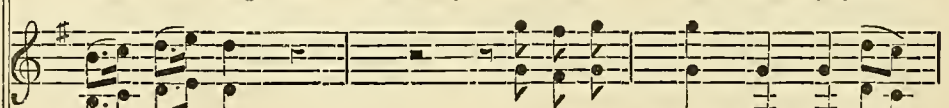
SOPRANO. 
The smiling morn, the breath-ing spring, In - vite the tune - ful

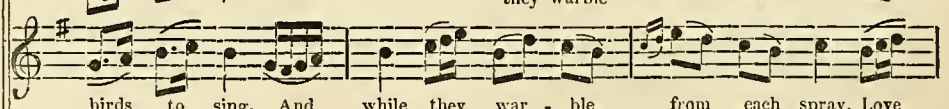
ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO. 
The smiling morn, the breath - ing spring, In - vite the tuneful

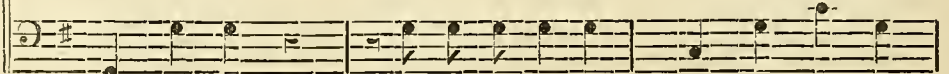
TENOR. 
The smiling morn, the breath - ing spring, In - vite the tuneful

BASS. 
The smiling morn, the breath - ing spring, In - vite the tuneful


birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love


they warble


birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love


And while they war - ble

And while they war - ble

melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Like

Let us A - man - da time - ly wise,

melts the u - ni - ver - sal lay. Like

them im - prove the hour that flies, And in soft rap - tures

them im - prove the hour that flies, And in soft rap - tures

And in soft

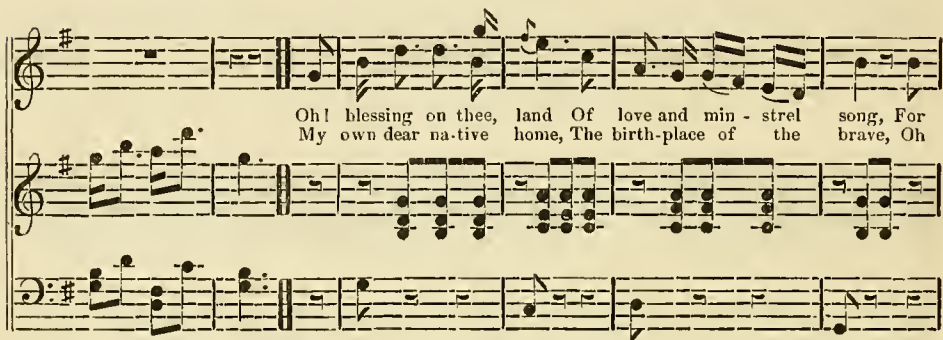
waste the day A - mang the birks of In - ver - may.

waste the day A - mang the birks of In - ver - may.

OH! BLESSING ON THEE, LAND.

Words by W. Wilson, Esq.

Music by John Turnbull.

Allegretto.

dwelling place, Thy moun - tain cliffs a - mong. And still she loves to roam, A -
 soil be trod By ty - rant or by slave. Then blessing on thee, land Of

mong thy heathy hills, And blend her wild - wood harp's sweet strain, With the
 love and minstrel song, For freedom found a dwelling place, Thy

voice of mountain rills, Oh! still she loves to roam, A - mong thy heathy
 mountain cliffs a - mong. Then blessing on thee, land Of love and minstrel

hills, And blend her wild-wood harp's sweet strain, With the voice of mountain rills.
 song, For freedom found a dwell - ing place Thy moun - tain cliffs a - mong.



GRAND ORATORIO IN GLASGOW.
HANDEL'S "MESSIAH."

PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS: MR. PHILLIPS, MR. J. REEVES, MRS. BUSHE, AND MISS WHITNALL.
CONDUCTOR, MR. J. M'FARLANE, GLASGOW.
LEADER, MR. DEWAR, EDINBURGH.

The society instituted for the purpose of bringing out the "Messiah" of Handel on a scale proportioned to the greatness of the work, and consistent with the elements which could be gathered together for a chorus in Glasgow, and to test whether Glasgow was prepared to give countenance to such music, fixed on the evening of Tuesday, the 2d April, for the working of their experiment, and we rejoice to be able to say that it has had a most successful issue. Every thing turned out favourably; and the ladies and gentlemen of the society composing the chorus, who had been in training for some months previously, assembled in high spirits. At seven o'clock the platform was filled with the performers, 220 in number, each one seemingly anxious that the Oratorio should be done full justice to—so that the people of Glasgow might have an opportunity of proving whether this performance should be the solitary attempt, or the first of a series. All eager to follow the slightest suggestion which might contribute to the desired end—trusting to the skill of Mr. M'Farlane, their conductor, they waited but the lifting of his baton to burst out into the mighty chorus. The choristers, amateurs belonging to Glasgow, were placed on the platform erected at the west end of the City Hall, in two compact phalanxes, tier above tier, with the instrumental corps, a number of whom were amateurs, also inhabitants of Glasgow, led by Mr. Dewar of Edinburgh, in the centre. One moment's pause, up went the baton of the conductor, and the overture was heard, grave and potent, fore-shadowing the coming tide of music,—not one jarring note—not a quaver out of place; and the thousands of auditors were hushed as though a spell had begun to operate.

The first recitative, "Comfort ye my people," was sung by Mr. J. Reeves; his voice is a tenor of considerable compass, and of a sweet and pleasing character, but that is the highest praise we dare

give him; he seemed not to feel the deep sentiment of the subject. He sung much too equably, showing himself in such music the mere reader—not a great musical elocutionist; he did not improve in the air "Every valley shall be exalted," but evinced a lack of heart, and the words of promise fell dead from his lips, conjuring up no echo in the sympathy of the audience. The chorus "And the Glory of the Lord" which followed, staggered a little at the outset, and the volume of sound swayed uncertainly for the first few bars, but soon recovered, and went on to the end with great precision. In the recitative, "Thus saith the Lord of Hosts," Mr. Phillips exhibited a great amount of artistic management, but his voice seemed to be too much forced, and wanted flexibility. In the passage "I will shake," his expression was more like shuddering than shaking, it was as though he meant to give utterance to a *timid effect*, rather than a *magnipotent cause*. In the air, "Who may abide the day of his coming," he appeared in a more favourable light, and in the following recitative, "For behold darkness shall cover the earth," his singing was truly grand. Then forth burst with regal magnificence the chorus "For unto us a Child is born" which fairly took the audience by surprise, and although it was expressly stated in the hand-bills that there was to be no clapping of hands, or other marks of approval,—the mighty mass of people broke out into one simultaneous cheer, which was almost as suddenly checked by the feeling that it was improper in the circumstances, and contrary to rule.

The performance of the "Pastoral Symphony" was not exactly to our taste; there was much twaddle and no simplicity. Here and there amongst the instruments we thought we could detect sundry ambitious attempts at adorning the chaste movement by the introduction of the trickery of dexterous manipulation, which with some people is meant to pass current for high art, but which, in such circumstances, in our opinion, is not far removed from impertinent quackery; these fantastic gambollings, which seem to form part of the fashionable taste of the time, only interrupt the even flow of

Handel's music, and detract from the solemnity of its movements. While speaking of the instrumental part of this performance, we may as well state here, that in the accompaniment to all the songs of the Oratorio, the instruments were by far too prominent, in some cases they were so loud as almost to drown the voice of the singer.

Mrs. Bushe in some of the recitatives thought proper to introduce flimsy variations and cadenzas, which we cannot admit were any improvements. The severe style of Handel cannot bear to be tampered with. This lady's voice was reedy and thin, but she showed considerable taste in her reading, which in great measure compensated for the quality of her voice. Miss Whitnall, who appeared as a singer of sacred music for the first time in Glasgow, is entitled to especial praise. Her tone is full and sonorous, and her enunciation clear and distinct. She had to sing several recitatives and airs in the course of the performance, but by far the best of these was her "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" indeed, in our opinion, this was the most impressive song of the evening; she sung it with exquisite taste and simplicity, and her rich full tones came gushing forth with most sweet and winning pathos. The singing of Miss Whitnall in the above song, and that of Mr. Phillips in "Why do the nations so furiously rage," and "The trumpet shall sound," will long be remembered with delight by those who were present at the performance in the City Hall.

The choruses were executed in a manner which proves satisfactorily that there is taste and knowledge sufficient amongst the amateurs of Glasgow to maintain an efficient choral society. There were few among the auditors who could fail of being struck with the grandeur of these masterpieces, and the more fastidious and severe critics must have been delighted with the strictness of time, and attention that was paid to propriety of accent and expression. In the "Hallelujah,"—all was done for that most wonderful chorus that could be done by the number,—we wish that there had been five hundred voices equally well trained, rather than only the one hundred and seventy. "His yoke is easy," the tenor was undecided and heavy. "Behold the Lamb of God" was well sung; would it not have been an improvement to have sung it in slower time—the solemn dignity of its transitions is more apparent when sung in the slowest adagio; the words of the chorus, "Behold the Lamb of God that taketh away the sins of the world," dare not be irreverently uttered, and Handel has in this part of his work done as much as can be accomplished in the way of making music a commentary upon, and exposition of, the words of Divine truth.

The performance of the "Messiah" has established

the right of Glasgow to the title of one of the music loving cities of Britain, and has proven that the noblest works in musical science only require to be brought forward in like manner, to meet the liberal support and encouragement of the people.* Very little has been done to foster a taste for such performances in Scotland.† Indeed, almost as much has been done as it was possible to do to hinder the growth of a taste for the great in musical art, whereas every means should be used to let society become acquainted with the music of the great masters, it never can do evil—but is qualified to soften and refine the manners—to enlarge the sympathies, and to purify the heart of man. Immediately before the time fixed for the Oratorio, an attempt was made to get up an outcry against it, and it was stated in one of the newspapers of the city, that the performance of the "Messiah" was a blasphemous outrage upon the sacred truths of scripture; fortunately, however, these illiberal and ignorant attacks fell to the ground, and left scarcely any impression behind them. The love of the beautiful, and the perfect, is much too universally diffused, and too deeply graven on the minds of the thinking and reflecting members of society, to be thus obliterated. And this truly first performance, whether we regard its chronological position, or the masterly style in which it has been accomplished, will do much to improve the taste and liberalise the sentiments of the people of Glasgow. Confident that such may be the result, we close this hasty review—wishing every success to the choral amateurs of Glasgow.

MATERNAL DISTRESS OVER A DYING CHILD.

They bore him to his mother, and he lay
Upon her knees till noon—and then he died!
She had watched every breath, and kept her hand
Soft on his forehead, and gazed in upon
The dreamy languour of his listless eye,
And she had laid back all his sunny curls,
And kiss'd his delicate lip, and lifted him
Into her bosom, till her heart grew strong—
His beauty was so unlike death! She leaned
Over him now, that she might catch the low
Sweet music of his breath, that she had learned

* The present performance of the "Messiah" was judiciously announced to be for the benefit of the Royal Infirmary, and we learn that a sum of upwards of eighty pounds has been paid over to the Treasurer of that institution, an amount which speaks well for the success of the experiment, when the heavy expenses with which it must have been attended are taken into consideration.

† Even this last and successful attempt was altogether owing to the love of music of three or four private individuals, who proposed the formation of a society for the express purpose of giving the thing a fair trial. And we only refrain from giving publicity to their names from knowing that the success of their efforts is to them an ample and gratifying recompense.

To love when he was slumbering at her side
In his unconscious infancy—

"So still!

'Tis a soft sleep! How beautiful he lies,
With his fair forehead, and the rosy veins
Playing so freshly in his sunny cheek!
How could they say that he would die! Oh, God!
I could not lose him! I have treasured all
His childhood in my heart, and even now,
As he has slept, my memory has been there,
Counting like treasures all his winning ways—
His unforgotten sweetness;—

"Yet so still!—

How like this breathless slumber is to death!
I could believe that in that bosom now
There was no pulse—it beats so languidly!
I cannot see it stir; but his red lip!
Death would not be so very beautiful!
And that half smile—would death have left *that*
there?

—And should I not have felt that he would die?
And have I not wept over him?—And prayed
Morning and night for him?—And *could* he die?—
No—God will keep him! He will be my pride
Many long years to come, and this fair hair
Will darken like his father's, and his eye
Be of a deeper blue when he is grown;
And he will be so tall, and I shall look
With such a pride upon him! *He* to die!
And the fond mother lifted his soft curls,
And smiled, as if 'twere mockery to think
That such fair things could perish—

—Suddenly

Her hand shrunk from him, and the colour fled
From her fix'd lip, and her supporting knees
Were shook beneath her child. Her hand had
touched

His forehead, as she dallied with his hair—
And it was cold—like clay! Slow, very slow,
Came the misgiving that her child was dead.
She sat a moment, and her eyes were closed
In a dumb prayer for strength, and then she took
His little hand and pressed it earnestly—
And put her lip to his—and look'd again
Fearfully on him—and then, bending low,
She whisper'd in his ear "My son!—My son!"
And as the echo died, and not a sound
Broke on the stillness, and he lay there still,
Motionless on her knee—the truth *would* come!
And with a sharp, quick cry, as if her heart
Were crushed, she lifted him and held him close
Into her bosom—with a mother's thought—
As if death had no power to touch him there!"

N. P. Willis.

THE LARK'S SONG.

Larks, from their vast numbers, flock much and fly far in winter, and flock more to the uplands in the middle of England, where much rain usually falls in the summer, than to the drier and warmer places near the shores; but so true are they to their time, that, be it in the south, the centre, or the north, the lark is always ready on the first gleamy day of the year to mount its watch-tower in the upper sky, and proclaim the coming of the vernal season. It is in fact more joyant than in the sun, more inspirable by the life which the solar influence diffuses through the atmosphere, than almost any other creature; not a spring air can sport, not a breeze of morn can play, not an exhalation of fresh-

ness from opening bud or softening clod can ascend, without note of it being taken and proclaimed by this all sentient index to the progress of nature.

And the form and manner of the indication are as delightful as the principle is true. The lark rises, not like most birds, which climb the air upon one slope, by a succession of leaps, as if a heavy body were raised by a succession of efforts, or steps, with pauses between; it twines upward like a vapour, borne lightly on the atmosphere, and yielding to the motions of that as other vapours do. Its course is a spiral, gradually enlarging; and, seen on the side, it is as if it were keeping the boundary of a pillar of ascending smoke, always on the surface of that logarithmic column, (or funnel rather,) which is the only figure that, on a narrow base, and spreading as it ascends, satisfies the eyes with its stability and self-balancing in the thin and invisible fluid. Nor can it seem otherwise, for it is true to nature. In the case of smoke or vapour, it diffuses itself in exact proportion as the density or power of support in the air diminishes; and the lark widens the volutions of its spiral in the same proportion; of course it does so only when perfectly free from disturbance or alarm, because either of these is a new element in the cause, and as such must modify the effect. When equally undisturbed, the descent is by a reversal of the same spiral; and where that is the case, the song is continued during the whole time that the bird is in the air.

The accordance of the song with the mode of the ascent and descent, is also worthy of notice. When the volutions of the spiral are narrow, and the bird changing its attitude rapidly in proportion to the whole quantity of the flight, the song is partially suppressed, and it swells as the spiral widens, and sinks as it contracts; so that though the notes may be the same, it is only when the lark sings poised at the same height, that it sings in a uniform key. It gives a swelling song as it ascends, and a sinking one as it comes down; and if even it take but one wheel in the air, as that wheel always includes an ascent or a descent, it varies the pitch of the song.

The song of the lark, besides being a most accessible and delightful subject for common observation, is a very curious one for the physiologist. Every one in the least conversant with the structure of birds, must be aware that, with them, the organs of intonation and modulation are *inward*, deriving little assistance from the tongue, and none, or next to none, from the mandibles of the bill. The windpipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a windpipe and lungs, because of the air cells and breathing tubes with which all parts of their bodies (even the bones) are furnished. But those diffused breathing organs must act with less freedom when the bird is making the greatest efforts in motion, that is, when ascending or descending, and in proportion as these cease to act, the trachea is the more required for the purposes of breathing. The sky-lark thus converts the atmosphere into a musical instrument of many stops, and so produces an exceedingly wild and varied song—a song which is, perhaps, not equal in power or compass, in the single stave, to that of many of the warblers, but one which is more varied in the whole succession. All birds that sing ascending or descending, have similar power; but the sky-lark has it in a degree superior to any other.

—*Mudie's Feathered Tribes of the British Islands.*

GREEN LEAVES ALL TURN YELLOW.

*Andante Grazioso.**Michael Kelly.*

A sage once to a maiden sung, While summer leaves were growing, Ex-

perience dwelt up - on his tongue, With love her heart was glowing. The summer bloom will

fade away, And will no more be seen, These leaves which look so fresh and green, Will

not be e - ver green, For green leaves all turn yellow, yellow,

yel - low, For green leaves all turn yel - low, yel - low, yellow. 8va

'Tis thus with the delights of love,
The youthful heart beguiling,
Believe me you will find them prove,
As transient, tho' as smiling,

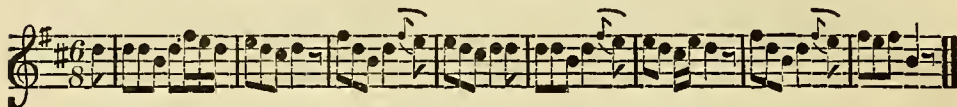
Not long they flourish ere they fade,
As sadly I have seen,
Yes, like the summer leaves, sweet maid,
Oh none are ever green.
For green leaves, &c.

CANADIAN BOAT SONG.

While on the subject of the Canadian Boat Song, an anecdote connected with that once popular ballad, may for my musical readers at least, possess some interest. A few years since, while staying in Dublin, I was presented, at his own request, to a gentleman who told me that his family had in their possession a curious relic of my youthful days—being the first notation I had made in pencilling of the air and words of the Canadian Boat Song while on my way down the St. Lawrence; and that it was their wish I should add my signature to attest the authenticity of the autograph. I assured him with truth that I had wholly forgotten the existence of such a memorandum; and that I should feel thankful to be

allowed to see it. In a day or two after my request was complied with, and the following is the history of this musical relic.

In my passage down the St. Lawrence, I had with me two travelling companions, one of whom, named Harkoess, the son of a wealthy Dublin merchant, has been some years dead. To this young friend, on parting with him at Quebec, I gave, as a keepsake, a volume I had been reading on the way—"Priestley's Lectures on History," and it was upon a fly leaf of this volume I found I had taken down, in pencilling, both the notes and a few words of the original song by which my own boat glee had been suggested. The following is the form of my memorandum of the original air:—



Then follows, as pencilled down at the moment, the first verse of my Canadian Boat Song, with air and words as they are at present. From all this it will be perceived, that in my own setting of this air I departed in almost every respect but the time from the strain our *voyageurs* had sung to us, leaving the music of the glee nearly as much my own as the words. Yet how strongly impressed I had become with the notion that this was the identical air sung by the boatmen—how closely it linked itself in my imagination with the scenes and sounds amidst which it had occurred to me—may be seen by a reference to a note appended to the glee as first published.—*From the new edition of the Works of Thomas Moore, revised by himself.*

ALL—ALL IS MUSIC.

All—all is music!—The proud foaming sea
Rolls in eternal harmony sublime
From shore to shore—piano in the calm;
And in the storm tremendous, loud, and deep;
The thunder peals the organ in the sky.

The winds
Are minstrels from whose viewless harps
Flow the sad strains of plaintive melodies,
Swelling the requiem of departed time,
Whose movements make the thoughtless billows
dance.

The streams
Murmur melodiously,—the rivulets sing
Their lullabies—inviting to repose
The flowrets on their banks, when night descends.
The great Niagara pours its awful bass
In nature's chorus—sounding loud the praise
Of Him who oped its fountains, and first taught
Its waters thence to flow—all unconscious flood!
The hills and vales are vocalists—echoing,
They join in concert with the shepherd's reed,
Accompaniment delightful.

The joyous woods
Burst forth in rustling sounds melodious—
Rejoicing in their glory. 'Neath the shade
Are built the homes of many a warbling throng—
The songsters of the woods—whose voices sweet
Charm the delighted ear. When Sol appears,
The glorious advent by their song is hailed;

And when, retiring on the western clouds,
His beams repose, their mellow notes are heard
In farewell numbers to his bright career.
Till Philomela, from her twilight bower,
With all the ecstasy of love and song,
Closes the warblings of the sylvan choir.

All—all is music!

The mountain solitude, the rocky dell,
Breathe of its spirit. Even the crowded city
Sends forth its murmuring and tumultuous voice,
A medley of sounds, that varying swell
On the bewildered ear, fantastical,
Yet wildly tuneful. Pealing from out
The brazen trumpet, it lends its cheering aid—
Infusing martial ardour in the hearts
Of the impetuous war-horse and its rider,
To brave the volleyed deaths that wing their way
Where Valour smiles on Ruin—where on the field
Of madness Folly seeks the bubble glory,
And finds it in the grave.
But oh! its richest harmony is felt
Most in the halls of peace, for it is there
Its talismanic influence spreads o'er
The captive heart, binding in bondage sweet
Its sympathies with ties of love and friendship.
Such is Omnipotence—the great Sovereignty
Of godlike music!

The bright beaming stars,
Those warders of the sky, that nightly watch
The sleeping earth—to heaven's unceasing strains
They march their mighty rounds. Yes! heaven
itself

Is one grand festival of harmony, where rolls
Its tuneful thunders,—whose boundless dome,
From myriad choirs and angel harps poured forth,
Rings with the eternal burst of rapturous praise.
All—all is music!

William Miller.

MUSIC AND DANCING AMONG THE
SIMALEES OF ADEN.

I found considerable amusement in watching the strange grotesque dancing of the Simalees, who are employed in the work of coaling. These dusky importations from the coast of Africa are a merry, fat, curly-headed race, who are employed for this particular work at twenty shillings a month each, but

are only enabled to put forth their strength when excited by music and their national dance. In consequence of this peculiarity, tamborines are incessantly beaten on the deck of the vessel, which the Simalees accompany by clapping their hands and treading a grotesque measure, in most perfect time. A group of Simalees being assembled on the deck of the steamer, near the open hold in which are deposited the bags of coal, with the crane and pulley above it, the rope attached is lowered, and the hook fastened to a bag. Meanwhile the Simalees, with a loud song, chanted to the time of the tamborines, run towards the fore-castle, and return dancing in line, in the most grotesque way that can be imagined; clapping their hands, raising one to the ear, and then with a kind of curtsying movement turning slowly round, with one leg bent and raised from the ground, changing the foot at intervals; the movements completed, they with one accord seize the rope, and rush merrily back, raising the coal bag as they go. Such is the wild excitement of this labour, so conducted, that the captain of the steamer assured me that they commonly lost four men after each coaling, and calculated that in putting on board every hundred ton of coals the sacrifice was of one man. The

labour effected is immense, and this solely without any stimulant but that of music and the wild dance of their native shores.—*Characteristics of Aden, by Mrs Postans.—Illuminated Magazine.*

THE PAST.

Down to the vale this water steers,
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years,
And flow as now it flows.

And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

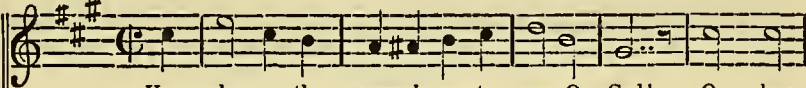
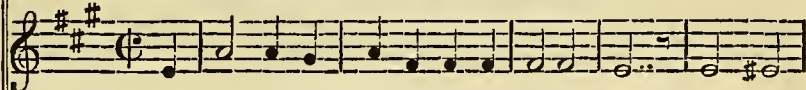
My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is inly stirred,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

Thus fares is still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

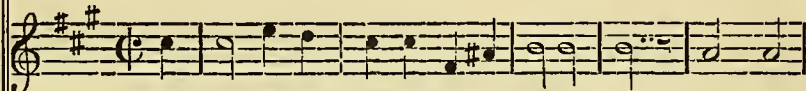
Wordsworth.

HOW DEAR ARE THY COUNSELS UNTO ME.

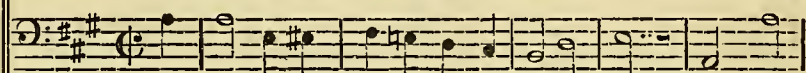
ANTHEM, BY THE CHEVALIER NEUKOMM.

*Moderato.**Hitherto unpublished.*1st
TREBLE.2d
TREBLE.

TENOR.



BASS.

ORGAN
OR
PIANO
FORTE.

great is the sum of them! *f* If I tell them, *p* If I

great is the sum of them! *f* If I tell them, *p* If I

The first system of the musical score consists of four staves. The top two staves are for the vocalists, and the bottom two are for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The vocal parts have lyrics: "great is the sum of them! If I tell them, If I". The piano part provides harmonic support with chords and moving lines in both hands.

tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand, *f*

when I wake

tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand, *f*

The second system continues the musical piece. It also features four staves (two vocal, two piano). The lyrics continue: "tell them, they are more in number than the sand, when I wake tell them, they are more in number than the sand,". The piano accompaniment continues with a steady rhythm, supporting the vocal melody.

f when I wake up I am present with thee, *f* when I wake up I am
f up, I am present, I am
f when I wake up, I am pre-sent with thee, *f* when I wake up I am
f

p pre-sent with thee, How dear are thy counsels un-to me, O
p
p pre-sent with thee, How dear are thy counsels un-to me, O
p

cres.
 God! O how great - - is the sum of them, how great is the
cres.
 O how great - - is the sum, how great is the
f
 God. *f* O how great is the sum of them, How great is the
f
 O how great is the sum, how great is the
cres. *f*

f
 sum of them, I will mag - ni - fy thee, O God, my King, my
f
 sum of them, I will mag - ni - fy thee, O God, my
f
 sum of them, I will mag - ni - fy thee, O God, my King, my
f
 sum of them, I - - will mag - ni - fy thee, O God, my
f

King, and will praise thy name for ev - er, I will

King, and will praise thy name for ev - er, I will

King, and will praise, will

King, and will praise thy name for ev - er, will

The first system consists of six staves. The top three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor) and the bottom three are piano accompaniment. The key signature is G major (one sharp). The lyrics are: "King, and will praise thy name for ev - er, I will".

p praise thy name, O God, I will praise thy name for ev - er and ev - er,

p praise thy name, O God, I will praise thy name for ev - er,

p praise thy name, O God, I will praise thy name for ev - er and e - ver,

p praise thy name, O God, I will praise thy

The second system consists of six staves. The top three staves are vocal parts and the bottom three are piano accompaniment. The key signature is G major. The lyrics are: "praise thy name, O God, I will praise thy name for ev - er and ev - er,". The piano part includes dynamic markings *p* (piano).

f
I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name for ev - er, I will

f
I will praise thy name,

f
I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name for ev - er, I will

name, thy name,

f

This system contains the first four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, and Tenor/Bass) and the fourth is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name for ev - er, I will name, thy name,'. The first staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The third staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The fourth staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

f
praise, I will praise thy name, O God, O my King! O my King!

f
praise, I will praise thy name, O God, O my King! O my King!

f
praise, I will praise thy name, O God, O my King! O my King!

f

This system contains the next four staves of music. The first three staves are vocal parts and the fourth is a piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). The music is in 4/4 time. The lyrics are: 'praise, I will praise thy name, O God, O my King! O my King!'. The first staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The second staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The third staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking. The fourth staff has a forte (*f*) dynamic marking.

THE DUMB PEAL.
ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

*Slow and expressive.**Dr. Benjamin Cooke.*

1 Bell, bim, bome, bell, bim, bome, bell, bim, bome, bell, bim, bome. well.

2 Bell, hark! hark! now the mournful, muffled bell, The weep - ing neighbour -

3 hood doth tell, that John - ny bids us all fare - well, fare - well,

4 farewell! Then since he's gone we'll ring his knell, we'll ring his knell, For long was he beloved.

* The pauses are only to be observed at the final close.

COME, FAIREST NYMPH.

GLEE AND CHORUS.

*Vivace.**Earl of Mornington.*

1st TENOR. Come, fair - est nymph, resume thy reign, Bring all the graces, all the

2d TENOR. Come, fair - est nymph, resume thy reign, Bring all the graces, the

BASS. Come, fair - est nymph, resume thy reign, Bring all the

graces in thy train, With bal - my breath, and flow' - ry head, rise, rise, rise,

graces in thy train, With balmy breath, and flow'ry head, rise, rise,

graces in thy train, With balmy breath, and flow'ry head, rise, rise,

rise, rise from thy soft am - bro - sial bed, rise from thy soft am -

rise, rise, rise from thy soft am - bro - sial bed, rise from thy

ise, rise, rise from thy soft am - bro - sial bed, rise from thy

bro - sial bed: Where in E - ly - sian slum - bers bound, Embow'r-ing myr - tles

soft ambrosial bed: Where in E - ly - sian slum - bers bound, Embow'ring myr - tles

soft ambrosial bed; Where in E - ly - sian slumbers bound, Em - bow'ring myr - tles

veil thee round, A - wake in all thy glories drest, A - wake in all thy glories drest,

veil thee round, Awake in all thy glories drest, Awake in all thy glories drest,

veil thee round, Awake in all thy glories drest, Awake in all thy glories drest, Re -

Re - call the zephyr from the west, Re - store the sun, re - vive the skies, At nature's

Recall, re - call the zephyr from the west, Restore the sun, re - vive the skies,

call, re - call - - the ze - phyr from the west, Restore the sun, re - vive the skies,

call and mine arise, At nature's call and mine arise, Great nature's self up - braids thy stay, And
 arise, arise, Great na - ture's self up - braids thy stay,
 arise, Great na - ture's self up - braids thy stay,

Andante.

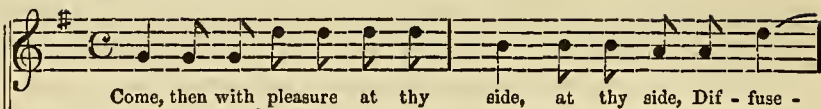
miss - es her ac - cus - tom'd May. See! all her works de - mand thine
 And misses her ac - cus - tom'd May. See! all her works de - mand thine
 And misses her ac - cus - tom'd May.

aid, The la - bours of Po - mo - na fade, A plaint is heard from
 aid, The la - bours of Po - mo - na fade, A plaint is heard from

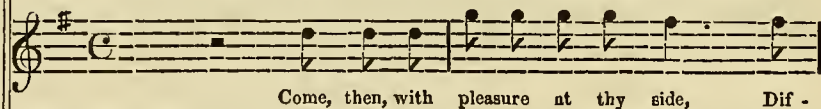
ev' - ry tree, Each bud - ding flow' - ret waits for thee.
 ev' - ry tree, Each bud - ding flow' - ret waits for thee.

CHORUS. *Allegro.*

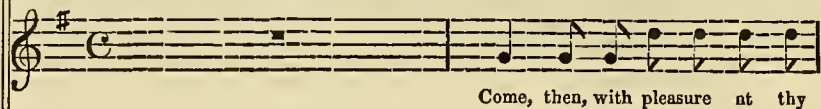
TREBLE.



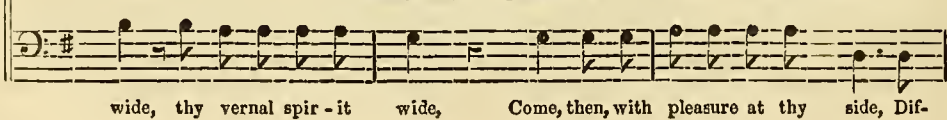
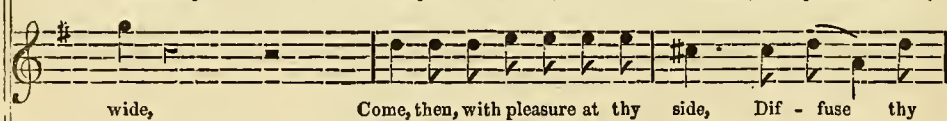
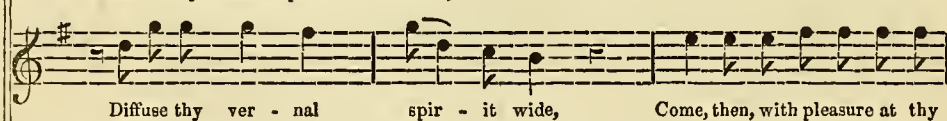
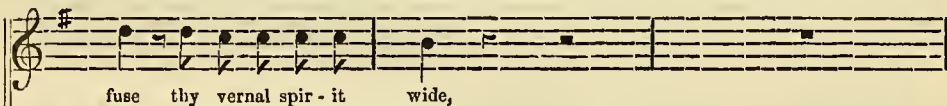
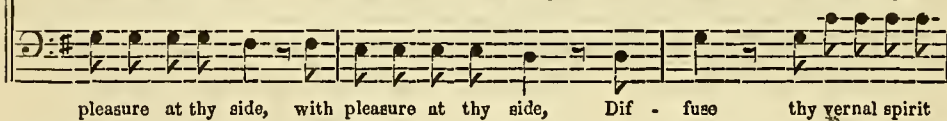
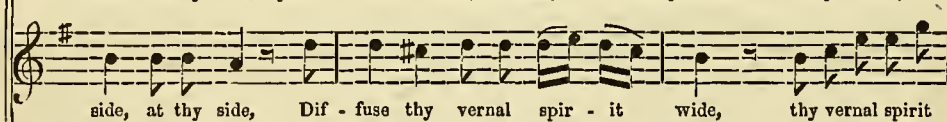
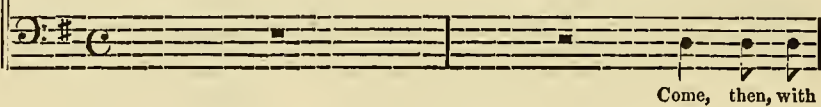
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.



cre - ate where - e'er thou turn'st thine eye, where -
 side, Dif - fuse thy ver - nal spir - it wide, cre - ate where e'er thou turn'st thine
 ver - - - - - nal spir - it wide, cre - ate where e'er thou turn'st thine
 fuse thy ver - nal spir - it wide, ere - ate where e'er thou turn'st thine

e'er thou turn'st thine eye, where e'er thou turn'st thine eye, Peace, plenty, love,
 eye, thou turn'st thine eye, where e'er thou turn'st thine eye, Peace, plenty, love,
 eye, where e'er thou turn'st, thou turn'st thine eye, Peace, plenty, love,
 eye, where e'er thou turn'st, thou turn'st thine eye, Peace, plenty, love,

Peace, plen - ty, love, and har - mo - ny, har - mo - ny.
 Peace, plen - ty, love, and har - mo - ny, har - mo - ny.
 Peace, plen - ty, love, and har - mo - ny, har - mo - ny.
 Peace, plen - ty, love, and har - mo - ny, har - mo - ny.

TO PRIMROSES, FILLED WITH MORNING DEW.

Why do ye weep, sweet habes? Can tears
 Speak grief in you,
 Who are but born
 Just as the modest morn,
 Teem'd her refreshing dew?
 Alas! you have not known that shower
 That mars a flower;
 Nor felt the unkind
 Breath of a blasting wind;
 Nor are ye worn with years;
 Or warpt, as we,
 Who think it strange to see
 Such pretty flow'rs, (like to orphans young,)
 To speak by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whim'ring younglings; and make known
 The reason why
 Ye droop, and weep.
 Is it for want of sleep;
 Or childish lullabie?
 Or that ye have not seen as yet
 The violet?
 Or brought a kiss
 From that sweet heart to this?
 No, No; this sorrow, shown
 By your tears shed,
 Would have this lecture read,
 "That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
 Conceiv'd with grief are, and with tears brought
 forth."

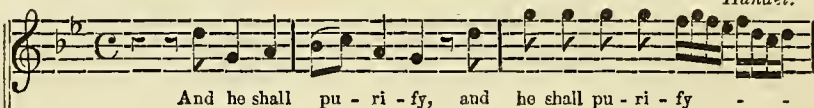
Robert Herrick.

AND HE SHALL PURIFY.

SACRED CHORUS FROM THE "MESSIAH."

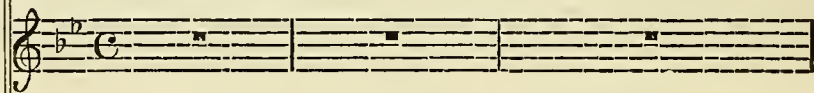
Handel.

CANTO.

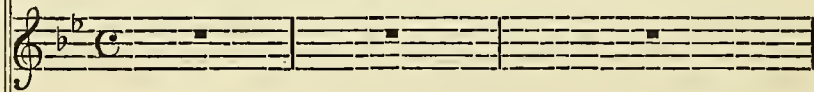


And he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy - -

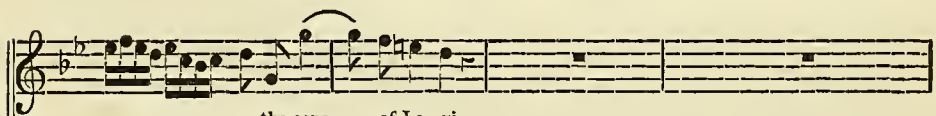
ALTO.



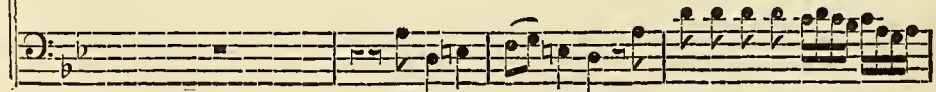
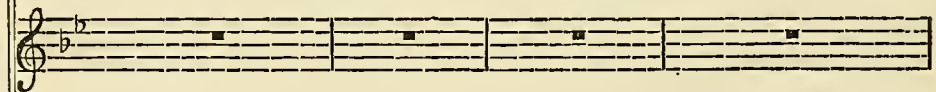
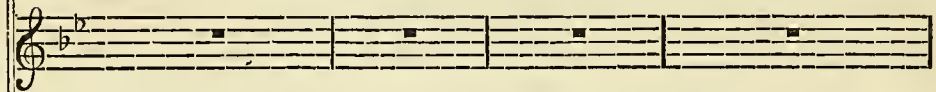
TENOR.



BASS.



- the sons - of Le - vi,



And he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall puri - fy - -

And he shall pu - ri - fy

And

the sons of Le - vi,

And he shall pu - ri - fy

he shall pu - ri - fy the sons

And he shall pu - ri - fy

the sons of

of Le - vi,

And he shall puri - fy - - and

the sons of Le - vi, the

of Le - vi, the sons

and he shall pu - ri - fy

he shall puri - fy - - the sons of Le - - - vi, the sons the

sons of Lo - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an

of Le - vi,

the sons of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an

sons of Le - vi,

of - fer - ing in righteous - ness, in righteous - ness, And he shall pu - ri - fy

and he shall

of - fer - ing in righteous - ness, in righteous - ness, and he shall

and he shall

pu - ri - fy, and he shall

pu - ri - fy, and he shall

pu - ri - fy, shall pu - ri - fy - - - - - the

and he shall puri - fy - - - - shall pu - ri - fy

pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy

pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy,

sons of Le - vi,

and he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy the sons, the

and he shall pu - ri - fy,

and he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri -

and he shall pu - ri - fy the sons of Le - vi, the

sons of Le - vi, and he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall puri-
fy the sons of Le - vi, and he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall puri-
sons of Le - vi, and he shall pu - ri - fy, and

and he shall pu - ri - fy, the sons of Le - vi, fy the sons of he shall pu - ri fy, shall puri - fy the sons of Le - vi, the

and shall pu - ri - fy Le - vi, shall puri - fy sons of Le - vi

he shall pu - ri - fy the sons - - - shall pu - ri - fy - - shall pu - ri - fy - - the sons - - of Le - - and he shall pu - ri - fy - - the

of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an - - the sons of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an - - vi, the sons of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an - - sons, the

of - fer - ing in righteous - ness, in righteous - ness. of - fer - ing in righteous - ness, in righteous - ness. of - fer - ing in righteous - ness, in righteous - ness.

CLAUDE BALBATRE.

This renowned organist, was a native of Dijon, and was born in the month of December, 1729. He was a pupil to his uncle, an organist in that town; and he succeeded him after his death; he then received lessons from Rameau, who had been the intimate friend of his uncle. After some time he went to Paris, where he prosecuted his studies during many years; and, in 1755 he presided at the *Concert Spirituel*. A species of concerto, which he executed on the organ, and of which he was the inventor, had the most brilliant success. He was elected soon afterwards to the situation of organist of Saint Roch, where he drew such numerous audiences, that the Archbishop of Paris was com-

pelled to forbid his performing on certain days of the great Christmas fete. Balbatre never had a day's illness, until the day of his decease, which was in the year 1799. He left a number of compositions for the harpsichord, which are still held in considerable estimation. The ease and velocity of his fingering, and the extreme gracefulness of his manner, especially while he performed his own beautiful variations of the "Marsellois Hymn," and the "Battle of Fleurus," are said to have been highly gratifying. It is due to the diversified talents of this distinguished musician, to notice, that he had a share in improving several musical instruments, particularly the harpsichord and piano-forte.

HIGHLAND MARY.

Words by Burns.

Air—"Katherine Ogie."

Ye banks and braes, and streams a-round, The cas-tle of Mont-

go-me-ry, Green be your woods and fair your flow'rs, Your

wa-ters ne-ver drum-lie. There sum-mer first un-faulds her

robes, And there they lang-est tar-ry, For there I took the

he shall pu - ri - fy the sons - - - shall pu - ri - fy - - shall pu - ri - fy - - the sons - - of Le - - and he shall pu - ri - fy - - the

of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an - the sons of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an - vi, the sons of Le - vi, that they may of - fer un - to the Lord an sons, the

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wa-ters ne-ver drum-lie. There sum-mer first un-faulds her

robes, And there they lang-est tar-ry, For there I took the



Ye banks, and braes, and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flow'rs,
Your waters never drumlie!
There simmer first unfaulds her robes,
And there they longest tarry!
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade,
I clasp'd her to my bosom!
The golden hours, on angel wings,
Flew o'er me and my dearie;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow, and lock'd embrace,
Our parting was fu' tender;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore ourselves asunder:
But, oh! fell death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower so early!
Now green's the sod, and cauld's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary!

O pale, pale now those rosy lips
I aft ha'e kiss'd sae fondly!
And clos'd for aye the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly;
And mouldering now in silent dust,
That heart that lo'ed me dearly!
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

CARILLONS AT ANTWERP.

I can give you but a faint idea of the sweet half monastic life one leads in Antwerp; it would be as impossible there to neglect attendance at matins, nones, and vespers, as if one had for years taken the vows of St. Francis or St. Dominic; and the magnificent tower of the cathedral, which stands out most majestically from the Scheldt, is ever and anon sending forth with its deep-toned heavy bell, some "note of preparation", some warning of duties to be fulfilled. Indeed, without entering the churches, the critical musical faculty is provoked every quarter of an hour by a profane march, which the carillons (music bells) in the tower never fail to perform, I suppose for the amusement of the numerous jackdaws who have there found "their coign of vantage," and who, though out of the pale of the church, and without benefit of clergy, might be treated with something a little better in tune. The hideously inharmonious jangling of these bells, the lamentable attempt at harmonising a melody, infuses a spirit into the heels, somewhat at variance with the tranquillity with which one would otherwise loiter round this old and honourable city; and the only reason which I could assign for the cruel defiance of concord is this:—that as the Devil has, since the time of Tartini, possessed the reputation of a good ear for music, and as bells are said to scare evil spirits, so the ingenious Flemings think to accelerate his departure by leaving theirs in so cruel a state of disagreement. If I am mistaken in this conjecture, let it pass; but I would put it to the consciences of the burgomasters of Antwerp, whether innocent travellers who arrive in their city, with a delicate organization of ear, should be tormented four times an hour, or have their nerves irritated, by the constant repetition of the same tune, especially when it is not used to impress upon one any moral

duty, as the chimes in some of the London churches do, in one of which I remember to have heard, as a funeral procession entered the churchyard, the tune "Life let us cherish," with real edification.—*A Ramble among the Musicians in Germany.*

HORACE IMITATED.

BEUK II. ODE XVI.

To ———.

The mune deroit yont the cluds, an' mirk the lift,
The tempest gousty howland ower the seis,
The schip gaun driftand in a meithless tift,
The schippar sair forfochand praies for eise.
For eise, the Hielandmān worn out wi' weir,
And weiryit Cossack, baith devoutlie praie;—
For eise, quhilk nane can buy for gowden geir,
Nor royall crouns, nor gems, nor dymonts gaie.

For vain is a' the walth o' kings,
And vain the grandour office brings.
To heal the heart's waneise;
Or pou the pousonit attrye stang
Frae fykye cares that flychter thrang
In vovwit canopies.

He lives in happy life that bruicks delyte
In thrifty mealtiith, an' in hamely plicht;
Frem, far frae him are gried, an' feir an' wyte,
His sleip is soun, his dreims are blythe at nicht.

Quhy soud we brank wi' siccan short-lived powers
An' airt our maggots yont the meath o' tyme?
An' quhy forelet our hames, an' hailsum bours,
Pursewand fortoun in a scomhisit clyme?

Did e'er a wicht, repynand at his weird,
An' greinand wi' unleisun lust o' geir,
Fleiland his kintra like a loun or caird,
Elude his fykit sel; his sturt an' steir?

For care is swifter na' the eistlan gale,
 An' chasis sailour scuddand thro' the sea;
 Mair licht o' fit nor staig that scours the dale,
 An' grips the horseman canterand ower the lea.

But he wha wi' his ain content
 Taks thankfu' what the gods hae sent
 And bruiks the present day,
 Can smuir the glunch o' human gyle
 Wi' glamour o' a gentle smyle,
 An' geck at cummand wae,

A cross is kippilit to ilk warldly sain;
 The day o' glore to ane gloams lang or e'en;
 Anither dwynes wi' eild and dule his lane;
 An' I may live to rew my deirest frien;

Meanquhyle ye see aroun ye play
 Fyve scare o' scheip wi' fleiches gay,
 An' droves o' tydye kye;
 Yer pownie nichers at yer ca',
 Wi' garments fyne ye buske ye braw
 Twice dipt in purpour dye.

To me the gods hae kindlye gi'en
 A rural bield, wi' schaws lu' grein,
 An' braes wi' sunny syde;
 A wee spunk o' the muses fyre;
 An' taste to play the Scotian lyre;
 An' scorn the vulgar pryde.

From a Lounger's Note-Book.

CHARACTERISTICS OF CELEBRATED VIOLIN PLAYERS.

DRAWN UP IN 1831.

WILLIAM CRAMER.—Born at Manheim, 1730; first performance in England, 1770. Peculiar characteristics: decision and spirit; also an excellent leader. Died in London, 1805.

BARTHELEMON.—Born at Bourdeaux, 1741; first performance in England, 1765. Sweetness and polished taste, especially in Corelli.

GIORNOVICH.—Palermo, 1745—1792. Correctness, purity of tone, and elegance. Died in 1804.

SALOMON.—Born 1745—1781. Boldness, enthusiasm, and playfulness, particularly in Haydn's works.

YANIEWICZ.—Wilna, 1792. Delicacy and high finish, especially in quartets.

VIOTTI.—Piedmont, 1755—1790. Vigorous energy, grand bowing, extraordinary execution, and masterly style: above all, in concertos. Died in London, 1824.

VACCARI.—Modena, 1772—1823. Tenderness, exquisite taste, feeling and refined expression.

RODE.—Bordeaux, 1773—1794. Bold tone, vigour, elegance.

PINTO.—London, 1786—1798. Fire, originality, vivid fervour, and profound feeling.

BAILLOT.—Paris, 1771. Sterling taste, variety, variety of manner, admirable bowing, forcible tone, and masterly command of the instrument. Died at Paris, 1842.

SPAGNOLETTI.—Italy. Charming *fluty* quality of tone; graceful freedom in bowing; genuine Italian taste.

WEICHSEL.—Strength of tone; energy; excellent timist.

LAFONT.—Paris. Suavity and elegance, especially in *cantabile* movements.

KIESEWETTER.—Anspach, 1777—1821. Deep pathos in adagios, and extraordinary rapidity in allegros; fine bow-arm, and wonderfully distinct articulation.

SPOHR.—Seesen, 1784—1820. Grandeur, vigour, elevation of style, exquisite taste, purity of tone, and composer-like feeling.

PAGANINI.—Genoa, 1784—1831. EVERY-THING. Died at Nice, 1840.

MORI.—London, 1797. Rich, full, and beautiful tone; polished taste, masterly variety of style, and extraordinary brilliancy of execution.

DE BÉRIOT.—Belgium. Perfect intonation, grace, rich and charming tone, elegant bowing, refined taste, and wonderful execution.—*Musical World*.

END OF VOL. II.

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AND
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ETC.

AND
ARTICLES IN MUSICAL AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

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THE

BRITISH MINSTREL;

AND

MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS TO VOLUME THIRD.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL has now attained a position and a reputation for itself amongst the almost innumerable periodical works which are hourly leaving the press of the three kingdoms. It has successfully pushed on in its career of usefulness for two years and a half—and has honourably arrived at the end of a second volume. The BRITISH MINSTREL, without the aid of puff, and almost without the help of an advertisement, has gone over Great Britain, and has found its way into every city and almost every village. It has travelled, likewise, to the English Empire in the East; to the British colonies in the South; and has gone into the Western world, and made the solitary settler's cabin among the wild woods of Canada vocal with its pure and simple minstrelsy. Well, indeed, may we feel proud at the amount of pleasure we have thus been the means of distributing, when there is so much to disturb men's minds in the realities of the present agitated condition of the political and religious world. We have fostered no illiberal prejudice, and we have not compromised our own principles, or those of any one, but our pages have been enriched with such matter as all must love, and only the ignorant can find fault with, or condemn.

The exceeding cheapness of our periodical, at first caused many to look with distrust upon it, as though they feared that cheapness should strangle utility and excellence; but the character of the matter, musical and literary, with which we have filled our pages, has gained for the BRITISH MINSTREL the respect and increasing support of enlightened men, aye and women too, of all ranks and conditions. Letters have been poured in upon us, bringing kind wishes, bearing useful contributions, and breathing generous hopes for its continued success. The Public Press, omnipotent for good or evil, according as it chooses to use its strength, has borne testimony to the worth of our song-

singer and story-teller, and it is these concurrent and simultaneous expressions of kindness and encouragement which give an enthusiasm and energy to the conductors of such a work as ours, and vitality to the work itself.

When we issued our first number, we felt confident that there existed a most craving desire for music, and were well aware that the working men of this Great Empire were so burdened by the pressure of circumstances, that they had not money to spare for the purchasing of five-shilling choruses, three-and-sixpenny glees, and two-shilling songs, and we felt that the time was come when something ought to be done in this matter for their behoof. And when, as merchants, we sent our work out on speculation, we thought to find a ready market, and we have not been disappointed. The amount of numbers we issue is steadily and gradually on the increase, and this increase will spur us on in our labour, it will give us an incentive to further efforts, and furnish us with the means of prosecuting our scheme, until the working people of Great Britain are possessed of a musical library, which, for amount and quality, would have put to shame the collections of the most wealthy amateur of thirty years ago. Moreover, we delight in the task of catering for the people, knowing that our Musical Miscellany goes forth to be studied and sung in the meetings of mechanics, artisans, and peasants, after their day of toil is ended. And it pleaseth us to think that we are thus enabled to lay open a varied round of pleasing and purifying recreation, to those whose bodies are prematurely bent, and whose minds are harassed, by the perpetual recurrence of the same associations, the same toil, and the same irking necessity.

We know full well that our Musical and Literary Miscellany has brought together in amity, for the purpose of singing our choruses, glees, and rounds, men, who had almost altogether ceased to sing, from the circumstance that they had nothing new,

in music, to interest and excite them. Aye, and these men hailed the first appearance of the BRITISH MINSTREL as a windfall to themselves especially. Working Men, be of good heart, the BRITISH MINSTREL loveth ye—the Minstrel loveth all men of whatever degree—but principally he careth for the working men—and he would wish to see them as intellectually busy, as they are physically: he would wish to see them as mentally great, as they are expert in their different handicrafts. Have no fear that we should tire in serving you—no; we look far forward, and expect that for many volumes yet to come you shall be taking our weekly numbers and monthly parts, and while lifting them gently with your hard and stiffened fingers, and contemplating their pages with an eager and pleased expression beaming from your eyes, and a happy smile lurking in all the wrinkles of your faces, you will thus be mesmerically shaking hands with us at a distance. And are we not endowed with a wonderful power of *clairvoyance*; for when you have looked through our periodical sheet, and are laying it aside before going to bed, do you not heave up a long breath, expressive of your satisfaction with what we have sent to you, and do you not feel, that, even before you had formed a wish for what should come next, we have already provided it for you. This we know to be all true with regard to the music; and has not the literary matter which we have sent along with it given you some occasional glimpses of happiness. Has it not, at times, made you feel that this world is not altogether a world of woe, but that there are bright spots, in which angel thoughts have their birth, and in which holy and pure human nature can take refuge from the fretful annoyance of carking care. Have not our stories and selections of poetry assisted you to look out with a brighter eye, and a more kindly heart, upon your fellow creatures. We know their effect to be as we have imagined. Your friend Ebenezer Elliot, a giant in intellect and a great poet, says that “*Poetry is the heart speaking to itself*,” it is something more, it is the pure heart of one person speaking to the pure heart of another, and finding sympathy where it feared distrust, and truth and honesty in that which appeared doubtful and hollow, and discovering that to be a paradise which seemed at first to be only a wild and a tangled wilderness. The untutored mind is ever suspicious, but it only requires to catch the first illuminating ray of kindness, truth, and beauty, to throw off its slough and come forth enveloped with a glory. Impressed with these truths, and knowing the power with which literature is invested for refining the manners and awakening the intellect, we have endeavoured to make our selections speak to the hearts of our readers; to make them utter the language of kindly

affection; to show pictures of purity, simple and single-hearted as that of childhood; so that their influence might assist in producing the like qualities in the hearts of all our friends. A seed thrown by chance may happen to light upon favourable soil—and the small grain we have scattered has not been altogether unfruitful. We have taken many an excursion into strange and out-of-the-way places, and have had meetings with men who knew us not, and were altogether unaware of our goings and comings, and we have seen them at their singing meetings, and we know how they appreciate our efforts in their behalf; we have heard the music contained in the BRITISH MINSTREL sung on the hill side, and in the work shop; we have heard its stories repeated and eagerly listened to; its occasional snatches of poetry whispered to the innocent heart of infancy; aye, and we have heard ourselves bespattered with praise until our impertinent blushes had well nigh betrayed our incognito, and with hearts softened and warmed by such scenes as these, we have said to ourselves, “we must pursue the line chalked out to us, and our unpretending Miscellany will tend to ‘make the world better yet.’”

But we are becoming garrulous and egotistical, and must make a halt. We have to express our grateful acknowledgements to our friends who purchase our Minstrel, for the support they have given us thus far, and courteously to solicit their friendship for the future. Our stores of music are almost inexhaustible—and the kind of literature which we mean to draw upon is absolutely so—and whatever improvement may have been observed in the second volume of the Minstrel over the first, we fully intend shall be followed by a corresponding improvement in the third over the second.

To our Correspondents we have again to tender especial thanks. We have been hitherto backed by troops of friends, and we trust that they will still continue to us their valuable assistance. Many of their contributions have been unavoidably delayed, but these delays are not to be viewed in the light of rejections, for unless an especial announcement to that effect appear upon the wrapper of our parts, all that we have received will ultimately be inserted in our pages.

So with thanks for the past, and hope and enthusiasm for the future, we again bid all our friends a grateful adieu.

MOZART.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—one of the few instances of precocious children who maintained their vantage ground in after life—first saw the light among the mountains of Salzburg, in 1756. Each successive stage of his existence—infancy, boyhood, youth, and manhood—was characterised by its own

peculiar wonders of feeling and invention. When he was in England, at eight years old, his acquirements in music were described as those of a man of forty; and it may be interesting to calculate at this ratio his age at the time that he died in Vienna, in 1791, nominally, and according to the ordinary reckoning, in his thirty-sixth year.

His life may be, not fantastically, divided into four epochs. First, that of infancy, from 1762 to 1766. Let us picture to ourselves baby fingers wandering over correct and symmetrical basses, self-invented, and we shall easily understand how the music of this child, at the courts of Bavaria, Austria, France, England, and Holland, triumphed over state forms, winning all hearts, and many an imperial salute, in which the queen or princess forgot herself in the woman. The displays of the infant Mozart were made on the harpsichord, the organ, and violin; he sung, played, and composed *extempore*, played and transposed at sight, accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and answered every challenge. Michael Haydn, Jomelli, Wagenseil, John Christian Bach, &c., were competent witnesses of feats in which any one failure would have involved ruin. The boy was warmly patronised at Paris by Baron Grimm, and at London, by the Hon. Daines Barrington. Before his tenth year, he composed sonatas, symphonies, cantatas, and oratorios!

His boyhood, from 1766 to 1771, was mostly occupied by tours in Germany and Italy. He now produced operas, masses, concertos, serenades, garden-music, or pieces for many wind instruments; and prosecuted those studies into the nature and genius of each which enabled him, in 1782, to establish the true model of the modern orchestra. He was now known and admired by Hasse, the rival of Handel, the Padre Martini, the Padre Valotti, Farinelli, De Majo, &c. His progress through Italy was an ovation; in that seat of the arts, his abilities were rigorously tried and as judiciously rewarded. He returned to Salzburg decorated with an order by the Pope, and member of the Philharmonic Academies of Bologna and Verona.

His youth, from 1771 to 1778, was partly employed as solo violin player, pianist, and organist, to the Archbishop of Salzburg. To the meretricious taste and ill-appointed cathedral choir of this prince, Mozart was obliged to sacrifice many of his masses. But of his own church style, his Litany, composed at fifteen, containing the celebrated chorus, *Pignus futura*, is a stupendous evidence. His individuality of style first exhibited itself in church music—subsequently in the drama; and now, an ambition commensurate with the great powers he felt within him was awakened. After composing new music for every fête at church and festivity at court, without receiving from his sordid patron the least acknowledgment, he quitted Salzburg in disgust, and went in quest of an appointment to Munich, Mannheim, and Paris. He wrote on this tour, symphonies, masses, choruses, ballets, concertos, sonatas, &c., to the wonder of surrounding musicians. But no court was in haste to retain the youthful genius. Musical science had ever been associated with a peruke, and no elector could conceive it otherwise. After forming friendships or acquaintance with the more celebrated musicians of the Mannheim chapel, Holzbauer, Vogler, &c., he proceeded to Paris, where he found Gluck, Piccini, Gambini, Gossec, Noverre, &c. The death of his mother and travelling companion now happening, he was recalled to

Salzburg, and placed on the Archbishop's establishment, with a tolerable stipend.

From 1779 to 1791, that is to say, from his twenty-third to his thirty-sixth year, may be dated the manhood of Mozart, and the era of his fully developed powers. Each of his works in turn now moved the whole world of art. In Idomeneo, he established the first and most beautiful example of modern instrumentation; the position and employment of the full complement of wind instruments was first therein exhibited. The air, concerted with obligato accompaniments, was now also heard for the first time. Not only was this score the first conspicuous for symmetrical beauty: there was in the harmony,—in the effects of the inverted pedal-point, and the employment of the enharmonic change on various turns of passion in the recitative,—absolute novelty. Idomeneo, till this day the choicest classic in the library of the musical student, was produced in six weeks. Mozart was shortly called upon to attend the Archbishop to Vienna; but a quarrel taking place, they separated, and from that moment he ceased to be dependent on the patronage of the great. The Emperor Joseph noticed him frequently with fair words, but no solid act of kindness. Now followed successively his operas of the Seraglio, Figaro, Don Giovanni, &c. of the effect of which, in establishing the modern opera, and in developing concerted music, character, situation, and sentiment, it is unnecessary to speak.

Mozart wrote much in the open air. The greater part of Don Giovanni was composed in the bowling-green of his friend Dussek, at Prague—the Requiem, likewise, in Trattner's garden, at Vienna. The first quintet in the Zaubrerflöte was composed in a coffee-house over a game of billiards. He loved to be surrounded by friends, and to hear talking and laughing go forward while he composed. But he also wrote much at night; and ceased writing neither day nor night when possessed with a favourite idea.

He received about fifty pounds for each of his operas; but for *Così fan tutte*, one hundred pounds. His chamber music was far too elevated above the taste of the day to be saleable to the music-sellers; so that, except a trifling pension of eighty pounds, which he received for about four years, he had little to depend upon but concert-giving and teaching. The quantity of Mozart's time consumed in this mean labour cannot be thought on but with wonder and indignation. His uncommon genius procured him the peculiar envy of the Italians. He was hated, with varying degrees of malignity, by Salieri, Sarte, Reghini, &c. He was, it is to be feared, somewhat envied by Gluck. On the other hand, he possessed attached friends in Joseph Haydn, Paesello, Storace, the Abbe Stadler, Dussek and his wife, Albrechtsberger, &c. He imparted at various times musical counsel to Beethoven, Hummel, Attwood, Süssmayer, and others. His claim to be the founder of the modern school of orchestral effect, is established by the date of Idomeneo, and the six grand symphonies which appeared from 1782 to 1788. The first great orchestral work by Haydn, was the *Passione*, composed in 1785, when the operas, symphonies, and motetts of Mozart were beginning to be well known. Patronage and competence arrived to poor Mozart, as he lay helpless and incapable on his death-bed. Music, which was his earliest passion, was the last thing in his thoughts: at noon, on the 5th of December, 1791, he was singing his Requiem, and at midnight he had ceased to breathe.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANIE.

Air—"Ye Jacobites by name."

Slow.

My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame, My love's in Germa-nie, send him

pp

hame: My love's in Germa-nie, Fight - ing for roy - al - ty, He may ne'er his Jeanie

f *p*

see, send him hame, send him hame, He may ne'er his Jeanie see, send him hame.

My luv'e's in Germanie;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 My luv'e's in Germanie.
 Send him hame;
 My luv'e's in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for royalty;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see,
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
 Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 Our faes are ten to three;
 Send him hame,
 Our faes are ten to three;
 He maun either fa' or flee,
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame.

Your luv'e ne'er learnt to flee,
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
 Your luv'e ne'er learnt to flee,
 Winsome dame.
 Your luv'e ne'er learnt to flee,
 Rut he fell in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for loyalty
 Mournfu' dame, mournfu' dame;
 Fighting brave for loyalty,
 Mournfu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
 He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's gane!
 He will ne'er come o'er the sea,
 To his luv'e and ain countrie.
 An' this world's nae mair for me;
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane;
 This world's nae mair for me:
 Willie's gane!

JEAN-NICOLAS LE FROID DE MEREAX.

This musician was born at Paris in 1745, and studied music, towards which science he showed a very early attachment, under different French and Italian masters. Above all other instruments he preferred the organ, in the performance on which

he made a rapid progress. He devoted a great portion of his time to composition, and produced a considerable number and variety of metetts, operas, and oratorios. Among his oratorios, his *Esther* was particularly distinguished for the elegance and simplicity of its melodies, its elucidative accompani-

ments and picturesque harmony. The composition which laid the first stone upon which was erected his reputation was his cantata, *Aluie, Queen of Golconda*, first produced in 1767; and the last production of the genius of Mereaux was *Œdipus and Jocasta*, which was given to the public in 1791. Most of the works of this able master were so excellent, that they commanded universal admiration, and procured him an elevated name among the composers of his age and country. Besides the profundity of his theoretical knowledge, he possessed in a remarkable degree the power of speaking and writing upon the science of music with judgment

and eloquence. The following passage from a letter of his, addressed to the learned Martin Gerbert, is at once an evidence of the correctness of his ideas respecting the true character of ecclesiastical music, and of his literary talent;—"In France, the music of the church has suffered much by the changes to which it has been subjected. Nothing is more certain than that what it has gained in respect to melody, which amuses the ear, it has lost in that harmony which ennobles religious sentiment, and distinguishes sacred from secular composition." Mereaux died in 1797.

HOW GREAT IS THE PLEASURE.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Harrington.

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the de - light, When

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the de - light, when

Sweet, sweet, how sweet the de - light, when

soft love and mu - sic to - ge - ther n - nite.

love, soft love, and mu - sic n - nite.

har - mo - ny, sweet har - mo - ny and love do n - nite.

HAYDN AND NAPOLEON.

In 1805, as the celebrated composer, Haydn, was regarding, with no very agreeable feelings, the triumphal march of the French troops, as they took possession of the capital of his beloved country, he was not a little alarmed when he observed an officer and his guard stop at the door of his house and demand an interview. The immortal composer of "The Creation" advanced to meet them, and with a trembling voice demanded for what purpose they sought him, adding, with much humility, "I am

merely poor Haydn, the composer; what crime can I have committed against the French Government?" "None," replied the officer, smiling; "on the contrary, I have received the orders of the Emperor Napoleon to place a sentinel at your door, in order to protect and honour an individual of such rare genius." The guard was continued while the French occupied Vienna; and whenever the troops passed his door, the band played some of his most celebrated compositions.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Thy kingdom come! but where shall it be?
In the sweet wild groves of Araby,
Where the citron flowers and the date-tree grow,
Where the fair and thornless roses blow,
Where the sunlight falls in radiant streams,
And the moon on forests of palm trees beams?
Fair are its roses and clustering vine,
And its kingdom is bright!—but it is not Thine!

Thy kingdom come! shall it be in the land
Where the wrecks of the mighty and valiant stand;
Where the temples once by the heathen trod,
Resound to the holy name of God;
Where the fallen pillars and sculptured stone
Are 'midst sweet wreaths of wild flowers thrown?
It hath a sad grace, that land so fair,
But thy kingdom—thy kingdom is not there?

Thy kingdom come! oh, wilt thou reign
Within some grand and mighty fane?
By the work of our hands we will raise the pile,
We will strew with flowers the vaulted aisle,
We will toss the silver censers around,
And a thousand voices of sweetest sound
Shall breathe at once; but it may not be—
Such a kingdom accepted is not by Thee!

Thy kingdom come! in our cottage homes
We will give thee our hearts, by our kindred's tombs,
By the rippling streams, in the ancient woods,
Alike in clouds and in solitudes;
When the sun in his glory is beaming on high,
When the moon and stars are lighting the sky,
Our souls shall be breathed in praise and prayer,
So Thou wilt make thy kingdom there!

Mary Anne Browne.

GLORY TO GOD.

SACRED CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Handel.

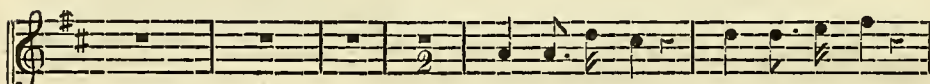
SOPRANO. 

ALTO. 

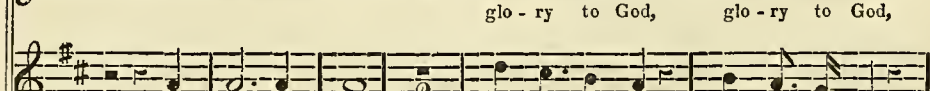
TENOR. 

BASS. 

Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est,









and peace on earth, glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Glory to God in the highest,

Glory to God in the highest,

Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, Good will

and peace on earth, Good will to - wards

good will to - wards men, towards men, good will

good will to - wards men, towards men, good will towards men, to - wards

- - to - wards men, to - wards men, good will towards

men, good will - - to - wards men,

- - - to - wards men - - - towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to

men, good will - - - towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to

men, good will towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to

good will - - - towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to

God in the high - est, and peace on earth,

God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will to - wards

God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will -

God in the highest, and peace on earth,

good will, good will, good will,

men, to - wards men, good will, good will, good will,

- - - to - wards men, towards men, good will, good will, good will

good will, good will, good will,

good will to - wards men - - - good will to - wards men.

good will towards men, good will - - towards men.

good will towards men - - - good will towards men.

good will - - to - wards men - - good will towards men.

L O R D G R E G O R Y .

Mournfully.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, And loud the tempest's roar, A

wae fu' wand'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord Gre - gory ope thy door. An ex - ile

frae her father's ha', And a' for lov - ing thee; At least some pi - ty

on me shaw, If love it may na be.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
Py bonnie Irwin-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang had denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for ay be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
His wrangs to heaven and me!

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(Concluded from Vol. II. page 316.)

Though it cannot be denied that the study of music has now become universal, the old national differences in the art, to which we have alluded in the foregoing pages, are still perceptible. Italy may, indeed, boast of a few individuals, such as Clementi and Paganini, who excel in the skilful execution of one instrument or other; upon the whole, however, the force of her artists is exclusively confined to the vocal part; so much so, that even the orchestra plays in Italy but a secondary part, to accompany the voice. The reverse is in Germany; but few possess fine and flexible voices; while the study of the instrumental part is carried to a pitch equalled by no nation on earth. The smallest town in Germany possesses an orchestra whose members are capable of executing the most difficult compositions. Music is in Germany a recreation, an indispensable evening amusement, after the toil of the ordinary pursuits of the day. Every place has its harmonic societies, where professors and amateurs assemble promiscuously, all animated with one feeling, the love of the art ancient and modern, profane and sacred.

In the provinces along the Rhine, musical festivals are annually celebrated in one of the principal towns, such as Cologne, Düsseldorf, Coblenz, where amateurs make a pilgrimage from the remotest corners of Germany to participate in the instrumental part. Most of the great German composers have been reared in those nurseries of amateurs, though in some places, especially at Dresden and Prague, there are special establishments for the education of musical artists in the profession of their future career.

The influence of the aforementioned societies on popular songs is visible in the churches of Southern Germany, and more especially in Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden. At the university of Würzburg professor Frölich, head of the musical seminary, instructs young schoolmasters or aspirants in the art of singing. The society of singing at Berlin has been established for the laudable purpose of studying and publishing the works of the art of the former ages, which have nearly been sunk into oblivion by the modern productions. The musical world in Italy is wholly given up to opera music, and public attention is absorbed in admiration for the vocal powers of the professional singers of both sexes. England manufactures excellent pianos, and even improves and perfects them; the public admires music, and pays dearly for the whistle of foreign virtuosos. In France, music has not become as yet general or national, and the want of musical festivals is chiefly the cause that the cultivation of the art is confined to a few individuals alone.

Good orchestras are there unusual. But France possesses an institution which eclipses in point of talent and skill all the establishments of a similar nature in Europe; we mean the famous conservatory at Paris, the most unique in the world with regard to the perfection of the instrumental music, and the taste and dexterity with which it is managed. Nowhere are the works of the great German composers executed with more spirit, effect, sentiment, and precision than in that celebrated conservatory. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven appear there in the full splendour of their genius. We must, however, not forget to mention, that the director of the establishment, Mr. Habeneck, is a German, who

endeavours to render German music popular in France, by inculcating its spirit into the minds of the distinguished artists of whom he is the leader.

That Germany, where music is carried to such a high degree of culture and enthusiasm, has nothing to compare with such a magnificent establishment, is chiefly owing to the want of a central point, of one single capital town which would assume the character of a supreme tribunal in the arts, to decree tone, spirit, and fashion to the other places. Such has been once Vienna, the residence of the three aforementioned maestros of Germany, and where the muse found protection and encouragement by the brilliant imperial court, and full scope for development in the royal chapels, rich churches, and sumptuous monasteries. At present, however, all that splendour has passed away; and Vienna, instead of upholding the glory of the German composers, was the first which introduced the Italian opera in Germany, together with the whole style of Rossini's melodies. It is also at Vienna where Strauss, the modern Orpheus, reaps his laurels; and, despite the efforts of the musical society, and the complaints of amateurs of true music, this king of the waltzes is preferred at Vienna even to Mozart and Beethoven.

Some time back Berlin had the glory of having revived the national operas of Glück, which had been supplanted by those of Rossini and his disciples; but the strenuous efforts of the various and numerous societies of music proved abortive against the all-powerful influence of Spontini, the director of the opera of that place. His compositions, however, which oscillate between the styles of Mozart and Rossini, are on the decline in popular favour; and the glory of the stage is now divided between the school of Rossini, Auber, and the German composers. Considering the smallness of the place, and its slender resources, Leipsic exercises comparatively a far greater influence in the art, by means of its three celebrated institutions: the concert by subscription, the singing school of St. Thomas, and the music of the two Protestant churches. It has, moreover, an excellent theatre, which is frequently visited by the dramatic troop of Dresden, and the stage often displays the talents of foreign minstrels in their passage through that place; nor are there wanting societies and journals for the dissemination of musical taste among the people.

Dresden cultivates chiefly vocal music. Weber, who once directed the stage of that place, impressed upon it the spirit of German melody. Nor can we speak with less respect of the instrumental music as displayed in the orchestra of the great Parc. Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Darmstadt have always possessed excellent musical chapels, where singing in particular is cultivated. The musical school of Munich, founded by Winter, has produced the best cantatrices in Germany. Of late, the compositions of Chelard, a Frenchman, have met upon the stage of Munich with unbounded applause. Cassel, the residence of Spohr, deserves to be noticed for its splendid theatre, and conservatory for singing. Nor ought we to omit mentioning Brunswick, where the four (brothers) Müllers are the leaders of an admirable orchestra; Hanover, the residence of Marschner, a talented opera-composer; Weimar, where the late Hummel has exercised a salutary musical influence on a population possessing a natural taste for the arts; and lastly, Francfort, ever famous for its orchestra; and Hamburg, the residence of Bernard Romberg.

The present spirit of German music is particularly characterised by a sort of wild delirium, most licentious modulation, confused passages of harmony, and precipitate discordant transitions from key to key. Instrumental music now presumes to be descriptive, to paint scenes, and to express, in short, every thing in animate and inanimate nature. Witness the symphonies of Berlioz and others, where attempts are made to describe, by the modulation of sound, a series of landscape scenes. This is, indeed, carrying music far beyond its natural bounds; and we do not hesitate to assert, that, without the guide of the programme before them, but few, if any, would guess the true design of the composer, by listening to the sound alone. Even Beethoven has failed in a similar attempt in his pastoral symphony. All we can expect from the most perfect harmony, is the expression of our inward emotions and sensations, but nothing beyond. Apel, author of "Metre based on Music," has, it is true, discovered a poem in one of Mozart's symphonies in E major; but we doubt of the intentional design of the plan; and the very tardiness of the discovery shows the futility of the attempt. We must not confound the resources of vocal and instrumental music. In the former, the word models the sense of the melody, while in the latter imagination alone develops the train of obscure ideas which have been called forth by the spell of music. Berlioz, a young composer of great talent and promise, oversteps in these theories the due boundaries, and loses himself in a wild sphere of confusion and extravagance. His efforts to give to instrumental music all possible signification are laudable enough; but, be it remembered, that the plan can only be realised (if ever) at the expense of the dignity and independence of the noble art. Who, indeed, could be made to believe, or be able to hear, "the dream of the young Andalusian?" Also, the present compositions for the piano are beset with the same mania for extravagance. Attempts are made to nite the utmost flights, fits, and starts of fancy, with the extremest difficulties in point of execution: hence, the strangest turns, discords, broken harmonies, and unmelodious passages, all calculated to express the extreme agonies of despair and bewilderments of grief. We must, however, except Chopin, the only one of the modern school whose very defects assume a graceful appearance. He is one of the best pianists in point of mechanical dexterity; and the deep and intense feeling he unites with energy, calm melancholy, fertile imagination, original rhythm, and progressive harmonies, abundantly redeem the odd, harsh, and shocking passages of the new school to which he adheres. He has found numerous but unsuccessful imitators. A composer ought neither to adhere too scrupulously to the rules and principles of the art, nor defy them altogether. His task is to modify them by his views, and act up to them; but those who supply the place of sentiment and originality by disorder, *tours de force*, and far-fetched harmonies, can never pretend to lasting fame. There are, however, many young composers at present in Germany, who, by dint of severe study, have produced remarkable compositions, such as "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Hebrides," &c., by Mendelssohn Bartholdy,* and many others.

* Our erudite friend does not appear so conversant with his contemporaries as with the great men of other days. Not merely by dint of severe study has

Exaggeration is the characteristic malady of our present opera. Music is considered as a mere means to produce stage effect, to express more the history of the piece, than the sentiments of the actors. A striking instance of this defect is, "Robert le Diable," by Meyerbeer, an opera which, despite some beautiful parts and parcels in it, is nevertheless utterly destitute of style and character. It is a mistaken notion that music can and shall express all mental situations; there is a savage sentiment that will not ally itself with art, as there is a despair that can never be dissolved into harmony. We must, however, give due credit to the operas of Marschner, a composer of rare comic talent; and we shall conclude by saying, that since the musical defects of our epoch arise more from presumption and a sort of wanton liberty than lack of knowledge, we are fully justified to expect a pleasant spring after a stormy winter, even in music. Also, the Italian opera has undergone a change, and, we are glad to add, for the better. It assumes every day more and more the true character of the drama. Rossini was the first who introduced it, and his example was soon followed, with more or less success, by Bellini and the other young composers of his school; while, on the other hand, the new tendency to the grave, dramatic, and serious, has proved the death-blow to the Opera Buffa, and laughing gaiety seems now for ever banished from the Italian stage, where the delicious "Barber of Seville" had led to quite different expectations.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old;
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I'm old and "I bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call:
And my feet slip up on the sedgy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low.
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

N. P. Willis.

Mendelssohn produced his works. We regard him in the musical world as what is commonly called the "rising genius" of the time; and this is scarcely ever said until the individual *has* risen, and done a great work.—Ed. M. C.

DESCRIPTION OF A CATCH.

The following description of a catch by Dr. Callcott, is given in the *Musical World*; the words run thus:—

“ Ah ! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave !
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet richer far than that your bloom ;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than me, I fear, have part.”

to be *seen*; but when the words are sung as Dr. Callcott intended they should be, there is much to *hear*; for one singer seems to render the first three words thus—“*A house on fire,*” repeating *phia, phia*, with a little admixture of cockneyism, *fire! fire!* Another voice calls out, lustily, “*Go fetch the engines, fetch the engines;*” while the third coolly says, “*I’m but a lodger, I’m but a lodger,*” &c., consequently, he does not care whether the house be burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

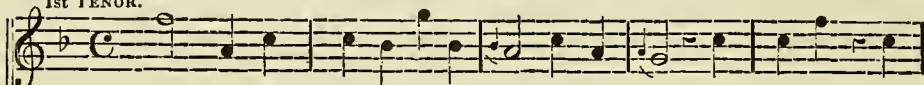
A H! H O W, S O P H I A.

Alle gretto.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

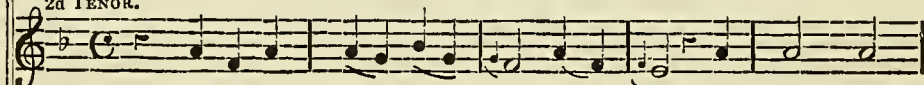
Dr. Callcott.

1st TENOR.



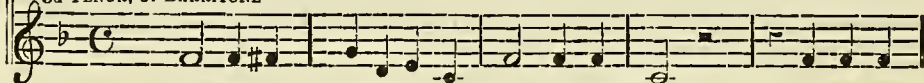
Ah how So - phi - a can you leave, can you leave your lo - ver, your

2d TENOR.

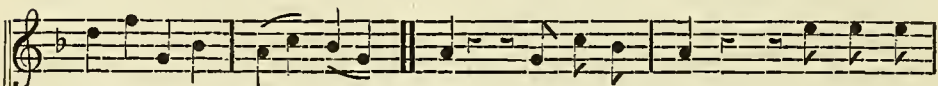


Go fetch the In - dian's bor - row'd plume, yet rich - er

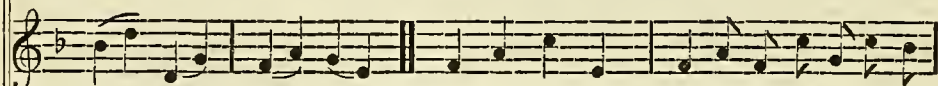
3d TENOR, or BARRITONE



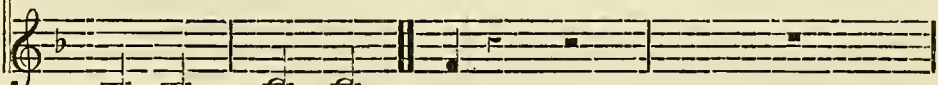
I'm but a lodger in your heart, in your heart, and more than



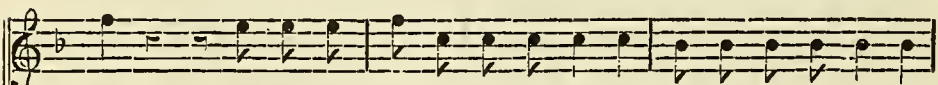
lov - er, and of hope be - reave. Ah how So - phia, Ah how So-



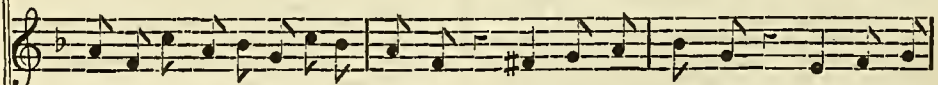
far than that your bloom. Go, go, go, go fetch the Indians, fetch the



me I fear have part.



phia, ah how So - phia, ah how So - phia, phia, phia, ah how So - phia, phia,



Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, Go fetch the



I'm but a lodg - er, I'm but a lodg - er, I'm but a

phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, ah how So-
 In - dians, go fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the
 lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a

- phi - a, can you leave, ah how So - phia, ah how So - phia,
 Indian's borrow'd plume, go, go, go, go fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the
 lod - ger in her heart, I'm but a

ah how So - phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, phia,
 Indians, fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, go fetch the
 lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a

phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, ah how So - phi - a can you leave.
 Indians, go fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the Indian's borrow'd plume.
 lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lod - ger in her heart.

QUICK COMPOSITION.

In the year 1766, Mr. Barthelemon composed his first Italian serious opera, entitled *Pelopida*, which he presented at the opera-house, and it was received with uncommon success and applause. Garrick, hearing of his success, paid him a visit, unasked and unexpected, one morning, and asked him if he could set English words to music. He replied, he thought he could. Garrick called for pen and

paper, and wrote the words of a song to be introduced in *The Country Girl*, and to be sung by Dodd, in the character of *Sparkish*. While the Roscius was writing the words, Barthelemon, looking over his shoulder, *set the song!* Garrick on concluding his writing, handed him the song, saying, "there, my friend, there is my song," to which Barthelemon instantly replied, "there, sir, there is the music for it!"

WHILE GRIEF AND ANGUISH RACK MY BREAST.

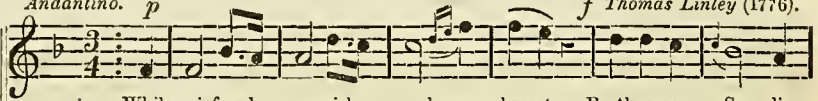
ELEGY FROM "SELIMA AND AZORE."

Words by Sir George Collier.

Andantino. p

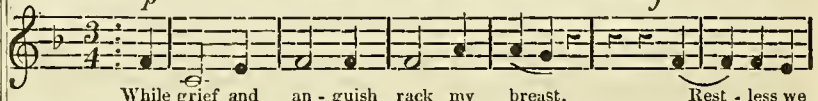
f Thomas Linley (1776).

1st.
SOPRANO.



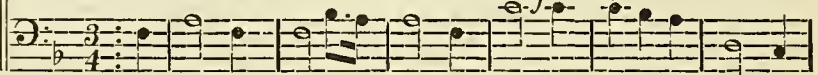
While grief and anguish rack my breast, Restless, my Se - li -

2d.
SOPRANO.



While grief and an - guish rack my breast, Rest - less we

BASS.



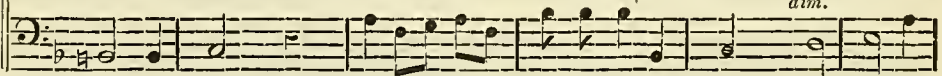
While grief and an - guish rack my breast, Rest - less, my Se - li -



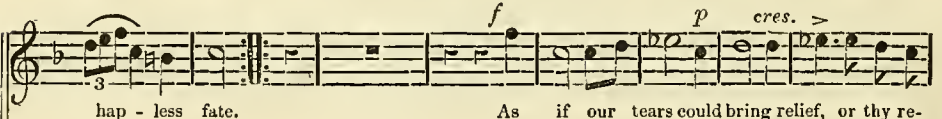
ma, we mourn - - - Rest - less, my Se - li - ma, we mourn thy



mourn, Rest-less, my Se - li - ma, we mourn thy hap - less fate, thy

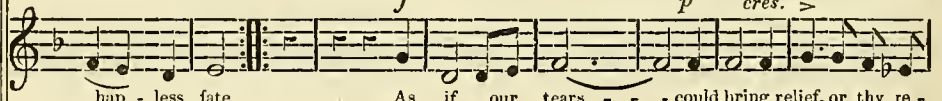


- ma, we mourn, Restless, my Se - li - ma, we mourn, we mourn thy



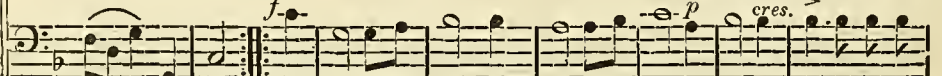
hap - less fate.

As if our tears could bring relief, or thy re -



hap - less fate.

As if our tears - - - could bring relief, or thy re -



hap - less fate. As if our tears, As if our tears could bring relief, or thy re -

turn, As if our tears could bring re - lief. could bring re - lief or

turn, As if our tears could bring re - lief, As if our tears could bring re - lief, or

thy re - turn, As if our tears could bring re - lief, or thy re - turn.

thy re - turn, As if our tears could bring re - lief, or thy re - turn.

MUSICAL DEVOTION.

Yorkshire, and the adjoining counties of Lancaster and Derby, are celebrated for a love of music: its spirit pervades every rank of the people in a manner unknown and unfelt in the rest of our island. And amongst those districts famed for musical taste and skill, Halifax stands pre-eminently forward. There, as perhaps nowhere else in England, may be found, at stated periods, the justice of the peace and the artisan side by side in the orchestra, practising together their divine art, and forgetting, for a time, the artificial distinctions set up in the world of men. In an essay entitled "A Village Oratorio," by George Hogarth, justice has been done to the musicians of this part of Yorkshire. "Of these singers and players," he says, speaking of choristers and instrumental performers, "very few are professional. Most of them are industrious tradespeople, cultivating music from love of the art, and making its practice their dearest recreation." As an instance of devotion to the art, we may relate, that the Halifax Orchestral Society consists of between 30 and 40 members, most of whom reside five or six miles from the town; and, for years past, it has seldom happened, even on the darkest and wildest night of winter, that any one of its rustic members has been absent from his post on the nights of rehearsal, which takes place fortnightly. An officer of the society, a respectable tradesman residing in that town, had occasion, some time ago, to visit a brother musician and a member of the society, who lives some miles from the town. His condition is humble, being a hand-loom weaver;

his dwelling is of a character according with his condition, and is situate at Coldedge, an outlandish part of the parish of Halifax, bordering upon the moor of Saltonstall. To find his bidding place became a task of infinite difficulty. However, after much inquiry, and many windings through a devious path, which lay over fields and through farm-yards, the distant sounds of a violoncello fell upon the ear of our wandering musical votary, making him no longer doubtful of the "whereabout" of the "famous bass player," as some of the hardy mountaineers had denominated him, on inquiry being made of them touching his dwelling-house. Following the direction whence the pleasing sound issued, he was led to a mean-looking hut. He entered, and found the object of his search half dressed, engaged in the performance of one of Linley's concertos: the room contained two pair of looms; in one of these the "guid-wife" was industriously "plying the shuttle;" and on the hearth was her lord, surrounded by two or three youngers, deeply engaged, as we have intimated, in a domestic concert of no ordinary or commonplace character, for his execution of a difficult and beautiful composition is described as admirable and worthy of all praise! Thus beneath this humble roof of poverty, and far from the haunts of cultivation and refinement, was presented a picture of simple and virtuous happiness rarely to be found in England. How truly might it be said, in this instance, that music has been given us by our bountiful Creator to assist in smoothing the path of human life!—*Bradford Observer*.

GLUCK.

The Chevalier Christopher Gluck was a native of the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia, and was born in the year 1712. The first rudiments of that art in which he afterwards acquired so much celebrity were obtained at Prague. His father dying whilst he was young, he was left almost wholly destitute, and his education was in consequence entirely neglected. So great was, however, his love of music, that with the knowledge he had at that time acquired, he travelled from town to town, supporting himself by his talents, until he had worked his way to Vienna. In this city he was befriended by a nobleman, who took him into Italy, and had him properly instructed there. At Milan he studied under J. B. San-Martini, and produced there his first opera; and afterwards, in 1742, whilst at Venice, he composed the opera of "Demetrius." The celebrity he had already acquired was such, that he was recommended to Lord Middlessex as a composer to the opera in this country, and he arrived in England just before the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745. After this period the performance of operas was entirely suspended for about twelve months, on account of a public prejudice against the performers, who, being all foreigners were chiefly Roman Catholics. The house was re-opened in 1746 with Gluck's opera of "La Caduta dei Giganti," which however was so unsuccessful as to be represented only five times. This failure induced him to return to Italy, where he is stated to have composed several operas in the style of the times, namely, in imitation of the works of Terradellas, Gallupi, and Jomelli. In the year 1765 Gluck composed his famous opera of "Orfeo," written by Calsabigi, for the celebration of the marriage of the Emperor Joseph II. This production derived considerable *éclat* from the circumstance of the Archduchess Amelia playing the part of Apollo, the Archduchesses Elizabeth, Josephine, and Charlotte, the Graces, and the Archduke Leopold presiding at the harpsichord. It was afterwards performed in public in Parma, Paris, Bologna, Naples, and London; but with much greater success on the continent than in England. In the year 1769 Gluck produced at Vienna his opera of "Alceste," and two years afterwards that of "Parigi ed Helena." About this period he was engaged to write for the theatre at Paris, and for that purpose set to music an opera taken from Racine's "Iphigénie." He does not, however, appear to have himself gone to Paris until the year 1774, when, at the age of sixty-two, he arrived in that city under the auspices of the late unhappy Maria Antoinette, and his opera of "Iphigénie en Aulide" was performed. In this he accommodated himself entirely to the natural taste and style of France, far excelling their then favourite composers Lulli and Rameau. This opera excited a great degree of enthusiasm in favour of Gluck. He afterwards, however, found formidable rivals in Sacchini and Piccini, both of whom arrived in France about the same period. This rivalry gave rise to the most animated discussions. The capital and the provinces were divided in their opinion respecting these musicians: their partisans formed sects; they published innumerable epigrams against each other; until, at length, as if incapable of deciding on their respective merits, the public resolved to terminate all dissensions by dividing the palm among the three competitors. Gluck's opera of

"Cythère assiégée" was composed in 1775; that of "Alceste" in the following year; and that of "Armide" in 1777. Not long after the performance of the latter Gluck returned to Vienna, where, in the year 1782, he was visited by the Emperor Paul Petrowitz of Russia and the Empress. Two years afterwards he was rendered incapable of writing by a paralytic stroke, under the effect of which he lingered until the 15th of November, 1787, when he died, at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him a fortune which he had accumulated, of nearly thirty thousand pounds sterling. With respect to the character of Gluck's music, it has been remarked, that it is so truly dramatic, that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect on the stage are cold and rude in concert; and that the interest gradually excited in the audience gives to them a principal part of their force and energy. His operas, however, certainly contain a rich flow of harmony, and in his overtures he has scarcely been equalled by any composer of his age. Marmontel says that Gluck has neither the melody, the unity, nor the charms of Pergolesi, of Gallupi, or Jomelli. His airs are wanting in those forms of pure and easy outline which, in music as in painting, distinguish the Correggios and the Raphaels. He has deservedly been well received in France. He gave to musical declamation a force, energy, and rapidity, which it never before possessed, and produced by harmony uncommon effect, though through means by which melody was often destroyed. "Gluck," says Dr. Burney, "seems so much to have been the natural musician of France, that since the best days of Rameau no dramatic composer has excited so much enthusiasm, or had his pieces so frequently performed. The Parisians fancied he had recovered the dramatic music of the ancient Greeks; that there was no other musician worth hearing; and that he was the only one in Europe who knew how to express the passions." In another place he says: "Gluck had great merit as a bold, daring, nervous composer; and as such, in his French operas, he was unrivalled. But he was not so universal as to be exclusively admired and praised at the expense of all other composers, ancient and modern. His style was peculiarly convenient to France, where there were no good singers, and where no good singing was either expected or understood by the public in general; and where poetry was set up against music, without allowing an equality, or even an opportunity of manifesting vocal powers. Gluck, in the moments of hilarity over his bottle, was accustomed to say, that 'the French are a very good sort of people, who love music and want songs in their operas, but they have no singers;' and Sacchini being asked how his operas were executed in Paris, 'God forbid,' said he, 'that I should ever go to hear them performed!' In Yriate's celebrated poem on the dignity and utility of music, Gluck is mentioned in a manner highly flattering to his renown."—*Parke's Musical Memoirs*.

MUSIC.—Such is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected. In a word, it is an invention which might have besemed a son of Seth to have been the father thereof: though better it was that Cain's great-grandchild should have the credit first to find it than the world the unhappiness longer to have wanted it.—*Fuller*.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

*Lively.**p*

There was a jol - ly beg - gar, And a beg - ging he was bonn', And

he took up his quar - ters In - to a land'art toun. And we'll gang nae mair a ro - ving Sae

late in - to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a ro - ving Let the

moonshine e'er so bright, And we'll gang nae mair a ro - ving.

He wad neither lie into the barn,
Nor yet wad he in byre,
But in ahint the ha' door
Or else ayont the fire.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en
Wi' guid clean strae and hay,
Just in ahint the ha' door
And there the beggar lay.

And we'll gang nae mair. &c.

Up raise the guidman's dochter,
She raise to bar the door,
And there she saw the sturdy beggar
Standin i' the floor.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms,
And to the neuk he ran,

O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir,

Ye'll wauken our gudeman.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunning loon,

For ne'er a word he spak,

But kiss'd her there fou cadgielie,

Syne he began to crack;

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into the house,

Sweet lassie tell me true;

What is't to you, although there were,

My hinnie and my doo.

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks,

And do me mickle wrang;

The sorrow on your pawkie tricks,

Are ye the beggar man?

And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up his meal pocks
 And flang them to the wa',
 The deil gae wi' the meal pocks,
 Your duddie rags and a'.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took you for some gentleman,
 Or else the Laird o' Bredie,
 O dool be on ye, gang your ways,
 Are ye the poor auld bodie?
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn up frae his side
 And blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four and twenty belted knights
 Cam' trooping o'er the hill.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife,
 Let a' his duds down fa',
 And he stood the bravest gentleman
 That was amang them a'.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a clever loon,
 And he lap shoulder height,
 O aye for sicean quarters
 As I got yesternight.
 And we'll gang nae mair &c.

The words and music of this song have been uniformly attributed to King James V. of Scotland, and are supposed to have been composed about the year 1534. The words, as they originally stood, were too gross for modern taste, and as the song has become popular here from the admirable manner in which a few of its verses have been sung by Mr. Templeton, we have endeavoured to retain as much of the style of the old song as possible, while we have preserved the connection of the story. King James V. was notorious for his rambles through the farm towns of Scotland, and the incidents which he is said to have met with, while *sorning* in the disguise of a gaberlunzie, have furnished matter for many a story and song writer. It is of this ballad that Horace Walpole (Lord Orford), in his catalogue of Royal and Noble authors, has remarked, that there is something very ludicrous in the picture of the young girl's distress on imagining that she had thrown away so much of the quiet courting time of night upon a beggar. King James died on the 14th December, 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age.

THE BEST INFANT-SCHOOL

Nature, best Schoolmistress, I love the book
 Thou spreadest in the fields, when children lie
 Round thee, beneath the blessing of the sky.
 Thou biddest some on thy bright pictures look—
 For some thou dost attune the play-mate brook;
 For thy sole Ushers are the ear and eye,
 That give to growing hearts their due supply,
 And cull sweet tastes from every silvan nook.
 Dismiss thy Infant-school, good Mistress Starch;
 Absolve nor child nor parent from the ties
 That bind with love and duty. Strut and march,
 And sing-song knowledge will not make them wise.
 Her scholars little know, but love and wonder more—
 Nature abhors thy mimic worthless store.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

Of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion. But this last condition will be sought in vain in the disgust-

ing quadrilles, &c. which have for so many years banished the truly beautiful *country-dances* native to England. Of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be *continuous*, that is, not interrupted, or fitful, but unfolding its fine mazes with the equability of light, in its diffusion through free space. And wherever the music happens to be not of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skilful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many people feel as I feel in such circumstances, viz., derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever, *Sadness* is not the exact word; nor is there *any* word in any language [because none in the finest languages] which exactly expresses the state; since it is not a depressing, but a most elevating state to which I allude. Festal music, of a rich and passionate character, is the most remote of any from vulgar hilarity. Its very gladness and pomp is impregnated with sadness; but sadness of a grand and aspiring order. Let, for instance, (since without individual illustrations there is the greatest risk of being misunderstood,) any person of musical sensibility listen to the exquisite music composed by Beethoven, as an opening for Bürger's *Lenore*, the running idea of which is the triumphal return of a crusading host, decorated with laurels and with palms, within the gates of their native city; and then say whether the presiding feeling, in the midst of this tumultuous festivity, be not, by infinite degrees, transcendent to anything so vulgar as mere hilarity. In fact, laughter itself is of an equivocal nature;—as the organ of the ludicrous, laughter is allied to the trivial and the ignoble—as the organ of joy, it is allied to the passionate and the noble. From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women, *flowing* through the mazes of an intricate dance, under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls; the blaze of lights and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the *self-revolving*, both of the dance and the music, “never ending, still beginning,” and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which seem for ever to approach the very brink of confusion; that such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason is, in part, that such a scene presents a sort of masque of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of another; whilst all the while the overruling music attempts the mind to the spectacle, the beholder to the vision. And, although this is known to be but one phasis of life—of life culminating and in ascent,—yet the other, and repulsive phasis is concealed upon the hidden or averted side of the golden arras, known but not felt; or is seen but dimly in the rear, crowding into indistinct proportions. The effect of the music is, to place the mind in a state of elective attraction for everything in harmony with its own prevailing key.—*Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater.*

QUEEN OF THE VALLEY.

Words by Southey.
Moderate.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

ALTO. *cres.*

Thou art beauti - ful,

1st TENOR. *cres.*

Thou art beauti - ful, *cres.*

2d TENOR. *dolce.*

Thou art beau-ti - ful, Queen of the val - ley, *cres.* thou art beautiful,

1st BASS. *dolce.*

Queen of the val - ley, *cres.* thou art beauti-ful,

2d BASS. *dolce.*

Queen of the val - ley,

f

thou art beau - ti - ful,

dolce.

Queen of the val - ley, *f* art beau - ti - ful,

dolce.

Queen of the val - ley, *f* art beau - ti - ful,

espress.

thou art beau - ti - ful, *f* art beau - ti - ful,

Queen of the val - ley

thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful,

thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful,

art beau - ti - ful,

thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful, Thy walls like sil - ver

art beau - ti - ful,

Thy walls like sil - ver

spar - kle to the sun, thy walls like sil - ver, like sil - ver

spar - kle, spar - kle

Thy walls like sil - ver spar - - - -

spar - kle, spar - kle to the

spar - kle to the sun, thy walls like sil - ver spar - kle to the

spar - kle to the sun, spar - kle, spar - kle, spar - kle, spar - - - -

thy walls like sil - ver

- - - kle, sparkle, spar - kle to the sun, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like

sun, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like

sun, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, spar - kle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like

- - - kle sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls - like

sparkle, sparkle, spar - kle to the sun, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like

dolce.

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Me-lo-dious wave thy groves, me-

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Me-lo-dious wave thy groves me-

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Melodious

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Melodious

sil-ver sparkle to the sun.

lo-dious wave thy groves, me-lo-dious wave thy groves, Thy

lo-dious wave thy groves, me-lo-dious wave thy groves, Thy

me-lo-dious wave thy groves.

wave thy groves, melodious wave thy groves,

me-lodious wave thy groves,

garden sweets en - rich the pleasant air, the plea - - sant air, thy

garden sweets en - rich the pleasant air - the plea - sant air, thy

thy gar-den

en - rich, thy garden sweets en - rich the pleasant air,

gar-den sweets en - rich the pleasant air, the plea - - sant air,

gar-den sweets en - rich the pleasant air - the plea - sant air,

sweets, thy gar-den

en - rich thy gar-den sweets en - rich the pleasant air, thy

thy gar-den sweets en-rich the pleasant air,

thy gar-den sweets en-rich the pleasant air,

sweets en-rich the pleasant air,

thy gar-den sweets en-rich the pleasant air. Up-on the lake

sweets en-rich the pleasant air. Up-

lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs, lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs, lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs,

lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs, lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs, lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs,

the shadows of thy tow'rs, the shadows of thy on the lake, lie the long shadows

dows of thy tow'rs,

- - - dows of thy tow'rs,

- - - dows of thy tow'rs,

tow'rs, the shadows of thy tow'rs, And high in heav'n thy temple py-ra-mids a -

- - dows of thy tow'rs, of thy tow'rs,

thy temple py-ramids a - rise,

thy temple py-ramids a - rise, and high in heav'n thy

high in heav'n thy tem-ple

rise - - - - - and high in heav'n

and high in heav'n - -

piu cres. *ff*

thy temple py - ramids a - rise, thy temple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

piu cres. *ff*

tem - ple py - ramids, thy temple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

piu cres. *ff*

py - ramids a - rise, a - rise thy temple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

ff

thy temple py - ramids, thy py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

piu cres. *ff*

- - - - - thy tem - ple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

dolce.

beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful,

dolce.

beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful,

dolce.

beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful, Queen of the val - ley, thou art beau - ti - ful, thou

dolce.

beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful, Queen of the

dolce.

beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful,

Queen of the val - ley, thou

Queen of the val - ley, thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau ti - ful,

- - art beau - ti - ful, thou art beau - ti - ful,

val - ley thou art beau - ti - ful, thou, thou art beau - ti - ful, Queen of the

Queen of the val - ley, thou art

- - - art beau - - - ti - ful. Long, long,

Queen of the val - ley, thou art beau - ti - ful. Long, long,

Queen of the val - ley, thou art beau - ti - ful. Long, long,

val - ley, thou art beau - ti - ful. Long, - -

beauti - ful, thou - - - art beau - ti - ful. Long, long,

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long prosper be-

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long prosper be-

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty,

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty,

neath the righteous conqueror, who conquers to redeem.

neath the righteous conqueror, who conquers to redeem.

who conquers to redeem.

prosper beneath the conqueror, who conquers to redeem.

who conquers to redeem.

espress.

Long years of peace, years of peace, years of peace, of peace and

espress.

Long years of peace, years of peace, years of peace, of peace and

espress.

Long years of peace, of peace and

espress.

Long years of peace, years of peace, of peace and

espress.

Long years of peace, of peace and

cres.

hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the val - ley,

cres. *espress.*

hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the

cres. *espress.*

hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the val - ley,

cres. *espress.*

hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the

espress.

hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the val - ley,

Queen of the val - ley, Queen Queen of the val - -

val - ley, Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the

Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the

val - ley, Queen of the valley, Queen of the val - ley of the valley, Queen of the

Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the val - ley, the

ley, Queen of the val - - ley. *dim.*

val - ley, Queen of the val - - ley. *dim.*

val - ley, Queen - - of the val - - - ley. *dim.*

val - ley. Queen of the val - - ley *dim.*

val - ley, Queen of the val - - ley. *dim.*

GREAT CHORAL MEETING OF THE LAN- CASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WORKING MEN.

The Manchester papers of the beginning of June give full accounts of the above great mastering of the Workmen's Singing Classes, which took place in that town, on Saturday the first of June, 1844. They all agree in one opinion, namely, that this meeting was eminently successful, whether it be looked upon as an evidence of the utility of music in improving the tastes and social habits of the people, or as an experiment and test of what may be done towards fostering the musical capabilities of the working classes. The chorus at this meeting was entirely composed of eight hundred and fifty artisans, who had been trained by Mr. Weston, and other teachers, under his superintendence, according to the system introduced into England by Mr. Hullah. Their proficiency is said to speak highly in favour of the ability of Mr. Weston as a teacher, and of Mr. Hullah's system for producing the desired end.

The principal singers engaged for this occasion were Mr. D. W. King, Mr. Walton, Mrs. D. W. King, and Miss F. Leech. The Manchester periodical press speaks well of the performance of these severally. We have had no opportunity of judging how far this praise may be justly merited, when bestowed upon the first three individuals, not having heard them sing, but we have heard Miss Leech on more than one occasion, and most heartily concur in the tribute of praise bestowed upon her.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in reviewing the Choral meeting, begins with the following judicious remarks:—

“There is no musical exhibition in the course of the year, in this eminently musical town, which is more calculated to interest the philanthropist, than these annual choral meetings of the associated workmen's singing classes. It is here that he finds music more directly used as a moral agent, in providing an ever-delightful source of improving recreation for the leisure hours of the masses; and even if the performances were, in themselves, less effective than they are, *his* satisfaction would hardly be less, because he would view them in their more important bearing, as furnishing beneficial occupation for that portion of the twenty-four hours which, scanty as it unfortunately is, is too often devoted to the most disastrous indulgences by our teeming and hard-working population. These exhibitions, however, are more pregnant with hopefulness and encouragement when we find the progressive improvement of the pupils so marked as in the present case; because herein we have not only evidence of past assiduity, but the best assurance of continued application; and so long as the human mind is so constituted that cheerful relaxation becomes as essential to its healthful existence as the active exercise of its functions—so long, we are persuaded, will the cultivation of music be esteemed as a chief means of securing such relaxation.

“The classes mustered in great force on Saturday evening, having come hither from many of the prin-

cipal towns within six or eight miles distance; railway trains having, through the solicitous foresight of the committee of management, been provided at a cheap rate for their especial accommodation. They were all ranged in the spacious orchestra of the Free Trade Hall, a decided improvement over the disposition of last year, when a large portion was accommodated in the body of the hall. The present arrangement had the double advantage of compactness, and of more united and powerful musical effect. The orchestra was crowded; so that there could hardly be less than from seven to eight hundred singers. The appearance of the humble vocalists, all clad in their best, and all apparently participating in the performances with intense enjoyment, was pleasing and interesting in the extreme. Another improvement was the addition of several of our leading professional vocalists and instrumentalists; so that an agreeable variety was given to the entertainments, and all degrees of musical taste consulted. To this end, also, the selections were contributive; and they partook of the “monster” scale of the whole proceeding, there being no fewer than *twenty-four* pieces, to which an addition of nearly fifty per cent. was made by the number of encores. The whole was under the direction and conductorship of Mr. R. Weston, the professional superintendent, to whom and to his colleagues great praise is due for their indomitable energy and hopefulness, without which it would have been impossible to have conducted this large experiment with such satisfactory results. We trust that the evidence of the past will induce them to persevere in their praiseworthy but arduous labours.”

We are happy to give place to the concluding paragraph of the review in the *Manchester Times*, as it so entirely agrees with what we have so frequently stated in the pages of the *BRITISH MINS-
TREL*:—

“We cannot close our notes upon this choral meeting without a few words of congratulation upon the progress which musical science is making among our operative bodies. Music, as a recreation, is one of the most delightful and spiritual in which the mind can indulge; it is the sister-art of painting and poetry, and it is the hand-maid of religion; and the gradual extension of it among our labouring classes is attended with an important moral effect, tending to soothe and harmonise, to implant a relish for domestic happiness, and a distaste for those haunts where the oath of the debauchee and the imprecation of anger are heard, and where the “concord of sweet sounds” never falls. Let us not consider the story of Orpheus fabulous, representing, as it does, the softening influence of music over savage minds, and of which, in our own times, we witness daily instances. Music is no longer confined to the palace of the prince, and to the mansion of the *millionaire*—it is now an inmate of the cottages of the poor, and it presents to them sources of delight for which they once vainly sought in the alehouse, and in the unkindly strife of politics. All hail! then, to those men who, by placing this charming accomplishment within the reach of the humblest, provide a sinless and exalting amusement for the poor man, who, while his voice is attuned to melody, feels the chords of his heart moved by the divinest music of the universe—peace and goodwill to all that breathe.”

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Lively.

There came a young man to my daddie's door, my daddie's door, my daddie's door, there

came a young man to my daddie's door, came seeking me to woo; And vow but

he was a braw young lad, A brisk young lad and a braw young lad, And

vow but he was a braw young lad came seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mou.
An' vow but he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink;
I gae him bread and ale to drink;
And ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was fou.
An' vow but he was, &c.

Gae get you gane, you cauldrie wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldrie wooer,
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
An' vow but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door;
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
And there fell he, I trow!
An' vow but he was, &c.

Out cam the guidman, and high he shouted;
Out cam the guidwife, and laigh she louted;
And a' the toun-neebors were gather'd about it;
And there lay he, I trow!
An' vow but he was, &c.

Then out cam I, and sneer'd and smiled;
Says I, my lad, ye're sair beguiled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;
We'll hae nae mair o' you!
An' vow but he was, &c.

THE ARETHUSA.

FROM THE MUSICAL FARCE OF "LOCK AND KEY."

Prince Hoare.

Shield.

Bold

Come all ye jol-ly sai-lors bold, Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould, While English

glory I unfold, Huz - za for the A - re - thusa. She is a frigate tight and brave, As

e - ver stemm'd the dash ing wave, Her men are staunch to their fav'rite

launch. And when the foe shall meet our fire, Soon - er than strike we'll

all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
The English channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd Belle Poule straight a-head did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,

No. 85

Not a sheet or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought if stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France;
 We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
 Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
 The Frenchmen then cried out, hallo!
 "Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our admiral's lee;"
 "No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be:"
 "Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the sauc' Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
 We forc'd them back upon their strand.
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favourite lass!
 A health to our captain, and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, Ah lit - tle do ye

Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, Ah lit - tle do ye

think up - on the dan - gers of the seas, Give ear un - to the ma - riners, And

think up - on the dan - gers of the seas, Give ear un - to the ma - riners, And

they will plainly show. All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the

they will plainly show, All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the

cares and the fears, When the stormy winds do blow - when the stormy winds do

cares and the fears, When the stormy winds do blow - when the stormy winds do

blow - when the stormy winds do blow - when the stor - my winds do blow.

blow - when the stormy winds do blow - when the stor - my winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at wars
With any foreign nation, we fear not wounds nor scars,
Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to
know,
Whilst they reel on their keel when the stormy winds
do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be dismay'd,
Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a
trade, we know,
Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth
Then be bold, work for gold, when the storoy winds
do blow.

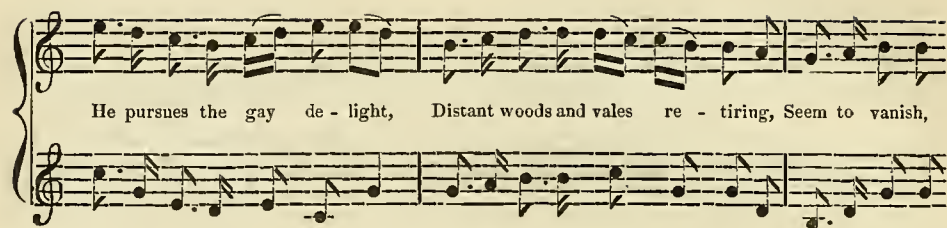
HARK! THE HOLLOW WOODS RESOUNDING.

DUET.

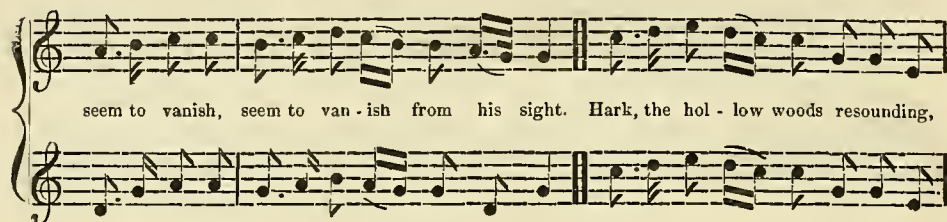
J. S. Smith.

Hark, the hol - low woods resounding, E - cho to the hunter's cry, Hark, how all the

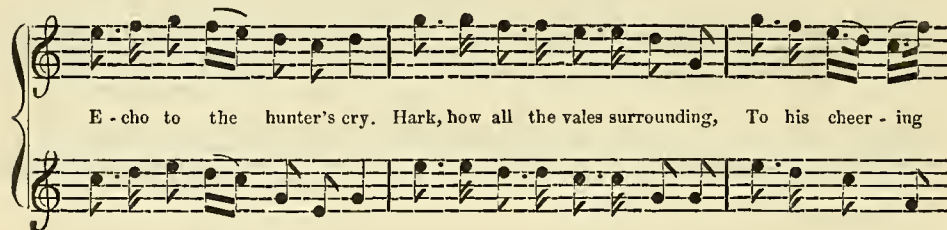
vales surrounding to his cheer - ing voice re - ply. Now so swift o'er hills as - piring,



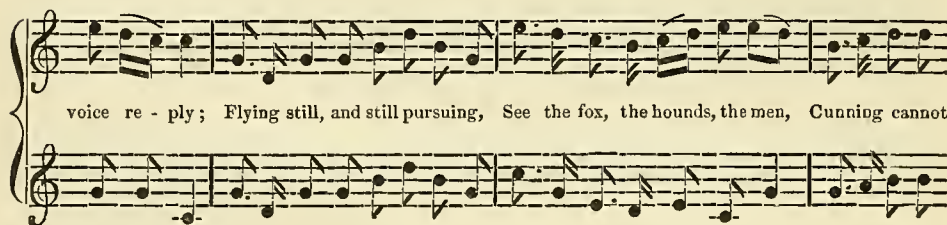
He pursues the gay de - light, Distant woods and vales re - tiring, Seem to vanish,



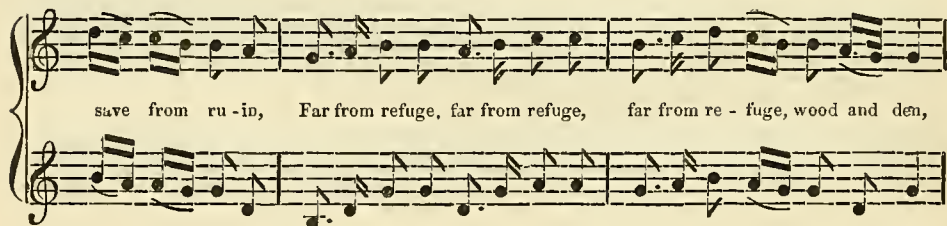
seem to vanish, seem to van - ish from his sight. Hark, the hol - low woods resounding,



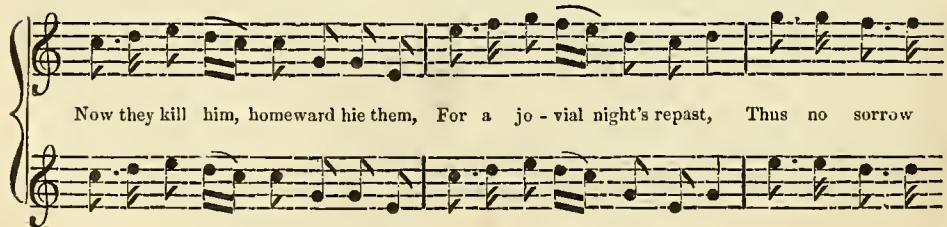
E - cho to the hunter's cry. Hark, how all the vales surrounding, To his cheer - ing



voice re - ply; Flying still, and still pursuing, See the fox, the hounds, the men, Cunning cannot



save from ru - in, Far from refuge, far from refuge, far from re - fuge, wood and den,



Now they kill him, homeward hie them, For a jo - vial night's repast, Thus no sorrow

e'er comes nigh them, Health con - ti - nues to the last, health con - ti - nues to the last.

BLESSED BE THE POWER.

SACRED CHORUS.

*A tempo giusto.**From the "Stabat Mater" of the Baron d' Astorga.*

SOPRANO. Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his

ALTO. Blessed be - the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his Son

TENOR. Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his

BASS. Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his

Son to save us. *Adagio.* Blest the Son who free - ly came, *Tempo primo.*

to save us, *Adagio.* Blest the son who free - ly came, Blessed

Son to save us, *Adagio.* Blest the son who free - ly came,

Son to save us, *Adagio.* Blest the Son - - who free - ly came, Blessed

Blessed be - - the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save
 he the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save
 Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save
 be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save

Adagio. us. Blest the Son who free - ly came.
Andante. us. Blest the Son who free - ly came! Bless - ing
 us. Blest the son - - who free - ly came! Bless - ing -
 us. Blest the Son who free - ly came! Bless - ing, ho - nour,

Blessing from the whole cre -
 bo - nour, a - do - ra - tion from the whole cre -
 ho - nour, a - do - ra - tion,
 Bless - ing, ho - nour, a - do - ra - tion, E - ver from the whole cre -

a - tion, be to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

a - tion be to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

be to God and to the Lamb!

a - tion, be to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

Bless - ing - - - ho - nour, a - do - ra -

Bless - ing, ho - nour, a - do - ra -

Bless - ing, ho - nour, Bless - ing, ho - nour, a - do - ra -

tion be to God - - be to God, be to God and to the Lamb!

to God, to God, be to God and to the Lamb!

tion, be to God and to the Lamb!

tion, to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND

THE WAITS.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Allegretto. To be sung four times, 1st f., 2d p., 3d pp., 4th ff. *Jeremiah Savile, 1667.*

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

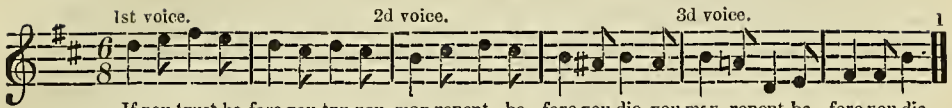
The image shows a musical score for four voices: Soprano, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Each voice part is written on a five-line staff with a treble clef (except for the Bass which has a bass clef). The time signature is 3/4. The lyrics are "Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la,". The notes are as follows:
Soprano: Quarter note Fa, quarter note la, half note la, quarter note la, quarter note fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note Fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la.
Alto: Quarter note Fa, quarter note la, half note la, quarter note la, quarter note fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note Fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la.
Tenor: Quarter note Fa, quarter note la, half note la, quarter note la, quarter note fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note Fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la.
Bass: Quarter note Fa, quarter note la, half note la, quarter note la, quarter note fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note Fa, quarter note la, quarter note la, quarter note la.

Fa la la la, Fa la la la la, la la, Fa la la la, Fa
 Fa la la la, Fa la la la, la la la la la, la, Fa la la la, la, Fa
 Fa la la la, Fa la la la, la, la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la
 la, Fa

[illegible]

IF YOU TRUST BEFORE YOU TRY.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.



If you trust be-fore you try you may repent be - fore you die, you may repent be - fore you die.

MEMOIR OF RUBINI.

It has been remarked that the district of Bergamo is celebrated above all other places in Italy, or indeed in the world, for producing excellent tenor singers. Whether this privilege, enjoyed almost exclusively by the natives of Bergamo, originates in the sun that warms them, the air they breathe, the water they drink, or the *polenta* they feed on, has not been ascertained. There is no certainty in the matter, except that the Bergamasco throat has the facility of uttering notes on the key *ut*, fourth line, better than any other in the universe, whether belonging to a feathered or unfeathered biped.

Nine out of ten of the Italian tenors come from Bergamo: so well is this known by the managers of theatres on the continent, that they as regularly go to Bergamo to recruit their tenor *artistes*, as the French horse-dealers go to the district of Camargue to buy white horses. But Bergamo neither furnishes basses nor sopranos; the country only produces tenors, and I have only to mention to the reader a list of persons well known since the last century, in the highest ranks of their art, as tenor singers, to prove the truth of this curious statement. The following celebrated tenor singers were all natives of Bergamo:—

The three brothers, Bianchi; Davide the father, and Davide the son; Vigarani, whom Rubini strongly resembles in purity of style and boldness of execution; Nozzari, Donzelli, Bordogni, Marchetti, Trezzini, Bonetti, Pasini, Cantu, who quitted the stage to devote his fine voice to the service of the church: to these we may add the great tenor Bolognesi, who was the delight of all Italy and Sicily; unfortunately he had contracted a vile habit of drinking, and by pouring ardent spirits down his throat, destroyed the delicate organs on which depended his ability as a singer, and in despair at being reduced from singing to speaking, he determined not to survive his voice, so fitting up a fusil with a foot-piece, he discharged the piece into his breast, and thus committed suicide.

Rubini is likewise a Bergamasco. We know of but one Rubini; the Italians of three; for this talent generally runs in families at Bergamo, although, like the birds, females are never gifted with a fine voice in that country. Out of seven children, of whom Gian Battista and Caterina Rubini were the parents, (at Romano, a little town of the province of Bergamo,) three of them, the boys, were professional tenors of high repute, while among the four girls not one could sing a note. The eldest of the sons, Geremia (under which amiable looking appellation may be recognised the scriptural name of Jeremy, or Jeremiab,) had a very fine voice, but was forced to quit the theatre on account of ill health. Giacomo Rubini is in

high repute in Germany as a dramatic singer; he likewise holds the post of first tenor at the royal chapel of the King of Saxony. Gian Battista Rubini is the youngest son, and the one whose fame is so well established in England and France: he was born on the 7th of April, 1795.

The father of our Rubini was a musician at Romano, and played the horn at the theatre: he was an industrious and indefatigable soul, and added to his profession that of manager to a travelling company of musicians, which went from convent to convent, and got up a very creditable performance on fête-days, to the honour and glory of the patron saint of the community. This was a very pleasant way of filling up the spare time from the theatre: they arrived in good time at the convent or church where their services were required, and found their desks and a good breakfast prepared for them. The elder Rubini brought with him a portfolio of masses, vespers, mottets, and litanies, in which his band were well versed, and the monks or nuns chose whatever they thought most suitable for their patron or patroness. The elder Rubini figured in these solemnities in the double dignity of horn-player and manager; he had, besides, three sons enrolled in his company. Gian Battista, our Rubini, sang among these travelling musicians at the infantile age of eight, when he was not taller than the bow of a violin. He used to be perched on a stool to sing the *Salve Regina*, and was always rewarded for his sweet execution and docility, by the caresses and honours of every community of nuns the little creature encountered in his professional strollings.

We shall always find the highest musical geniuses reared in a school where necessity forced them to be industrious, and constantly occupy their time in one department or the other. Whenever their voices were not needed, the father of the young Rubinis made them take a part in the orchestra, where Giacomo and Gian Battista played on the violin, and Geremia performed on the organ. Thus they were never idle, and had always the study and practice of music before them in a manner where they were always forced to do their best.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the musical pilgrimages undertaken by Rubini and his travelling band of harmonists, setting out from Romano on one of their expeditions with their violas and violinos, their horns and bassoons, their violoncellos and clarionets. The great double-bass travelled on the back of an ass, and at every step of the peaceable animal sent forth a sort of low groan. There marched their commander-in-chief with his pockets stuffed full of little rolls of music, being divisions of Pergolesi or Cimarosa, Zingarelli or Meyer, which were to be distributed to his band on

their arrival at the field of action. No noisy wheels ever interrupted a discussion on a point of art, for the troop always went on foot; and thus brought a better appetite to the breakfast or supper prepared for them by their hospitable ecclesiastic employers.

One day, this joyous band were pursuing their way, without dreaming of any harm, through the valley of Brambana, when suddenly a man started from behind a group of high rocks, and levelled his blunderbuss right in their path. The pockets of our troubadours were utterly void of everything but music paper and rosin, and they so informed their interrupter, with many apologies for their barrenness of cash. The man with the rifle was none of your poor tattered scarecrows of handitti, that look as if they cry "staad" to the true man, out of the very desperation of rags and wretchedness. No, no; he was attired in an elegant suit of black velvet, barred with gold embroidery, that would have done honour to the part of the Count in Figaro; he wore a hat adorned with ribbons, whose long ends fell almost to his waist; he had a rich sash and belt, well furnished with chased dagger and pistols. His figure was tall and athletic, and, independently of his theatrical costume, he had the handsomest face and finest form of any man in Italy. Those who are well versed in local Italian history of the present times, will know that this gay gallant was the celebrated *carbonare* Pacini, a self-constituted redresser of wrongs, and champion of liberty and equality, who was an outlaw, and laid all the supporters of government in that district, by turns, under contribution. Although he was not considered by the people in general as a robber, there was a price on his head, and an encounter with him was considered with some little terror.

After the troop of singers and symphonistes had halted respectfully before this redoubtable adversary, he addressed them thus.

"You are going to Vilminore, I think?"

"We are so, Signor Pacini," replied the elder Rubini.

"I have a request to make to you, and for that purpose I waylaid you in order to signify my wishes. Be not alarmed, I mean you no harm—I love music, and have often done myself the honour to protect musicians. I will now explain what I want of you. You know that a price is set upon my head, I shall some day be shot like a dog, in the corner of a wood, or on the highway; I shall fall by the ball of some traitor, and my body will be hacked to pieces without receiving the rites of religion, or the spiritual succour of holy church. You are going to perform at Vilminore, I will be there at the hour of the mass, and for my body (being there present) you shall sing a *de profundis* and *libera*."

The elder Rubini assured him that they would exert their best skill to give him the utmost satisfaction. The caravan then filed off before the fierce *carbonare*.

Scarcely had the choir arrived and taken their places, before the *carbonare* Pacini was seen leaning just within the church door, his blunderbuss under his arm, and his hand on his dagger. He listened to his own funeral service with the firmness of a hero, and the resignation of a Christian; nor did he quit his post till the *Credo* was sung, and the solemn mass that followed it. The music finished, he made good his retreat, having first acknowledged his obligation to the band by a graceful inclination of the head, like a sovereign who condescends thus

to signify that he is content with the performances of the musicians of his chapel. We think these two scenes, both that in the pass, and the one in the chapel, would make good pictures.

Soon after this adventure, Pacini met with the fate he had foreboded. He had a trusted companion whose office it was always to watch by him when he slept. This wretch, tempted by the price of ten thousand ducats, discharged his blunderbuss into Pacini's bosom while he was sleeping, and cutting off his friend's head, and carrying it to the government, got the reward. Sordid wretch!

The elder Rubini thinking that his son Gian Battista would study with greater regularity at a distance from home, placed him under the care of one Don Santo, a priest and organist at Adro, in the province of Brescia. Don Santo was a fine composer, and well grounded in the rules of singing, but he either was unacquainted with the best mode of communicating his knowledge, or of winning the attention of his pupil, for he sent him back to his father in less than a year, with the assurance that young Rubini would never make a singer, and then advised his father to seek for him some other profession. The father laughed this judgment to scorn; he commenced giving his son a regular series of lessons, and when he had obtained the results he expected, he invited Don Santo to hear a mass, in which young Rubini sang the *Qui tollis* in so divine a manner, that, despite of his former predictions, his late master was transported, and the father enjoyed a double triumph, both as parent and professor.

At the age of twelve years, young Rubini made his *début* on the stage at Romano, his native town, in the part of a woman. This odd *prima donna*, dressed for the character which he was to undertake, figured at the door of the theatre, seated between two lights, and before a basin wherein the play-going population deposited their payments; and this was the way in which the *grazie* of all Europe received his first benefit from the public.

The success of his *début* was considered very complete. Soon after, he entered into a theatrical engagement at Bergamo, where, however, neither his talents as actor nor singer were at first acknowledged, for his principal duties were to play on the violin between the acts of the comedy, and to sing in choruses; perhaps his voice had not yet attained its fine tone; it certainly was not appreciated till accident caused it to be noticed by the public. A new piece was in rehearsal, and a difficulty arose respecting the person who was to sing a particular cavatina. The prompter mentioned Rubini, who was called, and promised by the manager a piece of five francs in reward if he gave satisfaction. The boy undertook the cavatina, and was rapturously applauded. It was an air of Lamberti: Rubini keeps the music yet as a memorial, and sometimes sings it out of gratitude. Notwithstanding the voice of the young man completely filled up the theatre Bergamo, which is larger than that of the Académie Royale de Musique, at Paris, yet he was rejected, as wanting compass, when the manager of the Milan theatre had to choose singers for the Opera. So much for the judgment of managers; it is the public alone that knows how to place talent in its proper grade.

When Rubini was about seventeen he joined an itinerant company, and gave up singing in choruses, and the violin, for a dramatic career. At Fossano he acted in 'I Due Prigionieri' of Puccitta, "Don

Papirio" by Guglielmi, and "Il Venditor l'Aceto" of Meyer. After many adventures peculiar to strolling players, he was settled, during the summer of 1814, at Vercelli, with his troop; but the theatre was obliged to be closed for a month while it was under repair. During this vacation, Rubini and a clever violinist of the name of Modi, agreed to make a tour through the neighbouring towns and villages, for the purpose of giving concerts, and thereby picking up a few ducats: Rubini was the possessor of six louis, which he generously embarked in the speculation, Modi had but four. With this capital they hired a cabriolet, and set forth on their expedition. The first place they arrived at was *Alexandria della Paglia*, where they applied to the mayor for permission to give a concert; but that worthy functionary declined compliance, as he had that very evening given permission to a rival violinist to perform in the town. At Novi, their next stage, the comedians were playing every night, therefore they could not get an audience. At Valenza, our troubadours found neither rival nor theatre; but the bishop was dead, and his flock were engaged in mourning his loss. Quite desperate with all these hindrances, the unfortunate musicians turned their steeds for Vercelli whence they came, for both their purses and their patience were in a state of exhaustion. As they approached the town of Trino, the road was choked by immense droves of swine bound for that place. It was market-day; and Trino, be it known, is the Rumford of that part of Italy. Exceedingly mal-content they made their entry into Trino at snail's pace, in the midst of an ocean of pigs, which impeded their chariot wheels per force. In this state they were espied by a friend, an amateur of music, with whom they had made acquaintance at Vercelli. This dilettante, making his way to them through all impediments, soon heard the account of their disasters. "If you will but give a concert here," he said, "I think you will be repaid for all your disappointments."

"Here?" said Rubini, looking ruefully at the fresh inundations of pigs that went squeaking and grunting past. "Yes, here," said the zealous friend: "it shall be no expense to you, I will lend you a large concert-room, I will take the part of bass with the violoncello, and I have a friend who plays admirably well on the horn, who will volunteer his services."

That very noon the town-crier announced the concert with his trumpet. It was to take place at day-light, to save the expense of candles. As soon as it was announced, the pig-merchants and sausage makers of Trino ran in crowds to have their ears refreshed with other music than the squeaking of their swine, and munificently paid their ten sous pieces with a good grace for admission. The concert went off with great *eclat*, the pig-venders of Italy fully appreciated the powers of the great Rubini, and the receipts amounted to a very respectable sum.

Rubini remained with the Vercelli company, enduring at times great hardships, till, conceiving himself ill-treated by Ferrari the manager, he determined to seek his fortune at Milan. There, the Marquis Belcredi, who had some concern with the operas, proposed to engage him for a short autumn (*un piccolo autunno*) of four months, at Pavia, at a salary of eleven crowns per month.

"But how can I get there?" asked the destitute vocalist.

"You can go on foot," said Belcredi, "it is not far."

"Where am I to get lodgings?"

"The manager is to find you a little chamber, one lodges at Pavia at no cost at all."

"How can I find myself clothes?"

"Your coat is new, it will last you respectably for six months, and you will receive your salary at the end of four."

"Yet I must eat."

"True, but singers ought not to overload their stomachs. A little soup and bonilli for the morning meal, and salad for supper is all-sufficient. Go, go, my friend; this is your first step into the world, and if you are deterred by difficulties of minor importance, you may waste your best years with strollers."

Rubini took this excellent advice, went to Pavia, and succeeded so well that his fame reached Milan. At the end of the engagement, the Marquis Belcredi went to Pavia, and engaged him for the carnival, and then sent him to Brescia, giving him a thousand francs for the season. Afterwards he sung at Venice with the basso Zamboni, while Madame Marcolini was the contralto: it was for the latter singer that Rossini wrote the "Italiani in Algieri."

Soon after, the Marquis Belcredi made him sign an engagement with Barbaja, director of the Naples theatre, for six months, at eighty-four ducats per month. Here he sung "I Fiorentini" with Pellegrini. In case of very decided success, the contract with the manager declared that the engagement could be renewed for a year at one hundred and ten ducats per month.

The success of Rubini was most complete; nevertheless, the niggardly manager finding that the young singer was very desirous of remaining at Naples, for the sake of becoming familiar with the routine of a great theatre, and of receiving the excellent lessons of Nozzari, whose instructions were improving him daily, took advantage of his necessity of acceptance. Barbaja only offered to renew his engagement at seventy ducats, instead of the eighty-four for which he had at first agreed. Rubini, looking forward to better times, which he knew depended on his continuance at Naples, had the good sense to comply with the tyrannical laws of the avaricious manager. When accepting them he said, "You now take advantage of my situation, but, sooner or later, you will have to repay me what you deprive me of with interest, when my fame is fully established."

(Continued at page 49.)

I WILL CROWN THE HARP WITH FLOWERS.

Give me gold, the miser cries;

Let him drain the yellow mine;

To his glass the toper flies;

Let him glory in his wive.

Those who will may prize the ore,

And let treasure win their soul;

Those who will may nectar pour,

And drown their spirit in the bowl;

But for me let music flow;

Strike the chords in beauty's bowers,

Let joy be mine in song divine

I will crown the harp with flowers.

Softly sad now wakes the lyre;

Pensive breathing fills the notes;

Thrilling now with joyous fire,
 Richly wild the music floats.
 So I love the melting strain,
 I would turn from thrones of kings
 To hear the minstrel's hand unchain
 The mighty magic of the strings.
 Where's the bliss to rival this,
 The voice of song in beauty's howers?
 Oh, give to me sweet melody,
 I will crown the harp with flowers.

Weekly Dispatch.

THE TE DEUM OF HASSE.

The incomparable *Te Deum* of the immortal Hasse, had the following singular origin:—He had been commissioned by king Augustus III. to compose a new *Te Deum*, but having been for some time very ill, he was not disposed to study, and was unable to please himself. Meantime, the day when it was to be delivered was near at hand: almost despairing of success, he took a walk, on a fine Sunday morning, in the Royal Park. A lusty peasant from Gruna, who was going to take the sacrament at a neighbouring church, overtook him near the palace, addressed him cordially, and kept close

to him, notwithstanding the cool answers he received. Vexed at being thus interrupted in his meditations, he was about to turn into a side path, when suddenly a ray of invention was kindled in his soul, and the leading idea of the *Te Deum* flashed across his mind. Not to lose it, he impetuously desires the peasant to stand still, runs into the gardener's lodge for a piece of chalk, and is about to draw a stave across the broad shoulders of the peasant, when the latter, already amazed at the command to stand still, grew quite angry at the chalk marks on his Sunday coat, and supposing Hasse to be mad, runs full speed towards the city, followed by Hasse, chalk in hand; who luckily catches him, and begs him for heaven's sake to stop, writes his leading theme upon the black coat, and drives its owner before him, (humming the notes as he goes along,) to the park-gate, where he obtains pen, ink, and paper, and copies the whole. With this treasure Hasse hastened home, and the principal parts of the *Te Deum* were completed. On the following day he went to Gruna, carrying a present of a dozen of wine for the obliging peasant, whose black coat had been of such essential service to him. Every one knows the result of its performance.—*Oxberry's Dramatic Biography.*

THE STAR OF EVE.

FROM THE MUSICAL FARCE OF "LOCK AND KEY."

Prince Hoare.

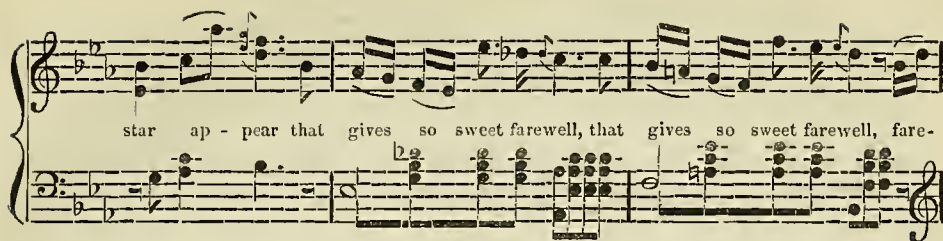
Shield.

Andante.

The star of eve, day's grate - ful close, Guides wea - ry la - bour

to re - pose, A long the peace - ful dell - - a - long the peaceful

dell, But not to me re - pose is near, Un - less that fairer



The shadowy night on mantling wing,
Shall soon its downy treasures bring,
While lulling breezes swell,

But not to me comes balmy rest,
Unless her voice my ear have blest,
That bids so sweet farewell.

AFFECTATION OF MUSICIANS.

The present day exhibits an increasing tendency amongst a certain class of musicians to make themselves singular, if they happen to be placed, either by others or by their own act, in a conspicuous situation; one displays an uncommon degree of activity and *legerité*, which, although it may astonish the uninformed, and gain the individual a certain share of notoriety, decidedly cannot add much to his fame or respectability among musical men, or the more enlightened portion of the public generally. Another courts the admiration of the crowd by playing upon a variety of instruments in the same piece of music, and in rapid succession, working and hammering away with both hands and feet all the while, as if nothing less than his life depended upon his activity, almost rivalling those itinerant musicians (if we may dignify them by such a title) of bygone days, who were wont to play some would-be lively tune in solemn and measured time, upon four or five instruments at once,

(the number depending, of course, upon the ingenuity of the performer,) generally consisting of a drum, pandean pipes, triangle, and Turkish bells; another contents himself with grimace, mixing up an occasional frown with an abundance of smiles the most bewitching, and bows the most graceful, enlivened occasionally with a decidedly inspiriting and truly national piping and jigging; one makes himself conspicuous by his lank hair, fixing the appearance of haggard old age upon what should be a young man's countenance; another depends upon his luxuriant ringlets; one places his hopes upon a delicately-formed mustache; another upon the thick underwood that half encircles his face; whilst another, whose example is being followed by hundreds of needy adventurers in this country, like the fogleman of a regiment, goes through a deaf and dumb manual exercise, with a halo of ready-made glory shed around him, which, alas for human hopes and aspirations after greatness, lasts only while the gas is on!—*Dramatic and Musical Review*.

ACADEMIES OF MUSIC.

This appellation is given, with more or less propriety, to various musical institutions. Some of these, according to the true acceptation of the expression, consist of scientific societies, who exclusively apply themselves to the study of the harmonic art; others are but combinations of professional exccutants, or amateurs, the object of whose union and assemblage is, to perform, at stated times, either by themselves, or in the presence of visiting auditors, such compositions as their conductor, or conductors, shall appoint; these latter are, strictly speaking, concert societies. In Europe, there are many academies of music; in Italy they are so numerous, that it is not uncommon to find more

than one in the same town. The oldest is that of Vicentia, founded as early as the fifteenth century, under the denomination of *The Academy of Philharmonics*; but the most celebrated is that at Bologna, known by the same designation. Germany possesses many of these establishments; Sweden prides herself in that at Stockholm; and England has had her Academy of Music. France supplies musical instruction through the medium of her Conservatory and Institute; and the result has been, an improvement in the style of French composition, of which Rameau and Lulli never dreamed, and which Rousseau would have been delighted to witness.—*Dr. Busby.*

FIVE TIMES BY THE TAPER'S LIGHT.

QUARTET FROM "THE IRON CHEST."

Andante.

Stephen Storace.

1st SOPRANO.

2d SOPRANO.

ALTO.

BASS.

Five times, by the ta - per's light, The hour-glass

Sotto voce.

Five times, by the ta - per's light, The

Sotto voce.

Five times by the ta - per's light, The

Sotto voce.

Five times by the ta - per's light, The

Sotto voce.

I have turn'd to - night. Five times by the ta - per's light, The

hour-glass we have turn'd to - night, Where's fa-ther?

hour-glass we have turn'd to - night,

hour-glass we have turn'd to - night.

He's gone out to roam,

If he have luck, he'll bring a buck, Up - on his lus - ty shoulders home.

Home, home, he comes not home. Hark! Hark, from the

Home, home, he comes not home. Hark! Hark, from the

Home, home, he comes not home. Hark! Hark, from the

Hark! Hark!

wood - land vale be - low, from the wood - land vale be -

wood - land vale be - low, from the wood - land vale be -

wood - land vale be - low, From the

From the

low, The dis - tant clock sounds dull, sounds

low, The dis - tant clock sounds dull, sounds

wood - land vale be - low, The dis - tant clock sounds

wood - land vale be - low The dis - tant clock sounds

dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.

dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.

dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.

dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.

MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

Andante sestenuto amoroso.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy, O

I could wake a win-ter night, A' for the sake o' somebody, Oh! hon for somebody,

Oh hey for somebody, I could range the world around For the sake o' somebody.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody;
 O I could wake a winter night
 A' for the sake o' somebody.
 Oh hon! for somebody!
 Oh hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh hon! for somebody!
 Oh hey! for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I no'?
 For the sake o' somebody!

MEMOIR OF RUBINI.

(Concluded from page 43.)

It was in 1816, when Rubini was in his one-and-twentieth year, that the first opera was written that contained an air written on purpose for his voice; this was in the "Adelson e Salvini," composed by Fioravanti. The air was a duo, sung by this tenor and Pellegrini; the effect was admirable. The same composer wrote "Comingio Romito," in 1817. The principal part was confided to Rubini, whose success was so great, that it extorted even from the manager, Barbaja, a handsome sum, in addition to the young singer's monthly appointment. Rubini, in 1818, went to Rome with Pellegrini; Fioravanti, who had got the situation of master of the chapel at the cathedral of St. Peter, here greeted his friends

with the intelligence that he was writing his opera of "Enrico IV." As the composer finished his acts he sent them piece-meal to be studied by Rubini and Pellegrini. It was not till the evening before the representation that Rubini got the grand cavatina of his part of *Henry the Fourth*; he read it, whistled it over, and sung it the next evening.

It was at the carnival of 1819 that the opera of "La Gazza Ladra" was first represented at Rome. Rubini, Ambroggi, Pellegrini, and Mademoiselle Mombelle performed in this *chef-d'œuvre*. Ambroggi represented the *Innkeeper*, the part that had been originally written for him; Pellegrini sustained the character of *Fernando*. The opera, thus strongly cast, was welcomed at Rome with enthusiasm that amounted to a mania. Every evening was encored repeatedly the prison duo of "Forse un di conos-

cerai" (*Perhaps one day it will be known*), sung between Mademoiselle Mombelli and Rubini. The Roman ladies were perfectly bewitched with this celebrated scene: it was the rage for the masks at the carnival balls to carry puppets dressed in costume like *Gianetto* and *Ninetta* in the opera of "La Gazza;" and these little dolls were, next to the performers they represented, the exclusive objects of the attention of the fair Romans. At this time Benelli, who had been commissioned by the Parisian Opera directors to engage singers in Italy, would have persuaded Rubini to accept his offers, but Barbaja interposed, and refused his consent to this agreement.

Whilst at Rome, Rubini often sung to the Princess Pauline Borghèse, who greatly admired his voice, and in its soothing tones sought a remedy from the profound melancholy which oppressed her. It was remembered, that, some time before, the Princess Belmonte had been nearly brought to the grave by a nervous affliction on the spirits, for which no cure could be found, till the celebrated tenorsinger, Raff, repeated to her every evening for a month the air, of "Solitario bosco ombroso," (*Lonely shady wood*), for which melody she had a particular affection, and every time she heard it sung by this great vocalist, she shed a torrent of tears. The relief of weeping had before been denied this lady, and the melodious voice of Raff caused these salutary tears to flow; which, perhaps, relieved the overcharged brain from madness, for she soon after recovered her spirits and healthful gaiety. The Princess Pauline Borghèse had recourse to the same remedy; but the sorrow with which she mourned a falling house was too deep-seated to yield to song; the accents of Rubini might for a time soothe, but could not heal her grief. She often sent for Rubini to hear his melodies, and when he left Rome, she presented him with a superb diamond.

After Rubini returned to Naples, he went to Palermo with Donzelli and Lablache. He appeared there with Lablache in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," wherein Lablache represented *Il Conte Robinsone*.

In Italy, jealous husbands are scarcely known. Pass the Straits of Messina, and you find the dagger, the poison, the cord, and the dungeon, all ready to vindicate the least infraction of decorum. Sicilian husbands combine the suspicious manners of Spanish spouses of the fifteenth century, with Turkish vigilance and vengeance. If a singer at the theatre is supposed to direct his regards too long to one particular box, he is likely to rue such imprudence, even if it be only the effect of accident.

When Rubini first arrived at Palermo, he had an introduction to the patronage of a princess, whose name must not be mentioned here. The lady received him with the graciousness that is generally accorded to persons of talent; and without the slightest design on the heart of his beautiful patroness, Rubini paid her the compliment usually offered to ladies of the first rank in Italy, who patronise music, by addressing some of his most brilliant performances to her box. The prince, her husband, who was possessed of a large share of Sicilian jealousy, did not understand this musical homage, and thought the best mode of silencing the throat of the presumptuous first tenor was by cutting it, a brutality by no means surprising in a country which practises all the ferocious usages of the middle ages, where the nobles retain hired bravos for the purposes of assassination, and where

the magistrates never think of investigating the deeds of a man of rank, but send to prison singers or actresses on the least complaint of insubordination from the grandees.

One evening as Rubini was returning through a dark street home from the theatre, after a very successful performance, he was seized by two ruffians who pinioned him, and threw a thick coverlet over his face, which they drew tight at the back of his head to stifle his cries. Could he even have called for succour, in Palermo it would have been useless, no person would have troubled himself to interfere, as the populace consider that such doings are always commanded by some great man, whose orders ought to be respected. Meantime, the bravos hurried Rubini down to the beach, with the intention of poiarding him, and throwing him into the sea. Rubini commended his soul to God, in the firm belief that he should never again sing a cavatina in this world. At that moment, one of his executioners recognised him. This worthy was a *dilettante* in low life, a perfect fanatic in music and singing, a species of *lazzarone*, who had once begged orders of Rubini as he went into the theatre, and struck by the man's passion for music, Rubini had good-naturedly given him a free entrance. Never were free tickets better disposed of, for they certainly saved the finely-organised throat of Rubini from destruction; the musical brigand not only relaxed his murderous clutch from the said tuneful throat but told Rubini what he had been hired to do, whom he had offended, and the nature of the offence, advising him to be more careful while he remained in Sicily. It is to the susceptibility of this brigand's ears that we owe the safety of the throat of Rubini, a thief insensible to the charm of melody would have cut it without mercy. Bonetti, a former first tenor at Palermo, was not so fortunate; he paid with his life the penalty of suspicion: it is thus that the nobles of Palermo treat their rivals in love.

Directly after this adventure, Rubini returned to Naples, before the conclusion of the year 1819. He found, as a debutante on the theatrical boards, Mademoiselle Chomel, a scholar of the Parisian *Conservatoire*. Rubini heard her in "Gianni de Parigi," an opera of Morlacchi: he was so enchanted with her voice and style of execution, that he recommended Barbaja not to part with her, but to engage her for Naples, instead of Bergamo and Palermo, whither her destination was. Barbaja followed his advice, and Mademoiselle Chomel was the ornament of the Neapolitan stage for two years, during which time she so often played *Rosina* to Rubini's *Almaviva*, and their hands were so often joined before the fall of the curtain, that they at last took it into their heads to ratify this marriage in good earnest, and Mademoiselle Chomel became Madame Rubini.

In 1824, Barbaja lost the direction of the Naples theatres; nevertheless, he did not relinquish the engagements of his singers, but carried to Vienna the most finished and numerous company that had perhaps ever met together. Among his tenors he could reckon Davide, Rubini, Donzelli, and Cici-mara; his bases were Lablache, Ambroggi, Botticelli, and Bassi. He had nine *prima donnas*, who had attained, or since have acquired, great names: these were, Madames Rubini, Mainville Fodor, Eckerlin, Ungher, Dardanelli, Grimbaun, and Mademoiselles Sontag, Giudetta Grisi, and Mombelli. At this time, Mercadante wrote "Il Podesta di Burgos,"

whose *libretto* is an imitation of the "Alcaide of Molorido," by Picard. In this piece Rubini, Lablache, and Madame Mainville Fodor, undertook the principal parts. The opera was received at the imperial capital of Austria with great applause; and notwithstanding his competition with such constellations of talent, Rubini made daily progress in public favour.

The time at length came, when Rubini appeared at Paris, whether his reputation had preceded him. His *début* was made at the theatre Favant, October 6, 1825, in the part of *Ramiro* in the "Cenerentola;" the sensation he excited by singing a cavatina of Raimonda will not be easily forgotten. After six months Barbaja again recalled him, to the great regret of his Parisian audiences. He obtained from the French journalists unbounded commendations, and the title of *King of the Tenors*.

He divided the year 1826 between Naples and Milan; it was at the latter city that Bellini wrote for him the fine part of *Gualtiero* in "Il Pirata." The year 1827 he was engaged at Vienna and at Milan.

Donizetti composed "Anna Bolena," and Bellini "La Sonnambula;" they were both first performed at the theatre Carcano. Rubini, Galli, and Madame Pasta, supported the principal characters in these celebrated pieces.

The quality of Rubini's marvellous voice had been gradually improving for the last six years, and had not, perhaps, reached its present exquisite tone till this season, when Bellini and Donizetti, taking advantage of his peculiar and original powers, composed some of their celebrated melodies to suit his flexible talent.

His first appearance in London was in the character of *Gualtiero* in "Il Pirata," while his wife played the part of *Imogene*. Their success was so decided, that they were summoned on the scene after the opera: a testimonial not very common from an English audience. Madame Rubini could with her own talents have supported a less gifted partner; but Rubini was desirous that she should give up the fatigues of a theatrical life; and as they have no family to provide for, he thinks his own exertions sufficient for the task of realising their fortune. For fifteen years Rubini and his wife were entangled by the claims of Barbaja, who disposed of their persons and voices as he pleased. It is true that this manager yielded Rubini's talents to the principal capitals of Europe, but this was for his own most enormous profit; for instance, when Rubini has been paid the sum of 125,000 francs for the services of himself and his wife, only 60,000 found their way to these performers; the rest was devoured by the manager at Naples, whose bond-people they were.

This statement ought a little to ameliorate the angry feeling that is often manifested by the English public, when their journalists comment on the immense sums received by foreign artists for the exertion of their vocal powers, when we find that the chief part of these enormous proceeds are absorbed by those who have undertaken to bring forward and make known those rare talents which give exquisite delight to an audience; and when we consider that the cruel catarrhs, which are the scourge of our island, often entirely destroy the delicate organs on which depend the peculiar tone of a fine voice, and this painful malady frequently seizes the unhappy patient at the moment when exertion is most called for, we shall find that England is not quite the paradise for foreign

performers, which it has been usually represented to be by our periodical press.

The height of Rubini is but five feet three inches; but his figure is extremely good and well proportioned, and his talents are decidedly dramatic; and when a glimpse of talent in the Italian drama will admit it, our singer becomes an excellent actor. His voice is a true *contraltino*, an elevated tenor, rising from the note *mi* to *ut*, of the voice from the chest, and prolonged to *la* in the *fausset* treble. Wonderful facility, powerful volume, and a delicious *timbre*, with soul-subduing pathos, characterises this astonishing voice. There is a sort of trembling on the sustained notes, which, instead of being considered a defect, is found greatly to augment the pathetic expression for which this singer is so highly famed.

It is only since the last five years that Rubini has been free from the bondage of Barbaja, and consequently capable of reaping the benefit of his own talents. He has divided his professional exertions since that time between London and Paris; and has held a distinguished place in all great musical re-unions and professional performances in both countries.—*Lady's Magazine*, 1836.

THE SINGING ACADEMY, BERLIN.

The singing academy, which was erected four years ago by the members of the leading amateur musical society of Berlin, as a concert-hall and a school for the study of sacred music, has altogether the air of a simple Grecian temple. The facade is ornamented with corinthian pilasters, without any portico. The interior is most tastefully and appropriately decorated. The orchestra is formed like an amphitheatre, and is capable of holding three hundred choristers and instrumentalists. The building, it is said, cost 80,000 thalers. The society, which is composed of the first singers, musicians, and poets of the city, meets in this building twice a week, to take part in or listen to, the masses of Allegri, or Jomelli, the mottets and fugues of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, or the oratorios of Handel, Graun, Spohr, and Beethoven. At the school there are about three hundred regular students, under the superintendence of Herr Telter, whose solid abilities as a professor are best illustrated from the manner in which his pupils strike off a mass or mottet. From the pupils singing so frequently together they have arrived at the most perfect *ensemble*; and I can assure you, that after one has listened to the manner in which the vocalists at the *Singakademie* get through the difficult modulations and enharmonic transitions of a movement by Spohr, he will be obliged to confess, that always excepting the *Miserere* of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, the art of singing sacred music can be carried no farther than it is here.—*Strang's Letters from Germany*, 1831.

SCOTCH MUSIC.—The Glangary pibroch is not a singular instance of a ruthless tribe priding themselves upon deeds of the blackest perfidy and atrocity. The tune, "Lesley among the Leiths," took its name from being played for a dancing party, in which a Lesley, whose family was at feud with the Leiths, chanced to be mingled with individuals of the obnoxious name. The hereditary rage burst forth at contact with the hated blood; and Lesley, literally like a frantic Indian running "a muck," drew his dirk, and danced on in fury, striking to each side, and laying his enemies dead and wounded at his feet. He threw open a window, leapt out, and escaped; and the glory of this action is commemorated by the name given to the tune.

TIME'S SONG.

O'er the level plain, where mountains
Greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste, where fountains
At my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day,
On the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away;
Who will chain my flight?
War his wary watch was keeping;
I have crush'd his spear;
Grief within her bower was weeping,
I have dried her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold—
Then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold,
And her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory—
Where is now his fame?
Genius said—"I live in story;"
Who hath heard his name?
Love, beneath a myrtle bough,
Whisper'd—"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow
Wither'd as I pass'd.

I have heard the heifer lowing
O'er the wild wave's bed,
I have seen the billow flowing
Where the cattle fed;
Where began my wanderings?
Memory will not say;
Where will rest my weary wings?
Science turns away.

American Paper.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

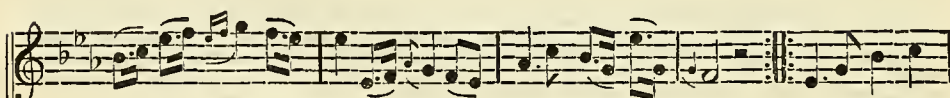
Corfe.

SOPRANO.  How blythe ilk morn was I to see My swain come o'er the hill, He

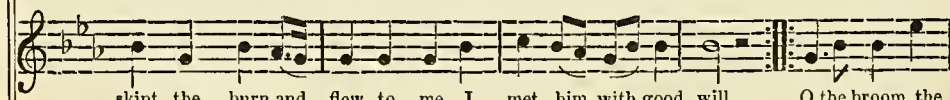
ALTO. 

TENOR.  How blythe ilk morn was I to see My swain come o'er the hill, He

BASS. 

 skipt the burn and flew to me, I met him with good will. O the broom, the



 skipt the burn and flew to me, I met him with good will. O the broom, the



bonnie bonnie broom, The broom of Cow-den - knowes, I wish I were with

my dear swain, With his pipe and my ewes. his pipe and my ewes.
my dear swain with his pipe and my ewes. his pipe and my ewes.

How blythe, ilk morn was I to see
My swain come ower the hill!
He skipt the burn and flew to me:
I met him with good will.
Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!
The broom of Cowdenknowes!
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes.

I wanted neither ewe nor lamb,
While his flock near me lay;
He gather'd in my sheep at night,
And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe, and play'd sae sweet,
The birds sat listening bye;
E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
Charm'd with the melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
Betwixt our flocks and play,
I envied not the fairest dame,
Though e'er so rich or gay.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
Gang heavily, and mourn,
Because I loved the kindest swain
That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour;
Could I but faithful be?
He stole my heart; could I refuse
Whate'er he ask'd of me?

My doggie, and my little kit,
That held my wee soup wher,
My plaidie, brooch, and crookit stick,
May now lie useless bye.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adieu!
Fareweel, a' pleasures there!
Ye gods, restore me to my swain—
Is a' I crave or care.
Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!
The broom o' the Cowdenknowes!
I wish I were with my dear swain,
With his pipe and my ewes

EV'RY BUSH NEW SPRINGING.

MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES.

Michael Cavendish, 1598.

Allegro. f

1st SOPRANO. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

2d SOPRANO. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev - ry bird now singing, *f* chanting tro li lo

ALTO, or 3d SOPRANO. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

TENOR. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

BASS. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev - ry bird now singing,

Ni - cho chanting tro li lo, lo li lo li lo, lo li lo li lo, Till her he had es -

lo li lo li lo lo, merri - ly sat poor Ni - cho, Ni - cho, Till her he had es -

Ni - cho, chant - ing tro li lo, lo li lo, lo li lo. Till her he had es -

Ni - cho, chant - ing tro li lo li lo, lo li lo, Till her he had es -

chant ing tro li lo li lo, lo li lo,

f

pie'd, on whom his hopes relied, Down, a-down with a frown she pull'd him with a frown she pull'd

f

pie'd on whom his hopes relied, down, a-down a down, down with a frown she

f

pie'd, on whom his hopes relied, down, down, a down, a-down, down, down with a frown she

f

pie'd, on whom his hopes relied, down, a-down, down, down, with a frown she pull'd him

p *f*

on whom his hopes re - lied, down, a-down, a-down, down, down, a - down with a frown she

1st. *p* 2d.

- - - him down, down, down, down, a - down, down, a-down, down, Till down.

p

pull'd him down, down, a down, down - - a down, down, down, Till down.

p

pull'd him down, down, down, down, down, down, Till down.

p

she pull'd him down, down, down, down - - down, a-down, down, Till down.

pull'd him down, a-down, down, down, down, down.

THE YOUNG WHO IN WISDOM.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

2

The musical score is for a round in G major, 6/8 time, for four voices. It consists of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp (F#), and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts on G4, moves to A4, B4, C5, D5, E5, F#5, G5, and then descends. The second staff begins with a treble clef, a key signature of one sharp, and a 6/8 time signature. The melody starts on D4, moves to C4, B3, A3, G3, F#3, E3, and then ascends. The lyrics are written below the notes. The first staff has a '2' above it, and the second staff has a '1' above it. There are also numbers 3 and 4 above the first and second measures of the second staff respectively.

The young who in wis - dom and vir - tue en - gage,
 Store com - fort for manhood, and peace for old age.

WEBER.

A Dresden letter, of the 8th of June (1844), states that the son of Weber, the composer, was on the point of setting out for London to bring back the mortal remains of his father, deposited in the Catholic chapel in Moorfields, the clergy of which have generously offered to pay the whole expence of the transport, while a committee of professional musicians and dilettanti has been formed for receiving the body of the great maestro with all solemnity, for conducting it to the general cemetery, and for erecting a monument to the memory of the author of "Der Freischütz" of suitable magnificence.

THE DIFFERENCE OF STYLE BETWEEN ITALIAN AND ENGLISH SINGERS.

The Italians address all their early efforts to the formation of a rich, sweet, liquid, or in one word, mellifluous tone, which is produced in one uniform method, always brought from the same place, and though regulated as to quality, and transmuted to a certain extent by the force of various expression, according to the sentiment and occasion, yet preserves sufficiently the reigning quality of its original nature to preclude those disagreeable effects, so fatal to the kindling train of emotion, which arise from the distinct and palpable differences to be observed in singers imperfectly educated in this grand respect. To this end the scale of an Italian singer is completely formed and *fixed* before the master ventures a single step beyond this first, this important, this indispensable postulation in fine execution.

Here it is that English singers first feel the want of a patient persevering course of instruction. They quit this elementary but fundamental and essential part of their practice too soon. The consequence is, that quality, precision, purity, and uniformity of voicing, are often, nay generally wanting. The power of producing tone in exactly such quantities as is required—that commanding faculty of increasing from the smallest perceptible sound to the loudest volume, or diminishing by the same just gradation, is seldom attained, and of course the voicing becomes crude, uncertain, and unfinished, and not unfrequently the intonation is not so sure as consists with the species of practice the Italians practise and pursue.

Among the Italian modes of expression, which depend upon the combination of what may be called idiomatic notions with peculiar technical means—the method of *carrying* the voice from one note to

another, particularly on distant intervals, must immediately arrest attention. They use it to convey tenderness or pathos, and it comes upon ears accustomed to Italian taste with singular beauty and effect. They execute this ornament *sottovoce*, and with great delicacy. But it is certainly proper to themselves, certainly national. Genuine English style unquestionably rejects this grace. To English ears it sounds too effeminately—too like the drawl of affectation, and indeed unless done with excessive precision and delicacy, and unless applied with consummate skill and taste, it has such an effect. If in the least degree too loud, it deforms and reduces the passion and passage it is intended to elevate and adorn.

The third and most general and striking difference to be observed between Italian and English style, lies in the superior force and transition employed by the Italians when compared with the English. The former often concentrate their utmost power upon a word, and as immediately sink into the softest and most delicious languor. The sober, subdued, and *chaste* tenor of English singing has not hitherto admitted such rapid and powerful putting forth or reduction of the voice. But this too we should say is the national and the natural difference in the language of passion. The Italians kindle suddenly, feel intensely, and utter what they feel as they feel it. The English are slower both in their apprehension and in their expression. And last, not least, all the great Italian singers we hear are trained to the theatre—to the production of dramatic effect, which raises their elocution and varies the colouring which they give by tone. Our greatest English singers, on the contrary, are called upon to exhibit their purest and finest specimens of ability in the Orchestra, and before audiences whose peculiar notions of propriety would revolt at anything bordering upon the manner of the theatre. Again, the songs which the really scientific part of the English nation has so long been accustomed to admire, have been drawn principally from the sacred works of Handel, with casual interspersions of Purcell, and Arne, and have been sung in a style traditionally delivered from the composer himself through the successive generations of singers. It is only within the last twenty years that the public have begun to relish or even desire the airs of any other composer. This traditional style is as wholly freed from Italian modes of expression as from the force and effect of the theatre.—*From an Article in the Musical Quarterly Review.*

COME HONEST FRIENDS.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Ives (1652.)

1 Come honest friends and jo - vial boys follow, follow, follow, follow

2 Jo - vial boys and hon - est friends, follow, follow, follow, follow

3 H - nest friends come fol - low me, jo - vial boys come

fol - low, follow me and sing this catch, and sing this catch,

me, come follow me and sing this catch, and sing this catch, and sing this

fol - low, follow me and sing this catch, and sing this catch,

and sing this catch, and sing this catch mer - ry mer - ri - ly. 2

catch, and sing this catch, and sing this catch mer - ry mer - ri - ly. 3

and sing this catch, sing this catch mer - ry mer - ri - ly. 1

LOVE TURN'D TO HATRED.

I will not love one minute more, I swear,
 No, not a minute; not a sigh or tear
 Thou get'st from me, or one kind look again,
 Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st
 begin,
 I will not think of thee, but as men do
 Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too ;

No. 88.

For thy sake, woman shall be now to me
 Less welcome, than at midnight ghost shall be.
 I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
 Treason to love that man that loves a she ;
 Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
 That's in thy sex, because it does lie there ;
 Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
 And all for thee ; WHAT, WILT THOU LOVE ME YET ?"

Sir John Suckling,

OH WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

C. Krebs.

Allegretto. *f*

Ped. *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.* *Ped.*

mf

Oh wert thou in the
Waer' ich mit dir, auf

f *p dol.* *f*

cauld blast on yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My plaidie to the an-gry airt, I'd
jener Hoch' In Re-gen-fluth, in Re-gen-fluth, Mit meinem Man-tel schirmtich dich Vor

f *p* *f* *cres.*

p dol. 3 *cres.* *f*

shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee; Or did mis-fortune's bit-ter storms a-round thee blaw, a-
Sturmeswuth, vor Sturmeswuth. Ja drohte Liebchen Missgeschick Dir grimm und wild, dir

p *cres.* *f*

poco ritard.

round thee blaw, Thy bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it
 grim und wild, Mein treu - er Bu - sen diene dir, Zu sicherm Schild, zu si - cherm

Ped.

cres. f

a'. Or did mis - fortune's bit - ter storms Around thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy
 Schild. Ja drohte Liebchen Missgeschick Dir grim und wild, dir grim und wild, Mein

cres. f

ritard.

bield should be my bo - som, To share it a', to share it a'.
 treu - er Bu - sen diene dir, Zu sicherm Schild, zu si - cherm Schild.

Ped. rit.

fz Dal segno.

fz Dal segno.

Ped.

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen.

Wohnt ich, wo grau der Himmel waer'
 Und karg das Land, und karg das Land,
 Mir schien' die Wuest' ein Paradies
 An deiner Hand, an deiner Hand!
 Und wär ich Koenig dieser Welt,
 Du, Suesse, mein, du, Suesse, mein,
 Die reinste Perl' im Diadem
 Waerst du allein, waerst du allein.

It is too late for us to declare the universality of the genius of Robert Burns, as though it were a newly discovered fact. That was felt synchronously with the publication of the first edition of his works. His writings, while they were thoroughly Scottish, at the same time possessed so eminently the power of awakening the best sympathies of humanity, that they thenceforward procured for their inspired author the high title of interpreter of the heart's language, and the truthful bard of nature. In every country where Britain's literature has been permitted to shed its benign influence, there have the songs of Burns, the Glorious Ploughman, become the language of love, of sympathy, of affection, and of duty. His bitter denunciations of aristocratic pride and assumption, of aristocratic truculence and servility, have been conned when they dared not be openly spoken; his faithful pictures of nature have become chosen models for imitation; his great and honest independence has become a motive with noble men; and his verses fraught with hope have soothed the depressed and bowed spirit when all other sources of comfort have been tried and found wanting.

We have been led into this by no means new train of reflection, from perusing the foregoing air and song. The song "Liebchen ueber Alles," by W. Gerhard, a German poet, is more an imitation than a translation of Burns's song "O wert thou in the cauld blast," but this may be from the difficulty of rendering the metaphor and idiom of the Scottish into the German language. W. Gerhard has translated a selection from the songs of Burns, which are very popular on the continent, and Carl Krebs, Kapell-meister, Hamburg, one of the best living German song-composers, has written music for a number of these. The musician in this instance has produced a simple and pleasing melody, but the spirit of it is not in keeping with that of Burns's song, that, however, could hardly be expected, as it was composed for the German not for the Scottish song. "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast" is usually sung to the old Scottish melody, "The Lass of Livingston," which we give below. We may mention that the present is the first of a series of specimens from the works of the best modern song-composers of Germany which we intend from time to time to present to our subscribers.—
 Ed. B. M.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.



LINES

ON A PIECE OF SCULPTURE ENTITLED "THE BLIND TEACHING THE BLIND."

ADDRESSED TO J. FILLANS, ESQ.

Say, Fillans, if thy noble art can charm
 Earth's elements to bright and glowing form?
 Or has thy god-like genius power to tell
 Where, in some mountain's marble bondage, dwell
 Beings of light, and prophet-like command
 Th' obedient rock to yield thy glorious band
 Of men and angels forth, to bless our clime
 With truth and beauty, through all coming time?

What magic power produced this sainted pair,
 Which, steeped in beauty, glow divinely there;
 Clothed in all heavenly dreaming that descends
 In a soft silvery shower of light, which blends
 In melting sympathy with human thought!
 Gazing on these, we weep—the heart full fraught
 With love! That radiant head—these sightless eyes,
 Still heaven-directed, commune with the skies;

As if, in golden tones, some angel bright
 Whispered the soul away to realms of light:
 That rising bosom heaves its silent prayer
 Through parted lips, which woo the listening air:
 These trembling fingers, with perception fine,
 Stray o'er that sacred page of truth divine;
 With quick inquiring sense, still feel the way
 Through words of promise to eternal day;
 And gifted eyes can see the soul prepare,
 On lofty wing, to mount th' aspiring air.

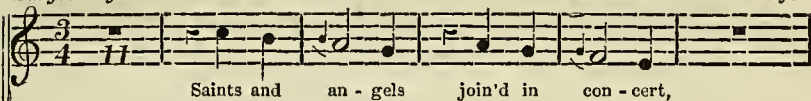
O! there are moments when the heart will prove
 A joyous thing, which pours its fervid love
 In flowing song; and, when th' entranced sight
 Rejoices all in sweet celestial light—
 Th' enraptured ear with heavenly music teems,
 And then we own this world, a world of dreams;
 Past, present, and to come, no cares annoy,
 Creation swims in seas of cloudless joy—
 Soft, balmy odours breathe a charmed air,
 To soothe each sense the soul confesses there;
 And round that fragrant pair, in gifted hour,
 Has Fillans flung this heaven-inspiring power!

A. D. Robertson.

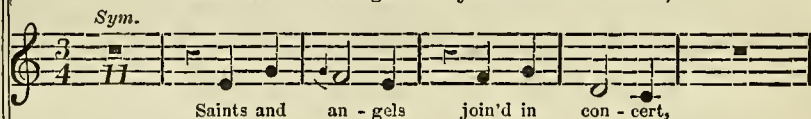
FUNERAL ANTHEM.

*Largo. Sym.**Ernestus William Wolf.*

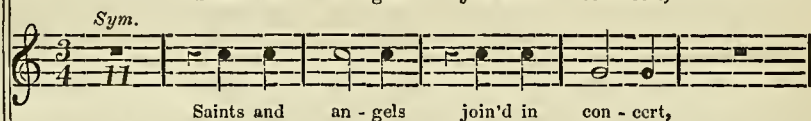
SOPRANO.



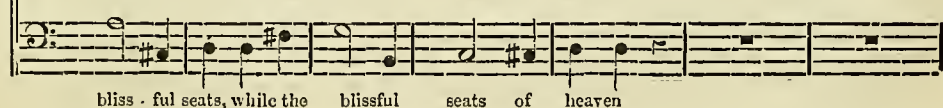
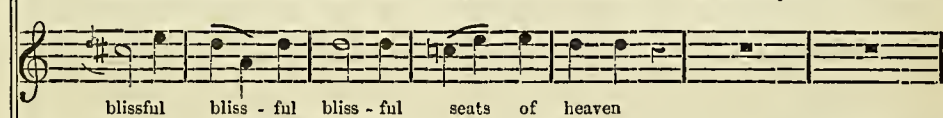
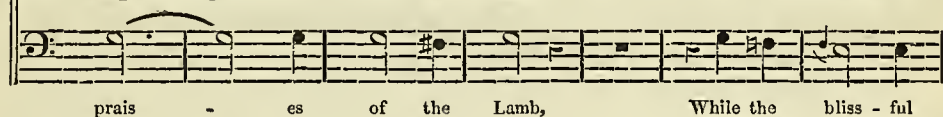
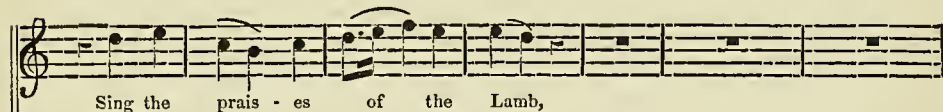
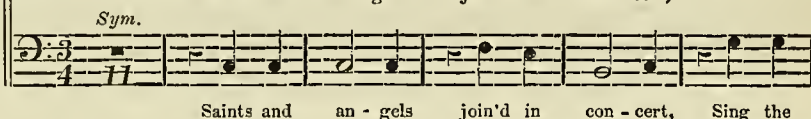
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.



with his name, sweetly e - cho with his name!

with his name, sweetly e - cho with his name! while the

sweetly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful

sweetly e - cho with his name, while the bliss - ful bliss - ful

while the bliss - ful seats of heaven,

biss - ful bliss - ful seats of heaven,

seats, while the bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with his

seats, while the bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with his

sweet - ly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

sweet - ly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

name sweetly e - cho with his name. Saints and au - gels join'd in

name sweetly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

con - cert sing the prais - - - - - es

con - cert sing the prais - es of - - the Lamb,

con - cert sing the

con - cert sing the prais - es of the Lamb,

sing the prais - es of the Lamb, while the blissful, bliss - ful

sing the prais - es of the Lamb, while the bliss - ful

prais - - - - - es while the

seats, the bliss - ful seats of heaven

seats, the bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his

bliss - ful, bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his

while the bliss - ful seats of heaven

sweet - ly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful
 name, sweetly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful seats, the
 name, sweetly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful, bliss - ful seats, the
 sweet - ly e - cho with his name! while the

bliss - ful seats of heaven *hr* sweet - ly
 bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his name, sweetly
 bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his name, sweetly
 bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly

e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name!
 e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name.
 e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name!
 e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name!

LADDIE, OH, LEAVE ME.

Words by Joseph M'Gregor.

Slow, with expression.

Old air.

Down whar the burnie rins wimplin and cheer - ie, When love's star was smilin', I
met wi' my dearie, Ah! vain was its smilin', she wad na be - lieve me, But
cried wi' a saucy air, Laddie, Oh, leave me, leave me, leave me, Laddie, Oh, leave me.

Down whar the burnie rins wimplin and cheerie,
When love's star was smilin', I met wi' my dearie;
Ah! vain was its smilin', she wadna believe me,
But cried wi' a saucy air, "Laddie, Oh! leave me,
"Leave me, leave me, laddie, Oh! leave me."

"I've lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie,
I've lo'ed thee o'er fondly, through life e'er to weary,
I've lo'ed thee o'er lang, love, at last to deceive
thee,
Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee."
Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

"There's nae ither saft e'e that fills me wi' pleasure,
There's nae ither rose-lip has half o' its treasure,
There's nae ither bower, love, shall ever receive me,
Till death break this fond heart—oh, then I maun
leave thee."

Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

The tears o'er her cheeks ran like dew from red roses,
What hope to the lover one tear-drop discloses;
I kiss'd them, and blest her, at last to relieve me
She yielded her hand, and sigh'd, "Oh! never leave me."
Leave me, leave me, &c.

EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL TALENT.

A labouring man, named Shadrack Chapman, who resides at Draycott, near Wells, in Somersetshire, who has nothing but his wages as an agricultural day labourer to subsist on, and who has never received the smallest instruction in music, has composed a series of anthems, psalm tunes, and sacred pieces of music, arranged for two, three, and four voices, several of which contain merit of the highest order. The author of these works is self-taught by perseverance, and, surmounting the most incredible difficulties, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the rules of harmony, thorough

bass, fugue, and counterpoint. This knowledge may rather be called practical than theoretical, as it has been acquired by finding out the rules by which the masters have written, from a perusal of their music, and not from the study of works of instruction. Amongst the pieces composed by Chapman are several fugues, that for grammatical accuracy might have done credit to the old masters. The poor man has been taken by the hand by a benevolent clergyman, who is publishing several of his works at a small charge. Chapman plays no instrument, but so accurate is his ear that he can correctly call every note, including the flats and sharps, as they are sounded.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE CONCERT SPIRITUEL.

In the year 1725, Philidor, *Musicien de la chambre du Roi*, and elder brother to the celebrated composer of that name, obtained from M. Francine, then manager of the Opera, permission to give a series of concerts on those days in the Lent season on which there was no operatic performance. This grant was made to Philidor by a contract for three years, the term commencing on the 17th of March, 1725, for the consideration of a thousand livres each season,—under the restriction, however, of his not permitting, on the nights of his sacred performances, any pieces in the French language nor any operatic melodies, to be sung. The same composer afterwards obtained permission to give this *Concert Spirituel* in the palace of the Tuileries, in the private theatre of which it long continued to take place. He afterwards obtained from M. Francine a renewal of his contract for three years more, in which the former inhibition respecting the use of French words and secular airs was excluded. In 1728, Philidor ceded his privilege to M. Simand. Six years afterwards, the *Académie Royale de Musique* took the management of these

concerts into their own hands. In 1741, M. Thuret, at that time manager of the Opera, confirmed the license for six years to M. Royer, for a consideration of six thousand livres per annum; which contract, in the year 1749, was renewed for fourteen years. At the death of M. Royer, in 1755, M. Mondanville undertook the *Concert Spirituel*, for the benefit of the widow and children of the former proprietor; after which, in 1762, he was succeeded by M. D'Auvergne. In 1773, the management passed into the hands of M. Garviniés, who in 1777 resigned the concern, in a highly improved state, into the hands of M. Legros, and his associate M. Berthame. The concert soon afterwards began to decline, and the embarrassed conductors were compelled to resign their charge. It afterwards, however, revived under a more fortunate, if not more able superintendence; and continued to flourish till the epoch of the Revolution, when, together with every other concert, it ceased; but was afterwards restored at the *Theatre Feydeau*. Here the *Concert Spirituel* was conducted with the highest success by Messrs. Garat and Wabonne, till it became incorporated with the *Conservatoire*, where it still continues.

WERE I LIKE A MONARCH TO REIGN.

Andante.

DUET.

Webbe.

Were I like a mon - arch to reign, - Were gra - ces, were

Were I like a mon - arch to reign, Were

graces my sub - jects to be, I'd leave them and fly to the plain - -

graces my sub - jects to be, I'd leave them and fly to the plain - -

- - - To dwell in a cot - tage with thee. But if I must

- - - To dwell in a cot - tage with thee. But if I must feel, must

feel your dis - dain, If tears, if tears can - not cru - el - ty drown, O

feel your dis - dain, If tears, if tears can - not cru - el - ty drown, O

let me not live in this pain, - - O let me not live, not

let me not live in this pain, O let me not

live in this pain, But give me my death in a frown.

live in this pain, But give me my death in a frown.

THE FISHERMAN'S GLEE.

*Words by Miss Baillie.**Moderate.**W. Rhodes, Sheffield.*

No fish stir in our heav - ing net, And the sky is

No fish stir in our heav - ing net, And the sky is

dark, and the night is wet; And we must ply our lust - y

oar, For the tide is eb - ling from the shore, from -

oar For the tide is ebbing from

For the tide is eb - ling from - - the shore,

the shore; And sad are they whose fag - gots burn, And sad are

the shore, And sad are they whose fag - gots burn, And sad are

from the shoro,

they whose fag - gots burn, So kiud - ly stirr'd for our re - turn, for our, for

Vigoroso. *ff*

our re - turn. Our boat is small, and the tem - pest raves, the

Our boat is small, and the tem - pest raves, the

our re - turn. Our boat is small, and the tem - pest raves, the

tem-pest raves, the tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, And nought is

tem-pest raves, the tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, And nought is

tem pest raves, the tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, And nought is

heard but the lash - - - - - ing

heard but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing

heard but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing

heard but the lash - - - - - ing waves, but the lash - ing

waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -

waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -

waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -

waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -

- - - winds, and the wild winds piping drea - ri - ly, wild winds, and the wild wind;

- - - winds, and the wild winds piping drea - ri - ly, wild winds pip - ing

- - - winds, and the wild

- - - winds, and the wild

Grazioso.

pip - ing drea - ri - ly. Yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 drea - - ri - ly. Yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 - - - winds pip-ing drea - ri - ly. Yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 - - - winds pip-ing drea - ri - ly.

vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in

vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.
 vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.
 vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.
 vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.

I LOVED THEE BEAUTIFUL AND KIND.

Words by Lord Nugent.
Andante.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Battishill.

1 I loved - - - thee beau - ti - ful and

2 And plighted, plighted an e - ter - nal

3 So al - ter'd are thy face and mind, So al - ter'd

kind, And plight - ed an e - ter - nal vow, and

vow, I loved - - I loved thee beau - ti - ful and kind, And plight -

are thy face and mind, 'Twere per - ju - ry to love thee now, to love thee

plight - ed an e - ter - nal vow.

- - - ed, plight - ed an e - ter - nal vow.

now, 'twere per - ju - ry to love thee, love thee now.

HAYDN AND MRS. LATROBE.

This great composer, upon his first visit to the British Metropolis, called at the house of Mr. Latrobe, whom he had known in his native country; but this gentleman being out, and Mrs. Latrobe as much at a loss to comprehend the German language as Haydn was to converse in English, they were both in a dilemma for the moment; when Haydn,

casting his eye round the room, espied a portrait of himself on the wall, and exclaimed with great emphasis, pointing alternately to the picture and then to himself—"Guiseppe Haydn! Guiseppe Haydn!"—the likeness being immediately recognised by the lady, she made a token to Haydn he seated. Mr. Latrobe was sent for, and soon returning, received his distinguished visitor with great delight and hearty congratulations.

POOR JOHNNY'S DEAD.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Largo. *Dr. Hayes.*

1 Pour Johnny's dead, I hear his knell, bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.

2 Bome, bome, bim, bome, bell.

3 The bell doth toll, O may his soul in peace for e - ver dwell.

BRIGHT MOMENTS.

One of the most elegant and agreeable persons I ever saw was Miss Porter, and I think her conversation more delightful to remember than any person's I ever knew. Sir Martin Shee told me that he remembered her when she was his beautiful of female beauty; but in those days she was more "fancy rapt," and gave in less to the current and spirit of society. Age has made her, if it may be so expressed, less selfish in her use of thought, and she pours it forth, like Pædulus—that gold which is sand from others. She is still what I should call a handsome woman; or, if that be not allowed, she is the wreck of more than a common allotment of beauty, and looks it. Her person is remarkably erect, her eyes and eyelids (in this latter resembling Scott) very heavily moulded, and her smile is beautiful. It strikes me that it always is so—where it ever was. The smile seems to be the work of the soul.

I have passed months under the same roof with Miss Porter, and nothing gave me more pleasure than to find the company in that hospitable house dwindled to a "fit audience tho' few," and gathered around the figure in deep mourning which occupied the warmest corner of the sofa. In any vein, and apropos to the gravest and the gayest subject, her well-stored mind and memory flowed forth in the same rich current of mingled story and reflection, and I never saw an impatient listener beside her. I recollect, one evening, a lady singing "Auld Robin Gray," and some one remarking, (rather unsentimentally) at the close, "By the by, what is Lady —, (the authoress of the ballad,) doing with so many carpenters. Berkeley-Square is quite deafened with their hammering!" "Apropos of carpenters and Lady —," said Miss Porter, "this same charming ballad-writer owes something to the craft. She was better born than provided with the gifts of fortune, and in her younger days, was once on a visit to a noble house, when to her dismay a large and fashionable company arrived, who brought with them a mania for private theatricals. Her wardrobe was very slender, barely sufficient for the ordinary events of a week-day, and her purse contained only one solitary shilling.

To leave the house was out of the question, to feign illness as much so, and to decline taking a part was impossible, for her talent and sprightliness were the hope of the theatre. A part was cast for her, and, in despair, she excused herself from the gay party bound to the country-town to make purchases of silk and satin, and shut herself up, a prey to mortified low spirits. The character required a smart village dress, and it certainly did not seem that it could come out of a shilling. She sat at her window, biting her lips, and turning over in her mind whether she could borrow of some one, when her attention was attracted to a carpenter, who was employed in the construction of a stage in the large hall, and who, in the court below, was turning off from his plane broad and long shavings of a peculiarly striped wood. It struck her that it was like ribbon. The next moment she was below, and begged of the man to give her half a dozen lengths as smooth as he could shave them. He performed his task well, and depositing them in her apartment, she set off alone on horse-back to the village, and with her single shilling, succeeded in purchasing a chip hat, of the coarsest fabric. She carried it home, exultingly, trimmed it with her pine shavings, and on the evening of performance, appeared with a white dress, and hat, and belt ribands which were the envy of the audience. The success of her invention gave her spirits and assurance, and she played to admiration. The sequel will justify my first remark. She made a conquest on that night of one of her titled auditors, whom she afterwards married. You will allow that Lady —, may afford to be tolerant of carpenters."

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my hearing, and he told a story in answer which I will tell you—and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who always

occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays—but the weeks slipped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to seek to speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart, and he had made up his mind to seek her

acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman present officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that, said the clergyman in question, my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only. I shall speak to her in heaven."—*The Sunbeam*.

LOVELY BELL.

Words by T. Dibdin.

Allegretto.

J. Davy.

Spring clad in gay est, in gay-est greenest hue, Had rang'd her paint-ed

charms, her painted charms in or - der, The blushing rose and fox-glove

blue, Deck'd hedge and path with va - ried bor-der, 'Twas then of love I

blythely sang, What swain could e - ver love so well, While thro' the glad my ditty rang,

ad lib. *Tempo.*

Sweetest of sweets my lovely Bell, 'Twas then of love I blythely sang, what swain could ever
love so well, While thro' the glade my dit - ty rang, sweetest of sweets my
love-ly Bell, my love-ly, lovely Bell, my love-ly, love ly Bell.

O, then I woo'd the village maid,
Who smiling heard my honest lay;
And o'er the hills, to woodland shade,
Fearless with me would often stray.

Won by the verse herself inspir'd,
She join'd love's artless tale to tell,
And gave me leave, with transport fir'd,
At church to ring my lovely Bell.

HIS YOKE IS EASY, AND HIS BURTHEN IS LIGHT.

SIXTH CHORUS, FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Handel.

CANTO.

His yoke is ea - - - sy, his burthen is

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

light, his bur - then, his bur - then is light,

His

His yoke is ea - - -

yoke is ea - - - - - sy, his bur-then is light,

- - - sy, his burthen is light, his burthen is light, his

His yoke is ea - - - -

his bur - then is light, his burthen, his

his bur - then is light,

bur-then, his bur-then, his bur then is light, is light,

- - - sy, his bur-then, his bur-then is light,

bur - then is light, his bur-then, his bur - then is light, his bur - then is light, is light, his bur-then, his bur - then is light, his yoke is

his yoke is ea - - - sy, his his bur-then is light, his bur-then, his ea - - - sy, his

bur - then is light, his yoke is ea - - - bur - then is light, his yoke is ea - - - sy, his bur-then is bur then is light,

sy, his hur - then is light,
his yoke is ea - - -
light, his burthen, his bur - then is light,
his burthen is light, his yoke is ea - -

his bur - then is light,
sy, his burthen is light, his
his bur - then is
sy, his

his burthen, his burthen, his burthen is light, his
burthen, his burthen is light, his burthen is light,
light, his burthen, his burthen is
burthen, his burthen, his burthen, his burthen, his burthen is

his bur - then is light, his burthen, his

his bur - then is light, his burthen is light, his burthen is

light, is light, his burthen is

bur - then is light, is light, his burthen is

burthen, his burthen, his bur - - - then is

light, his bur - then is light, his bur - - - then is

light, is light, his bur - - - then is

light, is light, his bur - - - then is

light, his yoke is ea - - - - - sy, and his burthen is

light, his yoke is ea - sy, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is

light, his yoke is ea - sy, is ea - - - - - sy, his burthen is

light, his yoke is ea - sy, is ea - - - - - sy, his burthen is

light, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is light, his yoke - -

light, his yoke is ea - sy his burthen is light, his yoke - -

light, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is light, his yoke - -

light, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is light, his yoke - -

- - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.

- - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.

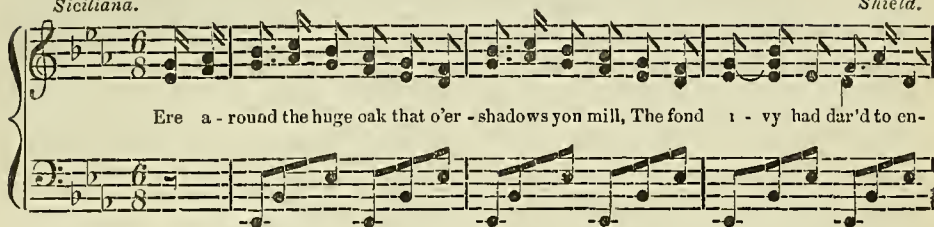
- - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.

- - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

FROM THE COMIC OPERA OF "THE FARMER."

Words by O'Keefe.

*Siciliana.**Shield.*

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field,
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me,
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

VINCENZO BELLINI.

Point not these mysteries to an art,
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,
With order dwell in endless youth

Wordsworth.

In the narrow street of St. Christofero, in Catania, and near the little church of the same order, now superseded by a larger edifice, was born the most beautiful composer of our times. It has been said, that no after maturity of judgment can dissolve the spell by which the first poet we ever understood and enjoyed is hallowed in our estimation. On the same principle, the composer whose works are the means of awakening in our hearts a new sense of the wonder and power of his art, whose compositions sway our spirits as no others have done, and address our associations with an eloquence, compared with which all similar language is unimpressive, holds a place in our estimation and affections second to that of no intellectual benefactor.

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He has opened to us a new world. He has brought a hitherto untried influence to stir the ocean of feeling. He has created yet another joy in the dim circle of our experience, and woven a fresh and perennial flower into the withered garland of life. With the thought of Bellini, embalmed in such a sentiment of gratitude, Isabel, accompanied by the count, who had arranged the visit for her gratification, went forth to view the memorials of the departed that were in the possession of his family.

"The young Vincenzo," said Vittorio, "from his earliest infancy, gave evidence of the genius of his nature. His susceptibility to musical sounds was remarkable. He could be moved, at any time, to tears or laughter, to sadness or ecstasy, by the voice of harmony. While a mere child, after hearing on public occasions a new air, he would, on returning home, from memory transcribe it. At eight years old his little hands ran over the keys of the organ, at the Benedictine convent, with surprising facility. His first compositions were occasional pieces of sacred music. It was early discovered that he was

a proper object of patronage, and, soon after arriving at manhood, he was sent, at the expense of government, to study at Naples and Rome. The result of an acquaintance with what had been effected in his art was to make more clearly perceptible to his mind the necessity of a new school. The history of genius in every department is almost always a record of conflicts—of struggles against what is dominant. Thus the early efforts of Bellini were frequently unappreciated and misunderstood. Still he persevered in consulting the oracle of his own gifts, and in developing the peculiar and now universally-admired style which marks his compositions. The first of his successful operas was the *Pirata*, then the *Straniera*, then the *Sonnambula*, and then *Norma*.* In each successive work we can trace a decided progression. The first is pretty, often beautiful; the last is throughout beautiful, and frequently sublime. It is a delightful thought, that in a country where literary talent is repelled by the restrictions on the press, musical genius is untrammelled, and human sentiment may, through this medium, find free and glorious development."

"I have always regarded music," said Isabel, "as the perfection of language."

"Undoubtedly it should so be considered, and although the censors jealously guard the actual verbal expressions attached to operas, to a true imagination and just sensibility the mere notes of masterpieces are perfectly distinguishable, as expressive of the thousand sentiments which sway the heart. Bellini, it is believed, was one of that secret society which has for some time existed, under the title of "Young Italy," whose aim is the restoration of these regions to independence; and we can read, or rather feel, the depth and fervour of his liberal sentiments, breathing in the glowing strains of his last opera—the *Puritani*."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the residence of his family, where, with emotions of melancholy interest, they viewed the tokens of his brief but brilliant career. There were little remembrancers whose workmanship testified that they were wrought by fair hands; the order of the legion of honour; a rich carpet, worked by the ladies of Milan, with the names of his operas tastefully interwoven, and many fantasies and fragments written by his own hand. There was something indescribably touching in the sight of these trophies. Isabel felt, as she gazed upon them, how empty and unavailing are the tributes men pay to living genius compared with that heritage of fame which is its after recompence. What were these glittering orders to the breast they once adorned—now mouldering in the grave? And these indications of woman's regard, which, perhaps, more than any other, pleased the heart of the young Catanese? How like the deckings of vanity did they seem now, when he for whom they were playfully wrought was enshrined among the sons of fame! How sad, too, to behold the slight characters and unconnected notes—the recorded inspiration of him who alone could rightly

combine and truly set forth their meaning! How affecting to look upon these characters—the pencillings of genius, and remember that the hand which inscribed them was cold in the tomb! But Isabel dwelt longest and most intently upon a miniature of Bellini, taken at the age of twenty-three, after the representation of the *Pirata*. It portrayed the youthful composer with a pale, intellectual countenance, an expansive and noble brow, and hair of the lightest auburn. There was a striking union of gentleness and intelligence, of lofty capacity and kindly feeling, in the portrait.

"How unlike the generality of his countrymen!" exclaimed Isabel, who had looked for the dark eye and hair of the nation.

"Nature, in every respect," replied Vittorio "marked him for a peculiar being. Yet the softness and quiet repose of the countenance is like his harmony. The mildness of the eye and the delicacy of the complexion speak of refinement. The whole physiognomy is indicative of taste and sentiment, a susceptibility and grace almost womanly, and, at the same time, a thoughtfulness and calm beauty, which speak of intellectual labour and suffering. The face of Bellini here depicted is like his music, moving, expressive, and graceful. I have seen portraits taken at a later age without less of youth, and perhaps, for that reason, less of interest in their expression. During his lifetime all he received for his works, not absolutely requisite for his support, was immediately sent to his family. And now his aged father may be said, in a double sense, to live on the fame of his son, since, in consideration of that son's arduous labours in the cause of music, which in southern Europe may be considered perhaps the only truly national object of common interest, the old man receives a pension from government, quite adequate to his maintenance."

"I think," said Isabel, as the party were seated in the opera-house the same evening, "that the great characteristic of Bellini is what may be called his metaphysical accuracy. There is an intimate correspondence between the idea of the drama and the notes of the music. What a perfect tone of disappointed affection lurks in the strain 'Ah! perche non posso odiarti?'—the favourite air in the *Sonnambula*; and who that should unpreparedly hear the last duet of the *Norma*, would not instantly feel that it is the mingled expression of despair and fondness? How warlike and rousing are the Druidical choruses, and what peace breathes in the Hymn to the Moon! It is this delicate and earnest adaptation of the music to the sentiment, this typifying of emotion in melody, that seems to me to render Bellini's strains so heart stirring."

"In other words," said Vittorio, "he affects us powerfully, for the same reason that Shakspeare, or any other universally acknowledged genius, excites our sympathy. His music is *true*. He has been called the Petrarch of harmony, that poet being deemed by the Italians the most perfect pourtrayer of love."

"And would that his fate had been more like that bard's!" exclaimed Isabel. "How melancholy that he should have died so young, in the very moment, as it were, of success and honour! I shall never forget the sorrow I felt when his death was announced to me. I was in a ball-room. The scene was gay and festive. The band had performed in succession the most admired quadrilles from his operas. I was standing in a circle which surrounded a party of waltzers, and expressed the delight I had

* L'Adelson e Salvini, represented before the Institution at Naples, was the first open experiment of Bellini's genius, followed, in 1826, by Bianca e Fernando, at the San Carlo Theatre. Il Pirata and La Straniera, successively produced at the Scala in Milan, completely established his reputation. The Montecchi e Capuleti was brought out soon after at Venice. The Sonnambula and Norma at Milano, and the Puritani in Paris.

received from the airs we had just heard. My companion responded, and sighing, calmly said, 'What a pity he will compose no more!' When I thus learned the fact of his death, and afterwards the particulars, a gloom came over my spirits, which, during the evening, had been uncommonly buoyant. I retired to the most solitary part of the room, and indulged the reflections thus suddenly awakened. 'How few,' thought I, 'of this gay throng, as they dance to the enlivening measures of Bellini, will breathe a sigh for his untimely end, or give a grateful thought to his memory.' Some of the company passed me on their way to the music-room. I joined them. A distinguished amateur, with a fine bass voice, had taken his seat at the instrument. For a moment he turned over the book listlessly, and then, as if inspired by a pleasing recollection, burst forth in that mournfully-beautiful cavatina, '*Vi ravisso luoghi ameni.*' He sang it with much feeling. There was silent and profound attention. The tears rose to my eyes. To my excited imagination we seemed to be listening to the dirge of Bellini; and, as the last lengthened note died on the lips of the vocalist—thus, thought I, he expired. Little did I then think I should ever see the native city of the composer, or sit in the opera-house which he doubtless frequented."

"It but this moment occurred to me," replied Vittorio, "that, perhaps, in this very place Bellini first learned to appreciate the science he afterwards so signally advanced; to realise the expressiveness of the agency he afterwards so effectually wielded; to feel the power of the art to whose advancement he afterwards so nobly contributed. Perhaps here first dawned on his young ambition the thought of being a composer. Perhaps, as the breathings of love, grief, fear, and triumph here stirred his youthful breast, the bright hope of embodying them in thrilling music, and thus living in his 'land's language,' rose like the star of destiny, before his awakened fancy."

There is a narrow but sequestered road leading from Catania to Cifali, just without the Porta d'Acì. A low plaster wall separates it on both sides from extensive gardens, the site of an ancient burial-place, where memorials of the dead have been frequently disinterred. Over the top of these boundaries the orange and almond trees, in the season of spring, refresh the pedestrian with their blossoms and perfume. In the early mornings of summer, or at the close of the day, this road is often sought by the meditative, being less frequented than most of the other highways leading from the city. There one can stroll along and interest himself with the thought of the now extinct people near whose ruined sepulchres he is treading, or gaze upon the broad face and swelling cone of Etna which rises before him. At an agreeable distance from the commencement of this path is an old monastery of Franciscans. The floor of the venerable church is covered with the deeply-carved tablets, beneath which are the remains of the Catainese nobility, their arms elaborately sculptured upon the cold slabs. Strangers sometimes visit a chapel adjacent to see a well executed bust, which displays the features of the nobleman who lies beneath, and is thought to be the *capo d'opera* of a Roman sculptor. The adjoining chapel is assigned as the last resting-place of Vincenzo Bellini, whose monument will soon exhibit its fresh-chiselled aspect amid the time-worn emblems around. Thither, one morning, Isabel and the count wandered, and, after leaving

the church, sat upon a stone bench which overlooked the scene, and to her inquiries as to the funeral honours paid, in his native island, to the memory of the composer, he replied,—

"You should have witnessed in order to realise the universal grief of the Catainese. Business was suspended. Every voice faltered as it repeated the tidings; every eye was moistened as it marked the badges of mourning. In the capital the same spirit prevailed. There, but a few months previous, the king entered the city, and no voice hailed him, because the professions made at the outset of his reign were unfulfilled. The gifted composer came, and acclamations welcomed him. Every testimony of private regard and public honour was displayed. His sojourn was a festival—so the news of his death created universal grief. Here, in the spirit of antiquity, an oration was pronounced in the theatre, his favourite airs performed, and actors, in the old Sicilian costume, represented the effect of his death by an appropriate piece, with mournful music. In the streets were processions, in the churches masses, and in the heart of every citizen profound regret."

"And this," said Isabel, glancing over the scene, "is a fit place for his repose. He will sleep at the foot of Etna, amid the nobles of his native city. The ladies of this villa, as they wander through the garden in the still summer evenings, will sing his most soothing strains. The peasant, as he rides by on his mule, at the cool hour of dawn, will play upon his reeds the gladdest notes, the choir in the church will chant the anthems, and the blind violinist, as he rests by the road-side, will cheer himself with the pleasant music of the departed composer."

They rose to depart. As Isabel looked back, and began to lose sight of the ancient convent, she observed a lofty cypress at the corner of the road. As its dense foliage waved solemnly, and its spire-like cone pointed heavenward, it appeared to her saddened fancy like a mournful sentinel, standing to guard from sacrilege, and point out for homage, the last resting-place of Bellini.—*Tuckerman's Pilgrimage in Sicily.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BACHS.

As there never was a family more musical by nature than that of the Bachs, so it is probable, there never has been one the different members of which were more affectionately attached to each other. All of the same profession, and settled in one province (that of Thuringia,) they soon found themselves too numerous to be able easily to obtain a subsistence in the same place. They, therefore, were under the necessity of separating; and accordingly settled in different towns in Upper and Lower Saxony, and Franconia; having before their dispersion resolved to see each other at least once a year. Their annual meetings usually took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt; and all their amusements, on these reunions, were entirely musical. The company consisting wholly of choristers, organists, and town musicians, who were all connected with the church, it was a custom with them to begin their concerts by singing in full chorus, some sacred composition. From this pious commencement they, however, proceeded to lively and humorous performances, which ended with certain comic songs, the harmonies of which were filled up by the voices of the company, extemporaneously. This choral-singing improvisation

they called a *quod libet*, at which they themselves laughed as heartily as any of their auditors. These facetiæ of the Bachs, are considered by some, to be the foundation of the German comic operettas. Whether or not that be the case, it is pleasing to contemplate in imagination such a scene, where friendship is the bond of union, and music is used as a means to make that union more felicitous. It will be a long time indeed ere such a circumstance can be described as having taken place in Great Britain.

POETS.

The elements are poets, when they build
Clouds in the azure vacaney of heaven,
Touched by the sun with spiritual grace;
The rain-cloud is a poet, when it flings
Arch over arch, all-hued, the aerial bow;
Those form their happy music to the eye—
Their harmonies of colour and of form.
The winds, itinerant minstrels, to the ear
Piped low or loud, sing ever, blithe or sad.

What a wild sound of melancholy streams
At midnight through dark aisles of abbeys old,
Through arches rent, and cloisters tenantless—
To Time, to old Religion, and Decay
Giving a voice of quaint solemnity!
Then may the winds peculiarly be styled
The Poets of the past. Not less the spring
A poet is, mantling the earth with green,
And all the living poetry of flowers—
A young Apollo, with voluptuous lip,
Laughing at hoary Winter's harp of reeds,
And his thin sedgy music, cold and sharp.

O sweet Elysian dream! O Summer! bright
With song at morn, and even, and still noon;
And voice of woods, and river's stately march;
And charm of pastoral pipes, and waterfalls—
Who shall take from thee thy majestic crown
Of all fresh things and fair divinely woven,
Strong-minded poet of our manhood chief!
And Autumn verging upon heaven, has strains
As from the harp of Judah's shepherd king,
That blend with its peculiar golden light.
Ethereal hearted Autumn! poet sage!
Soul of the Seasons! depth of Sabbath calm!
Sweet time, when the sad earth is Eden ever—
When angel visitants are in the woods
Present, although unseen!

Richard Horitt.

DRAMATIC DANCES OF THE PORTUGUESE PEASANTRY.

Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamental balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances, in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance, a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb-show. For instance, the swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn no inattentive ear to his pleadings; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty—love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—he is

forgiven, and pride, anger, and distrust give way before the returning beams of true affection, as icicles before the morning sun. During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancer: and when I remembered that the actors in the scene were but the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed, by persons in their rank of life, of giving correct expression to those feelings. As certain features of the face are said to accompany certain qualities of the mind, so in this favoured land there is a grace of manner almost invariably associated with a grace of mind, not the result of art or education, but sometimes as apparent in the lowest hind as in the highest noble of the land.—*Portugal and Galicia.*

FISCHER THE OBOE PLAYER.

This celebrated oboe player, died in the early part of 1804. He was seized with apoplexy whilst performing in a concert at Buckingham House, in the presence of their Majesties, and fell on the double-bass instrument of the musician next to him. In the early part of life he was retained at the court of the Elector of Saxony, and afterwards went into the service of Frederick the Great of Prussia, at Berlin, who was much pleased with his performance. Some time after his arrival at Berlin, the King, in a concert he gave at court, played a concerto on the German flute, of his own composition, which Fischer (not knowing the disposition of his Majesty,) praised extravagantly. This freedom so displeased Frederick, that one of his officers the following day kindly dropped a hint to Fischer, that if he valued his liberty he had better make his retreat from Berlin as soon as possible. The hint thus kindly dropped Fischer picked up, and departed for England. He arrived in this country under very favourable circumstances, the oboe not being in a high state of cultivation, the two principal oboe players, Vincent and Simpson, using the old English oboe, an instrument which in shape and tone bore some resemblance to that we call a *post-horn*. Fischer had so devoted himself to study, that, from the consequent little intercourse he had with society, he had nearly forgotten his own language (German), without having acquired any other. Soon after he was, unhappily for both parties, married to the accomplished daughter of Gainsborough, the celebrated painter. The latter, an excellent violin player, I often met at the parties of a gentleman I visited. Gainsborough, who was a lively companion, speaking of the oddities of Fischer, said that whilst walking with him in Pall Mall, a gentleman, who was also travelling in the same direction a short distance in advance of them, happening to tread on some ice had a severe fall, on which Fischer starting, spluttered out—"I never did that—I never in all my life made a slip."—"In a fortnight afterwards," added Gainsborough, "he married my daughter!" The tone of Fischer was soft and sweet, his style expressive, and his execution was at once neat and brilliant. He had gratified the admirers of music for many years, but his powers had been declining for a considerable time previous to his death.—*Parke's Musical Mem.*

BUZ, QUOTH THE BLUE FLY.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Arne.

1 Buz, buz, buz, quoth the blue fly,

2 Buz and hum they cry, they cry buz

3 In his ear, in his nose, thus, thus do you see, thus

4 He ate the dor - mouse, he ate the dor - mouse,

2 hum, hum, hum quoth the bee.

3 ouz and hum they cry, and so - - so do we.

4 in his ear, in his nose, thus, thus do you see,

1 else it was he, else - - it was he.

A GREAT ARTIST.

In companies, where the finest players executed the finest compositions, when Beethoven sat down to the piano-forte to conjure up something upon the spur of the moment, he was sure to throw all who had played before him into the shade. His fertile fancy, and the impetuosity of his temperament, rendered him a prodigy, and his performance was of a nature to stagger the faith of those present, even though they saw and heard. In his poetic fury at the piano, he elicited combinations of the most complicated difficulty, and executed passages which he would have shrunk from attempting in cold blood. Nor was it only surprise that excited his hearers—they were carried away by the strangeness and beauty of his fancies. The style of

some of his pianoforte productions may give an idea of some of his *extempore* playing; though nothing written by him can equal the ideas fresh from his own brain, executed by himself. Difficulties stimulated him, and he loved those who dared them; he took an affection to Ferdinand Ries, his pupil, for venturing an extraordinarily difficult cadence in public, and coming out of it successfully. With all this he had but small hands, and a manner of execution which would be deemed inferior to that of some pianoforte teachers. But what cannot love accomplish? It is this devotion to her, and enthusiasm in her service, indicative of a simple nature, and inconsistent with personal vanity, avarice, or envy, the usual vices of artists, which the Muse never fails to reward with her choicest gifts.

ON MUSIC.

There is a language in the tone,
Which breathes from music's string;
It speaks of years for ever flown,
Of youth's hesperient spring!
There is a language in the peal—
The cadence of its wire;
Then memory's cup doth fondly deal
Its spirit-soothing fire!

I've felt, I've own'd its charms divine,
As sorrow damp'd my brow;
When friendship cool'd at friendship's shrine—
When cross'd its deepest vow!

How soothing when at pensive calm
Of eve's ambrosial hour,
It oft flings round my soul a balm
Of sympathetic power!

What spot of earth, say, shall we find
Without its magic spell?
Its voice is in the varying wind—
It breathes in ocean's swell;
Its voice is in the warbling rill,
In marble cave 'twill sigh;
In grove, in glen, its language still
Echoes from earth to sky!

Dublin Penny Journal.

IN THEE O LORD.

SACRED CHORUS.

Andante poco adagio. *tutti.* *J. H. Rolle.*

SOPRANO.  In thee, O Lord! have I put my trust, let me

ALTO. 

TENOR. *Solo.* *tutti.*  In thee, O Lord, in thee O Lord, have I put my trust, let me

BASS. 

sol.

 never be put to con - fu - sion. In-

 In-

sol.

 never be put to con - fusion, let me ne - ver be put to con - fu - sion.

 let me ne - ver be put to con - fu - sion.

tutti.

cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord, O

cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord, O

tutti.

In - cline thine ear un - to me, de - li - ver me, O

tutti.

In - cline thine ear un - to me, de - liver, de - li - ver me, O

Lord! in thy righteous - ness. Be thou my stronghold, and my house of de -

Lord! in thy righteous - ness. Be thou my stronghold, and my house of de -

Lord! in thy righteous - ness.

Lord! in thy righteous - ness.

fence For thou hast pro - mi - sed to

fence. For thou hast pro - mi - sed to

soli.

Be thou my stronghold and my house of de - fence.

Be thou my stronghold and my house of de - fence,

tutti.

save me. In thee I put my trust, O

tutti.

save me. In thee I put my trust O

tutti.

For thou hast pro - mi - sed to save me. In thee I trust, O

tutti.

For thou hast pro - mi - sed to save me. I trust, O

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord.

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord, *tutti.*

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, De -

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, De - li - ver, De -

tutti. *Adagio.*

O Lord! in thy righteous - ness! De - li - ver me!

O Lord! in thy right - eous - ness! De - li - ver me!

li - ver me, O Lord! in thy righteous - ness! De - li - ver me!

li - ver me, O Lord! in thy righteous - ness! De - li - ver me!

WITH HORNS AND HOUNDS IN CHORUS.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Atturbury.

1 With horns and bounds in cho - rus, Let's ush - er io the day, with

2 The sun will soon shine o'er us, A - rise, make no de - lay, a - rise

3 Now the stag is rous'd be - fore us, A - way, come, come a - way, come a -

horns, with hounds let's ush - er io the day.

a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, make no de - lay.

way, come away, the stag is rous'd, a - way, come, come a - way.

CHURCH SERVICE, ORGANS, &c., IN
ANTWERP.

The first musical performance at which I was present was an afternoon service, or *complin*, as it is called, the work of a native composer of this city named Kraft; it was accompanied by the organ and a small band of instruments; but the voices were not sufficiently numerous to convey the sublime emotions which choral music always does when the *tutti* parts are supported by a large and good choir. The violin accompaniments were played with great smoothness, and excellently in tune. The models of this composer seem to be Hasse and Graun, and his composition partook largely of the bad and common-place old Italian style of melody, containing long-winded solos, passages now obsolete, and sing-song ungraceful ornaments, as far removed from the present notion of musical beauty as the Hottentot Venus from that of Titian. In the fugued points of his choruses the author was more successful, and shewed by the flow and smoothness with which they were introduced, that in ecclesiastical harmony and florid counterpoint he was not out of his element, and here his sequences reminded me of the solid and stately march of

Graun. The organ of the cathedral is good in parts, particularly in the diapason and soft stops, with pedal pipes which go down to an abyss "not loud but deep;" the chorus is, however, too squalling and not well voiced. The bass of this instrument is evidently of the same family with our own organs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and some others; where the richness and body of tone speak for the honesty and ability of the builder, and remind us of those good old times when that accursed *trading* nuisance, a contract, was not thought of. One's admiration is extorted at the tasteful design and elaborate workmanship which is manifest on the cases of the organs in Antwerp; and that at the cathedral is built up with a poetical conception of the splendour which befits these enchanted palaces of sound—the "loud uplifted angel trumpets" at the mouths of the winged musicians that proudly stand on the eminences on each side of the instrument, really give a fresh dignity to its tones in the imagination. To my mind, these graceful figures which look just like to fly, are never seen to greater advantage than when the organ is pealing forth with a solemn-stepping bass, to some processional below; and I like the idea of putting such a screen over these mechanical contrivances and metal pipes,

and of feasting the sight with a pleasure precisely analogous to that which the hearing receives.

At the Dominicans' church the organ-case is still more wonderful, but here the artist has suffered his fancy to run riot; the carved figures there are hell-brood, all monstrous gorgons and hydras, such as might float through the brain in an ugly dream, "worse than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived." I cannot say that the organ-playing of the Flemish demands much praise; but in stepping into a Catholic chapel one morning, I was amazed at hearing the chaunt accompanied with a number of ascending and descending scales (some of them chromatic,) played with great velocity by the performer's right hand, while his left hand and feet sustained the chords. To me this man appeared to be endeavouring to barlesque religion, and to turn the service into a joke. But I believe it is unnecessary to cross the water to find that devotional solemnity in music is not considered incompatible with the nimblest and most volatile finger in the accompanist. Such impertinence shows that music, though in the main an intelligible language, is still variously construed according to the tempera-

* * * * *

On the festival of Corpus Christi, a mass by Righini was substituted at the cathedral for one by Haydn, which had been promised; and on this occasion the wind instruments were supplied by the military band resident in the city, and the chorus was augmented. The regular installment of a regimental band in the service of the church here, has raised the suggestion why in these "piping times of peace," when men have no longer to play the double-bassoon on a forced march, the assistance of those people might not be required for charitable musical performances at home; if such regulations were consistent with military discipline, it would make music cheaper, and in part remove the objections which have been raised to the uselessness of a standing army. Righini is chiefly known to the English amateur through the medium of Mr. Latrobe's valuable collection of sacred music; but detached and isolated specimens give but an imperfect idea of his excellence as a composer, for which purpose it is absolutely necessary to hear an entire work performed. An Italian, bitten with the love of German harmonies, and naturalised and adapted into that school, makes an excellent musician; melody is his paternal inheritance; he has only to acquire a better method of clothing its nakedness than is usual among his countrymen. Cherubini, who has run something into the extreme of learned accompaniment, when in a happy vein, shows that the union of the two schools leaves nothing to be wished for in a composer. The *Kyrie* of Righini's mass in D which opened in the minor, was particularly impressive from the solemnity of the movement and the independence and boldness of the accompaniments, and had it not been deformed by a frequent recurrence to the major, it might have been taken for Haydn; but there seems a want of consistency in changing the character of the music, while the expression of the words is invariably melancholy and penitential. The "*Et Incarnatus est*," with clarionet obligato, struck me as full of elegance and feeling; but it was much injured in the performance by the bad intonation of the accompanist, who was, alas! no Willma, and played much too sharp. In Antwerp the wind-instrument players are raw and imperfect

and deficient either in ear or in the management of their instruments. The orchestra, which contains the performers on a flat surface, without any gradual inclination such as we are accustomed to, would be unfavourable to experienced artists, and is much more so to these ignorant soldiers. The trumpets were played with so strange a tone, that it was difficult to recognise them in their curious disguise. Though many passages of the melody in this composition are no longer consistent with modern taste, I may safely assert, that in a well-worked fugue, and an artfully constructed chorus, few composers excel Vincenzo Righini. On the conclusion of this service, which was to me a perfect curiosity, the organist played a *sortie* of that frivolous, inconsistent character, which seems to be peculiarly admired in Brabant; and which was neither more nor less than one of Nicolai's old harpsichord sonatas, lifted out of its quiet obscurity to the music-desk of a cathedral, a place where its author, in the highest intoxication of vanity, could hardly have fancied it. Though harpsichord music, or pianoforte music, or even harp music, may be accommodated to the organ, provided it contains sequences, or something grave in its construction, it appears a strange perversity of choice to fix upon a piece which is diametrically opposed to these qualifications. The organist, after service, justified his selection by observing, that a gay style best suited the frame of mind in which the priests and congregation found themselves after discharging their spiritual duties, and a brisk movement had great effect in creating an appetite for dinner. Whether the gentleman's argument was founded on fact or not, I have ever found the Catholic, after mass, and on festivals especially, more tenacious of his dishes and wine, more joyous and convivial than on other days.

* * * * *

There is no public secular music of any kind to be heard in this city, with the exception of the vile scraping which is endured at the dinner table of the inn, an infliction which irritates the nerves, and stops the convective process. Music is too heavenly an art to be degraded into mere sauce, without a protest, though that be useless; if it be good, it cannot be co-enjoyed with mouthfuls of ragout; if bad, it gives one indigestion. Music engrosses, it "kills the flock of all affections else that live in us," and though it rather encourages wine-drinking and luxurious excitement, it resents that one should satisfy the grosser animal wants and the ethereal nature at the same time. Hogarth has, in his *Enraged Musician*, given the portraiture of my friend Dr. H—; when any sudden and impertinent eruption of sound distracts his attention from what Sergeant Dalgetty terms the onslaught, he cordially hates this dinner harmony, and consigns it with the sorrel soup of France, and the white soup of Germany, to everlasting perdition.

I had the pleasure of spending a musical evening with M. Le Brun, a resident of Antwerp, and the early friend of Haydn; a gentleman who, in a green and lusty old age, shows a pleasing bigotry and exclusiveness of preference for the works of his old companion. As that war of words in which I have been frequently engaged for the respective supremacy of Handel, Haydn, Sebastian Bach, and Mozart, has become a tiresome service, partly out of civility as a guest, and partly out of a consciousness of having been a renegade at different times from one cause or other, I on this occasion quietly

allowed Haydn to receive the palm. The niece of M. Le Brun, who has been a pupil of Woelfl, showed an admirable discretion in the performance of some of Haydn's sonatas, particularly in that set dedicated to Madame Bartolozzi, as well as in a sonata in four flats, written by the author for Hummel when a boy, and she discovered a firmness of hand, and cultivated taste in *adagio* playing, which I have never yet heard equalled by a female performer. After hearing these masterly compositions, I could not but regret the innovations that have crept in upon the style of writing for the instrument; the search after effects of light and shade, instead of a succession of good musical ideas; crude harmonies, and violent changes, instead of a flow of natural modulation. Although this lady is in the constant receipt of the newest *capriccios* and *fantasias* which are produced by the lightning fingered virtuosi resident in Paris, they remain untouched in her portfolio from her inability to discover their meaning; but the charm of Haydn's pianoforte music remains ever fresh and undecayed.

The last musical service which took place during my stay in Antwerp, was performed in the cathedral at night; it was delightful to stand at the extremity of the nave, and, through the long vista of arches, enveloped in thick darkness, to see the blaze of torch-light thrown on the high altar, the gorgeous robes of the priests, the swinging of silver censers which warm the air and embalm the pictures in their fragrance and aroma; above all, to hear Gregorian phrases softened and mellowed by distance, the effect of the whole was so overpowering as easily to make one credit those tales of overwrought fancy where people have suddenly imagined themselves sublimed, deified, ecstatic. The reason is at first taken prisoner, and there is little inclination to question the import of rites and ceremonies, to which all the noblest arts are made subservient and tributary; but the mind at last works out its own salvation, seizes what is good and admirable, and soon, in one of these edifices, as in a Pagan temple, worships the spirit of beauty in all forms, forgetful that uncharitableness and bigotry exist in the world. It is a pity that women's voices are not enlisted in the service of the mass at Antwerp: these kind of *soprani* are much better adapted than boys for the sort of expression which modern Catholic music requires, especially in the refined solos of Mozart and Haydn; the charm of pathos and simplicity which belong to the latter class of performers is here thrown away; and though the passages may be correct as to the text, they ill assort with the childish pipers that give them utterance. When the young singers have passed over that part of their lives so prettily described by Cherubini in Mozart's Figaro "*Non so piu*," if they have previously given promise, nature no longer withholds from them that last best gift, the indefinable charm which distinguishes the style of genius from that of line-and-rule correctness; be it called soul, sensibility, or what it may. I have never heard playing or singing from children, however far they might have advanced in the mechanical part of the science, which possessed this quality.

Every composer who writes music for the Catholic service makes the Virgin an ideal mistress; as Solomon addressed the church in his Canticles, calling her "soft names in many a mixed rhyme," so does the musician exhaust his fancy in tender phrases for the "*Mater divine gratia*," and the "*Mater amabilis*;" the best and most impassioned

songs of the ancient opera school are poured forth by the singer, who addresses under these words some less exalted but more substantial divinity. A little of this heaven will mingle in the service of religion, where the spiritual and carnal boundaries of musical expression are not better defined. In England it is difficult for a lover of music to pass a cathedral in which the organ is sounding, without stepping in for the sake of the plagal cadence, a piece of simple grandeur, which will always, while our nature remains, affect powerfully; but in Antwerp there is not only this attraction, but also the most inventive and florid compositions; and though the performance is a little rough, and the attention much interrupted by the scuffling on the pavement of the cathedral, yet the matter is frequent, and is accomplished out of pure love, and not as a job that is to be dispatched.

The music here costs nothing, and it is heartily to be wished that not only the cheapness, but the modesty of the performance, were paralleled with us. The *cantor* informed me, that though their library contains the works of the great masters of Germany and Italy, they do not wish to hack their Haydn and Mozart by too frequent a repetition, but reserve them for holidays and extraordinary feasts.

During mass, a tall gaunt Swiss, armed with an enormous halberd, stalks up and down the cathedral, the terror of those who turn their backs on the host; and it is surprising, that among so much to soften and ameliorate the asperities of the temper, this fellow should be ever brooding mischief, never so happy as when dealing his "apostolic blows" among little boys, who occasionally collect in a crowd round some one of the doors. The sight of an unsheathed blade in a Christian temple is an eye-sore; and the hired ruffian who carries it was to me so personally obnoxious, that when I found it necessary to ask some questions, to pay him for his trouble in answering, the fierceness of his manner made me laugh inwardly.—*Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by an English Musical Professor.*

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye, who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phoenix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian; lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve unseals thy clear throat, loonest
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
Until they waken; and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love, come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakeener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
And with 't enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper,—Love!

Barry Cornwall.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull—
And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold—
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures can thee move
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe, born 1565—killed 1593.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And trath on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold;
The rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
And age complains of cares to come.

The fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of reses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed
Had joys no date, had age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.
Sir Walter Raleigh, born 1552—beheaded 1618.

DAINTY DAVIE.

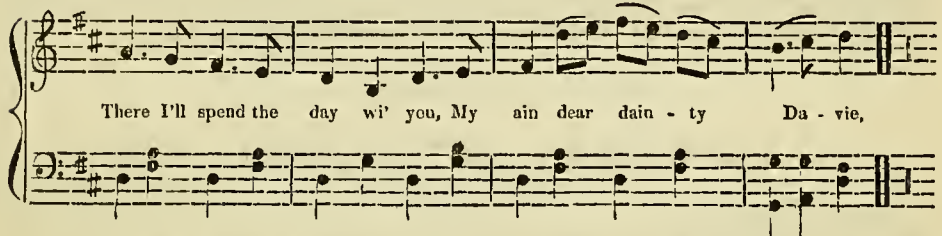
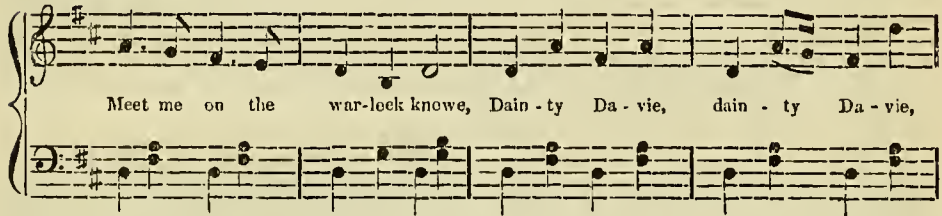
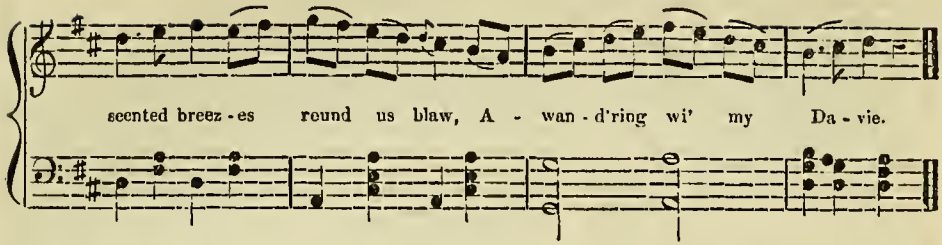
Words by Burns.

Vivace.

Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And

now come ia my hap-py hours, To wander wi' my Da - vie. The

crys-tal wa - ters round us fa', The merry birds are lo - vers a', The



When purple merning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,

I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best
And that's my dainty Davie.
Meet me on the warloek knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

ROMANCE OF THE ORCHESTRA.

I once witnessed a scene in the orchestra of Covent Garden, which, for ludicrousness of effect, and the mysterious manner in which it arose, surpassed anything that ever came under my notice. A friend, considerably my senior, and a play-goer of the time of the Kembles, was one of my companions; the other was his wife, to accommodate whom, being short-sighted, we had established ourselves in the front row of the pit, on the prompter's side. At the commencement of the overture we found that the scroll end of one of the large double-basses intercepted the lady's view of the stage, and a request was preferred by my friend to the performer (a most eccentric-looking genius, with only one eye, and that apparently turning on what mechanics call "an universal centre,") to alter his position, but he very uncourteously refused to move; and still worse, on the rising of the curtain, he left the instrument secured in a perpendicular position, so as to completely obstruct our lady's view. Thus he left it, in spite of all our remonstrances. I, with the desperate indignation of youth, was for cutting the string and

letting it fall down, but was restrained by my elder and more wily friend, who whispered to me "never mind, I'll serve him out." He then changed places with the lady, and all went on quietly till the fall of the curtain, when I suddenly missed him. He returned, however, in a few minutes, with a large piece of—yes, of candle; and he gave me a look which indicated that I was not to see anything. Yet I did see, that while the rest of the audience were looking round the house, he leant over, and, unobserved by any one else, applied the grease with dexterity and effect to the strings of the offending instrument. He then took his seat, apparently as unconcerned as any spectator in the pit. In due time the bell rang for the music to the afterpiece, and we saw our musical adversary enter, release his instrument, and seat himself. He then tried the strings at his ear, and finding all right, indulged himself with a pinch of snuff, and quietly awaited his time. The second bell rang—the leader gave the preliminary tap-tap, and off they went in the overture to *Tancredi*. After a few bars it was our enemy's time to chime in; he sawed away with right good will, but, to his utter amazement, with-

out producing the desired effect. He looked down inquisitively with his single optic, but without comprehending the mystery. Again he tried, and of course with the same result; another downward look, and the truth seemed to flash across him. His one eye glared most horribly; but not on us did his anger fall. In front of him, perched on a high stool, with a step half way up for his feet, sat a *nee homo*, working most industriously at a violoncello as big as himself, and in sweet unconsciousness of the storm gathering in his rear. On this unoffending victim did he of the double-bass vent his rage—for, he darted one piercing glance at the violin-player, deliberately deposited his bow on the desk before him, and dealt the little man so sound a cuff on the head, that musician, stool, violoncello, and desk went down "in one astounding ruin" damaging the shins and toes of immediate neighbours, literally putting their pipes out, and producing discord dire throughout the realms of harmony.—*Cruikshank's Omnibus*.

DUTIES OF A CONDUCTOR OF MUSIC.

To conduct a festival is an arduous duty, requiring qualifications rarely found united in one man. It requires a high standing and great influence in the profession, founded on knowledge, experience, and

above all, on a life of long-tried integrity. It requires an acquaintance with the world as well as with music; great industry; a clear head, capable of arranging complicated details; and that union of firmness and good temper which is necessary for surmounting difficulties and reconciling jarring interests. It requires a thorough knowledge of everything performed, down to the slightest note of the most insignificant instrument in the score; the faculty of detecting the most trifling error at rehearsal; and the tact by which the mistake is pointed out without wounding the feelings of the performer. These are *some* of the qualifications required in a conductor. Other men *may* possess them; but Sir George Smart is, at present, the only man among us who has proved, by a long course of successful exertion, that he *does* possess them.—*From an old file of the Morning Chronicle*.

MORALITY OF MUSIC.—The influence of music on all classes is immense, and uniformly favourable. If it sometimes seems to be the handmaid of refined voluptuousness, or the companion of vulgar debauch, the blame does not belong to it, but to its perversion and abuse. Without it the vices would still exist, probably in more debasing forms; while properly applied it can become a powerful agent in lessening the propensity to degrading pleasures.

THE STAMMERERS.

COMIC GLEE.

Dr. Harrington.

Moderato. 1st TENOR.

O sir can you tell, O sir can you tell where old Goody Groaner the midwife do

2nd TENOR.

BASS.

dwell, Goody Groaner the midwife, the midwife do dwell,

Who who who who who who sir, who who who who who sir, who

where, where, pray, sir, where, pray do sir, do sir, do sir,

I I I I I will te - te - te - te - tell you you you you you sir you sir

be quick sir, be quick sir, my wife sir, is sick sir, be quick sir,

she she she do li - li - li - li - live, she do do do do

No no no

my wife sir, is sick sir, is sick sir, be quick, be quick, be quick I

live, she do do do do live, she do live, she do do do do live sir,

. no no sir, old old Goody Gro - Groaner is gone gone go -

pray sir, pray sir, be quick I pray, quick, quick, zouns,

live sir, o - o - o - o - o - o - ver the way, o - o - o - o - ver the way sir,

- - ne, gone, go - go-gone, they say sir, . no no no no sir, no no no no

zouns you'll be all day, sir, zouns, zouns, you'll be all day sir, poor Jenny
 stay stay stay sir, stay stay stay sir, 1 1

no no no no, gone they say sir, no no no no no no no no, gone they say sir,

is bad sir, poor Jenny is bad sir, such stuttering, such sputtering, such stammering,
 I sir, will tell by by and by sir, will te - te - te - te - tell, will te - te - te - te -

no no no, he he he do lie sir, do

such hammering, 'twill make a man mad sir, make a man, make a man mad sir,
 tell, will tell tell by and by sir, by and by sir, I will
 lie lie, do lie sir, he do do do do

'twill make a man mad sir zouns, zouns.
 te - te - tell by and by sir, by by by by and by sir, by sir, by and by sir.
 he he he do lie sir. he he do lie sir. do do lie lie sir.

I N N O C E N C E .

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

George J. Webbe, Boston.

dim.

1 No foun-tain from its roc - ky cave - - -

2 E'er tripp'd with foot so free, e'er tripp'd with foot so free,

3 She was as hap - py, as hap - py as the wave

4 That dan - ces, dan - ces on the sea.

THE OPERA AT PRAGUE, AND MOZART'S MUSIC.

The Bohemian's love of good music, and his capability to produce it, are alike proverbial. Accordingly, the theatrical music of Prague is about the best that is to be heard in Germany. The interior of the opera-house is very light and handsome. It has three tiers of boxes, and a *parquet*; also a pit, the seats of which are only opened upon paying an additional sum of thirty Kreutzer, *Wiener Währung*, to the entrance money, which is a paper florin of about tenpence sterling. I have already heard the operas of "Die diebische Elster," or the "Maid and the Magpie," and "Fra Diavolo." The former of these was performed in a style that I scarcely ever heard equalled. The overture was played in a manner altogether *con amore*; and the effect of the wind instruments, which were admirably in tune, was quite electrical. I remember being present in Italy, on the first representation of this opera, and of joining, not only in the universal burst of approbation that was given to it at the fall of the curtain, but in the triple call for Rossini to appear on the stage, to receive the meed of public approbation; yet, at this moment I am at a loss to say whether the performance of this opera in Italy or in Prague was most to be admired. Of this, however, I am certain, that the Bohemian orchestra, in point of wind instruments, was far superior to the Italian. "Di piacer" was sung by Miss L. Gned in a very brilliant and sprightly manner; while Herr Siebert, a star from the opera of Vienna, filled the part of the Podesta with much ability. His voice is an excellent *basso*. The beautiful duet with lather and daughter, was given with great taste and effect.

The amateur in music, on entering the Prague opera-house, can never forget that within its walls Mozart, that most glorious of the sons of harmony,

won his richest laurels. It was in the orchestra of the Prague opera-house, that "Le Nozze di Figaro" (an opera unrivalled for tenderness and melancholy) was first performed; and it was there, too, that the splendid music of "Don Giovanni" first fell on the ears of an astonished and electrified audience—an audience which, on that occasion, boasted, amid its host of musicians, the presence of the immortal Haydn. As I looked into the orchestra, and beheld the harpsichord at which Mozart himself had so frequently sat, I could not help imagining the enthusiasm which, in this land of music, must have been felt and expressed, when the brilliant and soul-enkindling themes in "Figaro" and "Don Juan" were poured forth from the voices on the stage, and accompanied with all the correctness, taste, and power of a Bohemian band. What a flood of thrilling sensations have these themes universally excited since that memorable night; and how enduring will be their sway over the passions and feelings of future generations! The music of Mozart belongs, not to a passing age, but to eternity. It speaks to the changeless sympathies of the human heart—the unalterable pleasurable harmonies of the human ear! When I think of the wayward, sensitive Mozart, and the universal feeling of sympathy which his productions excite in every quarter of the world, I am forced to confess the power of music over poetry; for where is the poetic genius to be found, that can be said to have fallen on a course so certain to touch for ever the heart-strings of the majority of mankind, as the soul-speaking author of "The Zauberflöte"? Besides the field of fame which it is the fortune of the musician to enter upon, is far more extensive than that of the poet. The genius of the former is not restricted to that of the great, the learned, and the refined, but extorts approbation alike from the savage and the sage.—*Strang's Letters from Germany.*

YE WHO SHUN THE HAUNTS OF CARE.

DUET FROM THE "ZAUBERFLÖTE."

Words by David Thomson.

Mozart.

Andante.

Ye who shun the haunts of care, To our forest wilds repair, Where thro' clear ce-

Ye who shun the haunts of care, To our forest wilds repair, Where thro' clear ce-

ru - lean sir, Phoebus rises brightly; Here thro' never - ending shades, You may rove till

ru - lean sir, Phoebus rises brightly;

Here thro' never - ending shades

ev'ning fades, you may rove, may rove till ev' - ning fades. Ne-ver has the

you may rove till ev'ning fades, you may rove till ev' - ning fades. Ne-ver has the

po - et's rhyme Feign'd a sweeter, soft - er clime, Where the restless foot of time

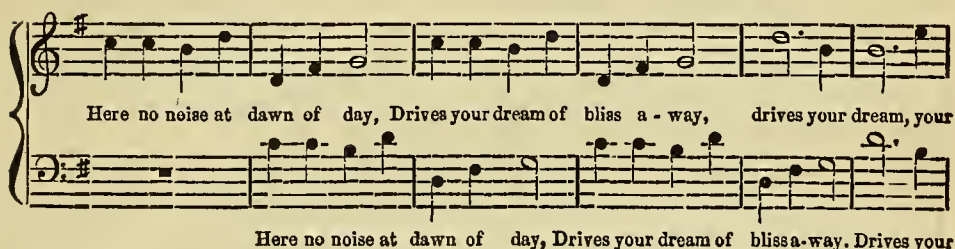
po - et's rhyme Feign'd a sweeter, soft - er clime, Where the restless foot of time

ad lib.
Moves a-long more light-ly. Nought is heard the gale to swell, Save the woodman

Moves a-long more lightly. Nought is heard the gale to swell, Save the woodman

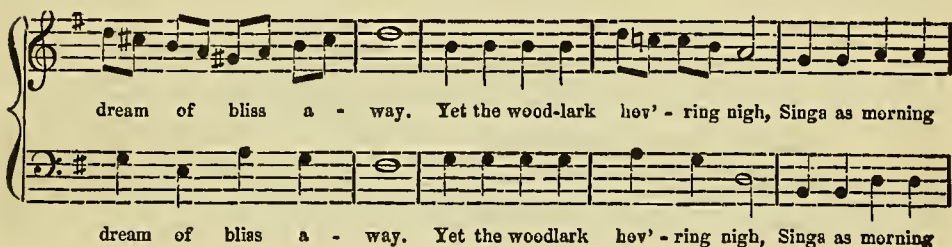


in the dell, And the so - lemn Sab - bath bell, Far a - long the mountain.



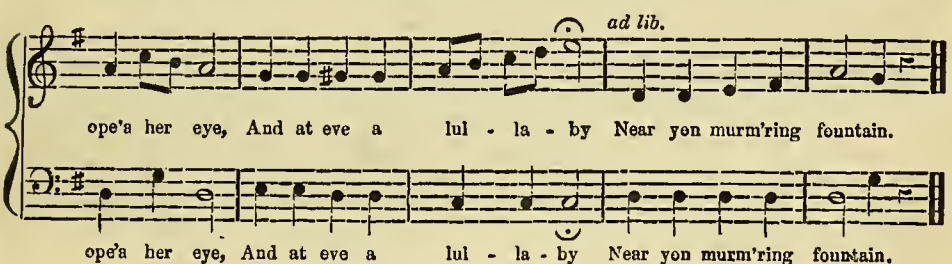
Here no noise at dawn of day, Drives your dream of bliss a - way, drives your dream, your

Here no noise at dawn of day, Drives your dream of blissa-way. Drives your



dream of bliss a - way. Yet the wood-lark hev' - ring nigh, Sings as morning

dream of bliss a - way. Yet the woodlark hev' - ring nigh, Sings as morning



ad lib.

ope'a her eye, And at eve a lul - la - by Near yon murm'ring fountain.

ope'a her eye, And at eve a lul - la - by Near yon murm'ring fountain.

THE STRICKEN OAK.

I rambled through the sylvan wood,
And rested where an oak-tree stood,
The monarch of the glade;
He reared his proudly spreading form,
And seemed to court the coming storm,
That rolled above his head.

Again I passed the monarch's throne,
But there, alas! no more he shone
The king of all around.

His shivered branches, rudely torn,
No more his stately trunk adorn,
'Tis stretch'd upon the ground.

His sapless roots are sear'd and dead,
The withered leaves compose his bed;
His branches round him lie,
Now naked, torn, and stript of green,
So little like what they have been—
Apt emblem of mortality!

As some protecting mother dies,
And grief bedims her children's eyes,
They weeping round her lie,
So lie the branches of the tree,
All scattered o'er the grassy lea;
They wither, droop, and die.

Weekly Dispatch.

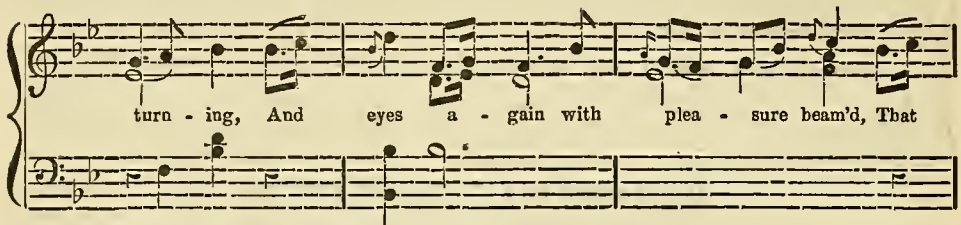
THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Words by Burns.
Andante.

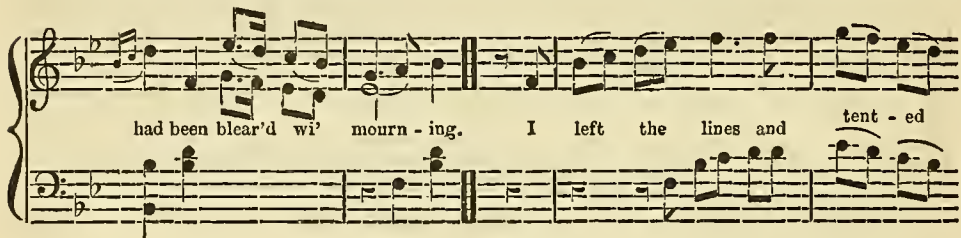
Air—"The Mill, Mill O."




When wild wars dead - ly blast was blawn, And gen - tle peace re -



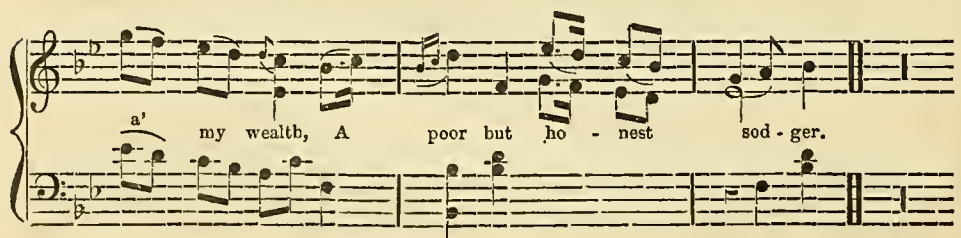
turn - ing, And eyes a - gain with plea - sure beam'd, That



had been blear'd wi' mourn - ing. I left the lines and tent - ed



field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger, My hum - ble knap - sack



a' my wealth, A poor but ho - nest sod - ger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as you hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, bappy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger,
I've served my king and country lang :
Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier grew than ever ;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I loved,
Forget him will I never.
Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't ;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
Synae pale as ony lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?

By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded ;
I am the man, and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And nair we'se ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailin' plenish'd fairly ;
Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger oe'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger :
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour o' danger.

COME LIVE WITH ME.

Andante.
ALTO.

Come live with me, come live with me and be my love,

1st TENOR.

Come live with me, come, come, come live with me and be my love,

2nd TENOR.

Come live with me, come, and we will

BASS.

Come live with me, come, come live with me and be my

and we will all the pleasures prove, we will all the plea - sures

and we will all the plea - sures prove, we will all the plea - sures

all the plea - sures prove, the pleasures prove, we will all the plea - sures

love, and we will all the plea - sures

cres. *f*

prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield,

cres. *f*

prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield, and I will

f

prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield, and I will

f

prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield,

f

and twine, and twine - a thousand fragrant po - sies, a cap of flow'rs and

make thee beds of ro - es. a cap of flow'rs and

make thee beds of ro - ses, a cap of flow'rs and

and twine, and twine a thousand fragrant posies, a cap of flow'rs and

ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle. A belt of

ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle. A belt of

ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle.

ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle.

straw and i - vy buds, And

A co - ral clasp and am - ber studs, And

then live with me and be my

if these plea-sures may thee move,

if these pleasures may thee move, then live with me and be my

love, the shep-herd ewaine shall dance - - and sing,

For thy de - light each

love,

May morn - ing.

If joys like these thy mind - may move.

Then live with

p If joys like these thy

p If joys like these thy

p If joys like these thy

me and be my love,

f mind may move, then live with me and be my love.

f mind may move, then live with me and be my love.

f mind may move, then live with me and be my love.

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

'Tis sweet to hear those notes of fire,
Struck from the minstrel's burning lyre;
There is a joy that swells the soul,
When music charms "the flowing bowl"—
A pleasure in some well-known voice,
That bids the loneliest heart rejoice;
An ecstasy that springs from song—
A rapture in the social throng!
But where's there an endearing spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell?

It falls upon the lover's ear
Like strains from some diviner sphere;
The tale it tells the young and gay,
Whose life hath been one summer's day,

Is coloured with a future bliss,
Too heavenly for a world like this.
It hath a soul-inspiring tone,
Which stirs the spirit sad and lone,
And sheds a lively influence round,
Wherever flies its merry sound!

It mellows down the lorn one's heart
To meet its fate, and bear the smart;
And wafts the aged back once more
In fancy to those scenes of yore,
When early joys and feelings grew,
And vow to vow proved firm and true!
Yes, one and all, from youth to age,
From the unlettered to the sage,
Have felt that life hath not a spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell!

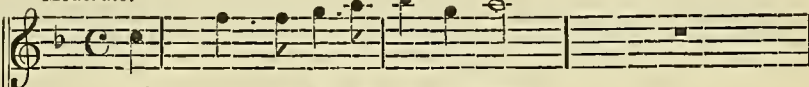
IF LOVE AND ALL THE WORLD WERE YOUNG.

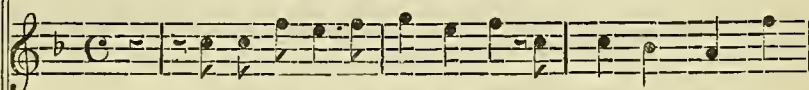
S'r W. Raleigh.

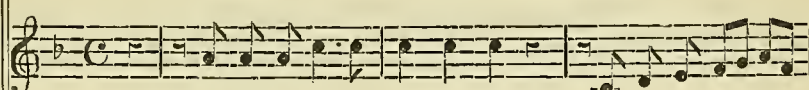
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

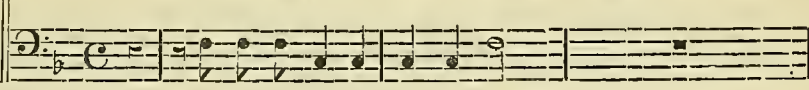
Music by S. Webbe.

Moderato.

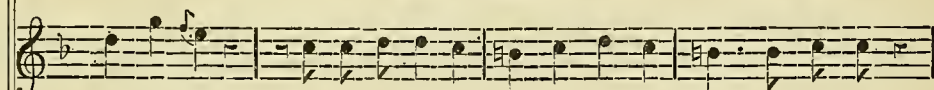
ALTO.  If love and all the world were young,

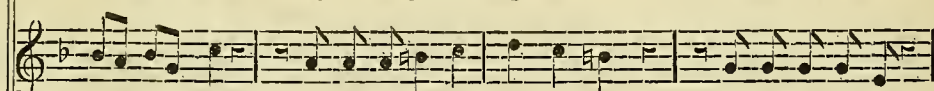
1st TENOR.  If love and all the world were young, And truth on ev' - ry

2d TENOR.  If love and all the world were young, And truth on ev' - ry

BASS.  If love and all the world were young,

 Thy fan - cied plea sures might me move, And I might lis - ten

 shepherd's toogoe, Thy fan cied pleasures might me move, And I might lis - ten

 shepherd's tongue, Thy fancied pleasures might me move, And I might lis ten

 Thy fan - cied pleasures might me move, And I might lis - ten

to thy love, I might lis - ten to thy love. But time drives
 to thy love, I might lis - ten to - - thy love. But time drives flocks from
 to thy love, I might lis - ten to thy love But time drives flocks from
 to thy love I might lis - ten to thy love. But time drives flocks from

flocks from field to fold; The ri - vers rage, ri - - vers rage, and
 field to fold; The ri - vers rage, the ri - vers rage,
 field to fold, The ri - vers rage - - -
 field to fold, The ri - vers rage - - - rage and

hills grow cold, hills - - grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb.
 and hills grow cold, and hills grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And
 - - and hills grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And
 hills grow colr - - grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And

piu lento.

Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi-lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

colonde.

In a pastoral manner.

care to come. thy beds of ro-ses, Thy cap, thy

p

care to come. Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy

p

care to come. Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy

p

care to come. thy belts, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy

f

kir - tle, and thy po-sies, All these in me, in me can no thing

f

kir - tle, and thy po-sies, All these in me, in me can nothing

f

kir - tle, and thy po sies, All these in me in me can nothing

f

kir - tle, and thy po sies All these in me can no - thing

move, To live with thee and be thy love. *p* and

move, To live with thee and be - - thy love. *p* If youth could last, and

move, To live with thee and be thy love. *p* If youth could last, and

move, To live with thee and be thy love.

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de-

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love.

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love.

lights my mind might move. And I might lis - ten to thy love.

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love.

WOMAN.

"When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low."

Oh, woman! truth and passion rear the throne
Where thou dost sit triumphant and alone;
Bright shapes of fitful fancies throw
Prismatic colours o'er thy beauty's glow—
Before a thousand shrines thy feelings burn,
As vestals wave their tapers o'er the urn.
A seeming fickle nature oft imbues
The colour of thy mind with rainbow's hues—
Yet, when awakened to some daring deed,
When grief and trials come and nations bleed,

When fields of blood re-echo shrieking cries,
And hope's lone star hath left the shrouded skies;
'Tis then thy mighty heart shall fully prove
The strength of all thy constancy and love!
Who longest lingers at the bed of death,
With kisses winning back the fleeting breath?
Who longest at the chill lone tomb shall stay,
Pale sentinel o'er cold and paler clay?
"Last at the cross and earliest at the grave."
Ah, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save,
When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low,
Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.

J. N. Maffitt.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

DUET.

Dr. Harrington.

SOPRANO
OR TENOR.

nymph to re - gain, More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with dis - dain. In

pi - ty o'er - take her who wounds as she flies, Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myr -

til - lo that dies, that dies, that dies, 'tis Myr - til - lo that dies.

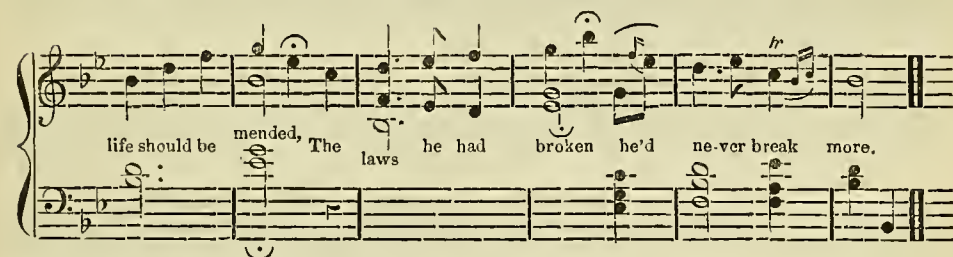
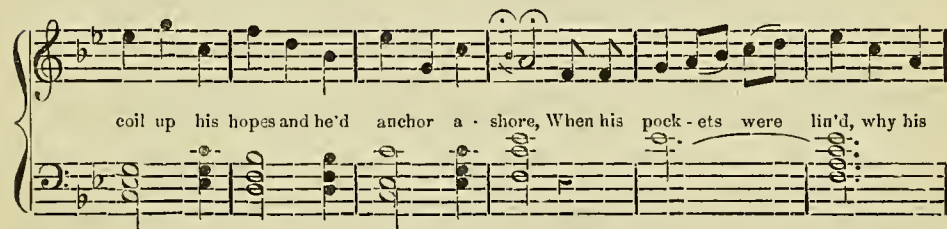
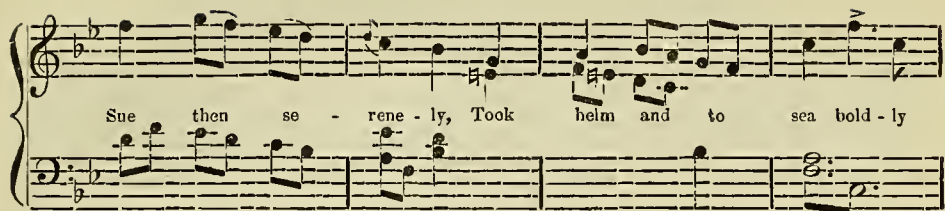
THE SMUGGLER.

Words by Thomas Cory.

John Davy.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the north-ward blew keen - ly, While

sul - len-ly roar'd the big waves - of the main, A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his



His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reached the offing, and
cried,

"This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay—serve a friend too beside."
Will lay-to till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand;
But a signal soon 'spied—'twas a prospect uncheery—
A signal that warned him to bear from the laud.

"The Philistines are out," cries Will, "take no heed
on't—
Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his
gun?
Should my head be blown off, I shall ne'er feel the need
on't—
We'll fight while we can—when we can't boys we'll
run.

Through the haze of the night a bright flash now ap-
pearing,
"Behold!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear
down;

Bear a hand my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or
drown!

"But should I be popped off, you, my mates, left be-
hind me,

Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed;
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,

Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch
would be laid."

Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more;
His bold crew fought the brig while a shot remained
in it,

Then sheered—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.
In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
with—

To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
with—

He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows—the winds loudly
bellow—

Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed
lawless fellow,

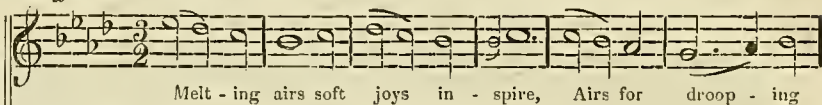
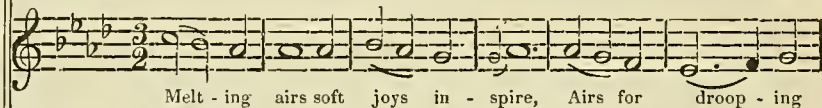
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead!

MELTING AIRS SOFT JOYS INSPIRE.

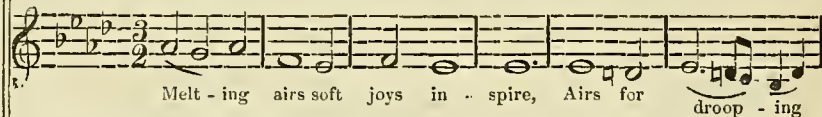
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words from Hughes' "Ode in Praise of Music."

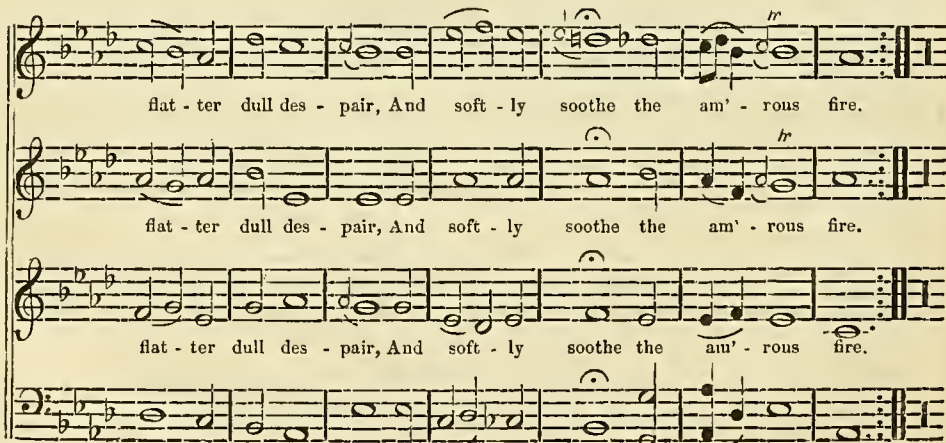
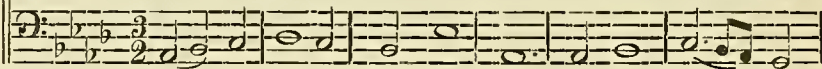
Dr. William Hayes.

*Affettuoso.*1st
SOPRANO.2d
SOPRANO.

ALTO,



BASS.



IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS.

SONG FROM "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," (1781).

Words by R. Tickell.

Linley.

Allegretto.

In my plea-sant na-tive plains, Wing'd with blis each

mo-ment flew, *p* Na-ture there in-spired the strains,

sim-ple as the joys I knew: Jo-cund morn and

ev'n-ing gay, Claim'd the mer-ry, mer-ry roun-de-

-lay, Claim'd the mer-ry, mer-ry roun-de-lay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flowers,
 All that health and joy impart,
 Call'd for artless music's powers,
 Faithful echoes to the heart.
 Happy hours for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry, merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
 Waked the warblers of the grove.
 Who, sweet birds! that heard you sing
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chauntings gay,
 Claim'd the merry, merry roundelay.

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'a

fai-ry land! In the cold moon's

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

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

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

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 prond 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

The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
At midnight when he trod the silent deck
With him he valued,—talk of them, of joys
Which he had known—Oh God! and of the hour
When they should meet again, till his full heart,
His manly heart, at last would overflow
Even like a child's with very tenderness.
Peace to his honest spirit! Suddenly
It came, and merciful the ball of death,
For it came suddenly and shattered him,
And left no moment's agonising thought
On those he lov'd so well.

He ocean-deep

Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter
Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
What a cold sickness made her blood run back
When first she heard the tidings of the fight;
Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
She listened to the names of those who died,
Man does not know, or, knowing does not heed
With what an agony of tenderness
She gazed upon her children, and beheld
His image who was gone. Oh God! be thou
Who art the widow's friend her comforter!

Robert Southey.

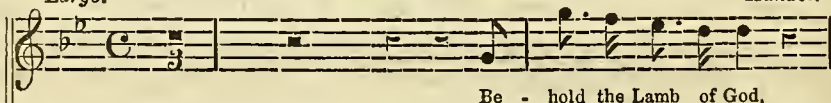
BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

SEVENTH CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Largo.

Handel.

SOPRANO.



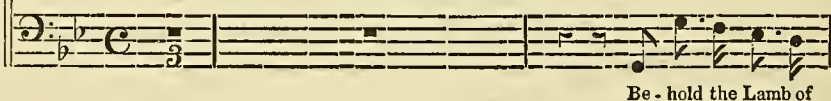
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.



Behold the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way, ta - keth a - way the
God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the sins -
hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the
God, Be - hold the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the

sins of the world - - - Behold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, of
 - - - of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Behold the Lamb of
 sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be-
 sins of the world - - - Behold the Lamb of

God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth away the sins of the world, of - - the
 God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the
 hold the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the
 God - - - that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the

world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of God that taketh a - way the
 world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a -
 world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that
 world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that

sins of the world - - - that taketh away -

- - way the sins, the sins of the world, the sins of the world, that

ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world.

ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world,

- - the sins of the world - -

ta - keth a - way the sins, the sins of the world, the sins of the

that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the

that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the

- - the sins of the world, that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.

world, the sins of the world, that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.

world, the sins of the world, that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.

world - - that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.

FAREWELL THOU FAIR DAY.

Words by Burns.

Air—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

Larghetto.

Fare - well thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the

bright setting sun, Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! Our

race of ex - istence is run. Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou

life's gloomy foe, Go frighten the coward and slave; Go teach them to

tremble, fell ty-rant! but know, No ter - rors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'st the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name,
 Thou strik'st the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save;
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sands,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

THE OX'S MINUET.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

In 1770, the reputation of the German composer, Joseph Haydn, had spread over all Europe. He had visited Paris and London, and in both cities had been greatly cherished and admired. But he was glad to return again to Vienna, on leaving which he had wept like a child. The house which he occupied in the Austrian capital was a modest one, and was situated in the suburbs; but it was a house honoured and resorted to by all the great lords of the court, who would fain have possessed the character at least of being connoisseurs in music, and patrons of its professors. There, too, did poor artists often find counsel and aid in their distresses. Born of humble parents himself, Haydn was ever mindful of the wants of the obscure and humble followers of his art. Generous, virtuous, sensitive, and simple as a child, Joseph Haydn ought to have been perfectly happy in his course through the world; but this was not exactly the case. When very young, he had wedded one whose personal attractions made a strong impression on him. Unfortunately, her spirit and temperament proved to be of a very inferior order, and for thirty years the great musician underwent much domestic discomfort in consequence. Yet he was a faithful husband, and even loved his wife to the last with all the strength of his first and boyish affection.

On his return from London to Vienna, Haydn found his wife the same being that he had left her, morose, obstinate, imperious, and quarrelsome. All that the poor composer could do was to fly to his little study, and in that retreat seek consolation in the pursuit of his beloved art. One afternoon, after a storm of the ordinary kind had passed over his domestic horizon, Haydn fled to his sanctum, and had forgotten his troubles awhile over his harpsichord, when his domestic brought him information that a man wished to speak to him on an affair of pressing moment. "Let him enter," said Haydn.

"Pray, pardon—excuse me," said a stout jolly-looking personage as he entered the room, holding a heavy purse of florins in his hand, and attired in the habit of a cattle-dealer or butcher. "You are famous, Sir," continued this individual, "for being the grandest composer of minuets in all Austria, or any where else in truth; and as I am going to have my daughter married tomorrow, I come to ask you to oblige me by making one on purpose for the nuptials."

"My good friend," said the musician, "you embarrass me by this request. I have made few or no minuets, as you seem to have been told; the few trifles of that nature which have been composed by me would not do for dancing to. They are things rather written for artists, and are more learned than lively."

"So much the better," replied the stout cattle merchant; "that is the very thing I want. My son-in-law, that is to be, is famous upon the clarinet, and my little girl is clever at the harpsichord; so you see, Master Haydn, that your grand music wont go like pearls to swine. And then, to own the truth to you, I am as proud as an emperor, though I be no more than a butcher to my trade. I heard your beautiful mass on the birth-day of our gracious sovereign, Joseph II., and I said to myself, 'This composer is the man who shall make a minuet for the wedding of my little girl, or my name is not Hermann of Rorhau?'"

"Of Rorhau!" cried Haydn; "What? are you from that little village of Hungary?"

"Not a doubt of it," returned the visitor; "and what then?"

"I was born there," exclaimed the simple and warm-hearted composer; "I was born at Rorhau, and for forty years I have not seen it! Embrace me, my friend, my dear fellow-countryman!" The tears ran down the composer's cheeks. In embracing Hermann, he felt as if he clasped in his arms all whom he had loved in boyhood, when, poor and needy, he had sung in the village choir, to gain a morsel of food for his widowed mother.

"And you are from Rorhau!" repeated Haydn, dwelling affectionately upon the recollections called up; "come, sit down, I beg of you, and let us chat of our native place—that place which one loves for ever, whatever may have been the toils there endured!" Hermann's heart was as much touched as that of his celebrated compatriot. He sat down, though only after some pressing, and talked of Rorhau with the musician. Finally, they came back to the minuet, and Hermann departed, happy in the promise given to him that he should have the music sent to him as soon as possible.

Sensitive as a child, Haydn yet felt a glow of pleasure from the recent recognition, and disposed himself with a cheerful heart to commence the epithalamia minuet. But great was his surprise, on turning to his harpsichord, the confidant of all his cares and joys, to find lying upon it the purse which Hermann had held in his hand on entering the room. The purse had these words attached to it on a piece of paper: "Hermann, butcher, Street of St. Etienne, to the greatest composer of Germany." Haydn was equally surprised and delighted at the delicacy which had prompted the manner of bestowing this gift. But calling his domestic, the composer ordered him to be ready in an hour to take back the purse, with the desired music, to the house of the butcher. Being then left alone, he proceeded to the composition of the minuet.

Often had Haydn written at the request of kings, but he had seldom felt himself so inspired as when throwing on paper the musical ideas intended to grace the nuptials of the butcher's daughter. The air which he produced was fresh and lively, and smacked of the rural simplicity of the composer's native scenes. But ere the piece was quite finished, the soothing ecstasy of spirit, under the influence of which the musician laboured, was dispelled by the entrance of his wife. Her presence put to flight the familiar genius of his art, and discord took place of the harmony that had floated for a time around him.

"What is this that your servant Frantz tells me?" said Madame Haydn, with an accent indicative of a latent storm; "you are about to send away a sum which you have justly acquired, being given to you for work to be done."

"My dear," said Haydn gently, "do not fret at this. Be more just. Is a miserable little minuet worth a heavy purse of florins? It would be robbery, almost, to take it."

"Always the same!" cried Madame Haydn; "you will never be worth a copper coin, and your fine generosity will bring you to!"

"The Temple of Fame!" interposed Haydn, with a smile.

"The hospital, rather—you weak, simple creature!"

"Come now, my dear," said Haydn, "speak no

more on this trifling matter, but leave me to finish the piece. I have promised, and you know I never break my word. There I am religiously faithful; and to you my dear Elizabeth!"

Madame Haydn, ill tempered as she was, sometimes could not resist the tender pleading of her husband, whose ill health made him often an object of pity, and who had preserved for her, as has been said, all the affection of a lover, in spite of her usage of him. But on this occasion she was determined to stick to her point; and, accordingly, she coldly repulsed his conciliatory advances, and reiterated her demand that he should keep the purse of Hermann. The composer would not yield to this, and reading his determination in his usually gentle features, Madame Haydn became but the more enraged, and proceeded to measures by which she might at least punish her husband's contumacy, if she could not gain her point about the purse.

The cabinet of Haydn, like those of many other great men, was a place not distinguished for order. The composer, indeed, loved to have his scraps all lying loosely about him, blotted with the magic symbols which were to afford a fund of melody to posterity for ever and ever. His cabinet was, in fact, a scene of great confusion, and Madame Haydn knew well that one sure way to put her husband almost beside himself, was to attempt to put things into a different condition. In this tender point she now attacked him. Seizing a broom, the sceptre with which she governed her household, she began to sweep the room into order. The first consequence of this step was, that a cloud of dust was raised which brought on her poor husband a severe cough, and compelled him momentarily to fly the apartment. Profiting by his absence, she swept together the manuscripts which lay on the table and on the floor—in short, here and there and everywhere; and one little scrap, reckless of what it might contain, she tossed into the fire. Alas, it was the minuet for the wedding of Hermann's little girl!

Haydn entered the room immediately afterwards, and, attracted by the blaze, looked at the fire, where he on the instant recognised his yet unfinished minuet, just expiring in the flames. A giddiness seized him; he uttered a cry of anguish, and fell on the sofa. His wife waited only till she saw him recover, and then, conscious that she had inflicted sufficient punishment, fled to her own region of the household.

Haydn was in great distress about the lost minuet. He could not re-write it from memory, and the hour was advancing at which he had promised to send it. The scene just related had made him ill, and had incapacitated him for a new effort, even had there been time for it. Under these circumstances, he bethought him of some minuets which he had sent to his publisher shortly before, and dispatched his servant to bring these back to him. Luckily they had not yet been published, and the manuscripts were got. Haydn then selected the best, and partly remembering the late piece, gave this some new and perfecting touches, and then sent off the remodelled minuet to Hermann, along with the purse of florins. After this, Haydn was a little more at ease.

The minuet sent to the butcher, though perhaps not quite equal to the burnt one, was yet a charming composition, being at once lively, elegant, and original. Hermann on receiving the precious manuscript, embraced it with delight, and immediately

gave it to a copyist to have the parts separately set down. The butcher's intended son-in-law, who was really a musical amateur of no mean skill, had got some performers of ability engaged for the wedding, and these he assembled on the evening that the minuet was brought home, and had it played most delightfully. But it was at the wedding assemblage that Hermann's triumph reached its height. There the minuet excited the most rapturous applause.

"It is Haydn's!" cried the jolly butcher in a perfect transport; "it was for me—for me, his countryman—that he composed this wonderful minuet!"

"Haydn for ever!" cried the guests.

"Let us go on the instant and thank him for the honour he has done us," said the son-in-law.

"I have thought of this already, my son," replied Hermann, "and, what is more, have prepared a surprise for my countryman. I left him a purse before, but he has sent it back. Since he won't take my money, I will be quits with him in another way. I will pay him in my coin."

"That will be bringing back the golden age, when all was done by exchanges," said one of the guests; "M. Haydn has given you a minuet, and you are going to give him"—

"An ox!" cried the stout old butcher, "and a living one, too! And what a size he is! The show ox in the market the other day was a calf to him. He is here in my stable, all ready to be presented!"

"To the stable!—to the stable!" exclaimed all the guests simultaneously, seizing their hats from which floated favours of all hues. They proceeded to the stable, and there beheld a most magnificent ox, with his long curling horns adorned with parti-coloured ribbons, and with his white skin as clean as if he had been cut out of Parian marble. The whole wedding party, men and women, were now assembled by Hermann, and arraigned by him in procession order, with the ox at the head. They marched thus towards the house of Haydn, the musicians all the while performing the minuet of the great composer. The hour was not a very late one, but Haydn had gone to bed. The noise of the music and the party entering his court awoke him. He was at first annoyed somewhat at having his rest disturbed, but when he recognised his own minuet, his surprise was extreme. He was sure it was his minuet, but there was an additional bass accompaniment that astonished him, falling as it did on his ear at irregular intervals. This was in fact, the ox, which took upon itself to help out the music by an occasional low, like the grumbling of a tempestuous ocean.

Having thrown on him his dressing-gown, and taken a lamp in his hand, Haydn appeared at one of the windows, and was received with shouts by the marriage assemblage below. The composer thanked Hermann warmly for his attention in paying this visit; but when the jolly butcher pointed to the superb ox, and begged his acceptance of it as a token of gratitude and esteem, the musician was at first so tickled with the idea of the thing, that he burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was instantly joined by the merry crowd beneath. Fearing to offend Hermann, however, Haydn checked himself, and accepted the present with many thanks. He then descended into the court, found a stall for the animal, kissed the bride, and retired again, loaded with bouquets in showers from the wedding guests.

All the while the serenade was going on, and the people were so charmed with the minuet, that every window had half-a-dozen night-caps projected from it, at the risk of death to the owners from the night air.

But the fame of the minuet did not rest here. The story soon spread over all Vienna, and every one wished to have the piece; so that, in reality, this trifle produced an accession of fortune and fame to the great composer. The minuet received and still retains the name of the "Ox's Minuet." Under that title it will be found in every catalogue

of Haydn's works. As to the animal itself, the living proof of Hermann's gratitude, the composer, after keeping it for a time to enjoy the pleasing thoughts called up by the sight of it, gave it to the hospital, that it might have a worthy end in doing good to the poor. This was a thought worthy of the generous and single-hearted composer, but it was one, it is said, very displeasing to Madame Haydn. She did not long survive this event. Her good husband lamented her, but there can be no doubt that her departure left his latter days in peace.—*The Star*.

THE OX'S MINUET.



MUSIC AMONG THE TURKS.

It was not till the reign of Amurath that this art was cultivated or known among the Turks. That prince having ordered a general massacre of the Persians at the taking of Bagdad, was so moved by the tender and affecting air of a Persian harper,* that he retracted his cruel order, and put a stop to the slaughter. The musician was conducted, with four of his brother minstrels, to Constantinople, and by these the harmonious art was propagated among the Turks.

Under Mahomet the Fourth it flourished; and

* The Abaté Toderini, from whose valuable work the materials for this sketch are taken, used every means to find this celebrated piece of *Sach-Cule* (for that is the name of this Persian *Timotheus*). But it was never noted, it seems, and is only played by the greatest masters from tradition. In the "Poetical Register," vol. viii. there is an ode by the late Eyles Irwin on the triumph obtained by the Persian musician over the ferocity of Amurath.

was almost brought to its perfection, principally through the exertions of Osman Effendi, who was himself a great master of the art, and formed a number of able scholars.

The first, however, that applied notes to Turkish airs was Prince Cantemir. His book was dedicated to Sultan Aehmet II. and is become very rare.

Although the Turks highly prize this work, they seldom use or imitate it; contenting themselves to compose and execute *memoriter*, according to their ancient custom: so difficult, it seems, is it to reduce to a regular scale of notation the theory of Turkish music. Not that it is without system and rules, as some have too rashly advanced: it has not only all the *times* and sounds of ours, but, possessing quarter tones, is much richer in materials, and consequently more melodious, than ours.

Niebuhr was misinformed when he said that Turks of rank would think themselves dishonoured by learning music. So far from this, it makes a usual part of their education. It is only in public that they disdain to sing or play.

Guer, and after him other writers, have asserted, that in the infirmary of the seraglio there is a concert of vocal and instrumental music from morning to night, for the purpose of soothing the sufferings and exhilarating the spirits of the sick and valetudinarios. But this is absolutely false, as the Abatè Toderini was assured, by a person who had been twenty years a physician of the seraglio.

The musical instruments used by the Turks are ;

1. The *Keman*, resembling our violin.
2. The *Ajakli-keman*, a sort of bass viol.
3. The *Sine-keman*, or the viol d'amour.
4. The *Rebab*, a two-stringed bow-instrument, almost in the form of a sphere; but now little used.
5. The *Tambour*, an eight-stringed instrument, with a long handle, on which the scale of tones is marked. It is played upon with a small flexible plate of tortoiseshell.
6. The *Nei*, which is a kind of flute made of cane, the sound of which approaches to that of the German flute, and sometimes to that of the human voice. This is the fashionable instrument among persons of rank.
7. The *Gharif*, a flute of smaller size.
8. The *Mescal* is composed of twenty-three cane pipes of unequal length, each of which gives three different sounds from the different manner of blowing it.
9. The *Santur*, or psaltery, is the same with ours, and played upon in the same manner.
10. The *Canun*, or psaltery with catgut strings, on which the ladies of the seraglio play, with a sort of tortoiseshell instrument.

These are all chamber instruments. The following are military ones:—

1. The *Zurna*, a sort of oboe.
2. The *Kaba Zurna*, a smaller species of the same.
3. The *Bora*, a tin trumpet.
4. The *Zil*, a Moorish instrument; what we call the eymbal.
5. The *Daul*, a large kind of drum, beaten with two wooden sticks.
6. The *Tombalek*, a small tympanum or drum, of which the diameter is little more than half a foot.
7. The *Kios*, a large copper drum, commonly carried on a camel.
8. The Triangle.
9. An instrument formed of several small bells hung on an inverted crescent, which is fixed on the top of a staff about six feet in height.

The band of the Sultan is truly grand, composed of all the best musicians in Constantinople. They play in unison or in octaves, which practice, though hostile to harmony in the musical sense of the word, is productive of grand martial effect, and is very imposing.—*Critic*.

ORGAN IN THE MUSIC HALL, EDINBURGH.

The alterations which have been lately making on this noble instrument under the superintendence of Mr. Hill, of London, its talented builder, having been completed, a considerable number of professionals and amateurs assembled in the Music Hall on Saturday (30th Sept., 1844) to hear the effect of the improvements. The interior of the instrument having been inspected, and its complicated mechanism as far as possible explained, Mr. Blewitt took his seat at the keys; and after showing the quality of the different stops (some of which are

extremely beautiful), and the endless variety of effect which a judicious combination of them can produce, delighted his auditors by performing a grand fugue in his own masterly style. Apropos of organs, we are reminded of the following anecdote: On the occasion of a charity sermon being preached in London some few years ago, a well-known musical professor was presiding at the organ. The admirable manner in which the musical portion of the service was conducted attracted the attention of a gentleman present, who anxious to ascertain the name of the organist, applied to the pew-opener for the requisite information. Unable, however, to obtain it from that quarter, he thought of applying to the organ-blower. On ascending to the organ-gallery, he found that important functionary reposing after his labours, and addressed him with "Pray, my good fellow, can you tell me who played the organ to-day?" "*I blew it*," was the reply. Apprehensive lest his question might have been misunderstood, he repeated it, when "*I blew it*" was again the reply. "I am quite aware of that fact," said the gentleman, but I want to know who *played* it." "Sir," answered the tormenting rogue, "I have told you twice already it was *I blew it*, and I shan't tell you any more." Annoyed at the fellow's seeming impertinence, the gentleman took his departure. As he was leaving the church, he met the beadle, to whom he put the same question. "Mr. I. Blewitt" was the beadle's answer.—*Scotsman*.

LINES FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me?
Still bend to mists and vapours, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come—I yield me as ye lound me
In youth, your worshipper, and as the stream
Of air that tows you in its magic wreaths,
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms, and loved ones, ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days;
First-Love and Friendship in your path up springing,
Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long slept sorrows waked, whose dirge-like singing

Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,
And names the heart mourned many a stern doom,
Ere their year's summer summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last sons, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first,—my spring time friends have gone.

And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger-crowds, my listeners since, are beating

Time to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing,
For the dark SPIRIT LAND o'erpowers me now;
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough,
And my changed heart throbs warm—no more denying

Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow.
The near afar off seems, the distant nigh,
The now a dream, the past reality.

Fitz Greene Halleck.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

Summer waneth night and morning,
 Night and morning waneth!
 Flowers are fading on the lea,
 Leaves are chaoging on the tree,
 Gossamer is silvery bright,
 Thistle-down is floating white,
 Every blossom's leaf is shed,
 Froits are hanging ripe and red,
 Singing-birds have flown away,—
 Alter this can summer stay?
 No, no, the year must go,
 Summer has departed now.

Autumn cometh night and morning,
 Night and morning cometh!
 By the nightly-rising moon,
 By the splendours of the noon,
 By the flowers that have no fellow,
 Purple, crimson, gold, and yellow;
 By the pattering drily down
 Of the nuts and acorns brown,
 By the silent forest-bough
 All may know 'tis Autumn now.
 Fast or slow the year must go,
 And 'tis gorgeous Autumn now.

Mary Howitt.

IDALIAN QUEEN.

DUET FROM THE OPERA OF "THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA."

Andante grazioso.

Dr. Arnold.

I - dalian Queen, to thee we pray, I - dalian Queen, to thee we pray, Re-

cord, record each tender vow, Re - cord each ten - der vow. As night gives

place to cheer - ful day, Let hopes of fu - ture bliss al - lay, The pangs we suf - fer

now, The pangs we suf - fer now, Let hopes of bliss al - lay the
 Let hopes of future bliss al - lay the pangs, the

pangs we suf-fer now. I - da - lian Queen, to thee we pray, I - da - lian

pangs we suf-fer now.

Queen, to thee we pray, Re-cord, record each tender vow, re - cord each ten - der

vow. As night gives place to cheer - ful day, Let hopes of fu - ture bliss al-

lay, The pangs we suf-fer now, The pangs we suf - fer now -

- the pangs we suffer, the

pangs we suf - fer now, the pangs we suf - fer now, the pangs we suf - fer now.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
NELSON OF THE NILE.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1 The knell of ty-rant laws I hear Bri-tannia's flag tri-

2 Son of the Nile thy dar-ing hand Has crush'd the

3 Now safe from the as-saults of war, Let's drink a

umphant, tri-umphant rear, knell,

foe, on Egypt's strand, son of the Nile,

health to ev'ry Bri-tish tar, Let's drink a health to Let'a drink a health to

knell, Bri-tan-nia's flag tri-

son of the Nile, Has crush'd the foe on Egypt's strand, on Egypt's

Let's drink a health to ev'ry Bri-tish tar, let'a

um-phand rear, triumphant rear, O rear

strand, has crush'd the foe on Egypt's strand, the foe on Egypt's strand.

drink a health, let's drink a health to ev'ry, ev'ry Bri-tish tar.

* The bars between the marks are only to be sung at the fourth repetition.

B E A U T Y.

*Andantino.**Pleyel.*

What is beauty but a flow'r, A rose that blos - soms for an hour,

cher - ish'd by the tears of spring, Fann'd by ev' - ry zephyr's wing.

See how soon its co - lour flies, Flushing, trembles, droops and dies,

Age will come with wint' - ry face, Ev' - ry transient joy to chase,

Age will come with wint' - ry face, Ev' - ry tran - sient joy to chase.

Friendship's but an empty name,
Glitt'ring like a vap'rish flame,
Youth flies fast and soon decays,
Bliss is lost while time delays.

Deck, O deck, your couch with flow'rs,
Laugh away the sportive hours,
Then since life's a fleeting day,
Ah! enjoy it while you may.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

It is not unfrequently that we find persons, as it has been wittily said, who listen to music with their ears, but not with the soul,—who deny the power of musical expression, and consider it a chimera.

Were it possible that their opinion could be true, what could be more cruel? Music would then hold no rank among the fine arts, since men of genius would disdain to adjust sounds which could not reach the heart, and the sensible-minded would then be deprived of the most delightful means of communication. Happily however, musicians from their own transports feel that the science is made to excite, and of this we stand frequently in need, yet not so as to produce mental fatigue.

Others again, confounding the idea with the word, understand by expression, that of *imitation* only; and as music does not imitate *materially*, as painting does, they conclude that expression is foreign to it.

But why require of music to paint in sounds? would it be required of the painter to sing in colours? are the same means employed to carry the impressions of the two arts to the mind? The means of painting are colours—with their extent, diversity, and combination; the means of music sounds—with their combination and duration. Yet the musician would no more confine himself to the copy of sonorous bodies, than would the painter to the imitation of coloured ones. The common ambition of these two artists is, to urge, but in different directions, a passage to the human heart. The one exhibits the passions to our sight, the other to our ears by the accents produced; the result of which, being a happy combination of impressions, affords to us a moral pleasure, far superior to the physical pleasure derived from those organs. How is it, that any should be found willing to reduce all the charms of music to the brutal sensation of hearing? Have they wanted that exquisite sensibility which renders it so delightful to a warmer imagination, and which has the happiness to be endowed with a soul capable of relishing its sweet emotions? In that case we may say of them, as it was said of the Gentiles, they have ears and hear not.

Some again have doubted the meaning of an *idea* in music. This doubt is a little embarrassing. There are some truths so palpable that even when we hear them denied, we scarcely know from what order of principles to draw in order to furnish the proof required. Truths already received as incontrovertible principles serve as proofs, and have no need of demonstration;—such is the nature of sentimental truths, which almost refuse it. Nature, it is true, in rendering such demonstrations difficult, has also taken care to render them superfluous. In proof of the effects of musical expression, who has not been enchanted with the songs and choruses of Handel, and the beautiful symphonies of Haydn—the grand compositions of Gluck, Mozart, etc.

When once the memory is filled with these sublime pieces of the orchestra, can it be maintained that musical expression is nothing? Is it possible to forget the impressions made by these productions of genius, which are to the ear what the finest paintings are to the connoisseur? It has been insisted on, moreover, that music derives a great portion of its expressive power from words; but this argument, with respect to much of the orchestral music of those great masters, is illusory. It would be unreasonable, to require from an art

which has nothing material for its subject, that which cannot be obtained from painting—whose sole object is nature.

Music, nevertheless, by the manner and the movements agitating the mind by the aid of the ear, places before us all the objects by which similar sentiments were produced, and which the art of the painter itself could do no more than recal.

An isolated strain or song, is insufficient to express the poet's meaning without the aid of *harmony*, which is the most essential part of the science. An air or simple theme is nothing more than (so to speak) a train of sounds extracted from the four parts of harmony, and in general is far from flattering the ear of an audience; but the union of sounds which constitutes this divine auxiliary to music, were it possible not to consider it absolutely as the essential, fundamental part of the art, we cannot but be struck with the resources it furnishes thereto.

To be convinced of this, we have only to listen attentively to the fine choruses of our great masters, where the voices unite, conflict, or respond. Do we not distinguish amid these sonorous masses, the march of parties constantly opposed—the lustre and brilliancy of the more acute sounds uniting themselves to the vigour of the grave—the velocity of the one and the gravity of the other—the repetition of the same theme in divers tones—the contrasts, suspensions, and interruptions; the great difference produced by a single change of its concord, and the difference again resulting from the same chords, presented under another view. Can we compute at nothing these magnificent effects, varied infinitely? This is the magic of the palette of the able painter.

We cannot be ignorant that many airs owe their great character solely to the nature of the fundamental harmony, (frequently unwritten), accompanying them, and which no less than suggested them and that which gives them life.

Whatever is expressed in words, is essentially an idea: music alone expresses the lively affections of the soul; and is as a witness escaped to divulge its secrets. Music therefore does not imitate, it only *attests* the passions.

The sublime imagination of Gluck (in Orpheus) carries his hearers down to the infernal regions, from whence they are transported to Elysium, and evidently proves that it is not without reason that music participates with painting in expressing to the susceptible mind, all the passions which affect the human heart. The difference between the two arts lies in the means (as has been said already) which each employs. The style of an air forms no picture, because the ear is not destined to receive the same pleasure as the eye. The sound expanded on the pulsation of the air is not as the canvass, capable of producing permanent impressions: it would moreover be ridiculous to require from an art producing sentiment only, any idea of an image.

A little reflection, with persons who possess the sentiment alone of music, but more especially such as have a knowledge of the science, and who do not limit this enchanting art to the composition of a country dance, or an insignificant romance, might make many approaches on the subject (which would be superfluous here) to prove to the detractors or indifferent in music, that this art expresses, but does not paint the passions.

Let us cease, in spite of the experience we make on the subject every instant, to assert that all the fine arts have the same *material imitation*; let

us cease to consider harmony as necessary to the musical art, and its effects as void with respect to song, or vocal strains or themes. Let us acknowledge in this constituent part of music, the precious advantage it affords to the living and natural expression of torment, of pleasure, of tranquillity, etc., of the mind. As to the rest, let us follow the precept of Horace:

Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audandi semper fuit aqua potestes;

in order that it be permitted always to painters, to poets, and to musicians to seek for, and employ the help of those strong analogies which establish so delightful a connexion among the fine arts.

Let the musician be picturesque, the poet melodious, the painter rich with the treasures of poetry; but lest the abuse of these analogies should cause the ambitions or the ignorant artist to wander, let each of them bear constantly in mind his just limits, and his true demesne.

The painter furnishes us with the most lively representations of such objects as are interesting; in language we find the means of procuring ideas; and music would be the pledge of both, had we to communicate only by way of sentiment.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE PASTY.

During his stay in Amsterdam, the King wished to taste a Dutch pasty, which he had heard spoken of as particularly excellent. His companion was directed to order one of the landlady of the house in which they lodged. On this application the woman eyed him with a look of some contempt, from head to foot, and said, "Well, Sir, as ye would like to eat a pasty, have ye the money to pay for one?" Balbi assured the good woman that his companion could easily pay that sum, for he was a virtuoso on the flute, and by playing a few hours he could get plenty of money. She then enquired what a virtuoso was. Balbi explained the meaning of the word, and told her that the stranger was an excellent performer on the flute, who was travelling to make money by his talent. "Oho! then I must hear him," said the hostess. Away she posted to the room where the King was, and setting her arms akimbo, "Sir," said she, "as ye can pipe so cleverly, will ye just pipe a bit for me?" At this unexpected address the King was taken rather by surprise; but Balbi told him, in a few words, what had passed. Frederick cheerfully took the flute, and played for some time, in his best manner, so that the landlady, delighted with the performance, was fixed to the spot. When he had ceased, she said, "Sure enough, Sir, ye can pipe nicely, and earn a penny; now I'll go and make ye a pasty."

THE GERMAN BALLAD-SINGER.

Like a passing bird with a sweet wild song,
Thou hast come to my native land;
And amid the noisy crowded streets
Of the stranger thou dost stand;
And thou pourest forth a ballad lay,
Of the land where the laden vine
Dips its rich ripe fruit and its sheltering leaves
In thine own beloved Rhine.

'Tis a song of the deeds of other times—
Of the proud high hearts of old;
Which thy mother thy infant eyes to close,
At the gloaming often told;
Of a craggy steep and a castle strong—
Of a warder drunk with wine;
And a valorous knight, and his lady-love,—
By thine own beloved Rhine.

Proud singer! I see thy pleasing eyes,—
Thou art thinking on that river;
The rush of its waters deep and strong,
Shall dwell in thine ears for ever;
Thou art sitting in dreams by that stream afar,
And a fresh bright wreath upon thine—
Of the happy flowers that for ever blow;
By thine own beloved Rhine.

Thou hast changed thy song to a softer strain,
And thy cheeks are wet with tears;
The home of thy youth in thy father-land,
'Neath its sheltering tree appears,—
And thou seest thy parents far away,
And thy sister lov'd like mine,
O! they long for thee! as thou for them,
And thine own beloved Rhine.

Thy song is done—we are parted now—
And may never meet again;
But, wandering boy, thou hast touch'd a heart,
And thy song was not in vain;
God's blessings on thee, poor minstrel boy,
May a happy lot be thine!
May thy heart go uncorrupted back
To thine own beloved Rhine!

Robert Nicoll.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

There have been two distinguished musicians of this name—one of whom flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the other in the beginning of the eighteenth. The first was a scholar and illustrious as a painter, as well as one of the most excellent violinists of his time, and a great favourite of Francis the First; the second a celebrated composer, was born at Naples in 1705, and educated at one of the conservatories in that city. His first operatic production "Iphigenia in Tauride," appeared at Venice, in 1725. The success of this piece was so great, that many of the principal towns in Italy were ambitious of having him for their composer. He afterwards set to music "La Rosmira fidele Siroe;" "Didone;" "Semiramide riconosciuta;" and "Artaserse." This last opera, his *chef d'œuvre*, was heard with a degree of admiration equal to any that has ever been excited by the powers of modern music. The recitative of Da Vinci's "Didone" was considered as a model for future dramatic composers; and some of the first masters have profited by the example. This master was the first who conceived the idea of accompanying recitative with a bass. The beauties of his compositions were numerous and striking; but his excellence was that of moulding his melody to the expression of nature, and of doing all that music could effect towards picturing the passions. This great musician died in 1747, at the age of forty-two, owing his death to poison secretly infused in a cup of chocolate, by one of his own servants, at the instance of a relentless and revengeful enemy.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BEETHOVEN.

The constitution of Beethoven in youth was robust, but in the latter part of his life it was much broken down by care and sorrow. For the last six months he received the constant assistance of a physician, who contrived to alleviate his pain, though it was impossible to restore him to health. His illness terminated in a dropsy, which caused inexpressible suffering. Beethoven bore it with resolution, supported by the proofs of sympathy he received on all sides. During his last days, the surgical measures resorted to greatly increased the violence of his anguish, but his death was a gentle slumber. This took place on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 56th year of his age. The obsequies of Beethoven were performed with many honours,

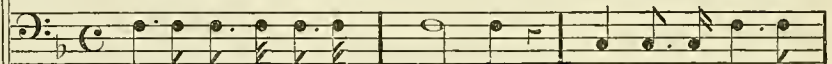
and a long musical procession chaunting a dirge arranged from his own celebrated march on the death of a hero, attended the body to its place of repose, which is a cemetery in one of the pleasantest country roads out of Vienna. The laurel wreath, appropriately offered to musician poets in this country, was dropped into his grave by Hummel, and we may imagine with what feelings when we know that he had been an old friend of the composer, but separated from him by one of those unaccountable misunderstandings which sometimes estrange the most cordial and sympathetic spirits, and which in this case only left him time to make his peace and to assume his office in the last sad ceremonies over his friend.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SCOTIA, LAND OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by James Manson.

Music by Julius Seligmann.

*Allegro.*1st
TENOR.2d
TENOR.1st
BASS.2d
BASS.

bravery. Freedom's gift to gallant hearts shall guard thee 'gainst all despot

bravery, Freedom's gift to gallant hearts, shall guard thee 'gaist all despot

bravery Freedom's gift to gallant hearts, shall guard thee 'gainst all despot

pp cres. f

pp cres. f

pp cres. f

arts. For old Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery, For old

arts. For old Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery, For old

arts, For old Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, shall ne - ver pine in slavery, For old

Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine - - in slavery.

Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery.

Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery.

Sunnier lands can yield no pleasure!
 Home round our heart entwineth
 Thy manhood's truth, thy woman's love.
 Bleak though thy sky, on field and grove

Of old Scotland, much lov'd Scotland,
 The sun of friendship shineth.
 In our Scotland, native Scotland,
 The sun of friendship shineth.

MUSIC THE COMPLETEST RELAXATION.

An old author in a fine vein of humour apostrophises those happy sick men who have been fortunate enough to meet with his works, and truly we know no one who has soothed more languishing hours than one of our day—Sir Walter Scott. But even in the fullest health there are intervals in our pleasures; there is the satiety of books and the fatigue of writing, against which a resource is wanted, and which we will venture to say is found in nothing so complete as in music. The piano-forte is an instrument always at hand, and it depends neither upon friends nor upon the weather, but solely upon our own fingers. If men of intel-

lectual occupation, who at certain times would gladly exchange their overworking thoughts for sensation, knew the complete relaxation and renovation of mind which music affords, they would all become players. We might quote the authority of Dr. Priestley on this subject, who advises literary persons even with a bad ear to persist in the practice of music. The philosopher might have remarked that the utterly bad ear is the anomaly in our constitution, and that if the elements of music were imbibed as a school exercise with the rudiments of grammar, there would be few who in after life would not soon be in a capacity to please themselves and others.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What shall I tender Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night in dreams:—

"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast—fed with the dew of love:
Lend me that flower. Such flowers there are in
heaven."

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angel's hymn.
Yield me that harp."

There rose a shuddering sob
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came—a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud;
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke—
And that young mother lay upon the earth,
In childless agony.

Again the Voice
That stirred the vision—

"He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

SURELY HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS.

SACRED CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Largo e staccato.

Handel.

CANTO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Musical score for the first system of the chorus. It features four staves for Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The music is in G major, 4/4 time, with a tempo marking of 'Largo e staccato'. The lyrics 'Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and' are written below the staves.

Musical score for the second system of the chorus. It continues the four-part setting for Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. The lyrics 'car - ried our sor - rows Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and' are written below the staves.

carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our trans-gressions; he was

carried our sorrows; he - - was wound - ed for our trans-gressions; he was

carried our sorrows, he was wounded for our trans-gressions; he was

he was wounded for our trans-gressions; he was

bruised, he was bruised for our i-ni-quities; the chas-

bruised, he was bruised for our i-ni-quities;

bruised, he - - was bruised for our i-ni-quities; the chas-

bruised, he was bruised for our i-ni-quities,

tisement, the chastisement of - our peace was up - on him.

the chastisement, the chastisement of our peace was - up - on him.

tisement, the chas - tise - ment of our peace - - - was up - on him.

the chastisement, the chastisement of our peace was up - on him.

RURAL SOUNDS.

I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city, and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have "blessed them unaware." From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the drowsy brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the woodpecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue-winged jay as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the grey rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest. Then up flew the lark, carrying his "tira lirra" heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river (glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees), until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill "chithering of the grasshopper" fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighbouring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud "whurr," the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, mulling its roar at first, as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle.

Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain, sent forth their melodies until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of labourers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud "rasp, rasp," and leant upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedge. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the threshers' flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamour of some neighbouring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I

revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by,—of companions who are now dead,—of happy hours that can never return,—they came full of foolish regrets, and

"Silly truths
That dally with the innocence of love
Like the olden age."

Rural Sketches, by Thomas Miller.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heads array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home!

I have left the sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with his lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee! land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in the breeze;
Their steps are on the plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

PASQUALI'S THOROUGH-BASS.

The almost only thorough-bass instruction used in England for more than thirty years, that is from 1763 till about 1795, was a work in folio, published by Thompson, in St. Paul's Church-yard under the title of "Thorough-Bass made Easy, by Pasquali." This book had been printed some years before; first at Amsterdam, (in German) and then at Paris, (in French); of which last edition that used in London was a literal translation, but was imposed upon the English public as a new and original publication. Notwithstanding its having a respectable rival, (Heck), it maintained its place on the desk of almost every organ or harpsichord practitioner; and the two Thompsons (brothers) always said, that the profit of its sale was the foundation of their fortune.

GOOD-MORROW.

Words by Thomas Heywood (1638).

Mozart.

Allegretto.

Pack clouds a-way, and wel-come day, With night we banish sor-row; Sweet

air, blow soft; Mount larks aloft, To give my love good-morrow! Wings from the wind to

please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll borrow, Bird, prune thy wing, gay warblers sing, To

give my love good-morrow! To give my love good-morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing birds in ev'ry furrow,
And from each bill let music shrill,
Give my fair love good-morrow!

Blackbird and thrush, in ev'ry bush,
Stare, linnet, and blithe sparrow;
Ye pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my sweet love good-morrow.

THOMAS CARTER.

My countryman Mr. Thomas Carter was the composer of the beautiful air of "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me;" and M. P. Andrews's hunting-song, of "Ye sportsmen give ear;" and another air, which Miss Wewitzer sung in Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," which from her manner, was the greatest favourite of any song I ever heard sung upon the stage—the words are "Cease, gay seducers"—but Carter's is not the original air that came out in

"Love in a Village." She only played in Dublin. At one of the rehearsals of "The Castle of Andalusia," Carter pressed me to bring him in to hear the music:—this being out of rule, I refused, until he promised to keep in the dark behind the scenes. In the middle of the rehearsal I felt a tap on the shoulder; I turned, and there stood Carter in full sight, in the stage-box close behind me. Before I could express my surprise and vexation, he whispered—"O'Keeffe, introduce me to Harris;"

at the same time throwing his leg over the box, he jumped on the stage, and began to direct the band, applauding, grimacing, shutting his ears, and running backwards and forwards along the whole front of the orchestra—it being a rehearsal full band. "That horn too sharp—very well, oboe—that passage again—piano Mr. Tenor—bravo Crescendo! Ha, very well!" I was mortified and confounded, and soon after missed Dr Arnold, who had previous to this been, as usual, diligently attending his duty with the band. All alarm, I crossed the stage to where Mr. Harris stood, at the opposite stage-box, and remarked, "Why, Dr. Arnold is gone!"—"To be sure," replied he coolly, "when you bring in Mr. Carter to direct his music." This gave me a lesson never to bring in either Tom Carter, or any other acquaintance, composer, or discomposer, behind the scenes.

Carter had been brought up in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and was organist to Werburgh Church. Any music he had never seen before, placed before him, upside down, he played it off on the harpsichord. * * *

I wrote the Epilogue to Mrs. Cowley's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," produced at Covent Garden in the year 1783; it was partly musical, and to a pretty simple tune, which I heard at the house of Gilbert Mahon, in St. James's Square. He was the finest singer in a room I ever heard, and sang it, accompanying himself with his guitar. On my admiring the tune, he told me I was very welcome to it, if of any use to me. The next day I wrote words to it. Mrs. Cowley's comedy was acted, and Mrs. Mattocks warbled the Epilogue with great success. Longman and Broderip, music sellers in the Haymarket, entered into treaty with me for the purchase of it, and I agreed to sell it to them, the words being my own, and the music the gift, as I considered, of Gilbert Mahon. A few days after, Thomas Carter, the composer, called upon me in high indignation: he said the music was his own original composition; that Mahon had no right to sing it to me, I had no right to put words to it, Mrs. Mattocks had no right to sing it on the stage, the band had no right to accompany her in it; and Longman and Broderip had no right to buy it of me, or sell it to the public in their shop.

On this explanation, I relinquished to Carter his own property, but had much difficulty in calming "The enraged Musician." We were shut up a long time in a room at the Blueposts Tavern in St. Alban's-street, and, though I made him a present of my own words to sell, instead of my disposing of them myself, he would scarcely listen to me. Men of genius are sincere, even in their wildest paroxysms of anger: I was, therefore, induced to soothe, rather than resent, Carter's passion. I told him if he would be quiet, and lend me his fine ears, I would sing him a song. I sang his own delightful composition of "Oh Nanny wilt thou gang with me." We were at last friends.—*Recollections of John O'Keefe.*

THE BALLAD OF CRAZY JANE.

At Inverary Castle, the ancient seat of the noble family of Argyre, M. G. Lewis first felt the influence of a "bright particular star," which, if it did not entirely rule his destiny, certainly held a powerful influence over his future life. It was Lady Charlotte

Campbell, the daughter of his host,—a lady no less celebrated for the graces of personal, than she has since been for the charms of mental beauty,—at whose shrine the incense of the poet's heart was offered, and to whom he addressed some of the most touching effusions of his lyric pen.

Many were the summer rambles taken by the young poet in the woods surrounding Inverary Castle, with her whose companionship made the picturesque scenery still more beautiful; and it was during the

"Stolen sweetness of those evening walks
When panted turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,"—

that the encounter with a poor maniac occurred, which gave rise to the well-known ballad of "Crazy Jane." The alarm naturally excited in the breast of a lady, at a meeting so startling—possibly exaggerated by the imagination of Lewis—threw an air of romance over the adventure, which, infused into the poem, gained for it a degree of popularity scarcely yet abated.

The following is the original version of the ballad of "Crazy Jane," copied from a MS. in the handwriting of the author:

Stay, fair maid! On every feature,
Why are marks of dread impress?
Can a wretched, helpless creature
Raise such terrors in your breast?
Do my frantic looks alarm you?
Trust me, sweet, your fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm you—
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and escape my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so!
For I loved, oh! so sincerely
None will ever love again;
Yet the man I prized most dearly
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.

Gladly that young heart received him,
Which has never loved but one;
He seemed true, and I believed him—
He was false, and I undone!
Since that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled!—with him, for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
Near the spot where last we parted,
Near the spot where first we met
Thus I chant my lovelorn ditty,
While I sadly pace the plain;
And each passer by, in pity,
Cries "God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

The ballad has been wedded to music by several composers; but the original and most popular melody was by the celebrated Miss Abrams, who introduced and sung it herself at fashionable parties. After the usual complimentary tributes from barrel-organs, and wandering damsels of every degree of vocal ability, it crowned not only the author's brow with laurels, but also that of many a youthful beauty, in the shape of a fashionable hat, called the "Crazy Jane hat."—*Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis.*

LORD OF ALL POWER AND MIGHT.

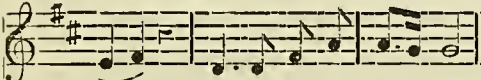

ANTHEM.


1st TREBLE.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and


2d TREBLE.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and


TENOR.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and

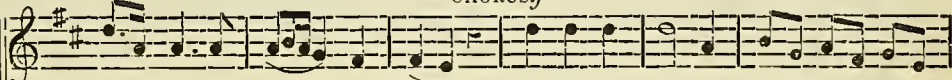
BASS.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and

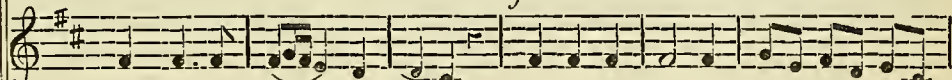
SOLO.  might. Thou that art the au - thor,  Thou that art the

DUET.  might. Thou that art the giv - er, Thou that art the

 might.



CHORUS. *f*  giv - er of all good things, *f* Graft in our hearts the love of thy

 giv - er of all good things, *f* Graft in our hearts the love of thy

 Graft in our hearts the love of thy



name, the love of thy name.

SOLO.

name, the love of thy name, increase in us true re - lig - ion,

name, the love of thy name.

CHORUS.

SOLO.

Lord of all pow'r and might, nour - ish us with all

Lord of all pow'r and might.

Lord of all pow'r and might.

CHORUS.

DUET.

good - ness, Lord of all pow'r and might, and of thy great

Lord of all pow'r and might, and of thy great

Lord of all pow'r and might.

mer - cy, and of thy great mer - cy, keep us, keep us,

mer - cy, and of thy great mer - cy, keep us, keep us,

CHORUS.

keep us in the same through Je - sus Christ our Lord, Through

keep us in the same through Je - sus Christ our Lord, Through

Through

Adagio.

Je - sus Christ our Lord, A - men. A - men.

Je - sus Christ our Lord A - men. A - men.

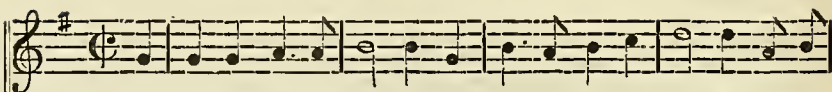
Je - sus Christ our Lord, A - men. A - men.

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES.

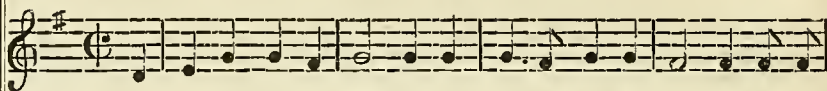
Morley (1595.)

TREBLE.



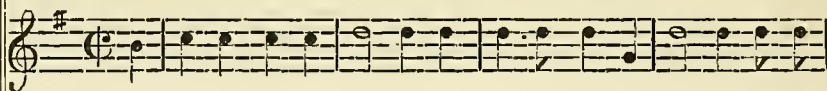
Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

ALTO.



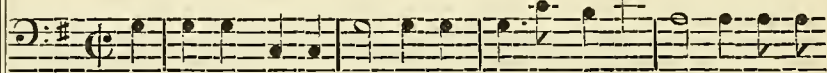
Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

TENOR.



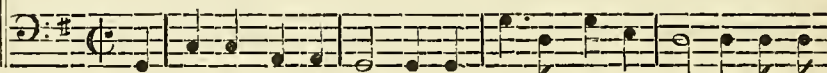
Now is the month of May ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

1st BASS.

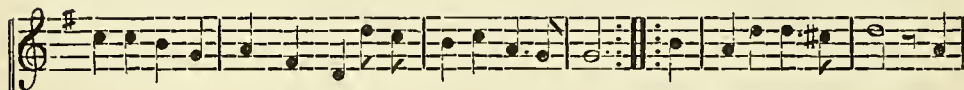


Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

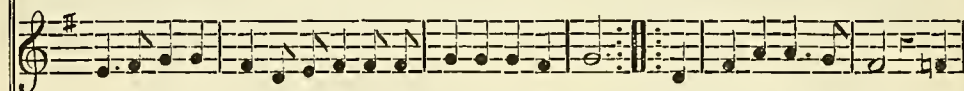
2d BASS.



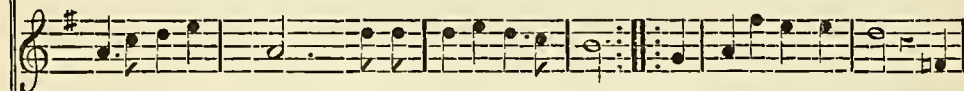
Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,



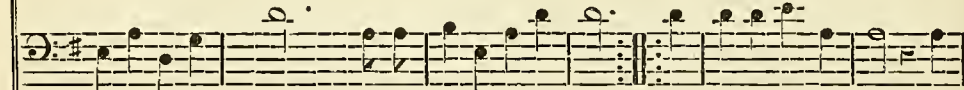
la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A



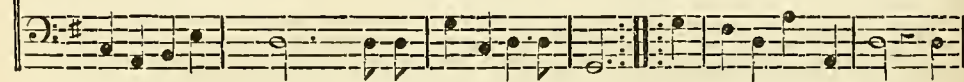
la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A



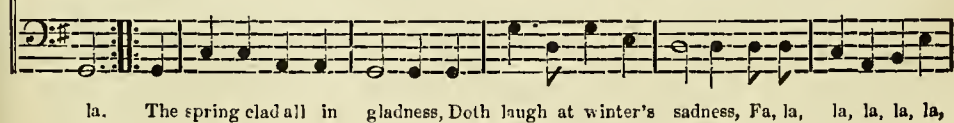
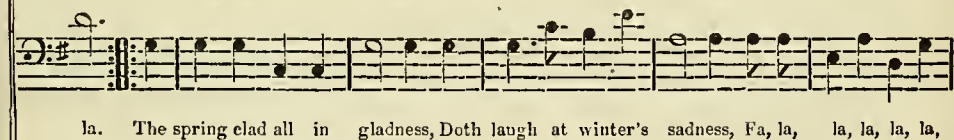
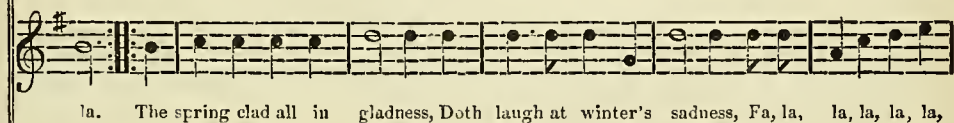
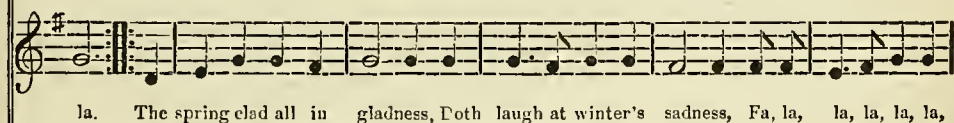
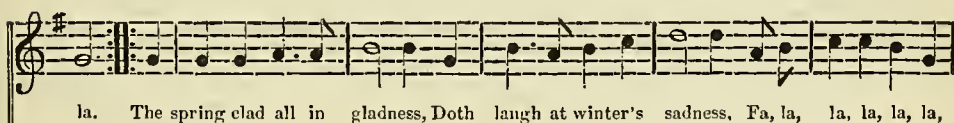
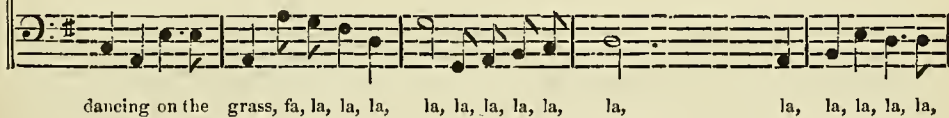
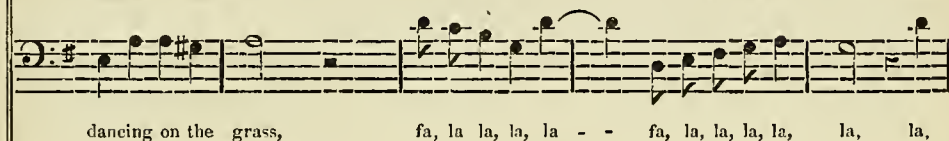
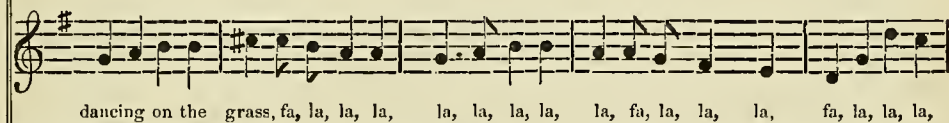
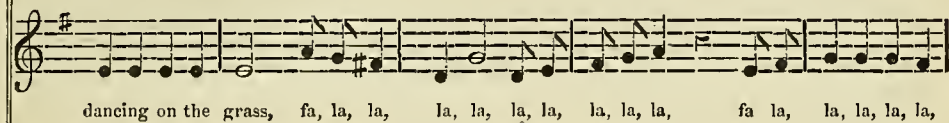
la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A



la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A



la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his benny lass, A



la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipe sound, The nymphs tread

la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la - - fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

A ROSE TREE FULL IN BEARING.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE "POOR SOLDIER."

*Shield.**Moderato.*

A rose tree full in bearing, Had sweet flow - ers fair to see, One rose beyond com -

paring, For beau - ty at - tracted me. Tho' eager once to win it, lovely, blooming,

fresh and gay: I found a canker in it, And now throw it far a - way.

How fine this morning early,
All sunshiny clear and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen,
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

FERDINAND RIES.

The death of this distinguished artist, which took place at Frankfort on the 13th January, 1838, is a heavy loss to modern German music. He was valuable, too, for other gifts besides his powers of composition and performance; and, in announcing his departure, we shall cause many to regret an intelligent and cheerful companion and a kind friend. Of the earlier years of his life we know little, save what has been printed in the musical dictionaries. These inform us that he was born at Bonn in 1783 or 1785, his father being a violinist in the service of the Elector of Cologne; that he was early known for the precocity of his genius, and that his first master was Bernhard Romberg. The entrance of the French into Germany threw him when a boy on his own resources, and it was not till his energy had been tried by many struggles and reverses that he succeeded in reaching Vienna and placing himself under the tuition and friendly care of Beethoven; he is mentioned as the favourite pupil, and the first ever owned as such by the author of "Fidelio." Under this master, however, he only perfected himself in the practice of his art;

it was from Albrechtsberger that he subsequently learned its theory. His personal history, owing to the then troubled state of the continent, continued to be made up of change of residence, success deferred, and consequent depression of mind, which was at times powerful enough to dispose him to abandon his profession. By the recommendation of a friend, however, he was induced to try his fortune once more in Russia. During his tour through the north of Europe his extraordinary powers as a pianist were acknowledged with due honour; he was judicious, too, in availing himself of many popular Danish and Swedish melodies in his concert pieces, which contributed to secure for them a favourable hearing. His northern plans, however, were disturbed by the campaign of 1812, which induced him to visit England, then the only settled European habitation. He reached London in 1813, and remained here for the next twelve years, during which he is understood to have gathered a sufficient fortune. He then retired to Germany, paying us a few subsequent visits,—one, it will be remembered, for the production of his oratorio "The Triumph of Faith," at Dublin; during which, too, he wrote a slight

opera, "The Sorceress," for the English Opera House. To these notices it may be added that while resident among us, and an occasional visitor, he made himself as much beloved for his urbanity and cheerfulness as respected for his theoretical and practical attainments.

His works are very numerous; comprising two oratorios, the last of which, "The Kings of Israel," has yet to be heard in England—two operas, and a third, on an Egyptian story, in MS.—symphonies and pieces for full orchestra, besides many chamber-compositions for stringed instruments and the piano-forte. They are, indeed, too numerous; many of them being merely thrown off "for the use of schools" and those amateurs who cannot or will not study deep music. Their general characteristic is a want of selectness of taste: their author sometimes indulging in direct plagiarism—sometimes, in search of what is spirited and piquant, trenching upon the commonplace; they are also chargeable with an abruptness of manner, and a tendency towards sudden and unreasonable transition and extreme harmony. But we have always felt as if every tenth work by Ries was an exception, in right of its classical and sterling excellence; and we must instance his quintett in D minor, his piano-forte quartett in E flat, his piano-forte trio in C minor, some half-dozen of his piano-forte and violin sonatas, as many of his quartetts; and, as

grand concert-pieces, his concerto in C sharp minor, his "Swedish Airs," and his "Rule Britannia." We have often expressed a wish that his select works were more frequently performed; the consequence would be an admission,—however little anticipated in England,—that there is no modern German composer after Weber, who, for original invention, skilful construction, and melody wild and spontaneous, deserves to be ranked so near Beethoven as his favourite pupil—Ferdinand Ries.—*Athenæum*.

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS, AND FERDINAND PAER.

Some years before the revolution of 1830, there was a crowd at the Opera. The Duke of Orleans came, attended by a general officer. In the passage leading to his box, he observed a poor man, who had been unable to find a place.

"How, my dear Maestro," said the Prince, "are you obliged to listen at a box-door?"

"Your Royal Highness," began the composer.

"Come," said the Prince, "such a situation does not befit an artist like you. I have a place for you;" and he seated the musician by his side.

The old man often told this little story. His name was Ferdinand Paer. He died a few years afterwards full of years and honour.—*Musical Times*.

SAY WHAT IS LOVE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Thomas Carter.

Con allegro mezza voce.

Say what is love, pray who can tell, Where is it seen, where does it dwell, By what signs may we know it, by what signs may we know it, A

Say what is love, pray who can tell, Where is it seen, where does it dwell, By what signs may we know it, by what signs may we know it, A

Say what is love, pray who can tell, Where is it seen, where does it dwell, By what signs may we know it, by what signs may we know it, A

steal - ing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue, a

steal - ing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring toogue,

a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue,

steal - ing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue, our

a stealing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a fault'ring tongue, our

a stealing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue,

e - ver thinking, acting wrong, our e - ver thinking, acting wrong, are such as plain - ly

e - ver thinking, acting wrong, our e - ver thinking, actiog wrong, are such as plain - ly

our e - ver thinking, act-iug wrong, our acting wrong, are such as plain - ly

show it, are such as plain - ly show it, our e - ver thinking, acting wrong, are

show it, are such as plain - ly show it, our thinking, acting wrong, are

show it, are such as plain - ly shew it, our thinking, acting wrong, are

mez. *sf*

such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it.

mez. *sf*

such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it.

mez. *sf*

such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it.

For thee, dear nymph, whom we adore,
Suffering much yet fearing more,
We sigh, we pine, we languish,

By hope deceiv'd, by fear oppress,
In turns each passion rules the breast,
Yet we endure the anguish.

ROSABELLE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Words from the "Loy of the Last Minstrel."

Dr. Callcott.

Moderato.

1st TREBLE. *cres.*

O listen, listen la-dies, listen la-dies gay!

2d TREBLE. *cres.*

O listen, listen la-dies, lis-ten la-dies gay!

BASS. *cres.*

O listen, listen la-dies, lis-ten la-dies gay, No haughty

cres. *p*

No haughty feat of arms we tell; Soft is the note, and sad the

p

Soft is the note, and sad the

p

feat of arms, of arms we tell, Soft is the note,

lay, that mourns the lovely Ro - sa - belle, that mourns the love - ly

lay, that mourns the lovely Ro - sa - belle, the lovely

soft is the note that mourns the lovely Ro - sa - belle, that mourns the love - ly

dim. With animation. cres. dolce.

Ro - sabelle. Moor ye the barge, ye gallant, gallant crew! and, gentle ladye,

dim. cres. dolce.

Ro - sabelle. Moor ye the barge, and, gentle ladye,

dim. cres. dolce.

Ro - sabelle. Moor ye the barge, ye gallant, gallant crew! and, gentle ladye,

deign to stay! Rest - - - nor tempt the stormy

deign to stay! Rest in the castle Ravens - hew, nor tempt the stormy

deign to stay! Rest in the castle Ravens - hew, nor tempt the stormy

cres.

wave to - day, the storm - y wave, the wave - - - nor

cres.

wave to - day, the storm - y wave, the storm - y wave, nor

wave to - day, the storm - y wave, the storm - y wave,

Rather p slow.

tempt the storm - y wave to - day. O'er Ros - lin all that drea - ry
 tempt the storm - y wave to - day. O'er Ros - lin all that drea - ry
 nor tempt the storm - y wave to - day. O'er Ros - lin all that drea - ry

night a wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam, to gleam - - -
 night a wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam, to gleam - - -
 night a wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam, 'twas broad - er than the

- - - to gleam - - - 'twas broader
 - - - and bright - er than tho bright moon beam, 'twas broader
 watch fire light, to gleam - - - 'twas broader

than the watch fire light, and brighter than the bright moon beam, the bright moon beam.
 than the watch fire light, and brighter than the bright moon beam, the bright moon beam.
 than the watch fire light, and brighter than the bright moon beam, the bright moon beam.

Rather fast.

There are twenty of Roslin's ba - rons bold,
Lie buried with - in that prond

Dolce.

Each one the ho-ly vault doth hold, each one the ho-ly vault doth
Dolce.
Each one the ho-ly vault doth hold, each one the ho-ly vault doth
Dolce.
cha - pelle; Each the vault doth hold - - - - -

pp slow. *Rather fast.*

hold, But the sea holds Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! And each Saint
pp
hold, But the sea holds Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! And each Saint
pp
- - - But the sea holds Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! And each Saint

f

Clair, was buried there, with can - dle, with book, and with knell,
f
Clair, was buried there, with can - dle, with book, and with knell,
f
Clair, was buried there, with can - dle, with book, and with knell,

dol. Moderately.

But the sea - cave rung, and the wild wind sung, The

dol.

But the sea - cave rung, and the wild wind sung, The

dol.

But the sea - cave rung, and the wild wind sung, The

p

dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle, But the sea - cave rung, and the

p

dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle, But the sea - cave rung, and the

p

dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle, But the sea-cave

wild wind sung, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa -

wild wind sung, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa -

rung, and the wild wind sung, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa -

dim.

belle, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle.

dim.

belle, of love - ly Ro - sa - belle.

dim.

belle, the dirge of love - ly, love - ly Ro - sa - belle.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

*Scotch air.**Moderato.*

Will ye gang to the hie - lands Lee - zie Lind - say, Will ye

gang to the hie - lands wi' me? Will ye gang to the

hie - lands Leezie Lind - say? My pride and my dar - ling to be.

Will ye gang to the hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
 Will ye gang to the hielands wi' me?
 Will ye gang to the hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
 My pride and my darling to be.

O ye are the bonniest maiden,
 The flower o' the west countrie
 O gang to the hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be.

I've gowd an' I've gear, Leezie Lindsay,
 And a heart that lo'es only but thee;
 And they a' shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,
 Gin ye my lov'd darling will be.

She has put on a gown o' green satin,
 And a bonnie blythe bride is she,
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald
 His pride and his darling to be.

HAMILTON'S CABINET OF MUSIC FOR THE PIANO-FORTE AND ORGAN.

In announcing this new work our Publisher has taken into consideration the wants and wishes of a very great number of the subscribers to his other publications, namely, the "British Minstrel," and the "Universal Tune-Book." The first named of the above works was meant principally for the voice, and thus its choruses, &c. have been published without piano-forte accompaniments; while the second was intended as a compendious selection of airs for persons who perform upon solo instruments. These have been eminently useful in spreading abroad, at a cheap rate, music of a kind which the working-

classes had previously no opportunity of procuring. Thus far they have fulfilled the intentions of the Publisher and their respective Editors. Still enough has not been done. Many of the subscribers to these works have requested that the choruses, melodies, &c. should be printed with a piano-forte accompaniment. According to a fixed arrangement in the conduct of these works it was impossible to comply with such a requisition, but that the wishes of piano-forte and organ players might be satisfied, Mr. Hamilton proposes now to bring forward a new musical work suited expressly for performers on the above named instruments, to be called "Hamilton's Cabinet of Music."

It is proposed that the "Cabinet of Music" will be divided into two portions,—one of which will contain selections from the oratorios, and other sacred compositions, with full piano-forte or organ accompaniments, which may be used along with the vocal score of the choruses already published or to be published in the "British Minstrel." In this division of the work, from time to time will appear some of the mighty songs of Handel, Haydn, &c.—such as "Comfort ye my people," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Deeper and Deeper still," "Total Eclipse," "With Verdure Clad," &c. &c. The second division will contain a selection of those standard and classic songs and duets whose fame rests upon the approval of a sounder judgment than that which is awarded by mere momentary popularity. This portion of the "Cabinet of Music" will comprise specimens of the productions of the greatest and best of our native composers and song writers, and selections from the Great Masters of Italy, Germany and France, such indeed as will assist in heightening and permanently fixing the taste of the People. Many of these gems of melody have ceased for a time to please the ears of the fashionable-concert frequenting *patrons* of music, but they have not therefore lost their power of charming—but must live and be admired until poetry and song have ceased to have the power to yield a pure and chaste delight. The second portion of the "Cabinet of Music" will also contain some of the best dancing music. In this age when the Polka has almost shattered to pieces time venerated habits, and by its graceful and expressive gyrations and attitudinizing has nearly thrust waltzes, gallops, &c. out of the ball-room, what

collection of music can expect to gain a circulation which excludes Terpsichorean melodies from its contents? No one. Young and happy hearts express their pleasure in singing and in dancing—and far be it from us to curb the exuberance of feeling which finds an outlet in such delightful exercise. But we are not so enamoured of the last novelty as to wish to see the pages of the "Cabinet of Music" filled exclusively with Polkas. No. We have a liking to a small *modicum* of Waltzing—and have a relish for the "Contre dance"—and we rejoice in a Scotch reel, there is so much of character in it that we dare claim for it a remote kindred with its foreign cousin, it is so natural and gives so much play to physical enjoyment—and then there is the placid, full-dress, unfatiguing Quadrille—so full of sober stateliness—it cannot be overlooked. Music for all these will be found in rich variety in the pages of the second division of the "Cabinet of Music." To speak plainly, each number of the work will be divided into two portions, separately paged, the one to contain Sacred Music, the other to contain Songs, Airs and Dancing Music. The work is to be edited by Mr. Mather, of Edinburgh, a gentleman whose name stands so high in his profession as to require no commendation of ours, and whose abilities are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence and the accuracy of what he undertakes. We are assured that neither labour nor expense will be spared to make the "Cabinet of Music" the best as it will be one of the cheapest musical works ever offered to the people of Great Britain.

For more particulars as to the size, price, and time of publication of the "Cabinet of Music," see the advertisement on the cover of the present part.

TELL ME, THEN, THE REASON WHY?

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Atterbury.

Affetuoso.

1st SOPRANO. Tell me then the rea - son why, Love from

2d SOPRANO. Tell me, then, the rea - son why, Love from hearts

BASS. Tell me, then, the rea - son why, Love from hearts, love from

p

hearts that lov'd does fly? Why the bird will build his

p

- - - that lov'd does fly? Why the bird will - - build his

p

hearts in love does fly? Why the bird will build his

f

nest, Where he ne'er in - tends to rest? Still on

f

nest, Where he ne'er in - tends to rest? Still on

f

nest where he ne'er, he ne'er in - tends to rest? Still on

mez.

wing or on his knees, Love does no - thing

wing or on his knees, Love does . . . nothing

wing, or on his knees, Love does no - thing

p

by de - gres, All his joys are fleet - ing dreams,

p

by de - gres, All his joys are fleet - ing, fleeting

p

by de - gres, All his joys, his joys are fleet - ing, fleeting

f

All his woes - - so - vere ex - tremes.

f

dreams, All his woes - - so - vere ex - tremes.

f

dreams, All his woes so - vere ex - tremes.

AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED.

CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

*Alla breve moderato.**Handel.*

SOPRANO.

And with his stripes we are heal - ed, And with his

ALTO,

And with his stripes

TENOR.

BASS.

stripes we are heal - - - - - ed, we are

we are heal - - - - - ed,

And with his

heal - ed, And with his stripes we are heal - - ed,
And with his stripes we are heal - - - - -
stripes we are heal - - - - - ed,

And

we are heal - ed, And
- - - - - ed, And with his stripes we are healed.
And with his stripes we are heal - ed, we are heal
with his stripes we are heal - - - - -

with his stripes we are heal - - - - - ed,
- - - - - ed, And with his
- - - - - ed, And with his stripes we are heal - - - - -

And with his stripes we are heal

stripes we are heal

ed, And with his

And with his stripes we are heal

ed,

stripes we are heal

ed,

And with his stripes we are

ed And with his stripes we are

And with his stripes we are

heal ed,

And with his stripes we are

heal ed,

heal ed, And with his

And with his stripes we are heal

heal ed,

And with his stripes we are heal ed,

stripes we are heal ed,

And with his stripes we are

And with his stripes we are heal

And with his stripes we are

heal

ed, And with his stripes we are heal

heal ed are heal

And with his stripes we are heal

ed,

ed And with his stripes we are heal

ed, And with his

Adagio.

ed.

And with his stripes we are heal ed.

ed.

stripes we are heal ed.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

*Spiritoso.**Scottish air.*

Wlia wad - na be io love wi' bon - nie Mag - gie Lau - der, A

pip - er met her gaun to Fife And spier'd what wast they ca'd her, Right

scorn - ful - ly she answer'd him, "Be - gone you hal - lan shak - er, Jog

on your gate you bladder - scate, My name is Maggie Lau - der."

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidging faio to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter:
The lasses dance as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags;
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-wil,
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and danc'd it o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quoth he: Play up, quoth she:
Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nae in Scotland plays sae weel,
Sin' we lost Habby Simpson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter:
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

The foregoing admirable specimen of the Scottish humorous song, was first published in 1769, by Herd; the authorship is generally ascribed to Francis Sempie of Beltrees; the following verses, which are a later addition, merit a place:—

The cantie spring scarce rear'd her head,
And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster town,
An' spier'd for Maggie Lauder.
A snug wee house in the East Green,
It's shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Neuk o' Fife,"
An' merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Nor blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves as leal and true a wife,
As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was ty'd,
Rob swears he couldna want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

Mr. Chambers tells us, that he "did not neglect, on visiting Anstruther, to 'spier for Maggie Lauder;' and was pleased to find, that the inhabitants of the town have not only preserved the tradition of her existence, but even know the exact place of her residence. She lived in the *East Green of Anster*, a tow street, connecting the town with the adjacent fishing-village of Cellardykes. Her house was a cot of one storey, and stood upon the north side of the street. The spot is now occupied by a garden. The house itself has not existed within the memory of the present generation; but all the people concur in pointing out this as its site."—*Picture of Scotland*.

MOSCHELES' MORNING CONCERT.

Although I was greatly delighted with the spoils I gathered yesterday at the Museum from the Letters of Randolph and Bedford during the embassies, and would gladly have stayed longer, I was obliged to break off after three hours' work, because Mrs. T—— had the goodness to promise to take me to Moscheles' *morning* concert, which began at two in the afternoon.

Though I am no friend of concerts in general, yet as Mr. Moscheles' is one of the choicest and the best attended, I determined to hear it, as a sample of what the London public likes, and what it can obtain, in the musical way.

The concert-room in the King's Theatre has a steep orchestra, reaching to the ceiling at one end and tiers of boxes at the other. On the right is a bare wall; on the left, three narrow windows lighting the whole room. The space in the centre is filled with benches, but only every other row has a back—a sort of training for the outside of the stage coaches. The room has neither size nor beauty to recommend it. The walls are shabbily and tastelessly painted with arabesques, more like those on a China tea cup than those of Raphael's Loggie. So rich a people as the English might

really afford to have these scratched out. A white wall would be better than such pitiful scrawls. The concert began at two and ended at half-past five, for there were no less than seventeen pieces. I shall give you a list of them, accompanied by a few *scholia*, or marginal glosses.

1. Overture to the "Jung fran Von Orleans." I prefer the peaceful and religious part to the warlike; or at least I should strike out some resolutions and discords from the latter, in order to give greater simplicity to the whole, and perhaps greater historical consistency with that period of musical art. For musical war and peace have a different character in different ages, and yet each belongs to the other—relates to, and illustrates the other. The martial part of this overture employs all the arts of music in use at the present day, and is thus out of keeping with the pastoral music, which is manifestly of a former age.

2. Scena from the "Freischutz;" Miss Robson. I have had bad luck with this scene in foreign lands. In Paris, I heard it sung very accurately, but without the least expression, by Damoreau Cinli; and there are at least a hundred Demoiselles in Berlin who could accomplish the task as well as Miss Robson.

3. Duet from Rossini's "Donna del Lago," sung by Grisi and Rubini. Grisi's voice is powerful, and cultivated according to the true rules of art; but her musical elocution, nay, even her very tone, has, occasionally, something vulgar which you never hear in German singers. Less voice, with more elevation and sentiment, would produce more effect. Rubini trembles when he holds a note; whether he takes this defect for a beauty, or whether his voice is growing old, and he cannot help it, I don't know. Much less lungs, voice, art and expression are required for all that trickery, whispering and shouting, piping and quavering, than good-natured admirers think.

4. "Concerto Pathetique" for the piano-forte, by Moscheles. I will only put two questions as to this: *First*. Would not every piano-forte concerto be the better for being delivered from such powerful accompaniments as drums and trumpets? Is not the contrast too violent, and the effect of the principal instrument enfeebled? *Secondly*. The piano-forte is, in many respects, inferior to all stringed and wind instruments; but it has one great advantage—that the player can execute several parts at once according to the rules of harmony. Why is this peculiar advantage, of which the old German school invariably availed itself, now utterly neglected both by composers and performers?

5. Air, "Ab quando in regio talamo" by Donizetti sung by Madame Caradori Allau. A hodge-podge of unconnected phrases, tacked together with solfeggio, sung with accuracy and facility, and greatly applauded.

6. Aria, "Largo al factotum," sung by Lablache as admirably as before. But it is better suited to the stage than to a gentleman in black, with white kid gloves, in an orchestra.

7. Quintet, the dirge of "Rosabelle," composed by Horsley, Mus. Bac. A simple ballad, requiring a simple, lyrical, touching melody, cut up into recitative, solo, and quintet; and to my taste, utterly spoiled by the employment of all sorts of complicated scientific expedients.

8. Terzetto, "Ambi morrete," from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," sung by Grisi, Lablache, and

Rubini. One must have resigned all idea of dramatic music, and have lost all memory and trace that such a thing ever existed, before one can give one's admiration to the senseless roudades, the dancing rhythm, the starts, screams, and die-away whispers, with which a royal tyrant, his wife, and her lover amuse themselves and others in the hour of death. The simplicity of opera composers has now become so audacious, and their audacity so stupid, that art will probably once more raise itself from these disgusting tricks to a pure and noble style. At the present moment this cholera rages, as it seems, all over Europe.

9. Concertante for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Beethoven, played by Moscheles, Mori, and Lindley. Beethoven's daring flights occasionally border on lawlessness; but he is a man who has a right to ask of art what he pleases; or rather art must ask him in what new dress and adornments she shall present herself. With dithyrambic frenzy does this high-priest of art cast the jewels of his treasury into the air; and even the broken fragments which fall to the ground would suffice to compose many a costly ornament. But when impudent *bajazzos* fling dirt and stones at our heads, are we to fall on our knees and humbly thank them for their favours?

10. Duet "Cedial destin," from Meyer's "Medea." Miss Masson and Rubini. Dramatic intentions, means and ends, thank God, not so entirely vanished as in more recent productions. For the fourth time I heard Rubini conclude with exactly the same cadence; thus:—violent effort in the lower notes, then a soft squeaking up to the very highest—sugar on sugar—and, last, a very feeble accent, which set the hands of the audience in motion, with as much certainty as the foot of the bellows-blower moves the bellows of the organ.

11. New ballad, "Go forget me," by Mortimer, sung by Parry. The composition simple and appropriate, enounced with feeling and expression. More of vocal music, that is, the human voice speaking to the heart, than in a thousand instrumental pieces for voice.

12. "Heart, the seat of soft delight," from "Acis and Galatea;"—say, rather, from another world of music; well given by Miss Clara Novello.

13. Scene, "The Battle of Hohenlinden," by Smith. I was glad when peace was restored.

14. Concertante for four violins, by Mauver. A difficult task, considering the small compass of the instrument; but if such must be set and undertaken, well enough accomplished.

15. Aria, "Dal asilo della pace," Costa. A solfeggio, perfectly sung by Grisi. Formerly people sung solfeggios as a preparation and training for singing; now, it seems, solfeggio is the beginning and the end of art.

16. "Fantasie improvisée," by Moscheles, in which, among others, an air from the "Muette di Portici," and one out of "Euryanthe," were introduced and treated—all with great skill and science; round, clear, brilliant, attractive. The question whether different themes should be blended in a fantasia is intimately connected with another; whether in an overture to an opera, various *motives* from the work itself should be introduced? The greatest masters have adopted the opposite principles, and I have not now time to discuss the merits of the two methods.

17. Instrumental piece of Mozart—omitted; indeed, the quantity was already too great; though it is most certain that the quality would have been materially improved by Mozart. Donizetti is not a dish from which any man of sense will endure to be helped twice; and Rossini's operas have been so often repeated, that anything else would have the charm of novelty in the comparison. But the public, perhaps, will have it so; and, still more, the one-sided and meagre education of the singers may make it inevitable.

What infinite odds between such a concert and Sebastian Bach's mass in *A* flat, well executed.

The greater part of the audience were ladies, as is generally the case at morning concerts. The men are too busy to go. All, even the youngest, wore bonnets; their dress was simple, but rich and elegant; without éclat—nothing extravagant or glaring.—*Von Reamer's England.*

SUMMER EVENING AT HOME.

Come, lovely evening, with thy smile of peace,
Visit my humble dwelling, welcome in,
Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,
But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshoppers faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
Heard indistinctly from the village green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song,—all these
Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
The stilly-stirring fancies,—though my hours
(For I have dropp'd beneath life's early show'rs)
Pass lonely oft;—and oft my heart is sad;
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
To meet thee, Evening, here; here my own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
That seems to say, "Forget the transient tear
Thy pale youth shed,—repose and peace are here."

W. L. Bowles.

MADRIGALS.

Madrigals, in general, are sung too slow. One uniform time is observed, be the subject what it may; and pieces, obviously intended to be gay, playful, and airy, are sung like psalm-tunes. We have for years considered this as a mistake; and the more we have examined the style and structure of these ancient compositions, the more we are confirmed in our opinion. The moderns are apt to be misled by the notation of ancient music. Semibreves and minims are now-a-days appropriated to slow passages, and more lively movements are written in crotchets, quavers, &c. Hence, when people meet with semibreves and minims in old music, these notes suggest the idea of slow time. But the semibreve and minim (as their names impart) were once the shortest notes in use, and consequently used in the most rapid and lively measures. We have, moreover, heard the experiment tried, by singing madrigals in the time suggested by the subject and meaning of the words, and admitting of their distinct and proper elocution; and the effect was at once admitted to be admirable, giving to the music a rhythmical flow, and a spirit and animation, of which it had formerly appeared destitute.—*Morning Chronicle.*

H E W A S D E S P I S E D .

SACRED CHORUS.

Charles Henry Graun.

Largo con affetto.

SOPRANO.



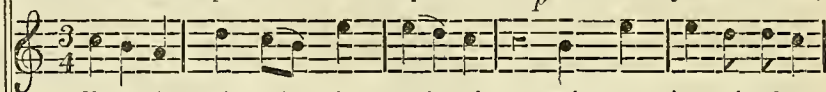
He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

ALTO.



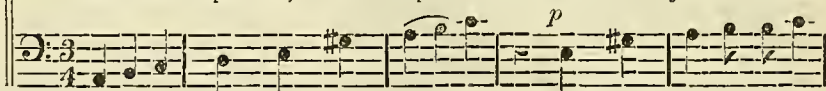
He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

TENOR.

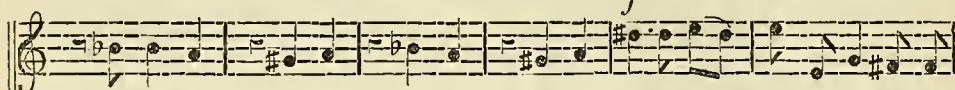


He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

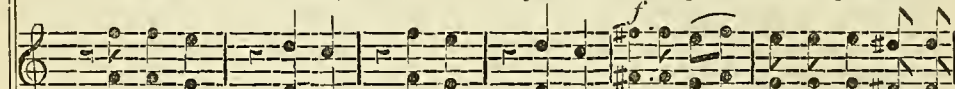
BASS.



He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,



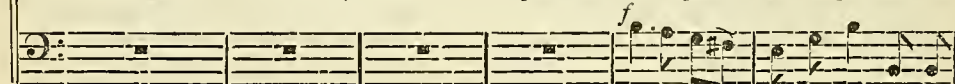
A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with



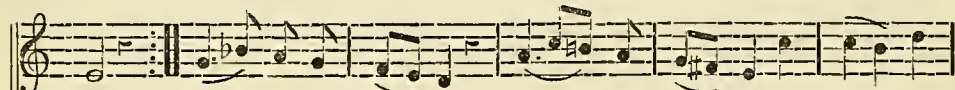
A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with



A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with



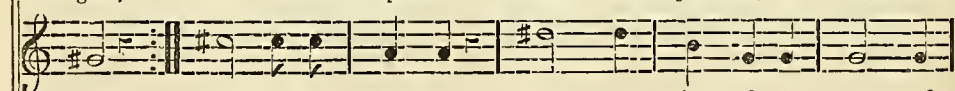
and acquaint - ed, acquainted with



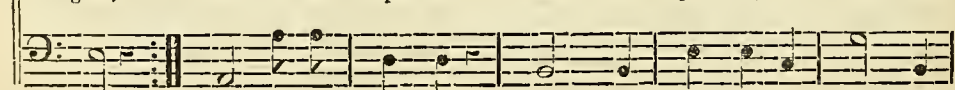
grief. He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of



grief, He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of



grief, He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of



grief. He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of

sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief, A man of sorrows,

sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief, A man of sorrows,

sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief, A man of sorrows,

sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

A man of sor - rows and re - ject - ed, de - spised, re - jected,

A man of sor - rows and re - ject - ed, de - spised, re - jected,

A man of sor - rows and re - ject - ed, de - spised, re - jected,

A man of sor - rows and re - jected,

A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

GRETRY.

Gretry, the composer of the music of "Richard Cœur de Lion," was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and, to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was near falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel, and in so doing he overset it; the water fell upon and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid to him by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having a weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old his father, a teacher of music, placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Gretry had his full share of ill-treatment; yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be related here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they ask of him at their first communion: young Gretry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion-week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head, and laid him senseless upon the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but on his return he found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him,—"Well, well," he exclaimed, "since I am not killed I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician." He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his mouth was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered; on which, however, no operation was attempted, and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not, it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving farther instruction. He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement both in singing and playing was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to the pianissimo; the children of the choir around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre applauded him;

and the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence. Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject. Not long subsequently to this he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. "I composed six symphonies," says Gretry, "which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the concert. He encouraged me greatly, advised me to go to Rome in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies." Gretry walked to Rome in the early part of 1759, being then only eighteen years of age. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches in order to hear the music of Casali, Eurisechio, and Lustrini, but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became much impaired, and he was obliged for a while to leave Rome and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became his inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and, young as he then was, he distinguished himself by the composition of an intermezzo, entitled "Le Vende Miatrice." His success was so decisive that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession. Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Gretry here continued his labours and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till Mr. Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French ambassador, incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of "Isabelle et Gertrude." Respecting the performance of this work he relates an amusing anecdote. "One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him I had never seen that done in Italy. 'You will, however, see it here,' says he, 'and you will be the first composer who has received this honour in our republic.' It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me sure enough, and with great vehemence. I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, 'Poh! that is not it!—not at all!—but get along!'"—"What's the matter?" asked his brethren in the orchestra. "I am out of all patience," said the dancing-master. "I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present

himself nobly; and did you ever see such an awkward booby?" It was some time before Gretry could obtain in Paris a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marmontel's opera "Le Huron." This met with the most flattering success. The opera of "Lucile" followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced near thirty comic operas for the great opera house in Paris. Of these "Zemire et Azor," and "Richard Cœur de Lion," have been translated and successfully brought on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Gretry; but he has done much towards improving theirs: they have met about half way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had determined to continue inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sacchini has been known to say of Gretry, that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words and for French singers. Gretry, during the times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles. He died at Montmorency on the 24th of September, 1813.—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

ANECDOTES OF MALIBRAN.

One of her early performances was marked by an amusing incident. She had to sing with Velluti a duo in Ziegarelli's "Romeo e Giulietta." In the morning they rehearsed it together, and at that rehearsal, as at all preceding ones, Velluti, like an experienced stager, sang the plain notes of his part, reserving his florituri for the evening, in the fear that the young debutante would imitate them. Accordingly, at the evening performance, Velluti sang his solo part, interspersing it with the most florid ornaments, and closing it with a new and brilliant cadence, which quite enchanted the audience. The musico cast a glance of mingled triumph and pity on poor Maria, as she advanced to the stage lamps. What was the astonishment of the audience to hear her execute the ornaments of Velluti, imparting to them even additional grace, and crowning her triumph with a bold and superb improvisation. Amidst the torrent of applause which followed this effort, and whilst trembling from the excitement it occasioned, Maria felt her arm rudely grasped as it were by a hand of iron. Immediately the word "Briccona!" pronounced in a suppressed and angry tone by Velluti, afforded her a convincing proof that every triumph carries with it its mortification.

Maria Malibran's nervous temperament and romantic turn of feeling inspired her with a passionate love of flowers. During her performance of *Desdemona*, on the evening of her benefit before alluded to, she betrayed her fondness for flowers in a singular way. When *Desdemona* lay dead on the stage, and the Moor in his frenzied grief was preparing to inflict upon himself the blow which was to lay him prostrate at her side, Madame Malibran, fearing the destruction of the bouquets and wreaths which lay scattered round her, exclaimed

in a low tone of voice, "Take care of my flowers! Do not crush my flowers!"

An anecdote or two in proof of her generosity and considerate kindness may be worth quoting:—

Malibran, as I believe every one is aware, had a remarkable talent for musical composition. This talent, however, she exercised only for amusement, giving to her friends or to charities the pieces she composed. On this occasion Madame de — was present, a lady for whom our fair cantatrice had the greatest respect, but whose pecuniary circumstances were deplorably reduced. Willingly would Maria Malibran have assisted her, but the pride of Madame — precluded the possibility of a pecuniary offer; she therefore resorted to an ingenious little artifice to effect her generous purpose. Madame —'s son, a lad of sixteen, was present. "I understand that this young gentleman has a great talent for poetry," said Madame Malibran to the mother. "I am going to propose a little speculation between us. Having written six airs for publication, I want words for them; will you undertake to furnish them, and we will divide the profits?" The proposal was instantly accepted; the young poet produced the verses, and they were sent to Madame Malibran. The songs were never published; but Madame de — received six hundred francs as her son's share of the profit arising from them.

One day a poor Italian refugee applied to Lablache for assistance. He had received permission to return home, but alas! he was destitute of the means. The next day, at rehearsal, Lablache broached the subject of the refugee's distress, and proposed a subscription. Madame Lablache, Donzelli, and several others, subscribed each two guineas. "And you, Maria," said Lablache, turning to Madame Malibran, "what will you give?" "The same as the rest," answered she carelessly, and went on practising her part. With this little treasure the charitable and kind-hearted Lablache flew to succour his unfortunate countryman. The next morning Maria took an opportunity to speak to him alone. "Here are ten pounds more for your poor friend," said she, slipping a note into his hands; "I would not give more than the others yesterday, fearing they might think me ostentatious. Take it to him, but do not say a word about it to any one." —*Memoirs of Madame Malibran.*

SINGING FOR THE MILLION.

"Twill be a most harmonious state of things
When every one, instead of speaking, sings.
A dun will give a musical rat-tat,

And at his charges should the debtor carp,
The latter in refusing will be flat,

The former in defending will be sharp.
The lawyer, though with music in his breast,
May leave his client to a prison's fate,
Where he may find, at least, a few bars rest,
Unless he pays his bill in time, *six eight.*

Music already many comprehend,

To them its terms are practically known;

Andante, when they act to serve a friend;

Allegro, when the profit is their own.

The staging for the million must, indeed,

Be in accordance with the Chartist's choice;

For if the proposition should succeed,

All in the country then would have a voice.

Cruikshanks's Comic Album.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD,

*Lively.**Words by Burns.*

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you my

lad; Tho' fa - ther and mother, and a' should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come

to you my lad, But war - i - ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un -

less the back yett be a - jee; Syne up the back style and let nae - ho - dy see, And

come as ye were na coming to me, And come as ye were na coming to me.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
 Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie,
 But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
 Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me.
 O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
 And whyles ye may lichtly my beauty a wee;
 But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
 For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
 O whistle, &c.

The above air was composed by John Bruce, a famous violin player in Dumfries, about the middle of the last century.

THE THREE GRACES.

Words by James Manson.

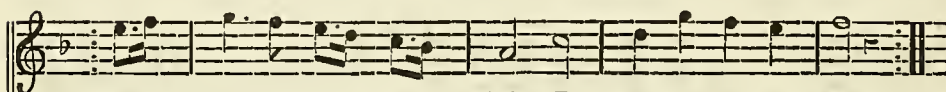
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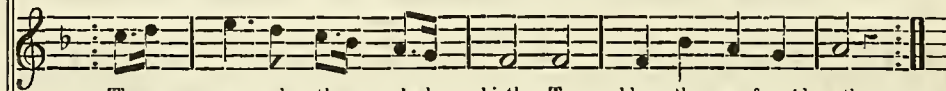
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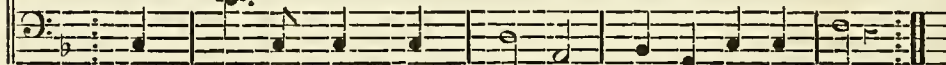
1st TENOR.  When beaming light from heav'n, To glad the world was giv'n,

2d TENOR.  When beaming light from heav'n, To glad the world was giv'n,

BASS.  When beaming light from heav'n, To glad the world was giv'n,

 Three an - gels then had birth, To bless the new form'd earth.

 Three an - gels then had birth, To bless the new form'd earth.



First Truth with power arrayed,
Th' Almighty will obeyed,
With placid mien and smile,
Meek, pure, all void of guile!

Then Beauty, chaste and young,
Whose lip spoke love and song,
Her heart the hallowed shrine
Of Charity benign.

Behind this twain so fair,
Bright Freedom cleft the air,
All glorious was his state,
Unawed, sublime, elate.

Truth! Beauty's friend and guide,
Fair Beauty, Freedom's bride,
And Freedom, ever be
With man in amity.

NATIONS WHO PRACTISE AND REVERE
THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

The Chinese, a nation which, from its antiquity, the singularity of its customs, and its jealous resolve to continue apart from intimacy with all others, inspires us with the greatest curiosity, entertain the highest veneration for music.* "More than eight centuries before the existence of the son of Antiope, and of the famous singer of Thrace, it is recorded that the inimitable Kouei said to the Emperor Chun, 'When I touch the stones which compose my *king* (musical instrument), and make them send forth a sound, the animals range themselves around me and leap for joy.' The ancient music, according to the Chinese writers of every age, could call down superior spirits from ethereal regions—raise up the manes of departed beings—inspire

men with a love of virtue, and lead them to the practice of their duty." "Are we desirous," say the same authors, "of knowing whether a state be well governed, and whether the morals of its inhabitants be virtuous or corrupt, let us examine what kind of music is esteemed among them." This rule was not neglected by Confucius when he travelled through the different kingdoms into which China was divided in his time; some vestiges of the ancient music even then remained; and his own experience had taught him how much influence harmony has over the passions and movements of the soul. It is indeed related that when he arrived in the kingdom of Tsi, he was entertained with a piece of the music called Chas—that is to say of that music which Kouei composed by order of Chunn." "For more than three months," says the author of his life, "it was impossible for him to think of anything else; the most exquisite food, prepared in the most delicate manner, could neither awaken his taste nor excite his appetite."

* See Alexander's Narrative of Earl Macartney's Embassy to China, p. 424.

Among the Saxons and Danes music was much esteemed, and the knowledge of it proved to Alfred the Great an essential advantage. "It is well known how he, in the disguise of a harper, entered the Danish camp and discovered their great neglect of all military precautions against attack. Seizing the favourable moment, he flew to the Earl of Devonshire, who alone was privy to all his intentions, took the field at the head of his troops, surprised and forced the camp, routed the invaders with much slaughter, and gained a complete victory. It is said that Alfred enjoined and encouraged the study of music among the liberal arts, in the University of Oxford, of which he was the founder.* In those days, and for years after, no man was considered a gentleman who was not acquainted with the science.* "Caedmon, the sacred poet, who lived during the heptarchy, had attached himself so much to serious studies, that he neglected music: being in company when the harp used to go round, (for it was customary at festivals for each of the company to sing and play in his turn), he left the party, ashamed that it should be remarked that he was deficient in a branch of education which was esteemed necessary to complete the character of a gentleman."†

The Cambro-Britons thought music indispensable; it was with them a regal accomplishment, necessary to form a prince and a hero. Music possessed wonderful influence over their minds, and rendered their unfortunate bards, in consequence, so obnoxious in the eyes of Edward the First, that he condemned them to death. The Welsh music even now retains great originality, and a peculiar pathos and expression at once unique and beautiful.

The Irish and Scotch, in the earliest days, held music in high veneration, and allowed their bards and minstrels many privileges. Most justly do they estimate their national airs, for they breathe the language of nature. What heart is not roused and enlivened by the sprightly hospitality expressed in many Scotch songs, or melted into pity and love by the softer and genuine strains of feeling depicted in others. After listening with amazement to the execution of brilliant bravuras (which, while they astonish, excite no pleasurable or lasting impressions), how often are the most delightful and indelible sensations awakened by a Scotch or Irish melody, which presents no other charm than its own intrinsic simplicity and peculiarity, void of all extraneous ornaments, but infinitely richer in those of nature and feeling.

In every land music has left some well-known relic behind her to be handed down from one generation to another. There can be no stronger example given of the power of national music than

the *Rans de Vaches* of the Swiss, the sound of which in an instant renders them intoxicated with delight. This air is said to have been so dear to the Swiss, while engaged in foreign service, that it was forbidden, under pain of death, to be played to the troops, as it immediately drew tears from them, and excited so ardent a desire to see their native country, that they deserted or fell sick, and died of what is called "*La Maladie du Pays*," or *Nostalgia*, by medical authors.

The inhabitants of almost every nation have their national music, the love for which increases with their growth, and grows more intense with their years; it is inhaled with every breath, and heard in every sigh of the wind. When, in a distant country, a well-known melody suddenly bursts on the ear, indefinable are the associations which it conveys: home—kiadred—all that is dear is brought to memory, as if the hearer were instantaneously transported to the place of his nativity. Next to the sight of a beloved home, is the delight of heart in receiving, through the ear, sounds assimilating with our earliest and most innocent employments and recreations. No disposition, however stern or soured by the ills of life, can refrain from dwelling with feelings of sensibility on the scenes of juvenile happiness which no other means is likely to bring back so vividly to the imagination as a well-remembered air that has been chanted in the dwellings of our fathers.

The modern Hindoos have airs faithfully handed down by their ancestors in *Sastras*, where the whole science of harmony is personified in six *Ragas*, or, as we may call them, major modes; to each of which is attached six *Raginis*, or minor modes of the same strain, representing so many princes, with six wives to each. But as the Indian allegories speak much more expressively to the eye than to the ear, we learn from appropriate paintings to the several modes that the performance of each undivided melody is exclusively restricted to some season of the year, or point of time in the twenty-four hours, at which only it is opportune or admissible.

The great perfection to which music has arrived in point of science throughout Italy and Germany, is too well authenticated by the valuable compositions of deceased and living masters to need much remark. The works of the former have raised a monument to their memory which must last as long as taste and reason hold sway over the mind; and the latter exist to speak for themselves by the compositions which they are continually presenting to the public.

We can trace music even to the land of barbarism, whose inhabitants, plunged in the dark chaos of ignorance and error, are alive to no sensation so powerful as that which music has the power to awaken; hers is a hand that never touches the heart in vain—almost in every bosom there exists a chord attuned to harmony that vibrates on the finer feelings of the soul.

The American Indians, both north and south, possess a natural taste for music both vocal and instrumental. According to Bartram's *Travels*, the Choctaws are eminent for their music and poetry; and from the sensible expression which they give to the different subjects of their selection, a powerful effect is produced on the passions of those who listen to them, particularly by their moral songs and elegies.

The inhabitants of Otaheite are said to sing a solemn song every morning at sunrise, and it is

* Bede, Hist. Eccles. Lib. iv. chap. 24.

† Philomathes, giving an account to Polymathes of the society and entertainment of the *banquet* at Master Sophobulus, regrets his ignorance of music. "Supper being ended, and music books (according to the custom) being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfaintly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others demanding how I was brought up; so that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seek out mine old friend Master Gnorimus to make myselfe his scholar."—See Morley's Introduction to Musick, page 1.

very rare to meet with a person among them who cannot turn a tune. The *fair sex* in Otahite are the most favoured of Apollo; for, during the day, their principal pleasure consists in singing their own extempore compositions.

The airs of the New Zealanders (according to Captain Cook and the still later communications of John Liddiard Nicols, published in 1814) are plaintive, melodious, and in style resemble some of our sacred music; they are fond of singing in parts, and then joining in chorus at the end of each verse.

The Ashantees have as strong a claim to attention, on the score of their musical talent, as any people in the interior of Southern Africa; for, though their strains are in themselves so wild that they can scarcely be submitted to the regular rules of melody, yet, from their sweetness and animation, they are entitled to be ranked above the generality of barbarous compositions. Mr. Bowdich, in his mission to Ashantee, gives a curious account of the musical powers of a *white negro* from the interior country of Imbeckee. After describing his person, to which it seems nature had not been very liberal, Mr. Bowdich continues in nearly the following words:—"His harp was of wood, except that part producing the sound, which was covered with skin, perforated at the bottom; the bow, to which the strings were fixed, was considerably curved; the strings were twisted round the pegs, which easily turned round when the instrument wanted tuning. The tone was full, harmonious, and deep. The man sat on a low stool, supporting his harp on his knee and shoulder, when he proceeded to tune it with great nicety. His hands appeared to wander among the strings until he formed a running accompaniment to the most extraordinary vocalizations. At times one deep and hollow note burst forth and became broken; presently he looked up, pursuing all the actions of a mauia; and, whilst the one hand continued playing, he sung forth a peal which vibrated on the ear long after it was produced. He became silent. The running accompaniment revived again as a prelude to loud recitative, uttered with the greatest volubility, and ending with one word, on which he ascended and descended divisions far beyond the extent (in pitch) of his harp, with the most beautiful precision. Sometimes he became more collected, and a mournful air succeeded the recitative, without the least connection; and he would again burst out with the full force of his powerful voice in some notes of the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel. To meet with this chorus in the wilds of Africa, and from such a being, had an effect I can scarcely describe; I was lost in astonishment at the coincidence; there could not be a stronger proof of the nature of Handel, or of the powers of the *negro*. I naturally inquired if this man was in his senses, and the reply was, he was always rational but when he played, at which times he invariably used the same gestures and evinced the same incoherency."

The Javanese require especial notice. With these people music forms an item in all their ceremonies, whether of state or of religion: their music is generally of a simple and pathetic kind. Dr. Ruschenberger, surgeon on board of the United States ship *Peacock*, which sailed round the world in the years 1835, 1836, and 1837, has the following description, which cannot fail to interest the reader:—"We procured an invitation from a Javan prince to visit him and hear the 'Gamelan' or native

band; the gamelan was arranged under shelter of a roof near the entrance of the court.—"There are several kinds of gamelan used by the Javans. That before us was the gamelan selindro, which consists of several instruments resembling the harmonicon or ancient stoæta, termed 'gambang.' The 'gambang gansa' is a harmonicon having eighteen wooden keys, arranged in a sort of trough or boat, which yield very pleasant tones when struck with the proper sticks. The 'gambang kayu' has nineteen metal keys; there were three other similar instruments of smaller size, each having from five to seven metal keys; they are named saron, demong, and selantam. A bed of ten small gongs, called a bonang, a large gong placed horizontally, two large ones suspended from a wooden frame, and a long narrow drum, formed the bass, while the lead was given by the rebab, a sort of two-stringed violin. This instrument is held very much after the manner of the violoncello, and as the player was seated on the ground, his left hand was elevated to press the strings while the right exercised the bow. The music was pleasing and rather soothing in its tones. The musicians were all seated *à la Turque*, and were generally patriarchal in their appearance; the leader particularly so, when he turned his withered face towards heaven and accompanied the notes of the rebab in a high and pathetic tone. The gamelan is preserved as an heirloom in the family of a Javan prince, and handed down from generation to generation: the one before us had long been the amusement of the prince's ancestors."

The same authority gives us some information concerning the taste for music which exists among the Siamese. While in that country, he had an interview with the Prince Momfanoi, whose taste was evinced by the contents of his own apartments. "On a sofa at one end of the drawing-room were violins, flutes, and a flageolet, on which the Prince performs." These instruments, however, were procured from the European and American missionaries. Farther on Dr. Ruschenberger describes "a musical instrument invented in Laos, the country to the north of Siam proper. It consists of fourteen bamboos, each half an inch in diameter, and from eight to twelve feet long, placed in two parallel rows, containing seven each. The barrels or tubes are of graduated lengths, like those of an organ, and from the resemblance to that instrument this might be termed the Laos organ. About two feet from the square end the tubes pass through a short cylinder of wood at right angles, and about three inches above it, each tube is pierced by a small hole, to which a finger is applied when playing. The player holds the instrument between the palms and blows into the open end of the cylinder. We requested that some of his people would play for us. 'Wow!' exclaimed the Prince Momfanoi, in his usual manner of expressing surprise, 'Wow—I will play for you myself;' and at once calling an old man who was resting *à la Siamese*, he took the instrument between his palms. The old man crawled close up to the Prince's feet, and, sitting *à la Turque*, looked up into his face while his highness played a showy interlude. The minstrel shut his eyes, and, turning his withered countenance heavenward, began singing a melancholy air to his master's accompaniment. We were surprised at the power of the instrument, and much pleased with the performance. He had no sooner ended his song than the old man began to move back to his former station, but a word detained him at

his master's feet. 'Now,' said the Prince, 'I will give you another kind of tune, and at once struck up an air which might have been mistaken for Scotch had we not been assured that it was Siamese. The minstrel gathered confidence from the music, and sang with much spirit and better effect than at first.' And again he shows how music is united with all the business of life, whether in its most important and serious duties or to render agreeable the hours of relaxation. "About one o'clock the golden barges of the King were in sight. Accompanied by the officers in full dress, and the band, he repaired to the vessel of ceremony. The flaunting banners, the music of their pipes and drums, and the glitter of gold and silver in the sun, formed a pretty pageant, and indicated with what scrupulous ceremony everything is conducted at the magnificent court of Siam. As the casket (containing the treaty of amity and commerce) was raised, the Siamese band played plaintively and slow." In the next page Dr. Ruschenberger says—"We were entertained in the evening by a band of amateur musicians, playing singly and in concert on instruments resembling guitars, hautboys, &c. It is stated that the Siamese use more than a hundred different musical instruments."

The music of the Hindoos, says Mr Montgomery Martin, is certainly not in accordance with our ideas of harmony, though the Hindoos appear to be as much affected by it as a connoisseur at the Italian Opera. Sir William Onslow amuses his readers with a few of the marvellous stories related by the Hindoos of the effects of their ancient music, and of the decline of taste among themselves. "On the subject of those ancient and extraordinary melodies," says he, "which the Hindoos call *rāngs* and *rāginis*, the popular traditions are as numerous and romantic as the powers ascribed to them are miraculous. Of the six *rāngs*, the first five owe their origin to the god Mahādeva (Siva), who produced them from his five heads. Paravati, his wife, constructed the sixth, and the thirty *rāginis* were composed by Brahma. Thus, of celestial invention, these melodies are of a peculiar genus; and of the three ancient genera of the Greeks, resemble most the *enharmonic*; the more modern compositions are of that species termed *diatonic*. A considerable difficulty is found in setting to music the *rāngs* and *rāginis*, as our system does not supply notes or signs sufficiently expressive of the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies, of which the time is broken and irregular, the modulations frequent and very wild. Whatever magic was in the touch when Orpheus swept his lyre or Timotheus filled his softly-breathing flute, the effects said to have been produced by two of the six *rāngs* are even more extraordinary than any of those ascribed to the modes of the ancients. Mir Tansine, a wonderful musician in the time of the Emperor Acbar, sung one of the night *rāngs* at mid-day: the powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace as far as the sound of his voice could be heard. I shall say little on the tradition of Naik Gopāl, another celebrated musician in the reign of Acbar, who was commanded by the Emperor to sing the *rāng dipaka*, which, whoever attempted to sing, should be destroyed by fire. The story is long: Naik Gopāl flew to the river Jumna and plunged himself up to the neck in water, when Acbar, determined to prove the power of this *rāng*, compelled the unfortunate musician to

sing it, when, notwithstanding his situation in the river, flames burst violently from his body and consumed him to ashes. These, and other anecdotes of the same nature, are related by many Hindoos, and implicitly believed by some. The effect produced by the *maignullar rāng* was immediate rain; and it is told that a singing girl once, by exerting the powers of her voice in this *rāng*, drew down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers on the parched rice-crops of Bengal, and thereby averted the horrors of famine from the paradise of eastern regions. An European in that country, inquiring after those whose musical performances might produce similar effects, was answered that "the art is now almost lost; but that there are still musicians possessed of those wonderful powers in the west of India." If one inquires in the West, they say, "that if any such performers remain, they are only to be found in Bengal." Of the present music, and the sensations it excites, one can speak with greater accuracy. Many of the Hindoo melodies possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish, and others a wild originality pleasing beyond description. Counterpoint seems not to have entered, at any time, into the system of Indian music. It is not alluded to in the manuscript treatises which I have hitherto perused, nor have I discovered that any of our ingenious Orientalists speak of it as being known in Hindostan."

In Mr. Wilson's translation of a Sanserit play, entitled "Mrichchhacati," or "The Toy Cart," and supposed to have been written about a century before our era, we find the following beautiful lines on the Vinā or Hindoo lute:—

Although not ocean-born, the tuneful vinā
Is most assuredly a gem of heaven:
Like a most dear friend, it cheers the lonely heart,
And lends new lustre to the social meeting;
It lulls the pain that absent lovers feel,
And adds fresh impulse to the glow of passion.

CEAD MILLE FAILTE.

It is perhaps not generally known from whence the famous expression of Irish hospitality "Cead Mille Failte," was taken. It occurs in the concluding stanza of "Eileen a Roon," and is thus translated by Furlong:—

A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Roon!
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Roon!
Oh! welcome evermore,
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er,
Eileen a Roon!

There are two songs entitled "Eileen a Roon"—"Ellen, the secret treasure of my heart." The old version, from which the above stanza is taken, bears internal evidence of antiquity. The first line of the second stanza of it, "I would spend a cow to entertain thee," proves that it was composed before coined money was in general use. The following is esteemed the most probable account of the circumstances which gave rise to it:—

"Carol O'Daly, commonly called MacCaomh Insi Cneamha, brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaght, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain

named Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another. After some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly; the day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of Eileen a Roon, which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then—touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired—he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his “softened strain” the very soul of pensive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is that he would be her partner, her only love for life. In the second that he would entertain her and afford her every delight. After this he tenderly asks, will she depart with him, or, in the pensive manner of the original, “Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen a Roon?” She soon felt the force of his tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he bursts forth into his “hundred thousand welcomes.” To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to “go with him” that very night.

The other version was composed by a Munster hard of the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to excel, by a profusion of poetic embellishments,

the original and sweetly simple song of Eileen a Roon. The following is a specimen of the translation of it by John Anster, Esq.:—

Blind to all else but thee,
Eileen a Roon!
My eyes only ache to see
Eileen a Roon!
My ears banquet on thy praise,
Pride and pleasure of my days!
Source of all my happiness!
Eileen a Roon!

Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of Eileen a Roon than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions. Yet it has been palmed upon the public, under the name of *Robin Adair*, as a Scotch melody. Burns asserted that it and *Molly Astore*, which he termed *Gramachree*, were both Scotch. He was in error; but the circumstance is a proof of their merit and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman: he was an ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, lived at Holly Park, in the county Wicklow, and early in the last century was a member of the Irish Parliament.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind;
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love comb'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew died 1639.

A D I E U Y E S T R E A M S.

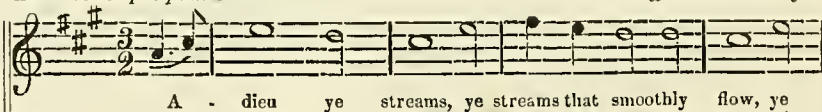
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

This Glee gained a prize medal in 1778.

Andante sempre piano.

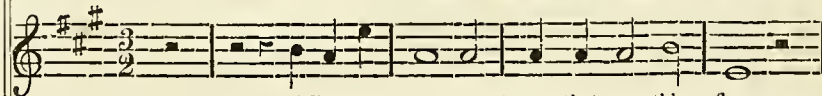
Luffman Atterbury.

ALTO.



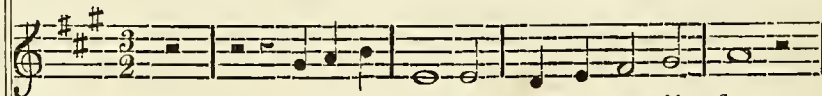
A - dieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow, ye

1st TENOR.



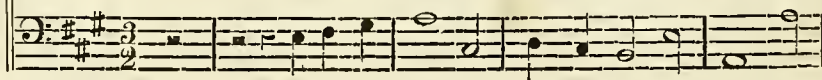
Adieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow,

2d TENOR.



Adieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow,

BASS.



Ye

ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye trees by
 ye ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye trees by
 ye vernal airs that soft - ly blow ye
 ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye

bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye
 bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye
 trees by bloom - ing spring, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye
 trees by bloom - ing spring, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you, my
 birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my
 birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my
 birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

soul could fly, nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh, But fore'd from

But fore'd from

soul could fly, nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh,

But fore'd from

Ce - lia's charms to part, All joy de - serts my droop-ing

Ce - lia's charms to part,

But fore'd from Celia's charms to part. All joy de - serts my drooping

Ce - lia's charms to part.

heart, my drooping heart, All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart.

heart, my drooping heart, All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart.

WILT THOU LEND ME THY MARE?

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

*Moderato.**Dr. Nares.*

1 Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile?

2 But if thou wilt her to me spare,

3 Oh! Ho! - - - say you so,

No she's lam'd leap ing o - ver a stile.

Thou shalt have mo - ney for - - - thy mare,

Mo - ney will make the mare to go, money will make the mare to go.

PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC IN THE UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The public has been informed, by means of the Scottish newspapers, that the Senate of the University of Edinburgh have declared the Chair of Music vacant, because Mr. Pearson has never entered upon its duties. Last year, when Sir Henry R. Bishop retired from the Professorship in consequence of ill health, several gentlemen appeared as candidates to fill the situation. Testimonials were presented and examined—the list of candidates was reduced—a day was named when the election would take place: this day approached, when Mr. Pearson announced himself as a candidate, and craved time to bring forward proofs of his ability to perform the high duties of Professor of Music. He was elected—a session elapsed—no course of lectures was announced—no duties were performed—and thus the Chair has again become the object of honourable competition. The following gentlemen are named as candidates:—Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Guynemer, Dr. S. S. Wesley, Dr. Gauntlett, and Sir Henry R. Bishop. The re-application of the last-named gentleman is in consequence of improved health. It is stated in the *Edinburgh Scotsman* that the election will take place in six or eight weeks.

We have much pleasure in presenting the following extracts from a letter which Mr. Guynemer has addressed to the Very Reverend the Principal and Senatus Academiens of Edinburgh:—

I, a foreigner, devoted to an art as sublime in its range as its influence is universally felt, present myself before you as a candidate for the chair of music.

Though born of good family, and I may say highly connected, a revolution in one of the French dependencies, by the destruction of my father's property, obliged me, at an early period, to adopt a profession for future support. A natural taste, cultivated by the opportunities which surrounded me in Paris, to which place my father had retired, of hearing works of the best masters performed in the most perfect style, irresistibly led me to adopt the profession of music; and from a very early age my education, combining therewith that which is in all respects essential to a gentleman, was directed to a thorough accomplishment in the art which I profess. For many years in the *Conservatoire* of Paris—a school celebrated throughout Europe—I went laboriously through every gradation of its study, including the theory of harmony, counterpoint, and composition, under Catel, Perne, Reicha, and the best masters of the day. I had also the great advantage of enjoying the personal interest of Cherubini and Auber, by whom some of my earlier compositions were critically inspected. Since this period I have been an acting member and associate of

the leading Musical Societies in Paris and the Philharmonic in London; and have, during my professional career, been constantly connected with some of the greatest musicians in Europe.

My compositions are numerous, several of which have been performed with success in London, in Paris, and in Italy, by the principal artists in the several capitals; and, though embracing a great variety of styles and subjects, such as orchestral overtures, quartetts, vocal and instrumental pieces, written in eight *real* parts (a test of severe scholarship), sacred compositions, containing fugues, glees (one of which obtained the prize given triennially at Manchester), and various melodies, they consist chiefly, as I hope their perusal will attest, of compositions which cannot be even attempted except by those who have studied the art in its severest and most classic schools.

As a teacher, I have devoted myself principally to the violin, the instrument on which I aimed at proficiency, and which I studied under the renowned Bailot—to the voice, which I studied in Italy—and to composition. I have likewise been accustomed, at various times, to give lectures, and to train numbers in classes; and, as a public performer, have led and conducted the orchestra on repeated occasions.

Though acquainted with the principal modern languages, and speaking three fluently, it is chiefly essential, with reference to my present object, to inform you that I speak that of this country with accuracy. Indeed, having been settled in England for the greater part of each year during a period of twenty years, and considering myself as one of its adopted citizens, its

language is the one which is now most natural to me.

As speedily as I can collect them, I shall do myself the honour of presenting you with such testimonials as I hope will be satisfactory to you.

In conclusion, Very Reverend Sir, and Gentlemen, let me assure you, that, not only from my education, experience, and impressions, morally and as a musician, but from my observation of the great capabilities which surround me in this country, if conscientiously and wisely directed, I am too sensible of the responsibilities attached to the high office which I seek, to neglect them; while I shall be too proud of the great opportunities which my position would afford me, not to devote continually all the powers which I possess by nature and the acquirements which I have gathered, to their fulfilment. Should you therefore honour me by your selection to fill the chair of music now vacant, it will be my devoted aim to encourage the native taste for melody of which this country affords so many exquisite models—to train the talent of which these bear an evidence not to be contradicted, not only by my scholastic lectures, but, if possible, by forming schools of music among all classes of society; and thus to prove to you that, in spirit and in letter, the great object of him who founded the Chair in your gift may be efficiently carried out, and converted into an increasing and a lasting national benefit.—I have the honour to be, Very Reverend Sir, and Gentlemen, yours, respectfully and obediently,

CHARLES GUYNEMER.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

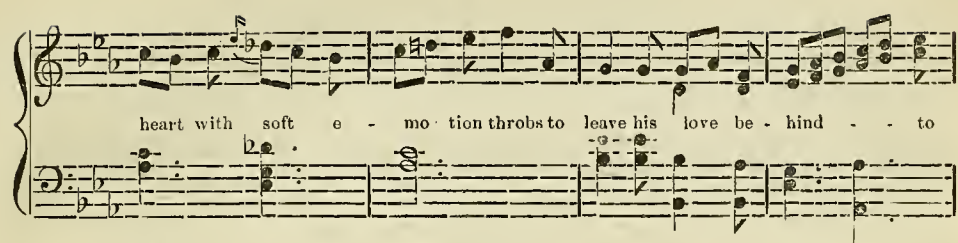
Grazioso.

Dr. Arnold.

The har-dy sai lor braves the o - cean, Fearless of the roar - ing wind,

Yet his heart with soft e - mo - tion Throbs to leave his love be - hind,

throbs, throbs, throbs, throbs, yet his



heart with soft e - mo - tion throbs to leave his love be - hind - - to



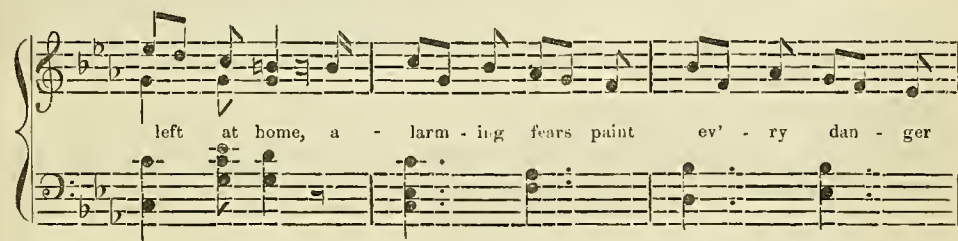
leave his love be - hind - - - - to leave, to leave his



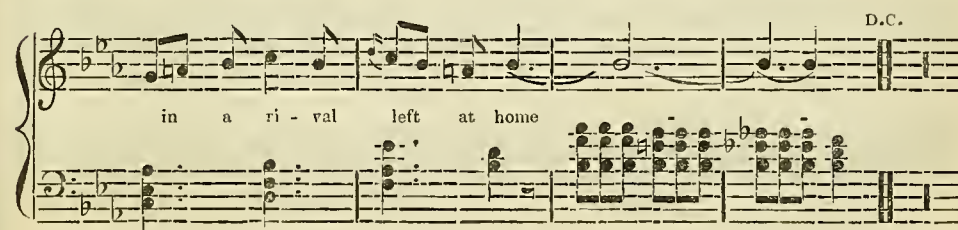
Fine.
love be - hind, To dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can



dannt - less roam, A - larm - ing fears paint ev' - ry danger, In a ri - val



left at home, a - larm - ing fears paint ev' - ry dan - ger



D.C.
in a ri - val left at home

NOW WE ARE MET.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

*Allegro.**S. Webbe.*

1 Now we are met, let mirth a - bound, now we are met, let mirth abound,

2 And let the catch, and let the catch, and let the catch and toast - go round.

3 And toast go round, And toast go round, let the catch and toast go round.

THE MAY-FLY.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

*Allegretto.**Dr. Callcott.*

1st SOPRANO. Poor in - sect! poor in - sect! What a lit - tle

2d SOPRANO. Poor in - sect! poor in - sect! What a lit - tle

BASS. Poor in - sect! poor in - sect!

day, what a lit - tle day of sun - ny bliss is

da , what a lit - tle day of sun - ny bliss is

what a little day, what a lit - tle day,

f

thine, what a day of sunny bliss is thine! And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

f

thine, what a day of sunny bliss is thine! And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

f

what a lit - tle day of sunny bliss is thine! And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

gay, and yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, And bidst them spreading shine, and

gay, and yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, And bidst them spreading shine, and

gay, and yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, And bidst them spread - - - ing shine, and

1st. 2d. *p*

bidst them spreading, spreading shine. shine. Thou humm'st thy short and bu - sy tune,

p

bidst them spreading, spreading shine. shine. Thou

p

bidst them spreading shine. shine. Thou humm'st - - - thy tune, Thou

cres.

Un - mindful of the blast, un - mindful of the

cres.

humm'et thy short and bu - sy tune, un - mindful of the

cres.

humm'et - - - thy tune, un - mindful of the blast,

f blast, un-mind - ful of the blast, *p* And care-less while 'tis burn - ing noon, and

f blast, un-mind - ful of the blast, *p* And care-less while 'tis burn ing noon, and

f un-mind - ful of the blast, *p* And care - less while 'tis

careless while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon has past,

careless while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon has past, And care-less while 'tis

burn - ing noon, How short that noon has past. and

cres. and care-less while 'tis burn-ing noon, How short that noon, that

cres. burning noon, and care-less while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon, that

cres. care-less while 'tis burn - - - ing noon, How short that noon, that

noon has past. A show'r would lay, would lay thy beauty low, A show'r would

noon has past. A show'r would lay, would lay thy beauty low. A show'r would

noon has past A show'r would lay thy beau - ty low, A show'r would

lay, would lay thy beauty low, The dew of twilight be - - thy storm of

lay, would lay thy beauty low,

lay thy beau - ty low, The tor - rent of thy

des - ti - ny, The tor - rent

thy storm of des - ti - ny,

o - verthrow, the tor - rent of thy o - verthrow, the tor - rent

of thy o - verthrow, thy storm of des - ti - ny, Then, then, *p*

thy storm of des - ti - ny, Then, then, *p*

of thy o - verthrow, thy storm of des - ti - ny, Then, then, *p*

in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shining wing,

in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shining wing,

in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shining

spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy bu - sy lay, hum on thy bu - sy

spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy bu - sy lay, hum on thy bu - sy

wing, spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy bu - sy lay, thy bu sy

lay, *f* For man like thee has but his spring, for man like thee has but his

lay, *f* For man like thee has but his spring, for man like thee has but his

lay, *f* For man like thee has but his spring, for man like thee has but his

spring, Like thine it fades a - way, For

spring, Like thine it fades a - way, For man, like thee, has but his spring, for

spring, Like thine it fades a - way, For man, like thee, has

man, like thee, has but his spring, Like thine, like thine it fades a - way.

man, like thee, has but his spring, Like thine, like thine it fades a - way,

but his spring, has but his spring Like thine, like thine it fades a - way.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS AT BANNOCKBURN.

Words by Burns.

Air—Hey, tutti taitie.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led, Welcome to your

With energy.

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry! *ff* Now's the day and now's the hour, See the front of

bat - tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ver - y.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

This noble heroic ode, which has been adopted by universal consent as the national patriotic song of Scotland, and which, like a talismanic pass-word, springs to recollection in every great cause where freedom or liberty is at stake, was written by Burns in 1793, to the tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie," and sent to George Thomson for insertion in his collection. Mr. Thomson objected to "Hey, tuttie taitie," as being an air unworthy of such spirited words, and set the song to the tune of "Lewie Gordon," lengthening the last line of each verse for that purpose. He afterwards, however, changed his mind, and gave the words and the air as Burns originally intended, acknowledging that having examined "Hey, tuttie taitie" with more particular attention, he thought it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry than "Lewie Gordon." The tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie" is one of unquestionable antiquity. Burns says that he met with a tradition in many parts of Scotland that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This tradition is disputed by Ritson, on the ground that the Scotch had no musical instruments in these days beyond "little horns"—a notion entirely subverted by the numerous embellishments of musical instruments on our most ancient architecture, and by the express assertion of olden writers so far back as the 12th century, who assign to the Scotch and Irish a high state of perfection in the musical art. Mr. Syme, one of the poet's best friends at Dumfries, tells a romantic story of "Bruce's Address," having been composed by Burns during a storm of "thunder, lightning, and of rain," among the wilds of Glen Ken in Galloway, in July, 1793; but this does not tally with Burns's own account of its composition in his letter to Thomson, dated September of the same year. "There is a tradition," he says, "which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that the air of 'Hey, tuttie taitie' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. I showed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it."—*Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Song*.

DAME DURDEN.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Con spirito.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls To car - ry the milking pail, She al - so kept five

Dame Durden kept five serving girls To car - ry the milking pail, She al - so kept five

lab'ring men to use the spade and flail. 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and

lab'ring men to use the spade and flail. 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and

Dor - o - thy Draggie - tail, And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, And Humphrey with his

Dor - o - thy Draggie - tail, And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, And Humphrey with his

flail, Mol - ly, But - ty, Dol - ly, and Dor - o - thy Draggie -

flail, kiss'd kiss'd kiss'd And Do - ro - thy Draggie -

'Twas John and Dick And Joe



Dame Durden, in the morn so soon,
She did begin to brawl;
To rouse her servant maids and men,
She did most loudly call.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's servant maids and men,
They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST

Dr. Ford, the Rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the "Amen choros" always at the Cross in the Belgrave Gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated

that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of his pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, "Here they come—here come the red-coats—they know their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea." The Doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the "Messiah" with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at a Birmingham Festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear *you* sing." "Then," said the Doctor, "you have that into the bargain." —*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

BRIGHT BEAMS THE MORNING.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Words by James Manson.

Cherubini.

Andantino sostenuto.

Bright beams the morning, Nature a - dorning, Gilding each mountain,

spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing, and flow'rs bloom to Hail the new day, Bright beams the

morn - ing, Na - ture, nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain

Bright beams the morn - ing, Nature a - dorning, Gild - ing each moun - tain

spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day,

spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day, Bright beams the

Bright beams the morn - ing, na - ture a - dorn - ing, Gilding each
 morn - ing, Na - ture, nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,
 Bright beams the morn - ing, Nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,
 moun - tain, spangling each foun - tain, Hail - - the day,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day, Bright beams the
 Bright beams the morning, Nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,
 Bright beams the morn - ing, Nature a - dorn - ing, Gild - ing each
 morn - ing, Na - ture, nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day.
 moun - tain, spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing, Hail, hail the day.
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day.

BERANGER AND MUSIC.

Among the testimonies to the importance and interest of vocal music as forming part of the people's education, the following is not the least pleasant. It is a fragment from a letter addressed by Béranger to a musical society at Ghent, which had requested him to become a corresponding member. "Accept (says the veteran) my most sincere thanks. I have never had any taste, as you are probably aware, for academical societies! but you are only forming an association for singing; and it is a case for me here to repeat the burden of the song, of which your letter so pertinently reminds me—

'Non, non, ce n'est point comme à l'Académie.'

You tell me, too, that your society is made up of gentlemen—men of the people, artisans; and I, who unceasingly desire the amelioration of the laborious classes, am bound, as far as I can, to encourage you to assist in this improvement, *by the art of music and song*, which exercises so much influence over the million. I sing no more; for me, the age of silence has arrived; but I am only the more ready to applaud those who sing; and the title of correspondent to your society, which I accept with gratitude, will prove, I trust, my interest in its success and its duration. It will prove, too, I hope, that whatever be the limits given to countries by political interests, there remains always the bond of brotherhood between those who have lived under the same laws, and who speak the same language.

BERANGER."

IMPROVEMENT UPON THE PIANO FORTE.

An addition has been made to the powers of the piano-forte, of such magnitude, that it is equivalent to the invention of a new instrument. It consists of a piece of mechanism of a nature so simple and compact, that it can be added with the greatest ease to any piano-forte already constructed, without in the slightest degree interfering with the machinery of the instrument. This additional mechanism (which Mr. Coleman, the inventor, has called the "Æolian attachment,") is upon the principle of the seraphine, producing the beautiful prolonged tones of that instrument; but the peculiarity of Mr. Coleman's invention is, that these tones can be produced along with the ordinary tones of the piano-forte. The performer can, at pleasure, produce the sounds of the piano-forte only, or he can combine these with the pure Æolian tones of the new mechanism. A

few days ago we heard Mr. Benedict perform upon this instrument, and this able musician drew from it a variety of effects of the most novel and beautiful kind. A person listening in an adjoining room would suppose that he heard a piece of brilliant piano-forte music, accompanied by three or four exquisite performers on wind instruments. So rich and various are the resources afforded by this most ingenious invention, that (as we heard Mr. Benedict observe) it will give rise to a new style of piano-forte composition. As an accompaniment to vocal music it will be invaluable, as it will enable the accompanist to introduce, with the utmost ease, all those effects produced by the harmony of prolonged sounds and the delicious breathing of wind instruments, of which the piano-forte has hitherto been incapable. We have no doubt that ere long the Æolian attachment will be regarded as an essential part of the piano-forte.—*Morning Chronicle*.

ANECDOTE OF MALIBRAN.

On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding she had to play that evening, she retired to bed and slept till noon. On rising, she ordered her saddle horse, galloped off, returned home at six, partook of a hurried dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play Arsace. Having dressed for the part, she was about to announce her readiness, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the alarm spread, and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives proffered, and among others a bottle of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment, Monsieur Robert (who was terrified out of his senses by this unfortunate occurrence) unluckily seized the hartshorn, and applied it to the lips instead of the nose of the fainting prima donna. Madame Malibran recovered, but alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unforeseen misfortune; the house was already filled—the audience was beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance—Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer. "Stay," exclaimed Madame Malibran, "I'll remedy this." Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking-glass, and, though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blisters. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage singing with Semiramide-Sontag.

TIME HAS NOT THINN'D MY FLOWING HAIR.

Allegro.

DUET.

Jackson.

f

Time has not thinn'd my flow - ing hair, Nor bent me with his

f

Time has not thinn'd my flow ing hair, Nor bent me with his

p

i - ron hand! Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, 'Ere Au - tumn yet the

p

i - ron hand! Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, Ah,

fruit de - mand. Ah, why so soon the blos - som tear, Ah, why so soon the

why so soon, Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, Ah!

blos - som tear, 'Ere autumn yet the fruit de - mand, 'Ere

Ah! Ah! why so soon the blnssom tear,

cres. *f*

au - tumn yet the fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand.

cres. *f*

the fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand.

f

Let me en - joy the cheer - ful day, 'Till ma - ny a year has

f

Let me en - joy the cheer - ful day, 'Till ma - ny a year has

rallo.

o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And sing of love ere

o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And sing of love ere

f a tempo.

I grow old. Let me en-joy the cheerful day, Till ma-ny a year has

f

I grow old. Let me en-joy the cheerful day, Till ma-ny a year has

p

o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me tri-ble life a-way, And sing of love, and

p

o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me tri-ble life a-way, and

mez.

sing of love, Pleas'd let me tri-ble life a-way, and sing of love

sing of love, Pleas'd let me tri-ble life a-way, and sing, sing of

p

sing of love, ere I grow old, ere I grow old, Pleas'd let me tri-ble

p

love, sing of love, ere I grow old, ere I grow old, Pleas'd let me tri-ble

life a-way Pleas'd let me tri-ble life a-way,

f

life a-way, Pleas'd let me tri-ble life a-way, and

f *2d time largo.*

and sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.

sing of love, and sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.

CANZONET.

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,
Silence bestows such virtue on it.—*Shakspeare.*

Love dwells not in the sparkling blaze,
When noon rests on the stream:
His tender flow'rets dare not raise
Their blossoms to the beam.
When gleams the moon through latticed howers,
And stars are shining bright,
He communes with the shadowy hours,
And woos the silent night.

The dreamy perfume of the rose,
The violet's deeper sigh,
The music of the rill that flows
In liquid cadence by.
The sweet tones of some village chime,
On sweeter echoes borne—

These, these are joys of evening time,
Which scarcely wait the morn !

Not in the rich and courtly hall
The heart's pure faith is given ;
But when the greenwood shadowa fall
Beneath a twilight heaven.
Life's crowded pomp and pageant show
May darker passions move,
But solitude alone can know
The incense thoughts of love.

When worldly cares are hush'd in sleep,
Love wakes at such an hour,
Young hopes their angel vigils keep,
And joy resumes its power.
Though night, in all its dusky state,
Athwart the skies be thrown,
Yet beauty's glance can then create
A noontide all her own. *Literary Souv.*

ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

*Allegro moderato.**Handel.*

CANTO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

The first system of the musical score is for four voices: Canto, Alto, Tenor, and Bass. Each voice part is written on a five-line staff with a treble or bass clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The lyrics are: "All we like sheep, All we like sheep have". The music is in a simple, homophonic style with quarter and eighth notes.

The second system of the musical score continues the four-voice setting. The lyrics are: "gone a - stray - - - All we like sheep, All we like". The music features more complex rhythmic patterns, including sixteenth and thirty-second notes, and rests. The vocal parts are clearly defined by their clefs and the lyrics written below them.

sheep, we have turn - - - - -

sheep have gone a - stray - - - - -

sheep, we have turn - ed,

sheep have gone a - stray - - - - -

- - ed ev' - ry one to his own way,

we have turn - - - - - ed ev' - ry one to his own

ev' - ry one to

All we like sheep

way, ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep

his own way - - - - - All we like sheep have gone a - stray -

All we like sheep have gone a - stray -

have gone a - stray - - - - we have

have gone a - stray - - - -

we have turn - - - -

turn - ed, we have turn - - - -

ed ev' - ry one to his own way;

- ed, ev' - ry one to his own way, to his own way, we have

we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way,

we have turn - ed ev' - ry one - - - - to his own way,

we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way,

turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own way, All

we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own way, All

we have turned, ev'-ry one to his own way, All

we have turned ev'-ry one to his own way, All

we like sheep have gone a - stray - -

we like sheep have gone a - stray - -

we like sheep have

we like sheep

have gone a - stray - - - -

gone a - stray - - - - we have

have gone a - stray - - - -

we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own
turn ed, we have turn

we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to
way, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to
we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to
ed, we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to

his own way; we have turn - ed ev' - ry
his own way; we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way;
his own way; we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way;
his own way; we have turn - ed ev' - ry one, ev' - ry one to his own

one to his own way - - to his own way, All we like sheep, All

ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep, All

we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep, All

way; ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep, All

we like sheep have gone a - stray - - -

we like sheep have gone a - stray -

we like sheep have gone a - stray - - -

we like sheep have gone a - stray - - -

we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed,

we have turn - ed

we have turn - ed, we have

we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed,

ev' - ry one to his own way,
we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way, we have
turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way,
ev' - ry one to his own way, we have turn - -

we have turn - - ed, we have
turn - - ed, we have turn - ed, we have turn - - ed, we have
we have turn - - ed,
- - ed, we have turn - ed, we have turn - -

turn - - ed, we have
turn - - ed, we have turned,
ev' - ry one to his own way, we have turn - ed
- - ed ev' - ry one to his own way, we have

turned ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own
 ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own
 ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own
 turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own

Adagio.

way, And the Lord hath laid on him, and the Lord hath laid on
 way, And the Lord hath laid on him, on
 way, And the Lord hath laid on him, on him,
 way, And the Lord hath laid on him . . . the

him, hath laid on him - - on him - - the i - niqui - ty of - - us all.
 him, hath laid on him - - the i - niqui - ty of us all.
 hath laid on him - - the i - niqui - ty of - - us all.
 Lord hath laid on him - - - - the i - niqui - ty of - - us all.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Words by the Rev. Mr. Skinner.

Come gie's a sang Mont-gom-ry cried, And lay your dis-putes all a-side, What

nonsense is't for folks to chide, For what's been done before them, Let Whig and Tory all agree,

Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry all a-gree, To drop their whigma-

lor-um; Let Whig and To-ry all a-gree To spend this night wi' mirth and glee, And

With energy.

cheer-fu' sing a-lang wi' me The reel of Tulloch-go-rum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumpth that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry.

Flythe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sumph that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
Blythe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phraise,
Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys,
For half a hundred score o' 'em.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Wi' a' their variorum.
They're douff and dowie at the best,
Their allegros, and a' the rest,
They canna please a Highland taste,
Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
Wi' fears o' want, and double cess,
And sullen sots themselves distress
Wi' keeping up decorum.
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Like auld Philosophorum?
Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
Nor ever rise to shake a fit
At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
Each honest open hearted friend,
And calm and quiet be his end,
And a' that's good watch o'er him!
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
May peace and plenty be his lot,
And dainties a great store o' 'em.
May peace and plenty be his lot,
Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
And may he never want a great
That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the dirty, fawning fool,
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
And discontent devour him!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
May dool and sorrow be his chance,
And a' the ills that come frae France,
Whae'er he be, that winna dance
The reel of Tullochgorum!

Of Tullochgorum Burns tells us, "This first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner, he was, I think, passing the day at the town of Cullen, I think it was, (Ellon, Aberdeenshire) in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words; she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad. These particulars I had from the author's own son, Bishop Skinner at Aberdeen." The song was first printed in the "Scots Weekly Magazine," for April, 1776. The Rev. John Skinner, the author of it, and also of "John of Badenyon," "The Ewie wi' the crookit horn",

and one or two other favourite Scottish songs, was for many years minister of the Episcopal chapel at Loughside, in Aberdeenshire, and died in 1807, at the advanced age of 86 years.

FELICIEN DAVID.

Felicien David was born at Cadenet, in the department of Vaucluse, in France, on the 8th of March, 1810. His father, who was a man of moderate fortune, and an excellent musical amateur, died two years after the birth of Felicien, leaving four children, of whom our composer was the youngest. David had, even at this early age, shown symptoms of extraordinary musical organisation, and his father had, before his death, already foretold the brilliant career of his child. At four years of age he could already sing several airs with extraordinary correctness, and was one of the wonders of his native village. A great event in the life of Felicien David was the arrival of M. Garnier, the first hantbois of the Opera at Cadenet. By his advice the family of Felicien procured his entrance as an *enfant de cœur* at Saint Sauveur. Here he was soon remarked for his pure and melodious voice, and the remarkable expression with which he sang the beautiful cantiques of the Romish Church. M. Marius Roux, the *maître de musique* of this chapel, directed the studies of the young musician, who soon surpassed all his competitors. At thirteen years of age he composed a quatuor, and in ensuing years hymns and motets, which displayed remarkable genius. When he had attained his fifteenth year he left the chapel, and was placed in the Jesuit establishment of Aix. Here he remained two years, and, with the occasional assistance of M. Michel and M. Sylvester, the two musical professors, he pursued his studies, and learned to play on the violin with extraordinary facility. At eighteen years of age he quitted this college and entered into the service of M. Pelegrin, as lawyer's clerk, an occupation for which his taste and the bent of his mind unfitted him. His restless disposition soon wrought a change in his mode of existence. He accepted the place of second leader of the orchestra at the theatre. The genius of Felicien David soared far above the accompaniment of wretchedly-sung vaudevilles; and the frivolities, the intrigues of the little theatre completed the disgust he felt for his new employment, while his simple and unsophisticated character made him the scapegoat and the butt of the establishment. At last one day an actor, forgetting his couplet, and wishing to shift the blame from himself, turned upon David, and, before the whole theatre, attacked him for his pretended forgetfulness. The public thereupon hissed unmercifully the young musician, who from that day quitted his uncongenial employment. A new post was soon assigned him; the place of *maître de chapelle* at Saint Sauveur was now vacant, and the esteem in which young David was held, added to the disinterested generosity of M. Sylvester, one of his competitors, obtained it for him. Whilst here he continued to compose, and some of his productions were of such remarkable beauty as to draw forth expressions of admiration from Cherubini himself. One day an "O salutaris," for three voices, which had just been composed by Felicien, was played before a circle of musicians, who on the conclusion of the performance, crowded round him in admiration; the uncle, in a transport of enthusiasm, threw himself on the neck of the young composer, and

promised to realise his wishes. The day after, Felicien David was on his road to Paris. This great city, now the scene of extraordinary triumph for the young artist, and filled with his admirers and friends, then offered to him a complete solitude of thought and feeling. Unknown and uncared for, poverty soon completed his wretchedness. On his first arrival, at the beginning of 1830, he studied harmony under Lesueur. He was successively a pupil of Reber, Fétis, and Benoit; but soon his resources failed him; his uncle, influenced by designing persons, refused to continue his pension. Felicien took refuge at the house of his brother, Charles David, a miniature painter; but the united labour of both barely sufficed to support life, Felicien continued to compose, but no musical editor would buy the productions of an unknown and unfriended composer. At this period he began to write an opera, but the same impediment stood in his way, and his only means of livelihood were a few music lessons. David, with all the contempt of a youthful and exalted imagination for the material wants of life, found, however, that without bodily sustenance the mind would not act; he fell ill; his cure was a slow one, and, as he himself said, "*La misère tue l'imagination.*"

It was about this period that David, carried away by his enthusiasm, became a member of the sect of the St. Simonians, and chief composer to the order. His choruses composed for the brotherhood at Menilmontant attracted much attention. On the dispersion of the order, at the time when many *faux freres*, abjuring their former dreams, returned to Paris to utilise their talents in the world, Felicien David and the more persevering and enthusiastic of the brethren, set off for the East. As they passed through Lyons, David received a present, which was to him of inestimable value—an excellent piano—which accompanied him afterwards in all his wanderings, and often soothed the weary spirit of the travellers. The wonders and glories of the East filled the imagination of the young enthusiast. On treading the sacred ground of Palestine, his ideas became expanded, his genius more elevated. He then visited Egypt—for the first time the solemn grandeur of *The Desert* burst upon his mind. His sensations at that moment were the forebodings of his destiny. The wonders of that scene, acting upon his highly-wrought imagination, have now, ten years later, changed his fate, and elevated him from obscurity to renown! Since his return from the East, the mind of Felicien David has laboured to realise the impressions he then received. On the 8th December, 1844, Felicien David entered the establishment of a well-known musical editor in Paris. He had with him the score of his new composition *The Desert*; he timidly offered it to the editor for sale for two hundred francs—which were refused. On leaving the shop, the *affiches* of its performance that day at the Salle de Concert of the Conservatoire met his eye. The young and humble composer anxiously awaited the result of that day's trial. Many of the tickets for the concert had been given away; the Salle was, therefore, crowded. Indifference, and perhaps a little curiosity, actuated the greater part of the audience. Some give an anticipatory yawn, and some talked in whispers as the orchestra struck up for the opening *morceau*, the *entrée au desert*. As the piece proceeded, the whis- pers were gradually hushed, the yawn of indifference gave way to surprise, attention growing momentarily more fixed and earnest—the orchestral

accompaniments continued, the chorus began to raise the shouts of praise to Allah. Suddenly, and with the impetuosity of a torrent, acclamations rent the air; the Salle shook with the thundering applause of an astonished and delighted audience. As the "Ode Symphonie" proceeded, every point of rest was filled up by bursts and shouts of enthusiasm. The performance over, musicians, editors, amateurs, all rushed to the lodgings of the obscure and unknown Felicien David; they found him in a fit of hysterical laughter. The next performance of *The Desert* at the Italian Opera House was attended by the royal family and all the great of the land. At Brussels and at Antwerp new triumphs have attended the performance of his extraordinary conception.

FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is an employment adapted to every grade, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; but especially to those who have retired from the busy scenes of active life. Man was never made to rust out in idleness. A degree of exercise is as necessary for the preservation of health, both of body and mind, as food. And what exercise is more fit for him, who is in the decline of life, than that of superintending a well ordered garden? What more enlivens the sinking mind? It gives tone to the spirits, and renewed health and vigour to the system. What is more conducive to a long life? The cultivation of flowers is also an appropriate amusement for young ladies. It teaches neatness, cultivates a correct taste, and furnishes the mind with many pleasing ideas. The delicate form and features, the mildness and sympathy of disposition, render them fit subjects to raise those transcendent beauties of nature, which declare the "perfections of Creation's power."

DR. ALDRICH.

The Rev. Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, was not less eminent as a musician than as a divine. By the happy talent which he possessed of naturalising the compositions of the old Italian masters, and accommodating them to an English ear, he increased the stores of English Church music with many of the ideas of Palestrina, Carissini, Victoria, and other distinguished composers; and many of his anthems, and other works, are still frequently sung in the Cathedrals of England. Though the Doctor chiefly applied himself to the cultivation of sacred music, yet, being a humourist, he could amuse himself by composing pieces of a lighter kind. There are two catches of his, the one, "Hark, the bonny Christ church bells," and another, entitled, "A Smoking Catch," to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, which, although sufficiently amusing, is very difficult to sing. His excessive attachment to the luxury of smoking becoming a subject of pleasant remark in the University, a student, one morning at breakfast, laid his companion a wager, that the Dean was smoking at that instant. Away they accordingly hastened to the Deanery; and, admitted to the study, told the Dean the occasion of their visit; when, addressing himself, in perfect good humour, to him who had laid the wager that he was smoking, he said, "You see, Sir, you have lost your wager; for I am not smoking, but—*filling my pipe.*"

THE FLEET AT ANCHOR.

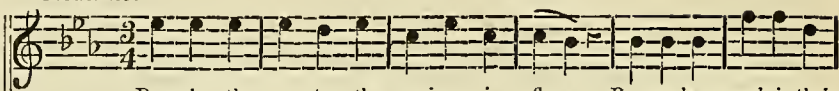
Words by David Thomson.

CHORUS.

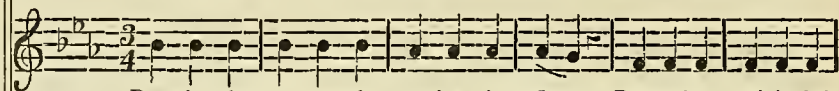
Mozart.

Moderato.

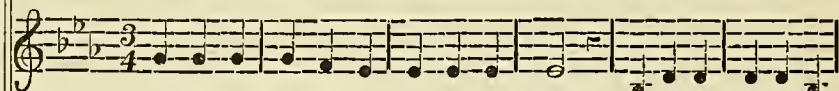
SOPRANO.



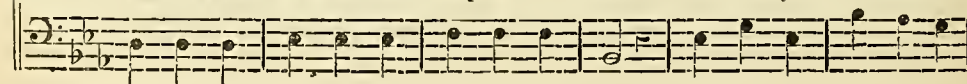
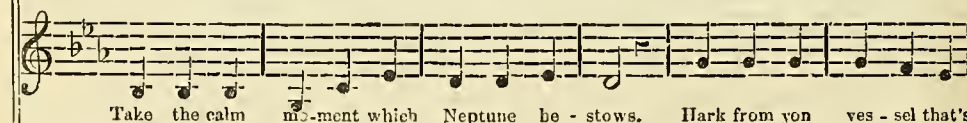
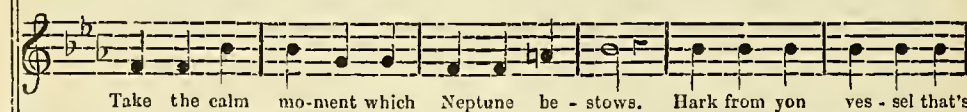
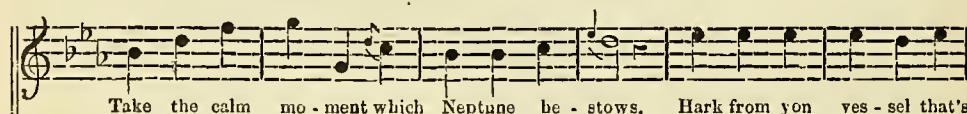
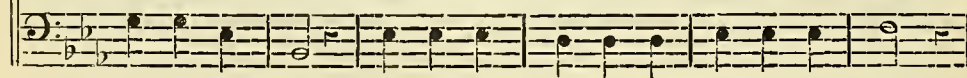
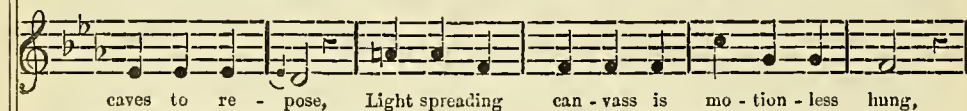
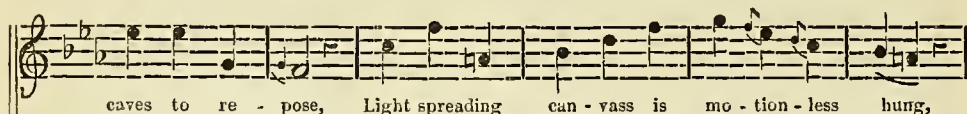
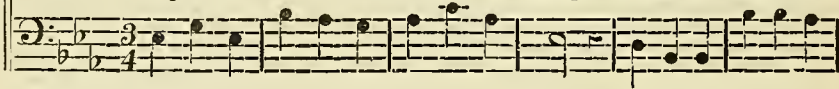
ALTO.



TENOR.



BASS.





Billows together as peacefully sleep
 As if they ne'er had been whirl'd in air;
 Few are such nights of repose on the deep,
 Brighter the joys we so briefly must share!
 Sweeter the song while the waves are at peace,
 Since it so soon in their roaring may cease!

All round us lying our navy are seen,
 Masts with the stars seem to mingle on high;
 Soon with a wide waste of waters between,
 Sadly at morning scarce one we may spy,
 Save from the mast-head, where dimly we hail,
 Far o'er the white waves the swell of their sail!

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WORK- MEN'S SINGING CLASSES.

We have had much pleasure in reading lately in the *Manchester Guardian* an account of the continued success of the Workmen's Singing Classes, and it gives us additional pleasure to observe that the managers have resolved on producing a series of cheap weekly concerts. Such entertainments form a delightful and salutary relaxation from the cares of hard-wrought mechanical existence, and when, as in this instance, the working men themselves are taking part in the performance, the gratification is so much the more lasting. We append an extract from the report of the committee, which was read on the evening of Thursday, the 20th February, 1845, by Mr. James Hubbard, the chairman.

The committee of the Manchester upper singing school have taken the opportunity of the present special meeting for laying before the subscribers and the public a brief sketch of its objects and progress. The association of the Lancashire and Cheshire workmen's singing classes was formed about two years ago for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge and increasing the love of vocal music amongst the working classes in the manufacturing districts. Since its formation several branches have been established in Manchester, Ashton, Stockport, Rochdale, and other places; and it is estimated that not less than three to four thousand have already been taught not only to appreciate, but to take an active part in the psalmody of the church, and in the music of social life. A peculiar feature of this association is, that the pupils are taught either free of charge, or upon such terms as enables the humblest to avail themselves of tuition. The music which they use in the classes is also provided for their use, or printed at an exceedingly cheap

rate.* The classes are not exclusively confined to the operatives; the only terms of admission are that every one shall subscribe according to his ability. The superintendence of these classes has been confided to Mr. Robert Weston, to whose unceasing activity and unremitting exertions the success is chiefly to be traced. The expenses of these classes are defrayed partly by the voluntary subscriptions of some of the pupils, and of the public at large, and partly by the proceeds of the public concerts and oratorios given from time to time. The public, at certain rates of subscription, receive an equivalent in tickets for the meetings of the society. In addition to the instruction afforded in the schools, the public oratorios and concerts must have had a powerful and highly beneficial effect, in refining the tastes and amusements of the people. On these occasions the works of Handel and of Haydn have furnished the chief source of attraction. The chorus has been selected from our own classes; and, although it would be absurd to claim for them the same degree of proficiency as is expected from professional vocalists, yet their performances are highly creditable to themselves as well as to their indefatigable teacher, and have been supported by increasingly numerous audiences. The success of these oratorios and concerts has been so marked, that your committee are impressed with the opinion, that they are capable of much greater extension: and it is with the view of obtaining from the subscribers an increase of powers for this end that this meeting has been convened. The rapid increase and marked success of the various music saloons in this and other towns, is a feature not to be overlooked by a philanthropic mind. It affords conclusive proofs of the increased refinement in the habits and tastes of the people; and, although there may be much to regret in the mode in which these establishments are con-

* The music is printed and supplied by the Publisher of the "British Minstrel."

ducted, they prove that those who frequent them are capable of appreciating the divine art of music, and that it may be made the means of still further elevating them out of the debasing influences which are too frequently connected with it. The committee, therefore, propose a series of weekly concerts, on the Saturday evenings, in some large and commodious building, where the best vocal talent shall be engaged, in conjunction with our own choirs, in the production of vocal and instrumental concerts, which shall be on a more extensive scale and of a superior character, and at lower rates of admission than any similar experiment yet made. Our own classes afford us peculiar opportunities for carrying such a plan into successful operation. In addition to this proposed feature in our proceeding, the committee have to request your attention to another equally important. Although Manchester abounds with musical societies, yet there are few opportunities for the working classes, or even for the public of Manchester to enjoy, at a moderate charge, the chief works of the most distinguished composers of our own country and the continent. Your committee have entered into correspondence with several parties in the musical world, and have come to the opinion that it would be quite practicable to give two or more performances per annum with the most distinguished artists, and at rates of admission which should render them accessible to every class of society.

The report having been approved of by the meeting, the committee were empowered to carry out the proposals embodied in it. It was also resolved, that the name of the association should be changed,

and that for the future it should be known as the "Lancashire and Cheshire Philharmonic Institute."

HAVE HOPE.

The vernal wind that whispers o'er the seas,
From sunny climes, and plays among the trees,
Saith, with the gentle music of its breeze,

Have hope.

The rose, that wept its wither'd flowers' fall,
When rain and storm had forced its funeral,
Bids its young buds say unto me and all,

Have hope.

The desert sands, so wildly, sternly bare,
Where eye and heart sink 'neath the torrid glare,
Have yet a fountain cool to murmur there,

Have hope

The tide, that, ebbing, leaves the native shore,
And backward rolls, as if for evermore,
Saith, as it flows where it had flow'd before,

Have hope.

The night, when darkness is around the earth,
And nature seems to feel the cheerless dearth,
Saith, with its starlight, and the fair moon's birth,

Have hope.

The dream, when guardian angels watch our sleep,
And o'er the tranquil soul fresh visions creep,
Whispers, in tender accents, soft and deep,

Have hope.

The merry morn, when in its purple car,
It leaps the brightening heaven's eastern bar,
Waves on its beaming banner, floating far,

Have hope.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE OWL.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Andante.

Nicholas Freeman, 1667.

Of all the brave birds that e - ver I see, The owl is the fair - est in her de -

Of all the brave birds that e - ver I see, The owl is the fair - est in her de -

gree, For all the day long she sits on a tree, and when the night comes a - way flies

gree, For all the day long she sits on a tree, and when the night comes a - way flies

she, te whoo, Sir knave to thee, this song is well

she, te whit, to whom drinks thou, This song is well

he, te whit te whoo,

soli ad lib.

sung I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drink - eth now. Nose,

sung I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drink - eth now. Nose,

sung I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drink - eth now. Nose,

tempo.

nose, nose, - - nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose,

nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose, Cin - namon and

nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose, Cin - namon and

Chorus.

Nutmegs and cloves, and that gave me this jol - ly red nose.

ginger, nutmegs and cloves, and that gave me this jol - ly red nose.

ginger, nutmegs and cloves, and that gave me this jol - ly red nose.

THE SOCIAL MUSIC OF GERMANY.

In Germany social vocal music is cultivated more than in any other country; we mean that good singing in which almost everybody can join; and those jovial and good-humoured songs which are the very soul of merriment and glee. These compositions have varied little since the sixteenth century; and we find, in the nineteenth, that the old fashions with respect to music are still predominant. Music is generally taught; no schoolmaster is permitted to exercise his profession if he is not able to teach its elements; and if you hear a number of country girls singing in a vineyard, or a party of conscripts going to drill, you are sure to find them singing in parts. The *Burschen* songs and choruses of the German students are well known; but what must interest every traveller in that land of music, perhaps more than anything else he meets with, are the pleasant family parties, in which old and young assemble together, and father and son, brother and sister, friend and neighbour, pass long and cheerful evenings, with no other resource than music, and requiring no better. They sing in parts: and at these family and friendly reunions, difficult compositions are frequently executed in a style which is as astonishing as it is pleasing.

The societies of the *Liedertafeln*, literally "table songs," have considerable influence on the music of Germany. They originated with Professor Zelter, at Berlin, and the first meeting was held there in August, 1810. The fundamental laws of the institution require that no piece shall be sung which is not the composition of the members of the society. In general, the songs are written for four male voices (two tenors and two basses), for chorus and solos alternately; but songs ("*lieder*") for three and six voices, with double choruses, are also written. This society was originally dedicated to social pleasure, and the members assembled once a month after supper; from this simple beginning, these societies have spread throughout Germany, and become the channel of an extensive intercourse in the art.

SONNET.

Love banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
Wandering abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess borne,
Yet craved the alms of such as passed by;
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Cloth'd the naked, lodg'd this wandering guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest:
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel, then, though charity grow cold.

Michael Drayton, born 1563, died 1631.

A TRANSALANTIC MUSICAL STAR.

The interesting and handsome youth Scencia, whose appearance alone would excite attention, possesses such extraordinary musical talent as to make him one of the wonders of the day. We believe it may be laid down as a general rule, that all great musicians have developed an early taste for their art, and their biographers have not failed to commemorate their youthful exertions. While in most of the professions of life precocity of intellect is by no means invariably an attendant of its later

superiority, in music and painting it is almost always seen. Nature, before developing her gifts in those destined to surpass their fellows in the appreciation of beautiful sounds or beautiful forms generally pre-occupies the youthful mind with its predominating tendency. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that young Scencia, whose performance on the violin already places him in the first rank of artists, discovered an early taste for music. He was born in the city of Baltimore, and is now just commencing his teens. At the age of six months, while a baby on the knee, he was affected to tears by a composition in the minor key, and discovered strong emotions during its repetition. He was most generally soothed to slumber by the soft tones of a musical box, which his family carefully preserve. At the age of twenty months he learned, after hearing it but once or twice, the beautiful cavatina, "Dalla gioia," from *Elise e Claudio*, which Pedrotti sang with so much skill. Notwithstanding his tender age, he could repeat it without making the slightest mistake. At the age of four years he commenced amusing himself with performing *arpeggios* on a toy violin; but, in consequence of ill health, was unable to pursue his favourite occupation until some years afterwards. At this time he was noticed for his gentlemanly manners and address, and for a repose of character quite remarkable in a child. At the age of eight years he spoke several languages with facility and correctness, and at the same time commenced the study of the violin. In 1834 he removed to this city, and his first master was M. La Manna, a celebrated Sicilian musician, who undertook the task of his instruction with a feeling of affectionate regard. His subsequent studies were pursued under the tuition of his father, who is a professor of music, well known and esteemed in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and this city, and he was aided by other professors, who took a deep interest in the advancement of his child, and cheered him onward in his career. To Signor Rapetti's instructions in particular he owes much of the beautiful execution and finish of style for which he is now so celebrated. When Artot, Vieuxtemps, and Ole Bull came to this country, young Scencia was much with them, and became a diligent observer of their performances, practising carefully the music in which they were so pre-eminent. He is studious and persevering, and devotes most of his time to his violin. He first appeared in public at Washington-hall, in this city, and there surprised the audience by his wonderful power, and the elegance with which he executed the *chef d'œuvre* of De Beriot. His next appearance was at Palma's, where he performed a solo called the fantasia "Ma Celine," composed by Hauman, a German artist of great merit. During the last summer, while on a brief tour through a part of New England, he gave several concerts, which were well attended, and were highly commended by the press. His next performance was at the Tabernacle, where, in company with a youthful performer, Miss Branson, he took the town by storm, and was rewarded with the enthusiastic approbation of the largest audience ever assembled there. His style is marked by a bold and yet a sweet expression. His intonation is very fine, his bow is skilfully managed, he reads the most difficult music at sight, has a turn for humour as well as pathos, and, in short, he masters "the king of instruments" with surprising skill.—*New York True Sun.*

THE PARTING.

words by Burns.

Adagio.

Ae fond kiss and then we sev - er, Ae fareweel, and then for

e - ver! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, warring sighs and groans I'll

wage thee. Who shall say that for - tune grieves him? While the star

of hope she leaves him? But nae cheer - fu' twin - kle lights me,

Dark des - pair a - round be - nights me, Ae fond kiss!

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
 Ae farewell,

Fare thee weel! thou first and fairest,
 Fare thee weel! thou best and dearest,
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss and then we ever,
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
 Fare thee weel!

CHURCH MUSIC.

The following excellent remarks are taken from the Preface to the "Edinburgh Sacred Harmony," published in 1829, and are from the pen of the late Dr. Thomson, who was a devoted admirer, and a successful composer of music for sacred purposes:—

We would not speak of sacred music as an amusement, or degrade it by association with such a term—though even the music, independently of the words that are allied to it, must be allowed to furnish a source of high gratification to every one who is alive to the melody or "concord of sweet sounds." But in connection with pious sentiments—with the poetry which celebrates the praises of Jehovah, recounts the blessings of his grace, or expresses the various emotions and desires which have a place in the breast of his people, it should never for a moment be reckoned among the mere recreations and ordinary pleasures of life, or resorted to for the purpose of beguiling a dull or tedious hour. That is an abuse and desecration of the thing. It should be the exercise of a devout mind; and in that case, it gives suitable expression to the feelings which are most ennobling and ornamental to our nature, and acts reciprocally in promoting our spiritual edification, and contributing to our purest and loftiest enjoyment. Mere artists, or mere amateurs, whatever be their taste or their sensibility, cannot truly and fully relish it. This is a privilege reserved for those whose love of music is accompanied with the heartfelt experience of that religion which lifts the soul to God and heaven, with whom it can be employed as a vehicle for the outgoings of all the manifold affections by which they are moved, and in whose Christian susceptibilities it finds a subject for every variety of its holy and inspiring influences. When the two things are happily united, sacred music has its perfect work, whether it be used by the solitary individual, by the domestic circle, or by the assembled multitude, and whether it be used in the expression of penitence or of trust, of tranquillity or of distress, of love or indignation, of hope or anxiety, of dejection or of joy. It is believed that those who can enter experimentally into these views, will find, in the present work, what is more or less suitable to all the states of mind which they denote; and if, in any case, the words may not be sufficiently applicable, they can easily supply the defect, by exchanging them for others equally correspondent with the music, and more congenial to their feelings and desires.

That sacred music may be effective, it should, as much as possible, correspond with the words, and the closer this correspondence can be made, so much the more powerful will the effect be both upon the performer and the hearer. This, however, has been very little attended to by composers; it is woefully neglected in most congregations; and indeed, from the state and character of our psalmody in general, a strict observance of it is impracticable. We have a certain number of tunes, each having its regular, ever-recurring, invariable strain; and to match them we have words made into lines of definite length, every one of them having the requisite number of syllables, and made to rhyme more or less exactly with its fellow, but varying continually in emphasis and accent, and passing now from the grave to the lively, and then from the pathetic to

the joyful, within the compass perhaps of half a stanza. Hence it is, that very rarely can we accommodate the music to the words, so that an emphatic note in the former shall not be applied to a small connecting particle in the latter,—a semibreve, it may be, wasting its magnificence on an *and* or an *if*—and a plaintive sentiment in the one treated without the least sympathy by a sprightly bar or two in the other. And it does not seldom happen, that a melody is singularly well adapted to the words, till we come to the two last lines, or the last line and a half, when all at once our feelings are grated by the union of sounds of most significant import, with phrases of common place instruction, or of a most melancholy cadence, with terms denoting gladness, and even with shouts of victory.

The most perfect remedy for this evil would be to keep the words in their prosaic form, and to have the music composed for them according to the fashion of anthems. That they might answer for congregational use indeed, it would be necessary to make these anthems short, simple, and free from all fanciful modulation, all intricacies of harmony, every thing that would be offensive to an ordinary ear, however agreeable to the learned and scientific. But the great, the unspeakable advantage would be obtained of having music suited to the words in all their variety of meaning, and in all their transitions from one style of sentiment to another. Wherever there was any native taste or acquired skill on the part of the singers, and any just, experimental understanding of the language, this would diminish the difficulty of execution, even if difficulty should exist, because the music and the words would agree in being appropriate expressions of the same state of feeling in those who uttered them together, whether it were that of distress, or that of joy,—whether it should issue in supplication, or in thanksgiving. And, then, a longer passage might be sung than would at first sight seem practicable, not only from the facility of execution created by the circumstance just now mentioned, but also in consequence of the recitatives which it would be occasionally proper to introduce, and which, from the very nature of the subject, would frequently be a repetition of the same note, or at least would take a very limited range in the scale. In this way, anthems such as we propose would speedily and without much effort become at once familiar and easy, and be sung by a large concourse of people with as much correctness as a considerable proportion of our common psalm and hymn tunes are sung at present.

But as such tunes will still be preferred, being in full possession of the field, and requiring little or no exertion from those who use them, it may surely be insisted on, that they should be made as perfect in the point we have been considering, as circumstances will permit. The present state of this matter is faulty and absurd in the extreme. We have our sets of metrical words, and we have our sets of tunes. And all that is deemed necessary is to take one of the latter, no matter which, if the kind of measure only suits, and to associate it with any stanzas of the tune that may be selected by the clergyman, or his clerk, so that the doleful Dundee is not seldom struck up to a psalm, beginning and ending with "Praise ye the Lord," as if the people were deeply distressed at being put upon the duty of magnifying the name of their Maker. There are two modes of remedying this evil to a certain extent, which might be adopted without any great trouble or inconvenience.

First, care should always be taken to fix upon those *airs* which are fitted in their spirit and character to the particular words that are to be employed in worship. Scarcely ever is this thoroughly attainable; clauses will be frequently occurring that deviate from the general strain of the piece; and sometimes a whole stanza of this description will come in the way. But by uniformly aiming at the accommodation in question, those offensive discrepancies which result from mere inconsideration will be avoided, and the words and the music will harmonise with each other to such an extent, as to give the performance on the whole its proper and undivided effect. The persons who conduct this part of either public or domestic worship should beforehand make themselves acquainted with as much of the practical details of the subject as they can master, so that when the psalm or hymn is read out, they can readily fix upon a suitable melody. Or it may be still more useful, that the particular psalms or hymns to be read should be previously known, and the corresponding melodies also selected for them, instead of being left to the choice of the moment. And to secure this point in some tolerable measure, it might be of consequence to have the psalmody which is used in any particular congregation so arranged, as that certain passages were conjoined with certain tunes,—the arrangement to be very carefully and judiciously made,—and that the connection thus formed should be invariably observed in practice.

Secondly, it would be a great improvement in our church music, were tunes to be composed expressly for the words. Even this, indeed, must necessarily fail in a multitude of cases, for a reason already adverted to, namely, that the words, though formed into regular metrical stanzas, are not accented with uniform regularity, and that what may exactly suit one verse, will not suit another with equal accuracy. And besides, were the words to be arranged, so as to be entirely free from this defect, the still greater fault would be committed—that of frequently enfeebling or marring the sense, and rendering the versification monotonous and insipid. But still, in numerous instances, the object would be gained as to the predominant strain and character of what is sung. In the existing state of church music, all the care that can be employed, and all the skill that can be exercised, in adapting the music to the words, must necessarily be in a great degree unsuccessful. For a large proportion of our tunes, both ancient and modern, have been composed without any reference at all to the meaning, of which they were ultimately to be made the vehicle. The authors set themselves to produce long, or common, or short metre tunes, as a display of their science, or from ambition to get themselves a name. And even though they had words set before them, these were looked at merely to guide them as to the measure, and with no desire and no intention to convey the verbal through the musical expression. Hence, the words and the music might be severally and separately good, whilst the combination injured each of them, and the joint effect was either weakened by the want of correspondence, or made positively bad by a manifest contrariety between the two. The only effectual way of preventing this, is for a composer of taste and ability first to choose the words, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with their import, to enter fully into their spirit, and then to pour forth what he has conceived and felt in such appropriate strains as his heart and skill

may dictate—always keeping his fancy under due restraint, and recollecting the purposes for which his effusions are designed. This may afford him no great opportunity for a display of genius; but, if he succeeds in what is proposed, he will exhibit more ability than what the thing is imagined to require, and he will have the satisfaction of amending some of the worst errors that impair our common psalmodes, and of contributing to make an important part of worship more edifying, more impressive, and more delightful.

We wish not to debate the question here, whether *instrumental* music is allowable or lawful in divine worship; and still less is it our intention to maintain, or even to insinuate the negative. But we have no hesitation in stating our preference of *vocal* music, exclusively, as being both more suitable and more effective. In place of a good and well played organ, we would have a good and well-trained choir. The organ, doubtless, is a noble instrument, but nobler still is the human voice. On the former, we cannot help looking as an artificial contrivance, while the latter is the very thing which a sincere, unaffected Christian worshipper naturally employs to give vent to his devotions. With the one we cannot have any strong or correct sympathy, since it is a mere unconscious, lifeless machine; but with the latter, who are our fellow-men, possessing the same moral sensibilities and engaged in the same sacred exercises, our sympathies are just and powerful; and every one must be aware, how much depends upon the operation of sympathy in every part of social worship, and especially on that part of it which gives musical expression to the various emotions that take possession of the devout mind. And thus to the native superiority of the human voice, over the tones of the finest instrument that was ever invented, there is added an advantage which no instrument can possibly give, but which we conceive to be essential in such a case—that of feeling all the while that the sounds with which ours rise in unison or harmony, are emitted by intellectual and spiritual beings, who have the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows, the same faith and love, with ourselves. This opinion is confirmed by experience,—the best church music on the Continent being that in which the voice alone is employed, and it having happened, in some of the cathedrals in England, that when the organ was under repair, and the choir singing without accompaniment, the congregation were sensibly struck and affected with the change as a vast improvement, and the learned and zealous advocates of *instrumental* music were obliged to acquiesce in the judgment, because they participated in the feeling, of the multitude.

It must be acknowledged, that there are difficulties connected with a choir, which are not experienced in the case of the organ. When the organ is once procured, the only remaining trouble consists in getting a good organist. But the individuals composing a choir are undergoing frequent changes; care must be taken with respect to the character, as well as with respect to the ear and the voice, that they bring along with them; the drilling which they require is perpetual and laborious; and sometimes it is no easy matter to select such a number as are, in any tolerable measure, qualified for the duty. All this, however, might, in most cases, be got the better of, were the people sufficiently impressed with the importance of this branch of public worship, and were they as anxious as

they ought to be about the proper mode of conducting it. In this case, neither expense nor effort would be grudged, and these will commonly remove all obstacles that lie in the way of right enterprise. In training and practising the choir, we should always make use of the organ, or other instruments, in order to give the singers the habit of sustaining their voice at the proper pitch—there being, as every one knows, a natural tendency to fall—and to insure steadiness and precision in the execution of whatever they have to perform—an advantage that cannot be so easily gained, when no such auxiliary is employed. But having received this assistance in their preparation for public duty, it will not only be unnecessary for them in church, but will mar the beauty and effect of their performance there. Let the music be appropriate; let the band be well balanced, and well trained; let the congregation join in parts, and in a subdued tone of voice; and there will be a chorus, which in point of richness, pathos, and sublimity, no power or combination of instruments can ever equal, and far less surpass. We wish that this experiment were tried by skilful men, and in favourable circumstances; for, in many cases, we are sure that it would succeed to a large extent, and in all cases it would be productive of improvement, which will never otherwise be either reached or attempted.*

When we speak of a congregation joining in parts, we deem it of importance to remark, that females and boys should always sing the treble or air part; and men the bass, counter,† and tenor, as their voices may best suit. If the former take the tenor as they sometimes do, and if the latter take the treble, as they generally do, in our churches, the effect is great impaired, independently of that violation of the rules and principles of harmony which it involves. It is much to be wished that greater attention were paid to this point; for until such attention is paid, our congregational music must remain very defective. At the same time we would not discourage any persons from joining as they best can. That abstinence from singing, which so much prevails in some churches, admits of no apology. Better that all sorts of voices should unite in singing the melody, than that there should be so much dead and painful silence.

THE HARP OF BRIAN BORO (BOROIMHE.)

If any of our readers want to see a perfect specimen of an Irish harp, let them go to Trinity College Museum (Dublin), and there they will see the genuine harp of Brian Boro, monarch of Ireland, who used to solace his proud and lofty spirit with

* An exemplification of this exists in the various Singing Academies on the Continent, particularly in Germany. There, voices to the amount sometimes of 300, without any instrumental accompaniment, are employed in the performance of sacred music, with wonderful accuracy and effect. This shows what may be any where accomplished, not certainly to the same extent, but in a measure proportioned to the advantages that are enjoyed. And we know of no congregation, that is tolerably numerous, in which the attempt to do what we have recommended above, if made with real earnestness and in a judicious manner, would not be attended with more or less success.

† That men should sing the counter part is, in our opinion, a "violation of the rules and principles of harmony."—Ed. "P. M."

this identical instrument, before he fell in his country's cause at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. To be sure, it is not such a finished article as Mr. Egan of Dawson Street can supply, at the very goodly sum of a hundred and fifty guineas, and whose pedals are as complicated as the levers and articulations of the human foot. The old Irish harp was intended more for the poet than the musician, and was used as a subordinate accompaniment to the recitative of the minstrel; and who, in looking at the harp of Brian Boro, rude though it be, would not kindle into a rapture of enthusiasm, at the thought of that valiant minstrel king,—and feel his spirit swelling within him, as the words rise to his recollection,—

"His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him."

Yes! though the harp be hung on Tara's walls, though it be as mute as if the soul of music had fled, there was a time when the bard made its wild notes ring to his Tyrtaean strains, and roused the warrior to the strife, or awakened within him the softer emotions of love and pity!

Brian Boroimhe left his harp with his son Donagh; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of M'Mahon of Cleugh, in the county Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner M'Namara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Honourable William Congnyham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding board is of oak, the arms of red salley, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is capped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost. The buttons, or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm, are the arms chased of the O'Brien family, the bloody hand supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding-holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece or rest is broken off, and the parts, round which it was joined, are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of expert workmanship.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

THE RIVAL SYRENS.

A curious musical contest took place during the summer of 1789, in Ireland, between Mrs. Billington and Miss George, the latter of whom had a voice of such extent, that she sung up to B in alto perfectly clear, and in tune; this being three notes higher than any singer I ever heard. Mrs. Billington

ton, who was engaged on very high terms for a limited number of nights, made her first appearance on the Dublin stage in the character of Polly, in the "Beggar's Opera," surrounded by her halo of popularity. She was received with acclamation, and sang her songs delightfully, particularly "Cease your funning," which was tumultuously encored. Miss George, who performed the part of Lucy, (an uphill singing part,) perceiving she had little chance of dividing the applause with the great magnet of the night, had recourse to the following stratagem; when the dialogue duet in the second act, "Why, how

now, Madame Flirt," came on, Mrs. Billington gave her verse with great sweetness and characteristic expression, and was much applauded. Miss George in reply, availing herself of her extraordinary compass of voice, and setting propriety at defiance, sang the whole of her verse an octave higher, her tones having the effect of the high notes of a sweet and brilliant flute; the audience, taken by surprise, bestowed on her such loud applause as almost shook the walls of the theatre, and an unanimous encore was the result.—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

TURN AMARILLIS TO THY SWAIN.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Hilton.

1 Turn Ama - ril - lis to thy swain, Thy Da - mon calls thee back a - gain.

2 Here is a pretty, pretty, pretty arbour by, Where Apol - lo, where Apollo cannot spy.

3 There let's sit, and whilst I play, Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

THE SKY LARK.

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

On hearing one singing at day-break, during a sharp frost on the 17th of February, 1832, while the author was on travel.

O warn away the gloomy night,
With music make the welkin ring,
Bird of the dawn!—On joyful wing
Soar through thine element of light
Fill nought in heaven mine eye can see,
Except the morning star and thee.

O welcome in the cheerful day!
Through rosy clouds the shades retire,
The Sun hath touched thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray:
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track thy flight.

Could I translate thy strains, and give
Words to thy notes in human tongue,
The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I might record upon this page,
And sing thy song from age to age.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
Secrets so freely told above,
Yet is their burden joy and love,
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
No downward cares thy thoughts engage,
But in thine house of pilgrimage,
Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
Still be their burden, joy and love,
—Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

J. Montgomery.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF OUR INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

Whatever tends to refine, to civilize, to exalt the intellectual faculties of man, is not only ornamental but useful. This is the character and purpose of all the arts, whether painting, sculpture, poetry or music; rising above and beyond the limits of the sensible and material, they delight in the contemplation of the infinite and spiritual, and know no bound or limit for the sphere of their exertions; every power and every faculty with which man was endowed, was given to be improved and enjoyed. There is the same mutual adaptation between knowledge and the human mind, as between light and the eye, sound and the ear, seed and the earth. When the Almighty endowed the human voice with sweetness, compass, flexibility, and power, and made it capable of giving expression to every emotion of the heart—when he bestowed on the ear the power of the nicest discrimination, and rendered it one of the channels through which plea.

sure is conveyed to the mind—can we doubt that these gifts were dispensed with a view to their enjoyment, or that, by cultivating the powers thus bestowed, we are not only best consulting our own happiness, but rendering to their Giver the acceptable tribute of obedience.—*Professor Taylor.*

FORECASTLE SONGS.

Among the crew of the vessel were two English man-of-war's men; so that, of course, we soon had music. They sang in the true sailor's style; and the rest of the crew, which was a remarkably musical one, joined in the choruses. They had many of the latest sailor songs, which had not yet got about among our merchant-men, and which they were very choice of. They began soon after we came on board, and kept it up until after two bells, when the second mate came forward and called, "The Alert's away!" Battle-songs, drinking-songs, boat-songs, love-songs, and every thing else, they seemed to have a complete assortment of; and I was glad to find "All in the Downs," "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Bay of Biscay," "List, ye landsmen," and all those classical songs of the sea, still held their places. In addition to these, they had

picked up at the theatres and other places a few songs of a little more genteel cast, which they were very proud of; and I shall never forget hearing an old salt, who had broken his voice by hard drinking on shore and bellowing from the mast-head in a hundred north-westerns, with all manner of ungovernable trills and quavers—in the high notes breaking into a rough falsetto, and in the low ones growling along like the dying away of the boat-swain's "all hands ahoy!" down the hatchway, singing "Oh, no, we never mention her."

Perhaps, like me, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if she lov'd as I have lov'd,
She never can forget.

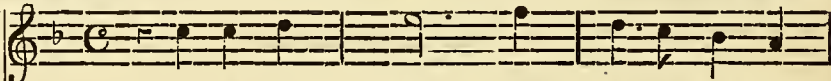
The last line, being the conclusion, he roared out at the top of his voice, breaking each word up into half-a-dozen syllables. This was very popular; and Jack was called upon every night to give them his "sentimental song." No one called for it more loudly than I did; for the complete absurdity of the execution, and the sailors' perfect satisfaction with it, were ludicrous beyond measure.—*Dana's Two Years before the Mast.*

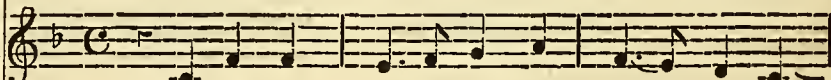
THE SILVER SWAN.

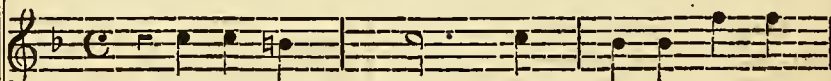
MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES.

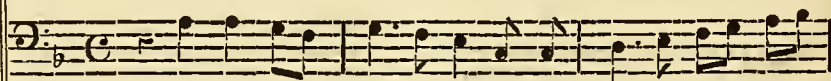
Tempo giusto.

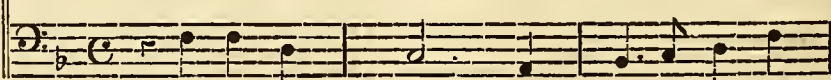
Orlando Gibbons, 1625.

SOPRANO. 
The sil - ver swan who liv - ing had no

ALTO. 
The sil - ver swan, who liv - ing had no note -

TENOR. 
The sil - ver swan, who liv - ing had no

1st BASS. 
The sil - ver swan, who liv - ing, who liv - ing had no

2d BASS. 
The sil - ver swan who liv - ing had no

note, When death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat;

- when death approach'd un lock'd her si - lent throat; Leaning her

note, when death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat, Lean-

note when death ap - proach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat; A-

note when death approach'd, when death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat, Leaning her

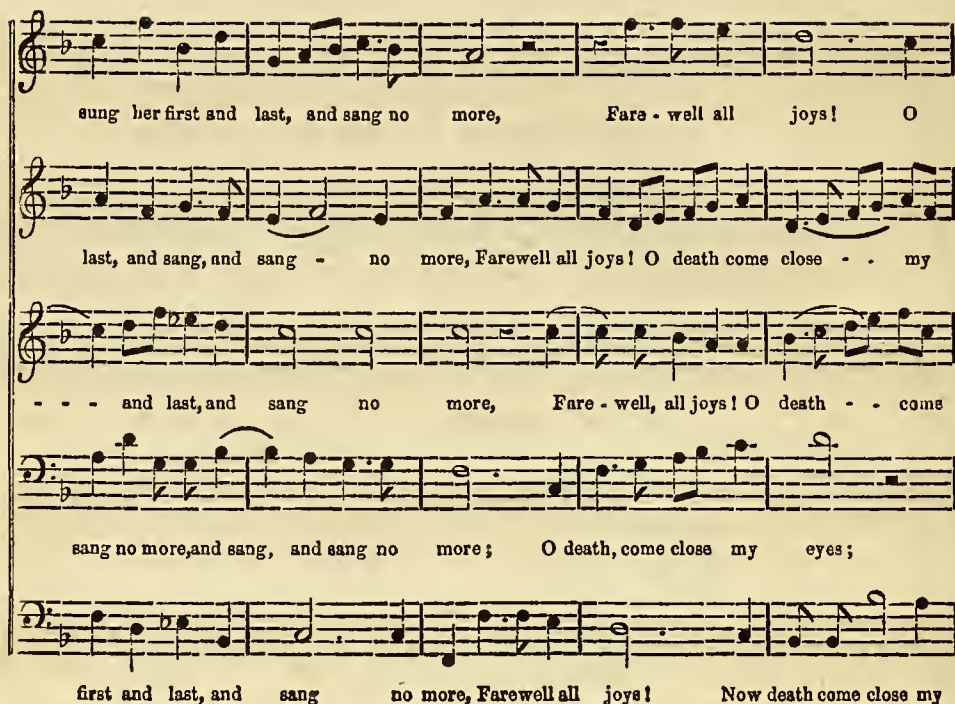
Lean - ing her breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus

breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her first and

- ing her breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her first

gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her first and last, and

breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her



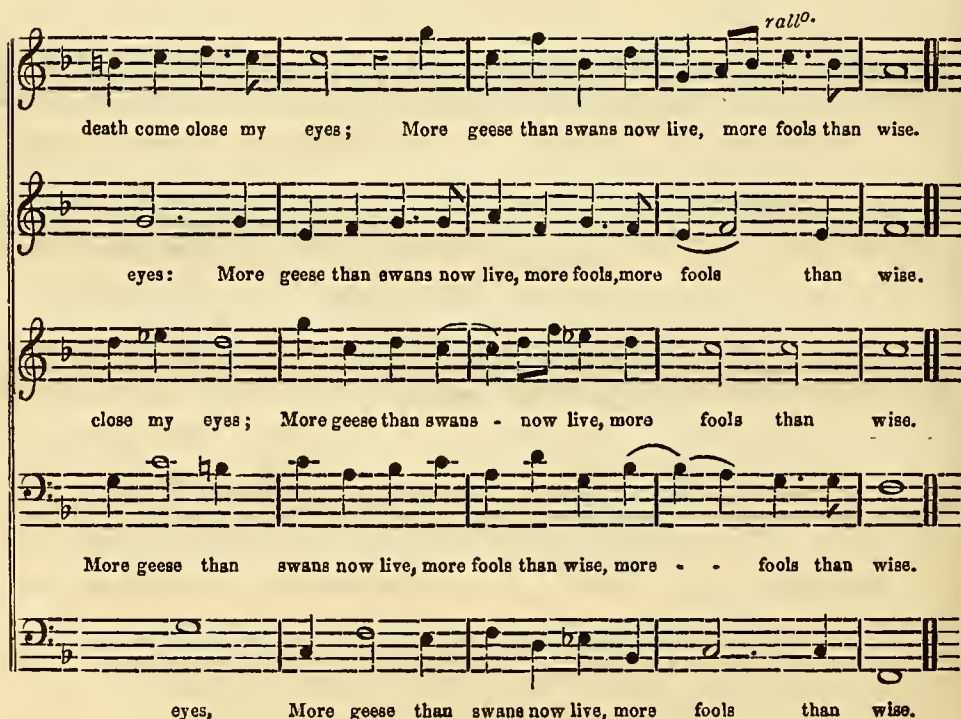
sung her first and last, and sang no more, Fare - well all joys! O

last, and sang, and sang - no more, Farewell all joys! O death come close - - my

- - - and last, and sang no more, Fare - well, all joys! O death - - comes

sang no more, and sang, and sang no more; O death, come close my eyes;

first and last, and sang no more, Farewell all joys! Now death come close my



death come close my eyes; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise. *rall.*

eyes: More geese than swans now live, more fools, more fools than wise.

close my eyes; More geese than swans - now live, more fools than wise.

More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise, more - - fools than wise.

eyes, More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Henry Carey, (died 1748).

Andante.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly, She is the

dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al - ley, There's ne'er a

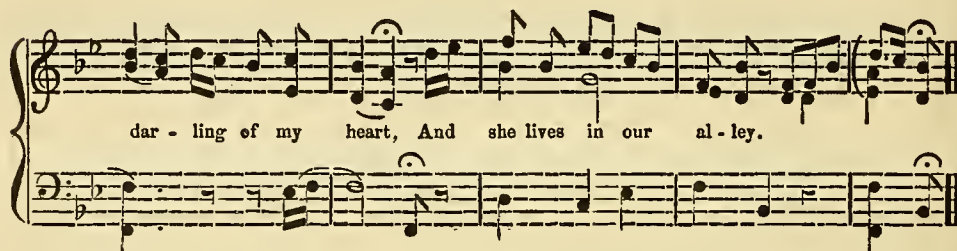
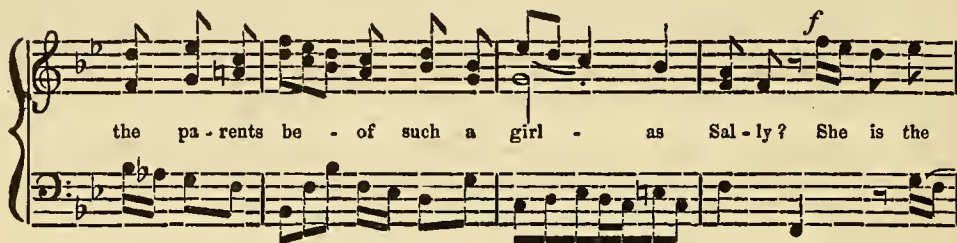
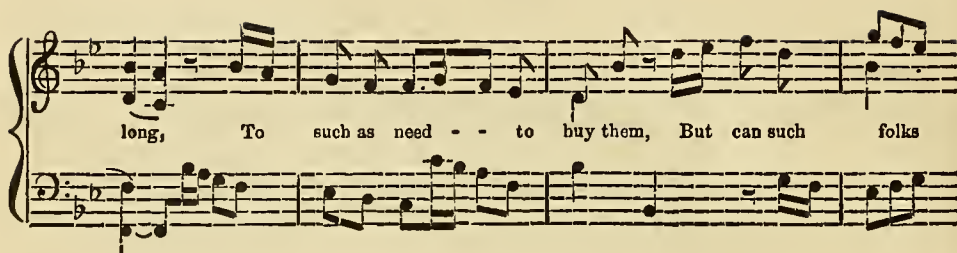
la - dy in the land, That's half so sweet as Sal - ly, She is the

con 8va

dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al - ley.

Her fa - ther he makes cab-bage nets, And

thro' the streets does cry them: Her mo - ther she sells la - ces



Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm drest in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And rates me most severely:
But let him scold till he is tired,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally,
And when we're wed we'll happy be,
But not in our alley.

Carey in the third Edition of his Poems published in 1729, before "the Ballad of Sally in our Alley" has placed this note:—

THE ARGUMENT.

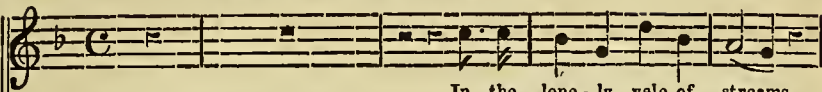
"In this little poem the Author had in view to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life. The occasion of his writing it was this: a Shoemaker's Prentice making holiday with his Sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moor-fields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing-pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuff'd beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the Author dodg'd them (charm'd with the simplicity of their courtship,) from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure; he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompensed him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation."

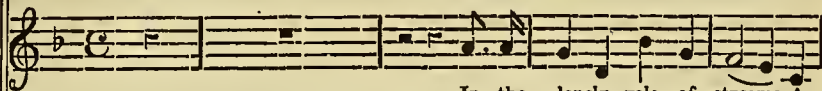
IN THE LONELY VALE OF STREAMS.

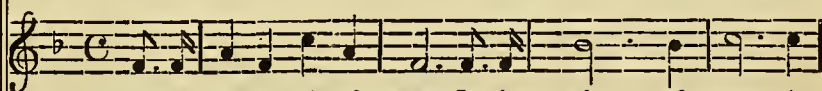
Words from Ossian.


GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1st TREBLE.  In the lone - ly vale of streams,

2d TREBLE.  In the lonely vale of streams, A -

TENOR.  In the lonely vale of streams, In the vale of streams, A -

BASS. 

 A - bides the narrow soul, the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of

 bides the narrow soul, the narrow soul, the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of

 bides the narrow soul, the nar - row soul, the narrow soul a - bides the

 In the lonely vale of streams, in the

 streams - - in the lone - ly vale, in the lone - ly vale of streams a -

 streams - - - in the lone - ly vale, in - - the lonely vale of streams a -

 nar - row soul a - bides in the lone - ly vale of streams a -

 lonely vale of streams, a - bides the nar - row soul, in the vale of streams a -

bides the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of streams, in the lone - ly vale of

bides the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of streams, in the lone - ly vale of

bides the narrow soul, in the vale of

bides the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of streams, in the

streams, a - bides the nar - row soul, a - bides the nar - row

streams a - bides the narrow soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row

streams, a - bides the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row

lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the nar - row soul, the nar - row

Adagio.

1st.

2d.

Faster.

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re-

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re-

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re-

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re - turn,

turn, but he is still - - - un - known.

turn, but he is still - - - is still un - known.

turn, but he is still un - known, *Largo.*

but he is still un - known - - - but he is still un - known, In a

Moderato.

His ghost is fold - ed in the

blast comes cloudy death, and lays his grey head low.

vapour of the fen - ny field, in the vapour of the fen - ny field of the

His ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, is

His ghost is

fen - ny field, His ghost is fold - ed in the
 folded in the fen - ny field, His ghost is fold - ed in the
 folded in the fen - ny field,
 His ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, his

vapour of the fen - - - - - ny
 vapour of the fen - - - - - ny
 in the fen - ny field, in the
 ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, in the

field, in the fen - ny field its course is never on
 field, in the fen - ny field its course is never on
 va - pour of the fen - ny field, its course is never on hills,
 va - pour of the fen - ny field, its course is never on hills,

hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind - -

hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind - -

its course is ne-ver on hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind -

its course is ne-ver on hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind -

- - - of wind nor mos-sy vales of

- - - of wind

- - - -

- - - - nor mos-sy vales of wind - - vales of

wind, nor mos-sy vales of wind its course is never on

nor mos-sy vales of wind, its course is never on

nor mos-sy vales of wind, its course is never on hills,

wind, nor mos-sy vales of wind, its course is never on hills,

hills, nor mossy vales, nor mos - sy vales, nor
 hills, nor mos - sy vales, nor mos - sy vales, nor
 its course is ne - ver on hills, nor mos - sy vales of
 its course is ne - ver on hills nor mos - sy vales of

mos - sy vales of wind, nor mos - sy vales of
 mos - sy vales of wind, nor vales of
 wind, of wind, nor vales of
 wind, of wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind, - nor vales of

Adagio.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.

WHEN FIRST I SAW THEE GRACEFUL MOVE.

DUET.

Nico! Pasquali, 1757.

Andante. *cres.*

When first I saw thee grace - ful move, Ah me what meant my

When first I saw thee, Ah me what meant my

throb - bing breast, when first I saw thee grace - ful move,

throb - bing breast, When first I saw thee,

cres. *p*

Ah me, what meant my throb - bing breast, Say soft con - fu - sion

p

cres. *p*

Art thou love? If love thou art - Then fare - well rest! Say soft con -

p

cres. *Largo.*

fu - sion, Art thou love? If love thou art, then fare - well rest.

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.

Ford, 1620.

Andante.

1st SOPRANO.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

2d SOPRANO, or ALTO.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

TENOR.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

BASS.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

No, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can - not dis - en - tan - gle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder;
And your sweet beauty past compare,
Makes my poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

DEVOTION TO MUSIC.

One of the best educated musicians of our acquaintance owes his distinguished position in life to the accident of being invited to hear a quartet. The story is agreeably enough told, in a letter once addressed to us by the hero, the brother-in-law of the late Baillot. "The vicissitudes of my family forced me to seek employment in a commercial establishment in the vicinity of Paris, where I was treated with much kindness by my employer, and allowed to prosecute my practice on the violin as an amateur. After receiving a lesson, as usual, from my master, the celebrated Baillot, the latter, seeing that I was passionately fond of music, invited me to one of his quartet parties. On asking permission of my employer to enjoy so great a treat, I was peremptorily refused. Anticipating the fatal consequences of disobedience, I could not, however, resist the temptation to hear the famed quartet party of my master, and at all risks I ventured to gratify my anxious wish. The next morning I was dismissed, and thrown upon the wide world without a home, or an employment. The tide of fortune happily soon turned in my favour; the cause of my dismissal having excited the sympathy of Baillot, he at once admitted me a pupil of the Conservatoire, and ever afterwards proved to me a most sincere and devoted friend." Some of our professional readers will probably recognize in this anecdote our amiable friend Guynemer, one of the recent candidates for the Edinburgh professorship. Had the members of the senate of the Edinburgh university appointed Mr. Guynemer to fill the professor's chair, they would have found him a thorough practical and theoretical musician, an elegant scholar, and a polished gentleman.

[We take the foregoing anecdote from the

"Record of the Musical Union," a society recently organised in London, by Mr. J. Ella, for the practice of chamber music.]

AN ERA IN MUSIC!

"We have waited until the very last moment, and yet we scarcely know in what way to speak of this musical prodigy—this wonder of the century—the beautiful, bewitching, thrilling Signora Anaide Castellan Giampietro. She is the very embodiment—the personification—of that exquisite harmony which glows and thrills in the deep heart of nature; and which, as Carlyle so rapturously expresses it, 'is nature, and beauty, and truth, and the inmost soul of all things lovely.' Her very name modulates itself into a liquid cadence—her rounded, graceful form is a ripe melody—her beautiful face is a rare and beautiful burst of many mingling harmonies; while her voice!—what shall we say of it? The warble of a bird, as she greets the first warm rain of spring, hid among the bursting buds and balmy branches—the voice of summer winds, as they whisper and sign on the bosom of the starry lakelet, where the wild rose is born—the clear music of foam-bells, breaking beneath the piercing eye of morning, whose music is listened to by the heart and not the ear—the softest, roundest tone of the flute, when breathed upon by most exquisite lips full of love and lavish of the grace of perfect art—all these, concentrating their several beauties and fascinations, would still give you but a most faint and imperfect image of that wild and delicious voice. The tones of beatific spirits, which we think we hear in dreams, can alone express a type of this wonderful woman's voice, which seems to well up from her heart into her little throbbing and melting

throat—that rises and falls and trembles like a dove's in cooing—and sheds itself, like the perfume of flowers, upon the soliciting air."

The critic got soberer after this burst, and with his feet on earth, added,—

"We have had the pleasure of listening to nearly all the great female singers of the present day, for many years past—Malibran, Sotag, Grisi, Persiani, Mrs. Wood, and the rest, and we say frankly, without any sort of hesitation, that Anaide Castellan is the superior, by many degrees, of either of them. We are not certain, but we think it possible, that Malibran may have a little exceeded Castellan in her contralto tones, and Grisi may have been a trifle more perfect in the highest range of her soprano; yet in no one person who ever sang were the beauties of the soprano and contralto so

admirably united. 'This is the universal opinion of musicians, so far as we have heard.'

Published in the "Illustrated London Life," as the very words of a New York critic.

MUSICAL OSTRICH.

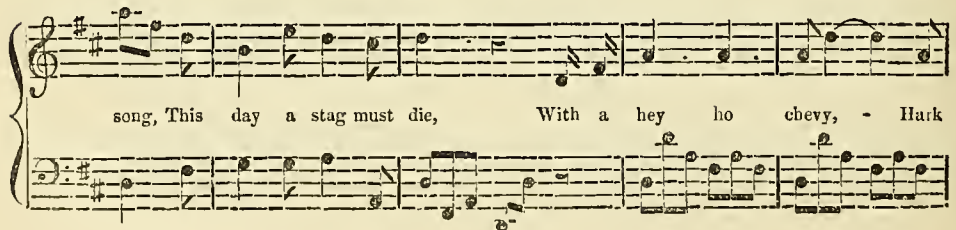
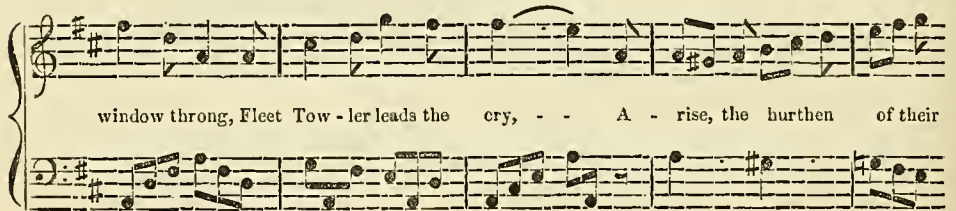
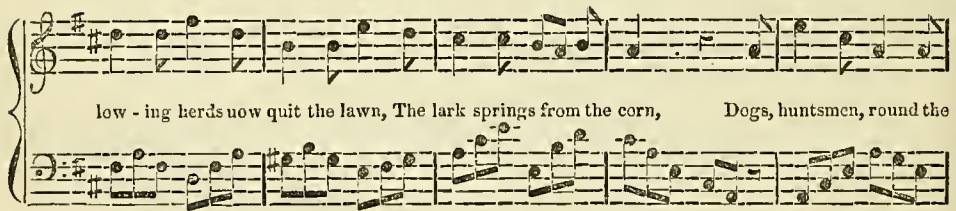
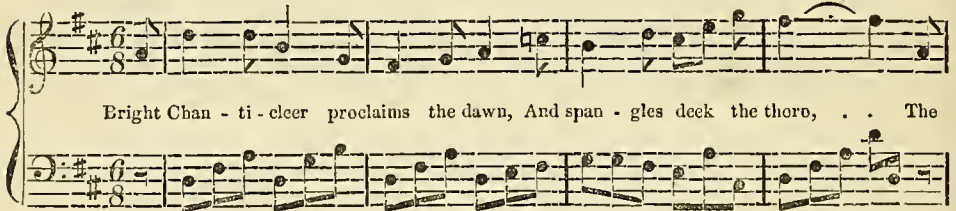
The 77th Regiment received some time since, from Colonel Warnington, British Consul at Tripoli, a remarkably fine young ostrich. This bird walks at the head of the regiment, and keeps good time with the music, and should the band be playing in the squares or gardens he walks round the musicians, keeping all the little boys away. He was obliged at first to be muzzled, as his fondness for music was so great, that he manifested a curious fancy to eat the music books.

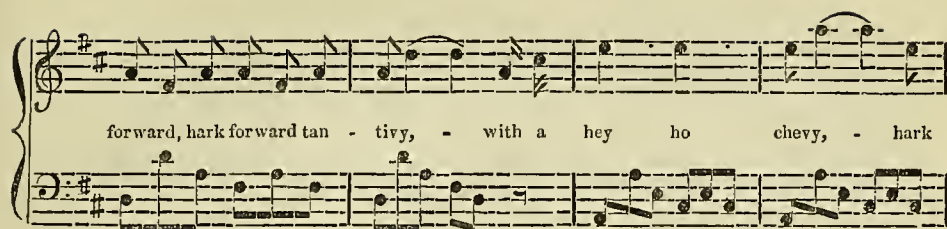
OLD TOWLER.

FROM THE OPERA OF "THE CZAR PETER."

John O'Keefe.

Wm. Shield.





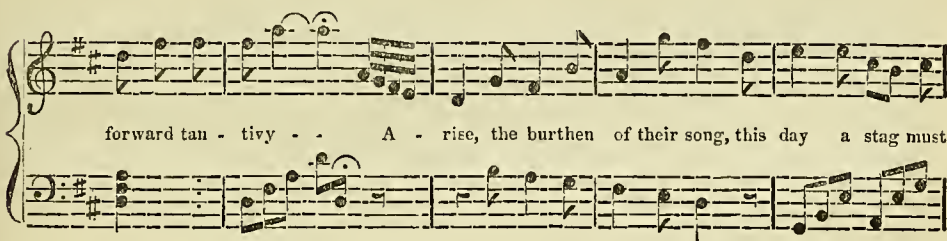
forward, hark forward tan - tivvy, - with a hey ho chevvy, - hark



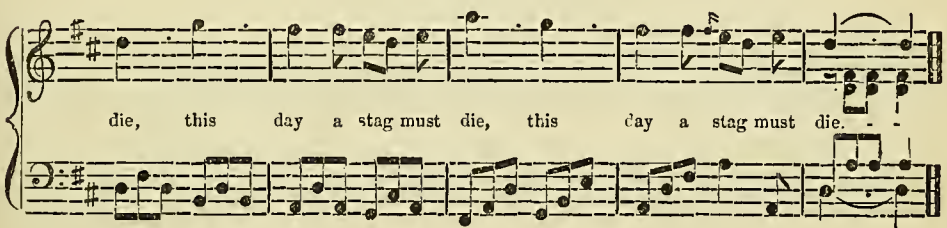
forward, hark forward tan - tivvy, - hark forward, hark forward, hark



forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy, Hark, hark forward, hark



forward tan - tivvy - - A - rise, the burthen of their song, this day a stag must



die, this day a stag must die, this day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
The laugh and joke prevail,
The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
The dogs snuff up the gale;

The upland glades they sweep along,
O'er fields, through brakes, they fly,
The game is roused, too true the song—
This day a stag must die!
With a hey ho, chevvy, &c.

MUSICAL COWS.

Madame de Genlis says, "I paid a visit to the Chateau of the Count de Voss, where I heard, for the first time, a ravishing concert. If the scheme were universally adopted, it would give the country inexpressible charms. The plan was to form cows into flocks, and to hang about their necks harmonic bells. These formed, in the most beautiful manner, perfect major concords, in several octaves, both high and low. No one can form an idea of this delicious harmony. When it is at a small distance it forms a celestial music, of which the irregularity and the sweetness act so powerfully on the imagination that it is impossible to listen to it without the most lively emotion."

MUSICAL DESERTERS.

It is remarkable that music, with all her bewitching attractions, has, in so many instances failed to retain her professional votaries. Ashmole was a chorister, and afterwards became an antiquary, a virtuoso, a herald, a naturalist, and a hermetic-philosopher. Dr. Hooke was also originally a chorister, which he gave up and took to the study of natural philosophy, mechanics, and architecture. Sir William Petty was at one time professor of music at Gresham College; and laid the foundation of an immense estate, by various exertions of his great talents, he was successively a physician, a mathematician, a mechanic, a projector, a contractor with government, and an improver of land. To these we must add the scientific Herschell, who, brought up an organist, abandoned music for natural philosophy, became the first astronomer of his time, and, by the discovery of a new planet, inscribed his name in the heavens.

DISCERNMENT OF AMATEURS.

When I was very young, I often amused myself with playing school-boy tricks, of which my auditors never failed to become the dupes. I would play the same piece, at one time as of Beethoven; at another of Czerny; and lastly as my own. The occasion on which I passed myself off for the author,

I received both protection and encouragement: "It really was not bad for my age." The day I played it under the name of Czerny, I was not listened to: but when I played it as being the composition of Beethoven, I made dead certain of the "bravos" of the whole assembly. The name of Beethoven brings to my recollection another incident, which confirms my notions of the artistical capacity of the dilettanti. You know that for several years, the band of the Conservatorio have undertaken to present the public with his symphonies. Now his glory is consecrated, the most ignorant among the ignorant, shelter themselves behind his colossal name; and even envy herself, in her impotence, avails herself of it, as with a club, to crush all contemporary writers who appear to elevate themselves above their fellows. Wishing to carry out the idea of the Conservatorio (very imperfectly, for sufficient time was not allowed me), I this winter devoted several musical performances almost exclusively to the bringing forward of duets, trios, and quintets of Beethoven. I made sure of being wearisome; but I was also sure that no one dare say so. There were really brilliant displays of enthusiasm: one might have easily been deceived, and thought that the crowd were subjugated by the power of genius; but at one of the last performances, an inversion in the order of the programme completely put an end to this error. Without any explanation, a trio of Pixis' was played in the place of one by Beethoven. The "bravos" were more numerous, more brilliant than ever; and when the trio of Beethoven took the place assigned to that of Pixis, it was found to be cold, mediocre, and even tiresome; so much so indeed, that many made their escape, pronouncing that it was a piece of impertinence in Monsieur Pixis to presume to be listened to by an audience that had assembled to admire the master-pieces of the great man. I am far from inferring by what I have just related, that they were wrong in applauding Pixis' trio; but even he himself could not but have received with a smile of pity the applause of a public capable of confounding two compositions and two styles so totally different; for, most assuredly, the persons who could fall into such a mistake, are wholly unfit to appreciate the real beauties in his works.—*Liszt.*

THE FAIREST FLOWERS THE VALE PREFER.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

*Larghetto.**Danby.*

The fair - est flow'rs the vale pre - fer, and

The fairest flow'rs the fair - est flow'rs the vale pre - fer, and shed am-

The fairest flow'rs, the fair - est flow'rs the vale pre - fer,

shed am-bro-sial sweetness there, and shed am-brosial sweet-ness there,
bro-sial sweetness there, and shed am-bro-sial sweetness, ambrosial sweetness there,
and shed am-bro-sial sweet-ness there, am-brosial sweetness there,

while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, the tempest's ruder
while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, the tempest's ruder
while the tall pine and moun-tain oak, oft feel the tempest's, the tempest's ruder

stroke, while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, oft feel the tempest's
stroke, while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, oft feel the
stroke, while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, oft feel the

Dolce.
- - - pest's ru-der stroke. So in the low-ly moss-grown seat, dear peace, dear
tempest's ru-der stroke. So in the low-ly moss-grown seat, dear peace, dear
tempest's ru-der stroke. So in the low-ly moss-grown seat, dear peace, dear

peace, dear peace and quiet dwell. The storms that wreck the rich and great, Fly
 peace, dear peace and quiet dwell. The storms that wreck the rich and great, Fly
 peace, dear peace, and quiet dwell. The storms that wreck the rich and great, Fly
 o'er the shepherd's cell - the storms that wreck the rich and great, the storms that
 o'er the shepherd's cell - the storms that wreck the rich and great, the storms that
 o'er the shepherd's cell, the storms that wreck the rich and great - - -
 wreck - - the rich and great, fly o'er - - - the
 wreck - - the rich and great, fly o'er - - - the
 fly o'er the
 shep - herd's cell - - - fly o'er the shepherd's cell.
 shep - herd's cell - - - fly o'er the shepherd's cell.
 shepherd's cell - - - fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

f *p* *f* *p* *f* *hr* *f* *hr* *f* *p* *p* *dim.* *3* *hr*

HE TRUSTED IN GOD THAT HE WOULD DELIVER HIM.

SACRED CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

*Allegro.**Handel.*

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

He trusted in God that he would de - li - ver him; let him de -

He trust - ed in God that he -

li - ver him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light, in

- - - would de - li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in

him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in him, if he delight in

He trust - ed in God that he would de - li - ver him, let him de -
him, if he de - light in him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de -
him, if he delight in him,

He trust - ed in God that he -
li - ver him; if he de - light in him, if he de - light - -
light in him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light - - - -
He trust - ed in God, in God, in God, he

- - would de - li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he delight in
in
in him
trust - ed, let him de - li - ver him, if he delight in him, if he de -

him, let him de - li - ver him if he de - light
him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de -
let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light - -
light in him, let him de - li - ver him,

in him,
light in him, He trust - ed in God that he would de-
in him, if he de - light in him, let him de-
He trust - ed in God, he trust - ed in God let him de - li - ver him

let him de - li - ver him,
li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in him, if he de -
li - ver him if he de - light in him, if he de - light in him, he
if he de - light in him, if he de - light in him,

He trust-ed in God that he - - would de-li-ver him,
 - light - - - in him, let him de-li-ver him, if
 trust-ed in God, he trust-ed in God let him de-li-ver him, if

let him de-li-ver him, if he delight in him,
 he de-light in him, if he delight in him, let him de-
 he de-light in him, if he delight in him, let him de-li-ver him,
 let him de-li-ver him,

let him de-li-ver him, if he de-light - - in
 li-ver him, let him de-li-ver him, if he de-
 He trust-ed in God that he -
 let him de-li-ver him,

him, if he de-light in him, let him de-li-ver him,
 light in him, let him de-
 would de-li-ver him, let him de-li-ver him,
 let him de-li-ver him,

if he delight in him, let him de-li-ver him,
 li-ver him, if he de-light in him, He trusted in God let him de-
 if he delight in him, let him de-li-ver him, He trusted in God let him de-
 He trust-ed in God that he -

let him de-
 li-ver him if he de-light in
 li-ver him if he de-light in
 would de-li-ver him - let him de-li-ver him - if he delight in

li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him,
 him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de -
 him, let him de - li - ver him,
 him, let him de - li - ver him,

He trust - ed in God that he would de -
 light in him, He trust - ed in God let him de - li - ver
 if he de - light in him, in him, de - light
 if he de - light in him, if he de - light

li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in
 him if he de - light in him, let him de - li - ver him,
 if he de - light in
 if he, if he de - light in him, let him de -

him, if he de-light - in
let him de-li-ver him if he de-light -
him, let him de-li-ver him, if he de-light in
li-ver him,

him, if he de-light - in him, let him -
in him, let
him, if he delight - in him, let him, let
He trust-ed in God that he would de-li-ver him, let him, let

Adagio.

de-li-ver him, if he de-light in him.
him de-li-ver him if he de-light in him.
him de-li-ver him if he de-light in him.
him, de-li-ver him if he de-light in him.

GERMAN LOVE OF MUSIC.

There is no city in Germany, except perhaps Vienna, where music is more a passion with the people, than in Dresden. From the king to the poor, every individual takes delight in it; and, what is more, seems able, not merely to appreciate the pleasure which it yields, but to comprehend its highest mysteries. Their devotion to it, as you may easily conceive, is therefore intense. Sweet sounds mingle with all the affairs and business of their lives—it is the invariable accompaniment to dinner—it proves the loadstone to the numerous gardens within and without the town—its magic fills the opera-house with crowds, and congregates thousands at the *Linkische Bad*—and on Sundays, it attracts even Protestants within the magnificent pile of the *Hoch Kirche*, although dedicated to the mummery of book and bell.

Being somewhat of a devotee myself, so far as regards nones and vespers, and *Kyries* and *Misereres*, I took care not to miss either the vespers of Saturday, or the grand mass of Sunday. On both occasions, the king of Saxony was present, and the choir and orchestra were consequently in full strength. Not a single performer was absent. The grand mass takes place every Sunday at eleven o'clock; and by that hour every corner of the church, which is of immense size, was crowded with worshippers.

The music on this occasion was superb, and fully equalled any that I have heard at some of the best of our musical festivals in England. The members of the band are all eminent as performers, and having long practised together, there was consequently an *ensemble* effect, which can never be obtained from even the best musicians, when drawn accidentally from all quarters of the earth. There were no women in the choir; the presence of the sex in an organ gallery, being contrary to the strict rules of Catholicism. The parts usually assigned to them, were sung by two *Castrati*, whose tones, so far as regards power, are certainly worth an hundred female voices, in music of this description. The splendid duet between the *Alto* and *Soprano*, in the *Miserere* in the day's mass, I shall not soon forget. It would have melted the heart of the most rigid Calvinist, and perhaps convinced him, that when sacred music is really well executed, there are no surer wings than such seraphic sounds, to lift the soul to heaven. Music is the revealed employment of the saints in light, says a celebrated writer on religion; and why should it not form part of the worship of the saints in this sphere of darkness and of death?

If anything were wanting to convince a stranger of the prevailing taste of the people of Saxony for music, and of the general acquaintance which they possess with all that is tasteful in this delightful art let him go on a Sunday summer evening to the *Linkische Bad*, a beautiful garden on the banks of the Elbe, about a mile from Dresden. There he will find thousands congregated under the shade of the Linden trees, whiling away the hours, and enjoying themselves at the trifling expense of a cup of coffee or a flask of *Cottbusser beer*, qualified with lemon and sugar, and listening to the *chefs d'œuvres* of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Rossini. At this garden I heard music for a few groschen, which I could not have had in England for a crown, and from a band of performers, too, not one of whom received more than a couple of shillings a night. How miserably, indeed, would some of your best

British *gutsgraspers* exist here, if they were to depend solely on the *Cremona* for their daily bread. I suspect their fare would be black bread and sour krout, at the best; and yet the conceited block-heads toss their heads and imagine themselves professors! Could the every day orchestra of one of the Dresden Lust gardens, be only transported to Scotland, it might, in time, give the people there a relish for scientific music. But in respect to musical matters, we can yet be considered as little better than barbarians. A few importations of that kind from the Continent, would have a wonderful effect in improving our taste, as well as in creating a more general relish for what in every age has been thought the most *heavenizing* of pursuits, and the highest of all artificial enjoyments.

"Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic—Melody and Song."

When Weber superintended the German opera, I am told he took a fatherly charge of the band at the *Linkische Bad*; accordingly, nowhere do you hear greater lamentations for his loss, or more touching expressions of regret at his fate, than in this city. It was here, in Dresden, that Weber composed his opera of *Der Freyschutz*; although, by permission of his sovereign, it was first performed in Berlin. As the production of this piece forms the most striking incident in his life, as well as an era in the dramatic music of Germany, it is not to be wondered at, that the inhabitants of Dresden should feel proud that its composition is associated with their city. But indeed all over Germany the admiration of *Der Freyschutz* is intense; and the enthusiasm displayed by every German, when any part of the opera is talked of, but more particularly the overture, tells a tale of esteem and affection, on the part of the nation, not less honourable to their own taste than to the memory of the great composer; while it loudly proclaims, that Weber, of all other modern musicians, had touched the true chord of the German soul. The overture to *Der Freyschutz*, when executed in the manner I have heard it in Germany, is at once felt to be a composition of deep and characteristic excellence. The arrangement of its inarticulate notes, in fact, seems to indicate the breathings of that abstract and metaphysical feeling which so universally distinguishes the mind, poetical as well as philosophical, of this country. The spirit-hushing solemnity, too, of its first movements, is in admirable unison with the expected theme, and in spite of the wildness of the romance, nothing can be conceived better calculated to bear the spirit, not into Elysium, but into that sombre region of spiritual awe, in which the muse of Germany so much delights.—*Strang's Letters from Germany in 1831.*

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguer'd brethren:—suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

From Poems by T. Westwood.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers
way - ing in the wind, When black-eyed Su - san
came on board, O where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jo - vial sai - lors, tell me true, Does my sweet
Wil - liam, does my sweet Wil - liam sail a - moog your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hears,
And drops at once into her nest;
The noblest captain in the British fleet,
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain:
Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he bung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu," she cried, and waved her lily hand,

[The ballad of Black-eyed Susan was written by John Gay, and the music composed by Richard Leveridge.]

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MOZART.

The light thrown upon celebrated compositions by the personal history of their author conveys sometimes a satisfaction to the spirit, which it would be difficult to parallel in any other sort of reading. When we observe the earnest affectionate sweetness that predominates in the works of Mozart, we feel a natural interest in the inquiry, whether all this feeling had an echo in his own breast—whether it was accompanied by a corresponding moral beauty—or whether it could, by any chance, be a thing assumed, for the mere superficial delectation of our ears and nerves. To find that Mozart himself was the being that his music paints—that goodness and beauty had one common sanctuary in his soul, solves a psychological problem, in which all admirers of genius are deeply interested.

Mozart's nature was early developed in that severe school of the affections and sympathies, adversity. The idea of his father, mother, and sisters seemed intertwined with his being; in the midst of all his early dreams of glory, and in those triumphant moments when he would say he lived for Germany, the thought of the household hearth and the circle so dear to him was never absent. He was the creature of sociality and sympathy.

We propose in the present article to lead the reader into some of the less known passages of the life of Mozart; and, as the early adventures of that prodigy (when precocity was rarer than it now is) are well known, we will take the composer in his twenty-second year, at a time when his genius had ripened into excellence, and had borne many of the fruits which we enjoy at the present day. At this period of his life, being unappointed and without certain means of income, young Mozart, attended

by his mother, went to Paris in quest of fame and fortune. There he was fated to undergo one of the most painful of calamities—to see his mother die in a foreign land, far removed from any of those domestic attentions which would have been so soothing and consolatory to the sufferer, in the bosom of her family and of her home. Desolate and unsupported as was his own condition, he watched over his parent to the very crisis of her fate; and his letters on this occasion to his friends show a delicate tenderness and consideration, which could hardly be expected from so abstracted a being.

Madame Mozart appears to have been subject to sudden and severe attacks of illness, which, however, when she was at Salzburg, generally yielded to household remedies. When thus seized, she was usually bled, and took a powder called *pulvis epilepticus*, which was believed among her own circle to possess marvellous virtues; but, alas! such an article was unknown in the pharmacopœia of Paris, and, wanting the accustomed aid, there was no help for the poor lady. Under these distressing circumstances, therefore, Mozart was obliged to undergo his hereavement. On the night of his mother's death, when all was over, Mozart wrote to the Abbé Bullinger, at Salzburg, requesting him to prepare his father for the melancholy tidings, and by the same post he wrote home, concealing the truth, but describing his mother's illness as very alarming. The former letter is so interesting and graphic, that we extract it.

"Paris, July 3, 1778.

"Sympathise with me, my dear friend. This has been the most melancholy day in my life. I write at two o'clock in the morning, to tell you that my mother, my dearest mother, is no more. God has called her to himself. I saw clearly that she must go, and I resigned myself to the will of God. He gave, and he can take away.

"Picture to yourself all the distress and anxiety that I have undergone for the last fortnight. She died without consciousness of her illness; her life was extinguished like the flame of a taper. She had confessed and received the sacrament and holy unction, but for the last three days she was constantly delirious and rambling, and to-day, at twenty-one minutes after five o'clock in the evening, she was seized with a stupor, and soon lost all sense and feeling. I pressed her hand and spoke to her, but she neither saw me, heard me, nor gave the least sign of perception, and in this state she lay for five hours; that is to say, till twenty minutes after ten at night; when she died; no one being by but myself, Mr. Haine, a good friend of ours, whom my father knows, and the nurse. I cannot at this time write to you the whole particulars of the illness: but I really believe nothing could have saved her. I am now most desirous that you will prepare my poor father for this melancholy intelligence. I must beg this of your friendship. I wrote to him by this post, but merely said that she was very ill, and shall wait for his answer before I tell him the whole. God give him strength and fortitude. My dear friend, I have not merely *now*, but have been long since, supported,—through the peculiar grace of God, I have borne the whole with confidence and firmness. When she became so very bad, I prayed for two things,—that God would give my mother a happy dying hour, and to me strength to support it; and in both instances my petition was more than answered. Let me beg of you, therefore, my dear friend, to comfort and sup-

port my father; talk to him in such a way, that, when he knows the worst, he may not take it too much to heart. My sister, too—go to her, and prepare her; she must not know yet of the death. Say what you will to her—use your own discretion in the matter, but do not leave me in expectation of any further misfortune. Comfort them both, and write to me soon, I pray you.—Adieu.”

It is impossible to conceive a more desolate and afflicting situation than that of a youth left alone in a strange land to perform the last offices towards the remains of a mother. This was not all; Mozart was not making money at Paris, and his father felt great concern for his means of meeting the funeral expenses, and the exposure to imposition which his inexperience ran the risk of. Knowing how little his son had been used to act for himself, the father underwent a series of distracting apprehensions. In a letter, shortly before this event, he shows his son how much the family rely upon his prudence and good conduct; he then paints what struggles he has gone through, what sacrifices he has made to educate his children; and hopes the reward will be some honourable appointment for his son, and that his own grey hairs may be released from the painful drudgery of lesson-giving. Experience of these narrow circumstances of his family clouded Mozart's entrance into life with melancholy.

When we know that the noble symphony in D (the one commencing with an allegro movement and a fiery unison, that no one who has heard can ever forget) may be traced to this Paris journey, and that it was first performed at the *Concert Spirituel*, we have a clue to the quality of Mozart's genius in his twenty-third year. That it had all the maturity of the practised master, is evident; and, from this early specimen alone, we may judge of the transcendent superiority of such instrumental music over any other known in that day. In the present state of our knowledge of art, it appears wonderful that a person, capable of producing such novelties, should have failed in establishing the opinion of his genius; but such was the fact. After many irritating failures at rehearsal, the symphony went pretty well, and was applauded; but no particular attention was paid to the composer—no desire shown to engage him; and the immortal spirit which dwelt within the youthful musician was wholly unrecognised.

Mozart conceived a powerful and unconquerable dislike to the French, and their tastes in music, during his stay in Paris. He afterwards ridiculed their style in a work little known, called *Musikalische Spass* (musical merriment), a little symphony, which brings together all the ludicrous features which distinguished the French school at that period. But his disappointment was deep; for, knowing how well Gluck had succeeded with his operas, which are all written in the loftiest vein of lyric tragedy, he had imagined that, by writing his best, merit would also be discovered in him. This was, however, a miscalculation. Gluck's success was founded on the national partiality for the classical stateliness and solemn declamation of the ancient drama. The same tastes which fostered the school of Racine and Corneille found much to admire in the plan of musical tragedies constructed on the Greek model; but, from the predilections of the French in other respects, we are constrained to believe, that the finest things, and the truest to nature and passion in these works of Gluck suc-

ceeded only by accident; and that, while the “pomp and circumstance” of the representation attracted attention, the more subtle movements escaped. Certain it is, that, during the whole of Gluck's supremacy in Paris, the taste of the city at large was as low as it well could be.

Mozart, in the full consciousness of his powers, forgot that he, a young unknown man, was competing with one who had the voice of Europe on his side, and who had established himself by a succession of dramatic masterpieces. The public, seventy years ago, were as reluctant to commit themselves by the hasty recognition of genius, as they are, at the present day, prone to over-estimate it, to conjecture its presence, and anticipate its influence on the slightest grounds. Had Mozart stayed longer at Paris, and written more, we believe that he might have established himself in the position he desired; instead of repeating the strokes of his genius, however, he expected to be judged on the *ex pede Herculeum* principle; and this the Parisians were not willing, or not competent, to do.

As soon as Mozart was left alone in Paris, his father recalled him, prudently dreading the fascinations of that pleasure-loving capital to a young man of his age and temperament.

It is very affecting to find the father of such a genius as Mozart reckoning what means of living together in Salzburg they might confidently rely on. The father writes, “We might certainly get 120 florins a month, without reckoning the sale of my violin school; which is at the least 50 florins a year; or the 10 florins a month, which your sister earns and pays for her clothing out of, as she has now the two little countesses to teach daily.” Such were the humble circumstances in which this estimable and gifted family found themselves after having made the tour of Europe, visited all the principal courts, and received the most distinguished notice. But their money was exhausted in the expenses attendant on such expeditions;—travelling charges, and dress, such as was thought necessary to appear in at the houses of the great, left them scarcely any thing to bring home but their trinkets. The archbishop of Salzburg who had at first permitted these journeys, on one occasion refused, and afterwards said that he did not like his people to go about on such *begging expeditions*. This was the humiliating, and, we may say, brutal designation given to the most honourable musical tours ever undertaken.

Mozart was now established as *concert-meister* (a degree under *Kapell-meister*) at Salzburg, with liberty, if he composed an opera, to bring it out at either Vienna or Munich. Nothing was to hinder his studies or any speculations that he might choose to engage in. He was not to play the violin at court, but to sit at the piano-forte, with absolute power over all the music of the archbishops' establishment, his chapel included. On the journey from Paris to Salzburg Mozart encountered several adventures, in the relation of which his personal and artistic character is portrayed in lively colours. At Strasburg he gave a little *model* concert by subscription, at which he played nearly every thing himself, and gained 3 louis d'ors. Upon the strength of this brilliant receipt, he was advised to venture upon a grand concert at the theatre, which, in point of audience, was a complete failure; yet those who were present were so enthusiastic in their applause, that Mozart said his head ached as much with it as if the theatre had been full. “I

would rather," he writes, "if I could have foreseen how few persons would have attended, have given the concert *gratis* for the pleasure of seeing the theatre filled; for, upon my honour, nothing is more melancholy than to see a grand entertainment of eighty covers and only three people to sit down to it. And then it was so cold! I soon warmed myself, however, and to show Messieurs the Strasburgers that I did not take the thing to heart, I played a great deal for my own entertainment—*much more than I promised*, and, by way of finale, for a long time out of my head. I have also twice performed publicly on the two best organs of Silbermann in the Neukirche, and the Thomaskirche. I have at least gained fame and honour."

We shall now see with what enthusiasm he entered upon the task of composition.

"Manheim, Nov. 12, 1778.

"* * * Sciler's company, which you know by reputation, is here. M. von Dalberg is the director of it, and he will not let me go until I have composed a duodrama for him; and his proposal has not cost me much consideration, for indeed this is a task that I have always longed for. I forget whether, when I was here before, I wrote you any account of this kind of pieces; but I saw such a one twice with the greatest delight. In fact, nothing ever surprised me so much in my life, for I had always imagined it impossible that such things could produce any effect. You are aware that nothing is sung: the music is like an obligato (accompanied) recitative, with declamation between, and stopping every now and then for the speaking produces a magnificent impression. The piece I saw was the 'Medea' of Benda, who has written another also, 'Ariadne in Naxos,' both truly admirable. Benda was always my favourite of the Lutheran Kapell-meisters, and I am so fond of these works that I always carry them about with me. Conceive my joy at having to do what I have so long wished. Let me tell you an opinion of mine. Operatic recitative should be treated in this manner generally, that is to say, spoken, and only sung when the words tend naturally to musical expression."

From this letter we may refer to an important fact in the history of the lyric stage, viz. that the Mozartean opera, as exhibited in one of its most impassioned and beautiful specimens, "Idomeneo," arose out of the combination of two models in the mind of Mozart:—Gluck and Benda. In the divine instrumental symphonies to the recitative, in their impassioned modulation and surprising cadences, Benda was as much surpassed by Mozart, as Gluck, though not in force and simplicity, was also by him in richness and elegance of melody. Yet these were the men who undoubtedly opened the route for Mozart in serious opera.

George Benda, who has now dwindled to a name, was nevertheless one of the men of genius from whom his native opera derived a powerful impulse. The following account of the origin of the monodrama, which became so influential on the lyric theatre of Germany, is given by the biographer of this musician:—"Benda was a great admirer of the declamation and action of an actress at Gotha, of the name of Brandes, who had no talent for singing, and he considered how he could combine her powers, as an actress, with the effect of music. The thought of a melodrama struck him, and this he communicated to his friend Engel, of Berlin, who was then at Gotha with Gotter. He was in-

formed that a similiar idea had occurred to Rousseau, who had carried it into execution, though but feebly, in his *Pygmalion*. Benda was nevertheless encouraged to attempt such a work. Brandes, the actor, composed the text of the melodrama, 'Ariadne in Naxos,' from hints by the composer and his friend. The words have no extraordinary merit, but the story is well adapted for effect. Benda undertook the composition, which he treated in such a manner, that there is no proper air throughout the whole; but the music occasionally relieves the declamation, and endeavours to extend the expression of the sentiments conveyed by the words. It is, indeed, an enchanting performance, and Reichardt, a critic of no mean eminence, said of it, that such genuine music had never before been heard within the walls of a German theatre."

Mozart was never fuller of that spirit of hope and enjoyment which rendered him so truly himself, than in the month of November, 1780, when he was at Munich actively preparing his opera of 'Idomeneo' for performance at the ensuing Carnival. He had an admirable band to write for; but the singers were indifferent, with the exception of Dorothea and Lisetta Wendling, the first and second Soprani. Raff, the tenor, was an old man, and had lost all power of sustaining notes; but he was dearly loved by Mozart for the simplicity and honesty of his character. The goodness and benevolence of the young composer's disposition are illustrated in a great many passages of his correspondence that refer to this singer. We cannot, however, dwell upon these at present. The following extracts, referring to Idomeneo, are irresistible—they abound in suggestion:—

"I want for the march in the second act, which is first heard in the distance, some mutes for trumpets and horns, which are not to be had here. Send me one of each by the next coach, that others may be made from them." There is something quite unusual in this early and intimate knowledge of the mechanism of brass instruments; the effect at rehearsal was probably not quite what Mozart intended; but the remedy was prompt.

"The rehearsal went admirably. Six violins only, but all the wind instruments, and nobody present but the sister of M. Seau, and young Count Seinsheim. This day week we shall have the second rehearsal, and then the first act will have twelve violins, and the second will be rehearsed as the first was to-day. I cannot tell you what delight and astonishment prevails. I, however, expected nothing less; and I assure you I went to this rehearsal as pleased and contented as if I had been going to a feast. * * * My cough has become rather worse by these attendances; one easily gets overheated in playing for honour and fame. Raff sings his airs the last thing before he goes to bed at night, and the first when he wakes in the morning. * * * In the last scene of the second act, Idomeneo has an air, or a sort of cavatina, between the choruses; in this place it will be better to make a mere recitative, during the intervals of which the instruments may be used with effect; for in this scene, which, from the action and grouping that I have planned with Legrand, will be the most beautiful in the opera, there will be such noise and confusion on the stage, that an air in such a situation would make a bad figure. Besides, it thunders; and that will never be heard if Raff sings. The effect of a recitative between the choruses will be incomparably better."

Mozart had an intelligent and sympathising friend in his father; but we may perceive that he did not act always by paternal advice when it savoured of worldliness, and involved the sacrifice of the higher interests of art. The following suggestions, forwarded from Salzburg on the 11th of December, were wholly disregarded:—"I recommend you not to think of the musical public only, when you are at your work, but also of the unmusical public. You know that for ten instructed connoisseurs there are a hundred ignoramus; do not, therefore, forget the popular, as it is called; you must do something to tickle the long ears." Mozart's answer is characteristic. * * * "Don't fret yourself about my being popular; the opera contains music for all sorts of people, but nothing for long ears."

(To be Continued at page 250.)

SONNET.

It is thy wifel sweet Husband, open quick,
I am a weary wanderer footsore;
My very soul within me turneth sick

To find thy granite gates are shut so sure,
And I without!—I am thy weary wife,—

Travelling hitherward with painful feet

Thro' light and dark a woful half of life

To seek thee HERE.—Thou said'st we here should meet,

Describing all this place, even as thou past

From my cold arms into the colder night;

And now outwary and outworn at last,

Fainting, with feeble cry and failing sight,

Downfall'n my Husband's marble house before;—

He hears me not, he sleeps,—then Death undo the door!

M. R.—*Athenæum*.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Samuel Wesley, one of the greatest of English musicians, was the son of Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, the celebrated founder of the Methodists. He was born at Bristol on the 24th of February 1766; and used to remark, with a very natural feeling of pleasure, that his birth-day was the same with that of Handel, who was born on the 24th of February, 1684.

As a musician, his celebrity is greater on the continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied and novel; his harmonies bold, imposing, unexpected, and sublime; his resources were boundless, and if called upon to extemporise for half a dozen times during an evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great, close and neat, and free from labour or effort; and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *chantante* in the highest degree. His favourite contemporaries were Clementi and Woelfl; his models in early life were Battishill and Worgan on the organ, and subsequently Sebastian Bach. Of young Pinto, who was taken away in the prime of life, he always spoke in terms of rapture, and thought him the Mozart of this country. The amateur, the late Mr. Goodbehere (son of Alderman Goodbehere), he also remembered in high terms of admiration. Mr. Wesley was remarkable for great energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility, approaching to almost an infantine simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a credulity which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John

Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong, and from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of *management* or the *finesse* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangements, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating; no subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it had been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning, and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to heaven, so he never lay down without thanksgiving. He disclaimed ever having been a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, observing, "That although the Gregorian music had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists never obtained any influence over his mind." He was regarded with peculiar solicitude by his uncle, John Wesley, who, writing in reference to his supposed conversion to Popery, observes, "He may, indeed, roll a few years in purging fire, but he will surely go to heaven at last." Mr. Wesley was accustomed to relate that his father (the Rev. Charles Wesley), when dying called him to his bedside, and addressed him in the words, "*Omnia vanitas et vexatio spiritus præter amare Deum et illi servire*," and, blessing him, he added, "Sam, we shall meet in heaven."

Mr. Wesley died on the 11th of October, 1837, in his seventy-second year, leaving a large family, nearly all of whom are distinguished for their talents and acquirements.

ALEXANDER BATTÀ.

This charming violoncellist, when a mere child, was a pupil of Platel, a man of considerable ability. His health was so delicate that he was often unable to attend the parties to which he was invited as a performer. One evening, when he had to go to a party at the Prussian Minister's, he was so unwell as to be obliged to go to bed. He called his pupil, and said to him, "Go, my boy, and play for me,—say that I have sent you." The child set out, and arrived at the splendid mansion soaked with rain, covered with mud, and out of breath with haste. The servants in the ante-chamber stopped him, and wanted to turn him out, in spite of his resistance. His voice reached the master of the house, who came out to inquire what was the matter. "What do you want, boy?" said the Minister. "I am little Batta, and I am come to play in place of M. Platel, who has sent me." The bystanders laughed; and the poor child, confused and frightened, could only repeat innocently—"I am little Batta!"—"Well," said some one, "after all, if Platel has sent him he must be capable of doing something." He was brought into the Music-room, and desired to take his bass. His task was no trifle—to take a part in Beethoven's famous quintet in C, known by the name of *The Storm*. He had not played a dozen bars, when bravos were heard from all sides, and De Beriot, astonished at the energy with which he played his part, took him in his arms, and said, "Charming, my dear boy! You will one day be a great artist." And the whole musical world knows how well the prediction has been fulfilled. Batta was in London in 1839, and delighted all who heard him by the richness and beauty of his tone, and the inimitable grace and expression with which he sang upon his instrument.

THE SPRING AND THE BROOK.

It may be that the Poet is as a Spring,
That, from the deep of being, pulsing forth,
Proffers the hot and thirsty sons of earth
Refreshment unbested by sage or king.
Still is he but an utterance,—a lone thing,—
Sad-hearted in his very voice of mirth,—
Too often shiv'ring in the thankless dearth

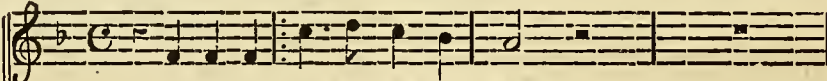
Of those affections he the best can sing.
But Thou, O lively Brook! whose fruitful way
Brings with it mirror'd smiles, and green, and
flowers,—
Child of all scenes, companion of all hours,
Taking the simple cheer of ev'ry day,—
How little is to thee, thou happy Mind,
That solitary parent Spring behind!

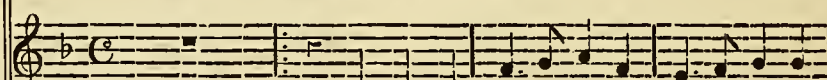
Richard Monckton Milnes.

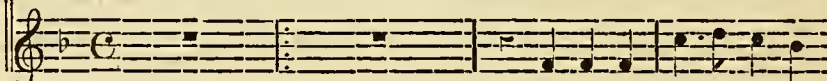
AS FAIR AS MORN, AND FRESH AS MAY.

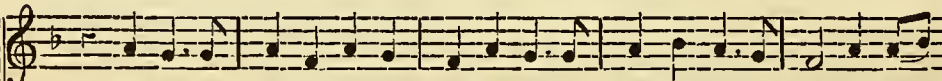
MADRIGAL FOR THREE VOICES.

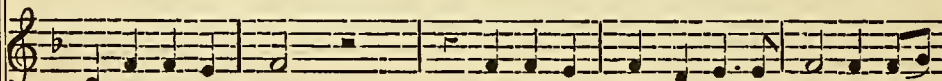
John Wilbye (1598.)

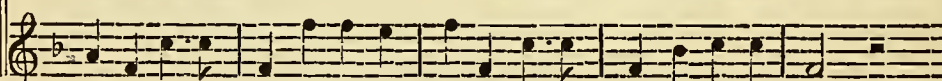
1st SOPRANO.  As fair as morn, and fresh as May.

2d SOPRANO.  As fair as morn, and fresh as May, Appear'd my

TENOR.  As fair as morn, and fresh as

 Appear'd my Flo-ra, bright and gay, appear'd my Flo-ra, bright and gay, Warbling

 Flo-ra, bright and gay, appear'd my Flo-ra, bright and gay, Warbling

 May, Appear'd my Flo-ra, bright and gay, appear'd my Flo-ra bright and gay,

 forth, warbling forth a rounde-lay, a rounde-lay, a rounde-

 forth, warbling warbling forth a rounde-lay, a rounde-lay, a rounde-

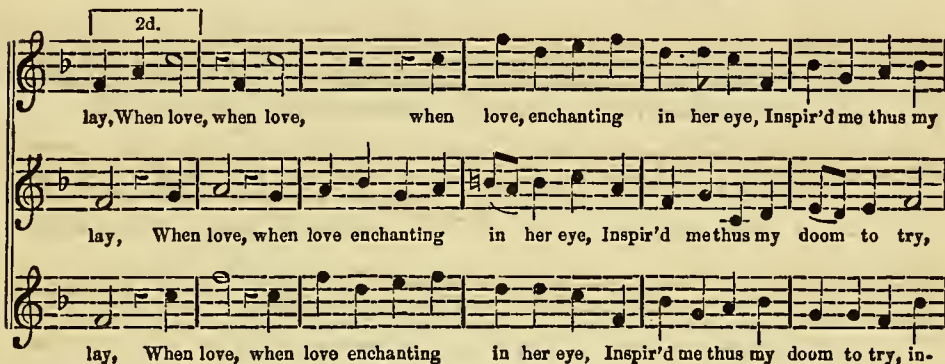
 warbling forth, warbling forth a roun-de-lay, a rounde-lay,

1st.



lay, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a round, a roun - de - lay, As fair as
lay, a roun - de - lay, a round, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay,
a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a round, a roun - de - lay.

2d.



lay, When love, when love, when love, enchanting in her eye, Inspir'd me thus my
lay, When love, when love enchanting in her eye, Inspir'd methus my doom to try,
lay, When love, when love enchanting in her eye, Inspir'd me thus my doom to try, in-



doom to try, in - spir'd me thus my doom to try; Accept my dear a faith - ful.
inspir'd me thus my doom, my doom to try, Ac - cept, my dear, a faith - ful, faithful
spir'd me thus, in - spir'd me thus, my doom to try, Accept, my dear, a



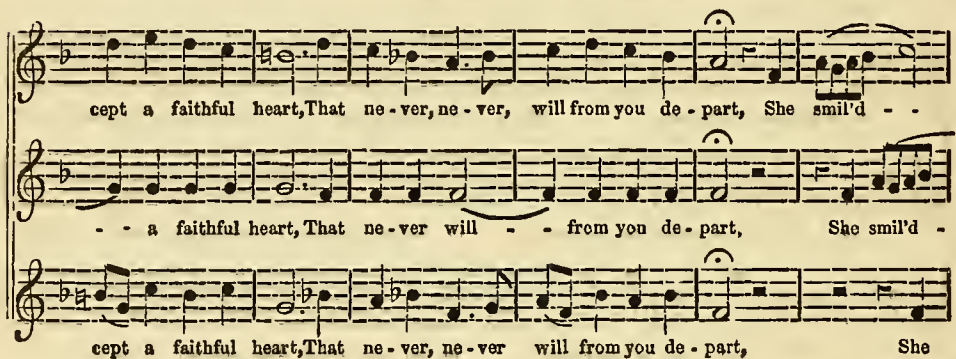
heart - - - That from you ne - ver will de - part -
heart, accept, my dear, a faithful heart, That from you ne - ver
faithful heart, ao - cept a faithful heart, that from you ne - ver will de - part, no



ac - cept, my dear, ac - cept a faithful heart, ac - cept my dear, ac -

ne - ver will de - part, ac - cept, my dear - - a faithful heart, ac - cept, my dear -


ne - ver will de - part, ac - cept, my dear, ac - cept a faithful heart, ac - cept, my dear, ac -



cept a faithful heart, That ne - ver, ne - ver, will from you de - part, She smil'd - -

- - a faithful heart, That ne - ver will - - from you de - part, She smil'd -

cept a faithful heart, That ne - ver, ne - ver will from you de - part, She



she smil'd - - then sung her rounde - lay, then sung her rounde -

- - She smil'd - - she smil'd - - then sung her rounde - lay, then

smil'd - - she smil'd - - then sung her rounde - lay, then sung her



lay, her rounde - lay, Then - - frown'd, then - frown'd, and bade me haste a - way.

sung her rounde - lay, Then - - frown'd, then frown'd, and bade me haste a - way.

roun - de - lay, Then frown'd, then frown'd, then frown'd, and bade me haste a - way.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Words by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," &c.

Andante. *Scottish air.*

O I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la - dies a'

covered wi' brows; But a sight sae de - light - fu' I trow I ne'er spied, As the

bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side; My ain fire - side, my

ain fire - side, As the bon - nie blythe blink o' my ain fire - side.

Ance mair with delight round my ain ingle cheek,
Wi' the friends o' my youth hamely pleasures I seek;
Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There'e nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

When I draw in my stonl on my cosey hearthstane,
My heart louns sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e,
Nae fleetchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(Concluded from page 245.)

Mozart laboured hard to get an appointment at Munich, the cordiality of the intercourse he enjoyed with many musical families in that city was much to his taste. But though he produced the offertorium, *Misrecordios Domini*, a litany, and other pieces in the highest style of church music, which proved how well fitted he was for the office of Kapell-meister, more particularly when there were no better existing composers in that part of Germany than Holzbauer and the Abbé Vogler, he was still unsuccessful. There is a predestination to good fortune, or the contrary, in these matters—the appointments were all filled, and no prince thought it necessary to create a new one on his establishment for the purpose of retaining Mozart. It is tolerably certain that the young composer had active enemies, and the shrewd and cautious old Mozart did not conceal the opinion among his intimate connections, that the Abbé Vogler had been one of the most industrious of those enemies.

Rochlitz, the celebrated German critic, entertains the opinion that Mozart's genius profited by his transplantation to Vienna, and the suggestion is not without some colour of truth. An elegance of taste prevails in the cultivated circles of that capital which must have been most influential on such a composer as Mozart. There is not a more characteristic touch of German life, as exhibited in the relations of princes and their musical establishment, than may be found in the letter of the composer describing his arrival at Vienna in the suite of the Archbishop of Salzburg, in March, 1781. It will be recollected that Mozart was the first piano-forte player in Europe—that he had written a grand opera, and a vast deal of admirable church music—and yet we find him complaining, that while two Italian singers belonging to the chapel were indulged with a separate table, he is placed to dine with the valets, cooks, confectioner, and other principal servants of the household! The friends that Mozart found in Vienna soon put it out of the Archbishop's power to repeat this gross insult. He had long addressed the young musician in the third person (formerly the custom in Germany when speaking to menial servants), with occasional additions the most gratuitously affronting that a surly nature and high-born ignorance could suggest. In a few months there was an explosion; they parted for ever; and Mozart had the satisfaction, if revenge had any place in his nature, of seeing his haughty lord disgraced and neglected by the emperor and his court.

The energy of the composer's nature is well pointed in the following sentences of a letter, written soon after the journey to Vienna:—"O if I had but known that I should be here in Lent, I would have written a little oratorio, and given it for my benefit at the theatre, as is sometimes done. It would have been easy to write, as I well know the voices. I would gladly give a public concert, but I know that would not be permitted."

Mozart made his first public appearance as a piano-forte player at Vienna on the third of April, 1781, at the concert annually given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of musicians. The applause was so vehement and so continued, that he was obliged to sit down to the instrument again. What most pleased him, however, was the amazing silence and attention of the auditory. Doubtless

here was something very different to the manner of the rattling figurantes who usually engaged attention for the hour and were forgotten.

Vienna, even sixty years ago, was described by Mozart as the true land of piano-forte playing, and to the present hour it maintains its character. The brilliant and expressive style of the new virtuoso procured him distinguished attention from many ladies of high rank. The Countess Thun, whom Mozart characterises as the most charming lady he had ever met with in his life, not only made him a present of a beautiful piano, but continued, on all occasions, the warm friend and admirer of his genius. His way of life was diligent enough. In the gloomiest time of the year—December, his *Friseur* was with him at six in the morning; he then composed till ten, and afterwards commenced lesson-giving at the rate of twelve lessons for six ducats. During this part of his existence, before his expenses became great, his father and sister at Salzburg received frequent remittances from him: he never forgot them nor their wants.

The sources of Mozart's income during the ten eventful years of his life at Vienna were teaching, composing, concert giving, &c. He never enjoyed any appointment with a settled income; every *louis d'or* was gained by hard labour, and yet, in the midst of a harassing life, to which the cares of wife and children were soon added, how amazingly his immortal compositions accumulated! It is this part of Mozart's history that distinguishes him from any other musician. Leisure and easy circumstances have produced from men of genius many delightful fruits, as the lives of Bach, Handel, Gluck, and other composers evince. But to create so noble a fame as did Mozart by hours stolen from sleep, from business, and even from occasional dissipation, is a wonder that the history of future generations will hardly parallel. Whole movements and even entire compositions were sketched in a night; and the technical details being often filled up by pupils who were acquainted with the master's system of composition, his inventive faculty was allowed a free and uninterrupted course. So unexhausted by rapid production did that remain, that the catalogue of his works preserved by him for the last few years of his life even displays *improvement* in the fire and originality of his conceptions. Had Mozart lived to be as old as Gluck or Haydn, no one can say what he would have done, but every one who knows the character of his genius will believe that he would have gone on still planning and still accomplishing higher efforts.

The peculiar mission of Mozart was undoubtedly to put the finishing grace to melody; and in doing this his harmony became more polished, and his music altogether more penetrating and exquisite than that of his predecessors. His influence upon Haydn, whom he outstripped in the symphony style, by first completing the modern form and model of that species of writing, will be acknowledged by all who take the trouble to make themselves accurately acquainted with the dates of their several compositions. Mozart's operas, compared to those of Gluck, are as Shakspeare to Sophocles; if neither so simple nor so uniformly elevated, they are more various, and quite as passionate. But we must not suffer ourselves to be betrayed by our regard for this subject into speculations that would better suit a regular biography than an article designed merely to throw some new light on the life and character of a great musician.

The following particulars relating the end of the composer's career are new in England. It is reported, on the authority of Neukomm, that Mozart, when taking leave of Haydn, previously to the journey of the latter to England, said, "I fear, my father, that this is the last time we shall see one another." In the year 1791 a rheumatic inflammatory fever was epidemical at Vienna; it carried off many, and Mozart among the number, after some months' gradual decline; but his health had been previously weakened by occasional excesses in drinking, frequent night-watching, and unremitting labour. Just before his death his worldly prospects had assumed a more favourable aspect; his appointment as *Kapellmeister* to St. Stephen's, and regular commissions from Hungary and Holland, promised to secure himself and family from a repetition of the embarrassments to which, through bad management, they had been frequently exposed. But too late! It added bitterness to his end, that he found himself about to die when he had in his own mind just learned to compose, and was beginning to live for his art.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

OLE BUL'S NIAGARA.

The following article, written by Mrs. Child, descriptive of a new violin composition by Ole Bul, appears in the "Broadway Journal," a New York literary paper:—

You ask me for my impressions of Ole Bul's "Niagara." It is like asking an Æolian harp to tell what the great organ of Freyburg does. But since you are pleased to say that you value my impressions, because they are always my own, and not another persons—because they are spontaneous, disinterested, and genuine—I will give you the tones as they breathed through my soul, without anxiety to have them pass for more than they are worth.

I did not know what the composer intended to express. I would have avoided knowing, if the information had been offered; for I wished to hear what the music itself would say to me. And thus it spoke! The serenely beautiful opening told of a soul going forth peacefully into the calm bright atmosphere. It passes along, listening to the half audible, many-voiced murmurings of the summer woods. Gradually, tremulous vibrations fill the air, as of a huge cauldron seething in the distance. The echoing sounds rise and swell, and finally roar and thunder. In the midst of this stands the soul, striving to utter its feelings.

"Like to a mighty heart the music seems,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak."

It wanders away from the cataract, and again and again returns within sound of its mighty echoes. Then calmly, reverentially, it passes away, listening to the receding chorus of Nature's tremendous drums and trombones; musing solemnly as it goes, on that vast sheet of waters, rolling now as it has rolled, "long, long time ago."

Grand as I thought "Niagara" when I first heard it, it opened upon me with increasing beauty when I heard it repeated. I then observed many exquisite and graceful touches, which were lost in the magnitude of the first impression. The multitudinous sounds are bewildering in their rich variety.

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

"The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the rocky heights,
And dark recesses of the cavern rocks;

The little rills, and waters numberless,
Bend their ootes with the loud streams."

There is the pattering of water-drops, gurglings, twitterings, and little gushes of song.

"The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
And all the leaves in festive glee
Were dancing to the minstrelsy."

The sublime waterfall is ever present, with its echoes; but present in a calm contemplative soul. One of the most poetic minds I know, after listening to this music, said to me, "The first time I saw Niagara, I came upon it through the woods, in the clear sunlight of a summer's morning; and these tones are a perfect transcript of my emotions." In truth, it seems to me a most wonderful production; a perfect disembodied poem; a most beautiful mingling of natural sounds with the reflex of their impressions on a refined and poetic mind. This serene grandeur, this pervading beauty, which softens all the greatness, is probably the principal reason why it does not captivate the ears of the public as much as they had anticipated.

It is a great disadvantage to any work of art to be much talked of before it appears. People had formed all sorts of expectations, and were disappointed not to hear their own conceptions uttered in sound. Some expected to hear all "Niagara," with its powerful bass notes, on the violin alone; and apparently forgot that they owed to Ole Bul's genius the grandly expressive orchestral accompaniment.

I suppose that "Niagara" was not received with loud applause, because the souls of the audience were, like my own, too much stilled by its solemn and majestic beauty. When I heard that many were disappointed in it, I felt as if my spirit would be suffocated to remain in a city, that had not souls to appreciate a production like that. But one never need distrust the human soul. It always responds to what comes from the soul. During the following days, people who were strangers to Ole Bul were continually saying to me, "I was indignant at the want of enthusiasm." "Really, I have never before been so much impressed with Ole Bul's genius." Then came tidings that foreign critics, and musical amateurs, who were present, thought it a composition full of majesty and beauty, and were surprised that it was not received with warmer applause. Like all refined and skillfully elaborated productions, it will take time to grow upon the popular ear. If I were to hear it a hundred times, I should discover some new beauty every time, though I should never be able thoroughly to appreciate it. The artist has thrown into it the earnest strength of his soul, and prepared it with great care, because he wished to offer a fitting tribute to this country. Perhaps America will not discover the magnificence of the compliment, till applauding Europe teaches her its value.

At the second concert, a Rondo *Giocoso*, of Ole Bul's composing, greeted my ears for the first time. It is the lightest, airiest thing imaginable; like the hum of bees among the flowers. It is the very Spirit of Joy, throwing smiles and roses as she dances by.

Then, too, I heard "The Solitude of the Prairie" for the first time; and never did music so move the inmost depths of my soul. Its spiritual expression breathes through heavenly melodies. With a voice earnest and plaintive as the nightingale, it spoke to

me of inward conflict; of the soul going forth into solitude, alone and sad. The infinite stretches itself out, in darkness and storm. Through the fierce tempestuous struggle, it passes alone, alone, as the soul must ever go through all its sternest conflicts. Then comes self-renunciation, humility, and peace. And thus does the exquisitely beautiful music of this *Prairie Solitude* lay the soul lovingly into its rest.

Many, who have hitherto been moderate in their enthusiasm about Ole Bul, recognise in these new compositions more genius than they supposed him to possess. Tastefully intertwined fantasias, or those graceful musical garlands, rondos, might be supposed to indicate merely a pleasing degree of talent and skill. But those individuals must be hard to convince, who do not recognise the presence of genuine inspiration, in the deep tenderness of the mother's prayer, that sounds as if it were composed at midnight, alone with the moon; in the fiery, spirit-stirring eloquence of the "*Polacca Guerriera*," composed at Naples, in view of flaming Vesuvius,—in the deep, spiritual melody of the "*Prairie Solitude*," and in the bold yet serene grandeur of "*Niagara*." The individuality of Ole Bul's compositions, their unrepeatable variety, and certain passages which occur in them all, have frequently suggested to my mind the existence of a latent slumbering power, which has not room to exert its full strength in music composed for the violin.

I speak as a novice, but my speech has the merit of being unaffected. In the presence of mere skill, I know not what to say. It may please me somewhat; but whether it is more or less excellent than some other thing, I cannot tell. But bring me into the presence of genius, and I know it, by rapid intuition, as quickly as I know a sunbeam. I cannot tell how I know it. I simply say, This is genius; as I say, This is a sunbeam.

It is an old dispute that between genius and criticism, and probably will never be settled; for it is one of the manifold forms of conservatism and innovation. In all departments of life, genius is on the side of progress, and learning on the side of established order. Genius comes a prophet from the future, to guide the age onward. Learning, the lawgiver, strives to hold it back upon the past. But the prophet always revolutionises the laws; for thereunto was he sent. Under his powerful hand, the limitations gradually yield and flow, as metals melt into new forms at the touch of fire.

This is as true of music as of every thing else. Its rules have been constantly changing. What is established law now, was unknown or shocking a hundred years ago. Every great genius that has appeared in the art has been accused of violating the rules. The biographer of Haydn says, "The charming little thoughts of the young musician, the warmth of his style, the liberties which he sometimes allowed himself, called forth against him all the invective of the musical monastery. They reproached him with errors of counterpoint, heretical modulations, and movements too daring. His introduction of *prestissimo* made all the critics of Vienna shudder." An English nobleman once begged him to explain the reason of certain modulations and arrangements in one of his quartetts. "I did so because it has a good effect," replied the composer. "But I can prove to you that it is altogether contrary to the rules," said the nobleman. "Very well," replied Haydn, "arrange it in your own way, hear both played, and tell me which you

like the best." "But how *can* your way be the best, since it is contrary to the rules?" urged the nobleman. "Because it is the most agreeable," replied Haydn; and the critic went away unconvinced.

Beethoven was constantly accused of violating the rules. In one of his compositions, various things were pointed out to him as deviations from the laws, expressly forbidden by masters of the art. "*They forbid them, do they?*" said Beethoven. "Very well. I allow them."

Do not understand me as speaking scornfully of knowledge and critical skill. Only presumptuous, self-conceited ignorance does this. On the contrary, I labour with earnest industry to acquire more and more knowledge of rules in all the forms of art. But, in all the higher and more spiritual manifestations, I recognise laws only as temporary and fluxional records of the progressive advancement of the soul. I do not deny the usefulness of criticism; but genius for ever remains the master, and criticism the servant.

Whether critics will consider "*Niagara*" as abounding with faults, when they examine into its construction, I cannot conjecture. It is their business to analyse genius, and the mischief is, they are generally prone to dissect in the shadow of their own hands. To speak playfully, it is my own belief that catatract thunderings, sea-moanings, tree-breathings, wind-whistlings, and bird-warblings, are none of them composed according to the rules. They ought all to be sent to Paris or Rome, to finish their education, and go silent meanwhile, unless they can stop their wild everlasting variations.

I have not yet learned to become reconciled to the sudden crash of the orchestra, which, in almost all complicated music, comes in to snap beautiful melodies,

"As if a lark should suddenly drop dead,

While the blue air yet trembled with its song."

I suppose it is right, because all composers will have it so. Moreover, I know it is so in nature, and it is so in the experience of the soul. But, after all, those clashing instruments always seem like the devil in the universe, of whom it never becomes quite clear to me what need there is of his being there.

I have less affinity for fun than for earnest impassioned utterance; but really there is no withstanding the admirable comic power of tone and gesture in Signor Queerico (Sanquirico.) In this dull heavy atmosphere, which has for weeks hung over us like a pall, he is positively a benefactor, as agreeable as a glimpse of sunshine.—*L. Maria Child.*

MUSIC AND POETRY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

It may be said with confidence, that there never was a thoroughly great poet who was not a passionate lover of music; and if some of the least of true poets have had more love for it than some who were greater, *so far* they were greater themselves, and so far, or to an equal extent, were those greater ones deficient in one of the constituent qualities of a perfect poet, and in the perception even of moral as well as physical harmony;—for all the harmonies hold together by subtle analogies. But *have* there been any such phenomena as great poets, of whatsoever degree of greatness, who have not been lovers of music? We have heard of some such amazing wild-fowl,—of such contradictory "sweet swans,"—but we never met with any;—certainly

not in books. Among the ancients (of whose music, it is true, little is known, and much strange assertion hazarded, but of the *effects* of which we read the most enthusiastic accounts) the poet must have found it very difficult,—had he made never so extraordinary an attempt that way,—not to sympathize with the musician; for he and the musician were identical, and all his verses sung to the harp. The divider of the lovers of music and poetry, will, therefore, not look for examples of so shocking a divorce among the ancient poets,—in Homer, who travelled about with his harp, like a god turned minstrel;—nor in Sophocles, who danced round an altar singing his own hymn to his own music, and who must have looked like a real Apollo (for he was then young and beautiful, and the sacred dance was performed naked); nor in Anacreon, who is always touching his lute under a tree, to “twinkling feel,” or eyes;—nor in Pindar, who wrote that glorious passage on the effect of music upon Jove’s eagle, which has sounded ever since as from a throne over the head and ears of mankind, and in which nevertheless, like a truly great poet, he has not hesitated to mix the homeliest natural truth with the loftiest idealism (for Nature, who made every thing, disrespects nothing.) Let us take it in Mr. Carey’s translation, who is a right poetical and reverential interpreter of poets, and does not adapt them to the fashion of a “school,” or a day, as even Gray did. Pindar is addressing the lyre, or music itself:—

“Jove’s eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
Possess by thy enchanting numbers!
On either side, his rapid wing
Drops, entranc’d, the feather’d king;
Flack vapour o’er his curved head,
Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed;
Upheaving his MOIST BACK he lies,
Held down with thrilling harmonies.”

What music would not Gluck have written to that?

Poets are the greatest and most universal lovers of beauty, in the world. Not to admire music, therefore, would be as strange in them, as if they were not to admire the *voice of beauty*! It would be just as if the greatest possible lover of a charming woman, were to be insensible to the beauty of her speech!

All the world knows what a lover of music Milton was. So was Dante: so was Ariosto—(there is a portrait of him with a lute): so was Titian also a luteist—(we involuntarily bring the *poets of painting* in among the other poets): so Leonardo da Vinci, who understood music theoretically: so Anibal Caracci, who fondly painted his piano-forte with beautiful designs—(there are two of them in the National Gallery): so Raphael—at least we should guess so, if only from that portrait he painted of a violin player, into whose hand, while holding the bow, he has put *also* a little bunch of flowers, out of which the bow most charmingly issues, and which not only improve the composition, but may be supposed to imply the delicacy and brilliant colouring of the musician’s style of playing. There is a fine engraving of it now selling in the shops. Then look at Shakspeare. You may know how fond he was of music, by the frequency and intensity of his mention of it, and on all occasions, serious, comic, and mixed. We will not quote passages which are quoted every day; but think of the following:—

“It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.”

Remember how music sounds to music—one string to another—and then observe here how Love himself is made a being so musical, that the very throne on which he sits has a natural corresponding echo to sweet music. Was ever the harmoniousness of a loving sympathy imaged in a more lovely or music-loving manner? And, “to pass from grave to gay,” who but one of the very heartiest lovers of music—an untired enjoyer of concords of all kinds at three o’clock in the morning—could have put that proposition into the mouth of Sir Toby:—

“Shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw *three souls out of one weaver*?”

These remarks have been suggested to us by a passage we propose to select from Spenser, who was the most luxurious, and therefore one of the most music-loving, of all poets. The first stanza is to be looked upon as a recitative, or introduction, to the second; which latter would put a composer to all his resources of instrumentation and accompaniment. It is the music to Spenser’s “Bower of Bliss,” and would make a most various, novel, and glorious *crescendo*, sinking into “*calls*” of the sound of water—(what a lovely word?)—and finally, into those low answers of the wind to the calls, which the poet had best describe in his own words:—

A MAGIC CONCERT.

From Spenser.

“Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as, at once, might not, on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was, for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner musick that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, wind, waters, all agree.
“The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper’d sweet;
Th’ angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th’ instruments divine responsement meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters’ fall;
The waters’ fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.”

Sweet, is it not? Superabundantly beautiful; and (with the exception of a woman’s voice, which afterwards comes into play) fills up every softest corner of the ear of imagination?—And yet one little appeal to the *affections* touches a chord in the human heart, which beats even all this, for something to linger in the memory. The following are the two stanzas we alluded to in our last number. Perhaps they had better be written as one; for the thought is continuous, and indeed not completed till the close.

SWEET THOUGHTS REMAINING.

By Shelley.

“Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Roses, when the rose is dead,
Are heap’d for the beloved’s bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself, shall slumber on.”

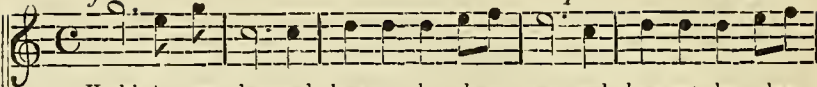
Ah, divine poeta! amice (si potest) diviniot! sic etiam tui meminisse!—Musical World.

HEALTH TO MY DEAR.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

*Vivace**f**p**Spofforth.*

ALTO.



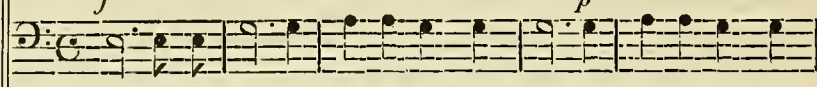
Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

TENOR.



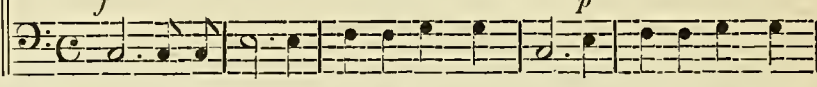
Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

1st BASS.

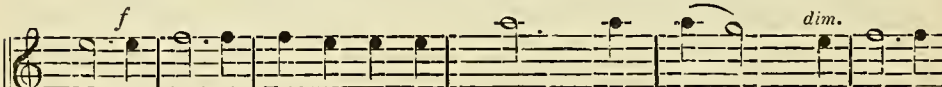


Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

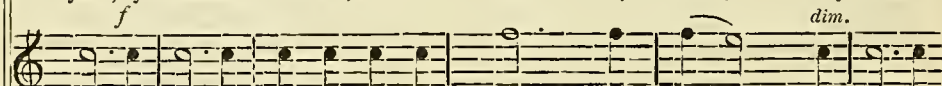
2d BASS.



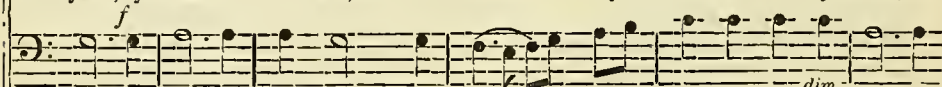
Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken



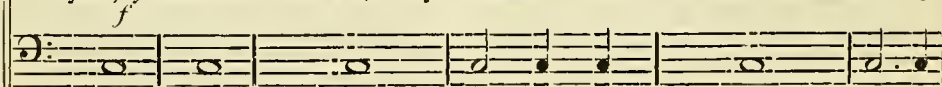
years, by storms un - ruf - fled, and un - stain'd by tears, by storms un -



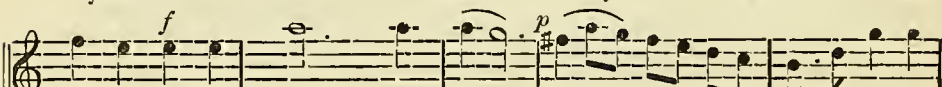
years, by storms un - ruf - fled, and un - stain'd by tears, by storms, un -



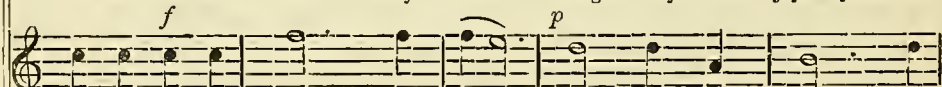
years, by storms un - ruf - fled, by storms - un - ruf - fled and unstain'd by



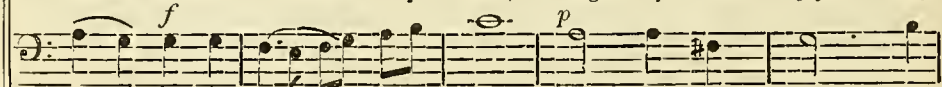
years - - - - - Health to my dear - - - - - and



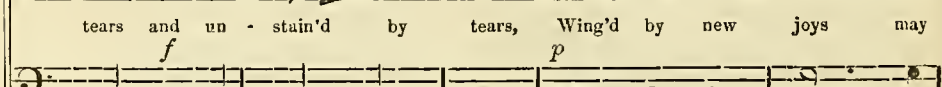
ruf - fled and un - stain'd by tears. Wing'd by new joys may each white



ruf - fled and un - stain'd by tears, Wing'd by new joys may



tears and un - stain'd by tears, Wing'd by new joys may



long un - bro - ken years, Wing'd by new joys, may

f 1st.

mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

f

each white mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

f

each white mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

f

each white mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

2d. *p*

eye. O'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty spring, may peace e - ter - nal

p

eye. O'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty spring, may peace e - ter - nal

p

eye. O'er, o'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty spring, may peace e -

p

eye - - - O'er that dear breast

cres. *f*

spread her dow - ny wing, o'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty

cres. *f*

spread her dow - ny wing, o'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty

cres. *f*

ter - nal spread her dow - ny wing, o'er that dear breast where

f

where love

p *fp*

spring may peace e - ter - nal spread her dow - ny wing,

p *pp*

spring, may peace e - ter - nal spread her dow - ny wing,

p *pp*

love and pi - ty spring may peace e - ter - nal spread her dow - ny

p *pp*

and pi - ty spring,

cres. *f* *Slow. dolce.*

may peace e - ter - nal spread her dow - ny wing. Sweet beam - ing hope her

cres. *f*

may peace e - ter - nal spread her dow - ny wing. Sweet beam - ing hope her

f

wing, her dow ny wing. Sweet beam - ing hope her

f

may peace e - ter - nal spread her down - y wing. Sweet beam - ing hope her

cres. *dim.*

path il - lu - mine still, And fair - i - deas, all her fan - cy fill.

cres. *dim.*

path il - lu - mine still, And fair - i - deas all her fan - cy fill.

cres. *dim.*

path il - lu - mine still, And fair i - deas all her fan - cy fill.

cres. *dim.*

path il - lu - mine still, And fair i - deas all her fan cy fill.

MOZART'S MANNER OF COMPOSING.

The following interesting account of Mozart's process of composition, is from a letter written by himself to a noble Viennese amateur, who had solicited from him some information on the subject. "You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more on the subject than the following; for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer; say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c. All this fires my soul, and provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodised and defined; and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine statue, or a beautiful picture, at a glance. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, 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 is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was before in my imagination."

ANECDOTE OF SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation

of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr. Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr. Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, "He ran over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak." During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cried Snetzler, "tish is very goot, very goot, intee; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak." Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do;" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two." This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr. Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

A LENGTHY APPRENTICESHIP.

When Jardine, the famous violin player, was asked what time it would require to attain perfection on that instrument, he answered, "Twelve hours a-day for twenty years." Paganini remarked to De Beriot, that were they to study the violin for a whole life, its capabilities might be understood, but then another lifetime would be requisite to achieve its mastership.

HOLY, HOLY, LORD.

SACRED CHORUS.

Adagio. *f* *Haydn.*

SOPRANO. *f* Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

ALTO. *f* Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Holy, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

TENOR. *f* Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Holy, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

BASS *f* Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-baoth!

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sabaoth!

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sabaoth! *Sym.* *p*

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sabaoth! *Sym.*

Allegro.

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

glo-ry. Ho-san-na

glo-ry. Ho-san-na in the

glo-ry. *Sym.* Ho-san-na in the high-est

f glo-ry. Ho-san-na in the high-est, in the

in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the
 high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est
 in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the
 highest, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san -

high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high -
 in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high -
 high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high -
 - - - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high -

est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
 est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est.
 est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
 est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

SONG FROM THE "IRON CHEST."

Words by George Colman the Younger.

*Larghetto.**Storace.*

Down by the ri - ver there grows a green willow, Sing O! for my true love, my

true love, O! I'll weep out the night there, The bank for my pil - low, And

all for my true love, my true love, O! When

chill blows the wind, - and tem - pests are beat - ing I'll

count all the clouds as I mark them re - treat - ing; For

true lover's joys, well - a - day I are as fleeting, Sing all for my true love, my

true love, O! For true lo - ver's joys, well - a - day are as fleeting, Sing

O! for my love, Sing O! for my true love, my true love O!

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed:
Sing O! for my true love, my true love O!
When dead on the bank I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true love, my true love O!
Make, make me a grave, all while the winds blowing,

Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my love, my true love O!
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my love, 'tis all for my love, my true love, O.

PECULIARITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COMPOSERS.

Gluck, to rouse his imagination, used to place himself in the middle of a meadow, under the heat of a burning sun, with his piano before him, and two bottles of champagne by his side. In this way he wrote his two "Iphigenias," his "Orpheus," and "Paris."

Sarti, on the contrary, chose a large empty room for the field of his labours, dimly lighted by a single lamp hung from the ceiling. His musical spirit was summoned to his aid only in the middle of the night, and in the midst of the most profound silence. Thus he produced the "Medonte," and the well-known beautiful air, "La dolce campagna."

Cimarosa loved noise, and preferred, when he composed, to be surrounded by his friends. After this manner did he write "Les Horaces," and the "Matrimonio Segreto."

Paësiello could not tear himself from his bed. From between the sheets were produced "Nina," the "Barber of Seville," the "Molinara," and others.

It is said that the reading of a passage in some holy Latin classic was necessary to inspire Zingarelli to the composition in less than four hours of an entire act of "Pyrrhus," or of "Romeo and Juliet."

Anfossi, a Neapolitan composer of great promise, who died young, could not write a note until surrounded by roast capons, hams, sausages, &c. &c. (Heaven help us, our English composers are puzzled where to get the hams and capons!)

It is related of Haydn, that, for the sake of inspiration, he used to dress himself with as much care and elegance as if he were about to be presented at Court; and that then, after putting on the ring given him by the King of Prussia, he was in a state to write. He often used to declare that if he sat down without this ring not a single musical idea would come into his head.

Grétry states, in his Memoirs, that his own medium of inspiration was the sipping of tea or lemonade.

Rossini cannot bear to hear his own music. His

facility of composition is surprising, the greater part of his masterpieces having been written in the midst of all the pleasures of society, and while surrounded and apparently engrossed by every gaiety. His "Gazza Ladra" was written in twelve days. "Guillaume Tell" took him but three months, and was written in the midst of the noise of constant visitors thronging his room, and in whose conversation he from time to time bore his part; his attention, the meanwhile, never distracted from his labour, until some one hummed one of his own airs, or an organ stopped under his window.

Now, let us turn to Meyerbeer, the man of mournful melody,—of sombre, plaintive notes. Behold him, alone, shut up in that *granary*, hidden from all eyes. He hears the wind moan, the rain falling in torrents, the storm bursting over the devoted heads of those who may be exposed to it—to him it is a source of inspiration. He is imitating on his piano the disorder of the elements, the wailing of the blast, the crash and roar of the thunder.

Auber is supposed to have gained the initiative ideas of some of his best compositions while galloping on horseback; his *destrier* may thus be said to be, without mythological fable, the true Pegasus.

The celebrated chorus in the "Muet de Portici" was written after noting the bizarre combination of conflicting harmonies produced by the *poissardes*, *marchands de legumes*, and others in the *Marché des Innocents*.

A strange freak is told of Adolphe Adam, the author of the "Chalet," the "Postillon de Lonjumeau," "Giselle," &c. It is said that after having dined, he will lie down on his bed, and, summer or winter, smother himself with the clothes, then have one of his two enormous cats placed at his head, the other at his feet, and in that half stifled position court the goddess of harmony, and woo her to inspire him with those pretty airs which the public of Paris have so applauded, and which have gained for him a very respectable rank in the list of modern composers.

Of our English composers, little in the way of eccentricity can be said of them. They are, and have been for the most part, quiet, gentlemanly men, living, eating, drinking, and sleeping, like those around them, and neither seeking nor assuming any peculiar medium of inspiration.—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

COULD A MAN BE SECURE.

DUET.

Moderato.

Composer unknown.

Could a man be se - cure that his life would en - dure, as of

Could a man be se - cure that his life would en - dure, as of old - - as of

old for a thousand, a thou - sand long years, could a man be se -

old, for a thousand, a thou - sand long years, That his

cure, that his life would en - dure, as of old, for a thou - sand long

life would en - dure, would en - dure, as of old, for a thou - sand long

p years, that his life would en - dure, as of *rf* old, for a thou - sand long

p years, that his life would en - dure, as of *rf* old, for a thou - sand long

f years; What arts might he know, what acts might he do, what arts might he

years; What acts might he do, might he do, what

know, what acts might he do, and all with - out hur - ry, all - - - all

acts might he do, might he do, and all with - out hur - ry, all

- - - with - out hur - ry or care; and all with - out hur - ry, all -

all with - out hur - ry or care, And all with - out hur - ry,

- - - all - without hur - ry or care. *Con spirito.* But we that have but

all all without hur - ry or care. But we that have but span long

span long, span long lives, that have but span long lives, the thicker must lay on the

span long lives, but span long lives the thicker must lay on thr,

plea - sure; And since time will not, time will not stay, we'll add the

plea - sure; And since time will not, time will not stay, we'll add the night, the

night, we'll add the night un - to the day,

night un - to the day, the night un - to the day, we'll add the

we'll add the night, we'll add the night un - to the day, we'll

night, we'll add the night, the night un - to the day, we'll

add the night un - to the day, and thus we'll fill, thus

add the night un - to the day, and thus we'll fill, thus

thus we'll fill the mea - sure, we'll add the night un - to the day,

thus we'll fill the mea - sure, we'll add the night un - to the day, and

and thus we'll fill, thus, thus we'll fill the mea - sure.

thus we'll fill, thus, thus we'll fill the mea - sure.

hr *p* *f* *hr*

SOME LOVE TO ROAM O'ER THE DARK SEA FOAM.

Words by C. Mackay, Esq.

Allegro con spirito.

Henry Russell.

dolce.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whistle
 2d ver. The deer we mark in the fo - rest dark, And the prowling wolf we

free; But a cho - sen band, in a mountain land, And a
 track, And for right good cheer in the wild-woods here, Oh!

life in the woods for me, But a cho - sen band in a
 why should a hun - ter lack! And for right good cheer in the

mountain land, And a life in the woods for me, When
 wild woods here, Oh! - why should a hun ter lack! For with

morning beams o'er the mountain streams, Oh! mer - ri - ly forth we
 steady aim at the bounding game, And hearts that fear no

rall. *A tempo.*

go. - - To fol - low the stag to his slip - pe - ry erag, And to
foe, - - To the dark - some glade in the fo - rest shade, Oh! -

cres.

bold. *cres.*

chase the bound - ing roe, To fol - low the stag to his
mer - ri - ly forth we go, To the dark - some glade in the

ff *p*

slip - pe - ry erag, And to chase the bound - ing roe, Ho! ho! ho!
fo - rest shade, Oh - mer - ri - ly forth we go, Ho! ho! ho!

rall. ad lib. *ff sos.*

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho - - - Some

a tempo.

love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, When the shrill winds whistle

free, But a cho - sen band in a mountain land, And a



BEETHOVEN AND KUHLAU.

The late Professor Kuhlau, of Copenhagen, was a Musician of uncommon genius, who gained great distinction in his art, and, but for his untimely death, would have attained the highest celebrity. He has produced many works of magnitude which are much esteemed on the Continent, but is chiefly known in England by his Compositions for the Flute, which are greatly valued by the lovers of that instrument. Mr. Moscheles, in some very interesting letters, published in the *Harmonicon* in 1830, after his visit to Copenhagen, speaks of Kuhlau as "a Musician of profound erudition, and a celebrated Composer." He mentions his extraordinary ability in the composition of Canons, and gives, as a specimen, an enigmatic Canon in four parts, a composition equally curious and beautiful. An interesting anecdote, of a visit paid by him to Beethoven, may be related as connected with his skill in this branch of his art.

Kuhlau's veneration for Beethoven was unbounded. In his youthful enthusiasm he took a journey to Vienna, in order to have the pleasure of paying personal homage to his divinity. But his time for this visit was ill chosen. Beethoven, suffering from deafness, and soured by disappointment, had retired to a village in the neighbourhood of the city for the purpose of secluding himself from society. Kuhlau endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain access to him. He got friends to write—he wrote himself—but no notice whatever was taken of his applications. At length, one fine morning, Kuhlau set off on foot to the village where Beethoven lived. He found the house, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. A peremptory refusal from the servant was his answer. Deeply disappointed, our young enthusiast wandered for some time about the neighbourhood, trying to devise some way of accomplishing his object, and, in the midst of his reverie, passed again by Beethoven's door. The great man was taking the air at his window. Kuhlau saluted

him, and begged to have the honour of an interview; the only answer was a negative gesture, and a wave of the hand, which said very plainly, "Go about your business!" The young Musician, however, persisted. Falling on his knees, he clasped his hands and raised them to Beethoven with a mute eloquence which fairly overcame him. "Well, then!" he cried, "Come in, since you will have it." Kuhlau lost no time in profiting by the invitation, such as it was; and Beethoven, having once made up his mind to admit him, received him civilly. The ice was soon broken; Beethoven liked his stranger guest, and soon became all frankness and good humour. He did the honours of his house like a true German; asked his visitor to dinner, and treated him with the most cordial hospitality.

The entertainer and his guest were soon delighted with each other. Beethoven found that the Danish Musician was a man of sense and talent, and was gratified by his warm but manly expressions of admiration. They discussed all sorts of Musical topics; and Kuhlau illustrated something he said about Canons, by writing down, extempore, an ingenious one, for two voices, to which he added words complimentary to Beethoven. He, inspired by animated conversation, and by the good wine he gave his guest, and of which he himself took his full share, also extemporised a Canon; and the two newly made friends exchanged their productions in token of mutual regard.

After a joyous evening, the friends separated. Kuhlau took his way to Vienna, more troubled by the *breadth* of the way than by its length; and Beethoven betook himself to bed, where he fell into a sweeter sleep than he had enjoyed for many a day. When he awoke in the morning, the evening he had spent appeared like a pleasant dream. At last he remembered the Canons, and became alarmed at the thoughts of the one he himself had perpetrated. What sort of a thing could it be? Some miserable trash, inspired by the fumes of wine, and

quite unworthy of his character as an artist. Uneasy at this idea, he sat down to his piano-forte, and, after writing for an hour or two, put what he had written in his pocket, took his hat, set off, post-haste, for Vienna, and arrived at Kuhlau's lodgings.

"My dear friend," he said, "you opened a fire on me with all your artillery, and I answered your fire with a *Canon*, which must be a miserable affair; for I believe I was half tipsy at the time. I have made another this morning, which I bring you in exchange for the one which you are going, I trust, to give me back."

"No, in faith!" cried Kuhlau, laying bold of the second *Canon*; "I mean to keep them both; in the first place, because I have them from you, and also

because I am certain that they are both worthy of you."

"Well—but let me see the other.—Ah, very good! This is quite correct, and has more fire and spirit than the other. Well, I see I have nothing for it but to get half-seas over when I want to write good Music! But your *Canon* is charming, and worth both mine put together. Come and see me often, and let us talk about Music—you know what it is. Farewell."

This little anecdote may be added to the many traits of kindness of heart, and gaiety of temper, which belonged to Beethoven's character, notwithstanding the harsh and forbidding exterior which was the result of his unhappy circumstances.

CANST THOU LOVE AND LIVE ALONE?

Andante affettuoso.

CANZONET FOR FOUR VOICES.

Ravenscroft.

1st SOPRANO. *p* Canst thou love, canst thou love and live a - lone? *f* Canst thou love and

2d SOPRANO. *p* Canst thou love, canst thou love and live a - lone? *f* Canst thou, canst thou

ALTO. *p* Canst thou love and live a - lone? *f* Canst thou love and

BASS. *p* Canst thou love, canst thou

live a - lone? Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

love and live a - lone? Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

live a - lone - - - Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

love and live a - lone? Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

Allegretto. ♩

you can rest in a heart, in a heart em - brac - ed. Rise! rise! Day-light

you can rest in a heart em - brac - ed. Rise! rise! Day-light

you can rest in a heart em - brac - ed. Rise! rise! Day-light

p

do not burn out; Bells now ring, and birds do sing, 'Tis on - ly I that mourn out, 'Tis

p

do not burn out; Bells now ring, and birds do sing, 'Tis on - ly I that mourn out, 'Tis

p

do not burn out; Bells now ring, and birds do sing, 'Tis on - ly I that mourn out, 'Tis

p

*Tempo primo.**Fine.* ♩

p

on - ly I that mourn out. Morning star doth now, doth now ap - pear,

p *f*

on - ly I that mourn out. Morning star doth now, doth now ap - pear,

p *f*

on - ly I that mourn out. Morning star doth now ap - pear, *f*

Morning

f morning star doth now appear. *p* Wind is hush'd, is hush'd, and sky is clear; *f* Come a-
f morn'ing star doth now appear; *p* wind is hush'd, wind is hush'd, and sky is clear; *f* Come a-
p star doth now appear; *p* wind is hush'd, is hush'd, and sky is clear;
p star doth now appear; wind is hush'd and sky is clear,

dol. *ff* *al segno. S*
way! come away! come, come a-way! Canst thou love and burn out day.
dol. *ff* *al segno. S*
way! come away! come, come, come a-way! Canst thou love and burn out day.
f *dol.* *ff* *al segno. S*
come away! come, come, come a-way! Canst thou love and burn out day.
f *dol.* *ff* *al segno. S*
come away! come, come a-way! Canst thou love and burn out day.

FAIR AND UGLY.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

John Travers.

ALTO. Fair and ug - ly, false and true, fair and ug - ly,
TENOR. Fair and ug - ly, false and true, fair and ug - ly,
BASS. Fair and ug - ly, false and true, fair and ug - ly,

ug - ly and fair, fair and ug - ly, false and true, all

ug - ly and fair, fair and ug - ly, false and true, all

all to great Venus, all to great Ve - nus' yoke must bow. Such pleasure in our

all to great Venus, all to great Ve - nus' yoke must bow. Such pleasure in our

pains she takes, she laughs

pains she takes, she laughs

pains she takes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

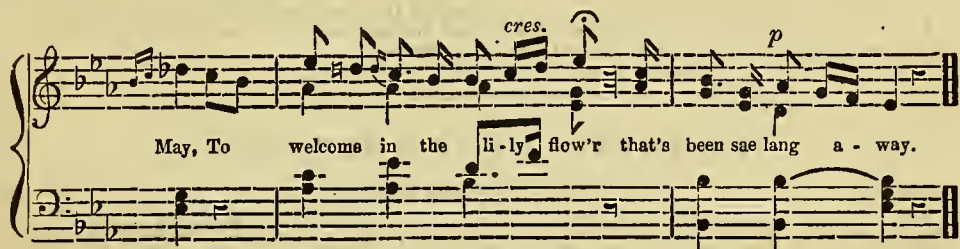
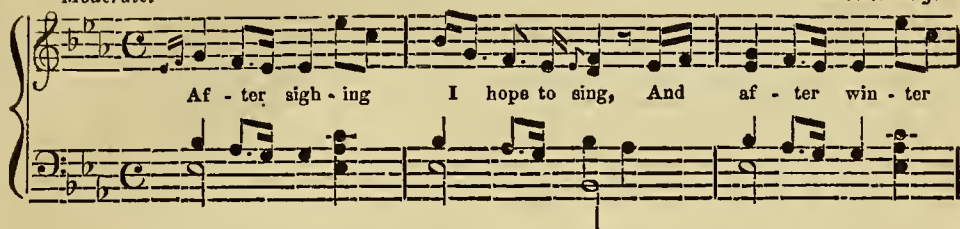
to see what sport she makes, she laughs

such pleasure in our pains she takes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes.

THE WELCOME OF THE LILY FLOWER.

*Moderate.**Jacobite song.*

And there will be liltin' frae hill to hill,
And there will be music baith loud and shrill,

And a' the little birdies that sing sae sweet in May,
Will welcome in the lily flower that's been sae lang
away.

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The late illustrious Cherubini, the Director of the *Conservatoire*, after having had an interview with the Duke on some matter of importance relative to its affairs, had to give his opinion on the subject, after taking it into consideration.

"My dear Master," said the Prince, "I shall be at the opera to-night, and you will then tell me what you think on this matter."

In the evening Cherubini felt unwell and unable to go out. He, therefore, wrote a letter, and desired one of his servants to deliver it to the Prince's aide-de-camp.

The messenger repaired to the opera-house, was shown to the Prince's box, in which he found a gentleman sitting by himself.

"Are you his Royal Highness's aide-de-camp?"

"Yes," said the Duke, smiling.

After having read Cherubini's letter, the Duke looked at the messenger, in whose physiognomy he was struck with a whimsical expression of discontent.

"You are in M. Cherubini's service?"

No. 115.—1½d.

"Yes, Sir."

"Don't you like your place?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; I should like it very well, but unluckily I have no taste for Music."

"What, you are a musician, then?"

"No, but I make notes."

"Make notes!"

"Yes, A's and B's. I am condemned to be eternally making notes. I wish I had something else to do."

The curtain rose, and the box filled with company. The old domestic took his leave; but the Duke, much amused, and somewhat curious, did not forget the conversation.

"M. Cherubini," he said, some days afterwards to the composer, "why do you employ your servant in making notes?"

"What, your Royal Highness—has he been talking to you?"

"Yes—but what is the meaning of so odd an employment?"

"Why, my Lord, this old servant of mine is very useful to me. I don't compose at the piano-forte; I write at my table, and have somebody at the

piano to touch for me any note that I call for. It is the old Italian method."

"Vastly well," said the Prince, laughing; "but why choose this old man for a duty which he by no means seems to relish?"

"Why, your Royal Highness, 'tis the *lex talionis*. When this old fellow and I first met, it was in the stirring times of the ninety-three. We musicians were forced to teach the people patriotic songs. My worthy friend, who had a voice like a bear, made me play the *Marseillaise* to him for eight days. So I swore to be revenged if I could ever find an opportunity."

"And you have found it?" said the Prince.

"Yes; it so happened that, fifteen years afterwards, he applied to me to take him into my service. Aha, said I, comrade, you forced me to accompany you when you had the upper hand; so sit down there, and make notes for me when I want them."

The Prince was amused with the story; but, like a generous confidant, he got Cherubini to give his old domestic some employment more to his taste than his everlasting task of *making notes*.

WAIT FOR THE APPLAUSE.

At a country festival, where the *Messiah* was performed, the gentleman to whom the aria, "O thou

that tellest," had been assigned, anticipating a favourable appreciation of his talents, wrote at the end of the song (the chorus following immediately) the words "wait for the applause." This he indorsed not only in the leader's copy, but in every one in the orchestra. At the conclusion of the song the leader stopped, and there was a dead pause. "Why do you not go on?" said the singer, in an agony of disappointed vanity. "I am waiting for the applause," was the calm reply of the sarcastic conductor. This story reminds us of an anecdote which Robert Hall, of Bristol, was accustomed to relate. "I remember," said his biographer, "at the distance of many years, with what a vivid feeling of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher of some account in his day and connection. He would sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places when it occurred. After his death, one of his hearers, happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed 'I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes, as it seemed. In his sermons there is written here and there in the margins, 'cry here;' now I verily believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."

IN VAIN WOULD FORTUNE.

Andante.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

S. Webbe.

1 In vain - - would for - tune with tem - pous blast, The

2 Lock'd in the sa - cred treasures of the past, What

3 Lock'd in the sa - cred treasures of the past, What

pre - sent pile of hap - pi - ness de - stroy.

I have once pos - sess'd I still en - joy.

I have once pos sess'd I still en - joy.

COME, BOUNTEOUS MAY.

Words by W. Thomson.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Reginald Spofforth.

With spirit. f

1st ALTO. Come, bounteous May, come bounteous May, bounteous May in fullness of thy

2d ALTO. Come, bounteous May, come bounteous May - - - -

TENOR. Come, bounteous May, come, bounteous May - - - -

1st BASS. Come, bounteous May, come, bounteous May - - - -

2d BASS. Come, bounteous May, come, bounteous May - - - -

p might, in fullness of thy might, Lead brisk - ly on the mirth in - fusing hours, lead *cres.*

p - - - in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours, lead *cres.*

p - - - in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours, lead *cres.*

p - - - in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours - *cres.*

p - - - in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours - *cres.*

brisk - ly, brisk - ly on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, the mirth - - - - -

brisk - ly, brisk - ly on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, lead briskly, lead brisk - ly

brisk - ly, brisk - ly on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, lead briskly, lead brisk - ly

... .. lead, lead, lead, briskly, lead brisk - ly

... .. lead, lead, lead, briskly, lead brisk - ly

... .. in - fus - ing hours, Come hours, All re - cent from the bosom

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours - - - - -

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours, All re - cent from the bosom

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours, All recent from the bosom

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours

of de-light,

f *p*

... All re-cent from the ho-som of delight, with nec-tar nurtur'd

f *p*

of delight, All re-cent from the ho-som of delight, with nec-tar nurtur'd

of de-light, - - - - -

f *p*

All recent from the bosom of delight, with nec-tar nurtur'd

p *cres.*

with nec-tar nurtur'd and in-volv'd in flow'rs,

cres.

and involv'd in flow'rs - - - - - with

cres.

and involv'd in flow'rs - - - - -

p *cres.*

with nec-tar nurtur'd and in-volv'd in flow'rs, in

cres.

and involv'd in flow'rs - - - - - with

in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nectar

nec - tar nurtur'd and in - volv'd in flow'rs, in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with neo - tar

in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nec - tar

flow'rs in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nectar

nec - tar nurtur'd and in - volv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nectar

Expressively dolce.

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs. By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs, in flow'rs, in flow'rs. By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs. By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs in flow'rs. By

spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb, by Hebe's dimply smile, by Flo - ra's bloom, by *cres.*

spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb, by Hebe's dimply smile, by Flo - ra's bloom, by *cres.*

spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb, by Hebe's dimply smile, by Flo - ra's bloom, by

spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb, by Hebe's dimply smile, by Flo - ra's bloom - *cres.*

spring's sweet blush, by nature's teeming womb, by Hebe's dimply smile, by Flo - ra's bloom, by

Musical score for a vocal piece. The score is written on five staves. The first four staves are in treble clef with a key signature of two flats (B-flat and E-flat). The fifth staff is in bass clef with the same key signature. The lyrics are: "Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self demands thee come, by Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self". The music features a melody with eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. A dynamic marking "p" (piano) appears above the second staff and below the fifth staff.

Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self demands thee come, by Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self

Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self demands thee come, by Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self

Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self demands thee come . . . de - mands . . .

. . . by Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self

Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self demands thee come, by Ve - nus' self, for Ve - nus' self

THE GIRL THAT I LOVE IS A MORTAL LIKE ME.

Moderato.

Let po - ets their mistress - es praises rehearse, And a - dern each proud fair with the

fiction of verse; A goddess and I should I'm sure ne'er a - gree, For the girl that I

love is a mortal like me. Kind na - ture has blest her with charms I must own, But for

these she's in - debt - ed to na - ture a - lone, No art, no de - sign in my

El - len I see, For the girl that I love is a mor - tal like me.

Health blooms on her cheek, virtue smiles in her eye,
I love her, I love her, I'll tell you for why,
She laughs, sings and dances, is lively and free,
And in truth she's no more than a mortal like me.

No. 116.

I apply not to Venus nor Cupid for aid,
But apply where I love to my beautiful maid;
This alone the fond wish of my bosom shall be,
Love a mortal dear Ellen, and let him be me.

PAISIELLO.

It is not generally known, says a foreign musical periodical, that this great composer remained in Russia nine years, in the course of which he composed "La Serva Padrona," "Il Matrimonio Inaspettato," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "I Filosofi Innamorati," and "La Finta Amante"—this opera was composed on the occasion of the journey of Catherine to Mohilon, in Poland, where she had an interview with Joseph II.—"Il Mondo della Luna," in one act, "La Nitteti," "Lucinda ed Armidoro," "Aleide al Bivio," "Achille in Sciro," a cantata for Prince Potemkin, and an interlude for Prince Orloff. During his residence in Russia he composed for his pupil, the Grand Duchess Federowna, consort of the Grand Duke Paul Petrowitz, several sonatas, voluntaries, and pieces for the pianoforte, in two volumes. He likewise published a collection of rules for accompanying from a score. This small performance was printed in Russia and on its publication the Empress conferred upon the author a pension of 900 roubles per annum. At Warsaw he produced the oratorio of "La Passione," the words by Metastasio, for King Poniatowski. Paisiello was not only a great musician; he possessed a large fund of information, he was well versed in the dead languages, and conversant in all the branches of literature, and on terms of friendship with the most distinguished persons of the age. He composed 78 operas—27 serious and 51 comic—eight intermezzos, and an infinite number of cantatas, oratorios, masses and motetts, Te Deums, &c., seven symphonies for the Emperor Joseph II., several pianoforte pieces for the Queen of Spain, and many theatrical scenes for the court of Russia. Dr. Burney, in speaking of him, says, "In 1770, he was the only composer in Naples who could make head against the high favour in which Piccini then stood, after his "Buona Figliuola." We were so happy as to hear him *improvvisare* in music at Sir William Hamilton's, when, having dined, he was begged to sing a scene of an opera, but there being none at hand, which he liked to perform, he said 'Date mi un libretto,' and the words of the first opera that could be found having been put on the harpsichord desk, he composed and sung extempore three or four scenes in so exquisite a manner, to his own ingenious accompaniment, that no studied music or singing we ever heard of the greatest composers or performers ever pleased us so much. It was not written music—it was inspiration." This great musician died at Naples, the 5th June, 1816, aged 76.

GANDSEY THE IRISH PIPER.

Mr. Wilson, the Vocalist, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, thus describes Mr. Gandsey and his performances on the Irish Pipe:—"He is a reverend looking old gentleman, with lint-white locks, and seems to revel in his own exquisite music. After playing many of the slow airs, he played what is called the Killarney Fox-hunt, with prodigious effect. It was an extraordinary performance: first, the horn sounds to unkenell the hounds; then there is the beating about for the fox; at last the huntsman joyfully cries out, 'The fox! the fox!'—then the hounds break loose with a tremendous halloo. After a hard run they lose him! The horn

sounds to gather in the hounds: 'There he is again:—to the lake!—to the lake!—he's off! to the Gap of Dunloe!—he's lost!—he is earthed!' Then comes the song of lamentation for the loss of the fox; the hounds are drawn off; the huntsmen dance down the hill to the Fox-hunter's Jig. The effect he produced by his enthusiastic shouting to the hounds—by the imitation of the yelping of the dogs—the shouts—the general confusion of a fox-hunt—and by the song of lamentation—was really extraordinary; no one, without hearing it, would believe that such an effect could be produced by so small and so sweet-toned an instrument.

ORIGIN OF THE OPERA IN ITALY.

The Italian Opera, now viewed with so much interest throughout Europe, owes its origin to the following incident:—It was about the year 1494 that three young Florentine Noblemen, associated together from a similarity of taste and habits, and from a congenial love of poetry and music, conceived the idea of reviving the recitative of Grecian Tragedy. They engaged the poet Rinuccini to write a drama on the fable of Daphne (Dafne); and this drama was set to music by Peri, the most celebrated composer of that period, assisted by Count Giacomo Corsi, who, although only a *dilettante*, was, for that time, an excellent musician. This dramatic composition was privately represented at the Corsi Palace. The singers were the authors and their friends, and the orchestra of this opera consisted only of four solitary instruments, viz, a pianoforte, a harp, a violin, and a flute. Airs were not thought of, and the recitative, if so it could be called, was merely a species of measured intonation, which to us now would appear insufferably languid and monotonous. It is amusing to observe this simple opera in embryo, and compare it with the sublime compositions of Mozart, of Cimarosa, of Rossini, and the vocalists and the powerful orchestras we have in the present day. But, notwithstanding the simplicity and feebleness of this first attempt at dramatic harmony, it is stated to have produced at that period an extraordinary sensation. Four years afterwards there was represented at the theatre at Florence the first musical opera, entitled *Euridice*, on the occasion of the celebration of the marriage of Maria de Medici. In this instance the introduction of Anacreonic songs, and a chorus at the end of every act, was the first outline of approach to the arias and choruses of the modern opera. Monteverdi, a Milanese musician, greatly improved the recitative; he brought out the work entitled *Arianna*, the music by Rinuccini, for the Court of Mantua; and in the opera of *Giasone* by Cavalli and Ciccognini, brought out at Venice in 1649, we find the first arias corresponding in sense and spirit with the dialogue. The first regularly serious opera was produced at Naples in 1646, and was entitled "Amor non ha legge;" the name of the composer is lost. During a moiety of the past century the opera did not improve, but rather degenerated. It became in Italy, as in France, more of a pantomimical spectacle, everything being sacrificed to the eye, and in which the poem and the music were the last things considered; and it was those circumstances which led Goldini to say of the grand opera at Paris, "*C'était le paradis des yeux et l'enfer des oreilles.*"—Correspondent of the *Morning Herald*.

SONGS OF TRADES.

Men of genius have devoted some of their hours to render the people happier by song and dance. The Grecians had songs appropriated to the various trades; songs of this nature would shorten the manufacturer's tedious task-work, and solace the artisan in his solitary occupation; a beam of gay fancy kindling his mind, a playful change of measures delighting his ear. The character of a people is preserved in their national songs—for instance,—“God save the King,” and “Rule Britannia.” At Thebes, in those masses which remain belonging to the ancient walls, we saw enough to convince us that the story of Amphion having built them with his lyre, was no fable; for it was a very ancient custom, and still exists both in Egypt and Greece, to carry on immense labour by an accompaniment of music. The same custom appears to exist in Africa. Lander notices, that at Yaorie, the labourers in their plantations were attended by a drummer, that they might be excited by the sound of the instrument to work well and briskly. Among the Greeks there was a song for different trades; one for the corn grinders, another for the workers in wool, another for the weavers. The reapers had their carol; the herdsmen had a song which an ox-driver of Sicily had composed; the kneaders, the bathers, the galley rowers, were not without their several chants. We have ourselves a song of the weavers; and the songs of the anglers—of old Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton—still preserve their freshness. Dr. Johnson has noticed something of this nature which he observed in the Highlands; “the strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulations of the harvest-song in which all their voices were united.” “There is also an oar song used by the Hebrideans;” but if these chants have not much meaning they fail to produce the desired effect of touching the heart, as well as giving vigour to the arm of the labourer. The gondoliers of Venice while away the midnight hours by stanzas from Tasso. Fragments of Homer are sung by the sailors of the Archipelago. The severe labour of the trackers in China is accompanied by a song which encourages their exertions. Mr. Ellis mentions that the sight of the lofty Pagoda of Tong Chou served as a great topic of excitement in the song of the trackers, toiling against the stream to their place of rest. The canoe-men on the Gold Coast, in a very dangerous passage, “on the back of a curling wave, paddling with all their might, singing or rather shouting their wild song, follow it up,” says Mr. McLeod, who was a lively witness of this happy combination of song, of labour, and of peril, which he acknowledged was a terrific process. Our sailors at Newcastle have their “Heave ho! run below!” but the Sicilian mariners must be more deeply affected by their beautiful Hymn to the Virgin. A society instituted in Holland for general good, do not consider among their least useful projects that of having printed, at a low price, a collection of songs for sailors. We ourselves have been a great ballad nation, not exactly of this description, but rather of narrative poems. They are described by Puttenham, a critic in the time of Elizabeth, as “small and popular songs, sung by the Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels’ heads, where they have no other audience than boys, or country fellows that pass them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or tavern minstrels, who give a fit of mirth for a groat.” Ritson, our great

antiquarian in these sort of things, says that few are older than James Ist; the more ancient songs of the people perished by having been printed on single sheets, and by their humble purchasers having no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we have consist of a succeeding race of songs, chiefly revived or written by Richard Johason, and others. One Martin Parker was a most notorious ballad scribbler in the reign of Charles Ist, and the Protector. The feeling our present researches would excite would naturally be more strongly felt in small communities, where the interest of the governors is to contribute to the individual happiness of the laborious classes; these ingeniously adapted to each profession, and some to the display of patriotic characters, and national events, would contribute something to public happiness.

VOCAL MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

As to the performance of vocal chamber Music in this country, what is it? I will endeavour to describe it as it exists in the Metropolis, where we may fairly suppose it ought to be the best. I do not speak of large set parties, where Opera singers are paid to sing over and over again the very same songs that every one has heard a thousand times on the stage, but of small parties in private society. Some young lady, we will suppose, is asked to favour the company with a song; I will bet ten to one that her book opens mechanically at “Di piacer,” “Una voce poco fa,” or some such piece, which none but a prima donna of the first rank can hope to execute; but here an unexpected difficulty arises; the lady cannot accompany herself! some kind-hearted soul, although totally unaccustomed to accompany a singer, is prevailed on to undertake the task; and between the two the song is perpetrated, amidst the loud outward plaudits and inward ridicule of the company, while the pleased mothers congratulate each other on the talents of their respective daughters. This is no overcharged picture; full many a time and oft have I witnessed it; full many a time have I been selected as one of the victims, to warble to the best of my ability, treble, tenor, and bass by turns, in all kinds of Italian duets, trios, &c., from “Eben per mia memoria,” down to “O pesceator del’ onda,” until I have wished *povero Pippo*, young ladies, myself, fishermen and all, at the bottom of the Adriatic.

A gleeful possibility be wished for as a change in the entertainment. To accomplish this is nearly as difficult a task as one of the labours of Hercules. One can only sing the first line of *this*; another the second line of *that*; a third does not understand the C clef: at length two young ladies and their brother, or perhaps some good-natured uncle, who may chance to possess a cracked voice, half-tenor, half-bass, start off with the *Red Cross Knight*, the bass solo being most stontly accompanied by the singer with one finger on the piano-forte.

Now all this sort of thing may be very amusing as a matter of child's play; but to suppose that anything approaching towards intellectual enjoyment can be obtained from such a mode of proceeding is altogether absurd.

O that young ladies and gentlemen would learn to read Music upon the same plan that they learn to read a book! that is, by first making themselves acquainted with the alphabet. How little study, comparatively speaking, would it cost them to attain

sufficient knowledge to take a part in concerted Music of the highest order, instead of wasting their time in endeavouring to execute unmeaning cadences fit only for an instrument, or affecting to sigh and simper over the mawkish nonsense to which so many songs are adapted, but which to call poetry is a profanation of the term.

Oh! ye prim and precise mothers! did ye but understand one half of what is sung in a foreign tongue, how would you be horrified! What would you think were you aware that your daughter was singing a duet in which the gentleman (a great libertine) was trying to persuade the lady to break her plighted troth, and run off with him? But that is not the worst, for after a great deal of eloquent persuasion on his part, and wavering on hers, the expression of which is aided by the most impassioned Music of the most impassioned of composers, she overcomes all her scruples, the libertine prevails, and off they dance, congratulating each other that theirs is *un innocente amor*.*

I must confess that, admirer as I am of the Italian language, more particularly with regard to its admirable fitness for singing, I would rather see the young singers of this country give a little more attention to Music composed to the equally exquisite poetry of their native land. Good Heavens! is it to be said that the pure stream of verse which has flowed from the pens of our poets since the time of Edmund Spencer is not equally capable of being the vehicle of musical sounds with the sonnets of Petrarca and Sannazario? or have we not those among us who can outdo the manufacturers of wretched Italian *Libretti*? It is true there are not words in the English language like *pietà, felicità, amore, onore*, &c., wherewithal to round off our stanzas, and the harsher consonants do certainly occur more frequently; yet our versification is not on that account the less flowing, and soft words may be found if due care be taken by the author in his selection. For example, can the Italian or any other language surpass in smoothness of numbers or correctness of accentuation Moore's well-known song, "Oft in the still night," or the trio in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, "The flocks shall leave the mountains!" These are but two instances out of hundreds that I could name.—From "*A Short Account of Madrigals*," by Thomas Oliphant.

ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED PRIMA DONNA.

Few of our readers who have reached middle life will not recollect the name of Mainvielle Fodor; many of them will remember her as, perhaps, the most extraordinarily gifted female singer that ever graced the boards of our Italian Opera. The range of her voice included two octaves and a half, its exquisite quality was still more rare than the extent of its register; and her style, method, and expression, have probably never been equalled, either before her time or since. Perhaps no better proof of this latter proposition can be offered than the fact that she gave equal felicity of expression, and an equally characteristic effect, to the profound sentiment and passion of Mozart, and the captivating brilliance of Rossini: which certainly cannot be said of any other prima donna of the last five-and-twenty years.

During a period of ten years, M^{me}. Mainvielle

Fodor was the delight of all the musical dilettanti of Europe, and her success in certain characters was altogether without precedent. During one season at Vienna, she played "*Semiramide*" sixty times successively, and to an equally numerous and delighted audience the sixtieth time as the first; and at Venice she played the "*Elisabetta*" of Caraffa thirty-eight times successively.

Perhaps the most extraordinary and affecting scene that was ever witnessed on a public stage was the one which closed the public career of this remarkable woman, at the Italiens in Paris, in the season of 1825. She was at that time at the height of her fame and popularity, and had, at the earnest solicitation of M. Sostheue de la Rochefoucault, refused a very lucrative engagement at Naples, and accepted one at Paris on much less advantageous terms in a pecuniary point of view.

The evening arrived for her to make her entrée in "*Semiramide*." The theatre was crowded from the floor to the ceiling; the whole musical world of Paris was present, and many of the musical celebrities of the rest of Europe, including Rossini, Cherubini, Choron, &c.; and every one looked for a degree of success never exceeded in the annals of song.

The curtain drew up; the great actress—the Queen of Song—*la prima delle prime donne*, as the Italians called her—presented herself on the scene; and her majestic voice was as rich, radiant, and powerful as usual. She went through the first scene of the Opera in a way which caused her exit to be greeted by ecstasies of delighted enthusiasm, amounting almost to delirium.

At length she re-appeared, and proceeded with her part till the fifth or sixth bar of the first air, when suddenly the divine sounds of her voice entirely ceased—cold drops of perspiration started to her brow—her lips quivered, and her chest was violently agitated. But not a sound was heard!

The orchestra ceased playing—the curtain was dropped—the house was in consternation, both before and behind the curtain. In the former, the agitation was in some measure calmed, by the acting manager stating that the sudden indisposition of M^{me}. Mainvielle Fodor must cause the performances to be suspended for a few minutes—an announcement which in a great degree re-assured the audience, who judged from it that the indisposition was one of no moment.

In the meantime, the dressing-room of the prima donna was a scene of indescribable confusion and dismay; for all present were convinced that her voice was utterly gone; and she herself exhibited her despairing belief that such was the case, by flinging her arms about in the wildest manner, striking her face, tearing her hair, and exhibiting every sign of distress but those audible cries which usually indicate mental suffering, but of which it was evident that she was now physically incapable.—And the friends who were present were scarcely less incapacitated by their grief from expressing the amount of it. Rossini fairly wept; and Choron (who had a strong sense of religion) had fallen upon his knees, and was begging her to calm her agitation, and trust in God, who could never, he said, have given her so wonderful an organ only to destroy it in an instant, without apparent cause, and without warning.

Meantime she uttered not a sound, and only replied to their tears and remonstrances by pressing the hand of each.

* See "*Dou Giovanni*" at the duo "*La ci darem*."

By this time more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the house was growing impatient, and even violent, in its demand to be informed of the singer's actual condition. At this moment the acting manager entered the dressing-room of Fodor and stated the impossibility of any longer delaying to reply to the public impatience, and he added that he was about to announce to the audience that the performance could not proceed.

The effect which this declaration produced on the sufferer was prodigious, and in some sort terrific. The colour came to her face, her eyes flashed fire, she rose from where she had been sitting, her lips moved convulsively, and at length she cried out, in a loud, full and resonant voice—

"Draw up the curtain—I will sing!"

"Saved! saved!" cried Rossini, embracing her.

"Heaven has had pity on our grief!" exclaimed the pious Choron.

The curtain was again raised—the theatre trembled with the shouts of applause that greeted the cantatrice—then a profound silence of expectant interest and curiosity succeeded, and she went through the remainder of the Opera with an effect equal, if not superior, to anything that had ever before been heard from her.

As the curtain fell on the last scene, the excited and exhausted singer fainted and fell to the ground. She was speedily recovered, but again her voice was gone—never to return!—*Court Journal.*

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

Many are familiar with the tune bearing the above title; but comparatively few, we opine, have seen the place where the action was fought which gave rise to this celebrated strathspey. As the spot is rather secluded, and little known or visited, a short description of a ramble to it may not be uninteresting. It lies at the foot of Cromdale Hill, and is reached by a pleasing walk of four miles from Grantown. Soon after leaving the village the broad waters of the Spey burst suddenly upon the view, and the bridge, a magnificent structure of three arches, is crossed. Passing a little further onwards, the towers of Castle Grant are seen on the left, rising conspicuously amidst deep forests of "tall ancestral trees;" whilst on the right the hills attain a great elevation, and intercept the view. The manse and churchyard of Cromdale are directly in front. The former is a handsome building, erected a few years ago, and the churchyard is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river. It is surrounded by a row of venerable trees, amongst which are two fine large beeches that would do no discredit to the fertile plains of England. Leaving the highway, shortly before reaching the fourth mile-stone, and turning in the direction of the old Castle of Lethendrie, some time may be spent in viewing the ruined pile. Tradition has not preserved any interesting records of this dilapidated structure, and judging from its appearance, it could never have been a place of strength. Although not large, it appears to be of some antiquity, and is yet so far entire that an honest farmer has converted one of the vaults into a byre; and the goodwife finds ample accommodation for her dairy produce in another. Proceeding from the castle, the road leads directly to the scene of the engagement—a level moor, interspersed here and there with patches of green, said to be the graves of those who fell in this sanguinary conflict—in which, it will be recol-

lected, the poor Highlanders were routed by the Royal forces in April 1690. All around, the dark heath is waving in the breeze, and a clear stream comes gushing down the hill-side, chiming its lively music around the ashes of the brave "who sank to rest" on its solitary banks. From the proximity of the hills, the view is rather circumscribed, and the eye not being allowed to wander over much space of country, the mind is, as it were insensibly, led to ruminate on the troubled times of our ancestors, when the brave Highlanders fought and fell on the Haughs of Cromdale. Much of the romantic enthusiasm which filled the breast of the mountaineer has died away; and mankind seem now-a-days to delight more in speculating upon the present and the future than in contemplating scenes associated with the past. We accordingly find the battle-field visited by comparatively few—the grave of the warrior often passed unnoticed—and the echoes of the ruin, where the martial spirits were wont to convene, but rarely awakened, unless by the bleating sheep, or the noisy jackdaw. Yet who will not say with Byron—

—"There is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower."
Inverness Courier.

LIFE AND ETERNITY.

Life is the veil that hides eternity.—
Youth strives in vain to pierce it, but the eye
Of age may catch, thro' chinks which Time has worn,
Faint glimpses of that awful world beyond
Which Death at last reveals. Thus, life may be
Compared to a tree's foliage: in its prime,
A mass of dark, impenetrable shade,
It veils the distant view; but, day by day,
As Autumn's breath is felt, the falling leaves,
Opening a passage for the doubtful light,
Exhibit to the gazer more and more
Of that which lies beyond.—till Winter comes,
And, thro' the skeleton branches, we behold
The clear blue vault of day!

Poems by T. Westwood.

ALGERINE MUSIC.

"To start a livelier subject," says Campbell, in his "Letters from the South," in the *New Monthly* "I have transcribed for you a few Algerine melodies, I expressed to you a mean opinion of the native music, and if you heard it fiddled and flageoleted by the minstrels here, I think you would not blame me for fastidiousness. They certainly execute their tunes like executioners. At the same time, I imagine I have undervalued the intrinsic merit of their music, from the wretchedness of its performers; for incomparably better judges than myself tell me that many of the native airs are expressive and pleasing. Madame de Verger says so, and such is the opinion also of my inspired and valued friend, the Chevalier Neukomm, whom I have met at Algiers. Of all happy incidents, that which I least expected in Africa was to meet this great man—the nephew of Haydn, worthy of his uncle—the composer whose touches on the organ are poetry and religion put into sound. He has crossed the Mediterranean merely to visit his friends the De Vergers. Colonel De Verger called on me the other day, bringing the Chevalier Neukomm with him; I need not tell you how I greeted him—we talked about Algerine music, and he told me that

he found something in it which he liked for being natural and characteristic. I said, "You surprise me, Chevalier; then I suppose you can admire even our Highland bagpipes?" "Nay," said Neukomm, "don't despise your native pibrochs; they have in them the stirrings of rude but strong nature. When you traverse a Highland glen you must not expect the breath of roses, but must be contented with the smell of heath: in like manner, even Highland music has its rude, wild charms." Well, upon reflection, his words seemed to confirm me in the opinion that the greatest artists are the

ablest discoverers of merit, be it ever so rude and faint, in works of art. Our poets, Scott and Gray, could discover genius in barbarous ballads that had eluded the obtuseness of common critics. Our sculptor Flaxman walked among the unconth statuary of old English cathedrals, where defects of drawing and proportion are obvious to the eyes of a child. A surface critic would have derided those monuments; but Flaxman's eye penetrated beyond their shape into their spirit—he divined what the sculptor had meant, and discovered tender and sublime expression."

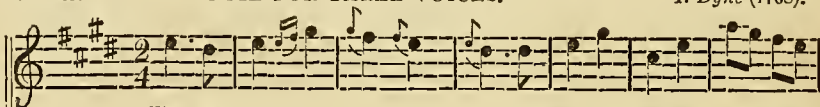
FILL THE BOWL.

Vivace.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

I. Dyne (1768).

ALTO.



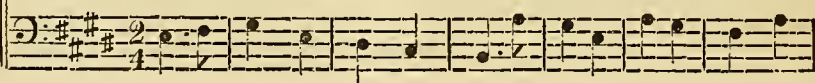
Fill the bowl with ro - sy wine, around our temples ro - ses

TENOR.



Fill the bowl with ro - sy wine, around our temples ro - ses

BASS.



	1st.	2d.
twine a - round our tem - ples ro - ses	twine, twine.	And let us
twine a - round our tem - ples ro - ses	twine, twine,	

And

cheer - ful - ly, cheerful - ly a - while, like the wine and ro - ses		
cheerful - ly a - while, like the wine and ro - ses		
let us		

1st. 2d. *Larghetto poi.*

smile, like the wine and ro - ses smile, And smile. To day is

smile, like the wine and ro - ses smile, smile. To day is

ours, what do we fear, To - day is ours, we have it here, let's treat it

ours, what do we fear, To - day is ours, we have it here, let's treat it

hr

kind - ly, that it may wish at least with us to

kind - ly, that it may wish at least with us to

slow. *hr*

stay, let's treat it kind - ly that it may wish at least with us to

stay, let's treat it kind - ly that it may wish at least with us to

Allegro. f

stay. Let's banish care, let's ban-ish sor-row, not to us be - longs to - morrow,

stay. Let's banish care, let's ban-ish sorrow, not to us be - longs to - morrow,

p not to us be - longs to - morrow, *f* let's ban - ish sor - row, let's

p not to us be - longs to - morrow, *f* banish care

let's ban - ish sor - row, let's

ban - ish sorrow, banish care

let's ban - ish sor - row, let's ban - ish sorrow,

ban - ish sorrow,

not to us be - longs to - morrow, not to us be - longs to - morrow, let's

not to us be - longs to - morrow, not to us be - longs to - morrow. let's

ANNIE LAURIE.

*Moderato.
dolce.**Scottish air.*

Maxwelton braes are bon - nie, Where ear - ly fa's the dew, - - - And its

there that An - nie Lau - rie Gied me her promise true; Gied

me her pro - mise true, Which ne'er for - got shall be, And for

bon - nie An - nie Lau - rie I'd lay me down and dee.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Her brow is like the saaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her form it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;

That e'er the sun shone on,
And she has a dark blue e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like gentle dew-drops falling
Alight her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer calling
Her voice is low and sweet.
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

LABLACHE'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

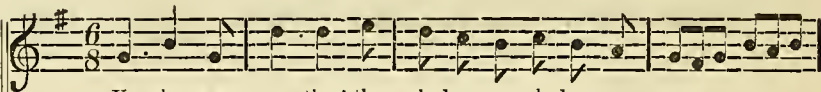
The following is in the *Courrier Francaise*:—"Few are there in the world who are not acquainted with the talent of Lablache, but his occasional absence of mind is not so universally known. When last at Naples he was sent for to the palace, entered the waiting-room, and till called in to his Majesty, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman in waiting crying out—his Majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache. In his eagerness to obey the

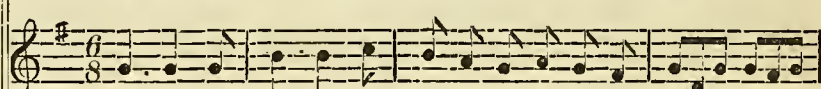
royal summons he forgot the hat he had on his head, and, snatching up another, thus entered the King's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his Majesty what had excited his hilarity. "My dear Lablache," replied the King, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own, that on your head, or that in your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution, in case you should leave one behind you?" "Ah! maledetta," replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his etourderie, "two hats are indeed too many for a man who has no head."

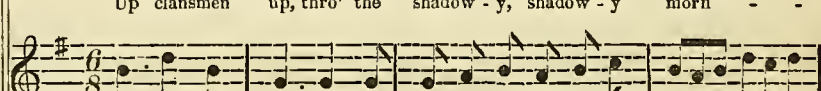
UP CLANSMEN, UP.

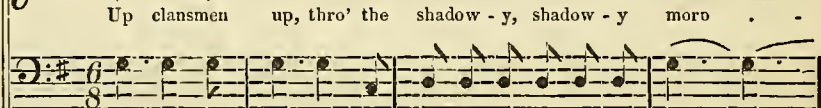
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

C. F. Bird.

1st TREBLE. 
Up clansmen up, thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn - -

2d TREBLE. 
Up clansmen up, thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn - -

TENOR. 
Up clansmen up, thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn - -

BASS. 


- - - - - thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn See ye


- - - - - thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn See ye


- - - - - thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn See ye



not the spear heads gleam, see ye not the spear heads gleam, see ye

cres. *f*

not the spear heads gleam, see ye not the spear heads gleam, see ye

cres. *f*

not the spear heads gleam, see ye not the spear heads gleam, see ye

cres. *f*

cres.

not the spear heads gleam. Hark, hark, hark, hark up - on the wind is

not the spear heads gleam. Hark, hark, hark, hark up - on the wind is

not the spear heads gleam. Hark, hark, hark, hark up - on the wind is

cres.

borne, up - on the wind is borne, The mu - sic of the hu - gle

borne, up - on the wind is borne, The mu - sic of the bu - gle

borne, up - on the wind is borne, The mu - sic of the bu - gle

horn - - - - - Hark up - on the

horn - - - - - Hark up - on the

horn, mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, tho bu - gle horn, Hark up - on the

pp

wind is borne, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn - - - - -

wind is borne, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Hark up - on the wind is borne,

wind is borne, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Hark up - on the wind is borne

p

cres.

cres.

cres.

cres.

Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn.

Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Mu - sic of the bu - gle born.

Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn.

ff

ff

ff

ff

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Words by G. P. Morris, Esq.

Andante con espressione.

Henry Russell.

Wood - man spare that tree - - Touch not a sin - gle
legato.

bough; In youth it shel - ter'd me - - - And I'll pro -

tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - thers hand - - - That

plac'd it near his cot, There wood - man let - it

stand - - - Thy axe shall harm - - it not.

That old familiar tree,
 Whose glory and renown
 Are spread o'er land and sea,
 And wouldst thou hew it down?
 Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
 Cut not its earth-bound ties;
 Oh! spare that aged oak
 Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
 I sought its grateful shade;
 In all their gushing joy,
 Here, too, my sisters played:
 My mother kiss'd me here—
 My father press'd my hand—
 Forgive this foolish tear,
 But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling;
 Close as thy bark, old friend!
 Here shall the wild bird sing,
 And still thy branches bend.
 Old tree! the storm still brave!
 And, woodman, leave the spot;
 While I've a hand to save,
 Thy axe shall harm it not.

H A R K ! D I N G , D I N G .

Brisk.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Harrington.

1 Hark, hark, ding, ding, ding, ding, my lord's come in, run, run, they call, 'tis the la - dies want

2 Chair! chair! ding, ding, ding, ding, 'tis at the Bear, at the Bear, make haste, make

3 Dong. where, where, ding, ding, ding, dong, I'm coming, there, coming

2 chairs for the ball, John Boots, Robin Tap, where a plague are ye all.

3 haste you'll lose the fare, coming, sir, coming sir, score a pint in the bar, ding, ding, ding.

1 there, hold, hold, put out you dog, put out you dog for I am first chair.

THE OPERA AT VIENNA.

In the last number of the *Gazette Musicale* there is an article, from a Frankfort journal, on the Theatres and Music at Vienna, from which we subjoin an extract. It may tend to correct the extravagant notions entertained among us of the state of music in the Austrian capital, and teach us to look with a little more complacency on its state among ourselves. The author is M. Guhr, director of the Opera at Frankfort, and one of the most distinguished musicians in Germany:—

In a capital like Vienna there must always be a great number of artists. There are good composers—able critics—everything necessary to exalt the musical art to the highest pitch: and yet it has fallen to the lowest.

The Karthnerthör Theatre (the principal musical theatre in Vienna) is managed by an Italian, called Balochino; a man who was once a dress-maker in an Italian theatre, and who does not know a word of German. This man receives from the Government an annual subsidy of 72,000 florins (about 7,000l. sterling), besides the 10,000 florins of subscription for the Royal box, for a season of three months, from the 1st of April to the end of June.

It is to such a man that the property of this great establishment is entrusted; an establishment which has an excellent orchestra and chorus, and gives employment to eminent artists, among whom is Nicolai.* The performers in the orchestra are overworked and ill paid. "Still," said one of them to me, "we would go through our drudgery with good will if we were not obliged, all the year round, to play the whipt cream that comes from Italy. We have hardly the opportunity, once or twice a year, to refresh our ears with the harmonies of Mozart, or some other German master." Celebrated composers have begged me to get their symphonies performed at Frankfort, music of this kind not being in use at Vienna!

On the 25th of May I went to the Karthnerthör Theatre. I paid my six francs for a place in the pit, and heard what is called a grand opera, "Maria di Rohan." I could hardly believe my ears. I shall give you a few particulars of my evening, that you may have some idea of a grand opera at the Karthnerthör Theatre.

*The composer of "Il Templario," an opera which has had great success both in Italy and Germany, and the music of which has been published in London.

On taking my place I found a handbill with an apology for Madame Tadolini. The Signora was indisposed, but would do her best, and begged the indulgence of the public. The piece was to begin at seven, but eight o'clock came, and still the curtain did not move.

At length they began the overture. An overture by Donizetti is never a very lively affair; but when, as in this case, it is immeasurably long, it is intolerable. Imagine the martyrdom of a German music director condemned to listen to such a *morceau*. Ivanoff was the first who appeared. He is a good tenor, and sang his *cavatina* very well. I began to have hopes of the performance, but I did not know what was coming.

Signora Tadolini appeared, in the midst of thundering plaudits which interrupted the performance. The Signora acknowledged them, first by moving her head—great clapping of hands; then by bending her body—loud cries; then by a profound curtsy—an astounding roar. At length the tempest subsided, and there was silence. "Ah," cried a neighbour, "see how divinely she opens her mouth—her teeth are like pearls." I was all eyes and ears. The mouth was open, but no melodious sound issued from it. "Ah, she is very unwell, poor child!" The poor child had seen at least six-and-thirty summers.

By this time I had made up my mind. I had come for amusement, and I was determined to be amused. So I applauded, with the rest, through thick and thin; clapped my hands at every false intonation, every break-down in attempting a note, every roudade stuck in the middle. Tadolini did not sing any of her airs. Imagine an opera without any of the principal scenes of the prima donna.

Ronconi appeared as the *Duke*, and there was a repetition of the same farce as on the entrance of Tadolini. If Ronconi had a purer style, there would be no fault to find with him. An amateur may

consider him worth the 1100 florins which he receives, besides his benefit. There is no scene in which the *Duke* goes off with eclat, but from time to time Ronconi disappeared behind the scenes, to furnish a pretext for calling him on, and the stratagem always succeeded. There was a hubbub of cries and shouts till he came forward again. Then came the voiceless prima donna, and the famous duet began, sung by one voice, the Signora singing with her lips only, poor child! The curtain fell, Tadolini and Ronconi were called for three times; and, each time, were received with clamorous approbation. I had some amusement, certainly, but the whole affair was insufferably tiresome, and I shall go no more to the Karthnerthor Theatre, so long as the Italians sing in it.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery. They had no written music; had scarcely a vowel in their language; and yet (according to Josephus) had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest agonies!—*Dr. Burney's History of Music.*

GO IDLE BOY.

Vivace.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

ALTO.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASS.

Go i - dle boy, I quit thy bow'r, I quit, I quit thy

Go i - dle boy, I quit thy bow'r, I quit, I quit thy

Go i - dle boy, I quit thy bow'r,

Go i - dle boy, I quit thy

bow'r,

bow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r - - - of many a

thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and

bow'r, thy couch of many a thorn - - - and many a flow'r.

thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r, thy couch of

flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and

flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn - - - and many a flow'r - - -

thy couch, thy couch of

many a thorn and flow'r, I wish thee well for plea - sures

flow'r, of many a thorn and flow'r, I wish thee well for plea - sures

- - - of many a thorn and flow'r,

many a thorn and flow'r - - - I wish thee well for plea-ures

Andante.

past, and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

past, and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

past, and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

thinks the al - ter'd day, scat - ters a - round a mournful ray, and

thinks the al - ter'd day scatters a - round a mournful ray, and

thinks the al - ter'd day scatters a - round a mournful ray, and

thinks the al - ter'd day scatters a - round a mournful ray, and

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and ev' - ry stream untune - ful

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and ev' - ry

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and ev' - ry

flows, un - tune - ful flows, ev'ry stream un-tune - ful

ev' - ry stream untune-ful flows, un - tune ful, ev'ry stream un-tune ful

stream, and ev' - ry stream untuneful flows, ev'ry stream un - tune-ful

stream un - tune - ful flows, ev'ry stream un - tune-ful

A tempo primo.

flows. Haste, haste thee back, haste thee back then i - dle boy, haste thee back then i - dle

flows. Haste, haste thee back, haste thee back then i - dle boy, haste thee back then i - dle

flows. Haste, haste thee back, then i dle boy, then i - dle

flows. Haste, haste thee back, then i - dle boy, then i - dle

boy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and

boy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and

boy, and with thine an - guish bring

boy, and with thino an - guish bring

with thine anguish bring, oh bring, thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my heart - - -

with thine anguish bring, oh bring, thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my heart - - -

oh bring thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my

bring, bring - - oh bring thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my

- - - with ev'-ry pain oh rend my heart - - - with ev'-ry pain rend my heart, with

- - - with ev'-ry pain oh rend my heart - - - with ev'-ry pain rend my heart,

heart with ev'-ry pain, oh rend my heart with ev'-ry pain, oh rend my

heart with ev'-ry pain, oh rend my heart with ev'-ry pain, rend my heart with

ev' - ry pain, with ev' - ry pain, but let me, let me love again, but

oh rend my heart with ev'-ry pain, but let me, let me, love a - gain,

heart, with ev'-ry pain, with ev' - ry pain, but

ev' - ry pain, with ev' - ry pain,

let me, let me love a - gain, but let me love -

but let me, let me love a - gain, but let me love -

let me, let me love a - gain but let me

but let me, let me love a - gain, but let me

- - - oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a

- - - on let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain oh let me love a -

love, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a -

love, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a -

gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain.

gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain.

gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain

gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain.

CAM' YE BY ATHOL

Words by James Hogg.

Gaelic air.

Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tummel or

banke of the Gar - ry, Saw ye my lad, wi' his bon - net an' white cockade,

Leav - ing his mountains to fol - low Prince Charlie. Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,

wha wadna follow thee, Lang hast thou lov'd and trusted us fairly, Charlie, Charlie

wha wad - na fol - low thee, King o' the Highland hearts, bon - nie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,
But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan Ronald,
For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie;

Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them,
They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Down thro' the lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
Loyal true Highlanders, down with them rarely;
Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.

HARK! HOW THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Words by James Manson.

Giovanni Battista Bononcini.

Slow.

1 Hark! how the bells are ring-ing, Young lads and lass-ea sing-ing, 'Tis

2 Hush, now the bells toll slow-ly, And grief is whisper'd low-ly, Near the

3 Life with Death is mat-ed, And mirth with tears 'tis fat-ed For

2 sweet May-day, All the fields are gay, Come join the merry, mer-ry throng.

3 new made grave of the young and brave Who died when hope was young.

1 eye shall be in har-mo-nie Like words and music in a song.

CHERUBINI.

Marie-Louis-Charles-Zenobi-Salvador Cherubini was born at Florence on the 8th of September, 1760. His masters were Bartolomeo and Alessandro Felici, and, subsequently, Pietro Bizzari, and Joseph Castrucci, under whom he made such rapid progress, that when he was only thirteen years of age, a solemn mass, of his composition, was executed in public, and, shortly afterwards, many works for the church and the theatre. These were so far successful, as to bring him under the notice of Leopold the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who in the year 1778, settled a pension on Cherubini, to enable the latter to continue his studies under Sarti, at Bologna. The youth spent four years under Sarti most profitably, acquiring that knowledge of the deep and severe principles of music, which he afterwards employed so nobly. During this probationary period he wrote an opera—"Quinto Fabio"—and seven other dramatic works. In the year 1784 we find him in London. He must, even then, have been recognised as a musician of promise, since we find that he was permitted to interpolate several pieces in the "Marchese di

Tulipano," an opera by Paisiello. After a passing visit to Paris, he returned to Milan, where he was commissioned to compose grand operas, and to strengthen feebler works by additions. These must have been of a slighter style than that which he afterwards adopted, as they excited the particular praise of Dr. Burney, who was by no means disposed to tolerate anything stronger on the stage than the singers' music of the classical Italian composers. In the year 1788, our artist returned to Paris, and there entered upon his long and honourable career in that metropolis, the fruits of which have been of greater consequence to French—we may even say, to German—music, than contemporary historians have seemed prepared to admit. Though Cherubini was placed at the head of the Italian corps which Leonard, hair-dresser to Marie Antoinette, was privileged to assemble, his genius ere long urged him to disengage himself from the opera of his country, and to assert its own individuality in the "Lodoiska," a French opera, which was first represented in 1791, and was succeeded at intervals by "Elisa," "Medea," "Anacreon," and "Les Deux Journées."

The fate of these works has been somewhat singular. Though, in proportion and quality they are grand operas ("Medea" being always referred to as a masterpiece of musical tragedy) many, if not all, were represented at the *Opéra Comique*, in consequence of their not containing the *ballet-musique*, then an essential to the production of a work at the Grand Opera. The complete neglect into which all save "Les Deux Journées" have since fallen in France, may be ascribed to the feebleness or absurdity of their *libretti*. Certain it is, that, having taken some pains to procure a full pianoforte score of the "Medea" in Paris, we were only able to find an old copy of a few of the selected songs. The work may now possibly be disinterring, should some operatic Rachel arise: it is well worth disinterring. And yet no less certain it is, that these operas of Cherubini's, by the magnificence of their vocal and orchestral combinations, and the vigorous truth of sound to sense, became, at once, popular among a people, then musically enjoying its age of gold,—with whom Mozart was still new, and Beethoven in the youth of his genius. When, in consequence of the studied neglect and aversion of the First Consul, Cherubini resolved to quit Paris, he was welcomed with open arms by the masters of art at Vienna—not particularly Catholic in their sympathies. It is in Germany—at Munich especially—if anywhere, that the operas of Cherubini are still to be heard. Indeed, it is not hazardous much to say, that, as regards grandeur of dramatic effects, they have exercised an influence little short of that of Clementi upon pianoforte writers. The genius of the two men had something analogous. The school, which has been adorned by the richly-wrought productions of Spontini, Meyerbeer, and, last of all, Halévy, may naturally be referred to Cherubini as its founder.

To return from this digression: it was during Cherubini's residence at Vienna that he wrote his "Faniska." The changes and troubles of the war drove him from that city of pleasure back to the French metropolis. From this point it is impossible to trace the fruits of his continued residence there minutely,—suffice it to say, that he was systematically denied the favour of Napoleon, in consequence, the anecdote-mongers tell us, of a more independent self-assertion than that despot-liberal could endure; that he was protected by the Prince de Chimay; that he wrote other operas, among which "Les Abencerrages" was the most famous, and "Ali Baba," produced when he was seventy-three years old, the last, besides numerous sacred and orchestral compositions. The latter, happily for art, are something more familiar to English students than the theatrical music mentioned. On the restoration of the Bourbons, he was nominated chapel-master to the King; in 1816, also, he received the appointment of Professor of Composition in the *Conservatoire*. He was called to the direction of the same establishment in 1822, which he resigned only a few weeks since, (March, 1842). Other honours have been bestowed on him by several of the potentates of Europe, in the form of distinction, however, rather than of gain—for the French journals explicitly declare, that the emoluments reaped by Cherubini were only moderate, and that he has left his surviving relatives in narrow circumstances. His obsequies were celebrated at the church of St. Roch and the cemetery of Père la Chaise, with all due splendour, and in the midst of a throng of artists; the composer's own "Requiem,"

the last of his masses, being performed on the occasion.—*Athenæum*.

The following extract from a letter written by the celebrated French violinist, Baillot, author of the well-known *Méthode de Violon*, &c., to his brother-in-law, Mr. Guynemer, we take from the "Musical Times."

"Paris, April 9th, 1842.

"I was well assured that you would share in our sorrow on the occasion of the loss which we have sustained in the venerable Cherubini. I can say nothing in addition to what you already think and feel on this subject: the loss to the Musical world is immense; but it falls yet heavier upon those who had the opportunity of knowing, under the somewhat rough exterior, the genuine, intrinsic worth of him, who was also perhaps the "last and noblest Roman" in the purely classic style of art.

"All the principal artists of Paris attended his funeral, and it was not without considerable emotion that I beheld amongst them M. Ingres, to whom we are indebted for the faithful portrait of our lost friend, a work which is the *chef d'œuvre* of his pencil, because inspired by his heart.

"We followed him to his last abode—but no! his abode is no longer on this earth; Heaven has ere this received him whose sacred compositions seemed to forestall the harmonies of a better world, and to incite us to render ourselves worthy of being admitted into it.

"Two days ago, April 7th, "Les Deux Journées" was performed at the theatre. It was only announced by the bills in the morning, yet the house was crowded. I could not withhold my assistance. The success (a strange expression, after forty years of success) was perfect. It was very well acted, and the music was executed with that *ensemble* which cannot be equalled when it proceeds from the unanimity of sentiment and respect, of which we find so few instances in social life. Nothing languished; the actors and the musicians excelled themselves, and the three acts were finished in two hours and twenty minutes. The curtain was afterwards raised to exhibit the bust of Cherubini upon an elevated pedestal, with the actors from the principal theatres ranged around it, in costume. The two principal performers of the evening recited some appropriate and very touching verses, from the pen of the octogenarian author of the *libretto* of "Les Deux Journées," M. Bouilly. The whole passed off in a style worthy of the occasion, and must have interested even the most indifferent to the beauties of the art or the triumph of genius. And what Music! I longed for you beside me, even while the pleasure, regret, and a tumult of deep emotions had taken such total possession of my poor heart, that I tried in vain to stifle them; and you, I know, would have felt as acutely.

"On the same day, April 7th, a funeral service for the illustrious dead was to be performed at Pisa.*

"Now all is said; and what remains of this wonderful genius?—the admiration of the many, and the affectionate remembrance of the few who loved the man for himself as much as for his great works."—BAILLOT.

*Where Cherubini's daughter resides. This lady is married to the Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Pisa.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Dr. Arnold.

TREBLE.

Alto.

TENOR.

BASS.

Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Hark! the herald an-gels sing,

SECOND TREBLE OR TENOR.

Hark! the herald an-gels sing,

f Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, and

f Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, *p* peace on earth

f TENOR. *p* 2ND TREBLE.

f Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, *p* peace on earth and

ff mer-cy mild. God and sinners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

ff God and sinners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

ff TENOR.

f mer-cy mild, God and sinners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

reconcil'd. Joy - ful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies, With th'ange-lic

reconcil'd. Joy - ful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies, With th'ange-lic

reconcil'd. Joy - ful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies, With th'ange-lic

f

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem. Hark, the herald an-gels sing,

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem.

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem.

Hark, the herald angels sing, Glo - ry to the new-born King, glo - ry to the

Glo - ry to the new-born King.

2ND TREBLE OR TENOR. *f* TENOR.

Hark! the her-ald angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo - ry to the

f

new born King, Glo - ry to the new - born King. Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,

Glory to the new - born King.

new born King, Glory to the new - born King.

Christ by highest heav'n a - dor'd, Christ the e - ver - last - ing Lord, Christ the e - ver -

Christ the e - ver - last - ing Lord, Christ the e - ver -

2ND TREBLE. TENOR.
Christ by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ the e - ver - last - ing Lord, Christ the e - ver -

last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come, Offspring of a virgin's

last - ing Lord, Late in time he - hold him come,

last - ing Lord, Late in time be - hold him come, Offspring of a virgin's

womb, Offspring of a virgin's womb; Veil'd in flesh the God-head

Offspring of a virgin's womb, Veil'd in flesh the God-head

womb, Offspring of a virgin's womb; Veil'd in flesh the God-head

he, Hail, hail th'incarnate De-i-ty, Hail, th'incarnate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as

he, Hail, hail th'incarnate De-i-ty, Hail, th'incarnate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as

he, Hail, hail th'incarnate De-i-ty, Hail, th'incarnate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as

man with man to dwell, Je-sus our E-man-u-el, Je-sus

man with man to dwell, Je-sus our E-man-u-el, Je-sus

man with man to dwell, Je-sus our E-man-u-el, Je-sus

our E-man - u - el

our E-man - nu - el, Je - sus our E-man - u - el, Je - sus our E-man - nu - el.

our E-man - u - el, Je - sus our E-man - u - el, Je - sus our E-man - u - el,

Hark! the herald angels sing, Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King,

Glory to the new-born King.

2ND TREBLE OR TENOR. TENOR.

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King,

Glo - ry to the new-born King, *ff* Glo - ry to the new-born King.

ff Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Glo - ry to the new-born King, *ff* Glo - ry to the new-born King.

THE VINE DRESSERS.

Words by David Thomson.

DUET.

Mozart.

Andante.

When morn thro' ris - ing vapour gleams, When ea - gles take their flight, When

mu - le - teers lead forth their teams, And pil - grims climb the height, With

thee, with thee, I'll to the fields re - pair with
with thee, with thee

thee the vin-tage toils I'll share, For toil will then seem light - - - will

then seem light - - - will then seem light.

When burning noon begins to fade,
When dressers leave the vine,
And court the myrtle's fragrant shade,
Or dance beneath the pine,
With thee I'll lead the merry ring,
With thee the canzonet I'll sing,
'Till dewy eve decline.

And when our train shall homeward hie,
With pipe and tambourine,
As Luna mounts the eastern sky,
The tow'ring Alps between,
To thee I'll sigh a soft farewell,
'Till flocks shall ring their matin bell
Along the spangled green.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

*Moderato.**William Shield.*

Her mouth which a smile de - void of all guile half o - pens to view is the

bud of the rose, is the bud of the rose, in the morn - ing that blows, im -

pearl'd with the dew, impearl'd with the dew, the bud of the rose, im - pearl'd with the

Fine.
dew. More fra - grant her breath than the flow'r scent - ed heath, than the

flow'r scented heath at the dawn - ing of day. The haw-thorn in bloom,

The li - ly's perfume, The

li - ly's perfume, or the blos-soms of *May. Her

8va - - - - *loco.*

al segno 8:

* The voice takes the upper B of the bass stave to the word "May."

WILL CHLORIS CAST HER SUNBRIGHT EYE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Goodgrome, 1673.

pp

Will Chloris cast her sun - bright eye, Upon so mean a swain as I, Can she af -

Will Chloris cast her sun - bright eye, Upon so mean a swain as I, Can she af -

fect my oa - ten reed, Or stoop to wear my shep - herd's weed.

fect my oa - ten reed, Or stoop to wear my shep - herd's weed.

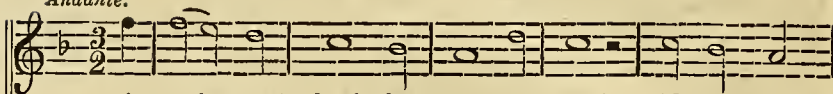
A WAKE. SWEET LOVE!

MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.

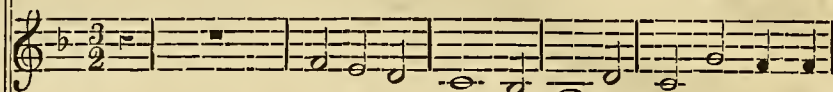
John Dowland (1597.)

Andante.

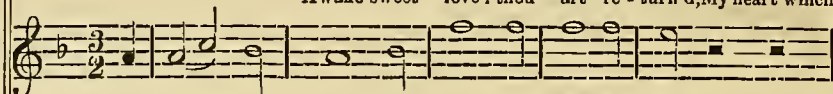
SOPRANO.



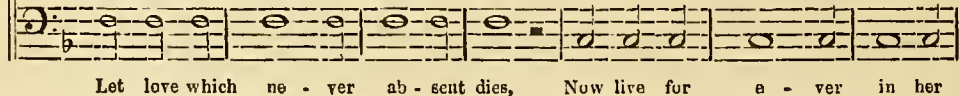
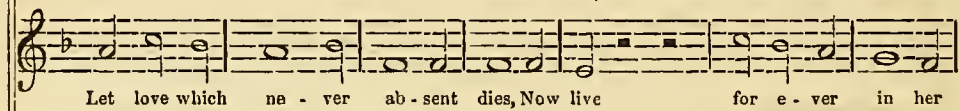
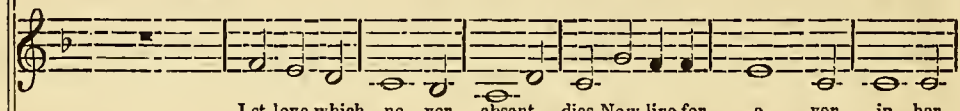
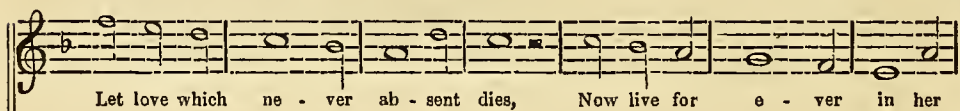
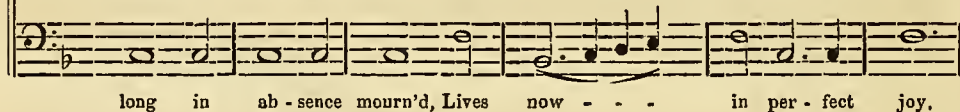
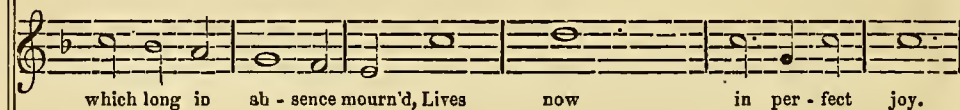
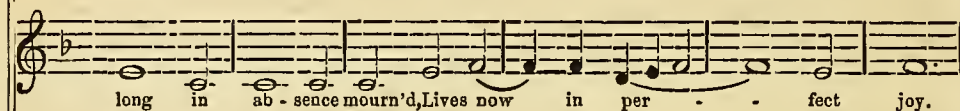
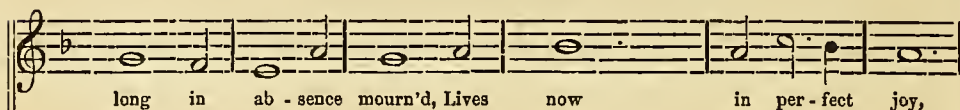
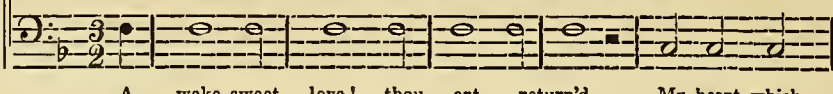
ALTO.

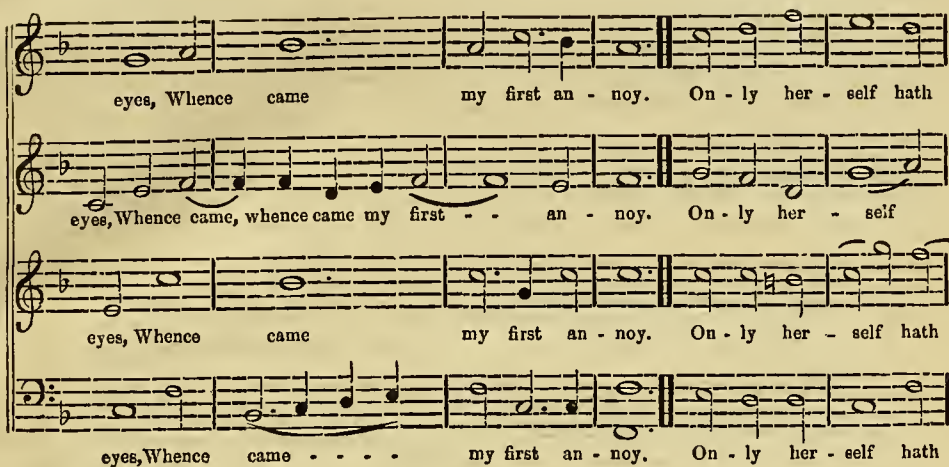


TENOR.



BASS.

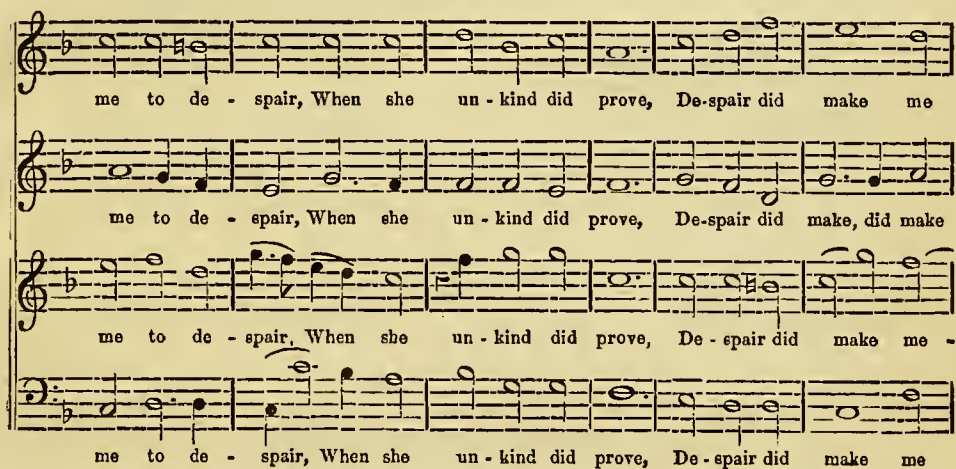




eyes, Whence came my first an - noy. On - ly her - self hath
 eyes, Whence came, whence came my first - - an - noy. On - ly her - self
 eyes, Whence came my first an - noy. On - ly her - self hath
 eyes, Whence came . . . my first an - noy. On - ly her - self hath



seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love, She on - ly dave
 hath seem - ed fair; She on - ly I could love, She on - ly dave
 . . seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love, She dave
 seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love; She on - ly dave



me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make me
 me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make, did make
 me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make me -
 me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make me



wish to die, That I my griefs might end. She on - ly who
 me wish to die, That I my griefs might end, She on - ly who
 - - wish to die, That I my griefs might end, She who
 wish to die, That I my griefs might end, She on - ly who

slow.



did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
 did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
 did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
 did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
 Which such despair hath prov'd:
 Despair hath proved now in me
 That love will not inconstant be,
 Though long in vain I lov'd.
 If she at last reward thy love,

And all thy harms repair,
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove
 Rais'd up from deep despair.
 And if that now thou welcome be
 When thou with her dost meet,
 She all this while but play'd with thee,
 To make thy joys more sweet.

END OF VOL. III.

