

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,

J. MENZIES & CO., AND OLIVER & BOYD, EDINBURGH; J. HEYWOOD, MANCHESTER;
AND SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO., LONDON.

INDEX.

ANTHEMS.

	PAGE
How dear are thy counsels unto me,	Neukomm, 327
I will sing unto the Lord,	J. Key, 192
In God's word will I rejoice,	Neukomm, 290
My voice shalt thou hear in the Morning,	Neukomm, 246

CHORUSES.

And the Glory of the Lord,	Handel, 256
And he shall Purify,	Handel, 338
For unto us a Child is born,	Handel, 300
Hallelujah,	Handel, 168
Hallelujah, Amen,	Handel, 212
O thou that Tellest,	Handel, 149
The Heavens are telling,	Haydn, 79
Worthy is the Lamb,	Handel, 37

MOTETT.

O what beauty Lord appears,	Mozart, 109
---------------------------------------	-----------------------

ROUNDS.

Beauteous Eyes Discover,	3 voices, 317
Dumb Peal,	4 — Dr. Cooke, 333
Haste thee, O Lord, (Sacred)	3 — Thomas Ford, 141
Still is the Night Breeze,	3 — Dr. Harrington, 281

CANON.

Non Nobis Domine,	William Bird, 19
-----------------------------	----------------------------

MADRIGAL.

Fair, Sweet, Cruel,	4 voices, Thomas Ford, 276
-------------------------------	--------------------------------------

GLEES.

Abelard, (Sacred)	4 voices, Dr. Callcott, 124
Alice Brand,	3 — Dr. Callcott, 226
Amidst the Myrtles as I walk,	5 — Jonathan Battishill, 90
At setting Day,	4 — Joseph Corfe, 286
Birks of Invermay,	4 — Joseph Corfe, 318
Breathe Soft ye Winds,	3 — William Paxton, 98
Comely Swain,	3 — John Playford, 52
Come Fairest Nymph, 3 voices, and Chorus	4 — Earl of Mornington, 333
Desolate is the Dwelling of Morna,	3 — Dr. Callcott, 57
Discord dire Sister,	4 — Samuel Webbe, 218
Forgive blest Shade,	3 — Dr. Callcott, 242
Glorious Apollo,	3 — Samuel Webbe, 6
Great Apollo,	4 — Samuel Webbe, 73
Gypsies,	3 — William Reeve, 181
Here's a Health to all Good Lasses,	3 — 122
Hush to Peace,	3 — Dr. Arne, 119
Is it Night?	3 — Samuel Webbe, 269
Lass o' Patie's Mill,	4 — Joseph Corfe, 146
Lady as the Lily Fair,	3 — M. P. King, 201
Mighty Conqueror,	4 — Samuel Webbe, 29
One day I heard Mary say,	4 — Joseph Corfe, 188
Roslin Castle,	4 — Joseph Corfe, 20
Sacred Peace, Celestial Treasure,	4 — Stephen Storace, 309
Sweet Tyranness,	3 — Henry Purcell, 9
The fairest Mouth,	3 — J. Danby, 279
Thou soft flowing Avon,	3 — George Turnbull, 48

INDEX.

			PAGES
To me the Merry Girls,	3 voices,	Samuel Webbe,	157
To all you Ladies now on Land,	3 —	Dr. Callcott,	216
Tweedside,	4 —	Joseph Corfe,	100
Yellow Haired Laddie,	4 —	Joseph Corfe,	64

DUETS.

Away with Melancholy,	Mozart,	104
Damon and Clara,	Dr. Harrington,	133
Sweet doth blush the rosy Morning,	Dr. Harrington,	237
Together we Range,	S. Webbe,	14

CATCHES.

Eye, nay pr'ythee, John,	3 voices,	H. Purcell,	253
Hark ! the bonnie High Church Bells,	3 —	Dr. Aldrich,	224
Master Speaker,	3 —	Baldon,	233
O let the merry peal go on,	3 —	Dr. Arne,	5
O hold your hands,	4 —	H. Purcell,	133
Under this Stone,	3 —	H. Purcell,	89
When V and I,	3 —	H. Purcell,	61

SONGS.

A Man's a Man for a' that,	Scottish air,	1-
And ye shall walk in silk attire,	Air, "The siller crown,"	33
Auld Robin Gray,	Rev. William Leevae,	312
Contented in the Vale,	Haydn,	177
Far, far, at Sea,	C. H. Florio,	97
Green leaves all turn yellow,	Michael Kelly,	325
Guard ye the Passes,	John Turnbull,	284
Here awa, there awa,	Scottish air,	25
Here's to the Maiden of bashful fifteen,	English air,	61
Highland Mary,	Air, "Katharine Ogie,"	344
In Infancy our hopes and fears,	Dr. Arne,	24
In my Cottage near the Wood,		188
Jeanie Lee,	John Turnhull,	240
Love came to the door of my heart,	P. M'Leod,	66
Logan Water,	Scottish air,	273
Love and our Ocean Home,	John Turnbull,	92
Mary Bawn,	Scottish air,	4
My Nannie, O,	Scottish air,	16
My Friend and Pitcher,	English air,	53
My Gentle Bride,	W. J. P. Kiddle,	136
My Boy Tammy,	Air, "The Lumny,"	209
My only Jo and dearie O,	Irish air,	221
My love she's but a Lassie, yet,	Scottish air,	264
Oh ! blessing on thee, Land,	John Turnbull,	320
O dinna ask me gin I lo'e ye,	Air, "Comin' thro' tho' rye,"	105
O Mary, ye'se be clad in silk,	Air, "The siller crown,"	33
O were I on Parnassus Hill,	Air, "O Jean I love thee,"	160
O saw ye bonnie Lesley,	Air, "The Collier's bonnie lassie,"	200
Oh no, my Love no,	Michael Kelly,	144
Oh ! upon the Door,	Scottish air,	77
Saw ye Johnnie comin',	Air, "Fee him, father,"	265
The beam on the Streamlet was playing,	Air, "Coloen dhas croothe na moe,"	121
The Blue Bell of Scotland,	Scottish air,	165
The Friend and Piteher,	English air,	53
The glasses sparkle on the board,	T. A. Geary,	237
The Lass o' Gowrie,	Air, "Locherroch side,"	289
The morn returns in Saffron drest,	Stephen Paxton,	152
The Streamlet that flow'd round her cot,	William Shield,	204
The sweet little Girl that I love,	English air,	236
The turtle dove coos round my cot,	Hook,	46
Thou hast left me ever, Jamie,	Air, "Fee him, father,"	265
Turn again thou fair Eliza,	Air, "The bonnie brucket lassie,"	245
Will ye go to the ewe-bughts, Marion ?	Air, "The Ewe-bughts,"	69
Where the Bee sucks,	Dr. Arne,	113

OLD OR SCARCE MELODIES.

Aldridge's Dance,		45
An Sealladh mo dheireadh do Thearlach,	Gaelic air,	167
Bons Fils, Le,	French air,	45
Caliuubo,	West Indian Air,	17
Carolan's Farewell to Music,	Irish air,	63
Charmante Gabrielle,	French air,	167
Dance to your Daddie,	Scottish air,	67
Dulce Domum,	English air,	131

	PAGE
Fareweel my Dame and Bairnies twa,	45
Goby, O, The	78
Goodwife admit the Wanderer,	190
Hey ca' thro',	102 ✓
Howlet and the Weazle, The	108
Ladies of London, The	68
Lament for a Friend,	94
Lowland Willie,	263
Martini's Minuet,	211
My bonnie Laddie's lang o' growin',	36
My Lady's gown has gairs upon't,	108
My Spirits are mounting,	141
Negro Melody,	210
Nis o rinneadh ar Taghadh,	210
Oak Stick, The	18
Oh Love how just and how severe,	263
Old Nick in Love,	299
Old Woman clothed in gray, An	299
Phuirag nan Gaoil,	93
Rattling Roaring Willie,	101
Rory Dall's Porst,	45
Seule dans un Bois,	67
Strathavich,	278
Thàinig an gille dubh,	17
Jacobite air,	45
Irish air,	78
Gaelic air,	190
Fife boat song,	102 ✓
Irish air,	108
English air,	68
Scottish air,	94
Scottish air,	263
Scottish air,	211
Scottish air,	36
Scottish air,	108
English air,	141
West Indian air,	210
Gaelic "Jorram," or rowing air,	210
Irish air,	18
English air,	263
Scottish ballad air,	299
Old ballad air,	299
North Highland air,	93
Scottish air,	101
Gaelic air,	45
French vaudeville,	67
Gaelic air,	278
Gaelic air,	17

LITERATURE.

Abel, Charles Frederick	186	Contrapuntist Society,	223
Abell, John	164	Correlli,	118
Acrostic,	234	Counter Alto, The	19
Address to our Readers,	1	Counter Tenor, Should it be sung by male or fe- male voices?	287
Adopted Child, The	35	Dancing in Russia,	89
All—all is Music, by William Miller,	326	Danube, Convents on the banks of the	140
Allegri, Gregorio	103	Davaux, Jean Baptist	36
Anacreontic; to a Grasshopper,	275	Death of Herr Frederick Kind,	199
Ancient Concerts, London,	226	De Bagnie, Ronzi	208
Anecdote of Braham,	187	Der Freischutz and Weber's Music,	198
————— Incledon,	239	Despairing Lover, Song to a	148
Anecdotes in the Life of a Musician,	180	Dezède,	279
Animale, Effect of Music on	2	Different styles of Musical Composition,	65
Apollo, a Sonnet,	269	Donizetti,	262
Apollonicon, The	78	Dulcimer, The	241
Arne, Dr. Thomas Augustine,	148	Effect of Music on Animals,	2
Auber's Music,	161	Effects of Music,	238
Bagpipe, The	69	Encouragement of Genius, from an M.S. story,	298
Bair, John Anthony	77	English Sailors and their Songs,	186
Balbatre, Claude	344	Esquimaux Concert,	58
Bards of Ireland,	96	Evening Wind, To the	238
Bass and Double Bass,	52	Expression,	141
Beautiful Incident in the life of Malibran,	276	Extensive Order,	235
Beethoven's Battle Symphony,	29	Extract from Fonton's tragedy of "Mariamne,"	19
Berlin, Theatres and Music in	207	Festivals and the Opera in Sweden,	28
Best test of Genius,	99	Fine Arts, Influence of the study of the	135
Bewitched Painters (The), a Tale of Strasburg,	281	Fiorello's Fiddle Stick,	274
Birds in Summer,	99	Fischer the Oboe player,	181
Birth-day of Robert Burns, The	223	Flower of the West, The	278
Blossoms,	48	Fodor, Madame Mainville	159
Blind Girls gathering Flowers,	132	French Opera, Training for the	56
Boildeau and Talleyrand,	239	Fugue Translated, A	207
Braham, Anecdote of	187	George the First an operatic manager,	316
Braham's re-appearance,	35	Giardini, Felici	209
Broken Fiddle, The	50	Giordani,	207
Bundle of Sticks, The	95	Glee Club, The	6
Canadian Boat Song,	326	Gluck in dishabille,	153
Canzonet,	225	Grand Oratorio in Glasgow—Handel's Messiah,	322
Carillons at Antwerp,	345	Grave of Dermid, The	196
Catalani, Madame	299	Guerdon of Life, The	72
Cathedral Hymn,	246	Guzikow, M.	222
Charms of Music, The	124	Gypsies, The	28
Characteristics of celebrated Violin players,	346	Handel's Monument and Commemorations in Westminster Abbey,	268
Chatterton, Sonnets to	283	Harmonious Sisters, The	316
Child and the dew drop,	143	Harpichord, The	77
Chinese Musical Love Feasts,	78	Harrington, Dr.	6
Church Music, On	94	Healing the daughter of Jairus,	167
———— Organ, A	49	Heaven and Earth, a sonnet,	232
Cimaraosa, Mozart and	99	Home,	2
Close of the Year 1843,	288		
Convents on the Banks of the Danube, The	140		

	PAGE		PAGE
Horace Imitated,	345	Ode to Scottish Music,	135
How Rossini's opera of "Otello" was composed,	105	Old and Scarce Melodies, Introductory article to	17
Imperial Court Singers of Russia,	267	Notes on, 18, 36, 45, 68, 94,	102, 108, 131, 141, 167, 190 210, 263, 278, 299
Imitation,	51	On Modern Songs,	155
Inauguration at Leige,	118	On Teaching Singing,	115
Salzburg,	132	Operatic and Sacred Music in Italy,	244
Included, Anecdote of	239	Organ at Freidburg, Switzerland, The	103
Influence of the study of the Fine Arts,	135	at Haarlem, Description of the grand	234
Instruments, Music for	162	Organs,	133
Inventor of the Modern Scale,	13	Origin of Music,	140
Italian Opera, Music at the	244	Paisiello, Jean	233
Italy, Operatic and Sacred Music in	244	Past, The, by Wordsworth,	327
Itinerant Musician, Sonnet to an	78	Philharmonic Concert (Description of a) by Von	206
It is for the People letters must be cultivated,	154	Reaumer,	235
Kemble, Miss Adelaide	232	Pianist, A new	235
Kind, Herr Frederick, Death of	199	Pitching the Voice,	159
King Frost,	118	Playford, John	52
Lark's Song, The	324	Popular Songs of the Tyrol, The	71
La Scala, Milan,	278	Power of Music,	317
Last of the Pipers, The	34	Purcell, Henry	197
Life, by Barry Cornwall,	208	Queen Christina and Lully's Music,	191
Lily of the Vale, The	268	Reputation in which Music was held by the	224
Lines written at Clifton Cottage,	234	Ancients,	25
Liszt, Franz	205	Rival's Wreath, The	156
Literary Novelty,	166	Rossini,	105
Love of the Country,	132	Rossini's "Otello," how it was composed,	267
M'Nally, Leonard,	231	Russia, Imperial Court Singers of	290
Mainzer, M., in Scotland,	253	Sabbath, The	204
Malibran, Incident in the life of	276	Schneider, Franz	135
Martini, Jean Paul Gilles	211	Scottish Music, Ode to	108
Maternal Distress over a Dying Child,	323	Serenade, The	287
Melody,	212	Should counter-tenor be sung by Male or Female	217
Melody of Song, The	256	voices,	165
Merry Heart, The	96	Singing Mouse, The	242
Millico, Guiseppo	309	Siveri, Camillo	187
Miseries of Musical Life,	99	Skylark, The	300
Modern Pianist, A	121	Soldier's Return, The	232
Modern Scale, The inventor of the	13	Sonnet, by Miss Mitford,	232
Modern Songs sung at places of public diver-	155	Heaven and Earth,	78
sion, On	163	The Mystery of Night,	18
Monument to Tannahill,	89	to an Itinerant Musician,	90
Moral Influence of Music,	89	to Music,	283
Mozart and Cimarosa,	99	to Sleep,	317
Musical Flourishing,	124	Stanzas written by a Young Lady,	237
Musical Joke,	90	Strolling Actor, The	163
Musical Obituary,	279	Tannahill, Monument to	115
Music and Dancing among the Simalees of Aden,	326	Teaching Singing, On	207
Musical Composition, Different styles of	65	Theatres and Music in Berlin,	148
Musician, Anecdotes in the life of a	180	To a Despairing Lover,	238
Music,	143	To the Evening Wind,	275
at the Italian Opera,	244	To the Grasshopper, Anacreontic	56
for Instruments,	162	Training for the French Opera,	71
in Germany,	314	Tyrol, Popular Songs of the	53, 61
in Russia,	266	Utilitarian Reflections on the Norwich Festival,	168
Ode to	180	Vaughan, Mr.	190
of Italy,	97	Vernon, Mr.	269
Origin of	140	Violoncello, Price of a	9
Power of	317	Viotti, Giovanni Battista	206
should be heard only,	72	Von Reaumer's description of a Philharmonic Con-	6
Sennet to	18	Wakened Harp, The	22
My Library, by Southey,	79	Wandering Willie,	198
Mysterious Music,	102	Weber's Music—Der Freischutz,	268
New Pianist,	235	Westminster Abbey, Handel's Commemorations in	166
Norwich Musical Festival,	53, 61	Without a Rival,	177
Notot, Joseph	156		
Nun, The	151		
O'Carolan, Turlough	63		
Ode to Music,	180		

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 ass, a hind, some cows, small birds, and a cock and hen, who were in a yard under the window. The 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 further 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 quaterns, to the dismay of all amateurs be 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 *kedjerec*-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 *kedjerec*-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.

M A R Y B A W N .

*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 be-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 ae 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 cur'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 Lass - es gay and Lads e - late, the loves and grac - es
 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 besitting—
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 be - held us wand'ring to find a tem-ple

Glo-rious A - pol - lo from on high be - 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
 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
 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 -
 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 -
 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 intellectual 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 bustling 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 disdained 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 Moricelli, 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 supernumerated fops, elampered for the first time to the *fifth story*, to hear the celestial music of Boccherini 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 Poppo, 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 Puppi, 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 Johnsoian 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, Yanciewicz, 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 band 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 Mestrino, 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, Vaucher, Cartier, Pixis, Madame Paravicini, Mademoiselle Gerbini, and our countryman Mori.

Dubourg's Violin.

HOME.—The only fountain in the wilderness of life where man drinks of water totally unmingled 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

oward slave we pass him by, We daur be free for a' that. For a' that, and a' that, Our
 toils obscure, and a' that, The rank is but the guinea stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

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 hear 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,
 Solvi 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 Hirmanus, 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 con - tent - - - view us and be charm'd, be charm'd with con - tent.
with content,

MY NANNIE, O

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

Be - hind yon hills where Lu - gar flows, 'Maug 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 blaw

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 fae 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 world's gear ne'er troubles me,
My thochts are a' my Nannie, O.

Our auld gudēman delights tō 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, Argyleshire. 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 southern 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. Patriek 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 gallopades—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 Vrechdan, 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 vapid 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"—"Eleu Loro"—the "Lament of Maegregor"—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 Extravaganzas 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 1773.

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 - -
 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 - -
 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.

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

ALTO.

TENOR.

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

BASS.

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 - tie heard the swain, And

e - - cho'd back the cheer - ful strain.

e - - cho'd back the cheer - - ful strain.

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 ornamented 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 Birkenedale 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 *menyie* 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 middle-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 overlay. His beard, also, instead of displaying a grizzled 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 kilted 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 aneugh

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 sec if ye can see Robin coming. De'il be in him! he has got to the lee-side of some smiggler's punch-bowl, and he wanna 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 most 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, hinnie."

"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 camot, my honest friend," said I. *

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 heauties 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 eaves 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 *Gambrieca*, 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 *Gambrieca* 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.

Nb. 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 startling 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 quenched it as if, indeed, a veritable echantress. 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! *poterina*, 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 warm eve,
When the woods glow, and the unfructed 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 muster-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 *sin-tonia*, 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 fifer* 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.

hearts, His pow'r I here de-ny, With all his flames, his flames, his fires and

With all his flames, his flames, his fires and

hearts, His pow'r I here de-ny, With all his flames, fires, and darts, fires and

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 foreed 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 foreed 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 langest life can ne'er repay
 The love he hears 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; but 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 hark 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 bedge 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 gorsong 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 hate 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 myself; 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-buoy a bran new shoot of cloes; 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 House 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 poetry, that I made on her. Oh, be-dad, 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 Purcel, or any of the Parleyvoons; and bewtixt 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 traducing to her my own family's music, it was the music of my country my heart bate to toche 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'nt 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, hee 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 minute'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 gladness 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 LEAR, MRS. MOUNTAIN, KELLY, DIGNUM, 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 Royalty 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 INCLEDON, the associate of CIMAROSA and WINTER, the fellow labourer of BILLINGTON, STORACE, FODOR, 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 *eclog* 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 Duport; 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 Lacedpede, 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.

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

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

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

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 - ceivo 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

pow'r be unto Him, be unto 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

Lamb;

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 - - - - op - 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 Honour, glory and pow'r be un - to him Glo - 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

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; 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,

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

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

glory and power he 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 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 -
 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 - -

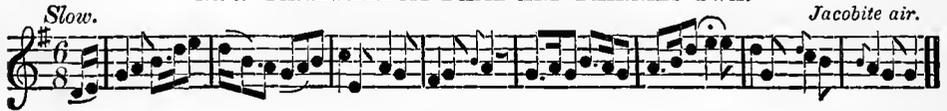
e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver.
 ver; For e - ver and e - ver.
 e - ver; For e - ver and e - ver.
 ver; For e - ver and e - ver.

OLD AND SCARCE MELODIES.

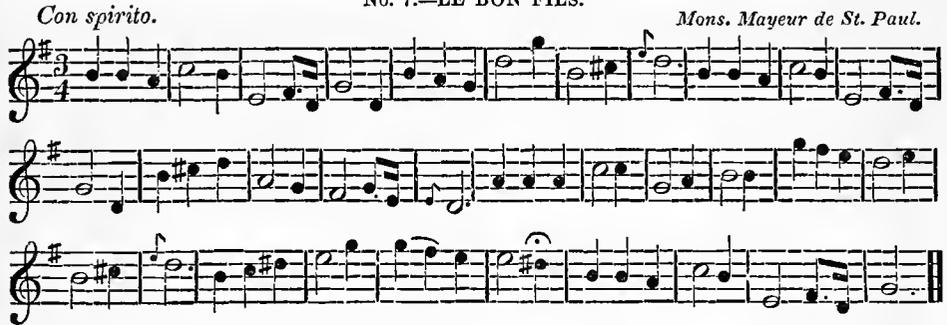
No. 5.—ALDRIDGE'S DANCE.



No. 6.—FAREWHEEL 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,

No. 46.

tion, 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 if 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

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,

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

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

D.C.

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.

D.C.

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.]

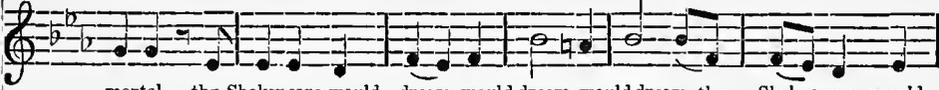
Larghetto. p *Melody by Dr. Arne.*

SOPRANO.  *p*
 Thou soft flowing Avon by thy sil - ver stream, Of things more than

2d SOPRA-
 NO, or ALTO  *p*
 Thou soft flowing Avon by thy sil - ver stream, Of things more than

BASSO.  *p*

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

 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

 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

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

bed, 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 hollow 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 pinnions 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 taught 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 employer?”

“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 hoy 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 cherub’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 joyous 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 hoy.

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; Kuhnah, 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, la.

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

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

Fold - ed arms are signs of woe, Fa, la, la, 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 santered 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 unchanging 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 here 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 Guildencroft 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 fritter 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 lances 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 tricolor 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, flickered 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 choral benches, use hands and feet, when the band sends forth the multifarious thunder of the most intricate harmonies 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 tune 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*

De - so - late is the dwelling of Mor - na, De - so - late is the dwelling of

2d TREBLE. *p*

De - so - late is the dwelling of Mor - na, De - so - late is the dwelling of

BASS. *p*

De - so - late is the dwelling, the dwelling of

pp Morna. Silence. *pp* Silence is in the house of her fathers: *cres.* Raise the song of

Morna. Silence is in the house of her fathers:

pp Morna. Si - lence,

cres. mourning, O bards! o - ver the land of strangers, o - ver, o - ver the land of

cres. Raise the song of mourning, the song of mourning, o - ver the land of

Raise the song of mourning, the song of mourning,

dolce

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

comes; And whistles round the half worn shield. And whistles round - - the shield, And

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 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.

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-greased 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 affectation. 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 master-pieces 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.

Pathetically. *Carolan.*

The musical score consists of four staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp (F#). The music is written in a single melodic line. The second staff continues the melody, featuring a double bar line. The third and fourth staves complete the piece, ending with a final cadence. The notation includes various note values, rests, and dynamic markings consistent with the 'Pathetically' instruction.

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

In April when primro - ses paint the sweet plain, And

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of the musical score. It features four staves: Soprano, Alto (or 2nd Soprano), Tenor, and Bass. The music is in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. The lyrics are: "In A - pril when primro - ses paint the sweet plain, And". The Soprano part has a melodic line with some grace notes. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts provide harmonic support with a steady bass line.

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.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It continues the four-part setting. The lyrics are: "summer ap - proach - ing re - joic - eth the swain, joic - eth the swain." The Soprano part has a first ending marked "1st. *tr*" and a second ending marked "2d.". The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts continue their respective parts. The music concludes with a double bar line.

The yel - low hair'd lad - die would of - ten times go, To

To

Detailed description: This block contains the third system of the musical score. The lyrics are: "The yel - low hair'd lad - die would of - ten times go, To". The Soprano part has a melodic line. The Alto, Tenor, and Bass parts provide harmonic support. The system ends with a double bar line and the word "To" written below the Bass staff.

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, onrself 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 erleichen;”

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 wbin-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 wickèd 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.]

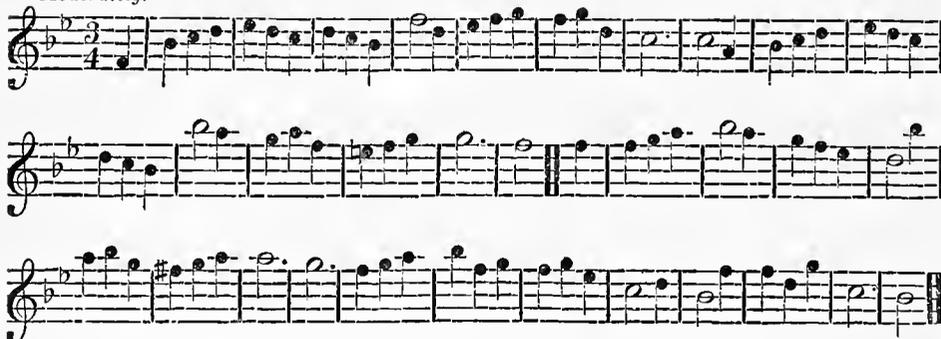
Lento.

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 Bonrguin 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 canty ingles, chanting its simple and pleasing intervals to the nursery rhyme

“Dance to your daddie, my bonnie iaddie,
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’Urfev, 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’Urfev 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’Urfev 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’Urfev. 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’Urfev 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’Urfev 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-ri- on, But nae half sae sweet as

thee, The sun shines sweet my Ma-ri- on, 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'ee 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 dauces 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' eramasie;
 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

No. 49.

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 "Pebelis 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 Habby 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 hurst 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-warld' 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 nye 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.

Along 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 appeared 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 enterprise 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 portentous 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 slavering fool,
The courtly fop, the unletter'd boot,
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 ail;
And brethren too; and, hist, the fall
Of brooklet gushing o'er the linn;
Then, bark, our school-days, and the din
Of merry laughter; sure these ne'er can change—
I see their beauty, and I feel their truth.

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.

PRIZE GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Larghetto.

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, 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! open the door, some pity to show, Oh! open the door to me, oh!

p

Tho' thou hast been false, I'll ever prove true; Oh! open the door to me, oh!

tr

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 *à 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 ~~harp~~, 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 Luscinus*, 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.

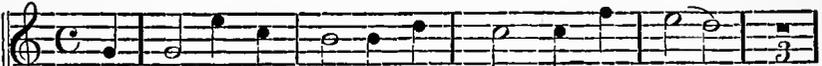
THE HEAVENS ARE TELLING.

GRAND CHORUS.

Allegro.

Haydn.

TENOR.



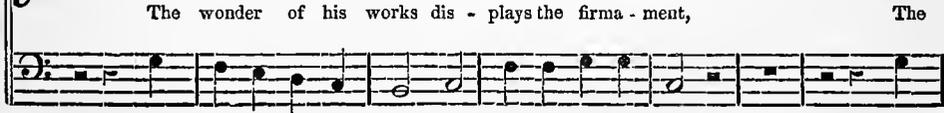
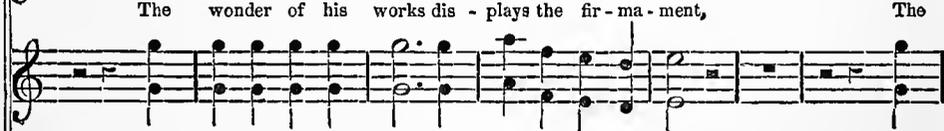
ALTO, or 2d
 SOPRANO.



SOPRANO.



BASS.



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 dis - plays 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

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-
 The won-der of his works dis-plays, dis-plays the fir-ma-
 won-der of his works, the wonder of his works, dis-plays the fir-ma-
 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-
 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 dis - 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 stone lies Ga-briel John, Who died in the year one thousand and one.

2
Cover his head with turf or stone, 'tis all one, 'tis all one, with turf or stone, '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 dulce 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 develop 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, deafe 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.
 A - midst the myr - tles as I walk, Love and my -

ALTO.
 Amidst the myrtles as - - I walk, Love and my

TENOR.
 Amidst the myr - tles as I walk, Love and my

TENOR.
 A - midst the myr - tles as I walk, Love - and my

BASS.
 A - midst the myr - tles as I walk, Love and my

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

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 di - 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.

Our home is a - mid the sea, Where the billows roll proudly and

dark; Our course and our thoughts are free, are free, As the breezes that waft our

bark. And while, with the best of the brave, On our pathless domain we

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.

Very slow with expression.

The image shows a musical score for a piece titled 'A Lament for a Friend'. It consists of four staves of music, all in treble clef and G major (one sharp). The tempo and expression are marked 'Very slow with expression.' The music is written in a single melodic line. It features various rhythmic values including eighth and sixteenth notes, and rests. There are several trills (tr) and triplets (3) throughout the piece. The score ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

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 sung 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. Lugad, 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 Royné File, or the poetic, and Ferceirte, a bard and herald. Lugad 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 *Uraicepht*, or "Primer of the Bards," preserved in the Book of Ballimote, 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 Mac 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 musique 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 Susan was
laid on her pillow, In her ear whisper'd some flitting elfe, Your
love is now toss'd on a billow, In her ear whisper'd some flitting
elfe, Your love is now toss'd on a billow, 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 saltarello. 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 affetuoso.

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.

f

yonder vale - - a - sleep doth lie, my love in yonder vale - a - sleep doth lie.

f

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 furze, 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 Segreto," &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).

Psshaw ! 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 Danoreau (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.

What beauties does Flo - ra dis - close, How sweet are her

What beauties does Flo - ra dis - close, How sweet are her

smiles up - on Tweed, Yet Ma - ry's still sweet - er than those, Both

smiles up - on Tweed, Yet Ma - ry's still sweet - er than those, Both

na - ture and fan - cy ex - ceed. No dai - sy nor sweet blush - ing

na - ture and fan - cy ex - ceed. No dai - sy nor sweet blush - ing

mezzo-forte
 rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Not Tweed glid - ing

piano
 rose, Nor all the gay flow'rs of the field, Not Tweed glid - ing

f
 gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and plea - sure does yield.

f
 gent - ly thro' those, Such beau - ty and plea - sure does yield.

'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 foand 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 situate 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 Africanos, 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 farze-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 Pascagoula. 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 merri - ly merri - ly sing fal la. Come on ye ro - sy hours, Gay

smiling 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 true, An' gin ye look sae sair at me, I daurna look at you.

An' when ye gang to yon braw town,
 And bounier lassies see,
 O diuna, Jamie, look at them,
 Lest ye should mind na me.

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 *li-bretto* (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 let-
ters, *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 copy-
ists, 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 assist-
ing at the rehearsals.

“I shall go myself among the actors,” replied
Rossini, with a careless tone, “and make them re-
peat their parts. As for the gentlemen of the or-
chestra 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 ap-
plause—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 con-
tinued 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 over-
ture.”

“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-
teuil. 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 in-
quietude. But at the sight of him, Barbaja, spring-
ing 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 indis-
posed?” murmured Rossini in the ear of the Im-
presario.

“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 Col-
bran.”

“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 be-
coming 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 fel-
icitations 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 adieux.”

“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.

AIR.

BASS.

The musical score consists of four staves. The top three staves (Tenor, Alto, and Air) are in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff (Bass) is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The notes are represented by square symbols on the staves.

O what beau-ty Lord ap-pears, In thy courts of ho-ly

p

O what beauty Lord ap-pears In thy courts of

praise, O what beauty, what beau-ty In - - - - thy

This section shows the vocal lines with lyrics. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a time signature of 3/4. The bottom staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes. A dynamic marking of *p* (piano) is placed above the first note of the top staff.

ho - ly praise, - - - 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, Unto thee my heart as - pires, Un - to thee my heart as - pires.

f

raise, Unto 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 *p* my voice I raise, unto thee, 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, *f* 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 - - - as - pires, unto thee, unto thee,
 thee, unto thee, *p* my heart - - - as - pires, *f* unto thee, unto thee, *p*
 unto thee my heart - - - as - pires, unto thee, unto thee my

p my voice I raise, un - to thee my heart as - pires,
p my voice I raise un - to thee, my heart as -
 voice I raise un - to thee my heart as -
p my voice I raise un - to thee my heart as -
 my voice I raise un - to thee my heart as - pires,

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.

The first system of the musical score consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo/mood marking *dolce.* is written below the first few notes of the upper staff.

The second system of the musical score consists of three staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The tempo/mood marking *tr* is written below the first few notes of the upper staff, and *p* is written below the lower staff. The lyrics are: "Where the bee sucks there lurk I, In a".

The third system of the musical score consists of three staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "cow-slip's bell I lie, There I couch when owls do cry, when owls do".

The fourth system of the musical score consists of three staves. The upper staff is in treble clef and contains the vocal line with lyrics. The middle staff is in treble clef and the lower staff is in bass clef. The lyrics are: "cry, when owls do cry, on the bat's back I do fly - - -".

Af - ter sun-set mer-ri-ly, mer-ri-ly, Af - ter sun-set mer - ri -

ly. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Under the

p

blos - som that hangs on the bough. Mer - ri - ly, mer - ri - ly shall I live now, Under the

blossom that hangs on the bough, Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.



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 these 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 warden 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 Meul, 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

Hush to peace each rud - er wind, Purl - ing rills in si - lence

roll, While on ro - sy bed re - clin'd, - - - Sleeps the

roll, While on ro - sy bed re - clin'd, - - - Sleeps the

roll, While on ro - sy ro - sy bed re - clin'd, Sleeps the

charm - er of my soul, While on ro - sy bed re -

charm - er of my soul, While on ro - sy

charm - er of my soul, While on ro - sy 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 ditty, And she felt her breast sweetly glow, "Oh

look on your lover with pity, 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 sympathy; 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 cautehoue 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 Jemelli, 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 Jemelli 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 arc 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.

Moderato. f

ALTO. Ah! why this bod - ing start, this sud - den

TENOR. Ah! why this bed - 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.

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 tho 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 thnn - 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 justico 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, resonemus.

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 caballes;
Eja, nunc, eamus;
Limen amabile,
Matris et oscula,
Suaviter et repetamus.

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. Bushy.

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 Erlau in Hungary, and set to music by the Chevalier Neukomm. 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 Beauties of the Country.*

O HOLD YOUR HANDS.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

Lively. H. Purcell.

1 O hold your hands or lose your lands, the

2 Noddy board marched a-bout, and a-bout, the candle-stick flew and the candle went out, till

3 Mur-der, murder, one cry'd out, and this was the end of the rev-el rout.

4 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, disdainful of the offer of a second-hand instrument, refused to purchase it, and employed Snitzler 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, unscen,
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 veils,
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 sp'rits 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 consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a 6/8 time signature. It features a lively, rhythmic melody with many sixteenth and thirty-second notes. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature, providing a harmonic accompaniment with chords and moving lines.

1st verse, The ea - gle soars thro' fields of air, Re - joic - ing in his
2d verse, So I would brave the storms wild blast, For thee my joy and

The first system of the vocal part shows the melody for the first two verses. The lyrics are: "1st verse, The ea - gle soars thro' fields of air, Re - joic - ing in his; 2d verse, So I would brave the storms wild blast, For thee my joy and". The piano accompaniment continues with chords and rhythmic patterns.

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 of the vocal part shows the melody for the third and fourth verses. The lyrics are: "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 piano accompaniment continues.

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 third system of the vocal part shows the melody for the final verses. The lyrics are: "bow'r, He seeks his true love's bow'r, He; bride, To please my gen - tle bride, To". The piano accompaniment concludes with a final chord. The tempo is marked "tempo." and the section is labeled "Col. Treble."

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 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, Seitenstätten, Lerchenfeld, Melk, and Neuburg, the Fuchs, Albrechtsbergers, Schneiders, Stadlers, Haydns, and Mozarts, were indebted for a generous welcome, organ, orchestra, and choir.

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 Baeh, 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 Allegrì, 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 voic'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 Jubal, 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).

Haste - thee O Lord, make haste, with speed, And help me in this time - - - of need

- - - My soul doth sink, my forces fail My wea - ry'd arms can - not prevail, The waters

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, he 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 how—
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, or 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, marked *Expressivo*. The piece begins with a piano (*p*) dynamic and transitions to a forte (*f*) dynamic. The music features a mix of chords and moving lines in both hands.

First system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is in the treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in the bass clef. The lyrics are: "While I hang on your bo-som dis- / Now do not dear Har, while a-

Second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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,

Third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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

no my love no! 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 no!
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

Detailed description: This block contains the first system of a musical score. It features four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'ted - ding of the hay - - Love'. The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is another vocal line with lyrics 'ted - ding of the hay - - Bare - head - ed on the green, Love'. The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.

midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.

Detailed description: This block contains the second system of the musical score. It features four staves. The top staff is a vocal line with lyrics 'midst her locks did play, And wan - ton'd in her een.' and includes a fermata and a hairpin crescendo (*hr*). The second staff is a piano accompaniment. The third staff is another vocal line with the same lyrics and includes a fermata and a hairpin crescendo (*hr*). The bottom staff is a piano accompaniment. The key signature has one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4.

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 locks 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 Loudon 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 imbued 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 "Anelia," 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 wafted 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.

O! thou that tell-est good

ALTO, or 2d
SOPRANO.

SOPRANO.

O! thou that tell-est good tid-ings to Zi-on, good ti- dings to Je-

BASS.

O! thou that tell-est good ti-dings to Zion, good

tidings to Zi-on, O! thou that tellest good

O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, to Zi-on,

ru-sa-lem, O! thou that tellest good tidings to Zion, good

tid-ings 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 gbastriness 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 erucifix, 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 hollily!
 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 ruan,
 He, at whose feet she knelt, give as by stealth
 ("Twas in her utmost need; nor while she lives,
 Will it go from her, flecting 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 shows the piano introduction. It consists of two staves: a treble clef staff with a melodic line and a bass clef staff with a harmonic accompaniment. The tempo is marked 'Andante' and the dynamics 'a mezzo voce'. The key signature has one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is common time (C).

The morn re - turns in saf - fron drest, But not to sad Ro -

p

The second system contains the first line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff, and the piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are 'The morn re - turns in saf - fron drest, But not to sad Ro -'. The dynamics are marked 'p'.

si - na's rest; The blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A -

The third system contains the second line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'si - na's rest; The blush - ing morn a - wakes the strain, A -'. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent harmonic pattern.

wakes the tune - ful choir. The blushing morn a - wakes the strain, A -

mf *p* *sf*

The fourth system contains the third line of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The lyrics are 'wakes the tune - ful choir. The blushing morn a - wakes the strain, A -'. The piano accompaniment features dynamic markings: 'mf' (mezzo-forte), 'p' (piano), and 'sf' (sforzando).

The image shows a musical score for a vocal and piano piece. It consists of two systems of three staves each. The first system has the vocal line on top, with lyrics: "wakes the tune-ful choir, But sad Ro-si-na ne'er a-gain shall". The piano accompaniment is on the two lower staves, with dynamic markings *mf* and *p*. The second system continues the vocal line with lyrics: "strike the ex-cit-ing lyre. lyre." and includes first and second endings for the piano part, marked "1st." and "2d.".

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 *chansonnier* :—

“ 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 saucages 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 gratuitous 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. Pious 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 suburb 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; "Lillibullero" 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 delectation.

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 desirous 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-Près; 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 untaught 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 operative 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 fancy. 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.—*Gardner'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 J st

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,

Roses around a-round my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate aux -

Ro - ses around my fragrant brows I'll twine, And dis - si - pate anx - i - e -

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 - eties in wine.

ties in wine, and dis - si - pate anx - i - e - ties in wine.

i - eties 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 Callarelli.

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.

The piano introduction consists of two staves of music. The right hand (treble clef) begins with a half note G4, followed by quarter notes A4, B4, and C5. The left hand (bass clef) begins with a half note G3, followed by quarter notes A3, B3, and C4. The key signature is one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C).

O were I on Par - nassus hill, Or had of He - li - con my

The first system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line is on a treble clef staff with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature. The piano accompaniment is on a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The lyrics are: "O were I on Par - nassus hill, Or had of He - li - con my".

fill, That I might catch po - e - tic skill, To sing how dear I

The second system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line continues with the lyrics: "fill, That I might catch po - e - tic skill, To sing how dear I".

love thee. But Nith maun be my muse's well, My muse maun be thy

The third system of the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The vocal line concludes with the lyrics: "love thee. But Nith maun be my muse's well, My muse maun be thy". The system ends with a double bar line.

bo - nie sell, On Cor - sin - con I'll glowr and spell, And

write how dear I love thee.

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 roguish 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 development. 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 most, 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 tune, 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' Balquhadder*," "*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, Macneil, 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 pours 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 embalmed 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 Glenfloeoh, 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! he 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 ever-changing 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 unremitting 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, *yoddlle*; be, *doddlle*; or, *fol*; not, *dol*; to, *de*; be, *rol*; that, *ri*; is, *tol*; the, *lol*; question, *de rido*.

Yoddlle doddlle fol de rol, to be; *hey down derry diddle dum*, or not; *whack rum ti oodity*, to be; *ho down*, that; *chip chow cherry chow*, is; *tra la la 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 heanty 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."

Very slow. *p* *cres.* *p*

pp *p* *cres.* *dim.*

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 niece touch no pulse, and at her month
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 o' her hosom, 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 heaving 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 Bartlemau 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! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! For the Lord God om-ni-po-tent

lu-jah! Hal-le-lu-jah! Hal-le-lujah! For the Lord God om-ni-potent

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-potent reigneth, Halle-lu-jah! Halle-lujah! Halle-

For the Lord God om-ni-potent 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 -

jah! Hal - le - lu - jah! The kingdom of this world
 eth, Halle - lujah! Hal - le - lu - jah! p The kingdom of this world
 eth, Hal - le - lu - jah! The kingdom of this world
 lujah! Halle - lujah! Halle - lujah! p The kingdom of this world

is be - come the kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ, and of his
 is be - 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 - ver 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 Lords - - - - -
 and Lord of Lords - - - - -
 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!

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 - lu - jah!

Kings - - - - - and Lord of Lords -

for e - ver and e - ver, Halle - lojah! Halle - lujah! King of

for e - ver and e - ver, Halle - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! King of

for e - ver and e - ver, Halle - lujah! Halle - lu - jah! 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 Linainlo.

"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 seraph, 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 wavered 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 rustic 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
unthrall

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 feebled 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' opprest,

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;

Thas to thy vot'ry hast thou been endear'd;

And long he'll cherish thee, though sad his soul,
and sear'd. James Wylson.

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 works 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! 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,

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,

hard to 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin - -

hard to 'scape him in whole skin, 'Twas hard to 'scape him in whole skin - -

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, Come 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,

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,
cres. *dim*

Come

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 juck,
'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 howl 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 heads, 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-

tering 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 *galvanic*; above all, when they have emptied two or three casks 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 sang 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 Biondina 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 britannici hanno una arte.—Oh! Eh! Ih!
Oh ragazzi!—d'abbattere un marinaio francese, qualunche 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 sheld;
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 cating 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 faint'd quite for joy.

My father danced around his son;
My brother shook my hand away
My mother said her glass might run,
She car'd not now how soon the day.

"Hout woman!" cry'd my father dear,
"A wedding first I'm sure we'll have;
I see 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. One day I heard Ma - ry say, How can I leave thee,

TENOR. One day I heard Ma - ry say, How can I leave thee,

BASS. One day I heard Ma - ry say, How can I leave thee,

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.

The musical score is written on three staves in G major (one sharp) and 2/4 time. The tempo is marked 'Moderate. p'. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one sharp. It features a melody with a 4/3 time signature at the start, followed by a 3/4 time signature. The second and third staves are accompaniment parts, starting with a piano (*pp*) dynamic and featuring triplets and a crescendo (*cres.*). The piece concludes with a 'Gaelic air' section marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic and a trill (*tr*).

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 his 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 Bridewell* here below, in the *Bob-blicks*, 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 t'other day 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.

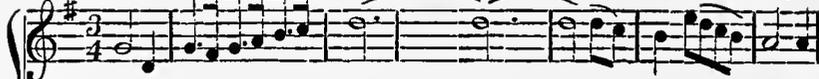
Christina, Queen of Sweden, and the learned patroness of Grotius, Salmasius, and Descartes, was frequently so absorbed in her profound and abstract ideas, as to be utterly unmindful of common things, and lose all recollection of what was necessary to her own personal accommodation. One night, instead 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.

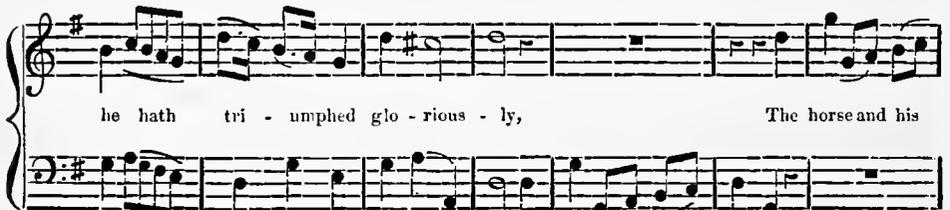
J. Key.

TREBLE. 

I will sing - - - - - un - to the Lord, for

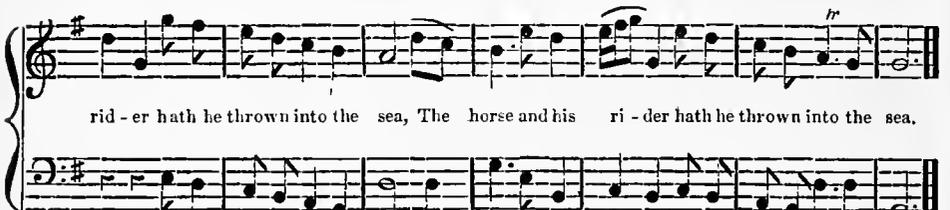
BASS. 

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,



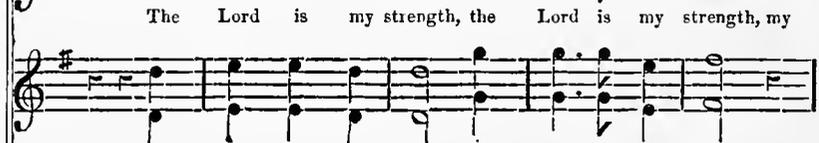
rid - er hath he thrown into the sea, The horse and his ri - der hath he thrown into the sea.

hath he thrown into the sea, The horse and his ri - der hath he thrown into the sea.

CHORUS. *Slow.*

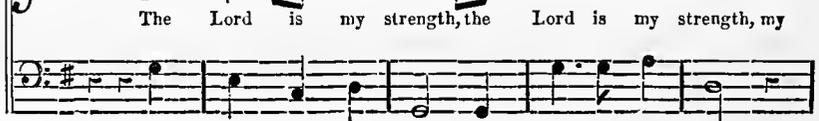
TENOR. 

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. *fr* The

come my sal - va - tion. *fr* The Lord is a man of war - - - - The

The Lord is a man of war, The

Lord is a man of war, a man of war, The Lord is his name,

Lord is a man of war, a man of war, The Lord ia 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.

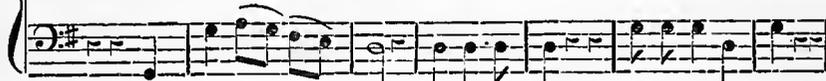
DUET.

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 be 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.

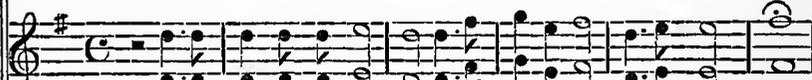
CHORUS. *Slow.*

TENOR.

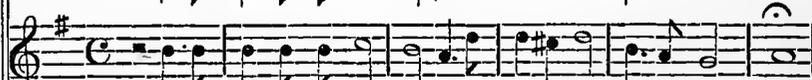


Who is like un - to thee O Lord amongst the gods, who is like thee,

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!

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 wretched 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 arraignment, 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, Hombrey, 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 "conest sweet voices," and most exquisite skill. Concerts barrow 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, nudding 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 sank 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 Freischutz," by the Editor of Cumberland's British Drama.*

DEATH OF HERR FREDERIC KIND.

Author of the libretto of "Der Freischutz."

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 Freischutz," 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 Kœrner, 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 Musæus, Bened, Naubert, several collections of romances and novels; at length we stopped at the "Freischutz" 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 Freischutz!' 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 "Freischutz"—*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-nn-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 belong 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.

bleak and bare, A wild and drea - ry way.

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. Hermit spare thy friendly care! O let me wander
p *And ne - ver ne - ver

fly, un - til the tempest fly.
p *And ne - ver ne - ver

on; Mountains bleak and stormy air, I ne - ver more will shun, A -

p

p

A -

p

las! a - las!

cres.

las! a - las! A - las! my bo - som knows no rest, And fa - ded is my

p

cres.

form, For Henry thou thy Emma's breast, Has steel'd against the storm.

p

p

La - dy as the li - ly fair! Ah whither dost thou stray? O'er the mountains

p

La - dy as the li - ly fair! Ah whither dost thou stray? O'er the mountains

p

f bleak and bare, A wild and drea-ry way, *fp* Weeping wand'rer *fp* dost thou then Be-

f bleak and bare, A wild and drea-ry way, *fp* Weeping wand'rer *fp* dost thou then Ee-

fp wail thy Hen-ry's flight, *rinf.* Dost thou seek him *p* once again? *f* Would he glad thy

fp wail thy Henry's flight, *p* Dost thou seek him *f* once again? *f* Would he glad thy

sight.

sight.

He thought thee faithless, These sad tears, *f* 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 Polkau 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

woo. *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 Eödenburg, 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 Thaddens 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 pianoforte!*" 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 coloratura 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 Pisanoni 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 rinning 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 quintetts 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 hetter 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, hastens to the *Wirtzhaus*, 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, caprioles 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'hote, would find his beef and sour-cROUT insipid, were they not seasoned with a minuet by Haydn, or a trio by Gluck; the daughty 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—ineffectual 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 debarred 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 pree'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've get it a', were't ten times mair,
Gin 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 canna 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,

No. 65 and Sup.

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 captian. 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 equivoque, 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.



No. 25.—NIS O RINNEADH AR TAGHADH.



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, Quartets, &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 superintendent 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 superintendent 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,

f 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, *f* 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 fal, la, la, la, la, la, la, with a fa,

write to you, to write to you. With a fal, 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, la, with a fa, la, la, la, with a fa, la, la, la, la.

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, Amen,
 men, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal -
 le - lu - jah - - - Hal - le - lu - jah, Hal - le - 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, Hal - le - 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

- - ver, shall e - ver reign, Let Hal - le - lu - jahs crown the song, Hal - le - lu -

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 dillettanti 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 *Allegro.*

ris-ing, ris-ing ev'-ry hour, While scarce the skies her horrid head can

ris-ing, ri-sing ev'-ry hour,

ris-ing, but ris-ing ev'-ry hour, While scarce the skies her horrid head can

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

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 sbakes 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 but ris -
 cord dire sister of the slaught'ring pow'r, small at her birth but ris - ing

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. Fut 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 do - 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.

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 len,
 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 cottages 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 tho 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

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 Deau,

1 ne'er a man will leave his can till he hears the migh - ty Tom'

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 Bethlemite 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 hunter's horn, and the hunter's horn is

hun - ter's horn is ringing, and the hun - ter's horn, and the hunter's horn is

Repeat in chorus.

ring - ing.

Dolce.

ringing. 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
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
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
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 M'NALLY.

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, M'Nally 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.

M'Nally 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. M'Nally, 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) "M'Nally, 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!*" M'Nally stood before me, very like a beer-barrel on its stiling, 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 Bagenal 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. M'Nally 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 ball appeared to have hit the huckle of his gallows (yelept 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 M'Nally proved himself, on my contest for the city of D'ghlin.

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 M'Nally was sympathetic. The father, however, notwithstanding all this, refused his consent; and, consequently, M'Nally 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 hands of matrimony the same evening; and she continued making, and M'Nally 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, Barbaia, "*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 "*Beatrice 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.

Baldon.

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

2
bate, Master Speak - er tho' 'tis late, I must length - en the de - bate.
3
stir, Sir, I shall name you Sir, I shall name you Sir, I shall name you if you stir.
1
chair, question, or - der, hear him, hear, pray sup - port support the chair.

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

unc, full, and silver tones of his voice, greatly helped to deliver the psalmody from the drawing 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 *maitre 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 *basoon* 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 *hallelujah* 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. Buddeus—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.

Buddeus 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 eall 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 - sem's fra - grancee 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 No. 68.

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 with 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 thorp to thorp, 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 wien, 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'n'ing their crests, and scattering high their
spray,
And swelling the white sail;—I welcome thee
To the searh'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
deeper;
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 *artists* 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 needless 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 securely 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!'”—*Frazier's Magazine*.

JEANIE LEE.

Words by A. Stewart.

Music by John Turnbull.

Allegretto.

The piano introduction consists of two staves. The right hand features a melodic line with eighth and sixteenth notes, while the left hand provides a steady accompaniment of eighth notes. A triplet of sixteenth notes is marked in the right hand towards the end of the introduction.

O who is she the village eyes Are ever fondly dwelling on? O

The first system of the song features a vocal line with a fermata on the final note of the first phrase. The piano accompaniment continues with a consistent eighth-note pattern.

who is she ilk fond youth tries With all his art to make his own? Whose smile's the beaming

The second system continues the vocal melody and piano accompaniment. The piano part includes some chordal textures in the right hand.

summer noon, Her voice the soul of me - lody? 'Tis she, my bosom's sacred boon, My

The third system concludes the vocal line with a fermata on the final note. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

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 golden 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
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 grov'ling scenes of
 progress to the seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to grov'ling scenes of

night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather
 night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather

pp *cres.*
pp *cres.*
pp *cres.*

hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of
 hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of
 hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of

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

day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.
 day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.
 And trace thy journey

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 liveliness, 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. Onee, 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’accede 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 *reposito* 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 catgut 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 brucket 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 eruel 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 Bronne (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

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!

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

voice shalt thou hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! A - rise, O

O Lord! A - rise, O

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

Lord, A - rise, O Lord! A - rise, and lift up thine hand! For-

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

get not the poor, forget not for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

get not the poor, for - get not the poor! My voice shalt thou

f

f

f

f

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

hear in the morn - ing, O Lord! in the morning will I di -

p

f

p

f

p

f

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
 Lord! I will look up, my voice, my voice shalt thou hear, O
 Lord! I will look up, 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. *f*

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 consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) with lyrics. The fifth staff is the piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. Dynamics include a forte (*f*) marking.

f 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 continues the vocal and piano parts. It features four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment staff. The lyrics are repeated with variations. Dynamics include forte (*f*) markings.

FYE, NAY PR'YTHEE JOHN.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

H. Purcell.

1
Fye nay pr'ythee Jehn, do not quar - rel man,

2
You're a regue, you've cheated me, I'll prove be - fore this eom - pa - ny, I

3
Sir, you lie, I seorn 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

No. 70 and Sup.

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. Rieck 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 Wilhem* by the French Government, many years previously to my visit to Paris, they recommended my *Methode 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 Paer, Bernton, 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-

tical, or critical. The titles of some of the more important of these will be found in the catalogue.

Since my first arrival in this country, in the year 1841, I have established schools in almost every town of Great Britain and Ireland; I have also given very numerous Lectures on the Principles of Music, on the History of Sacred Music, as well as on the Principles of Harmony, Composition, on Melody, the Poetry of Music, and on the Popular Music of the various Nations of Europe, embracing the Reflection of Historical events and National Peculiarities.

After a due consideration of what I have accomplished in the Three Kingdoms, during the space of two years, without having had friends, patronage, or even any previous acquaintance with the English language—a conclusion may be drawn as to the probable results of my labours, if the opportunity be afforded me of devoting them especially to Edinburgh

—and, through Normal Schools in Vocal and Instrumental Music, there to be established, to the whole of Scotland.

THE MELODY OF SONG.

If even words are sweet, what, what is song
When lips we love the melody prolong?
How thrills the soul, and vibrates to that lay,
Swells with the glorious sound, or dies away!
How to the cadence of the simplest words
That ever hung upon the wild harp's chords,
The breathless heart lies listening; as it felt
All life within it on that music dwelt,
And hush'd the beating pulse's rapid power
By its own will, for that enchanted hour.

Hon. Mrs. Norton.

AND THE GLORY OF THE LORD.

SACRED CHORUS.

Coro. Allegro.

Handel.

TREBLE. And the glory the glory of the

ALTO, or 2d TREBLE. And the glory the glory of the Lord, the glory of the

TENOR. And the glory, the glory of the

BASS. And the glory, the glory of the

Lord, shall be re - veal - - ed,

Lord, Lord shall be re - veal - - ed, And the glory the

Lord shall be re - veal - - ed, shall

and the glo - ry the glo - ry of the Lord,
 shall be re - veal - ed, be re - veal -
 glo - ry of the Lord, shall be re -
 he 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, hath
 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,
 - - hath 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
 see it to - gether. And the glory the glory of the

veal - - ed,
 Lord shall be re veal - - ed re - veal - ed, And all
 Lord shall be re - veal - -
 Lord shall he 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 title 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 las - sie 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

rets 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 kies'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 goin' ;
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 gi'e 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 hand the plengh, 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, Jam'e !
Thou hast left me ever.
Aften hast thou vow'd that death
Only should us sever ;
Now thou'st left thy lass for ay—
I mann see thee never, Jamie,
I mann 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. Tagliioni.—*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, D 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 Bertensky, 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. Tagliioni. 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 quartets 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 to 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. Robini 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 *fearing* 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 Naphia (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' wud' 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 charm my 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 hne,
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 none—
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*l.*, 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*l.* Having had it repaired it is now considered without a rival in Europe. An English gentleman lately offered Batta 25,000*l.* 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 hand 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. *Hebbe.*

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 -
 - way, Let gay mirth - and songs - - - u -
 Let gay mirth - and songs u - nite us, unite us, Let mirth u -
 - nite us, Till we see the ri - - - sing
 - nite us, u - nite us, 'Till we see the rising
 - 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 -
 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 ri - - sing day - -
 'Till we see the rising day - -

Allegro.

Fly, fly, fly, care, fly, to the winds thus I
 Fly, fly, fly, fly, care to the winds thus I
 Fly, fly, fly - - fly, care to the winds thus I

blow thee a - way - - - - fly, fly, I
 blow thee a - way, fly, care to the winds thus I blow thee a - way -
 blow thee a - way, fly care, fly a - way thus I blow - -

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

p *f*

drown thee in wine, If thou da - rest to stay, I'll drown thee in wine if thou darest to

p *f*

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.

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! cou'd 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 lams 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 amanuensis 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 harmonic 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, cost 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 morceaux which are designed to give eclat 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 hears,
 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 dane'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.

2d.

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 favorite 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 draps 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 woo'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 nane 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'er 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 grace
my bosom,
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 "Jalia," 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 curator) he was suddenly and for ever deprived of all success. 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 violonecellist, 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 Morillo.

"Certainly not," cried Cordova, "but it is not the only surprising thing that has happened here."

"How?" cried 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; but 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, unsuccess'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 boldly venture near the snn,
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 barriers 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 prids 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.]

<p>They come! and their swords they have whetted in vengeance, Their hearts they have steel'd, and there's wrath in They reck not thy numbers, they scorn thy proud phalanx They come for their country to conquer or die.</p>	<p>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.</p>
--	--

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
 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

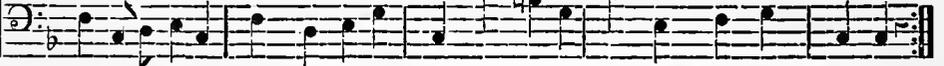
TENOR. 
 At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, With soul that still shall

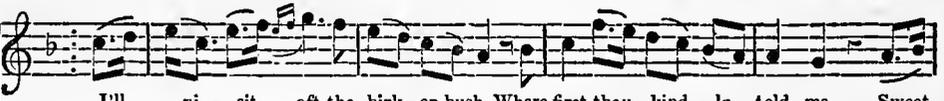
BASS. 
 At set - ting day and ri - sing morn, With soul that still shall


 love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe re - turn, With all that can im - prove thee;

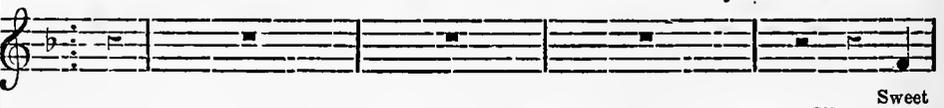

 love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe re - turn, With all that can im - prove thee;

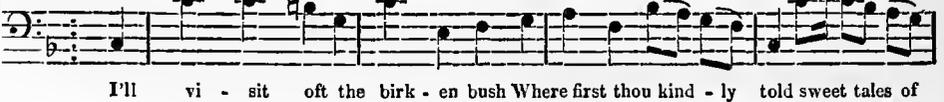

 love thee, I'll ask, I'll ask of heav'n thy safe return, With all that can im - prove thee;


 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 roud 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, Callcott, 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 *Gathy*: 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 ebbling sand
Which Time holds with unsteady hand,
Bow'd head, and tear-dimmed eye.

VIRTUE ADDRESSETH CONSCIENCE

What tale does miser memory board,
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.

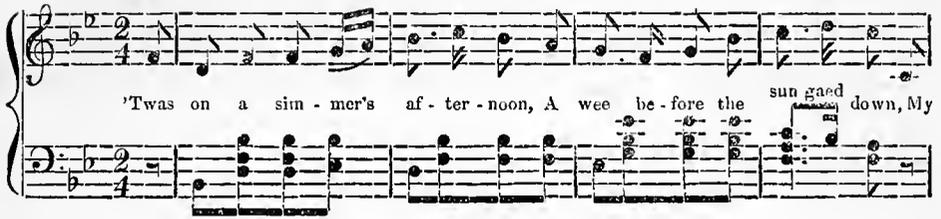
HOPE SPEAKETH TO THE BEREAVED HEART.

Have ties been rent which friendship bound
Or hearts divorc'd 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 halm 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

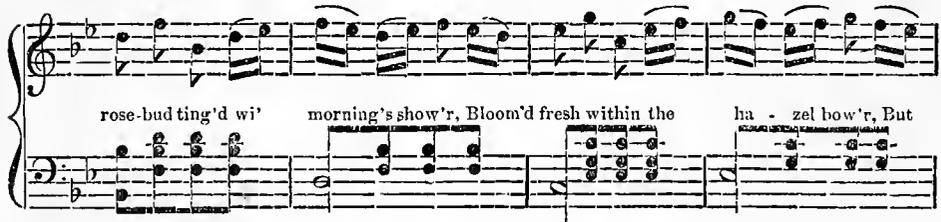
THE LASS O' GOWRIE.

*Air—Lockerroch Side.**Grazioso.*


'Twas on a sim - mer's 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 bazeil 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,
 I he blush upon her cheek soon spread,
 She whisper'd modestly and said,
 I'll gang wi' you to Gowrie.
 The auld folk soon 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 prolog.
 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.

In God's word will I re - joice. in

2d
TREBLE.

In God's word will I re - joice, in God's word, in

TENOR.

In God's word will I re - joice, in

BASS.

In God's word will I re - joice, in

ORGAN
OR
PIANO
FORTE.

f

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

f
Lord's word will I comfort me, Yea, in God have I put my

f
Lord's word will I comfort me, Yea, in God have I put my

f
Lord's word will I comfort me, Yea, in God have I put my

f
Lord's word will I comfort me, Yea in God have I put my

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 consists of four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The vocal parts are in treble clef, and the piano accompaniment is in bass clef. The music is in G major and 2/4 time. The lyrics are: "trust, in God, in God have I put my trust, I will not be a - fraid, O". The piano accompaniment features a steady bass line and a more active treble line with some grace notes.

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 continues the musical score with four vocal staves and a piano accompaniment. The lyrics are: "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.", and "fraid, what man can do un - to me.". The piano accompaniment continues with the same rhythmic and melodic patterns as the first system.

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

vows, un - to thee, O God, will I pay my vows, un - to thee will I give
 thee, un - to thee will I pay my vows, un - to thee will I give
 pay my vows, will I pay my vows,
 God, un - to thee, O God, I will give

thanks - un - to thee will I give thanks, un - to

thanks, - un - to thee will I give thanks - un - to

un - to thee, un - to

thanks, un - to thee O God, un - to

f

cres.

f

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

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

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 wins 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 Bériot; 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 GOSRICK.

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, 1841.

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, un - to

us a son is giv - en, un - to us a son is giv - en,

For un - to

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 -

and the government shall

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 Fa - ther! the Prince of Peace! For un - to

e - ver - lasting Fa - ther! the Prince of Peace! un - to us a child is born,

us a child is born,

For un - to us a child is born

For un - to us a child is born, un - to

un - to us a son is

un - to us a son is

us a son is giv - en,

giv - en, and the government shall

giv - en, and the government shall be up - on his shoul - - der,

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

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

e - verlasting Fa - ther ! Prince of Peace ! For un - to us a child is born -

e - verlasting Father ! Prince 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 be called

Wonderful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the e-ver-lasting Father! the

Wonderful! Counsellor! the mighty God! the e-ver-lasting Father! the

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!

Sym.

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. *S. Storace.*

Dolce. p

1st SOPRANO. Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, Here be-

2d SOPRANO. Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, Here be-

TENOR. Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, Here be-

BASS. Sa-cred peace, ce - les - tial trea - sure, Here be-

stow thy smiles a - gain. Care and grief have

stow thy smiles a - gain. Care and grief have

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, 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, Heav'nly
sf trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain,
sf treasure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain,
sf Heav'nly

f trea - sure, heav'nly *p* trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain,
f heav'nly *p* trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, heav'nly
f heav'nly *p* tre - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain, heav'nly
f trea - sure,

f heav'nly *pp* trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain.
f trea - sure, heav'nly *pp* trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain.
f trea - sure, heav'nly *pp* trea - sure, Here be - stow thy smiles a - gain.
f

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
AULD ROBIN GRAY.

Slow, with feeling.

Rev. William Leeves.

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 waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed 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 toil'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 disdainng 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 profoundness 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 folly; 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.—E. 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 cause lies 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, Iscuard, and Bojeldieu. 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 Weidebein, 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 *resurrexit*; 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 blend 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 baek—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 shrouding 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.

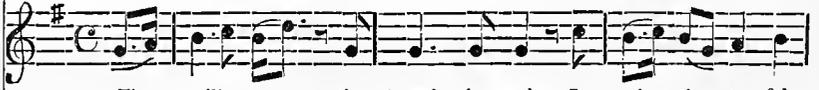
THE BIRKS OF INVERMAY.

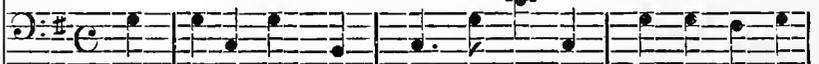
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Corfe.

SOPRANO. 

ALTO, or 2d SOPRANO. 

TENOR. 

BASS. 

The smiling morn, the breath - ing spring, In - vite the tune - ful



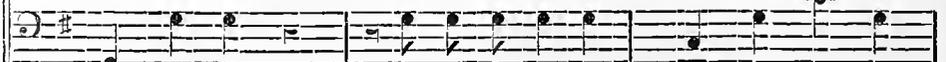
birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love



they warble



birds to sing, And while they war - ble from each spray, Love



And while they war - ble

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 in - 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.

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. BUSHIE, 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 sang 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 handbills 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 inspiring 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 wind-pipe is the musical organ, and it is often very curiously formed. Birds require that organ less for breathing than other animals having a wind-pipe 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

Allegretto.

not be e - ver green, For green leaves all turn yellow, yellow,

yel - low, For green leaves all turn yel - low, yel - low, yellow.

'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 Harkness, 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 open'd its fountains, and first taught
Its waters thence to flow—all unconscions 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 bowyer,
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 leads 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.

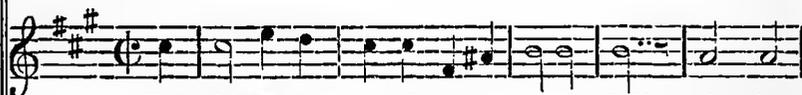
Wordsworth.

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

great is the sum of them! *f* If I tell them, *p* If I

The first system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature is D major (two sharps). Dynamics include *f* (forte) and *p* (piano). The lyrics are: "great is the sum of them! If I tell them, If - I" on the first line, and "great is the sum of them! If I tell them, If I" on the second line.

tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand, *f*

tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand, *f*

tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand, *f*

when I wake

The second system consists of four staves. The top two staves are vocal lines, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature remains D major. Dynamics include *f* (forte). The lyrics are: "tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand," on the first line, and "tell them, they are more in num - ber than the sand," on the second line. The phrase "when I wake" appears at the end of the second line.

when I wake up I am present with thee, when I wake up I am
 up, I am present, I am
 when I wake up, I am pre-sent with thee, when I wake up I am

pre-sent with thee, How dear are thy counsels un-to me, O
 pre-sent with thee, How dear are thy counsels un-to me, O

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. O how great is the sum of them, How great is the
f
 O how great is the sum, how great is the

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

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

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
p

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
f
name, thy name,

The first system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "I will praise thy name, I will praise thy name for ev - er, I will name, thy name,".

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!

The second system of the musical score consists of five staves. The top four staves are vocal parts, and the bottom two are piano accompaniment. The key signature has two sharps (F# and C#), and the time signature is common time (C). The music is marked with a forte (*f*) dynamic. The lyrics are: "praise, I will praise thy name, O God, O my King! O my King!".

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
 rise, rise, rise from thy soft am - bro - sial bed, rise from thy

bro - sial bed: Where in E - ly - sian slum - bers bound, Em - bow'r - ing myr - tles
 soft ambrosial bed: Where in E - ly - sian slum - bers bound, Em - bow'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, 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. Come, then with pleasure at thy side, at thy side, Dif - fuse -

ALTO. Come, then, with pleasure at thy side, Dif -

TENOR. Come, then, with pleasure at thy

BASS. Come, then, with

- thy ver - nal spi - rit wide, Dif -

fuse thy vernal spirit wide, come, come, with pleasure at thy side,

side, at thy side, Dif - fuse thy vernal spir - it wide, thy vernal spirit

pleasure at thy side, with pleasure at thy side, Dif - fuse thy vernal spirit

fuse thy vernal spir - it wide,

Diffuse thy ver - nal spir - it wide, Come, then, with pleasure at thy

wide, Come, then, with pleasure at thy side, Dif - fuse thy

wide, thy vernal spir - it wide, Come, then, with pleasure at thy side, Dif -

ere - ate where - e'er thou turn'st thine eye, where -
 side, Dif - fuse thy ver - nal spir - it wide, ere - ate where e'er thou turn'st thine
 ver - - - - nal spir - it wide, ere - 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."

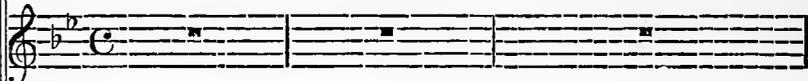
Robert Herrick.

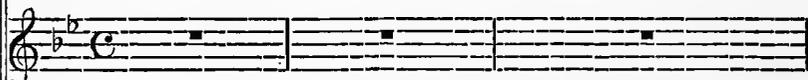
AND HE SHALL PURIFY.

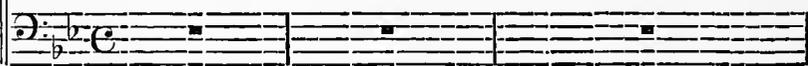
SACRED CHORUS FROM THE "MESSIAH."

Handel.

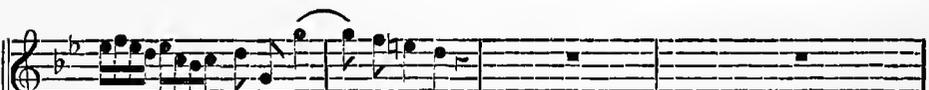
CANTO. 

ALTO. 

TENOR. 

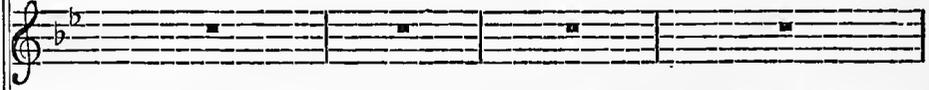
BASS. 

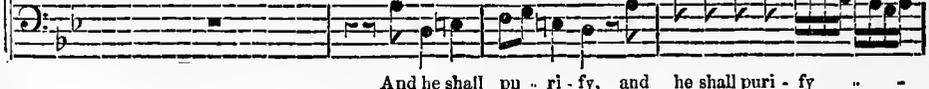
And he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall pu - ri - fy - -



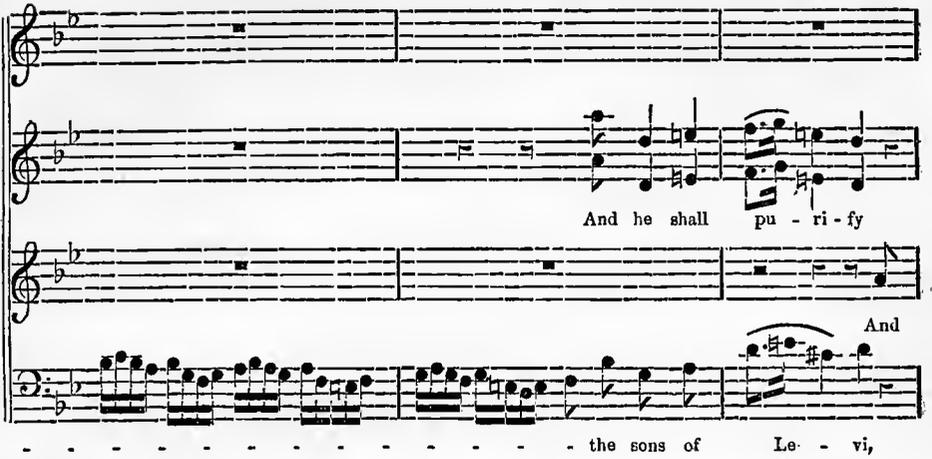
- - - the sons - of Le - vi,







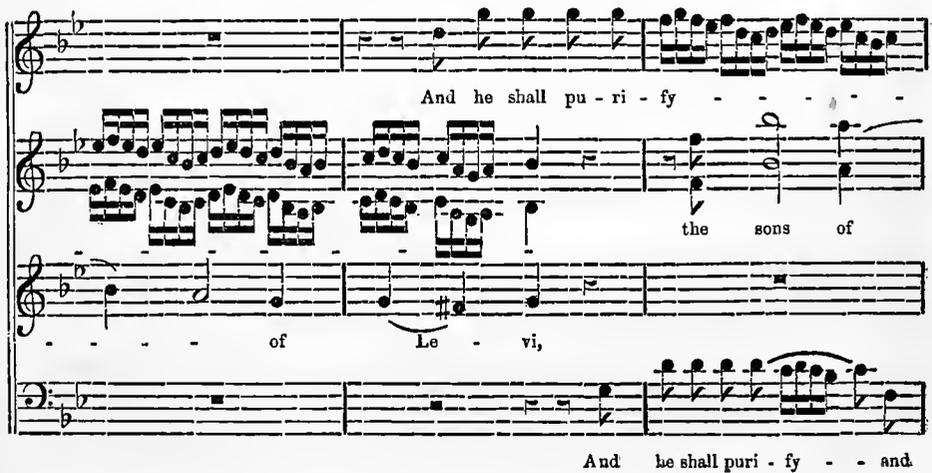
And he shall pu - ri - fy, and he shall puri - fy - -



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

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 - faults 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 langest 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 Tartari, 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 prais for eise.
 For eise, the Hielandmån worn out wi' weir,
 And weiryit Cossack, baith devoutlie prais;—
 For eise, quiblk name can buy for gowden geir,
 Nor royall crowns, nor geins, 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 vovtit canopies.

He lives in happy life that brucks delyte
 In thrifty mealtith, an' in hamely plicht;
 Frem, far frae him are gried, an' feir an' wyte,
 His sleip is soum, 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 foreleit our hames, an' hailsum hours,
 Purseward fortoun in a scomhsit clyme?

Did e'er a wicht, repynand at his weird,
 An' greinand wi' unleisun lust o' geir,
 Fleiand 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 brucks the present day,
 Can smuir the glunch o' human gyle
 Wi' glamour o' a gentile 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 score 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 purpoure dye.

To me the gods hae kindlye gi'en
 A rural bield, wi' schaws lu' grein,
 An' hraes 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.

GIORNOVICHI.—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.—Bourdeaux, 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.

WEICHEL.—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 BERIOT.—Belgium. Perfect intonation, grace, rich and charming tone, elegant bowing, refined taste, and wonderful execution.—*Musical World*.

END OF VOL. II.