

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.

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THE

BRITISH MINSTREL;

AND

MUSICAL AND LITERARY MISCELLANY.

INTRODUCTORY ADDRESS TO VOLUME THIRD.

The BRITISH MINSTREL has now attained a position and a reputation for itself amongst the almost innumerable periodical works which are hourly leaving the press of the three kingdoms. It has successfully pushed on in its career of usefulness for two years and a half—and has honourably arrived at the end of a second volume. The BRITISH MINSTREL, without the aid of puff, and almost without the help of an advertisement, has gone over Great Britain, and has found its way into every city and almost every village. It has travelled, likewise, to the English Empire in the East; to the British colonies in the South; and has gone into the Western world, and made the solitary settler's cabin among the wild woods of Canada vocal with its pure and simple minstrelsy. Well, indeed, may we feel proud at the amount of pleasure we have thus been the means of distributing, when there is so much to disturb men's minds in the realities of the present agitated condition of the political and religious world. We have fostered no illiberal prejudice, and we have not compromised our own principles, or those of any one, but our pages have been enriched with such matter as all must love, and only the ignorant can find fault with, or condemn.

The exceeding cheapness of our periodical, at first caused many to look with distrust upon it, as though they feared that cheapness should strangle utility and excellence; but the character of the matter, musical and literary, with which we have filled our pages, has gained for the BRITISH MINSTREL the respect and increasing support of enlightened men, aye and women too, of all ranks and conditions. Letters have been poured in upon us, bringing kind wishes, bearing useful contributions, and breathing generous hopes for its continued success. The Public Press, omnipotent for good or evil, according as it chooses to use its strength, has borne testimony to the worth of our song-

singer and story-teller, and it is these concurrent and simultaneous expressions of kindness and encouragement which give an enthusiasm and energy to the conductors of such a work as ours, and vitality to the work itself.

When we issued our first number, we felt confident that there existed a most craving desire for music, and were well aware that the working men of this Great Empire were so burdened by the pressure of circumstances, that they had not money to spare for the purchasing of five-shilling choruses, three-and-sixpenny glees, and two-shilling songs, and we felt that the time was come when something ought to be done in this matter for their behoof. And when, as merchants, we sent our work out on speculation, we thought to find a ready market, and we have not been disappointed. The amount of numbers we issue is steadily and gradually on the increase, and this increase will spur us on in our labour, it will give us an incentive to further efforts, and furnish us with the means of prosecuting our scheme, until the working people of Great Britain are possessed of a musical library, which, for amount and quality, would have put to shame the collections of the most wealthy amateur of thirty years ago. Moreover, we delight in the task of catering for the people, knowing that our Musical Miscellany goes forth to be studied and sung in the meetings of mechanics, artisans, and peasants, after their day of toil is ended. And it pleaseth us to think that we are thus enabled to lay open a varied round of pleasing and purifying recreation, to those whose bodies are prematurely bent, and whose minds are harassed, by the perpetual recurrence of the same associations, the same toil, and the same irking necessity.

We know full well that our Musical and Literary Miscellany has brought together in amity, for the purpose of singing our choruses, glees, and rounds, men, who had almost altogether ceased to sing, from the circumstance that they had nothing new,

in music, to interest and excite them. Aye, and these men hailed the first appearance of the BRITISH MINSTREL as a windfall to themselves especially. Working Men, be of good heart, the BRITISH MINSTREL loveth ye—the Minstrel loveth all men of whatever degree—but principally he careth for the working men—and he would wish to see them as intellectually busy, as they are physically: he would wish to see them as mentally great, as they are expert in their different handicrafts. Have no fear that we should tire in serving you—no; we look far forward, and expect that for many volumes yet to come you shall be taking our weekly numbers and monthly parts, and while lifting them gently with your hard and stiffened fingers, and contemplating their pages with an eager and pleased expression beaming from your eyes, and a happy smile lurking in all the wrinkles of your faces, you will thus be mesmerically shaking hands with us at a distance. And are we not endowed with a wonderful power of *clairvoyance*; for when you have looked through our periodical sheet, and are laying it aside before going to bed, do you not heave up a long breath, expressive of your satisfaction with what we have sent to you, and do you not feel, that, even before you had formed a wish for what should come next, we have already provided it for you. This we know to be all true with regard to the music; and has not the literary matter which we have sent along with it given you some occasional glimpses of happiness. Has it not, at times, made you feel that this world is not altogether a world of woe, but that there are bright spots, in which angel thoughts have their birth, and in which holy and pure human nature can take refuge from the fretful annoyance of carking care. Have not our stories and selections of poetry assisted you to look out with a brighter eye, and a more kindly heart, upon your fellow creatures. We know their effect to be as we have imagined. Your friend Ebenezer Elliot, a giant in intellect and a great poet, says that "*Poetry is the heart speaking to itself*;" it is something more, it is the pure heart of one person speaking to the pure heart of another, and finding sympathy where it feared distrust, and truth and honesty in that which appeared doubtful and hollow, and discovering that to be a paradise which seemed at first to be only a wild and a tangled wilderness. The untutored mind is ever suspicious, but it only requires to catch the first illuminating ray of kindness, truth, and beauty, to throw off its slough and come forth enveloped with a glory. Impressed with these truths, and knowing the power with which literature is invested for refining the manners and awakening the intellect, we have endeavoured to make our selections speak to the hearts of our readers; to make them utter the language of kindly

affection; to show pictures of purity, simple and single-hearted as that of childhood; so that their influence might assist in producing the like qualities in the hearts of all our friends. A seed thrown by chance may happen to light upon favourable soil—and the small grain we have scattered has not been altogether unfruitful. We have taken many an excursion into strange and out-of-the-way places, and have had meetings with men who knew us not, and were altogether unaware of our goings and comings, and we have seen them at their singing meetings, and we know how they appreciate our efforts in their behalf; we have heard the music contained in the BRITISH MINSTREL sung on the hill side, and in the work shop; we have heard its stories repeated and eagerly listened to; its occasional snatches of poetry whispered to the innocent heart of infancy; aye, and we have heard ourselves bespattered with praise until our impertinent blushes had well nigh betrayed our incognito, and with hearts softened and warmed by such scenes as these, we have said to ourselves, "we must pursue the line chalked out to us, and our unpretending Miscellany will tend to 'make the world better yet.'"

But we are becoming garrulous and egotistical, and must make a halt. We have to express our grateful acknowledgements to our friends who purchase our Minstrel, for the support they have given us thus far, and courteously to solicit their friendship for the future. Our stores of music are almost inexhaustible—and the kind of literature which we mean to draw upon is absolutely so—and whatever improvement may have been observed in the second volume of the Minstrel over the first, we fully intend shall be followed by a corresponding improvement in the third over the second.

To our Correspondents we have again to tender especial thanks. We have been hitherto backed by troops of friends, and we trust that they will still continue to us their valuable assistance. Many of their contributions have been unavoidably delayed, but these delays are not to be viewed in the light of rejections, for unless an especial announcement to that effect appear upon the wrapper of our parts, all that we have received will ultimately be inserted in our pages.

So with thanks for the past, and hope and enthusiasm for the future, we again bid all our friends a grateful adieu.

MOZART.

Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart—one of the few instances of precocious children who maintained their 'vantage ground in after life—first saw the light among the mountains of Salzburg, in 1756. Each successive stage of his existence—infancy, boyhood, youth, and manhood—was characterised by its own

peculiar wonders of feeling and invention. When he was in England, at eight years old, his acquirements in music were described as those of a man of forty; and it may be interesting to calculate at this ratio his age at the time that he died in Vienna, in 1791, nominally, and according to the ordinary reckoning, in his thirty-sixth year.

His life may be, not fantastically, divided into four epochs. First, that of infancy, from 1762 to 1766. Let us picture to ourselves baby fingers wandering over correct and symmetrical basses, self-invented, and we shall easily understand how the music of this child, at the courts of Bavaria, Austria, France, England, and Holland, triumphed over state forms, winning all hearts, and many an imperial salute, in which the queen or princess forgot herself in the woman. The displays of the infant Mozart were made on the harpsichord, the organ, and violin; he sung, played, and composed *extempore*, played and transposed at sight, accompanied from score, improvised on a given bass, and answered every challenge. Michael Haydn, Jomelli, Wagenseil, John Christian Bach, &c., were competent witnesses of feats in which any one failure would have involved ruin. The boy was warmly patronised at Paris by Baron Grimm, and at London, by the Hon. Daines Barrington. Before his tenth year, he composed sonatas, symphonies, cantatas, and oratorios!

His boyhood, from 1766 to 1771, was mostly occupied by tours in Germany and Italy. He now produced operas, masses, concertos, serenades, garden-music, or pieces for many wind instruments; and prosecuted those studies into the nature and genius of each which enabled him, in 1782, to establish the true model of the modern orchestra. He was now known and admired by Hasse, the rival of Handel, the Padre Martini, the Padre Valotti, Farinelli, De Majo, &c. His progress through Italy was an ovation; in that seat of the arts, his abilities were rigorously tried and as judiciously rewarded. He returned to Salzburg decorated with an order by the Pope, and member of the Philharmonic Academies of Bologna and Verona.

His youth, from 1771 to 1778, was partly employed as solo violin player, pianist, and organist, to the Archbishop of Salzburg. To the meretricious taste and ill-appointed cathedral choir of this prince, Mozart was obliged to sacrifice many of his masses. But of his own church style, his Litany, composed at fifteen, containing the celebrated chorus, *Pignus futura*, is a stupendous evidence. His individuality of style first exhibited itself in church music—subsequently in the drama; and now, an ambition commensurate with the great powers he felt within him was awakened. After composing new music for every fete at church and festivity at court, without receiving from his sordid patron the least acknowledgment, he quitted Salzburg in disgust, and went in quest of an appointment to Munich, Manheim, and Paris. He wrote on this tour, symphonies, masses, choruses, ballets, concertos, sonatas, &c., to the wonder of surrounding musicians. But no court was in haste to retain the youthful genius. Musical science had ever been associated with a peruke, and no elector could conceive it otherwise. After forming friendships or acquaintance with the more celebrated musicians of the Manheim chapel, Holzbauer, Vogler, &c., he proceeded to Chapel, where he found Gluck, Piccini, Gambini, Gossec, Noverre, &c. The death of his mother and travelling companion now happening, he was recalled to

Salzburg, and placed on the Archbishop's establishment, with a tolerable stipend.

From 1779 to 1791, that is to say, from his twenty-third to his thirty-sixth year, may be dated the manhood of Mozart, and the era of his fully developed powers. Each of his works in turn now moved the whole world of art. In Idomeneo, he established the first and most beautiful example of modern instrumentation; the position and employment of the full complement of wind instruments was first therein exhibited. The air, concerted with obligato accompaniments, was now also heard for the first time. Not only was this score the first conspicuous for symmetrical beauty: there was in the harmony,—in the effects of the inverted pedal-point, and the employment of the enharmonic change on various turns of passion in the recitative,—absolute novelty. Idomeneo, till this day the choicest classic in the library of the musical student, was produced in six weeks. Mozart was shortly called upon to attend the Archbishop to Vienna; but a quarrel taking place, they separated, and from that moment he ceased to be dependent on the patronage of the great. The Emperor Joseph noticed him frequently with fair words, but no solid act of kindness. Now followed successively his operas of the Seraglio, Figaro, Don Giovanni, &c. of the effect of which, in establishing the modern opera, and in developing concerted music, character, situation, and sentiment, it is unnecessary to speak.

Mozart wrote much in the open air. The greater part of Don Giovanni was composed in the bowling-green of his friend Dussek, at Prague—the Requiem, likewise, in Trattner's garden, at Vienna. The first quintet in the Zauberflöte was composed in a coffee-house over a game of billiards. He loved to be surrounded by friends, and to hear talking and laughing go forward while he composed. But he also wrote much at night; and ceased writing neither day nor night when possessed with a favourite idea.

He received about fifty pounds for each of his operas; but for *Così fan tutte*, one hundred pounds. His chamber music was far too elevated above the taste of the day to be saleable to the music-sellers; so that, except a trifling pension of eighty pounds, which he received for about four years, he had little to depend upon but concert-giving and teaching. The quantity of Mozart's time consumed in this mean labour cannot be thought on but with wonder and indignation. His uncommon genius procured him the peculiar envy of the Italians. He was hated, with varying degrees of malignity, by Salieri, Sarte, Reghini, &c. He was, it is to be feared, somewhat envied by Gluck. On the other hand, he possessed attached friends in Joseph Haydn, Paesello, Storace, the Abbe Stadler, Dussek and his wife, Albrechtsberger, &c. He imparted at various times musical counsel to Beethoven, Hummel, Attwood, Sasmayer, and others. His claim to be the founder of the modern school of orchestral effect, is established by the date of Idomeneo, and the six grand symphonies which appeared from 1782 to 1788. The first great orchestral work by Haydn, was the *Passione*, composed in 1785, when the operas, symphonies, and motets of Mozart were beginning to be well known. Patronage and competence arrived to poor Mozart, as he lay helpless and incapable on his death-bed. Music, which was his earliest passion, was the last thing in his thoughts: at noon, on the 5th of December, 1791, he was singing his Requiem, and at midnight he had ceased to breathe.—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

MY LOVE'S IN GERMANIE.

Air—"Ye Jacobites by name."

Slow.

My love's in Germanie, send him hame, send him hame, My love's in Germa-nie, send him

pp

hame: My love's in Germa-nie, Fight - ing for rey - al - ty, He may ne'er his Jeanie

f *p*

see, send him hame, send him hame, He may ne'er his Jeanie see, send him hame.

My luve's in Germanie;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 My luve's in Germanie.
 Send him hame;
 My luve's in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for royalty;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see,
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 He may ne'er his Jeanie see;
 Send him hame.

He's as brave as brave can be;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 Our faes are ten to three;
 Send him hame.
 Our faes are ten to three;
 He maun either fa' or flee,
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame, send him hame;
 In the cause of loyalty;
 Send him hame.

Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Bonnie dame, winsome dame;
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Winsome dame.
 Your luve ne'er learnt to flee,
 Rut he fell in Germanie,
 Fighting brave for loyalty
 Mourufu' dame, mournfu' dame;
 Fighting brave for loyalty,
 Mournu' dame.

He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's slain, Willie's slain;
 He'll ne'er come ower the sea;
 Willie's gane!
 He will ne'er come o'er the sea,
 To his luve and ain countrie.
 An' this world's nae mair for me;
 Willie's gane, Willie's gane;
 This world's nae mair for me:
 Willie's gane!

JEAN-NICOLAS LE FROID DE MEREUX.

This musician was born at Paris in 1745, and studied music, towards which science he showed a very early attachment, under different French and Italian masters. Above all other instruments he preferred the organ, in the performance on which

he made a rapid progress. He devoted a great portion of his time to composition, and produced a considerable number and variety of motetts, operas, and oratorios. Among his oratorios, his *Esther* was particularly distinguished for the elegance and simplicity of its melodies, its elucidative accompani-

ments and picturesque harmony. The composition which laid the first stone upon which was erected his reputation was his cantata, *Aluie, Queen of Golconda*, first produced in 1767; and the last production of the genius of Mereaux was *Œdipus and Jocasta*, which was given to the public in 1791. Most of the works of this able master were so excellent, that they commanded universal admiration, and procured him an elevated name among the composers of his age and country. Besides the profundity of his theoretical knowledge, he possessed in a remarkable degree the power of speaking and writing upon the science of music with judgment

and eloquence. The following passage from a letter of his, addressed to the learned Martin Gerbert, is at once an evidence of the correctness of his ideas respecting the true character of ecclesiastical music, and of his literary talent;—"In France, the music of the church has suffered much by the changes to which it has been subjected. Nothing is more certain than that what it has gained in respect to melody, which amuses the ear, it has lost in that harmony which ennobles religious sentiment, and distinguishes sacred from secular composition." Mereaux died in 1797.

HOW GREAT IS THE PLEASURE.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Harrington.

How great is the pleasure, how sweet the de - light, When
 How great is the pleasure, how sweet the de - light, when
 Sweet, sweet, how sweet the de - light, when
 soft love and mu - sic to - ge - ther u - nite.
 love, soft love, and mu - sic u - nite.
 har - mo - ny, sweet har - mo - ny and love do u - nite.

HAYDN AND NAPOLEON.

In 1805, as the celebrated composer, Haydn, was regarding, with no very agreeable feelings, the triumphal march of the French troops, as they took possession of the capital of his beloved country, he was not a little alarmed when he observed an officer and his guard step at the door of his house and demand an interview. The immortal composer of "The Creation" advanced to meet them, and with a trembling voice demanded for what purpose they sought him, adding, with much humility, "I am

merely poor Haydn, the composer; what crime can I have committed against the French Government?" "None," replied the officer, smiling; "on the contrary, I have received the orders of the Emperor Napoleon to place a sentinel at your door, in order to protect and honour an individual of such rare genius." The guard was continued while the French occupied Vienna; and whenever the troops passed his door, the band played some of his most celebrated compositions.

THY KINGDOM COME.

Thy kingdom come! hut where shall it be?
 In the sweet wild groves of Arah,
 Where the citron flowers and the date-tree grow,
 Where the fair and thornless roses blow,
 Where the sunlight falls in radiat streams,
 And the moon on forests of palm trees beams?
 Fair are its roses and clustering vine,
 And its kingdom is bright!—hut it is not Thine!

Thy kingdom come! shall it be in the land
 Where the wrecks of the mighty and valiant stand;
 Where the temples once by the heathen trod,
 Resound to the holy name of God;
 Where the fallen pillars and sculptured stone
 Are 'midst sweet wreaths of wild flowers thrown?
 It hath a sad grace, that land so fair,
 But thy kingdom—thy kingdom is not there?

Thy kingdom come! oh, wilt thou reign
 Within some grand and mighty fane?
 By the work of our hands we will raise the pile,
 We will strew with flowers the vaulted aisle,
 We will toss the silver censers around,
 And a thousand voices of sweetest sound
 Shall breathe at once; but it may not be—
 Such a kingdom accepted is not by Thee!

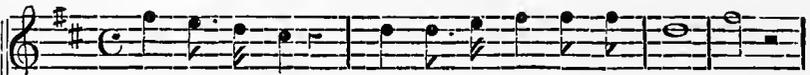
Thy kingdom come! in our cottage homes
 We will give thee our hearts, by our kindred's tombs,
 By the rippling streams, in the ancient woods,
 Alike in clouds and in solitudes;
 When the sun in his glory is beaming on high,
 When the moon and stars are lighting the sky,
 Our souls shall be breathed in praise and prayer,
 So Thou wilt make thy kingdom there!

Mary Anne Browne.

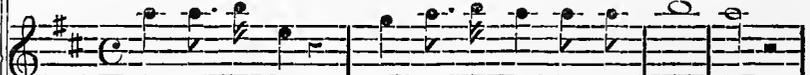
GLORY TO GOD.

SACRED CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Handel.

SOPRANO. 

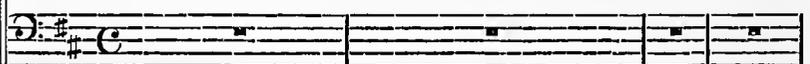
Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est,

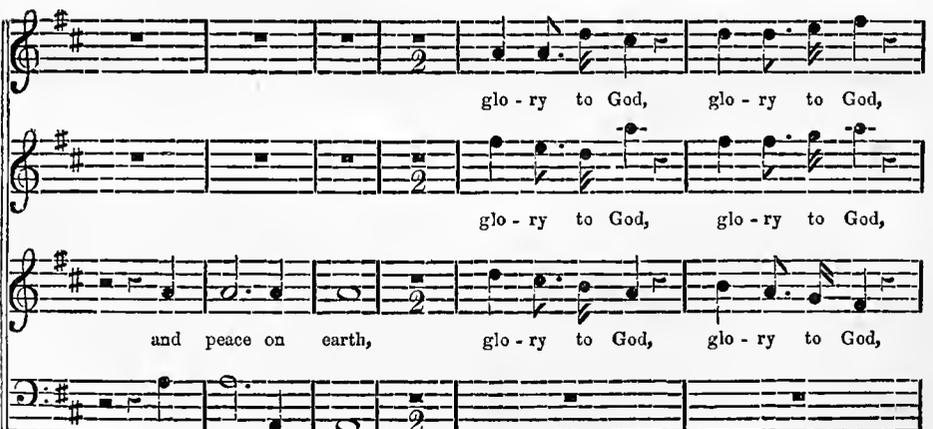
ALTO. 

Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est,

TENOR. 

Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God in the high - est,

BASS. 



glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

and peace on earth, glo - ry to God, glo - ry to God,

Glory to God in the highest,
 Glory to God in the highest,
 Glory to God in the highest, and peace on earth, Good will
 and peace on earth, Good will to - wards

good will to - wards men, towards men, good will
 good will to - wards men, towards men, good will towards men, to - wards
 - - to - wards men, to - wards men, good will towards
 men, good will - - to - wards men,

- - - to - wards men - - - towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to
 men, good will - - - towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to
 men, good will towards men, Glo - ry to God, glo - ry to
 good will - - - towards men, Clo - ry to God, glo - ry to

God in the high - est, and peace on earth,
 God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will to - wards
 God in the highest, and peace on earth, good will -
 God in the highest, and peace on earth,

good will, good will, good will,
 men, to - wards men, good will, good will, good will,
 - - - to - wards men, towards men, good will, good will, good will
 good will, good will, good will,

good will to - wards men - - - good will to - wards men.
 good will towards men, good will - - towards men.
 good will towards men - - - good will towards men.
 good will - - to - wards men - - - good will towards men.

L O R D G R E G O R Y .

Mournfully.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour, And loud the tempest's roar, A

wae fu' wand'rer seeks thy tow'r, Lord Gre - gory ope thy door. An ex - ile

frae her father's ha', And a' for lov - ing thee; At least some pi - ty

on me shaw, If love it may na be.

O mirk, mirk is this midnight hour,
And loud the tempest's roar;
A wae fu' wanderer seeks thy tow'r,
Lord Gregory, ope thy door!

An exile frae her father's ha',
And a' for loving thee;
At least some pity on me shaw,
If love it may na be.

Lord Gregory, mind'st thou not the grove,
Fy bonnie Irwin-side,
Where first I own'd that virgin-love
I lang, lang bad denied?

How aften didst thou pledge and vow
Thou wad for ay be mine;
And my fond heart, itsel' sae true,
It ne'er mistrusted thine.

Hard is thy heart, Lord Gregory,
And flinty is thy breast—
Thou dart of heaven that flashest by,
O wilt thou give me rest!

Ye mustering thunders from above,
Your willing victim see!
But spare and pardon my fause love,
It wrangs to heaven and me!

MUSIC IN GERMANY.

(Concluded from Vol. II. page 316.)

Though it cannot be denied that the study of music has now become universal, the old national differences in the art, to which we have alluded in the foregoing pages, are still perceptible. Italy may, indeed, boast of a few individuals, such as Clementi and Paganini, who excel in the skilful execution of one instrument or other; upon the whole, however, the force of her artists is exclusively confined to the vocal part; so much so, that even the orchestra plays in Italy but a secondary part, to accompany the voice. The reverse is in Germany; but few possess fine and flexible voices; while the study of the instrumental part is carried to a pitch equalled by no nation on earth. The smallest town in Germany possesses an orchestra whose members are capable of executing the most difficult compositions. Music is in Germany a recreation, an indispensable evening amusement, alter the toil of the ordinary pursuits of the day. Every place has its harmonic societies, where professors and amateurs assemble promiscuously, all animated with one feeling, the love of the art ancient and modern, profane and sacred.

In the provinces along the Rhine, musical festivals are annually celebrated in one of the principal towns, such as Cologne, Düsseldorf, Coblenz, where amateurs make a pilgrimage from the remotest corners of Germany to participate in the instrumental part. Most of the great German composers have been reared in those nurseries of amateurs, though in some places, especially at Dresden and Prague, there are special establishments for the education of musical artists in the profession of their future career.

The influence of the aforementioned societies on popular songs is visible in the churches of Southern Germany, and more especially in Würtemberg, Bavaria, and Baden. At the university of Würzburg professor Frölich, head of the musical seminary, instructs young schoolmasters or aspirants in the art of singing. The society of singing at Berlin has been established for the laudable purpose of studying and publishing the works of the art of the former ages, which have nearly been sunk into oblivion by the modern productions. The musical world in Italy is wholly given up to opera music, and public attention is absorbed in admiration for the vocal powers of the professional singers of both sexes. England manufactures excellent pianos, and even improves and perfects them; the public admires music, and pays dearly for the whistle of foreign virtuosos. In France, music has not become as yet general or national, and the want of musical festivals is chiefly the cause that the cultivation of the art is confined to a few individuals alone.

Good orchestras are there unusual. But France possesses an institution which eclipses in point of talent and skill all the establishments of a similar nature in Europe; we mean the famous conservatory at Paris, the most unique in the world with regard to the perfection of the instrumental music, and the taste and dexterity with which it is managed. Nowhere are the works of the great German composers executed with more spirit, effect, sentiment, and precision than in that celebrated conservatory. Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven appear there in the full splendour of their genius. We must, however, not forget to mention, that the director of the establishment, Mr. Habeneck, is a German, who

endeavours to render German music popular in France, by inculcating its spirit into the minds of the distinguished artists of whom he is the leader.

That Germany, where music is carried to such a high degree of culture and enthusiasm, has nothing to compare with such a magnificent establishment, is chiefly owing to the want of a central point, of one single capital town which would assume the character of a supreme tribunal in the arts, to decree tone, spirit, and fashion to the other places. Such has been once Vienna, the residence of the three aforementioned maestros of Germany, and where the muse found protection and encouragement by the brilliant imperial court, and full scope for development in the royal chapels, rich churches, and sumptuous monasteries. At present, however, all that splendour has passed away; and Vienna, instead of upholding the glory of the German composers, was the first which introduced the Italian opera in Germany, together with the whole style of Rossini's melodies. It is also at Vienna where Strauss, the modern Orpheus, reaps his laurels; and, despite the efforts of the musical society, and the complaints of amateurs of true music, this king of the waltzes is preferred at Vienna even to Mozart and Beethoven.

Some time back Berlin had the glory of having revived the national operas of Glück, which had been supplanted by those of Rossini and his disciples; but the strenuous efforts of the various and numerous societies of music proved abortive against the all-powerful influence of Spontini, the director of the opera of that place. His compositions, however, which oscillate between the styles of Mozart and Rossini, are on the decline in popular favour; and the glory of the stage is now divided between the school of Rossini, Auber, and the German composers. Considering the smallness of the place, and its slender resources, Leipsic exercises comparatively a far greater influence in the art, by means of its three celebrated institutions: the concert by subscription, the singing school of St. Thomas, and the music of the two Protestant churches. It has, moreover, an excellent theatre, which is frequently visited by the dramatic troop of Dresden, and the stage often displays the talents of foreign minstrels in their passage through that place; nor are there wanting societies and journals for the dissemination of musical taste among the people.

Dresden cultivates chiefly vocal music. Weber, who once directed the stage of that place, impressed upon it the spirit of German melody. Nor can we speak with less respect of the instrumental music as displayed in the orchestra of the great Parc. Munich, Stuttgart, Carlsruhe, and Darmstadt have always possessed excellent musical chapels, where singing in particular is cultivated. The musical school of Munich, founded by Winter, has produced the best cantatrices in Germany. Of late, the compositions of Chelard, a Frenchman, have met upon the stage of Munich with unbounded applause, Cassel, the residence of Spohr, deserves to be noticed for its splendid theatre, and conservatory for singing. Nor ought we to omit mentioning Brunswick, where the four (brothers) Müllers are the leaders of an admirable orchestra; Hanover, the residence of Marschner, a talented opera-composer; Weimar, where the late Hummel has exercised a salutary musical influence on a population possessing a natural taste for the arts; and lastly, Francfort, ever famous for its orchestra; and Hamburg, the residence of Bernard Romberg.

The present spirit of German music is particularly characterised by a sort of wild delirium, most licentious modulation, confused passages of harmony, and precipitate discordant transitions from key to key. Instrumental music now presumes to be descriptive, to paint scenes, and to express, in short, every thing in animate and inanimate nature. Witness the symphonies of Berlioz and others, where attempts are made to describe, by the modulation of sound, a series of landscape scenes. This is, indeed, carrying music far beyond its natural bounds; and we do not hesitate to assert, that, without the guide of the programme before them, but few, if any, would guess the true design of the composer, by listening to the sound alone. Even Beethoven has failed in a similar attempt in his pastoral symphony. All we can expect from the most perfect harmony, is the expression of our inward emotions and sensations, but nothing beyond. Apel, author of "Metre based on Music," has, it is true, discovered a poem in one of Mozart's symphonies in E major; but we doubt of the intentional design of the plan; and the very tardiness of the discovery shows the futility of the attempt. We must not confound the resources of vocal and instrumental music. In the former, the word models the sense of the melody, while in the latter imagination alone develops the train of obscure ideas which have been called forth by the spell of music. Berlioz, a young composer of great talent and promise, oversteps in these theories the due boundaries, and loses himself in a wild sphere of confusion and extravagance. His efforts to give to instrumental music all possible significations are laudable enough; but, be it remembered, that the plan can only be realised (if ever) at the expense of the dignity and independence of the noble art. Who, indeed, could be made to believe, or be able to hear, "the dream of the young Andalusian?" Also, the present compositions for the piano are beset with the same mania for extravagance. Attempts are made to nrite the utmost flights, fits, and starts of fancy, with the extremest difficulties in point of execution: hence, the strangest turns, discords, broken harmonies, and unmelodious passages, all calculated to express the extreme agonies of despair and bewilderments of grief. We must, however, except Chopin, the only one of the modern school whose very defects assume a graceful appearance. He is one of the best pianists in point of mechanical dexterity; and the deep and intense feeling he unites with energy, calm melancholy, fertile imagination, original rhythm, and progressive harmonies, abundantly redeem the odd, harsh, and shocking passages of the new school to which he adheres. He has found numerous but unsuccessful imitators. A composer ought neither to adhere too scrupulously to the rules and principles of the art, nor defy them altogether. His task is to modify them by his views, and act up to them; but those who supply the place of sentiment and originality by disorder, *tours de force*, and far-fetched harmonies, can never pretend to lasting fame. There are, however, many young composers at present in Germany, who, by dint of severe study, have produced remarkable compositions, such as "The Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Hebrides," &c., by Mendelsohn Bartholdy,* and many others.

Exaggeration is the characteristic malady of our present opera. Music is considered as a mere means to produce stage effect, to express more the history of the piece, than the sentiments of the actors. A striking instance of this defect is, "Robert le Diable," by Meyerbeer, an opera which, despite some beautiful parts and parcels in it, is nevertheless utterly destitute of style and character. It is a mistaken notion that music can and shall express all mental situations; there is a savage sentiment that will not ally itself with art, as there is a despair that can never be dissolved into harmony. We must, however, give due credit to the operas of Marschner, a composer of rare comic talent; and we shall conclude by saying, that since the musical defects of our epoch arise more from presumption and a sort of wanton liberty than lack of knowledge, we are fully justified to expect a pleasant spring after a stormy winter, even in music. Also, the Italian opera has undergone a change, and, we are glad to add, for the better. It assumes every day more and more the true character of the drama. Rossini was the first who introduced it, and his example was soon followed, with more or less success, by Bellini and the other young composers of his school; while, on the other hand, the new tendency to the grave, dramatic, and serious, has proved the death-blow to the Opera Buffa, and langling gaiety seems now for ever banished from the Italian stage, where the delicious "Barber of Seville" had led to quite different expectations.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON.

I love to look on a scene like this,
Of wild and careless play,
And persuade myself that I am not old,
And my locks are not yet grey;
For it stirs the blood in an old man's heart,
And makes his pulses fly,
To catch the thrill of a happy voice,
And the light of a pleasant eye.

I have walked the world for fourscore years,
And they say that I am old;
And my heart is ripe for the reaper, Death,
And my years are well nigh told.
It is very true—it is very true—
I'm old and "I bide my time;"
But my heart will leap at a scene like this,
And I half renew my prime.

Play on, play on; I am with you there,
In the midst of your merry ring;
I can feel the thrill of the daring jump,
And the rush of the breathless swing.
I hide with you in the fragrant hay,
And I whoop the smothered call:
And my feet slip up on the seedy floor,
And I care not for the fall.

I am willing to die when my time shall come,
And I shall be glad to go;
For the world at best is a weary place,
And my pulse is getting low,
But the grave is dark, and the heart will fail
In treading its gloomy way;
And it wiles my heart from its dreariness
To see the young so gay.

N. P. Willis.

Mendelsohn produced his works. We regard him in the musical world as what is commonly called the "rising genius" of the time; and this is scarcely ever said until the individual *has* risen, and done a great work.—Ed. M. C.

* Our erudite friend does not appear so conversant with his contemporaries as with the great men of other days. Not merely by dint of severe study has

DESCRIPTION OF A CATCH.

The following description of a catch by Dr. Callcott, is given in the Musical World; the words run thus:—

“ Ah ! how, Sophia, can you leave
Your lover, and of hope bereave !
Go, fetch the Indian's borrowed plume,
Yet richer far than that your bloom ;
I'm but a lodger in your heart,
And more than me, I fear, have part.”

Now, in reading the above, there is nothing particular

to be seen; but when the words are sung as Dr. Callcott intended they should be, there is much to hear; for one singer seems to render the first three words thus—“*A house on fire,*” repeating phia, phia, with a little admixture of cockneyism, fire | fire ! Another voice calls out, lustily, “*Go fetch the engines, fetch the engines;*” while the third coolly says, “*I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger,*” &c., consequently, he does not care whether the house be burned down or not. This elucidation will give a pretty good idea of the real meaning and character of a musical catch.

A H ! H O W , S O P H I A .

Allegretto.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1st TENOR.



Ah how So - phi - a can you leave, can you leave your lo - ver, your

2d TENOR.



Go fetch the In - dian's bor - row'd plume, yet rich - er

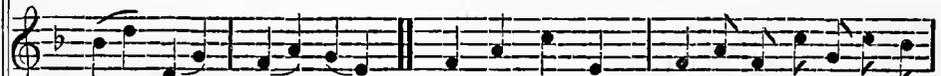
3d TENOR, or BARRITONE



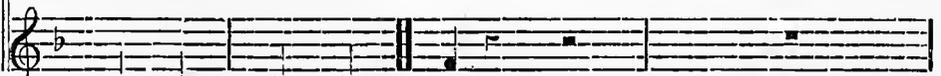
I'm but a lodger in your heart, in your heart, and more than



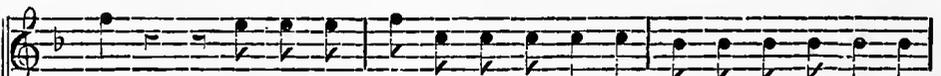
lo - ver, and of hope bo - reave. Ah how So - phia, Ah how So -



far than that your bloom. Go, go, go, go fetch the Indians, fetch the



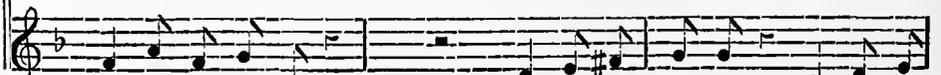
me I fear have part.



- phia, ah how So - phia, ah how So - phia, phia, phia, ah how So - phia, phia,



Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, Go fetch the



I'm but a lodg - er, I'm but a lodg - er, I'm but a

phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, ah how So-
 In - dians, go fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the
 lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a

- phi - a, can you leave, ah how So - phia, ah how So - phia,
 Indian's borrow'd plume, go, go, go, go fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the
 lod - ger in her heart, I'm but a

ah how So - phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, phia,
 Indians, fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, go fetch the Indians, go fetch the
 lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a

phia, ah how Sophia, phia, phia, ah how Sophia, ah how So - phi - a can you leave.
 Indians, go fetch the Indians, fetch the Indians, fetch the Indian's borrow'd plume.
 lodger, I'm but a lodger, I'm but a lod - ger in her heart.

QUICK COMPOSITION.

In the year 1766, Mr. Barthelemon composed his first Italian serious opera, entitled *Pelopida*, which he presented at the opera-house, and it was received with uncommon success and applause. Garrick, hearing of his success, paid him a visit, unasked and unexpected, one morning, and asked him if he could set English words to music. He replied, he thought he could. Garrick called for pen and

paper, and wrote the words of a song to be introduced in *The Country Girl*, and to be sung by Dodd, in the character of *Sparkish*. While the Roscius was writing the words, Barthelemon, looking over his shoulder, *set the song!* Garrick on concluding his writing, handed him the song, saying, "there, my friend, there is my song," to which Barthelemon instantly replied, "there, sir, there is the music for it!!"

WHILE GRIEF AND ANGUISH RACK MY BREAST.

ELEGY FROM "SELIMA AND AZORE."

Words by Sir George Collier.

Andantino. p

f Thomas Linley (1776).

1st. SOPRANO.

While grief and anguish rack my breast, Restless, my Se - li -

2d. SOPRANO.

While grief and an - guish rack my breast, Rest - less we

BASS.

While grief and an - guish rack my breast, Rest - less, my Se - li -

ma, we mourn - - - Rest - less, my Se - li - ma, we mourn thy
mourn, Rest-less, my Se - li - ma, we mourn thy hap - less fate, thy
- ma, we mourn, Restless, my Se - li - ma, we mourn, we mourn thy

hap - less fate. As if our tears could bring relief, or thy re -
hap - less fate. As if our tears - - - could bring relief, or thy re -
hap - less fate. As if our tears, As if our tears could bring relief, or thy re -

GLUCK.

The Chevalier Christopher Gluck was a native of the Upper Palatinate, on the frontiers of Bohemia, and was born in the year 1712. The first rudiments of that art in which he afterwards acquired so much celebrity were obtained at Prague. His father dying whilst he was young, he was left almost wholly destitute, and his education was in consequence entirely neglected. So great was, however, his love of music, that with the knowledge he had at that time acquired, he travelled from town to town, supporting himself by his talents, until he had worked his way to Vienna. In this city he was befriended by a nobleman, who took him into Italy, and had him properly instructed there. At Milan he studied under J. B. San-Martini, and produced there his first opera; and afterwards, in 1742, whilst at Venice, he composed the opera of "Demetrius." The celebrity he had already acquired was such, that he was recommended to Lord Middlesex as a composer to the opera in this country, and he arrived in England just before the breaking out of the rebellion in 1745. After this period the performance of operas was entirely suspended for about twelve months, on account of a public prejudice against the performers, who, being all foreigners were chiefly Roman Catholics. The house was re-opened in 1746 with Gluck's opera of "La Caduta dei Giganti," which however was so unsuccessful as to be represented only five times. This failure induced him to return to Italy, where he is stated to have composed several operas in the style of the times, namely, in imitation of the works of Terradeglas, Gallupi, and Jomelli. In the year 1765 Gluck composed his famous opera of "Orfeo," written by Calsabigi, for the celebration of the marriage of the Emperor Joseph II. This production derived considerable *éclat* from the circumstance of the Archduchess Amelia playing the part of Apollo, the Archduchesses Elizabeth, Josephine, and Charlotte, the Graces, and the Archduke Leopold presiding at the harpsichord. It was afterwards performed in public in Parma, Paris, Bologna, Naples, and London; but with much greater success on the continent than in England. In the year 1769 Gluck produced at Vienna his opera of "Alceste," and two years afterwards that of "Parigi ed Helena." About this period he was engaged to write for the theatre at Paris, and for that purpose set to music an opera taken from Racine's "Iphigénie." He does not, however, appear to have himself gone to Paris until the year 1774, when, at the age of sixty-two, he arrived in that city under the auspices of the late unhappy Maria Antoinette, and his opera of "Iphigénie en Aulide" was performed. In this he accommodated himself entirely to the natural taste and style of France, far excelling their then favourite composers Lulli and Rameau. This opera excited a great degree of enthusiasm in favour of Gluck. He afterwards, however, found formidable rivals in Sacchini and Piccini, both of whom arrived in France about the same period. This rivalry gave rise to the most animated discussions. The capital and the provinces were divided in their opinion respecting these musicians: their partisans formed sects; they published innumerable epigrams against each other; until, at length, as if incapable of deciding on their respective merits, the public resolved to terminate all dissensions by dividing the palm among the three competitors. Gluck's opera of

"Cythère assiégée" was composed in 1775; that of "Alceste" in the following year; and that of "Armidé" in 1777. Not long after the performance of the latter Gluck returned to Vienna, where, in the year 1782, he was visited by the Emperor Paul Petrowitz of Russia and the Empress. Two years afterwards he was rendered incapable of writing by a paralytic stroke, under the effect of which he lingered until the 15th of November, 1787, when he died, at the age of seventy-five, leaving behind him a fortune which he had accumulated, of nearly thirty thousand pounds sterling. With respect to the character of Gluck's music, it has been remarked, that it is so truly dramatic, that the airs and scenes which have the greatest effect on the stage are cold and rude in concert; and that the interest gradually excited in the audience gives to them a principal part of their force and energy. His operas, however, certainly contain a rich flow of harmony, and in his overtures he has scarcely been equalled by any composer of his age. Marmontel says that Gluck has neither the melody, the unity, nor the charms of Pergolesi, of Gallupi, or Jomelli. His airs are wanting in those forms of pure and easy outline which, in music as in painting, distinguish the Correggios and the Raphaels. He has deservedly been well received in France. He gave to musical declamation a force, energy, and rapidity, which it never before possessed, and produced by harmony uncommon effect, though through means by which melody was often destroyed. "Gluck," says Dr. Burney, "seems so much to have been the natural musician of France, that since the best days of Rameau no dramatic composer has excited so much enthusiasm, or had his pieces so frequently performed. The Parisians fancied he had recovered the dramatic music of the ancient Greeks; that there was no other musician worth hearing; and that he was the only one in Europe who knew how to express the passions." In another place he says: "Gluck had great merit as a bold, daring, nervous composer; and as such, in his French operas, he was unrivalled. But he was not so universal as to be exclusively admired and praised at the expense of all other composers, ancient and modern. His style was peculiarly convenient to France, where there were no good singers, and where no good singing was either expected or understood by the public in general; and where poetry was set up against music, without allowing an equality, or even an opportunity of manifesting vocal powers. Gluck, in the moments of hilarity over his bottle, was accustomed to say, that "the French are a very good sort of people, who love music and want songs in their operas, but they have no singers;" and Sacchini being asked how his operas were executed in Paris, "God forbid," said he, "that I should ever go to hear them performed!" In Yriate's celebrated poem on the dignity and utility of music, Gluck is mentioned in a manner highly flattering to his renown."—*Parke's Musical Memoirs*.

MUSIC.—Such is the sociableness of music, it conforms itself to all companies both in mirth and mourning; complying to improve that passion with which it finds the auditors most affected. In a word, it is an invention which might have beseeemed a son of Seth to have been the father thereof: though better it was that Cain's great-grandchild should have the credit first to find it than the world the unhappiness longer to have wanted it.—*Fuller*.

THE JOLLY BEGGAR

Lively. *p*

The musical score consists of four systems, each with a vocal line and a piano accompaniment. The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line.

There was a joi - ly beg - gar, And a beg - ging he was bonn', And
 he took up his quar - ters In - to a land'art toun. And we'll gang nae mair a ro - ving Sae
 late in - to the night, And we'll gang nae mair a rov - ing Let the
 moon shine e'er so bright, And we'll gang nae mair a rov - ing.

He wad neither lie into the barn,
 Nor yet wad he in byre,
 But in ahint the ha' door
 Or else ayont the fire.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar's bed was made at e'en
 Wi' guid clean strae and hay,
 Just in ahint the ha' door
 And there the beggar lay.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Up raise the guidman's dochter,
 She raise to bar the door,
 And there she saw the sturdy beggar
 Standin i' the floor.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took the lassie in his arms,
 And to the neuk he ran,

O hooly, hooly wi' me, sir,
 Ye'll wauken our gudeman.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

The beggar was a cunning loon,
 For ne'er a word he spak,
 But kiss'd her there fou cadgielie,
 Syne he began to crack;
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Is there ony dogs into the house,
 Sweet lassie tell me true;
 What is't to you, although there were,
 My hinnie and my doo.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

They'll rive a' my meal pocks,
 And do me mickle wrang;
 The sorrow on your pawkie tricks,
 Are ye the beggar man?
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

Then she took up his meal pocks
 And flang them to the wa',
 The deil gae wi' the meal pocks,
 Your duddie rags and a'.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

I took you for some gentleman,
 Or else the Laird o' Brodie,
 O dool be on you, gang your ways,
 Are ye the poor auld bodie?
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

He took a horn up frae his side
 And blew baith loud and shrill,
 And four and twenty belted knights
 Cam' trooping o'er the hill.
 And we'll gang nae mair, &c.

And he took out his little knife,
 Let a' his duds down fa',
 And he stood the bravest gentleman
 That was amang them a'.
 And we'll gang nae mair. &c.

The beggar was a clever loon,
 And he lap shoulder height,
 O aye for siccan quarters
 As I got yesterneight.
 And we'll gang nae mair &c.

The words and music of this song have been uniformly attributed to King James V. of Scotland, and are supposed to have been composed about the year 1534. The words, as they originally stood, were too gross for modern taste, and as the song has become popular here from the admirable manner in which a few of its verses have been sung by Mr. Templeton, we have endeavoured to retain as much of the style of the old song as possible, while we have preserved the connection of the story. King James V. was notorious for his rambles through the farm towns of Scotland, and the incidents which he is said to have met with, while *sojourn*ing in the disguise of a gaberlunzie, have furnished matter for many a story and song writer. It is of this ballad that Horace Walpole (Lord Orford), in his catalogue of Royal and Noble authors, has remarked, that there is something very ludicrous in the picture of the young girl's distress on imagining that she had thrown away so much of the quiet courting time of night upon a beggar. King James died on the 14th December, 1542, in the thirty-first year of his age.

THE BEST INFANT-SCHOOL

Nature, best Schoolmistress, I love the book
 Thou spreadest in the fields, when children lie
 Round thee, beneath the blessing of the sky.
 Thou biddest some on thy bright pictures look—
 For some thou dost attue the play-mate brook;
 For thy sole Ushers are the ear and eye,
 That give to growing hearts their due supply,
 And cull sweet tastes from every silvan nook.
 Dismiss thy Infant-school, good Mistress Starch;
 Absolve nor child nor parent from the ties
 That bind with love and duty. Strut and march,
 And sing-song knowledge will not make them wise.
 Her scholars little know, but love and wonder more—
 Nature abhors thy mimic worthless store.

Blackwood's Magazine.

MUSIC AND DANCING.

Of all the scenes which this world offers, none is to me so profoundly interesting, none (I say deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and continuous motion. But this last condition will be sought in vain in the disgust-

ing quadrilles, &c. which have for so many years banished the truly beautiful *country-dances* native to England. Of all dances, this is the only one, as a class, of which you can truly describe the motion to be *continuous*, that is, not interrupted, or fitful, but unfolding its fine mazes with the equability of light, in its diffusion through free space. And wherever the music happens to be not of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, and the performers in the dance so far skilful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, I believe that many people feel as I feel in such circumstances, viz., derive from the spectacle the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatsoever, *Sadness* is not the exact word; nor is there *any* word in any language [because none in the finest languages] which exactly expresses the state; since it is not a depressing, but a most elevating state to which I allude. Festal music, of a rich and passionate character, is the most remote of any from vulgar hilarity. Its very gladness and pomp is impregnated with sadness; but sadness of a grand and aspiring order. Let, for instance, (since without individual illustrations there is the greatest risk of being misunderstood,) any person of musical sensibility listen to the exquisite music composed by Beethoven, as an opening for Bürger's *Lenore*, the running idea of which is the triumphal return of a crusading host, decorated with laurels and with palms, within the gates of their native city; and then say whether the presiding feeling, in the midst of this tumultuous festivity, be not, by infinite degrees, transcendent to anything so vulgar as mere hilarity. In fact, laughter itself is of an equivocal nature;—as the organ of the ludicrous, laughter is allied to the trivial and the ignoble—as the organ of joy, it is allied to the passionate and the noble. From all which the reader may comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that a spectacle of young men and women, *flowing* through the mazes of an intricate dance, under a full volume of music, taken with all the circumstantial adjuncts of such a scene in rich men's halls; the blaze of lights and jewels, the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the *self-revolving*, both of the dance and the music, “never ending, still beginning,” and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which seem for ever to approach the very brink of confusion; that such a spectacle, with such circumstances, may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason is, in part, that such a scene presents a sort of masque of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading over the flying footsteps of another; whilst all the while the overruling music attempts the mind to the spectacle, the beholder to the vision. And, although this is known to be but one phasis of life—of life culminating and in ascent,—yet the other, and repulsive phasis is concealed upon the hidden or averted side of the golden arras, known but not felt; or is seen but dimly in the rear, crowding into indistinct proportions. The effect of the music is, to place the mind in a state of elective attraction for everything in harmony with its own prevailing key.—*Autobiography of an English Opium-Eater.*

QUEEN OF THE VALLEY.

Words by Southey.
Moderato.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

ALTO. *cres.*
Thou art beauti - ful,

1st TENOR. *cres.* *cres.*
Thou art beauti - ful, Thou art beauti-ful,

2d TENOR. *dolce.* *cres.*
Thou art beau-ti - ful, Queen of the val - ley, thou art beautiful,

1st BASS. *dolce.* *cres.*
Queen of the val - ley, thou art beauti-ful,

2d BASS. *dolce.*
Queen of the val - ley,

f
thou art beau - ti - ful,

dolce. *f*
Queen of the val - ley, art beau - ti - ful,

dolce. *f*
Queen of the val - ley, art beau - ti - ful,

espress. *f*
thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful,

Queen of the val - ley

thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful,
 thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful,
 art beau - ti - ful,
 thou art beau - ti - ful, art beau - ti - ful, Thy walls like sil - ver
 art beau - ti - ful,

Thy walls like sil - ver
 spar - kle to the sun, thy walls like sil - ver, like sil - ver
 spar - kle, spar - kle

Thy walls like sil - ver spar - - - -
 spar - kle, spar - kle to the
 spar - kle to the sun, thy walls like sil - ver spar - kle to the
 spar - kle to the sun, spar - kle, spar - kle, spar - kle, spar - - - -
 thy walls like sil - ver

- - - kle, sparkle, spar - kle to the sun, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like
 sun, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like
 sun, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, spar - kle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like
 - - - kle sparkle, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls - like
 sparkle, sparkle, spar - kle to the sun, sparkle, sparkle, thy walls like

dolce.

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Me-lo-dious wave thy groves, me-

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Me-lo-dious wave thy groves me-

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Melodious

sil-ver sparkle to the sun. Melodious

sil-ver sparkle to the sun.

lo-dious wave thy groves, me-lo-dious wave thy groves, Thy

lo-dious wave thy groves, me-lo-dious wave thy groves, Thy

me-lo-dious wave thy groves.

wave thy groves, melodious wave thy groves,

me-lodious wave thy groves,

garden sweets en - rich the pleasant air, the plea - - sant air, thy

garden sweets en - rich the pleasant air - the plea - sant air, thy

thy gar-den

en - rich, thy garden sweets en - rich the pleasant air,

gar-den sweets en - rich the pleasant air, the plea - - sant air,

gar-den sweets en - rich the pleasant air - the plea - sant air,

sweets, thy gar-den

en - rich thy gar-den sweets en - rich the pleasant air, thy

thy gar - den sweets en - rich the pleasat air,

thy gar - den sweets en - rich the pleasant air,

sweets en - rich the plea - sant air,

thy gar - den sweets en - rich the plea - sant air. Up - on the lake

sweets en - rich the plea - sant air. Up-

lie the long sha -

dim. lie the long shadows of thy tow'rs, *p* lie the long sha - -

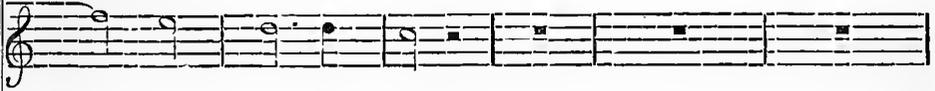
dim. lie the loog shadows of thy tow'rs, lie the long sha - -

p the shadows of thy tow'rs, the shadows of thy

on the lake, *p* lie the long sha - - -



dows of thy tow'rs,



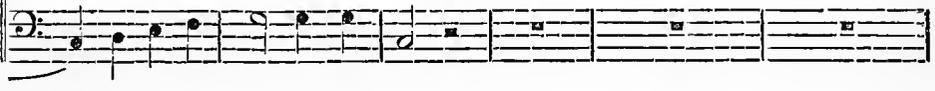
- - - dows of thy tow'rs,



- - - dows of thy tow'rs,



tow'rs, the shadows of thy tow'rs, And high in heav'n thy temple py - ra - mids a -



- - dows of thy tow'rs, of thy tow'rs,



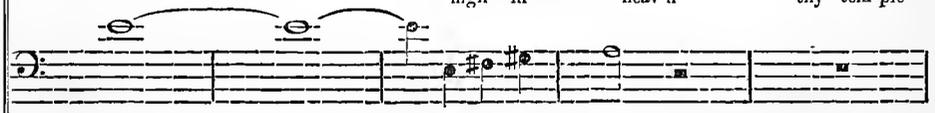
thy temple py - ramids a - rise,



thy temple py - ramids a - rise, and high in heav'n thy



high in heav'n thy tem-ple



rise - - - - and high in heav'n



and high in heav'n - -

piu cres. thy temple py - ramids a - rise, thy temple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

piu cres. tem - ple py - ramids, thy temple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

piu cres. py - ramids a - rise, a - rise thy temple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

thy temple py - ramids, thy py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

piu cres. thy tem - ple py - ramids a - rise, Thou art

dolce. beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful,

dolce. beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful,

dolce. beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful, Queen of the val - ley, thou art beau - ti - ful, thou

dolce. beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful, Queen of the

dolce. beau - ti - ful, thou art beauti - ful,

Queen of the val-ley, thou
 Queen of the val-ley, thou art beau-ti-ful, art beau-ti-ful,
 - - art beau-ti-ful, thou art beau-ti-ful,
 val-ley thou art beau-ti-ful, thou, thou art beau-ti-ful, Queen of the
 Queen of the val-ley, thou art

- - - art beau-ti-ful. Long, long,
 Queen of the val-ley, thou art beau-ti-ful. Long, long,
 Queen of the val-ley, thou art beau-ti-ful. Long, long,
 val-ley, thou art beau-ti-ful. Long,
 beauti-ful, thou - - art beau-ti-ful. Long, long,

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long prosper be-

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long prosper be-

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty,

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty, long

long may'st thou flourish in thy beauty,

neath the righteous conqueror, who conquers to redeem.

neath the righteous conqueror, who conquers to redeem.

who conquers to redeem.

prosper beneath the conqueror, who conquers to redeem.

who conquers to redeem.

espress.
 Long years of peace, years of peace, years of peace, of peace and

espress.
 Long years of peace, years of peace, years of peace, of peace and

espress.
 Long years of peace, of peace and

espress.
 Long years of peace, years of peace, of peace and

espress.
 Long years of peace, of peace and

cres.
 hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the val - ley,

cres. *espress.*
 hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the

cres. *espress.*
 hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the val - ley,

cres. *espress.*
 hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the

espress.
 hap - pi - ness a - wait thy Lord and thee. Queen of the val - ley,

Queen of the val - ley, Queen Queen of the val - -

val - ley, Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the

Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the

val - ley, Queen of the valley, Queen of the val - ley of the valley, Queen of the

Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the val - ley, Queen of the val - ley, the

ley, Queen of the val - - ley. *dim.*

val - ley, Queen of the val - - ley. *dim.*

val - ley, Queen - - of the val - - - ley. *dim.*

val - ley. Queen of the val - - ley *dim.*

val - ley, Queen of the val - - ley. *dim.*

GREAT CHORAL MEETING OF THE LAN- CASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WORKING MEN.

The Manchester papers of the beginning of June give full accounts of the above great mustering of the Workmen's Singing Classes, which took place in that town, on Saturday the first of June, 1844. They all agree in one opinion, namely, that this meeting was eminently successful, whether it be looked upon as an evidence of the utility of music in improving the tastes and social habits of the people, or as an experiment and test of what may be done towards fostering the musical capabilities of the working classes. The chorus at this meeting was entirely composed of eight hundred and fifty artisans, who had been trained by Mr. Weston, and other teachers, under his superintendence, according to the system introduced into England by Mr. Hullah. Their proficiency is said to speak highly in favour of the ability of Mr. Weston as a teacher, and of Mr. Hullah's system for producing the desired end.

The principal singers engaged for this occasion were Mr. D. W. King, Mr. Walton, Mrs. D. W. King, and Miss F. Leech. The Manchester periodical press speaks well of the performance of these severally. We have had no opportunity of judging how far this praise may be justly merited, when bestowed upon the first three individuals, not having heard them sing, but we have heard Miss Leech on more than one occasion, and most heartily concur in the tribute of praise bestowed upon her.

The *Manchester Guardian*, in reviewing the Choral meeting, begins with the following judicious remarks:—

“There is no musical exhibition in the course of the year, in this eminently musical town, which is more calculated to interest the philanthropist, than these annual choral meetings of the associated workmen's singing classes. It is here that he finds music more directly used as a moral agent, in providing an ever-delightful source of improving recreation for the leisure hours of the masses; and even if the performances were, in themselves, less effective than they are, his satisfaction would hardly be less, because he would view them in their more important bearing, as furnishing beneficial occupation for that portion of the twenty-four hours which, scanty as it unfortunately is, is too often devoted to the most disastrous indulgences by our teeming and hard-working population. These exhibitions, however, are more pregnant with hopefulness and encouragement when we find the progressive improvement of the pupils so marked as in the present case; because herein we have not only evidence of past assiduity, but the best assurance of continued application; and so long as the human mind is so constituted that cheerful relaxation becomes as essential to its healthful existence as the active exercise of its functions—so long, we are persuaded, will the cultivation of music be esteemed as a chief means of securing such relaxation.

“The classes mustered in great force on Saturday evening, having come hither from many of the prin-

cipal towns within six or eight miles distance; railway trains having, through the solicitous foresight of the committee of management, been provided at a cheap rate for their especial accommodation. They were all ranged in the spacious orchestra of the Free Trade Hall, a decided improvement over the disposition of last year, when a large portion was accommodated in the body of the hall. The present arrangement had the double advantage of compactness, and of more united and powerful musical effect. The orchestra was crowded; so that there could hardly be less than from seven to eight hundred singers. The appearance of the humble vocalists, all clad in their best, and all apparently participating in the performances with intense enjoyment, was pleasing and interesting in the extreme. Another improvement was the addition of several of our leading professional vocalists and instrumentalists; so that an agreeable variety was given to the entertainments, and all degrees of musical taste consulted. To this end, also, the selections were contributive; and they partook of the “monster” scale of the whole proceeding, there being no fewer than *twenty-four* pieces, to which an addition of nearly fifty per cent. was made by the number of encores. The whole was under the direction and conductorship of Mr. R. Weston, the professional superintendent, to whom and to his colleagues great praise is due for their indomitable energy and hopefulness, without which it would have been impossible to have conducted this large experiment with such satisfactory results. We trust that the evidence of the past will induce them to persevere in their praiseworthy but arduous labours.”

We are happy to give place to the concluding paragraph of the review in the *Manchester Times*, as it so entirely agrees with what we have so frequently stated in the pages of the BRITISH MINS-
TREL:—

“We cannot close our notes upon this choral meeting without a few words of congratulation upon the progress which musical science is making among our operative bodies. Music, as a recreation, is one of the most delightful and spiritual in which the mind can indulge; it is the sister-art of painting and poetry, and it is the hand-maid of religion; and the gradual extension of it among our labouring classes is attended with an important moral effect, tending to soothe and harmonise, to implant a relish for domestic happiness, and a distaste for those haunts where the oath of the debauchee and the imprecation of anger are heard, and where the “concord of sweet sounds” never falls. Let us not consider the story of Orpheus fabulous, representing, as it does, the softening influence of music over savage minds, and of which, in our own times, we witness daily instances. Music is no longer confined to the palace of the prince, and to the mansion of the *millionaire*—it is now an inmate of the cottages of the poor, and it presents to them sources of delight for which they once vainly sought in the alehouse, and in the unkindly strife of politics. All hail! then, to those men who, by placing this charming accomplishment within the reach of the humblest, provide a sinless and exalting amusement for the poor man, who, while his voice is attuned to melody, feels the chords of his heart moved by the divinest music of the universe—peace and goodwill to all that breathe.”

THE BRISK YOUNG LAD.

Lively.

There came a young man to my daddie's door, my daddie's door, my daddie's door, there

came a young man to my daddie's door, came seeking me to woo; And vow but

he was a braw young lad, A brisk young lad and a braw young lad, And

vow but he was a braw young lad came seeking me to woo.

But I was baking when he came,
When he came, when he came;
I took him in and gied him a scone,
To thowe his frozen mou,
An' vow but he was, &c.

I set him in aside the bink;
I gae him bread and ale to drink;
And ne'er a blythe styme wad he blink,
Until his wame was foun.
An' vow but he was, &c.

Gae get you gane, you cauldriife wooer,
Ye sour-looking, cauldriife wooer,
I straightway show'd him to the door,
Saying, Come nae mair to woo.
An' vow but he was, &c.

There lay a deuk-dub before the door;
Before the door, before the door;
There lay a deuk-dub before the door,
And there fell he, I trow!
An' vow but he was, &c.

Out cam the guidman, and high he shouted;
Out cam the guidwife, and laigh she louted;
And a' the toune-neebors were gather'd about it;
And there lay he, I trow!
An' vow but he was, &c.

Then out cam I, and sneer'd and smiled;
Says I, my lad, ye're sair beguiled;
Ye've fa'en i' the dirt, and ye're a' befyled;
We'll hae nae mair o' you!
An' vow but he was, &c.

THE ARETHUSA.

FROM THE MUSICAL FARCE OF "LOCK AND KEY."

Prince Hoare.

Shield.

Bold

Come all ye jol-ly sai-lors hold, Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould, While English

glory I unfold, Huz - za for the A - re - thusa. She is a frigate tight and brave, As

e - ver stemm'd the dash ing wave, Her men are staunch to their fav'rite

lanch. And when the foe shall meet our fire, Soon - er than strike we'll

all ex - pire, On board of the A - re - thu - sa.

'Twas with the spring fleet she went out,
 The English channel to cruise about,
 When four French sail, in show so stont,
 Bore down on the Arethusa.
 The fam'd Belle Poule straight a-head did lie,
 The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
 No. 85

Not a sheet or a tack,
 Or a brace did she slack,
 Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought if stuff,
 But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
 On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
 The stoutest they could find in France;
 We with two hundred did advance,
 On board of the Arethusa.
 Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
 The Frenchmen then cried out, hallo!
 "Bear down, d'ye see,
 To our admiral's lee;"
 "No, no, says the Frenchman, that can't be:"
 "Then I must lug you along with me,"
 Says the sauc' Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
 We forc'd them back upon their strand.
 For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
 And now we've driven the foe ashore,
 Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favourite lass!
 A health to our captain, and officers true,
 And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa.

YE GENTLEMEN OF ENGLAND.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, Ah lit-tle do ye

Ye gentlemen of England that live at home at ease, Ah lit-tle do ye

think up-on the dan-gers of the seas, Give ear un-to the ma-riners, And

think up-on the dan-gers of the seas, Give ear un-to the ma-riners, And

they will plainly show. All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the

they will plainly show, All the cares and the fears, all the cares and the fears, all the

cares and the fears, When the stormy winds do blow - when the stormy winds do
 cares and the fears, When the stormy winds do blow - when the stormy winds do

Repeat in chorus.
 blow - when the stormy winds do blow - when the stor - my winds do blow.
 blow - when the stormy winds do blow - when the stor - my winds do blow.

If enemies oppose us, when England is at wars
 With any foreign nation, we fear not wounds nor scars,
 Our roaring guns shall teach 'em our valour for to
 know,
 Whilst they reel on their keel when the stormy winds
 do blow.

Then courage all brave mariners, and never be dismay'd,
 Whilst we have bold adventurers we ne'er shall want a
 trade, we know,
 Our merchants will employ us to fetch them wealth
 Then be bold, work for gold, when the stormy winds
 do blow.

HARK! THE HOLLOW WOODS RESOUNDING.

DUET.

J. S. Smith.

Hark, the hol - low woods resounding, E - cho to the hunter's cry, Hark, how all the

vales surrounding to his cheer - ing voice re - ply. Now so swift o'er hills as - piring,

He pursues the gay de - light, Distant woods and vales re - tiring, Seem to vanish,

seem to vanish, seem to van - ish from his sight. Hark, the hol - low woods resounding,

E - cho to the hunter's cry. Hark, how all the vales surrounding, To his cheer - ing

voice re - ply; Flying still, and still pursuing, See the fox, the hounds, the men, Cunning cannot

save from ru - in, Far from refuge, far from refuge, far from re - fuge, wood and den,

Now they kill him, homeward hie them, For a jo - vial night's repast, Thus no sorrow

e'er comes nigh them, Health con - ti - nues to the last, health con - ti - nues to the last.

BLESSED BE THE POWER.

SACRED CHORUS.

A tempo giusto.

From the "Stabat Mater" of the Baron d' Astorga.

SOPRANO. Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his

ALTO. Blessed be - the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his Son

TENOR. Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his

BASS. Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his

Adagio. Son to save us. *Tempo primo.* Blest the Son who free - ly came,

Adagio. to save us, Blest the son who free - ly came, Blessed

Adagio. Son to save us, *Adagio.* Blest the son who free - ly came,

Son to save us, Blest the Son - - who free - ly came, Blessed

Blessed be - - the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save
 he the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save
 Blessed be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save
 be the Pow'r who made us, Freely gave his son to save

Adagio. us. Blest the Son who free - ly came. *Andante.*
 us. Blest the Son who free - ly came! Bless - ing
 us. Blest the son - - who free - ly came! Bless - ing -
 us. Blest the Son who free - ly came! Bless - ing, ho - nour,

Blessing from the whole cre -
 bo - nour, a - do - ra - tion from the whole cre -
 - - - ho - nour, a - do - ra - tion,
 Bless - ing, ho - nour, a - do - ra - tion, E - ver from the whole cro -

a - tion, be to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

a - tion be to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

be to God and to the Lamb!

a - tion, be to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

Bless - ing - - - ho - nour, a - do - ra -

Bless - ing, ho - nour, a - do - ra -

Bless - ing, ho - nour, Bless - ing, ho - nour, a - do - ra -

tion be to God - - be to God, be to God and to the Lamb!

to God, to God, be to God and to the Lamb!

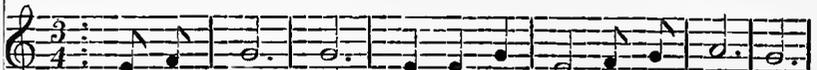
tion, be to God and to the Lamb!

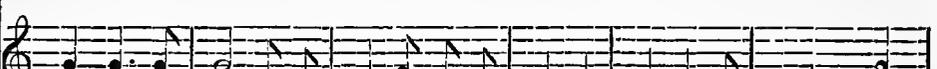
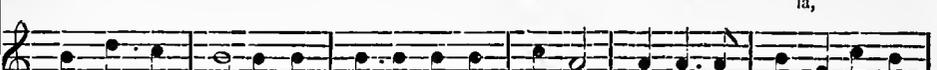
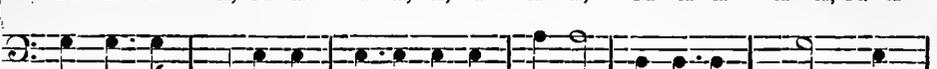
tion, to God, to God, to God and to the Lamb!

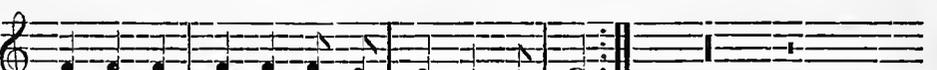
THE WAITS.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Allegretto. To be sung four times, 1st f., 2d p., 3d pp., 4th ff. Jeremiah Savile, 1667.

SOPRANO. 
 Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la,
 ALTO. 
 Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa la la la,
 TENOR. 
 Fa la la la, fa la la la, Fa la la,
 BASS. 


 Fa la la la, Fa la la la, la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa

 Fa la la la, Fa la la la, la la la la, Fa la la la, Fa

 Fa la la la, Fa la la la, la la la la, Fa la la la la, Fa la

 la, Fa


 la la, Fa la, la, Fa la la la la.

 la la, Fa la la, Fa la la la la la.

 la la, Fa la la, Fa la la la la.


IF YOU TRUST BEFORE YOU TRY.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

1st voice. 2d voice. 3d voice. 1

If you trust be-fore you try you may repent be - fore you die, you may repeat be - fore you die.

MEMOIR OF RUBINI.

It has been remarked that the district of Bergamo is celebrated above all other places in Italy, or indeed in the world, for producing excellent tenor singers. Whether this privilege, enjoyed almost exclusively by the natives of Bergamo, originates in the sun that warms them, the air they breathe, the water they drink, or the *polenta* they feed on, has not been ascertained. There is no certainty in the matter, except that the Bergamasco throat has the facility of uttering notes on the key *ut*, fourth line, better than any other in the universe, whether belonging to a feathered or unfeathered biped.

Nine out of ten of the Italian tenors come from Bergamo: so well is this known by the managers of theatres on the continent, that they as regularly go to Bergamo to recruit their tenor *artistes*, as the French horse-dealers go to the district of Camargue to buy white horses. But Bergamo neither furnishes basses nor sopranos; the country only produces tenors, and I have only to mention to the reader a list of persons well known since the last century, in the highest ranks of their art, as tenor singers, to prove the truth of this curious statement. The following celebrated tenor singers were all natives of Bergamo:—

The three brothers, Bianchi; Davide the father, and Davide the son; Vigaroni, whom Rubini strongly resembles in purity of style and boldness of execution; Nozzari, Donzelli, Bordogni, Marchetti, Trezzini, Bonetti, Pasini, Canta, who quitted the stage to devote his fine voice to the service of the church: to these we may add the great tenor Bolognesi, who was the delight of all Italy and Sicily; unfortunately he had contracted a vile habit of drinking, and by pouring ardent spirits down his throat, destroyed the delicate organs on which depended his ability as a singer, and in despair at being reduced from singing to speaking, he determined not to survive his voice, so fitting up a fusil with a foot-piece, he discharged the piece into his breast, and thus committed suicide.

Rubini is likewise a Bergamasco. We know of but one Rubini; the Italians of three; for this talent generally runs in families at Bergamo, although, like the birds, females are never gifted with a fine voice in that country. Out of seven children, of whom Gian Battista and Caterina Rubini were the parents, (at Romano, a little town of the province of Bergamo,) three of them, the boys, were professional tenors of high repute, while among the four girls not one could sing a note. The eldest of the sons, Geremia (under which amiable looking appellation may be recognised the scriptural name of Jeremy, or Jeremiab.) had a very fine voice, but was forced to quit the theatre on account of ill health. Giacomo Rubini is in

high repute in Germany as a dramatic singer; he likewise holds the post of first tenor at the royal chapel of the King of Saxony. Gian Battista Rubini is the youngest son, and the one whose fame is so well established in England and France: he was born on the 7th of April, 1795.

The father of our Rubini was a musician at Romano, and played the horn at the theatre: he was an industrious and indefatigable soul, and added to his profession that of manager to a travelling company of musicians, which went from convent to convent, and got up a very creditable performance on fête-days, to the honour and glory of the patron saint of the community. This was a very pleasant way of filling up the spare time from the theatre: they arrived in good time at the convent or church where their services were required, and found their desks and a good breakfast prepared for them. The elder Rubini brought with him a portfolio of masses, vespers, mottets, and litanies, in which his band were well versed, and the monks or nuns chose whatever they thought most suitable for their patron or patroness. The elder Rubini figured in these solemnities in the double dignity of horn-player and manager; he had, besides, three sons enrolled in his company. Gian Battista, our Rubini, sang among these travelling musicians at the infantile age of eight, when he was not taller than the bow of a violin. He used to be perched on a stool to sing the *Salve Regina*, and was always rewarded for his sweet execution and docility, by the caresses and hon-bons of every community of nuns the little creature encountered in his professional strollings.

We shall always find the highest musical geniuses reared in a school where necessity forced them to be industrious, and constantly occupy their time in one department or the other. Whenever their voices were not needed, the father of the young Rubinis made them take a part in the orchestra, where Giacomo and Gian Battista played on the violin, and Geremia performed on the organ. Thus they were never idle, and had always the study and practice of music before them in a manner where they were always forced to do their best.

Nothing could be more picturesque than the musical pilgrimages undertaken by Rubini and his travelling band of harmonists, setting out from Romano on one of their expeditions with their viols and violinos, their horns and bassoons, their violin-cellos and clarionets. The great double-bass travelled on the back of an ass, and at every step of the peaceable animal sent forth a sort of low groan. There marched their commander-in-chief with his pockets stuffed full of little rolls of music, being divisions of Pergolesi or Cimarosa, Zingarelli or Meyer, which were to be distributed to his band on

their arrival at the field of action. No noisy wheels ever interrupted a discussion on a point of art, for the troop always went on foot; and thus brought a better appetite to the breakfast or supper prepared for them by their hospitable ecclesiastic employers.

One day, this joyous band were pursuing their way, without dreaming of any harm, through the valley of Brambana, when suddenly a man started from behind a group of high rocks, and levelled his blunderbuss right in their path. The pockets of our troubadours were utterly void of everything but music paper and rosin, and they so informed their interrupter, with many apologies for their barrenness of cash. The man with the rifle was none of your poor tattered scarecrows of handitti, that look as if they cry "staad" to the true man, out of the very desperation of rags and wretchedness. No, no; he was attired in an elegant suit of black velvet, barred with gold embroidery, that would have done honour to the part of the Count in Figaro; he wore a hat adorned with ribbons, whose long ends fell almost to his waist; he had a rich sash and belt, well furnished with chased dagger and pistols. His figure was tall and athletic, and, independently of his theatrical costume, he had the handsomest face and finest form of any man in Italy. Those who are well versed in local Italian history of the present times, will know that this gay gallant was the celebrated *carbonare* Pacini, a self-constituted redresser of wrongs, and champion of liberty and equality, who was an outlaw, and laid all the supporters of government in that district, by turns, under contribution. Although he was not considered by the people in general as a robber, there was a price on his head, and an encounter with him was considered with some little terror.

After the troop of singers and symphonistes had halted respectfully before this redoubtable adversary, he addressed them thus.

"You are going to Vilminore, I think?"

"We are so, Signor Pacini," replied the elder Rubini.

"I have a request to make to you, and for that purpose I waylaid you in order to signify my wishes. Be not alarmed, I mean you no harm—I love music, and have often done myself the honour to protect musicians. I will now explain what I want of you. You know that a price is set upon my head, I shall some day be shot like a dog, in the corner of a wood, or on the highway; I shall fall by the ball of some traitor, and my body will be hacked to pieces without receiving the rites of religion, or the spiritual succour of holy church. You are going to perform at Vilminore, I will be there at the hour of the mass, and for my body (being there present) you shall sing a *de profundis* and *libera*.

The elder Rubini assured him that they would exert their best skill to give him the utmost satisfaction. The caravan then filed off before the fierce *carbonare*.

Scarcely had the choir arrived and taken their places, before the *carbonare* Pacini was seen leaning just within the church door, his blunderbuss under his arm, and his hand on his dagger. He listened to his own funeral service with the firmness of a hero, and the resignation of a Christian; nor did he quit his post till the *Credo* was sung, and the solemn mass that followed it. The music finished, he made good his retreat, having first acknowledged his obligation to the band by a gracious inclination of the head, like a sovereign who condescends thus

to signify that he is content with the performances of the musicians of his chapel. We think these two scenes, both that in the pass, and the one in the chapel, would make good pictures.

Soon after this adventure, Pacini met with the fate he had foreboded. He had a trusted companion whose office it was always to watch by him when he slept. This wretch, tempted by the price of ten thousand ducats, discharged his blunderbuss into Pacini's bosom while he was sleeping, and cutting off his friend's head, and carrying it to the government, got the reward. Sordid wretch!

The elder Rubini thinking that his son Gian Battista would study with greater regularity at a distance from home, placed him under the care of one Don Santo, a priest and organist at Adro, in the province of Brescia. Don Santo was a fine composer, and well grounded in the rules of singing, but he either was unacquainted with the best mode of communicating his knowledge, or of winning the attention of his pupil, for he sent him back to his father in less than a year, with the assurance that young Rubini would never make a singer, and then advised his father to seek for him some other profession. The father laughed this judgment to scorn; he commenced giving his son a regular series of lessons, and when he had obtained the results he expected, he invited Don Santo to hear a mass, in which young Rubini sang the *Qui tollis* in so divine a manner, that, despite of his former predictions, his late master was transported, and the father enjoyed a double triumph, both as parent and professor.

At the age of twelve years, young Rubini made his *début* on the stage at Romano, his native town, in the part of a woman. This odd *prima donna*, dressed for the character which he was to undertake, figured at the door of the theatre, seated between two lights, and before a basin wherein the play-going population deposited their payments; and this was the way in which the *graziosie* of all Europe received his first benefit from the public.

The success of his *début* was considered very complete. Soon after, he entered into a theatrical engagement at Bergamo, where, however, neither his talents as actor nor singer were at first acknowledged, for his principal duties were to play on the violin between the acts of the comedy, and to sing in choruses; perhaps his voice had not yet attained its fine tone; it certainly was not appreciated till accident caused it to be noticed by the public. A new piece was in rehearsal, and a difficulty arose respecting the person who was to sing a particular cavatina. The prompter mentioned Rubini, who was called, and promised by the manager a piece of five francs in reward if he gave satisfaction. The boy undertook the cavatina, and was rapturously applauded. It was an air of Lamberti: Rubini keeps the music yet as a memorial, and sometimes sings it out of gratitude. Notwithstanding the voice of the young man completely filled up the theatre Bergamo, which is larger than that of the Academie Royale de Musique, at Paris, yet he was rejected, as wanting compass, when the manager of the Milan theatre had to choose singers for the Opera. So much for the judgment of managers; it is the public alone that knows how to place talent in its proper grade.

When Rubini was about seventeen he joined an itinerant company, and gave up singing in chorus, and the violin, for a dramatic career. At Fossano he acted in 'I Due Prigionieri' of Pucetta, "Don

Papirio" by Guglielmi, and "Il Venditor l' Aceto" of Meyer. After many adventures peculiar to strolling players, he was settled, during the summer of 1814, at Vercelli, with his troop; but the theatre was obliged to be closed for a month while it was under repair. During this vacation, Rubini and a clever violinist of the name of Modi, agreed to make a tour through the neighbouring towns and villages, for the purpose of giving concerts, and thereby picking up a few ducats: Rubini was the possessor of six louis, which he generously embarked in the speculation, Modi had but four. With this capital they hired a cabriolet, and set forth on their expedition. The first place they arrived at was Alexandria della Paglia, where they applied to the mayor for permission to give a concert; but that worthy functionary declined compliance, as he had that very evening given permission to a rival violinist to perform in the town. At Novi, their next stage, the comedians were playing every night, therefore they could not get an audience. At Valenza, our troubadours found neither rival nor theatre; but the bishop was dead, and his flock were engaged in mourning his loss. Quite desperate with all these hindrances, the unfortunate musicians turned their steeds for Vercelli whence they came, for both their purses and their patience were in a state of exhaustion. As they approached the town of Trino, the road was choked by immense droves of swine bound for that place. It was market-day; and Trino, be it known, is the Rufford of that part of Italy. Exceedingly malcontent they made their entry into Trino at snail's pace, in the midst of an ocean of pigs, which impeded their chariot wheels per force. In this state they were espied by a friend, an amateur of music, with whom they had made acquaintance at Vercelli. This dilettante, making his way to them through all impediments, soon heard the account of their disasters. "If you will but give a concert here," he said, "I think you will be repaid for all your disappointments."

"Here?" said Rubini, looking ruefully at the fresh inundations of pigs that went squeaking and grunting past. "Yes, here," said the zealous friend: "it shall be no expense to you, I will lend you a large concert-room, I will take the part of bass with the violoncello, and I have a friend who plays admirably well on the horn, who will volunteer his services."

That very noon the town-crier announced the concert with his trumpet. It was to take place at day-light, to save the expense of candles. As soon as it was announced, the pig-merchants and sausage makers of Trino ran in crowds to have their ears refreshed with other music than the squeaking of their swine, and munificently paid their ten sous pieces with a good grace for admission. The concert went off with great *eclat*, the pig-venders of Italy fully appreciated the powers of the great Rubini, and the receipts amounted to a very respectable sum.

Rubini remained with the Vercelli company, enduring at times great hardships, till, conceiving himself ill-treated by Ferrari the manager, he determined to seek his fortune at Milan. There, the Marquis Belcredi, who had some concern with the operas, proposed to engage him for a short autumn (*un piccolo autunno*) of four months, at Pavia, at a salary of eleven crowns per month.

"But how can I get there?" asked the destitute vocalist.

"You can go on foot," said Belcredi, "it is not far."

"Where am I to get lodgings?"

"The manager is to find you a little chamber, one lodges at Pavia at no cost at all."

"How can I find myself clothes?"

"Your coat is new, it will last you respectably for six months, and you will receive your salary at the end of four."

"Yet I must eat."

"True, but singers ought not to overload their stomachs. A little soup and bouilli for the morning meal, and salad for supper is all-sufficient. Go, go, my friend; this is your first step into the world, and if you are deterred by difficulties of minor importance, you may waste your best years with strollers."

Rubini took this excellent advice, went to Pavia, and succeeded so well that his fame reached Milan. At the end of the engagement, the Marquis Belcredi went to Pavia, and engaged him for the carnival, and then sent him to Brescia, giving him a thousand francs for the season. Afterwards he sung at Venice with the basso Zamboni, while Madame Marcolini was the contralto: it was for the latter singer that Rossini wrote the "Italiani in Algieri."

Soon after, the Marquis Belcredi made him sign an engagement with Barbaja, director of the Naples theatre, for six months, at eighty-four ducats per month. Here he sung "I Fiorentini" with Pellegrini. In case of very decided success, the contract with the manager declared that the engagement could be renewed for a year at one hundred and ten ducats per month.

The success of Rubini was most complete; nevertheless, the niggardly manager finding that the young singer was very desirous of remaining at Naples, for the sake of becoming familiar with the routine of a great theatre, and of receiving the excellent lessons of Nozzari, whose instructions were improving him daily, took advantage of his necessity of acceptance. Barbaja only offered to renew his engagement at seventy ducats, instead of the eighty-four for which he had at first agreed. Rubini, looking forward to better times, which he knew depended on his continuance at Naples, had the good sense to comply with the tyrannical laws of the avaricious manager. When accepting them he said, "You now take advantage of my situation, but, sooner or later, you will have to repay me what you deprive me of with interest, when my fame is fully established."

(Continued at page 49.)

I WILL CROWN THE HARP WITH FLOWERS.

Give me gold, the miser cries;

Let him drain the yellow mine;

To his glass the toper flies;

Let him glory in his wine.

Those who will may prize the ore,

And let treasure win their soul;

Those who will may nectar pour,

And drown their spirit in the bowl;

But for me let music flow;

Strike the chords in beauty's bowers,

Let joy be mine in song divine

I will crown the harp with flowers.

Softly sad now wakes the lyre;

Pensive breathing fills the notes;

Thrilling now with joyous fire,
 Richly wild the music floats.
 So I love the melting strain,
 I would turn from thrones of kings
 To hear the minstrel's hand unchain
 The mighty magic of the strings.
 Where's the bliss to rival this,
 The voice of song in heathy's howers?
 Oh, give to me sweet melody,
 I will crown the harp with flowers.

Weekly Dispatch.

THE TE DEUM OF HASSE.

The incomparable *Te Deum* of the immortal Hasse, had the following singular origin:—He had been commissioned by king Augustus III. to compose a new *Te Deum*, but having been for some time very ill, he was not disposed to study, and was unable to please himself. Meantime, the day when it was to be delivered was near at hand: almost despairing of success, he took a walk, on a fine Sunday morning, in the Royal Park. A lusty peasant from Gruna, who was going to take the sacrament at a neighbouring church, overtook him near the palace, addressed him cordially, and kept close

to him, notwithstanding the cool answers he received. Vexed at being thus interrupted in his meditations, he was about to turn into a side path, when suddenly a ray of invention was kindled in his soul, and the leading idea of the *Te Deum* flashed across his mind. Not to lose it, he impetuously desires the peasant to stand still, runs into the gardener's lodge for a piece of chalk, and is about to draw a stave across the broad shoulders of the peasant, when the latter, already amazed at the command to stand still, grew quite angry at the chalk marks on his Sunday coat, and supposing Hasse to be mad, runs full speed towards the city, followed by Hasse, chalk in hand; who luckily catches him, and begs him for heaven's sake to stop, writes his leading theme upon the black coat, and drives its owner before him, (humming the notes as he goes along,) to the park-gate, where he obtains pen, ink, and paper, and copies the whole. With this treasure Hasse hastened home, and the principal parts of the *Te Deum* were completed. On the following day he went to Gruna, carrying a present of a dozen of wine for the obliging peasant, whose black coat had been of such essential service to him. Every one knows the result of its performance.—*Oxberry's Dramatic Biography.*

THE STAR OF EVE.

FROM THE MUSICAL FARCE OF 'LOCK AND KEY.'

Prince Hoare.

Shield.

Andante.

The star of eve, day's grate - ful close, Guides wea - ry la - bour
 to re - pose, A long the peace - ful dell - - a - long the peaceful
 dell, But not to me re - pose is near, Un - less that fairer

star ap - pear that gives so sweet farewell, that gives so sweet farewell, fare-

well, fare - well, But not to me re - pose is near, un - less that fairer

star ap - pear that gives so sweet, that gives so sweet farewell.

The shadowy night on mantling wing,
Shall soon its downy treasures bring,
While lulling breezes swell,

But not to me comes balmy rest,
Unless her voice my ear have blest,
That bids so sweet farewell.

AFFECTATION OF MUSICIANS.

The present day exhibits an increasing tendency amongst a certain class of musicians to make themselves singular, if they happen to be placed, either by others or by their own act, in a conspicuous situation; one displays an uncommon degree of activity and *legerité*, which, although it may astonish the uninformed, and gain the individual a certain share of notoriety, decidedly cannot add much to his fame or respectability among musical men, or the more enlightened portion of the public generally. Another courts the admiration of the crowd by playing upon a variety of instruments in the same piece of music, and in rapid succession, working and hammering away with both hands and feet all the while, as if nothing less than his life depended upon his activity, almost rivalling those itinerant musicians (if we may dignify them by such a title) of bygone days, who were wont to play some would-be lively tune in solemn and measured time, upon four or five instruments at once,

(the number depending, of course, upon the ingenuity of the performer,) generally consisting of a drum, pandean pipes, triangle, and Turkish bells; another contents himself with grimace, mixing up an occasional frown with an abundance of smiles the most bewitching, and bows the most graceful, enlivened occasionally with a decidedly insprising and truly national piping and jigging; one makes himself conspicuous by his lank hair, fixing the appearance of haggard old age upon what should be a young man's countenance; another depends upon his luxuriant ringlets; one places his hopes upon a delicately-formed moustache; another upon the thick underwood that half encircles his face; whilst another, whose example is being followed by hundreds of needy adventurers in this country, like the fogleman of a regiment, goes through a deaf and dumb manual exercise, with a halo of ready-made glory shed around him, which, alas for human hopes and aspirations after greatness, lasts only while the gas is on!—*Dramatic and Musical Review.*

ACADEMIES OF MUSIC.

This appellation is given, with more or less propriety, to various musical institutions. Some of these, according to the true acceptation of the expression, consist of scientific societies, who exclusively apply themselves to the study of the harmonic art; others are but combinations of professional executants, or amateurs, the object of whose union and assemblage is, to perform, at stated times, either by themselves, or in the presence of visiting auditors, such compositions as their conductor, or conductors, shall appoint; these latter are, strictly speaking, concert societies. In Europe, there are many academies of music; in Italy they are so numerous, that it is not uncommon to find more

than one in the same town. The oldest is that of Vicentia, founded as early as the fifteenth century, under the denomination of *The Academy of Philharmonics*; but the most celebrated is that at Bologna, known by the same designation. Germany possesses many of these establishments; Sweden prides herself in that at Stockholm; and England has had her Academy of Music. France supplies musical instruction through the medium of her Conservatory and Institute; and the result has been, an improvement in the style of French composition, of which Rameau and Lulli never dreamed, and which Rousseau would have been delighted to witness.—*Dr. Busby.*

FIVE TIMES BY THE TAPER'S LIGHT.

QUARTET FROM "THE IRON CHEST."

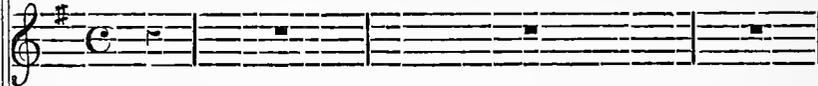
Andante.

Stephen Storace.

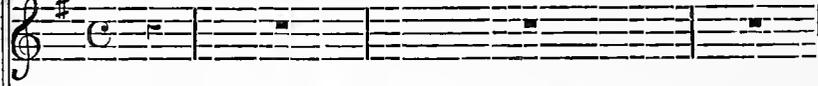
1st SOPRANO.



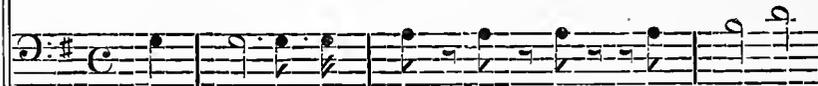
2d SOPRANO.



ALTO.

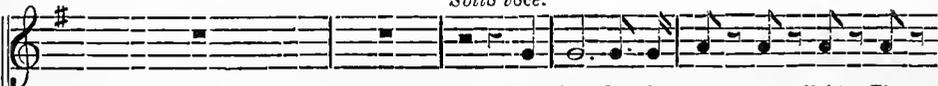


BASS.



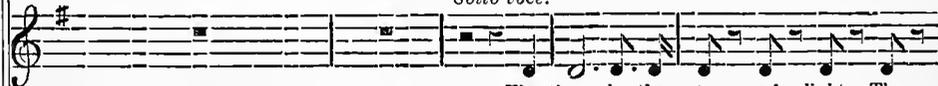
Five times, by the ta - per's light, The hour-glass

Sotto voce.



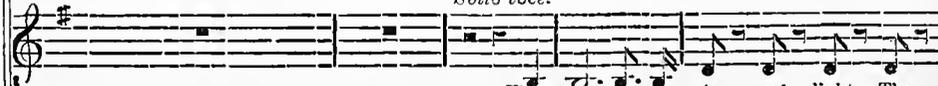
Five times, by the ta - per's light, The

Sotto voce.



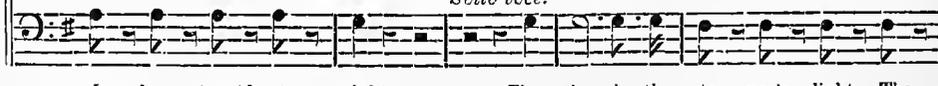
Five times by the ta - per's light, The

Sotto voce.



Five times by the ta - per's light, The

Sotto voce.



I have turn'd to - night,

Five times by the ta - per's light, The

hour-glass we have turn'd to - night, Where's fa-ther?

hour-glass we have turn'd to - night,

hour-glass we have turn'd to - night.

He's gone out to roam,

If he have luck, he'll bring a buck, Up - on his lus - ty shoulders home.

Home, home, he comes not home. Hark! Hark, from the

Home, home, he comes not home. Hark! Hark, from the

Home, home, he comes not home. Hark! Hark, from the

Hark! Hark!

wood - land vale be - low, from the wood - land vale be -
 wood - land vale be - low, from the wood - land vale be -
 wood - land vale be - low, From the
 From the

low, The dis - tant clock sounds dull, sounds
 low, The dis - tant clock sounds dull, sounds
 wood - land vale be - low, The dis - tant clock sounds
 wood - land vale be - low The dis - tant clock sounds

dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.
 dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.
 dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.
 dull, sounds dull and slow, Bome, bome, bome, bome.

MY HEART IS SAIR FOR SOMEBODY.

Andante sestenuto amoroso.

My heart is sair, I dare na tell, My heart is sair for some-bo-dy, O

I could wake a win-ter night, A' for the sake o' somebody, Oh! hon for somebody,

Oh hey for somebody, I could range the world around For the sake o' somebody.

My heart is sair, I darena tell,
 My heart is sair for somebody ;
 O I could wake a winter night
 A' for the sake o' somebody.
 Oh hon! for somebody!
 Oh hey! for somebody!
 I could range the world around,
 For the sake o' somebody.

Ye powers that smile on virtuous love,
 O, sweetly smile on somebody!
 Frae ilka danger keep him free,
 And send me safe my somebody.
 Oh hon! for somebody!
 Oh hey! for somebody!
 I wad do—what wad I no'?
 For the sake o' somebody!

MEMOIR OF RUBINI.

(Concluded from page 43.)

It was in 1816, when Rubini was in his one-and-twentieth year, that the first opera was written that contained an air written on purpose for his voice; this was in the "Adelson e Salvini," composed by Fioravanti. The air was a duo, sung by this tenor and Pellegrini; the effect was admirable. The same composer wrote "Comingio Romito," in 1817. The principal part was confided to Rubini, whose success was so great, that it extorted even from the manager, Barbaja, a handsome sum, in addition to the young singer's monthly appointment. Rubini, in 1818, went to Rome with Pellegrini; Fioravanti, who had got the situation of master of the chapel at the cathedral of St. Peter, here greeted his friends

with the intelligence that he was writing his opera of "Enrico IV." As the composer finished his acts he sent them piece-meal to be studied by Rubini and Pellegrini. It was not till the evening before the representation that Rubini got the grand cavatina of his part of *Henry the Fourth*; he read it, whistled it over, and sung it the next evening.

It was at the carnival of 1819 that the opera of "La Gazza Ladra" was first represented at Rome. Rubini, Ambroggi, Pellegrini, and Mademoiselle Mombelle performed in this *chef-d'œuvre*. Ambroggi represented the *Innkeeper*, the part that had been originally written for him; Pellegrini sustained the character of *Fernando*. The opera, thus strongly cast, was welcomed at Rome with enthusiasm that amounted to a mania. Every evening was encored repeatedly the prison duo of "Forse un di conos-

cerai" (*Perhaps one day it will be known*), sung between Mademoiselle Mombelli and Rubini. The Roman ladies were perfectly bewitched with this celebrated scene: it was the rage for the masks at the carnival balls to carry puppets dressed in costume like *Gianetto* and *Ninetta* in the opera of "La Gazza;" and these little dolls were, next to the performers they represented, the exclusive objects of the attention of the fair Romans. At this time Benelli, who had been commissioned by the Parisian Opera directors to engage singers in Italy, would have persuaded Rubini to accept his offers, but Barbaja interposed, and refused his consent to this agreement.

Whilst at Rome, Rubini often sung to the Princess Pauline Borghèse, who greatly admired his voice, and in its soothing tones sought a remedy from the profound melancholy which oppressed her. It was remembered, that, some time before, the Princess Belmonte had been nearly brought to the grave by a nervous affliction on the spirits, for which no cure could be found, till the celebrated tenor singer, Raff, repeated to her every evening for a month the air, of "Solitario bosco ombroso," (*Lonely shady wood*), for which melody she had a particular affection, and every time she heard it sung by this great vocalist, she shed a torrent of tears. The relief of weeping had before been denied this lady, and the melodious voice of Raff caused these salutary tears to flow; which, perhaps, relieved the overcharged brain from madness, for she soon after recovered her spirits and healthful gaiety. The Princess Pauline Borghèse had recourse to the same remedy; but the sorrow with which she mourned a falling house was too deep-seated to yield to song; the accents of Rubini might for a time soothe, but could not heal her grief. She often sent for Rubini to hear his melodies, and when he left Rome, she presented him with a superb diamond.

After Rubini returned to Naples, he went to Palermo with Donzelli and Lablache. He appeared there with Lablache in "Il Matrimonio Segreto," wherein Lablache represented *Il Conte Robinsone*.

In Italy, jealous husbands are scarcely known. Pass the Straits of Messina, and you find the dagger, the poison, the cord, and the dungeon, all ready to vindicate the least infraction of decorum. Sicilian husbands combine the suspicious manners of Spanish spouses of the fifteenth century, with Turkish vigilance and vengeance. If a singer at the theatre is supposed to direct his regards too long to one particular box, he is likely to rue such imprudence, even if it be only the effect of accident.

When Rubini first arrived at Palermo, he had an introduction to the patronage of a princess, whose name must not be mentioned here. The lady received him with the graciousness that is generally accorded to persons of talent; and without the slightest design on the heart of his beautiful patroness, Rubini paid her the compliment usually offered to ladies of the first rank in Italy, who patronise music, by addressing some of his most brilliant performances to her box. The prince, her husband, who was possessed of a large share of Sicilian jealousy, did not understand this musical homage, and thought the best mode of silencing the throat of the presumptuous first tenor was by cutting it, a brutality by no means surprising in a country which practises all the ferocious usages of the middle ages, where the nobles retain hired bravos for the purposes of assassination, and where

the magistrates never think of investigating the deeds of a man of rank, but send to prison singers or actresses on the least complaint of insubordination from the grandees.

One evening as Rubini was returning through a dark street home from the theatre, after a very successful performance, he was seized by two ruffians who pinioned him, and threw a thick coverlet over his face, which they drew tight at the back of his head to stifle his cries. Could he even have called for succour, in Palermo it would have been useless, no person would have troubled himself to interfere, as the populace consider that such doings are always commanded by some great man, whose orders ought to be respected. Meantime, the bravos hurried Rubini down to the beach, with the intention of poniarding him, and throwing him into the sea. Rubini commended his soul to God, in the firm belief that he should never again sing a cavatina in this world. At that moment, one of his executioners recognised him. This worthy was a *dilettante* in low life, a perfect fanatic in music and singing, a species of *lazzarone*, who had once begged orders of Rubini as he went into the theatre, and struck by the man's passion for music, Rubini had good-naturedly given him a free entrance. Never were free tickets better disposed of, for they certainly saved the finely-organised throat of Rubini from destruction; the musical brigand not only relaxed his murderous clutch from the said tuneful throat but told Rubini what he had been hired to do, whom he had offended, and the nature of the offence, advising him to be more careful while he remained in Sicily. It is to the susceptibility of this brigand's ears that we owe the safety of the throat of Rubini, a thief insensible to the charm of melody would have cut it without mercy. Bonetti, a former first tenor at Palermo, was not so fortunate; he paid with his life the penalty of suspicion: it is thus that the nobles of Palermo treat their rivals in love.

Directly after this adventure, Rubini returned to Naples, before the conclusion of the year 1819. He found, as a debutante on the theatrical boards, Mademoiselle Chomel, a scholar of the Parisian *Conservatoire*. Rubini heard her in "Gianni de Parigi," an opera of Morlacchi: he was so enchanted with her voice and style of execution, that he recommended Barbaja not to part with her, but to engage her for Naples, instead of Bergamo and Palermo, whither her destination was. Barbaja followed his advice, and Mademoiselle Chomel was the ornament of the Neapolitan stage for two years, during which time she so often played *Rosina* to Rubini's *Almaviva*, and their hands were so often joined before the fall of the curtain, that they at last took it into their heads to ratify this marriage in good earnest, and Mademoiselle Chomel became Madame Rubini.

In 1824, Barbaja lost the direction of the Naples theatres; nevertheless, he did not relinquish the engagements of his singers, but carried to Vienna the most finished and numerous company that had perhaps ever met together. Among his tenors he could reckon Davide, Rubini, Donzelli, and Cici-mara; his bases were Lablache, Ambroggi, Botticelli, and Bassi. He had nine *prima donnas*, who had attained, or since have acquired, great names: these were, Madames Rubini, Mainville Fodor, Eckerlin, Ungher, Dardanelli, Grimbaum, and Mademoiselles Sontag, Giudetta Grisi, and Mombelli. At this time, Mercadante wrote "Il Podesta di Burgos,"

whose *libretto* is an imitation of the "Alcaide of Molorio," by Picard. In this piece Rubini, Lablache, and Madame Mainville Fodor, undertook the principal parts. The opera was received at the imperial capital of Austria with great applause; and notwithstanding his competition with such constellations of talent, Rubini made daily progress in public favour.

The time at length came, when Rubini appeared at Paris, whether his reputation had preceded him. His *début* was made at the theatre Favant, October 6, 1825, in the part of *Ramiro* in the "Cenerentola:" the sensation he excited by singing a cavatina of Raimonda will not be easily forgotten. After six months Barbaja again recalled him, to the great regret of his Parisian audiences. He obtained from the French journalists unbounded commendations, and the title of *King of the Tenors*.

He divided the year 1826 between Naples and Milan; it was at the latter city that Bellini wrote for him the fine part of *Gualtiero* in "Il Pirata." The year 1827 he was engaged at Vienna and at Milan.

Donizetti composed "Anna Bolena," and Bellini "La Sonnambula;" they were both first performed at the theatre Carcano. Rubini, Galli, and Madame Pasta, supported the principal characters in these celebrated pieces.

The quality of Rubini's marvellous voice had been gradually improving for the last six years, and had not, perhaps, reached its present exquisite tone till this season, when Bellini and Donizetti, taking advantage of his peculiar and original powers, composed some of their celebrated melodies to suit his flexible talent.

His first appearance in London was in the character of *Gualtiero* in "Il Pirata," while his wife played the part of *Imogene*. Their success was so decided, that they were summoned on the scene after the opera: a testimonial not very common from an English audience. Madame Rubini could with her own talents have supported a less gifted partner; but Rubini was desirous that she should give up the fatigues of a theatrical life; and as they have no family to provide for, he thinks his own exertions sufficient for the task of realising their fortune. For fifteen years Rubini and his wife were entangled by the claims of Barbaja, who disposed of their persons and voices as he pleased. It is true that this manager yielded Rubini's talents to the principal capitals of Europe, but this was for his own most enormous profit; for instance, when Rubini has been paid the sum of 125,000 francs for the services of himself and his wife, only 60,000 found their way to these performers; the rest was devoured by the manager at Naples, whose bond-people they were.

This statement ought a little to ameliorate the angry feeling that is often manifested by the English public, when their journalists comment on the immense sums received by foreign artists for the exertion of their vocal powers, when we find that the chief part of these enormous proceeds are absorbed by those who have undertaken to bring forward and make known those rare talents which give exquisite delight to an audience; and when we consider that the cruel catarrhs, which are the scourge of our island, often entirely destroy the delicate organs on which depend the peculiar tone of a fine voice, and this painful malady frequently seizes the unhappy patient at the moment when exertion is most called for, we shall find that England is not quite the paradise for foreign

performers, which it has been usually represented to be by our periodical press.

The height of Rubini is but five feet three inches; but his figure is extremely good and well proportioned, and his talents are decidedly dramatic; and when a glimpse of talent in the Italian drama will admit it, our singer becomes an excellent actor. His voice is a true *contraltino*, an elevated tenor, rising from the note *mi* to *ut*, of the voice from the chest, and prolonged to *la* in the *fausset* treble. Wonderful facility, powerful volume, and a delicious *timbre*, with soul-subduing pathos, characterises this astonishing voice. There is a sort of trembling on the sustained notes, which, instead of being considered a defect, is found greatly to augment the pathetic expression for which this singer is so highly famed.

It is only since the last five years that Rubini has been free from the bondage of Barbaja, and consequently capable of reaping the benefit of his own talents. He has divided his professional exertions since that time between London and Paris; and has held a distinguished place in all great musical re-unions and professional performances in both countries.—*Lady's Magazine*, 1836.

THE SINGING ACADEMY, BERLIN.

The singing academy, which was erected four years ago by the members of the leading amateur musical society of Berlin, as a concert-hall and a school for the study of sacred music, has altogether the air of a simple Grecian temple. The facade is ornamented with corinthian pilasters, without any portico. The interior is most tastefully and appropriately decorated. The orchestra is formed like an amphitheatre, and is capable of holding three hundred chorists and instrumentalists. The building, it is said, cost 80,000 thalers. The society, which is composed of the first singers, musicians, and poets of the city, meets in this building twice a week, to take part in or listen to, the masses of Allegri, or Jomelli, the mottets and fugues of Bach, Haydn, and Mozart, or the oratorios of Handel, Grann, Spohr, and Beethoven. At the school there are about three hundred regular students, under the superintendence of Herr Teltel, whose solid abilities as a professor are best illustrated from the manner in which his pupils strike off a mass or mottet. From the pupils singing so frequently together they have arrived at the most perfect *ensemble*; and I can assure you, that after one has listened to the manner in which the vocalists at the *Singakademie* get through the difficult modulations and enharmonic transitions of a movement by Spohr, he will be obliged to confess, that always excepting the *Miserere* of the Sistine Chapel at Rome, the art of singing sacred music can be carried no farther than it is here.—*Strang's Letters from Germany*, 1831.

SCOTCH MUSIC.—The Glengary pibroch is not a singular instance of a ruthless tribe priding themselves upon deeds of the blackest perfidy and atrocity. The tune, "Lesley among the Leiths," took its name from being played for a dancing party, in which a Lesley, whose family was at feud with the Leiths, chanced to be mingled with individuals of the obnoxious name. The hereditary rage burst forth at contact with the hated blood; and Lesley, literally like a frantic Indian running "a muck," drew his dirk, and danced on in fury, striking to each side, and laying his enemies dead and wounded at his feet. He threw open a window, leapt out, and escaped; and the glory of this action is commemorated by the name given to the tune.

TIME'S SONG.

O'er the level plain, where mountains
Greet me as I go,
O'er the desert waste, where fountains
At my bidding flow,
On the boundless beam by day,
On the cloud by night,
I am rushing hence away;
Who will chain my flight?
War his wary watch was keeping;
I have crush'd his spear;
Grief within her bower was weeping,
I have dried her tear;
Pleasure caught a minute's hold—
Then I hurried by,
Leaving all her banquet cold,
And her goblet dry.

Power had won a throne of glory—
Where is now his fame?
Genius said—"I live in story;"
Who hath heard his name?
Love, beneath a myrtle bough,
Whisper'd—"Why so fast?"
And the roses on his brow
Wither'd as I pass'd.

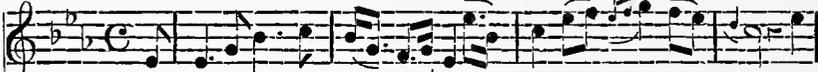
I have heard the heifer lowing
O'er the wild wave's bed,
I have seen the billow flowing
Where the cattle fed;
Where began my wanderings?
Memory will not say;
Where will rest my weary wings?
Science turns away.

American Paper.

THE BROOM OF COWDENKNOWES.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Corfe.

SOPRANO.  How blythe ilk morn was I to see My swain come o'er the hill, He

ALTO. 

TENOR.  How blythe ilk morn was I to see My swain come o'er the hill, He

BASS. 

 skipt the burn and flew to me, I met him with good will. O the broom, the



 skipt the burn and flew to me, I met him with good will. O the broom, the



honnie honnie broom, The broom of Cow-den - knowes, I wish I were with

bon - nie broom, The broom o' Cow-den - knowes, I wish I were with

Detailed description: This is the first system of a musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style.

my dear swain, With his pipe and my ewes. his pipe and my ewes.

my dear swain with his pipe and my ewes. his pipe and my ewes.

Detailed description: This is the second system of the musical score. It consists of four staves. The top staff is the vocal line, with lyrics underneath. The second staff is a treble clef accompaniment. The third staff is a vocal line with lyrics underneath. The fourth staff is a bass clef accompaniment. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is 3/4. The music is in a simple, folk-like style. There are first and second endings marked above the top staff.

How blythe, ilk morn was I to see
 My swain come ower the hill!
 He skipt the burn and flew to me:
 I met him with good will.
 Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!
 The broom of Cowdenknowes!
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.

I wanted neither ewe nor lamb,
 While his flock near me lay;
 He gather'd in my sheep at night,
 And cheer'd me a' the day.

He tuned his pipe, and play'd sae sweet,
 The birds sat listening bye;
 E'en the dull cattle stood and gazed,
 Charm'd with the melody.

While thus we spent our time, by turns
 Betwixt our flocks and play,
 I envied not the fairest dame,
 Though e'er so rich or gay.

Hard fate that I should banish'd be,
 Gang heavily, and mourn,
 Because I loved the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.

He did oblige me every hour;
 Could I but faithful be?
 He stole my heart; could I refuse
 What'e'er he ask'd of me?

My doggie, and my little kit,
 That held my wee soup whey,
 My plaidie, brooch, and crookit stick,
 May now lie useles bye.

Adieu, ye Cowdenknowes, adien!
 Fareweel, a' pleasures there!
 Ye gods, restore me to my swain—
 Is a' I crave or care.

Oh, the broom, the bonnie, bonnie broom!
 The broom o' the Cowdenknowes!
 I wish I were with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes

EV'RY BUSH NEW SPRINGING.

MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES.

Michael Cavendish, 1598.

Allegro. f

1st SOPRANO. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev' - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

2d SOPRANO. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev' - ry bird now singing, *f* chanting tro li lo

ALTO, or 3d SOPRANO. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev' - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

TENOR. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev' - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

BASS. *f* Ev'ry bush new springing, *p* Ev' - ry bird now singing, *f* merri - ly sat poor

Ev'ry bush new springing, Ev' - ry bird now singing,

Ni - cho chanting tro li lo, lo li lo li lo, lo li lo li lo, Till her he had es -

lo li lo li lo lo, merri - ly sat poor Ni - cho, Ni - cho. Till her he had es -

Ni - cho, chant - ing tro li lo, lo li lo, lo li lo. Till her he had es -

Ni - cho, chant - ing tro li lo li lo, lo li lo, Till her he had es -

chant ing tro li lo li lo, lo li lo,

f
pied, on whom his hopes relied, Down, a-down with a frown she pull'd him with a frown she pull'd

f
pied on whom his hopes relied, down, a-down a down, down with a frown she

f
pied, on whom his hopes relied, down, down, a down, a-down, down, down with a frown she

f
pied, on whom his hopes relied, down, a-down, down, down, with a frown she pull'd him

p *f*
on whom his hopes re - lied, down, a-down, a-down, down, down, a - down with a frown she

1st. *p* 2d.
- - - him down, down, down, down, a - down, down, a-down, down, Till down.

p
pull'd him down, down, a down, down - - a-down, down, down, Till down.

p
pull'd him down, down, down, down, down, down, Till down.

p
she pull'd him down, down, down, down - - down, a-down, down, Till down.

pull'd him down, a-down, down, down, down, down.

THE YOUNG WHO IN WISDOM.

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

The musical score is for a round for four voices, set in 6/8 time. It consists of two staves of music. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat (B-flat). The melody starts on a G4 note. The lyrics under the first staff are: "The young who in wis - dom and vir - tue en - gage,". The second staff continues the melody, starting on a B-flat4 note. The lyrics under the second staff are: "Store com - fort for manhood, and peace for old age." There are four numbered measures (1, 2, 3, 4) indicated above the notes, corresponding to the four voices mentioned in the title.

WEBER.

A Dresden letter, of the 8th of June (1844), states that the son of Weber, the composer, was on the point of setting out for London to bring back the mortal remains of his father, deposited in the Catholic chapel in Moorfields, the clergy of which have generously offered to pay the whole expence of the transport, while a committee of professional musicians and dilettanti has been formed for receiving the body of the great maestro with all solemnity, for conducting it to the general cemetery, and for erecting a monument to the memory of the author of "Der Freischutz" of suitable magnificence.

THE DIFFERENCE OF STYLE BETWEEN ITALIAN AND ENGLISH SINGERS.

The Italians address all their early efforts to the formation of a rich, sweet, liquid, or in one word, mellifluous tone, which is produced in one uniform method, always brought from the same place, and though regulated as to quality, and transmuted to a certain extent by the force of various expression, according to the sentiment and occasion, yet preserves sufficiently the reigning quality of its original nature to preclude those disagreeable effects, so fatal to the kindling train of emotion, which arise from the distinct and palpable differences to be observed in singers imperfectly educated in this grand respect. To this end the scale of an Italian singer is completely formed and *fixed* before the master ventures a single step beyond this first, this important, this indispensable postulation in fine execution.

Here it is that English singers first feel the want of a patient persevering course of instruction. They quit this elementary but fundamental and essential part of their practice too soon. The consequence is, that quality, precision, purity, and uniformity of voicing, are often, nay generally wanting. The power of producing tone in exactly such quantities as is required—that commanding faculty of increasing from the smallest perceptible sound to the loudest volume, or diminishing by the same just gradation, is seldom attained, and of course the voicing becomes crude, uncertain, and unfinished, and not unfrequently the intonation is not so sure as consists with the species of practice the Italians practise and pursue.

Among the Italian modes of expression, which depend upon the combination of what may be called idiomatic notions with peculiar technical means—the method of *carrying* the voice from one note to

another, particularly on distant intervals, must immediately arrest attention. They use it to convey tenderness or pathos, and it comes upon ears accustomed to Italian taste with singular beauty and effect. They execute this ornament *sotto voce*, and with great delicacy. But it is certainly proper to themselves, certainly national. Genuine English style unquestionably rejects this grace. To English ears it sounds too effeminately—too like the drawl of affectation, and indeed unless done with excessive precision and delicacy, and unless applied with consummate skill and taste, it has such an effect. If in the least degree too loud, it deforms and reduces the passion and passage it is intended to elevate and adorn.

The third and most general and striking difference to be observed between Italian and English style, lies in the superior force and transition employed by the Italians when compared with the English. The former often concentrate their utmost power upon a word, and as immediately sink into the softest and most delicious languour. The sober, subdued, and *chaste* tenor of English singing has not hitherto admitted such rapid and powerful putting forth or reduction of the voice. But this too we should say is the national and the natural difference in the language of passion. The Italians kindle suddenly, feel intensely, and utter what they feel as they feel it. The English are slower both in their apprehension and in their expression. And last, not least, all the great Italian singers we hear are trained to the theatre—to the production of dramatic effect, which raises their elocution and varies the colouring which they give by tone. Our greatest English singers, on the contrary, are called upon to exhibit their purest and finest specimens of ability in the Orchestra, and before audiences whose peculiar notions of propriety would revolt at anything bordering upon the manner of the theatre. Again, the songs which the really scientific part of the English nation has so long been accustomed to admire, have been drawn principally from the sacred works of Handel, with casual interspersions of Purcell, and Arne, and have been sung in a style traditionally delivered from the composer himself through the successive generations of singers. It is only within the last twenty years that the public have begun to relish or even desire the airs of any other composer. This traditional style is as wholly freed from Italian modes of expression as from the force and effect of the theatre.—*From an Article in the Musical Quarterly Review.*

COME HONEST FRIENDS.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Ives (1652.)

1
Come honest friends and jo - vial boys follow, follow, follow, follow

2
Jo - vial boys and hon - est friends, follow, follow, follow, follow

3
Ho - nest friends come fol - low me, jo - vial boys come

fol - low, follow me and sing this catch, and sing this catch,

me, come follow me and sing this catch, and sing this catch, and sing this

fol - low, follow me and sing this catch, and sing this catch,

and sing this catch, and sing this catch mer - ry mer - ri - ly. 2

catch, and sing this catch, and sing this catch mer - ry mer - ri - ly. 3

and sing this catch, sing this catch mer - ry mer - ri - ly. 1

LOVE TURN'D TO HATRED.

I will not love one minute more, I swear,
No, not a minute; not a sigh or tear
Thou get'st from me, or one kind look again,
Though thou should'st court me to't, and would'st
begin,
I will not think of thee, but as men do
Of debts and sins, and then I'll curse thee too ;
No. 88.

For thy sake, woman shall be now to me
Less welcome, than at midnight ghost shall be.
I'll hate so perfectly, that it shall be
Treason to love that man that loves a she ;
Nay, I will hate the very good, I swear,
That's in thy sex, because it does lie there ;
Their very virtue, grace, discourse, and wit,
And all for thee ; WHAT, WILT THOU LOVE ME YET ?"
Sir John Suckling,

OH WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST.

C. Krebs.

Allegretto. *f*

mf

Oh wert thou in the
Waer' ich mit dir, auf

f *p dol.* *f*

cauld blast on yon-der lea, on yon-der lea, My plaidie to the an-gry airt, I'd
jener Hoch' In Re-gen-fluth, in Re-gen-fluth, Mit meinem Man-tel schirmtich dich Vor

p dol. *cres.* *f*

shel-ter thee, I'd shel-ter thee; Or did mis - fortune's bit - ter storms a-round thee blaw, a-
Sturmeswuth, vor Sturmeswuth. Ja drohte Liebchen Missgeschick Dir grimm und wild, dir

poco ritard.

round thee blaw, Thy grim und wild, Mein bield should be my treu - er Bu - sen bo - som, To diente dir, Zu share it a', to share it sicherm Schild, zu si - cherm

Ped.

cres. *f*

a'. Schild. Or Ja did drohte mis - fortune's Liebchen bit - ter Missgeschick Around thee blaw, a - round thee blaw, Thy dir grim und wild, dir grim und wild, Mein

cres. *f*

ritard.

bield should be my treu - er Bu - sen bo - som, To diente dir, Zu share it a', to share it sicherm Schild, zu si - cherm Schild.

Ped. *rit.*

fz *Dal segno.*

Ped. *Ped.*

Or were I in the wildest waste,
 Sae black und bare, sae black and bare,
 The desert were a paradise,
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there:
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,
 The brightest jewel in my crown
 Wad he my queen, wad be my queen.

Wohnt ich, wo grau der Himmel waer'
 Und karg das Land, uod karg das Laad,
 Mir schien' die Wuest' ein Paradies
 An deiner Hand, an deiner Hand I
 Und wär ich Koenig dieser Welt,
 Du, Suesse, mein, du, Suesse, mein,
 Die reinste Perl' im Diadem
 Waerst du allein, waerst du allein.

It is too late for us to declare the universality of the genius of Robert Burns, as though it were a newly discovered fact. That was felt synchronously with the publication of the first edition of his works. His writings, while they were thoroughly Scottish, at the same time possessed so eminently the power of awakening the best sympathies of humanity, that they thenceforward procured for their inspired author the high title of interpreter of the heart's language, and the truthful bard of nature. In every country where Britain's literature has been permitted to shed its benign influence, there have the songs of Burns, the Glorious Ploughman, become the language of love, of sympathy, of affection, and of duty. His bitter denunciations of aristocratic pride and assumption, of aristocratic truculence and servility, have been conund when they dared not be openly spoken; his faithful pictures of nature have become chosen models for imitation; his great and honest independence has become a motive with noble men; and his verses fraught with hope have soothed the depressed and bowed spirit when all other sources of comfort have been tried and found wanting.

We have been led into this by no means new train of reflection, from perusing the foregoing air and song. The song "Liebchen ueber Alles," by W. Gerhard, a German poet, is more an imitation than a translation of Burn's song "O wert thou in the cauld blast," but this may be from the difficulty of rendering the metaphor and idiom of the Scottish into the German language. W. Gerhard has translated a selection from the songs of Burns, which are very popular on the continent, and Carl Krebs, Kapell-meister, Hamburg, one of the best living German song-composers, has written music for a number of these. The musician in this instance has produced a simple and pleasing melody, but the spirit of it is not in keeping with that of Burns' song, that, however, could hardly be expected, as it was composed for the German not for the Scottish song. "Oh wert thou in the cauld blast" is usually sung to the old Scottish melody, "The Lass of Livingston," which we give below. We may mention that the present is the first of a series of specimens from the works of the best modern song-composers of Germany which we intend from time to time to present to our subscribers.—
 Ed. B. M.

THE LASS OF LIVINGSTON.



LINES

ON A PIECE OF SCULPTURE ENTITLED "THE BLIND TEACHING THE BLIND."

ADDRESSED TO J. FILLANS, ESQ.

Say, Fillans, if thy noble art can charm
 Earth's elements to bright and glowing form?
 Or has thy god-like genius power to tell
 Where, in some mountain's marble bondage, dwell
 Beings of light, and prophet-like command
 Th' obedient rock to yield thy glorious band
 Of men and angels forth, to bless our clime
 With truth and beauty, through all coming time?

What magic power produced this sainted pair,
 Which, steeped in beauty, glow divinely there;
 Clothed in all heavenly dreaming that descends
 In a soft silvery shower of light, which blends
 In melting sympathy with human thought!
 Gazing on these, we weep—the heart full fraught
 With love! That radiant head—these sightless eyes,
 Still heaven-directed, commune with the skies;

As if, in golden tones, some angel bright
 Whispered the soul away to realms of light:
 That rising bosom heaves its silent prayer
 Through parted lips, which woo the listening air:
 These trembling fingers, with perception fine,
 Stray o'er that sacred page of truth divine;
 With quick inquiring sense, still feel the way
 Through words of promise to eternal day;
 And gifted eyes can see the soul prepare,
 On lofty wing, to mount th' aspiring air.

O! there are moments when the heart will prove
 A joyous thing, which pours its fervid love
 In flowing song; and, when th' entranced sight
 Rejoices all in sweet celestial light—
 Th' enraptured ear with heavenly music teems,
 And then we own this world, a world of dreams;
 Past, present, and to come, no cares annoy,
 Creation swims in seas of cloudless joy—
 Soft, balmy odours breathe a charmed air,
 To soothe each sense the soul confesses there;
 And round that fragrant pair, in gifted hour,
 Has Fillans flung this heaven-inspiring power!

A. D. Robertson.

FUNERAL ANTHEM.

Largo. Sym.

Ernestus William Wolf.

SOPRANO.

Saints and an - gels join'd in con - cert,

ALTO.

Saints and an - gels join'd in con - cert,

TENOR.

Saints and an - gels join'd in con - cert,

BASS.

Saints and an - gels join'd in con - cert, Sing the

Sing the prais - es of the Lamb,

Sing the prais - es of the Lamb,

Sing the prais - es of the Lamb, While the

prais - es of the Lamb, While the bliss - ful

While the bliss - ful seats of heaven, Sweet - ly e - cho

While the bliss - ful bliss - ful seats of heaven Sweet - ly e - cho

blissful bliss - ful bliss - ful seats of heaven

bliss - ful seats, while the blissful seats of heaven

with his name, sweetly e - cho with his name!

with his name, sweetly e - cho with his name! while the

sweetly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful

sweetly e - cho with his name, while the bliss - ful bliss - ful

while the bliss - ful seats of heaven,

biss - ful bliss - ful seats of heaven,

seats, while the bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with his

seats, while the bliss - fu seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with his

sweet - ly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

sweet - ly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

name sweetly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

name sweetly e - cho with his name. Saints and an - gels join'd in

con - cert sing the prais - - - - es

con - cert sing the prais - es of - - the Lamb,

con - cert

con - cert sing the

sing the prais - es of the Lamb, while the blissful, bliss - ful

sing the prais - es of the Lamb, while the bliss - ful

prais - - - - es .

while the

hr
seats, the bliss - ful seats of heaven

seats, the bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his

bliss - ful, bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his

while the bliss - ful seats of heaven

sweet - ly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful
 name, sweetly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful seats, the
 name, sweetly e - cho with his name! while the bliss - ful, bliss - ful seats, the
 sweet - ly e - cho with his name! while the

bliss - ful seats of heaven *tr* sweet - ly
 bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his name, sweetly
 bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly e - cho with - - his name, sweetly
 bliss - ful seats of heaven sweet - ly

e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name!
 e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name.
 e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name!
 e - cho with his name, His sa - ving name!

LADDIE, OH, LEAVE ME.

Words by Joseph M'Gregor.

Slow, with expression.

Old air.

Down whar the burnie rins wimplin and cheer - ie, When love's star was smilin', I

met wi' my dearie, Ah! vain was its smilin', she wad na be - lieve me, But

cried wi' a saucy air, Laddie, Oh, leave me, leave me, leave me, Laddie, Oh, leave me.

Down whar the burnie rins wimplin and cheerie,
When love's star was smilin', I met wi' my dearie;
Ah! vain was its smilin', she wadna believe me,
But cried wi' a saucy air, "Laddie, Oh! leave me,
"Leave me, leave me, laddie, Oh! leave me."

"I've lo'ed thee o'er truly to seek a new dearie,
I've lo'ed thee o'er fondly, through life e'er to weary,
I've lo'ed thee o'er lang, love, at last to deceive
thee,
Look cauldly or kindly, but bid me not leave thee."
Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

"There's nae ither saft e'e that fills me wi' pleasure,
There's nae ither rose-lip has half o' its treasure,
There's nae ither bower, love, shall ever receive me,
Till death break this fond heart—oh, then I maun
leave thee."

Leave thee, leave thee, &c.

The tears o'er her cheeks ran like dew from red roses,
What hope to the lover one tear-drop discloses;
I kiss'd them, and blest her, at last to relieve me
She yielded her hand, and sigh'd, "Oh! never leave me."
Leave me, leave me, &c.

EXTRAORDINARY MUSICAL TALENT.

A labouring man, named Shadrack Chapman, who resides at Draycott, near Wells, in Somersetshire, who has nothing but his wages as an agricultural day labourer to subsist on, and who has never received the smallest instruction in music, has composed a series of anthems, psalm tunes, and sacred pieces of music, arranged for two, three, and four voices, several of which contain merit of the highest order. The author of these works is self-taught by perseverance, and, surmounting the most incredible difficulties, he has acquired a perfect knowledge of the rules of harmony, thorough

bass, fugue, and counterpoint. This knowledge may rather be called practical than theoretical, as it has been acquired by finding out the rules by which the masters have written, from a perusal of their music, and not from the study of works of instruction. Amongst the pieces composed by Chapman are several fugues, that for grammatical accuracy might have done credit to the old masters. The poor man has been taken by the hand by a benevolent clergyman, who is publishing several of his works at a small charge. Chapman plays no instrument, but so accurate is his ear that he can correctly call every note, including the flats and sharps, as they are sounded.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

ORIGIN AND PROGRESS OF THE
CONCERT SPIRITUEL.

In the year 1725, Philidor, *Musicien de la chambre du Roi*, and elder brother to the celebrated composer of that name, obtained from M. Francine, then manager of the Opera, permission to give a series of concerts on those days in the Lent season on which there was no operatic performance. This grant was made to Philidor by a contract for three years, the term commencing on the 17th of March, 1725, for the consideration of a thousand livres each season,—under the restriction, however, of his not permitting, on the nights of his sacred performances, any pieces in the French language nor any operatic melodies, to be sung. The same composer afterwards obtained permission to give this *Concert Spirituel* in the palace of the Tuileries, in the private theatre of which it long continued to take place. He afterwards obtained from M. Francine a renewal of his contract for three years more, in which the former inhibition respecting the use of French words and secular airs was excluded. In 1728, Philidor ceded his privilege to M. Simand. Six years afterwards, the *Academie Royale de Musique* took the management of these

concerts into their own hands. In 1741, M. Thuret, at that time manager of the Opera, confirmed the license for six years to M. Royer, for a consideration of six thousand livres per annum; which contract, in the year 1749, was renewed for fourteen years. At the death of M. Royer, in 1755, M. Mondonville undertook the *Concert Spirituel*, for the benefit of the widow and children of the former proprietor; after which, in 1762, he was succeeded by M. D'Anvergne. In 1773, the management passed into the hands of M. Garviniés, who in 1777 resigned the concern, in a highly improved state, into the hands of M. Legros, and his associate M. Berthame. The concert soon afterwards began to decline, and the embarrassed conductors were compelled to resign their charge. It afterwards, however, revived under a more fortunate, if not more able superintendence; and continued to flourish till the epoch of the Revolution, when, together with every other concert, it ceased; but was afterwards restored at the *Theatre Feydeau*. Here the *Concert Spirituel* was conducted with the highest success by Messrs. Garat and Wabonne, till it became incorporated with the *Conservatoire*, where it still continues.

WERE I LIKE A MONARCH TO REIGN.

Andante.

DUET.

Webbe.

Were I like a monarch to reign, - Were graces, were
 Were I like a monarch to reign, Were
 graces my subjects to be, I'd leave them and fly to the plain - -
 graces my subjects to be, I'd leave them and fly to the plain - -
 - - - To dwell in a cottage with thee. But if I must
 - - - To dwell in a cottage with thee. But if I must feel, must

feel your dis - dain, If tears, if tears can - not cru - el - ty drown, O

feel your dis - dain, If tears, if tears can - not cru - el - ty drown, O

let me not live in this pain, - - O let me not live, not

let me not live in this pain, O let me not

live in this pain, But give me my death in a frown.

live in this pain, But give me my death in a frown.

THE FISHERMAN'S GLEE.

Words by Miss Baillie.

Moderate.

W. Rhodes, Sheffield.

No fish stir in our heav - ing net, And the sky is

No fish stir in our heav - ing net, And the sky is

dark, and the night is wet; And we must ply our lust - y

oar, For the tide is eb - bing from the shore, from -

oar For the tide is ebbing from

For the tide is eb - bing from - - the shore,

the shore; And sad are they whose fag - gots burn, And sad are

the shore, And sad are they whose fag - gots burn, And sad are

from the shore,

they whose fag - gots burn, So kind - ly stirr'd for our re - turn, for our, for

they whose fag - gots burn, So kind - ly stirr'd for our re - turn, for our, for

Vigorouso. *ff*

our re - turn. Our boat is small, and the tem - pest raves, the

Our boat is small, and the tem - pest raves, the

our re - turn. Our boat is small, and the tem - pest raves, the

tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, And nought is

tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, And nought is

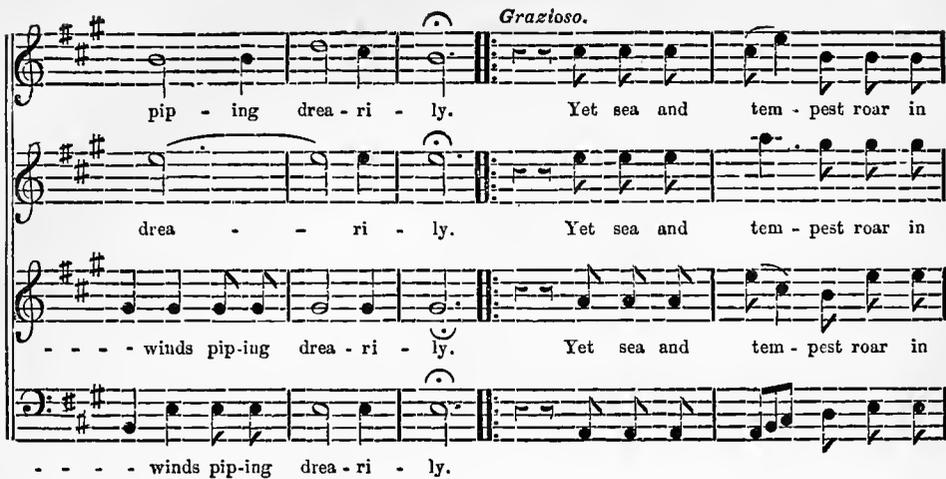
tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, the tem - pest raves, And nought is

heard but the lash - - - - - ing
 heard but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing
 heard but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing waves, but the lash - ing
 heard but the lash - - - - - ing waves, but the lash - ing

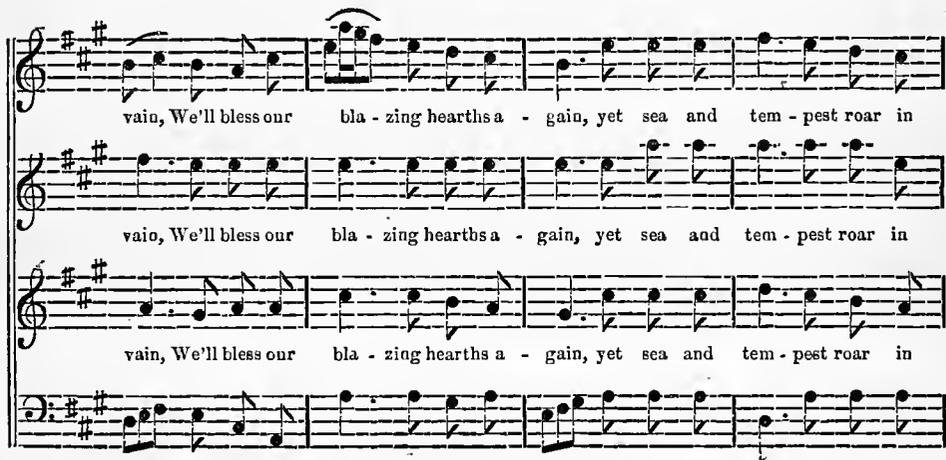
waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -
 waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -
 waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -
 waves, And the sul - len roar of the an - gry sea, And the wild - -

- - - winds, and the wild winds piping drea - ri - ly, wild winds, and the wild wind;
 - - - winds, and the wild winds piping drea - ri - ly, wild winds pip - ing
 - - - winds, and the wild
 - - - winds, and the wild

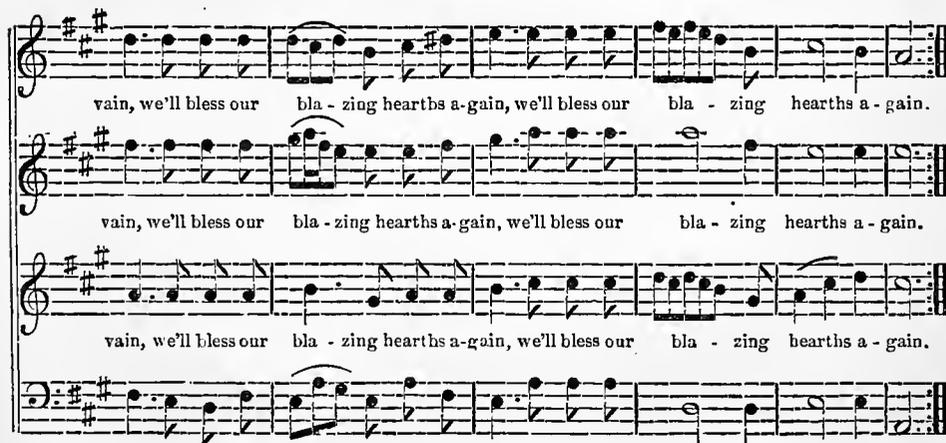
Grazioso.



pip - ing drea - ri - ly. Yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 drea - - ri - ly. Yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 - - - winds pip - ing drea - ri - ly. Yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 - - - winds pip - ing drea - ri - ly.



vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in
 vain, We'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, yet sea and tem - pest roar in



vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.
 vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.
 vain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain, we'll bless our bla - zing hearths a - gain.

I LOVED THEE BEAUTIFUL AND KIND.

Words by Lord Nugent.
Andante.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Battishill.

1 I loved thee beau-ti-ful and
2 And plighted, plighted an e-ter-nal
3 So al-ter'd are thy face and mind, So al-ter'd
kind, And plight-ed an e-ter-nal vow, and
vow, I loved - - I loved thee beau-ti-ful and kind, And plight-
are thy face and mind, 'Twere per-ju-ry to love thee now, to love thee
plight-ed an e-ter-nal vow.
- - - ed, plight-ed an e-ter-nal vow.
now, 'twere per-ju-ry to love thee, love thee now.

HAYDN AND MRS. LATROBE.

This great composer, upon his first visit to the British Metropolis, called at the house of Mr. Latrobe, whom he had known in his native country; but this gentleman being out, and Mrs. Latrobe as much at a loss to comprehend the German language as Haydn was to converse in English, they were both in a dilemma for the moment; when Haydn,

casting his eye round the room, espied a portrait of himself on the wall, and exclaimed with great emphasis, pointing alternately to the picture and then to himself—"Guiseppè Haydn! Guiseppè Haydn!"—the likeness being immediately recognised by the lady, she made a token to Haydn to be seated. Mr. Latrobe was sent for, and soon returning, received his distinguished visitor with great delight and hearty congratulations.

POOR JOHNNY'S DEAD.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Largo. *Dr. Hayes.*

1 Poor Johnny's dead, I hear his knell, bim, bim, bim, bome, bell.

2 Bome, home, bim, home, beli.

3 The bell doth toll, O may his soul in peace for e - ver dwell.

BRIGHT MOMENTS.

One of the most elegant and agreeable persons I ever saw was Miss Porter, and I think her conversation more delightful to remember than any person's I ever knew. Sir Martin Shee told me that he remembered her when she was his beautiful of female beauty; but in those days she was more "fancy rapt," and gave in less to the current and spirit of society. Age has made her, if it may be so expressed, less selfish in her use of thought, and she pours it forth, like Pactolus—that gold which is sand from others. She is still what I should call a handsome woman; or, if that be not allowed, she is the wreck of more than a common allotment of beauty, and looks it. Her person is remarkably erect, her eyes and eyelids (in this latter resembling Scott) very heavily moulded, and her smile is beautiful. It strikes me that it always is so—where it ever was. The smile seems to be the work of the soul.

I have passed months under the same roof with Miss Porter, and nothing gave me more pleasure than to find the company in that hospitable house dwindled to a "fit audience tho' few," and gathered around the figure in deep mourning which occupied the warmest corner of the sofa. In any vein, and apropos to the gravest and the gayest subject, her well-stored mind and memory flowed forth in the same rich current of mingled story and reflection, and I never saw an impatient listener beside her. I recollect, one evening, a lady singing "Auld Robin Gray," and some one remarking, (rather un sentimentally) at the close, "By the by, what is Lady —, (the authoress of the ballad,) doing with so many carpenters. Berkeley-Square is quite deafened with their hammering!" "Apropos of carpenters and Lady —," said Miss Porter, "this same charming ballad-writer owes something to the craft. She was better born than provided with the gifts of fortune, and in her younger days, was once on a visit to a noble house, when to her dismay a large and fashionable company arrived, who brought with them a mania for private theatricals. Her wardrobe was very slender, barely sufficient for the ordinary events of a week-day, and her purse contained only one solitary shilling.

To leave the house was out of the question, to feign illness as much so, and to decline taking a part was impossible, for her talent and sprightliness were the hope of the theatre. A part was cast for her, and, in despair, she excused herself from the gay party bound to the country-town to make purchases of silk and satin, and shut herself up, a prey to mortified low spirits. The character required a smart village dress, and it certainly did not seem that it could come out of a shilling. She sat at her window, biting her lips, and turning over in her mind whether she could borrow of some one, when her attention was attracted to a carpenter, who was employed in the construction of a stage in the large hall, and who, in the court below, was turning off from his plane broad and long shavings of a peculiarly striped wood. It struck her that it was like ribbon. The next moment she was below, and begged of the man to give her half a dozen lengths as smooth as he could shave them. He performed his task well, and depositing them in her apartment, she set off alone on horse-back to the village, and with her single shilling, succeeded in purchasing a chip hat, of the coarsest fabric. She carried it home, exultingly, trimmed it with her pine shavings, and on the evening of performance, appeared with a white dress, and hat, and helt ribands which were the envy of the audience. The success of her invention gave her spirits and assurance, and she played to admiration. The sequel will justify my first remark. She made a conquest on that night of one of her titled auditors, whom she afterwards married. You will allow that Lady —, may afford to be tolerant of carpenters."

An eminent clergyman one evening became the subject of conversation, and a wonder was expressed that he had never married. "That wonder," said Miss Porter, "was once expressed to the reverend gentleman himself in my bearing, and he told a story in answer which I will tell you—and perhaps, slight as it may seem, it is the history of other hearts as sensitive and delicate as his own. Soon after his ordination, he preached, once every Sabbath, for a clergyman in a small village not twenty miles from London. Among his auditors, from Sunday to Sunday, he observed a young lady, who always

occupied a certain seat, and whose close attention began insensibly to grow to him an object of thought and pleasure. She left the church as soon as service was over, and it so chanced that he went on for a year without knowing her name, but his sermon was never written without many a thought how she would approve it, nor preached with satisfaction unless he read approbation in her face. Gradually he came to think of her at other times than when writing sermons, and to wish to see her on other days than Sundays—but the weeks slipped on, and though he fancied that she grew paler and thinner, he never brought himself to the resolution either to ask her name or to seek to speak with her. By these silent steps, however, love had worked into his heart, and he had made up his mind to seek her

acquaintance and marry her, if possible, when one day he was sent for to minister at a funeral. The face of the corpse was the same that had looked up to him Sunday after Sunday, till he had learned to make it a part of his religion and his life. He was unable to perform the service, and another clergyman present officiated; and after she was buried, her father took him aside and begged his pardon for giving him pain—but he could not resist the impulse to tell him that his daughter had mentioned his name with her last breath, and he was afraid that a concealed affection for him had hurried her to the grave. Since that, said the clergyman in question, my heart has been dead within me, and I look forward only. I shall speak to her in heaven."—*The Sunbeam.*

LOVELY BELL.

Words by T. Dibdin.

J. Davy.

Allegretto.

Spring clad in gay est, in gay-est greenest hue, Had rang'd her paint-ed

charms, her painted charms in or - der, The blushing rose and fox-glove

blue, Deck'd hedge and path with va - ried bor-der, 'Twas then of love I

blythely sang, What swain could e-ver love so well, While thro' the glad my ditty rang,

ad lib. *Tempo.*

Sweetest of sweets my lovely Bell, 'Twas then of love I blythely sang, what swain could ever

love so well, While thro' the glade my dit - ty rang, sweetest of sweets my

love-ly Bell, my love-ly, lovely Bell, my love-ly, love ly Bell.

O, then I woo'd the village maid,
 Who smiling heard my honest lay ;
 And o'er the hills, to woodland shade,
 Fearless with me would often stray.

Won by the verse herself inspir'd,
 She join'd love's artless tale to tell,
 And gave me leave, with transport fir'd,
 At church to ring my lovely Bell.

HIS YOKE IS EASY, AND HIS BURTHEN IS LIGHT.

SIXTH CHORUS, FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Handel.

CANTO. His yoke is ea - - - - sy, his burthen is

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

light, his bur-then, his bur-then is light, His yoke is ea

yoke is ea - - - - - sy, his bur-then is light, - - - sy, his burthen is light, his burthen is light, his His yoke is ea

his bur-then is light, his burthen, his his bur-then is light, bur-then, his bur-then, his bur then is light, is light, - - - sy, his bur-then, his bur-then is light,

sy, his bur - then is light,
his yoke is ea - - -
light, his burthen, his bur - then is light,
his burthen is light, his yoke is ea - -

his bur - then is light,
- - - - - sy, his burthen is light, his
his bur - then is
- - - - - sy, his

his burthen, his burthen, his burthen is light, his
burthen, his burthen is light, his burthen is light,
light, his burthen, his burthen is
burthen, his burthen, his burthen, his burthen, his burthen is

yoke is ea - - - - - sy, his bur - then is light,
light, his bur - then is light, his yoke is ea - - - - - sy, his

his bur - then is light, his burthen, his
his bur - then is light, his burthen is light, his burthen is light, is light, his burthen is
bur - then is light, is light, his burthen is

burthen, his burthen, his bur - - - - - then is
light, his bur - then is light, his bur - - - - - then is
light, is light, his bur - - - - - then is
light, is light, his bur - - - - - then is

light, his yoke is ea - - - - - sy, and his burthen is
 light, his yoke is ea - sy, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is
 light, his yoke is ea - sy, is ea - - - - - sy, his burthen is
 light, his yoke is ea - sy, is ea - - - - - sy, his burthen is

light, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is light, his yoke - -
 light, his yoke is ea - sy his burthen is light, his yoke - -
 light, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is light, his yoke - -
 light, his yoke is ea - sy, his burthen is light, his yoke - -

- - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.
 - - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.
 - - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.
 - - is ea - sy, and his bur - - then is light.

ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

FROM THE COMIC OPERA OF "THE FARMER."

Words by O'Keefe.

*Siciliana.**Shield.*

Ere a - round the huge oak that o'er - shadows yon mill, The fond i - vy had dar'd to en-

twine; Ere the church was a ru - in that nods on the hill, Or the

rook built its nest on the pine, Or the rook built its nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time, a far distant date,
Since my forefathers toil'd in this field,
And the farm I now hold on your honour's estate,
Is the same that my grandfather till'd.

He dying, bequeath'd to his son a good name,
Which unsullied descended to me,
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd withshame,
And it still from a spot shall be free.

VINCENZO BELLINI.

Point not these mysteries to a saint,
Lodged above the starry pole;
Pure modulations flowing from the heart
Of divine Love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,
With order dwell in endless youth

Wordsworth.

In the narrow street of St. Christoforo, in Catania, and near the little church of the same order, now superseded by a larger edifice, was born the most beautiful composer of our times. It has been said, that no after maturity of judgment can dissolve the spell by which the first poet we ever understood and enjoyed is hallowed in our estimation. On the same principle, the composer whose works are the means of awakening in our hearts a new sense of the wonder and power of his art, whose compositions sway our spirits as no others have done, and address our associations with an eloquence, compared with which all similar language is unimpressive, holds a place in our estimation and affections second to that of no intellectual benefactor.

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He has opened to us a new world. He has brought a hitherto untried influence to stir the ocean of feeling. He has created yet another joy in the dim circle of our experience, and woven a fresh and perennial flower into the withered garland of life. With the thought of Bellini, embalmed in such a sentiment of gratitude, Isabel, accompanied by the count, who had arranged the visit for her gratification, went forth to view the memorials of the departed that were in the possession of his family.

"The young Vincenzo," said Vittorio, "from his earliest infancy, gave evidence of the genius of his nature. His susceptibility to musical sounds was remarkable. He could be moved, at any time, to tears or laughter, to sadness or ecstasy, by the voice of harmony. While a mere child, after hearing on public occasions a new air, he would, on returning home, from memory transcribe it. At eight years old his little hands ran over the keys of the organ, at the Benedictine convent, with surprising facility. His first compositions were occasional pieces of sacred music. It was early discovered that he was

a proper object of patronage, and, soon after arriving at manhood, he was sent, at the expense of government, to study at Naples and Rome. The result of an acquaintance with what had been effected in his art was to make more clearly perceptible to his mind the necessity of a new school. The history of genius in every department is almost always a record of conflicts—of struggles against what is dominant. Thus the early efforts of Bellini were frequently unappreciated and misunderstood. Still he persevered in consulting the oracle of his own gifts, and in developing the peculiar and now universally-admired style which marks his compositions. The first of his successful operas was the *Pirata*, then the *Straniera*, then the *Sonnambula*, and then *Norma*.* In each successive work we can trace a decided progression. The first is pretty, often beautiful; the last is throughout beautiful, and frequently sublime. It is a delightful thought, that in a country where literary talent is repelled by the restrictions on the press, musical genius is untrammelled, and human sentiment may, through this medium, find free and glorious development.

"I have always regarded music," said Isabel, "as the perfection of language."

"Undoubtedly it should so be considered, and although the censors jealously guard the actual verbal expressions attached to operas, to a true imagination and just sensibility the mere notes of masterpieces are perfectly distinguishable, as expressive of the thousand sentiments which sway the heart. Bellini, it is believed, was one of that secret society which has for some time existed, under the title of "Young Italy," whose aim is the restoration of these regions to independence; and we can read, or rather feel, the depth and fervour of his liberal sentiments, breathing in the glowing strains of his last opera—the *Puritani*."

Thus conversing, they arrived at the residence of his family, where, with emotions of melancholy interest, they viewed the tokens of his brief but brilliant career. There were little remembrancers whose workmanship testified that they were wrought by fair hands; the order of the legion of honour; a rich carpet, worked by the ladies of Milan, with the names of his operas tastefully interwoven, and many fantasies and fragments written by his own hand. There was something indescribably touching in the sight of these trophies. Isabel felt, as she gazed upon them, how empty and unavailing are the tributes men pay to living genius compared with that heritage of fame which is its after recompense. What were these glittering orders to the breast they once adorned—now mouldering in the grave? And these indications of woman's regard, which, perhaps, more than any other, pleased the heart of the young Catanese? How like the deckings of vanity did they seem now, when he for whom they were playfully wrought was enshrined among the sons of fame! How sad, too, to behold the slight characters and unconnected notes—the recorded inspiration of him who alone could rightly

combine and truly set forth their meaning! How affecting to look upon these characters—the pencillings of genius, and remember that the hand which inscribed them was cold in the tomb! But Isabel dwelt longest and most intently upon a miniature of Bellini, taken at the age of twenty-three, after the representation of the *Pirata*. It portrayed the youthful composer with a pale, intellectual countenance, an expansive and noble brow, and hair of the lightest auburn. There was a striking union of gentleness and intelligence, of lofty capacity and kindly feeling, in the portrait.

"How unlike the generality of his countrymen!" exclaimed Isabel, who had looked for the dark eye and hair of the nation.

"Nature, in every respect," replied Vittorio "marked him for a peculiar being. Yet the softness and quiet repose of the countenance is like his harmony. The mildness of the eye and the delicacy of the complexion speak of refinement. The whole physiognomy is indicative of taste and sentiment, a susceptibility and grace almost womanly, and, at the same time, a thoughtfulness and calm beauty, which speak of intellectual labour and suffering. The face of Bellini here depicted is like his music, moving, expressive, and graceful. I have seen portraits taken at a later age with less of youth, and perhaps, for that reason, less of interest in their expression. During his lifetime all he received for his works, not absolutely requisite for his support, was immediately sent to his family. And now his aged father may be said, in a double sense, to live on the fame of his son, since, in consideration of that son's arduous labours in the cause of music, which in southern Europe may be considered perhaps the only truly national object of common interest, the old man receives a pension from government, quite adequate to his maintenance."

"I think," said Isabel, as the party were seated in the opera-house the same evening, "that the great characteristic of Bellini is what may be called his metaphysical acnraey. There is an intimate correspondence between the idea of the drama and the notes of the music. What a perfect tone of disappointed affection lurks in the strain 'Ah! perche non posso odiarti?'—the favourite air in the *Sonnambula*; and who that should unpreparedly bear the last duet of the *Norma*, would not instantly feel that it is the mingled expression of despair and fondness? How warlike and rousing are the Druidical choruses, and what peace breathes in the Hymn to the Moon! It is this delicate and earnest adaptation of the music to the sentiment, this typifying of emotion in melody, that seems to me to render Bellini's strains so heart stirring."

"In other words," said Vittorio, "he affects us powerfully, for the same reason that Shakspeare, or any other universally acknowledged genius, excites our sympathy. His music is *true*. He has been called the Petrarch of harmony, that poet being deemed by the Italians the most perfect pourtrayer of love."

"And would that his fate had been more like that bard's!" exclaimed Isabel. "How melancholy that he should have died so young, in the very moment, as it were, of success and honour! I shall never forget the sorrow I felt when his death was announced to me. I was in a ball-room. The scene was gay and festive. The band had performed in succession the most admired quadrilles from his operas. I was standing in a circle which surrounded a party of waltzers, and expressed the delight I had

* *L'Adelson e Salvini*, represented before the Institution at Naples, was the first open experiment of Bellini's genius, followed, in 1826, by *Bianca e Fernando*, at the San Carlo Theatre. *Il Pirata* and *La Straniera*, successively produced at the Scala in Milan, completely established his reputation. The *Montecchi e Capuleti* was brought out soon after at Venice. The *Sonnambula* and *Norma* at Milano, and the *Puritani* in Paris.

received from the airs we had just heard. My companion responded, and sighing, calmly said, 'What a pity he will compose no more!' When I thus learned the fact of his death, and afterwards the particulars, a gloom came over my spirits, which, during the evening, had been uncommonly buoyant. I retired to the most solitary part of the room, and indulged the reflections thus suddenly awakened. 'How few,' thought I, 'of this gay throng, as they dance to the enlivening measures of Bellini, will breathe a sigh for his untimely end, or give a grateful thought to his memory.' Some of the company passed me on their way to the music-room. I joined them. A distinguished amateur, with a fine bass voice, had taken his seat at the instrument. For a moment he turned over the book listlessly, and then, as if inspired by a pleasing recollection, burst forth in that mournfully-beautiful cavatina, '*Vi ravisso luoghi ameni.*' He sang it with much feeling. There was silent and profound attention. The tears rose to my eyes. To my excited imagination we seemed to be listening to the dirge of Bellini; and, as the last lengthened note died on the lips of the vocalist—thus, thought I, he expired. Little did I then think I should ever see the native city of the composer, or sit in the opera-house which he doubtless frequented."

"It but this moment occurred to me," replied Vittorio, "that, perhaps, in this very place Bellini first learned to appreciate the science he afterwards so signally advanced; to realise the expressiveness of the agency he afterwards so effectually wielded; to feel the power of the art to whose advancement he afterwards so nobly contributed. Perhaps here first dawned on his young ambition the thought of being a composer. Perhaps, as the breathings of love, grief, fear, and triumph here stirred his youthful breast, the bright hope of embodying them in thrilling music, and thus living in his 'land's language,' rose like the star of destiny, before his awakened fancy."

There is a narrow but sequestered road leading from Catania to Cifali, just without the Porta d'Aci. A low plaster wall separates it on both sides from extensive gardens, the site of an ancient burial-place, where memorials of the dead have been frequently disinterred. Over the top of these boundaries the orange and almond trees, in the season of spring, refresh the pedestrian with their blossoms and perfume. In the early mornings of summer, or at the close of the day, this road is often sought by the meditative, being less frequented than most of the other highways leading from the city. There one can stroll along and interest himself with the thought of the now extinct people near whose ruined sepulchres he is treading, or gaze upon the broad face and swelling cone of Etna which rises before him. At an agreeable distance from the commencement of this path is an old monastery of Franciscans. The floor of the venerable church is covered with the deeply-carved tablets, beneath which are the remains of the Catanese nobility, their arms elaborately sculptured upon the cold slabs. Strangers sometimes visit a chapel adjacent to see a well executed bust, which displays the features of the nobleman who lies beneath, and is thought to be the *capo d'opera* of a Roman sculptor. The adjoining chapel is assigned as the last resting-place of Vincenzo Bellini, whose monument will soon exhibit its fresh-chiselled aspect amid the time-worn emblems around. Thither, one morning, Isabel and the count wandered, and, after leaving

the church, sat upon a stone bench which overlooked the scene, and to her inquiries as to the funeral honours paid, in his native island, to the memory of the composer, he replied.—

"You should have witnessed in order to realise the universal grief of the Catanese. Business was suspended. Every voice faltered as it repeated the tidings; every eye was moistened as it marked the badges of mourning. In the capital the same spirit prevailed. There, but a few months previous, the king entered the city, and no voice hailed him, because the professions made at the outset of his reign were unfulfilled. The gifted composer came, and acclamations welcomed him. Every testimony of private regard and public honour was displayed. His sojourn was a festival—so the news of his death created universal grief. Here, in the spirit of antiquity, an oration was pronounced in the theatre, his favourite airs performed, and actors, in the old Sicilian costume, represented the effect of his death by an appropriate piece, with mournful music. In the streets were processions, in the churches masses, and in the heart of every citizen profound regret."

"And this," said Isabel, glancing over the scene, "is a fit place for his repose. He will sleep at the foot of Etna, amid the nobles of his native city. The ladies of this villa, as they wander through the garden in the still summer evenings, will sing his most soothing strains. The peasant, as he rides by on his mule, at the cool hour of dawn, will play upon his reeds the gladdest notes, the choir in the church will chant the anthems, and the blind violinist, as he rests by the road-side, will cheer himself with the pleasant music of the departed composer."

They rose to depart. As Isabel looked back, and began to lose sight of the ancient convent, she observed a lofty cypress at the corner of the road. As its dense foliage waved solemnly, and its spire-like cone pointed heavenward, it appeared to her saddened fancy like a mournful sentinel, standing to guard from sacrilege, and point out for homage, the last resting-place of Bellini.—*Tuckerman's Pilgrimage in Sicily.*

ANNUAL MEETING OF THE BACHS.

As there never was a family more musical by nature than that of the Bachs, so it is probable, there never has been one the different members of which were more affectionately attached to each other. All of the same profession, and settled in one province (that of Thuringia,) they soon found themselves too numerous to be able easily to obtain a subsistence in the same place. They, therefore, were under the necessity of separating; and accordingly settled in different towns in Upper and Lower Saxony, and Franconia; having before their dispersion resolved to see each other at least once a year. Their annual meetings usually took place at Erfurt, Eisenach, or Arnstadt; and all their amusements, on these reunions, were entirely musical. The company consisting wholly of choristers, organists, and town musicians, who were all connected with the church, it was a custom with them to begin their concerts by singing in full chorus, some sacred composition. From this pious commencement they, however, proceeded to lively and humorous performances, which ended with certain comic songs, the harmonies of which were filled up by the voices of the company, extemporaneously. This choral-singing improvisation

they called a *quod libet*, at which they themselves laughed as heartily as any of their auditors. These *faciæ* of the Bachs, are considered by some, to be the foundation of the German comic operettas. Whether or not that be the case, it is pleasing to contemplate in imagination such a scene, where friendship is the bond of union, and music is used as a means to make that union more felicitous. It will be a long time indeed ere such a circumstance can be described as having taken place in Great Britain.

POETS.

The elements are poets, when they build
 Clouds in the azure vacancy of heaven,
 Touched by the sun with spiritual grace;
 The rain-cloud is a poet, when it flings
 Arch over arch, all-hued, the aerial bow;
 Those form their happy music to the eye—
 Their harmonies of colour and of form.
 The winds, itinerant minstrels, to the ear
 Piped low or loud, sing ever, blithe or sad.

What a wild sound of melancholy streams
 At midnight through dark aisles of abbeys old,
 Through arches rent, and cloisters tenantless—
 To Time, to old Religion, and Decay
 Giving a voice of quaint solemnity!
 Then may the winds peculiarly be styled
 The Poets of the past. Not less the spring
 A poet is, mantling the earth with green,
 And all the living poetry of flowers—
 A young Apollo, with voluptuous lip,
 Laughing at hoary Winter's harp of reeds,
 And his thin sedgy music, cold and sharp.

O sweet Elysian dream! O Summer! bright
 With song at morn, and even, and still noon;
 And voice of woods, and river's stately march;
 And charm of pastoral pipes, and waterfalls—
 Who shall take from thee thy majestic crown
 Of all fresh things and fair divinely woven,
 Strong-minded poet of our manhood chief!
 And Autumn verging upon heaven, has strains
 As from the harp of Judah's shepherd king,
 That blend with its peculiar golden light.
 Ethereal hearted Autumn! poet sage!
 Soul of the Seasons! depth of Sabbath calm!
 Sweet time, when the sad earth is Eden ever—
 When angel visitants are in the woods
 Present, although unseen!

Richard Horitt.

DRAMATIC DANCES OF THE PORTUGUESE PEASANTRY.

Towards the close of day, even in the autumn months, the ladies sit in their ornamental balconies, listening to the never-ceasing sound of song issuing from the streets below, or gazing upon those dramatic dances, in which the imaginative character of this interesting people is so peculiarly developed. In this kind of dance, a story, with its regular sequence of events, is represented in dumb-show. For instance, the swain approaches the maid of his choice; he first hints the secret of his heart, but gradually grows bolder as she appears to turn on inattentive ear to his pleadings; he urges her too strongly; he offends; she waves him from her; he retreats—despairs—grows haughty—love, however, prevails over pride—he implores forgiveness—he is

forgiven, and pride, anger, and distrust give way before the returning beams of true affection, as icicles before the morning sun. During this delineation of varying passions and events not a word is spoken, but every change of situation, every fluctuation of feeling, is represented by the looks and gestures of the dancer: and when I remembered that the actors in the scene were but the peasants of the soil, I scarcely knew which to marvel at the most, the refined nature of the sentiments described, or the extraordinary power possessed, by persons in their rank of life, of giving correct expression to those feelings. As certain features of the face are said to accompany certain qualities of the mind, so in this favoured land there is a grace of manner almost invariably associated with a grace of mind, not the result of art or education, but sometimes as apparent in the lowest hind as in the highest noble of the land.—*Portugal and Galicia.*

FISCHER THE OBOE PLAYER.

This celebrated oboe player, died in the early part of 1804. He was seized with apoplexy whilst performing in a concert at Buckingham House, in the presence of their Majesties, and fell on the double-bass instrument of the musician next to him. In the early part of life he was retained at the court of the Elector of Saxony, and afterwards went into the service of Frederick the Great of Prussia, at Berlin, who was much pleased with his performance. Some time after his arrival at Berlin, the King, in a concert he gave at court, played a concerto on the German flute, of his own composition, which Fischer (not knowing the disposition of his Majesty,) praised extravagantly. This freedom so displeased Frederick, that one of his officers the following day kindly dropped a hint to Fischer, that if he valued his liberty he had better make his retreat from Berlin as soon as possible. The hint thus kindly dropped Fischer picked up, and departed for England. He arrived in this country under very favourable circumstances, the oboe not being in a high state of cultivation, the two principal oboe players, Vincent and Simpson, using the old English oboe, an instrument which in shape and tone bore some resemblance to that we call a *post-horn*. Fischer had so devoted himself to study, that, from the consequent little intercourse he had with society, he had nearly forgotten his own language (German), without having acquired any other. Soon after he was, unhappily for both parties, married to the accomplished daughter of Gainsborough, the celebrated painter. The latter, an excellent violin player, I often met at the parties of a gentleman I visited. Gainsborough, who was a lively companion, speaking of the oddities of Fischer, said that whilst walking with him in Pall Mall, a gentleman, who was also travelling in the same direction a short distance in advance of them, happening to tread on some ice had a severe fall, on which Fischer starting, sputtered out—"I never did that—I never in all my life made a slip."—"In a fortnight afterwards," added Gainsborough, "he married my daughter!" The tone of Fischer was soft and sweet, his style expressive, and his execution was at once neat and brilliant. He had gratified the admirers of music for many years, but his powers had been declining for a considerable time previous to his death.—*Parke's Musical Mem.*

BUZ, QUOTH THE BLUE FLY.

CATCH FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Arne.

1
Buz, buz, buz, quoth the blue fly,

2
Buz and hum they cry, they cry buz

3
In his ear, in his nose, thus, thus do you see, thus

4
He ate the dor - mouse, he ate the dor - mouse,

2
hum, hum, hum quoth the bee.

3
ouz and hum they cry, and so - - so do we.

4
in his ear, in his nose, thus, thus do you see,

1
else it was he, else - - it was he.

A GREAT ARTIST.

In companies, where the finest players executed the finest compositions, when Beethoven sat down to the piano-forte to conjure up something upon the spur of the moment, he was sure to throw all who had played before him into the shade. His fertile fancy, and the impetuosity of his temperament, rendered him a prodigy, and his performance was of a nature to stagger the faith of those present, even though they saw and heard. In his poetic fury at the piano, he elicited combinations of the most complicated difficulty, and executed passages which he would have shrunk from attempting in cold blood. Nor was it only surprise that excited his hearers—they were carried away by the strangeness and beauty of his fancies. The style of

some of his pianoforte productions may give an idea of some of his *extempore* playing; though nothing written by him can equal the ideas fresh from his own brain, executed by himself. Difficulties stimulated him, and he loved those who dared them; he took an affection to Ferdinand Ries, his pupil, for venturing an extraordinarily difficult cadence in public, and coming out of it successfully. With all this he had but small hands, and a manner of execution which would be deemed inferior to that of some pianoforte teachers. But what cannot love accomplish? It is this devotion to her, and enthusiasm in her service, indicative of a simple nature, and inconsistent with personal vanity, avarice, or envy, the usual vices of artists, which the Muse never fails to reward with her choicest gifts.

ON MUSIC.

There is a language in the tone,
Which breathes from music's string;
It speaks of years for ever flown,
Of youth's besperient spring!
There is a language in the peal—
The cadence of its wire;
Then memory's eap doth fondly deal
Its spirit-soothing fire!

I've felt, I've own'd its charms divine,
As sorrow damp'd my brow;
When friendship cool'd at friendship's shrine—
When cross'd its decepit vow!

How soothing when at pensive calm
Of eve's ambrosial hour,
It oft flings round my soul a balm
Of sympathetic power!

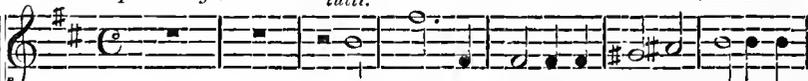
What spot of earth, say, shall we find
Without its magic spell?
Its voice is in the varying wind—
It breathes in ocean's swell;
Its voice is in the warbling rill,
In marble cave 'twill sigh;
In grove, in glen, its language still
Echoes from earth to sky!

Dublin Penny Journal.

I N T H E E O L O R D .

SACRED CHORUS.

Andante poco adagio. *tutti.* *J. H. Rolle.*

SOPRANO.  In thee, O Lord! have I put my trust, let me

ALTO. 

TENOR. *Solo.* *tutti.*  In thee, O Lord, in thee O Lord, have I put my trust, let me

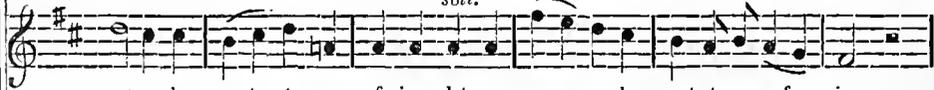
BASS. 

sol.

 never be put to con - fu - sion. In-

 In-

sol.

 never be put to con - fusion, let me ne - ver be put to con - fu - sion.

 let mo ne - ver be put to con - fu - sion.

tutti.

cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord, O

cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord, O

tutti.

In - cline thine ear un - to me, de - li - ver me, O

tutti.

In - cline thine ear un - to me, de - liver, de - li - ver me, O

Lord! in thy righteous - ness. Be thou my stronghold, and my house of de -

Lord! in thy righteous - ness. Be thou my stronghold, and my house of de -

Lord! in thy righteous - ness.

Lord! in thy righteous - ness.

fence For thou hast pro - mi - sed to

fence. For thou hast pro - mi - sed to

soli.

Be thou my stroeghold and my house of de - fence,

Be thou my stronghold and my house of de - fence,

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND

tutti.

save me. In thee I put my trust, O

tutti.

save me. In thee I put my trust O

tutti.

For thou hast pro - mi - sed to save me. In thee I trust, O

tutti.

For thou hast pro - mi - sed to save me. I trust, O

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord.

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, and save me, O Lord,

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, De -

soli.

Lord! In - cline thine ear un - to me, De - li - ver, De -

tutti.

tutti.

O Lord! in thy righteous - ness! De - li - ver me!

Adagio.

O Lord! in thy right - eous - ness! De - li - ver me!

li - ver me, O Lord! in thy righteous - ness! De - li - ver me!

li - ver me, O Lord! in thy righteous - ness! De - li - ver me!

WITH HORNS AND HOUNDS IN CHORUS.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Atturbury.

1
With horns and hounds in chorus, Let's usher in the day, with
2
The sun will soon shine o'er us, A - rise, make no delay, a - rise
3
Now the stag is rous'd before us, A - way, come, come n - way, come a -

horns, with hounds let's usher in the day.
a - rise, a - rise, a - rise, make no delay.
way, come away, the stag is rous'd, a - way, come, come a - way.

CHURCH SERVICE, ORGANS, &c., IN
ANTWERP.

The first musical performance at which I was present was an afternoon service, or *complin*, as it is called, the work of a native composer of this city named Kraft; it was accompanied by the organ and a small band of instruments; but the voices were not sufficiently numerous to convey the sublime emotions which choral music always does when the *tutti* parts are supported by a large and good choir. The violin accompaniments were played with great smoothness, and excellently in tune. The models of this composer seem to be Hasse and Graun, and his composition partook largely of the bad and common-place old Italian style of melody, containing long-winded solos, passages now obsolete, and sing-song ungraceful ornaments, as far removed from the present notion of musical beauty as the Hottentot Venus from that of Titian. In the fugued points of his choruses the author was more successful, and shewed by the flow and smoothness with which they were introduced, that in ecclesiastical harmony and florid counterpoint he was not out of his element, and here his sequences reminded me of the solid and stately march of

Graun. The organ of the cathedral is good in parts, particularly in the diapason and soft stops, with pedal pipes which go down to an abyss "not loud but deep;" the chorus is, however, too squalling and not well voiced. The bass of this instrument is evidently of the same family with our own organs of St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, and some others; where the richness and body of tone speak for the honesty and ability of the builder, and remind us of those good old times when that accursed *trading* nuisance, a contract, was not thought of. One's admiration is extorted at the tasteful design and elaborate workmanship which is manifest on the cases of the organs in Antwerp; and that at the cathedral is built up with a poetical conception of the splendour which befits these enchanted palaces of sound—the "loud uplifted angel trumpets" at the mouths of the winged musicians that proudly stand on the eminences on each side of the instrument, really give a fresh dignity to its tones in the imagination. To my mind, these graceful figures which look just like to fly, are never seen to greater advantage than when the organ is pealing forth with a solemn-stepping bass, to some processional below; and I like the idea of putting such a screen over these mechanical contrivances and metal pipes,

and of feasting the sight with a pleasure precisely analogous to that which the hearing receives.

At the Dominicans' church the organ-case is still more wonderful, but here the artist has suffered his fancy to run riot; the carved figures there are hell-brood, all monstrous gorgons and hydras, such as might float through the brain in an ugly dream, "worse than fables yet have feigned, or fear conceived." I cannot say that the organ-playing of the Flemish demands much praise; but in stepping into a Catholic chapel one morning, I was amazed at hearing the chaunt accompanied with a number of ascending and descending scales (some of them chromatic,) played with great velocity by the performer's right hand, while his left hand and feet sustained the chords. To me this man appeared to be endeavouring to burlesque religion, and to turn the service into a joke. But I believe it is unnecessary to cross the water to find that devotional solemnity in music is not considered incompatible with the nimblest and most volatile finger in the accompanist. Such impertinence shows that music, though in the main an intelligible language, is still variously construed according to the tempera-

* * * * *

On the festival of Corpus Christi, a mass by Righini was substituted at the cathedral for one by Haydn, which had been promised; and on this occasion the wind instruments were supplied by the military band resident in the city, and the chorus was augmented. The regular installment of a regimental band in the service of the church here, has raised the suggestion why in these "piping times of peace," when men have no longer to play the double-bassoon on a forced march, the assistance of those people might not be required for charitable musical performances at home; if such regulations were consistent with military discipline, it would make music cheaper, and in part remove the objections which have been raised to the uselessness of a standing army. Righini is chiefly known to the English amateur through the medium of Mr. Latrobe's valuable collection of sacred music; but detached and isolated specimens give but an imperfect idea of his excellence as a composer, for which purpose it is absolutely necessary to hear an entire work performed. An Italian, bitten with the love of German harmonies, and naturalised and adapted into that school, makes an excellent musician; melody is his paternal inheritance; he has only to acquire a better method of clothing his nakedness than is usual among his countrymen. Cherubini, who has run something into the extreme of learned accompaniment, when in a happy vein, shows that the union of the two schools leaves nothing to be wished for in a composer. The *Kyrie* of Righini's mass in D which opened in the minor, was particularly impressive from the solemnity of the movement and the independence and boldness of the accompaniments, and had it not been deformed by a frequent recurrence to the major, it might have been taken for Haydn; but there seems a want of consistency in changing the character of the music, while the expression of the words is invariably melancholy and penitential. The "*Et Incarnatus est*," with clarinet obligato, struck me as full of elegance and feeling; but it was much injured in the performance by the bad intonation of the accompanist, who was, alas! no Willman, and played much too sharp. In Antwerp the wind-instrument players are raw and imperfect

and deficient either in ear or in the management of their instruments. The orchestra, which contains the performers on a flat surface, without any gradual inclination such as we are accustomed to, would be unfavourable to experienced artists, and is much more so to these ignorant soldiers. The trumpets were played with so strange a tone, that it was difficult to recognise them in their curious disguise. Though many passages of the melody in this composition are no longer consistent with modern taste, I may safely assert, that in a well-worked fugue, and an artfully constructed chorus, few composers excel Vincenzo Righini. On the conclusion of this service, which was to me a perfect curiosity, the organist played a *sortie* of that frivolous, inconsistent character, which seems to be peculiarly admired in Brabant; and which was neither more nor less than one of Nicolai's old harpsichord sonatas, lifted out of its quiet obscurity to the music-desk of a cathedral, a place where its author, in the highest intoxication of vanity, could hardly have fancied it. Though harpsichord music, or pianoforte music, or even harp music, may be accommodated to the organ, provided it contains sequences, or something grave in its construction, it appears a strange perversity of choice to fix upon a piece which is diametrically opposed to these qualifications. The organist, after service, justified his selection by observing, that a gay style best suited the frame of mind in which the priests and congregation found themselves after discharging their spiritual duties, and a brisk movement had great effect in creating an appetite for dinner. Whether the gentleman's argument was founded on fact or not, I have ever found the Catholic, after mass, and on festivals especially, more tenacious of his dishes and wine, more joyous and convivial than on other days.

* * * * *

There is no public secular music of any kind to be heard in this city, with the exception of the vile scraping which is endured at the dinner table of the inn, an infliction which irritates the nerves, and stops the convective process. Music is too heavenly an art to be degraded into mere sauce, without a protest, though that be useless; if it be good, it cannot be co-enjoyed with mouthfuls of ragout; if bad, it gives one indigestion. Music engrosses, it "kills the flock of all affections else that live in us," and though it rather encourages wine-drinking and luxurious excitement, it resents that one should satisfy the grosser animal wants and the ethereal nature at the same time. Hogarth has, in his *Enraged Musician*, given the portraiture of my friend Dr. H—; when any sudden and impertinent eruption of sound distracts his attention from what Sergeant Dalgetty terms the onslaught, he cordially hates this dinner harmony, and consigns it with the sorrel soup of France, and the white soup of Germany, to everlasting perdition.

I had the pleasure of spending a musical evening with M. Le Brun, a resident of Antwerp, and the early friend of Haydn; a gentleman who, in a green and lusty old age, shows a pleasing bigotry and exclusiveness of preference for the works of his old companion. As that war of words in which I have been frequently engaged for the respective supremacy of Handel, Haydn, Sebastian Bach, and Mozart, has become a tiresome service, partly out of civility as a guest, and partly out of a consciousness of having been a renegade at different times from one cause or other, I on this occasion quietly

allowed Haydn to receive the palm. The niece of M. Le Brun, who has been a pupil of Woelfl, showed an admirable discretion in the performance of some of Haydn's sonatas, particularly in that set dedicated to Madame Bartalozzi, as well as in a sonata in four flats, written by the author for Hummel when a boy, and she discovered a firmness of hand, and cultivated taste in *adagio* playing, which I have never yet heard equalled by a female performer. After hearing these masterly compositions, I could not but regret the innovations that have crept in upon the style of writing for the instrument; the search after effects of light and shade, instead of a succession of good musical ideas; crude harmonies, and violent changes, instead of a flow of natural modulation. Although this lady is in the constant receipt of the newest *copriccios* and *fantasias* which are produced by the lightning fingered virtuosi resident in Paris, they remain untouched in her portfolio from her inability to discover their meaning; but the charm of Haydn's pianoforte music remains ever fresh and undecayed.

The last musical service which took place during my stay in Antwerp, was performed in the cathedral at night; it was delightful to stand at the extremity of the nave, and, through the long vista of arches, enveloped in thick darkness, to see the blaze of torch-light thrown on the high altar, the gorgeous robes of the priests, the swinging of silver censers which warm the air and embalm the pictures in their fragrance and aroma; above all, to hear Gregorian phrases softened and mellowed by distance, the effect of the whole was so overpowering as easily to make one credit those tales of overwrought fancy where people have suddenly imagined themselves sublimed, deified, ecstatic. The reason is at first taken prisoner, and there is little inclination to question the import of rites and ceremonies, to which all the noblest arts are made subservient and tributary; but the mind at last works out its own salvation, seizes what is good and admirable, and soon, in one of these edifices, as in a Pagan temple, worships the spirit of beauty in all forms, forgetful that uncharitableness and bigotry exist in the world. It is a pity that women's voices are not enlisted in the service of the mass at Antwerp: these kind of *soprani* are much better adapted than boys for the sort of expression which modern Catholic music requires, especially in the refined solos of Mozart and Haydn; the charm of pathos and simplicity which belong to the latter class of performers is here thrown away; and though the passages may be correct as to the text, they ill assort with the childish pipers that give them utterance. When the young singers have passed over that part of their lives so prettily described by Cherubini in Mozart's Figaro "*Non so piu*," if they have previously given promise, nature no longer withholds from them that last best gift, the indefinable charm which distinguishes the style of genius from that of line-and-rule correctness; he it called soul, sensibility, or what it may. I have never heard playing or singing from children, however far they might have advanced in the mechanical part of the science, which possessed this quality.

Every composer who writes music for the Catholic service makes the Virgin an ideal mistress; as Solomon addressed the church in his Canticles, calling her "soft names in many a mused rhyme," so does the musician exhaust his fancy in tender phrases for the "*Mater divina gratia*," and the "*Mater amabilis*;" the best and most impassioned

songs of the ancient opera school are poured forth by the singer, who addresses under these words some less exalted but more substantial divinity. A little of this heaven will mingle in the service of religion, where the spiritual and carnal boundaries of musical expression are not better defined. In England it is difficult for a lover of music to pass a cathedral in which the organ is sounding, without stepping in for the sake of the plagal cadence, a piece of simple grandeur, which will always, while our nature remains, affect powerfully; but in Antwerp there is not only this attraction, but also the most inventive and florid compositions; and though the performance is a little rough, and the attention much interrupted by the scuffling on the pavement of the cathedral, yet the matter is frequent, and is accomplished out of pure love, and not as a job that is to be dispatched.

The music here costs nothing, and it is heartily to be wished that not only the cheapness, but the modesty of the performance, were paralleled with us. The *cantor* informed me, that though their library contains the works of the great masters of Germany and Italy, they do not wish to hack their Haydn and Mozart by too frequent a repetition, but reserve them for holidays and extraordinary feasts.

During mass, a tall gaunt Swiss, armed with an enormous halberd, stalks up and down the cathedral, the terror of those who turn their backs on the host; and it is surprising, that among so much to soften and ameliorate the asperities of the temper, this fellow should be ever brooding mischief, never so happy as when dealing his "apostolic blows" among little boys, who occasionally collect in a crowd round some one of the doors. The sight of an unsheathed blade in a Christian temple is an eye-sore; and the hired ruffian who carries it was to me so personally obnoxious, that when I found it necessary to ask some questions, to pay him for his trouble in answering, the fierceness of his manner made me laugh inwardly.—*Ramble among the Musicians of Germany, by an English Musical Professor.*

AN INVOCATION TO BIRDS.

Come, all ye feathery people of mid air,
Who sleep 'midst rocks, or on the mountain summits
Lie down with the wild winds; and ye who build
Your homes amidst green leaves by grottos cool;
And ye, who on the flat sands hoard your eggs
For suns to ripen, come! O phoenix rare!
If death hath spared, or philosophic search
Permit thee still to own thy haunted nest,
Perfect Arabian; lonely nightingale!
Dusk creature, who art silent all day long,
But when pale eve nunsals thy clear throat, loosed
Thy twilight music on the dreaming boughs,
Until they waken; and thou, cuckoo bird,
Who art the ghost of sound, having no shape
Material, but dost wander far and near,
Like untouch'd echo whom the woods deny
Sight of her love, come all to my slow charm!
Come thou, sky-climbing bird, wakener of morn,
Who springest like a thought unto the sun,
And from his golden floods dost gather wealth
(Epithalamium and Pindarique song),
And with 't enrich our ears; come all to me,
Beneath the chamber where my lady lies,
And, in your several musics, whisper,—Love!

Barry Cornwall.

THE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE.

Come, live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That grove or valley, hill or field,
Or wood and steepy mountain yield.

Where we will sit on rising rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

Pleas'd will I make thee beds of roses
And twine a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and rural kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A jaunty gown of finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull—
And shoes lin'd choicely for the cold—
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw, and ivy-buds
With coral clasps, and amber studs;
And if these pleasures can thee move
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning;
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me, and be my love.

Christopher Marlowe, born 1565—killed 1593.

THE NYMPH'S REPLY.

If all the world and love were young,
And truth on every shepherd's tongue,
These pleasures might my passion move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But time drives flocks from field to fold;
The rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb;
And age complains of cares to come.

The fading flowers in every field,
To winter floods their treasures yield;
A honey'd tongue, a heart of gull,
Is lancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gown, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Are all soon wither'd, broke, forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw, and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps, and amber studs,
Can me with no enticements move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

But could youth last, could love still breed
Had joys no date, had age no need;
Then those delights my mind might move,
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Sir Walter Raleigh, born 1552—beheaded 1618.

DAINTY DAVIE.

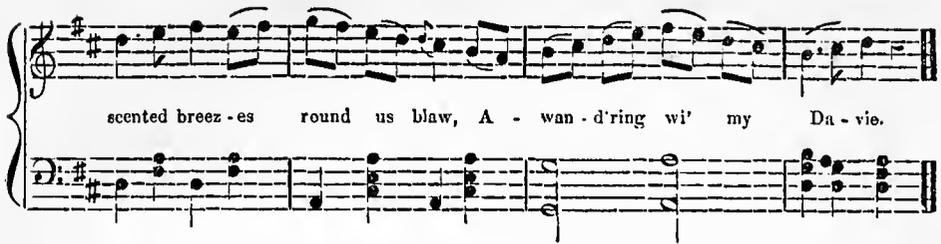
Words by Burns.

Vivace.

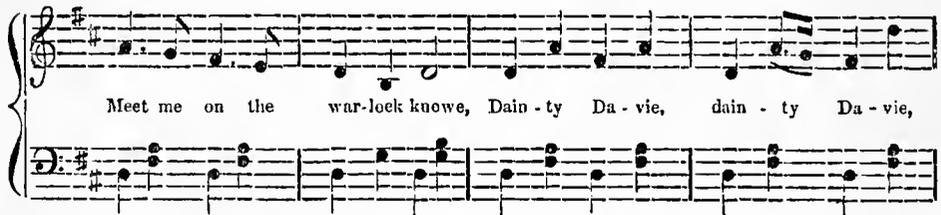
Now ro - sy May comes in wi' flow'rs, To deck her gay green spreading bow'rs, And

now come ia my hap-py hours, To wander wi' my Da - vie. The

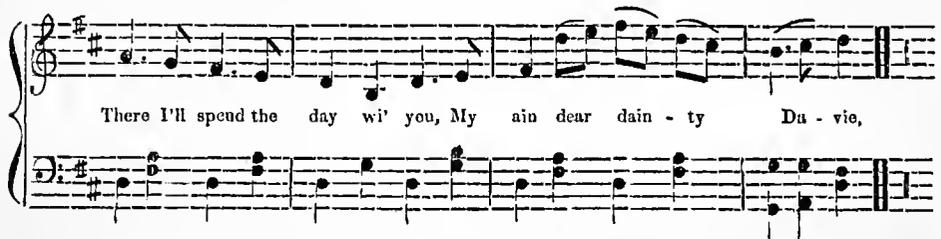
crys-tal wa - ters round us fa', The merry birds are lo - vers a', The



scented breez-es round us blow, A - wan - d'ring wi' my Da - vie.



Meet me on the war-lock knowe, Dain - ty Da - vie, dain - ty Da - vie,



There I'll spend the day wi' you, My ain dear dain - ty Da - vie,

When purple morning starts the hare,
To steal upon her early fare,
Then through the dews I will repair,
To meet my faithfu' Davie.
When day, expiring in the west,
The curtain draws o' Nature's rest,

I'll flee to his arms I lo'e best
And that's my dainty Davie.
Meet me on the warlock knowe,
Dainty Davie, dainty Davie;
There I'll spend the day wi' you,
My ain dear dainty Davie.

ROMANCE OF THE ORCHESTRA.

I once witnessed a scene in the orchestra of Covent Garden, which, for ludicrousness of effect, and the mysterious manner in which it arose, surpassed anything that ever came under my notice. A friend, considerably my senior, and a play-goer of the time of the Kembles, was one of my companions; the other was his wife, to accommodate whom, being short-sighted, we had established ourselves in the front row of the pit, on the prompter's side. At the commencement of the overture we found that the scroll-end of one of the large double-basses intercepted the lady's view of the stage, and a request was preferred by my friend to the performer (a most eccentric-looking genius, with only one eye, and that apparently turning on what mechanics call "an universal centre,") to alter his position, but he very un-courteously refused to move; and still worse, on the rising of the curtain, he left the instrument secured in a perpendicular position, so as to completely obstruct our lady's view. Thus he left it, in spite of all our remonstrances. I, with the desperate indignation of youth, was for cutting the string and

letting it fall down, but was restrained by my elder and more wily friend, who whispered to me "never mind, I'll serve him out." He then changed places with the lady, and all went on quietly till the fall of the curtain, when I suddenly missed him. He returned, however, in a few minutes, with a large piece of—yes, of candle; and he gave me a look which indicated that I was not to see anything. Yet I did see, that while the rest of the audience were looking round the house, he leant over, and, unobserved by any one else, applied the grease with dexterity and effect to the strings of the offending instrument. He then took his seat, apparently as unconcerned as any spectator in the pit. In due time the bell rang for the music to the afterpiece, and we saw our musical adversary enter, release his instrument, and seat himself. He then tried the strings at his ear, and finding all right, indulged himself with a pinch of snuff, and quietly awaited his time. The second bell rang—the leader gave the preliminary tap-tap, and off they went in the overture to Tancredi. After a few bars it was our enemy's time to chime in; he sawed away with right good will, but, to his utter amazement, with-

out producing the desired effect. He looked down inquisitively with his single optic, but without comprehending the mystery. Again he tried, and of course with the same result; another downward look, and the truth seemed to flash across him. His one eye glared most horribly; but not on us did his anger fall. In front of him, perched on a high stool, with a step half way up for his feet, sat a *vec homo*, working most industriously at a violoncello as big as himself, and in sweet unconsciousness of the storm gathering in his rear. On this unoffending victim did he of the double-bass vent his rage—fur, he darted one piercing glance at the violin-player, deliberately deposited his bow on the desk before him, and dealt the little man so sound a cuff on the head, that musician, stool, violoncello, and desk went down “in one astounding ruin” damaging the shins and toes of immediate neighbours, literally putting their pipes out, and producing discord dire throughout the realms of harmony.—*Cruikshank's Omnibus.*

above all, on a life of long-tried integrity. It requires an acquaintance with the world as well as with music; great industry; a clear head, capable of arranging complicated details; and that union of firmness and good temper which is necessary for surmounting difficulties and reconciling jarring interests. It requires a thorough knowledge of everything performed, down to the slightest note of the most insignificant instrument in the score; the faculty of detecting the most trifling error at rehearsal; and the tact by which the mistake is pointed out without wounding the feelings of the performer. These are *some* of the qualifications required in a conductor. Other men *may* possess them; but Sir George Smart is, at present, the only man among us who has proved, by a long course of successful exertion, that he *does* possess them.—*From an old file of the Morning Chronicle.*

DUTIES OF A CONDUCTOR OF MUSIC.

To conduct a festival is an arduous duty, requiring qualifications rarely found united in one man. It requires a high standing and great influence in the profession, founded on knowledge, experience, and

MORALITY OF MUSIC.—The influence of music on all classes is immense, and uniformly favourable. If it sometimes seems to be the handmaid of refined voluptuousness, or the companion of vulgar debauch, the blame does not belong to it, but to its perversion and abuse. Without it the vices would still exist, probably in more debasing forms; while properly applied it can become a powerful agent in lessening the propensity to degrading pleasures.

THE STAMMERERS.

COMIC GLEE.

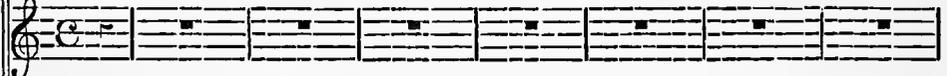
Dr. Harrington.

Moderato. 1st TENOR.



O air can you tell, O sir can you tell where old Goody Groaner the midwife do

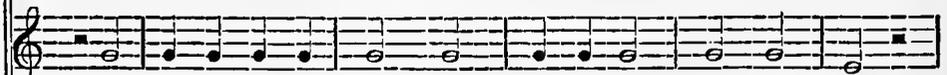
2nd TENOR.



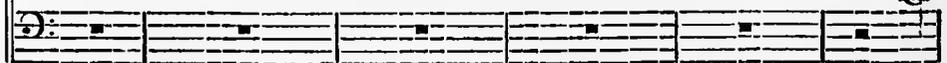
BASS.



dwell, Goody Groaner the midwife, the midwife do dwell,



Who who who who who who sir, who who who who sir, who



where, where, pray, sir, where, pray do sir, do sir, do sir,

I I I I I will te - te - te - te - tell you you you you you sir you sir

be quick sir, be quick sir, my wife sir, is sick sir, be quick sir,

she she she do li - li - li - li - live, she do do do do

No no no

my wife sir, is sick sir, is sick sir, be quick, be quick, be quick I

live, she do do do do live, she do live, she do do do do live sir,

. no no sir, old old Goody Gro-Groaner is gone gone go -

pray sir, pray sir, be quick I pray, quick, quick, zouns,

live sir, o - o - o - o - o - o - ver the way, o - o - o - o - o - ver the way sir,

- - ne, gone, go - go-gone, they say sir, . no no no no sir, no no no no

zouns you'll be all day, sir, zouns, zouns, you'll be all day sir, poor Jenny
 stay stay stay sir, stay stay stay sir,

no no no no, gone they say sir, no no no no no no no no, gone they say sir,

is bad sir, poor Jenny is bad sir, such stuttering, such sputtering, such stammering,
 I sir, will tell by and by sir, will te - te - te - te - tell, will te - te - te - te -

no no no, he he he do lie sir, do

such hammering, 'twill make a man mad sir, make a man, make a man mad sir,
 tell, will tell tell by and by sir, by and by sir, I will

lie lie, do lie sir, he do do do do do

'twill make a man mad sir zouns, zouns.
 te - te - tell by and by sir, by - by by by and by sir, by sir, by and by sir.

he he he do lie sir. he he do lie sir. do do lie lie sir.

I N N O C E N C E .

ROUND FOR FOUR VOICES.

George J. Webbe, Boston.

1
No foun-tain from its roc - ky cave - - -

2
E'er tripp'd with foot so free, e'er tripp'd with foot so free,

3
She was as hap - py, as hap - py as the wave

4
That dan - ces, dan - ces on the sea.

THE OPERA AT PRAGUE, AND MOZART'S MUSIC.

The Bohemian's love of good music, and his capability to produce it, are alike proverbial. Accordingly, the theatrical music of Prague is about the best that is to be heard in Germany. The interior of the opera-house is very light and handsome. It has three tiers of boxes, and a *parquet*; also a pit, the seats of which are only opened upon paying an additional sum of thirty Kreuzer, *Wiener Wahrung*, to the entrance money, which is a paper florin of about tenpence sterling. I have already heard the operas of "Die diebische Elster," or the "Maid and the Magpie," and "Fra Diavolo." The former of these was performed in a style that I scarcely ever heard equalled. The overture was played in a manner altogether *con amore*; and the effect of the wind instruments, which were admirably in tune, was quite electrical. I remember being present in Italy, on the first representation of this opera, and of joining, not only in the universal burst of approbation that was given to it at the fall of the curtain, but in the triple call for Rossini to appear on the stage, to receive the meed of public approbation; yet, at this moment I am at a loss to say whether the performance of this opera in Italy or in Prague was most to be admired. Of this, however, I am certain, that the Bohemian orchestra, in point of wind instruments, was far superior to the Italian. "Di piacer" was sung by Miss L. Gned in a very brilliant and sprightly manner; while Herr Siebert, a star from the opera of Vienna, filled the part of the Podesta with much ability. His voice is an excellent *basso*. The beautiful duet with father and daughter, was given with great taste and effect.

The amateur in music, on entering the Prague opera-house, can never forget that within its walls Mozart, that most glorious of the sons of harmony,

won his richest laurels. It was in the orchestra of the Prague opera-house, that "Le Nozze di Figaro" (an opera unrivalled for tenderness and melancholy) was first performed; and it was there, too, that the splendid music of "Don Giovanni" first fell on the ears of an astonished and electrified audience—an audience which, on that occasion, boasted, amid its host of musicians, the presence of the immortal Haydn. As I looked into the orchestra, and beheld the harpsichord at which Mozart himself had so frequently sat, I could not help imagining the enthusiasm which, in this land of music, must have been felt and expressed, when the brilliant and soul-enkindling themes in "Figaro" and "Don Juan" were poured forth from the voices on the stage, and accompanied with all the correctness, taste, and power of a Bohemian hand. What a flood of thrilling sensations have these themes universally excited since that memorable night; and how enduring will be their sway over the passions and feelings of future generations! The music of Mozart belongs, not to a passing age, but to eternity. It speaks to the changeless sympathies of the human heart—the unalterable pleasurable harmonies of the human ear! When I think of the wayward, sensitive Mozart, and the universal feeling of sympathy which his productions excite in every quarter of the world, I am forced to confess the power of music over poetry; for where is the poetic genius to be found, that can be said to have fallen on a course so certain to touch for ever the heart-strings of the majority of mankind, as the soul-speaking author of "The Zauberflöte?" Besides the field of fame which it is the fortune of the musician to enter upon, is far more extensive than that of the poet. The genius of the former is not restricted to that of the great, the learned, and the refined, but extorts approbation alike from the savage and the sage.—*Strang's Letters from Germany.*

YE WHO SHUN THE HAUNTS OF CARE.

DUET FROM THE "ZAUBERFLÖTE."

Words by David Thomson.

Mozart.

Andante.

Ye who shun the haunts of care, To our forest wilds repair, Where thro' clear ce-

Ye who shun the haunts of care, To our forest wilds repair, Where thro' clear ce-

ru - lean air, Phoebus rises brightly; Here thro' never - ending shades, You may rove till

ru - lean air, Phoebus rises brightly; Here thro' never - ending shades

ev'ning fades, you may rove, may rove till ev' - ning fades. Ne-ver has the

you may rove till ev'ning fades, you may rove till ev' - ning fades. Ne-ver has the

po - et's rhyme Feign'd a sweeter, soft - er clime, Where the restless foot of time

po - et's rhyme Feign'd a sweeter, soft - er clime, Where the restless foot of time

ad lib.

Moves a-long more light-ly. Nought is heard the gale to swell, Save the woodman

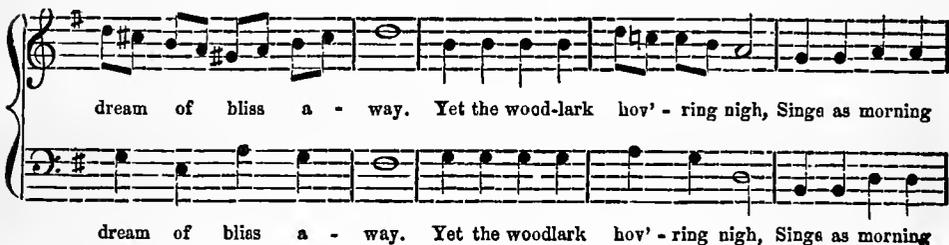
Moves a-long more lightly. Nought is heard the gale to swell, Save the woodman



in the dell, And the so-lemn Sab-bath bell, Far a-long the mountain.



Here no noise at dawn of day, Drives your dream of bliss a-way, drives your dream, your



dream of bliss a-way. Yet the wood-lark hov'-ring nigh, Singe as morning



ope'a her eye, And at eve a lul-la-by Near yon murm'ring fountain.

THE STRICKEN OAK.

I rambled through the sylvan wood,
And rested where an oak-tree stood,
The monarch of the glade;
He reared his proudly spreading form,
And seemed to court the coming storm,
That rolled above his head.

Again I passed the monarch's throne,
But there, alas! no more he shone
The king of all around.

His shivered branches, rudely torn,
No more his stately trunk adorn,
'Tis stretch'd upon the ground.

His sapless roots are sear'd and dead,
The withered leaves compose his bed;
His branches round him lie,
Now naked, torn, and stript of green,
So little like what they have been—
Apt emblem of mortality!

As some protecting mother dies,
And grief bedims her children's eyes,
They weeping round her lie,
So lie the branches of the tree,
All scattered o'er the grassy lea;
They wither, droop, and die.

Weekly Dispatch.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

Words by Burns.

Air—"The Mill, Mill O."

Andante.

When wild war's dead - ly blast was blawn, And gen - tle peace re -

turn - ing, And eyes a - gain with plea - sure beam'd, That

had been blear'd wi' mourn - ing. I left the lines and tent - ed

field, Where lang I'd been a lod - ger, My hum - ble knap - sack

a' my wealth, A poor but ho - nest sod - ger.

A leal light heart beat in my breast,
My hands unstain'd wi' plunder;
And for fair Scotia hame again,
I cheery on did wander.
I thought upon the banks o' Coil,
I thought upon my Nancy;
I thought upon the witching smile,
That caught my youthful fancy.

At length I reach'd the bonnie glen,
Where early life I sported;
I pass'd the mill and trysting thorn,
Where Nancy oft I courted.
Wha spied I but my ain dear maid,
Down by her mother's dwelling
And turn'd me round to hide the flood
That in my e'e was swelling.

Wi' alter'd voice, quo' I, Sweet lass,
Sweet as yon hawthorn's blossom,
O! happy, happy may he be,
That's dearest to thy bosom.
My purse is light, I've far to gang,
And fain wad be thy lodger,
I've served my kieg and country lang :
Tak' pity on a sodger.

Sae wistfully she gazed on me,
And lovelier grew than ever ;
Quo' she, A sodger ance I loved,
Forget him will I never.

Our humble cot and hamely fare,
Ye freely shall partake o't ;
That gallant badge, the dear cockade,
Ye're welcome for the sake o't.

She gazed—she reddened like a rose—
Syne pale as ony lily ;
She sank within my arms, and cried,
Art thou my ain dear Willie ?

By Him who made yon sun and sky,
By whom true love's regarded ;
I am the man, and thus may still
True lovers be rewarded.

The wars are o'er, and I'm come hame,
And find thee still true-hearted ;
Though poor in gear, we're rich in love,
And nair we've ne'er be parted.
Quo' she, My grandsire left me gowd,
A mailiu' plenish'd fairly ;
Then come, my faithfu' sodger lad,
Thou'rt welcome to it dearly.

For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor ;
But glory is the sodger's prize,
The sodger's wealth is honour.
The brave poor sodger ae'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger :
Remember he's his country's stay,
In day and hour o' danger.

COME LIVE WITH ME.

Andante.
ALTO.

Come live with me, come live with me and be my love,

1st TENOR.
Come live with me, come, come, come live with me and be my love,

2nd TENOR.
Come live with me, come, and we will

BASS.
Come live with me, come, come live with me and be my

and we will all the pleasures prove, we will all the pleasures

and we will all the pleasures prove, we will all the pleasures

all the pleasures prove, the pleasures prove, we will all the pleasures

love, and we will all the pleasures

cres. prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield,
cres. prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield, and I will
f prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield, and I will
f prove that grove and valley, hill and field, or woods and stee - py mountains yield,

and twine, and twine - a thousand fragrant po - sies, a cap of flow'rs and
 make thee beds of ros - es. a cap of flow'rs and
 make thee beds of ro - ses, a cap of flow'rs and
 and twine, and twine a thousand fragrant posies, a cap of flow'rs and

ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle. A belt of
 ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle. A belt of
 ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle.
 ru - ral kir - tle em - broider'd all with leaves of myr - tle.

straw and i - vy buds,
 straw and i - vy buds, And
 A co - ral clasp and am - ber studs, And

then live with me and be my
 if these plea-sures may thee move,
 if these pleasures may thee move, then live with me and be my

love, the shep-herd swains shall dance - - and sing,
 For thy de - light each
 love,

May morn - ing.
If joys like these thy mind - may move.

Then live with

p If joys like these thy
p If joys like these thy
p If joys like these thy
me and be my love,

f mind may move, then live with me and be my love.
f mind may move, then live with me and be my love.
f mind may move, then live with me and be my love.

THE MARRIAGE BELL.

BY J. H. R. BAYLEY.

'Tis sweet to hear those notes of fire,
Struck from the minstrel's burning lyre;
There is a joy that swells the soul,
When music charms "the flowing bowl"—
A pleasure in some well-known voice,
That bids the loneliest heart rejoice;
An ecstasy that springs from song—
A rapture in the social throng!
But where's there an endearing spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell?
It falls upon the lover's ear
Like strains from some diviner sphere;
The tale it tells the young and gay,
Whose life hath been one summer's day,

Is coloured with a future bliss,
Too heavenly for a world like this:
It hath a soul-inspiring tone,
Which stirs the spirit sad and lone,
And sheds a lively influence round,
Wherever flies its merry sound!

It mellows down the lorn one's heart
To meet its fate, and bear the smart;
And wafts the aged back once more
In fancy to those scenes of yore,
When early joys and feelings grew,
And vow to vow proved firm and true!
Yes, one and all, from youth to age,
From the unlettered to the sage,
Have felt that life hath not a spell
That gladdens like the marriage bell!

IF LOVE AND ALL THE WORLD WERE YOUNG.

S'r W. Raleigh.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Music by S. Webbe.

Moderato.

ALTO.

1st TENOR.

2d TENOR.

BASS.

If love and all the world were young,

If love and all the world were young, And truth on ev' - ry

If love and all the world were young, And truth on ev' - ry

If love and all the world were young,

Thy fan - cied plea - sures might me move, And I might lis - ten

shepherd's tongue, Thy fan cied pleasures might me move, And I might lis - ten

shepherd's tongue, Thy fancied pleasures might me move, And I might lis ten

Thy fan - cied pleasures might me move, And I might lis - ten

THE BRITISH MINSTREL AND

to thy love, I might lis - ten to thy love. But time drives
 to thy love, I might lis - ten to - - thy love. But time drives flocks from
 to thy love, I might lis - ten to thy love But time drives flocks from
 to thy love I might lis - ten to thy love. But time drives flocks from

flocks from field to fold; The ri - vers rage, ri - - vers rage, and
 field to fold; The ri - vers rage, the ri - vers rage,
 field to fold, The ri - vers rage
 field to fold, The ri - vers rage - - - rage and

hills grow cold, hills - - grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb.
 and hills grow cold, and hills grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And
 - - and hills grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And
 hills grow col - - grow cold, Then droop - ing Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And

piu lento.

Then drooping Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lenta.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of

piu lento.

age complains of care to come, Then drooping Phi - lo - mel is dumb, And age complains of calande.

In a pastoral manner.

care to come. thy beds of ro - ses, Thy cap, thy

p

care to come. Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses, Thy cap, thy

p

care to come. Thy gowns, thy belts, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy

p

care to come. thy belts, thy beds of roses, thy cap, thy

f

kir - tle, and thy po - sies, All these in me, in me can no thing

f

kir - tle, and thy po - sies, All these in me, in me can nothing

f

kir - tle, and thy po sies, All these in me in me can nothing

f

kir - tle, and thy po sies All these in me can no - thing

move, To live with thee and be thy love. *p* and
 move, To live with thee and be - thy love. *p* If youth could last, and
 move, To live with thee and be thy love. *p* If youth could last, and

love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de -
 love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de -
 love re - main, Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de -
 Had joy no date, and age no pain, Then these de -

lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love. *f*
 lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love. *f*
 lights my mind might move. And I might lis - ten to thy love. *f*
 lights my mind might move, And I might lis - ten to thy love. *f*

WOMAN.

"When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low,"

Oh, woman! truth and passion rear the throne
Where thou dost sit triumphant and alone;
Bright shapes of fitful fancies throw
Prismatic colours o'er thy beauty's glow—
Before a thousand shrines thy feelings burn,
As vestals wave their tapers o'er the urn.
A seeming fickle nature oft imbues
The colour of thy mind with rainbow's hues—
Yet, when awakened to some daring deed,
When grief and trials come and nations bleed,

When fields of blood re-echo shrieking cries,
And hope's lone star hath left the shrouded skies;
'Tis then thy mighty heart shall fully prove
The strength of all thy constancy and love!
Who longest lingers at the bed of death,
With kisses winning back the fleeting breath?
Who longest at the chill lone tomb shall stay,
Pale sentinel o'er cold and paler clay?
'Last at the cross and earliest at the grave.'
Ah, woman! 'tis thy chosen hour to save,
When manhood's haughty crest is fallen low,
Shattered and broken by the stunning blow.

J. N. Maffitt.

HOW SWEET IN THE WOODLANDS.

DUET.

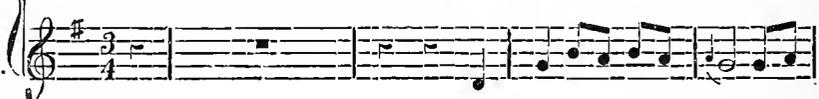
Dr. Harrington.

SOPRANO
OR TENOR.



How sweet in the woodlands with fleet hound and horn, To

2d
SOPRANO
OR TENOR.




wa - ken shrill e - cho and taste the fresh morn. But hard is the




chace my fond heart must pur - sue, For Daphne, fair Daphne, is lost to my view, is




lost, fair Daph - ne is lost to my view. As - sist me chaste Dian the



nymph to re - gain, More wild than the roe-buck, and wing'd with dis - dain. In

pi - ty o'er - take her who wounds as she flies, Tho' Daphne's pursued, 'tis Myr-

til - lo that dies, that dies, that dies, 'tis Myr - til - lo that dies.

THE SMUGGLER.

Words by Thomas Cory.

John Davy.

'Twas one morn when the wind from the north-ward blew keen - ly, While

sul - len-ly roar'd the big waves - of the main, A fam'd smuggler, Will Watch, kiss'd his

Sue then se - rene - ly, Took helm and to sea bold - ly

steer'd out a - gain. Will had pro - mis'd his Sue that this trip if well ended, Should

coil up his hopes and he'd anchor a - shore, When his pock - ets were lin'd, why his

life should be mended, The laws he had broken he'd ne - ver break more.

His sea-boat was trim, made her port, took her lading,
Then Will stood for home, reached the offing, and
cried,
"This night, if I've luck, furls the sails of my trading,
In dock I can lay—serve a friend too beside."
Will lay-to till night came on darksome and dreary,
To crowd every sail then he piped up each hand;
But a signal soon 'spied—'twas a prospect uncheery—
A signal that warned him to bear from the laud.
"The Philistines are out," cries Will, "take no heed
on't—
Attacked, who's the man that will flinch from his
gun?
Should my head be blown off, I sball ne'er feel the need
on't—
We'll fight while we can—when we can't boys we'll
run.
Through the haze of the night a bright flash now ap-
pearing,
"Behold!" cries Will Watch, "the Philistines bear
down;
Bear a hand my tight lads, ere we think about sheering,
One broadside pour in, should we swim boys, or
drown!

"But should I be popped off, you, my mates, left he-
hind me,
Regard my last words, see 'em kindly obeyed;
Let no stone mark the spot, and, my friends, do you
mind me,
Near the beach is the grave where Will Watch
would be laid,"
Poor Will's yarn was spun out, for a bullet next minute,
Laid him low on the deck, and he never spoke more;
His hold crew fought the brig while a shot remained
in it,
Then sheered—and Will's hulk to his Susan they bore.
In the dead of the night his last wish was complied
with—
To few known his grave, and to few known his end;
He was borne to the earth by the crew that he died
with—
He'd the tears of his Susan, the prayers of each friend.
Near his grave dash the billows—the winds loudly
hellow—
Yon ash struck with lightning points out the cold bed
Where Will Watch, the bold smuggler, that famed
lawless fellow,
Once feared, now forgot, sleeps in peace with the dead!

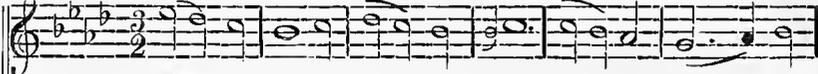
MELTING AIRS SOFT JOYS INSPIRE.

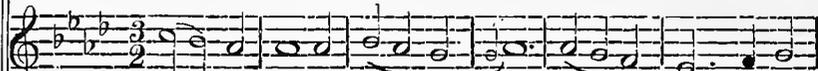
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

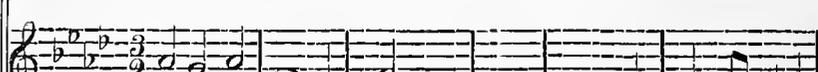
Words from Hughes' "Ode in Praise of Music."

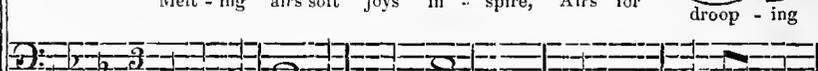
Dr. William Hayes.

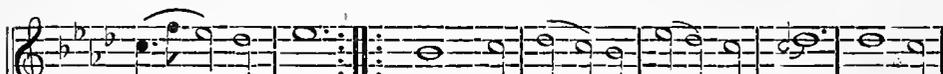
Affettuoso.

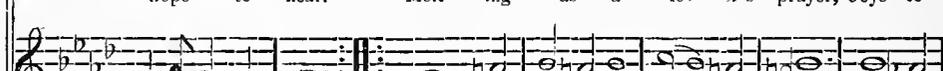
1st SOPRANO.  Melt - ing airs soft joys in - spire, Airs for droop - ing

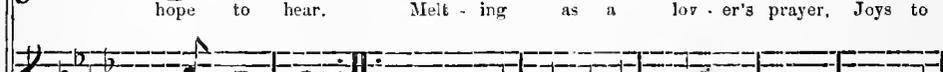
2d SOPRANO.  Melt - ing airs soft joys in - spire, Airs for droop - ing

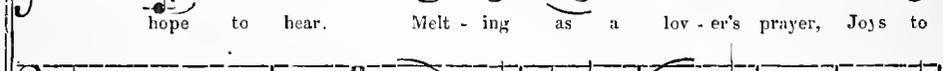
ALTO.  Melt - ing airs soft joys in - spire, Airs for droop - ing

BASS. 

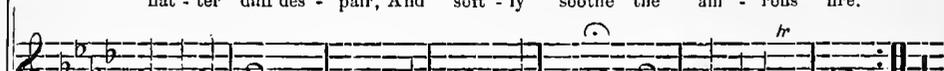
 hope to hear. Melt - ing as a lov - er's prayer, Joys to

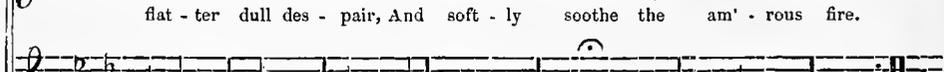
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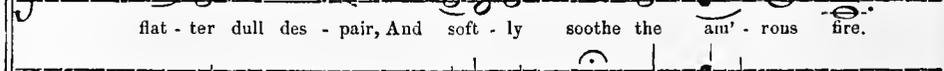
 hope to hear. Melt - ing as a lov - er's prayer, Joys to



 flat - ter dull des - pair, And soft - ly soothe the am' - rous fire.

 flat - ter dull des - pair, And soft - ly soothe the am' - rous fire.

 flat - ter dull des - pair, And soft - ly soothe the am' - rous fire.



IN MY PLEASANT NATIVE PLAINS.

SONG FROM "THE CARNIVAL OF VENICE," (1781).

Words by R. Tickell.

Linley.

Allegretto.

In my plea-sant na - tive plains, Wing'd with blies each

mo - ment flew, *p* Na - ture there in - spired the strains,

sim - ple as the joys I knew: Jo - cund morn and

ev' - ning gsy, Claim'd the mer - ry, mer - ry roun - de -

- lay, Claim'd the mer - ry, mer - ry roun - de - lay.

Fields and flocks, and fragrant flowers,
 All that health and joy impart,
 Call'd for artless music's powers,
 Faithful echoes to the heart.
 Happy hours for ever gay,
 Claim'd the merry, merry roundelay.

But the breath of genial spring,
 Waked the warblers of the grove.
 Who, sweet birds! that heard you sing
 Would not join the song of love?
 Your sweet notes and chaunting gay,
 Claim'd the merry, merry roundelay.

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

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

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

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

THE FAIRIES.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

With spirit. f

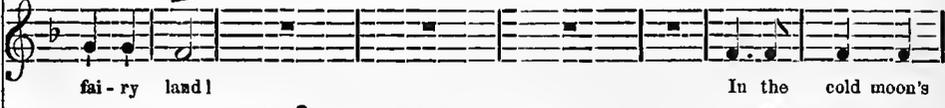
1st TREBLE. 

2d TREBLE. 

BASS. 

p







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

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

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

dolce.

They with shadow - y morrice dance,

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

shadow - y morrice dance. Soft mu - sic dies a - *p*

pp *f*

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

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

- long the de - sert land - - - - - soft mu - sic *dim.* *pp*

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

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

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

dies a - long the de - sert land, a - long the de - sert land. *p* *pp*

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

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

p *dim.* *f*

p slow. *dim.* *f*

Tempo primo.

slowly. *dim.* *dolce.*

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

dim. *dolce.*

dim.

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

f *p cres.*

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

f *p cres.*

f *p cres.*

dolce. *f*

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

p *f*

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

p

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

fly, they fly,

THE VICTORY.

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

There was one who died

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

The distant dear ones, and would talk of them
 At midnight when he trod the silent deck
 With him he valued,—talk of them, of joys
 Which he had known—Oh God! and of the hour
 When they should meet again, till his full heart,
 His manly heart, at last would overflow
 Even like a child's with very tenderness.
 Peace to his honest spirit! Suddenly
 It came, and merciful the ball of death,
 For it came suddenly and shattered him,
 And left no moment's agonising thought
 On those he lov'd so well.

He ocean-deep

Now lies at rest. Be thou her comforter
 Who art the widow's friend! Man does not know
 What a cold sickness made her blood run back
 When first she heard the tidings of the fight;
 Man does not know with what a dreadful hope
 She listened to the names of those who died,
 Man does not know, or, knowing does not heed
 With what an agony of tenderness
 She gazed upon her children, and beheld
 His image who was gone. Oh God! be thou
 Who art the widow's friend her comforter!

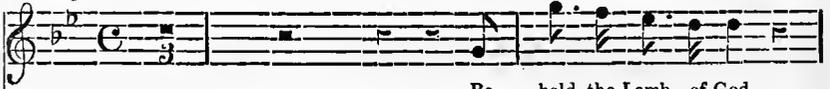
Robert Southey.

BEHOLD THE LAMB OF GOD.

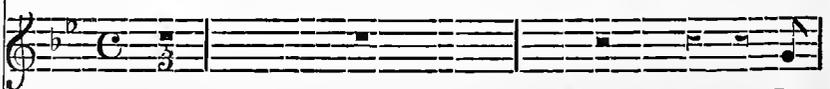
SEVENTH CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

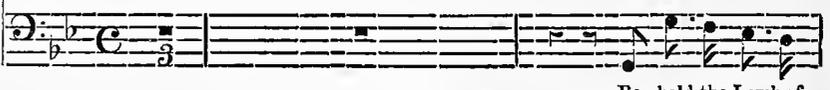
Largo.

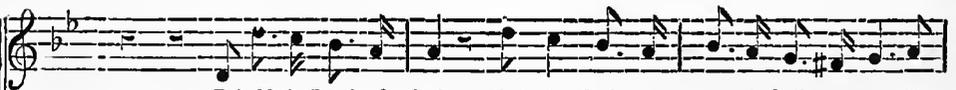
Handel.

SOPRANO.  Be - hold the Lamb of God,

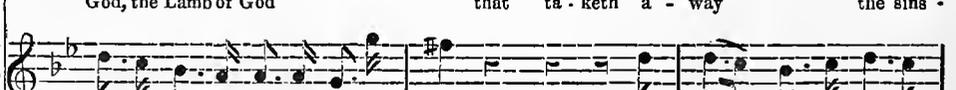
ALTO.  Be - hold the Lamb of God. Be - hold the Lamb of

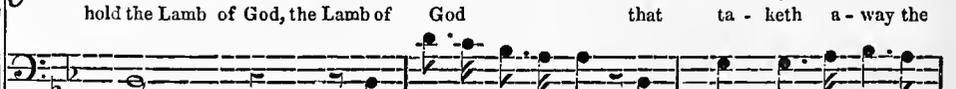
TENOR.  Be.

BASS.  Be - hold the Lamb of

 Behold the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way, ta-keth a - way the

 God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the sins -

 hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the

 God, Be - hold the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the

sins of the world - - - Behold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, of
 - - - of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God, Behold the Lamb of
 sins of the world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be -
 sins of the world - - - Behold the Lamb of

God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth away the sins of the world, of - - the
 God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the
 hold the Lamb of God that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the
 God - - - that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the

world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, Be - hold the Lamb of God that taketh a - way the
 world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that ta - keth a -
 world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that
 world, Be - hold the Lamb of God, the Lamb of God that

sins of the world - - - that taketh away -
 - - way the sins, the sins of the world, the sins of the world, that
 ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world.

ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the world,

- - the sins of the world - -
 ta - keth a - way the sins, the sine of the world, the sins of the
 that ta - keth a - way the sine of the world, the sins of the
 that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world, the sins of the

- - - the sins of the world, that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.
 world, the sins of the world, that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.
 world, the sins of the world, that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.
 world - - - that ta - keth a - way the sins of the world.

FAREWELL THOU FAIR DAY.

Words by Burns.

Air—"My lodging is on the cold ground."

Larghetto.

Fare - well thou fair day, thou green earth, and ye skies, Now gay with the

bright setting sun, Fare - well, loves and friendships, ye dear tender ties! Our

race of ex - istence is run. Thou grim king of ter - rors, thou

life's gloomy foe, Go frighten the coward and slave; Go teach them to

tremble, fell ty-rant! but know, No ter - rors hast thou to the brave.

Thou strik'at the dull peasant, he sinks in the dark,
 Nor saves ev'n the wreck of a name,
 Thou strik'at the young hero, a glorious mark!
 He falls in the blaze of his fame.

In the field of proud honour, our swords in our hands,
 Our king and our country to save;
 While victory shines on life's last ebbing sauds,
 O, who would not die with the brave!

THE OX'S MINUET.

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF HAYDN.

In 1770, the reputation of the German composer, Joseph Haydn, had spread over all Europe. He had visited Paris and London, and in both cities had been greatly cherished and admired. But he was glad to return again to Vienna, on leaving which he had wept like a child. The house which he occupied in the Austrian capital was a modest one, and was situated in the suburbs; but it was a house honoured and resorted to by all the great lords of the court, who would fain have possessed the character at least of being connoisseurs in music, and patrons of its professors. There, too, did poor artists often find counsel and aid in their distresses. Born of humble parents himself, Haydn was ever mindful of the wants of the obscure and humble followers of his art. Generous, virtuous, sensitive, and simple as a child, Joseph Haydn ought to have been perfectly happy in his course through the world; but this was not exactly the case. When very young, he had wedded one whose personal attractions made a strong impression on him. Unfortunately, her spirit and temperament proved to be of a very inferior order, and for thirty years the great musician underwent much domestic discomfort in consequence. Yet he was a faithful husband, and even loved his wife to the last with all the strength of his first and boyish affection.

On his return from London to Vienna, Haydn found his wife the same being that he had left her, morose, obstinate, imperious, and quarrelsome. All that the poor composer could do was to fly to his little study, and in that retreat seek consolation in the pursuit of his beloved art. One afternoon, after a storm of the ordinary kind had passed over his domestic horizon, Haydn fled to his sanctum, and had forgotten his troubles awhile over his harpsichord, when his domestic brought him information that a man wished to speak to him on an affair of pressing moment. "Let him enter," said Haydn.

"Pray, pardon—excuse me," said a stout jolly-looking personage as he entered the room, holding a heavy purse of florins in his hand, and attired in the habit of a cattle-dealer or butcher. "You are famous, Sir," continued this individual, "for being the grandest composer of minuets in all Austria, or any where else in truth; and as I am going to have my daughter married tomorrow, I come to ask you to oblige me by making one on purpose for the nuptials."

"My good friend," said the musician, "you embarrass me by this request. I have made few or no minuets, as you seem to have been told; the few trifles of that nature which have been composed by me would not do for dancing to. They are things rather written for artists, and are more learned than lively."

"So much the better," replied the stout cattle merchant; "that is the very thing I want. My son-in-law, that is to be, is famous upon the clarinet, and my little girl is clever at the harpsichord; so you see, Master Haydn, that your grand music wont go like pearls to swine. And then, to own the truth to you, I am as proud as an emperor, though I be no more than a butcher to my trade. I heard your beautiful mass on the birth-day of our gracious sovereign, Joseph II., and I said to myself, "This composer is the man who shall make a minuet for the wedding of my little girl, or my name is not Herrmann of Rorhau?"

"Of Rorhau!" cried Haydn; "What? are you from that little village of Hungary?"

"Not a doubt of it," returned the visitor; "and what then?"

"I was born there," exclaimed the simple and warm-hearted composer; "I was born at Rorhau, and for forty years I have not seen it! Embrace me, my friend, my dear fellow-countryman!" The tears ran down the composer's cheeks. In embracing Herrmann, he felt as if he clasped in his arms all whom he had loved in boyhood, when, poor and needy, he had sung in the village choir, to gain a morsel of food for his widowed mother.

"And you are from Rorhau!" repeated Haydn, dwelling affectionately upon the recollections called up; "come, sit down, I beg of you, and let us chat of our native place—that place which one loves for ever, whatever may have been the toils there endured!" Herrmann's heart was as much touched as that of his celebrated compatriot. He sat down, though only after some pressing, and talked of Rorhau with the musician. Finally, they came back to the minuet, and Herrmann departed, happy in the promise given to him that he should have the music sent to him as soon as possible.

Sensitive as a child, Haydn yet felt a glow of pleasure from the recent recognition, and disposed himself with a cheerful heart to commence the epithalamia minuet. But great was his surprise, on turning to his harpsichord, the confidant of all his cares and joys, to find lying upon it the purse which Herrmann had held in his hand on entering the room. The purse had these words attached to it on a piece of paper: "Herrmann, butcher, Street of St. Etienne, to the greatest composer of Germany." Haydn was equally surprised and delighted at the delicacy which had prompted the manner of bestowing this gift. But calling his domestic, the composer ordered him to be ready in an hour to take back the purse, with the desired music, to the house of the butcher. Being then left alone, he proceeded to the composition of the minuet.

Often had Haydn written at the request of kings, but he had seldom felt himself so inspired as when throwing on paper the musical ideas intended to grace the nuptials of the butcher's daughter. The air which he produced was fresh and lively, and smacked of the rural simplicity of the composer's native scenes. But ere the piece was quite finished, the soothing ecstasy of spirit, under the influence of which the musician laboured, was dispelled by the entrance of his wife. Her presence put to flight the familiar genius of his art, and discord took place of the harmony that had floated for a time around him.

"What is this that your servant Frantz tells me?" said Madame Haydn, with an accent indicative of a latent storm; "you are about to send away a sum which you have justly acquired, being given to you for work to be done."

"My dear," said Haydn gently, "do not fret at this. Be more just. Is a miserable little minuet worth a heavy purse of florins? It would be robbery, almost, to take it."

"Always the same!" cried Madame Haydn; "you will never be worth a copper coin, and your fine generosity will bring you to!"

"The Temple of Fame!" interposed Haydn, with a smile.

"The hospital, rather—you weak, simple creature!"

"Come now, my dear," said Haydn, "speak no

more on this trifling matter, but leave me to finish the piece. I have promised, and you know I never break my word. There I am religiously faithful; and to you my dear Elizabeth!"

Madame Haydn, ill tempered as she was, sometimes could not resist the tender pleading of her husband, whose ill health made him often an object of pity, and who had preserved for her, as has been said, all the affection of a lover, in spite of her usage of him. But on this occasion she was determined to stick to her point; and, accordingly, she coldly repulsed his conciliatory advances, and reiterated her demand that he should keep the purse of Hermann. The composer would not yield to this, and reading his determination in his usually gentle features, Madame Haydn became but the more enraged, and proceeded to measures by which she might at least punish her husband's contumacy, if she could not gain her point about the purse.

The cabinet of Haydn, like those of many other great men, was a place not distinguished for order. The composer, indeed, loved to have his scraps all lying loosely about him, blotted with the magic symbols which were to afford a fund of melody to posterity for ever and ever. His cabinet was, in fact, a scene of great confusion, and Madame Haydn knew well that one sure way to put her husband almost beside himself, was to attempt to put things into a different condition. In this tender point she now attacked him. Seizing a broom, the sceptre with which she governed her household, she began to sweep the room into order. The first consequence of this step was, that a cloud of dust was raised which brought on her poor husband a severe cough, and compelled him momentarily to fly the apartment. Profiting by his absence, she swept together the manuscripts which lay on the table and on the floor—in short, here and there and everywhere; and one little scrap, reckless of what it might contain, she tossed into the fire. Alas, it was the minuet for the wedding of Hermann's little girl!

Haydn entered the room immediately afterwards, and, attracted by the blaze, looked at the fire, where he on the instant recognised his yet unfinished minuet, just expiring in the flames. A giddiness seized him; he uttered a cry of anguish, and fell on the sofa. His wife waited only till she saw him recover, and then, conscious that she had inflicted sufficient punishment, fled to her own region of the household.

Haydn was in great distress about the lost minuet. He could not re-write it from memory, and the hour was advancing at which he had promised to send it. The scene just related had made him ill, and had incapacitated him for a new effort, even had there been time for it. Under these circumstances, he bethought him of some minuets which he had sent to his publisher shortly before, and dispatched his servant to bring these back to him. Luckily they had not yet been published, and the manuscripts were got. Haydn then selected the best, and partly remembering the late piece, gave this some new and perfecting touches, and then sent off the remodelled minuet to Hermann, along with the purse of florins. After this, Haydn was a little more at ease.

The minuet sent to the butcher, though perhaps not quite equal to the burnt one, was yet a charming composition, being at once lively, elegant, and original. Hermann on receiving the precious manuscript, embraced it with delight, and immediately

gave it to a copyist to have the parts separately set down. The butcher's intended son-in-law, who was really a musical amateur of no mean skill, had got some performers of ability engaged for the wedding, and these he assembled on the evening that the minuet was brought home, and had it played most delightfully. But it was at the wedding assemblage that Hermann's triumph reached its height. There the minuet excited the most rapturous applause.

"It is Haydn's!" cried the jolly butcher in a perfect transport; "it was for me—for me, his countryman—that he composed this wonderful minnet!"

"Haydn for ever!" cried the guests.

"Let us go on the instant and thank him for the honour he has done us," said the son-in-law.

"I have thought of this already, my son," replied Hermann, "and, what is more, have prepared a surprise for my countryman. I left him a purse before, but he has sent it back. Since he wont take my money, I will be quits with him in another way. I will pay him in my coin."

"That will be bringing back the golden age, when all was done by exchanges," said one of the guests; "M. Haydn has given you a minuet, and you are going to give him"—

"An ox!" cried the stout old butcher, "and a living one, too! And what a size he is! The show ox in the market the other day was a calf to him. He is here in my stable, all ready to be presented!"

"To the stable!—to the stable!" exclaimed all the guests simultaneously, seizing their hats from which floated favours of all hues. They proceeded to the stable, and there beheld a most magnificent ox, with his long curling horns adorned with parti-coloured ribbons, and with his white skin as clean as if he had been cut out of Parian marble. The whole wedding party, men and women, were now assembled by Hermann, and arraigned by him in procession order, with the ox at the head. They marched thus towards the house of Haydn, the musicians all the while performing the minuet of the great composer. The hour was not a very late one, but Haydn had gone to bed. The noise of the music and the party entering his court awoke him. He was at first annoyed somewhat at having his rest disturbed, but when he recognised his own minuet, his surprise was extreme. He was sure it was his minuet, but there was an additional bass accompaniment that astonished him, falling as it did on his ear at irregular intervals. This was in fact, the ox, which took upon itself to help out the music by an occasional low, like the grumbling of a tempestuous ocean.

Having thrown on him his dressing-gown, and taken a lamp in his hand, Haydn appeared at one of the windows, and was received with shouts by the marriage assemblage below. The composer thanked Hermann warmly for his attention in paying this visit; but when the jolly butcher pointed to the superb ox, and begged his acceptance of it as a token of gratitude and esteem, the musician was at first so tickled with the idea of the thing, that he burst into a hearty laugh, in which he was instantly joined by the merry crowd beneath. Fearing to offend Hermann, however, Haydn checked himself, and accepted the present with many thanks. He then descended into the court, found a stall for the animal, kissed the bride, and retired again, loaded with bouquets in showers from the wedding guests.

All the while the serenade was going on, and the people were so charmed with the minuet, that every window had half-a-dozen night-caps projected from it, at the risk of death to the owners from the night air.

But the fame of the minuet did not rest here. The story soon spread over all Vienna, and every one wished to have the piece; so that, in reality, this trifle produced an accession of fortune and fame to the great composer. The minuet received and still retains the name of the "Ox's Minuet." Under that title it will be found in every catalogue

of Haydn's works. As to the animal itself, the living proof of Hermann's gratitude, the composer, after keeping it for a time to enjoy the pleasing thoughts called up by the sight of it, gave it to the hospital, that it might have a worthy end in doing good to the poor. This was a thought worthy of the generous and single-hearted composer, but it was one, it is said, very displeasing to Madame Haydn. She did not long survive this event. Her good husband lamented her, but there can be no doubt that her departure left his latter days in peace.—*The Star.*

THE OX'S MINUET.

MUSIC AMONG THE TURKS.

It was not till the reign of Amurath that this art was cultivated or known among the Turks. That prince having ordered a general massacre of the Persians at the taking of Bagdad, was so moved by the tender and affecting air of a Persian harper,* that he retracted his cruel order, and put a stop to the slaughter. The musician was conducted, with four of his brother minstrels, to Constantinople, and by these the harmonious art was propagated among the Turks.

Under Mahomet the Fourth it flourished; and

* The Abaté Toderini, from whose valuable work the materials for this sketch are taken, used every means to find this celebrated piece of *Sach-Cule* (for that is the name of this Persian *Timotheus*). But it was never noted, it seems, and is only played by the greatest masters from tradition. In the "Poetical Register," vol. viii. there is an ode by the late Eyles Irwin on the triumph obtained by the Persian musician over the ferocity of Amurath.

was almost brought to its perfection, principally through the exertions of Osman Effendi, who was himself a great master of the art, and formed a number of able scholars.

The first, however, that applied notes to Turkish airs was Prince Cantemir. His book was dedicated to Sultan Aehmet II. and is become very rare.

Although the Turks highly prize this work, they seldom use or imitate it; contenting themselves to compose and execute *memoriter*, according to their ancient custom: so difficult, it seems, is it to reduce to a regular scale of notation the theory of Turkish music. Not that it is without system and rules, as some have too rashly advanced: it has not only all the *times* and sounds of ours, but, possessing quarter tones, is much richer in materials, and consequently more melodious, than ours.

Niebah was misinformed when he said that Turks of rank would think themselves dishonoured by learning music. So far from this, it makes a usual part of their education. It is only in public that they disdain to sing or play.

Gner, and after him other writers, have asserted, that in the infirmary of the seraglio there is a concert of vocal and instrumental music from morning to night, for the purpose of soothing the sufferings and exhilarating the spirits of the sick and valetudinarian. But this is absolutely false, as the Abatè Toderini was assured, by a person who had been twenty years a physician of the seraglio.

The musical instruments used by the Turks are ;

1. The *Keman*, resembling our violin.
2. The *Ajakli-keman*, a sort of bass viol.
3. The *Sine-heman*, or the viol d'amour.
4. The *Rebab*, a two-stringed bow-instrument, almost in the form of a sphere; but now little used.
5. The *Tambour*, an eight-stringed instrument, with a long handle, on which the scale of tones is marked. It is played upon with a small flexible plate of tortoiseshell.
6. The *Nei*, which is a kind of flute made of cane, the sound of which approaches to that of the German flute, and sometimes to that of the human voice. This is the fashionable instrument among persons of rank.
7. The *Gharif*, a flute of smaller size.
8. The *Mescal* is composed of twenty-three cane pipes of unequal length, each of which gives three different sounds from the different manner of blowing it.
9. The *Santur*, or psaltery, is the same with ours, and played upon in the same manner.
10. The *Canon*, or psaltery with catgut strings, on which the ladies of the seraglio play, with a sort of tortoiseshell instrument.

These are all chamber instruments. The following are military ones:—

1. The *Zurna*, a sort of oboe.
2. The *Kaba Zurna*, a smaller species of the same.
3. The *Bora*, a tin trumpet.
4. The *Zil*, a Moorish instrument; what we call the cymbal.
5. The *Daul*, a large kind of drum, beaten with two wooden sticks.
6. The *Pombalek*, a small tympanum or drum, of which the diameter is little more than half a foot.
7. The *Kios*, a large copper drum, commonly carried on a camel.
8. The Triangle.
9. An instrument formed of several small bells hung on an inverted crescent, which is fixed on the top of a staff about six feet in height.

The band of the Sultan is truly grand, composed of all the best musicians in Constantinople. They play in unison or in octaves, which practice, though hostile to harmony in the musical sense of the word, is productive of grand martial effect, and is very imposing.—*Critic*.

ORGAN IN THE MUSIC HALL, EDINBURGH.

The alterations which have been lately making on this noble instrument under the superintendance of Mr. Hill, of London, its talented builder, having been completed, a considerable number of professionals and amateurs assembled in the Music Hall on Saturday (30th Sept., 1844) to hear the effect of the improvements. The interior of the instrument having been inspected, and its complicated mechanism as far as possible explained, Mr. Blewitt took his seat at the keys; and after showing the quality of the different stops (some of which are

extremely beautiful), and the endless variety of effect which a judicious combination of them can produce, delighted his auditors by performing a grand fugue in his own masterly style. Apropos of organs, we are reminded of the following anecdote: On the occasion of a charity sermon being preached in London some few years ago, a well-known musical professor was presiding at the organ. The admirable manner in which the musical portion of the service was conducted attracted the attention of a gentleman present, who anxious to ascertain the name of the organist, applied to the pew-opener for the requisite information. Unable, however, to obtain it from that quarter, he thought of applying to the organ-blower. On ascending to the organ-gallery, he found that important functionary reposing after his labours, and addressed him with "Pray, my good fellow, can you tell me who played the organ to-day?" "I blew it," was the reply. Apprehensive lest his question might have been misunderstood, he repeated it, when "I blew it" was again the reply. "I am quite aware of that fact," said the gentleman, but I want to know who played it." "Sir," answered the tormenting rogue, "I have told you twice already it was I blew it, and I shan't tell you any more." Annoyed at the fellow's seeming impertinence, the gentleman took his departure. As he was leaving the church, he met the beadle, to whom he put the same question. "Mr. I. Blewitt" was the beadle's answer.—*Scotsman*.

LINES FROM THE GERMAN OF GOETHE.

Again ye come, again ye throng around me,
Dim, shadowy beings of my boyhood's dream!
Still shall I bless, as then, your spell that bound me?
Still bend to mists and vapours, as ye seem?
Nearer ye come—I yield me as ye lound me
In youth, your worshipper, and as the stream
Of air that foas you in its magic wreaths,
Flows by my lips, youth's joy my bosom breathes.

Lost forms, and loved ones, ye are with you bringing,
And dearest images of happier days;
First-Love and Friendship in your path up springing,
Like old Tradition's half-remembered lays;
And long slept sorrows waked, whose dirge-like
singing

Recalls my life's strange labyrinthine maze,
And names the heart mourned many a stern doom,
Ere their year's summer summoned to the tomb.

They hear not these my last sons, they whose greeting
Gladdened my first,—my spring time friends have
gone.

And gone, fast journeying from that place of meeting
The echoes of their welcome, one by one.
Though stranger-crowds, my listeners since, are
beating

Time to my music, their applauding tone
More grieves than glads me, while the tried and true,
If yet on earth, are wandering far and few.

A longing long unfelt, a deep-drawn sighing,
For the dark SPIRIT LAND o'erpowers me now;
My song's faint voice sinks fainter, like the dying
Tones of the wind-harp swinging from the bough,
And my changed heart throbs warm—no more
denying

Tears to my eyes, or sadness to my brow.
The near afar off seems, the distant nigh,
The now a dream, the past reality.

Fitz Greene Halleck.

A SONG FOR AUTUMN.

Summer waneth night and morning,
 Night and morning waneth!
 Flowers are fading on the lea,
 Leaves are changing on the tree,
 Gossamer is silvery bright,
 Thistle-down is floating white,
 Every blossom's leaf is sled,
 Fruits are hanging ripe and red,
 Singing-birds have flown away,—
 After this can summer stay?
 No, no, the year must go,
 Summer has departed now.

Autumn cometh night and morning,
 Night and morning cometh!
 By the nightly-rising moon,
 By the splendours of the noon,
 By the flowers that have no fellow,
 Purple, crimson, gold, and yellow;
 By the pattering drily down
 Of the nuts and acorns brown,
 By the silent forest-bough
 All may know 'tis Autumn now.
 Fast or slow the year must go,
 And 'tis gorgeous Autumn now.

Mary Howitt.

ITALIAN QUEEN.

DUET FROM THE OPERA OF "THE CASTLE OF ANDALUSIA."

Andante grazioso.

Dr. Arnold.

I - talian Queen, to thee we pray, I - talian Queen, to thee we pray, Re-

cord, record each tender vow, Re - cord each ten - der vow. As night gives

place to cheer - ful day, Let hopes of fu - ture bliss al - lay, The pangs we suf - fer

now, The pangs we suf - fer now, Let hopes of bliss al - lay the
 Let hopes of future bliss al - lay the pangs, the

pangs we suf-fer now. I - da - lian Queen, to thee we pray, I - da - lian

pangs we suf-fer now.

Queen, to thee we pray, Re-cord, record each tender vow, re - cord each ten - der

vow. As night gives place to cheer - ful day, Let hopes of fu - ture bliss al-

lay, The pangs we suf-fer now. The pangs we suf - fer now -

- the pangs we suffer, the

pangs we suf - fer now, the pangs we suf - fer now, the pangs we suf - fer now.

THE BRITISH MINSTREL; AND
NELSON OF THE NILE.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1
The knell of ty-rant laws I hear Bri-tannia's flag tri-
2
Son of the Nile thy dar-ing hand Has crush'd the
3
Now safe from the as-saults of war, Let's drink a

*
umphant, tri-umphant rear, knell,
*
foe, on Egypt's strand, son of the Nile,
*
health to ev'ry Bri-tish tar, Let's drink a health to Let'a drink a health to

*
knell, Bri-tan-nia's flag tri-
*
son of the Nile, Has crush'd the foe on Egypt's strand, on Egypt's
*
Let's drink a health to ev'ry Bri-tish tar, let'a

2
um-phant rear, triumphant rear, O rear
3
strand, has crush'd the foe on Egypt's strand, the foe on Egypt'a strand.
1
drink a health, let's drink a health to ev'ry, ev'ry Bri-tish tar.

* The bars between the marks are only to be sung at the fourth repetition.

B E A U T Y .

*Andantino.**Pleyel.*

What is beauty but a flow'r, A rose that blos - soms for an hour,

cher - ish'd by the tears of spring, Fann'd by ev' - ry zephyr's wing.

See how soon its co - lour flies, Flushing, trembles, droops and dies,

Age will come with wint' - ry face, Ev' - ry transient joy to chase,

Age will come with wint' - ry face, Ev' - ry tran - sient joy to chase.

Friendship's but an empty name,
Glitt'ring like a vap'rish flame,
Youth flies fast and soon decays,
Bliss is lost while time delays.

Deck, O deck, your couch with flow'rs,
Laugh away the sportive hours,
Then since life's a fleeting day,
Ah! enjoy it while you may.

ON MUSICAL EXPRESSION.

It is not infrequently that we find persons, as it has been wittily said, who listen to music with their ears, but not with the soul,—who deny the power of musical expression, and consider it a chimeræ.

Were it possible that their opinion could be true, what could be more cruel? Music would then hold no rank among the fine arts, since men of genius would disdain to adjust sounds which could not reach the heart, and the sensible-minded would then be deprived of the most delightful means of communication. Happily however, musicians from their own transports feel that the science is made to excite, and of this we stand frequently in need, yet not so as to produce mental fatigue.

Others again, confounding the idea with the word, understand by expression, that of *imitation* only; and as music does not imitate *materially*, as painting does, they conclude that expression is foreign to it.

But why require of music to paint in sounds? would it be required of the painter to sing in colours? are the same means employed to carry the impressions of the two arts to the mind? The means of painting are colours—with their extent, diversity, and combination; the means of music sounds—with their combination and duration. Yet the musician would no more confine himself to the copy of sonorous bodies, than would the painter to the imitation of coloured ones. The common ambition of these two artists is, to urge, but in different directions, a passage to the human heart. The one exhibits the passions to our sight, the other to our ears by the accents produced; the result of which, being a happy combination of impressions, affords to us a moral pleasure, far superior to the physical pleasure derived from those organs. How is it, that any should be found willing to reduce all the charms of music to the brutal sensation of hearing? Have they wanted that exquisite sensibility which renders it so delightful to a warmer imagination, and which has the happiness to be endowed with a soul capable of relishing its sweet emotions? In that case we may say of them, as it was said of the Gentiles, they have ears and hear not.

Some again have doubted the meaning of an *idea* in music. This doubt is a little embarrassing. There are some truths so palpable that even when we hear them denied, we scarcely know from what order of principles to draw in order to furnish the proof required. Truths already received as incontrovertible principles serve as proofs, and have no need of demonstration;—such is the nature of sentimental truths, which almost refuse it. Nature, it is true, in rendering such demonstrations difficult, has also taken care to render them superfluous. In proof of the effects of musical expression, who has not been enchanted with the songs and choruses of Handel, and the beautiful symphonies of Haydn—the grand compositions of Gluck, Mozart, etc.

When once the memory is filled with these sublime pieces of the orchestra, can it be maintained that musical expression is nothing? Is it possible to forget the impressions made by these productions of genius, which are to the ear what the finest paintings are to the connoisseur? It has been insisted on, moreover, that music derives a great portion of its expressive power from words; but this argument, with respect to much of the orchestral music of those great masters, is illusory. It would be unreasonable, to require from an art

which has nothing material for its subject, that which cannot be obtained from painting—whose sole object is nature.

Music, nevertheless, by the manner and the movements agitating the mind by the aid of the ear, places before us all the objects by which similar sentiments were produced, and which the art of the painter itself could do no more than recal.

An isolated strain or song, is insufficient to express the poet's meaning without the aid of *harmony*, which is the most essential part of the science. An air or simple theme is nothing more than (so to speak) a train of sounds extracted from the four parts of harmony, and in general is far from flattering the ear of an audience; but the union of sounds which constitutes this divine auxiliary to music, were it possible not to consider it absolutely as the essential, fundamental part of the art, we cannot but be struck with the resources it furnishes thereto.

To be convinced of this, we have only to listen attentively to the fine choruses of our great masters, where the voices unite, conflict, or respond. Do we not distinguish amid these sonorous masses, the march of parties constantly opposed—the lustre and brilliancy of the more acute sounds uniting themselves to the vigour of the grave—the velocity of the one and the gravity of the other—the repetition of the same theme in divers tones—the contrasts, suspensions, and interruptions; the great difference produced by a single change of its concords, and the difference again resulting from the same chords, presented under another view. Can we compute at nothing these magnificent effects, varied infinitely? This is the magic of the palette of the able painter.

We cannot be ignorant that many airs owe their great character solely to the nature of the fundamental harmony, (frequently unwritten), accompanying them, and which no less than suggested them and that which gives them life.

Whatever is expressed in words, is essentially an idea: music alone expresses the lively affections of the soul; and is as a witness escaped to divulge its secrets. Music therefore does not imitate, it only attests the passions.

The sublime imagination of Gluck (in Orpheus) carries his hearers down to the infernal regions, from whence they are transported to Elysium, and evidently proves that it is not without reason that music participates with painting in expressing to the susceptible mind, all the passions which affect the human heart. The difference between the two arts lies in the means (as has been said already) which each employs. The style of an air forms no picture, because the ear is not destined to receive the same pleasure as the eye. The sound expanded on the pulsation of the air is not as the canvass, capable of producing permanent impressions: it would moreover be ridiculous to require from an art producing sentiment only, any idea of an image.

A little reflection, with persons who possess the sentiment alone of music, but more especially such as have a knowledge of the science, and who do not limit this enchanting art to the composition of a country-dance, or an insignificant romance, might make many approaches on the subject (which would be superfluous here) to prove to the detractors or indifferent in music, that this art expresses, but does not paint the passions.

Let us cease, in spite of the experience we make on the subject every instant, to assert that all the fine arts have the same *material imitation*; let

us cease to consider harmony as necessary to the musical art, and its effects as void with respect to song, or vocal strains or themes. Let us acknowledge in this constituent part of music, the precious advantage it affords to the living and natural expression of torment, of pleasure, of tranquillity, etc., of the mind. As to the rest, let us follow the precept of Horace:

Pictoribus atque Poetis,
Quidlibet audandi semper fuit aqua potestes;

in order that it be permitted always to painters, to poets, and to musicians to seek for, and employ the help of those strong analogies which establish so delightful a connexion among the fine arts.

Let the musician be picturesque, the poet melodious, the painter rich with the treasures of poetry; but lest the abuse of these analogies should cause the ambitious or the ignorant artist to wander, let each of them bear constantly in mind his just limits, and his true demesne.

The painter furnishes us with the most lively representations of such objects as are interesting; in language we find the means of procuring ideas; and music would be the pledge of both, had we to communicate only by way of sentiment.

FREDERICK THE GREAT AND THE PASTY.

During his stay in Amsterdam, the King wished to taste a Dutch pasty, which he had heard spoken of as particularly excellent. His companion was directed to order one of the landlady of the house in which they lodged. On this application the woman eyed him with a look of some contempt, from head to foot, and said, "Well, Sir, as ye would like to eat a pasty, have ye the money to pay for one?" Balbi assured the good woman that his companion could easily pay that sum, for he was a virtuoso on the flute, and by playing a few hours he could get plenty of money. She then enquired what a virtuoso was. Balbi explained the meaning of the word, and told her that the stranger was an excellent performer on the flute, who was travelling to make money by his talent. "Oho! then I must hear him," said the hostess. Away she posted to the room where the King was, and setting her arms akimbo, "Sir," said she, "as ye can pipe so cleverly, will ye just pipe a bit for me?" At this unexpected address the King was taken rather by surprise; but Balbi told him, in a few words, what had passed. Frederick cheerfully took the flute, and played for some time, in his best manner, so that the landlady, delighted with the performance, was fixed to the spot. When he had ceased, she said, "Sure enough, Sir, ye can pipe nicely, and earn a penny; now I'll go and make ye a pasty."

THE GERMAN BALLAD-SINGER.

Like a passing bird with a sweet wild song,
Thou hast come to my native land;
And amid the noisy crowded streets
Of the stranger thou dost stand;
And thou pourest forth a ballad lay,
Of the land where the laden vine
Dips its rich ripe fruit and its sheltering leaves
In thine own beloved Rhine.

'Tis a song of the deeds of other times—
Of the proud high hearts of old;
Which thy mother thy infant eyes to close,
At the gloaming often told;
Of a craggy steep and a castle strong—
Of a warden drunk with wine;
And a valorous knight, and his ladye-love,—
By thine own beloved Rhine.

Proud singer! I see thy pleasing eyes,—
Thou art thinking on that river;
The rush of its waters deep and strong,
Shall dwell in thine ears for ever;
Thou art sitting in dreams by that stream afar,
And a fresh bright wreath you twine—
Of the happy flowers that for ever blow;
By thine own beloved Rhine.

Thou hast changed thy song to a softer strain,
And thy cheeks are wet with tears;
The home of thy youth in thy father-land,
'Neath its sheltering tree appears,—
And thou seest thy parents far away,
And thy sister lov'd like mine,
O! they long for thee! as thou for them,
And thine own beloved Rhine.

Thy song is done—we are parted now—
And may never meet again;
But, wandering boy, thou hast touch'd a heart,
And thy song was not in vain;
God's blessings on thee, poor minstrel boy,
May a happy lot be thine!
May thy heart go uncorrupted back
To thine own beloved Rhine!

Robert Nicoll.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

There have been two distinguished musicians of this name—one of whom flourished in the middle of the fifteenth century, and the other in the beginning of the eighteenth. The first was a scholar and illustrious as a painter, as well as one of the most excellent violinists of his time, and a great favourite of Francis the First; the second a celebrated composer, was born at Naples in 1705, and educated at one of the conservatories in that city. His first operatic production "Iphigenia in Tauride," appeared at Venice, in 1725. The success of this piece was so great, that many of the principal towns in Italy were ambitious of having him for their composer. He afterwards set to music "La Rosmira fidele Siroe;" "Didone;" "Semiramide riconosciuta;" and "Artaserse." This last opera, his *chef d'œuvre*, was heard with a degree of admiration equal to any that has ever been excited by the powers of modern music. The recitative of Da Vinci's "Didone" was considered as a model for future dramatic composers; and some of the first masters have profited by the example. This master was the first who conceived the idea of accompanying recitative with a bass. The beauties of his compositions were numerous and striking; but his excellence was that of moulding his melody to the expression of nature, and of doing all that music could effect towards picturing the passions. This great musician died in 1747, at the age of forty-two owing his death to poison secretly infused in a cup of chocolate, by one of his own servants, at the instance of a relentless and revengeful enemy.

DEATH AND FUNERAL OF BEETHOVEN.

The constitution of Beethoven in youth was robust, but in the latter part of his life it was much broken down by care and sorrow. For the last six months he received the constant assistance of a physician, who contrived to alleviate his pain, though it was impossible to restore him to health. His illness terminated in a dropsy, which caused inexpressible suffering. Beethoven bore it with resolution, supported by the proofs of sympathy he received on all sides. During his last days, the surgical measures resorted to greatly increased the violence of his anguish, but his death was a gentle slumber. This took place on the 26th of March, 1827, in the 56th year of his age. The obsequies of Beethoven were performed with many honours,

and a long musical procession chaunting a dirge arranged from his own celebrated march on the death of a hero, attended the body to its place of repose, which is a cemetery in one of the pleasantest country roads out of Vienna. The laurel wreath, appropriately offered to musician poets in this country, was dropped into his grave by Hummel, and we may imagine with what feelings when we know that he had been an old friend of the composer, but separated from him by one of those unaccountable misunderstandings which sometimes estrange the most cordial and sympathetic spirits, and which in this case only left him time to make his peace and to assume his office in the last sad ceremonies over his friend.—*Foreign Quarterly Review.*

SCOTIA, LAND OF LAKE AND MOUNTAIN.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Words by James Manson.

Music by Julius Seligmann.

Allegro.

1st
TENOR.

Scotia land of lake and moun - tain, Truth, fervent love and

2d
TENOR.

Scotin land of lake and moun - tain, Truth, fervent love and

1st
BASS.

Scotia land of lake and moun - tain, Truth, fervent love and

2d
BASS.

Scotia land of lake and moun - tain, Truth, fervent love and

bravery. Freedom's gift to gallant hearts shall guard thee 'gainst all despot
bravery, Freedom's gift to gallant hearts, shall guard thee 'gainst all despot
bravery Freedom's gift to gallant hearts, shall guard thee 'gainst all despot

arts. *ff* For old Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery, For old

arts. *ff* For old Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery, For old

arts. *ff* For old Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, shall ne - ver pine in slavery, For old

Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine - - in slavery.

Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery.

Scotland, na - tive Scot - land, Shall ne - ver pine in slavery.

Sunnier lands can yield no pleasure!
 Home round our heart entwined
 Thy manhood's truth, thy woman's love,
 Bleak though thy sky, on field and grove

Of old Scotland, much lov'd Scotland,
 The sun of friendship shineth.
 In our Scotland, native Scotland,
 The sun of friendship shineth.

MUSIC THE COMPLETEST RELAXATION.

An old author in a fine vein of humour apostrophises those happy sick men who have been fortunate enough to meet with his works, and truly we know no one who has soothed more languishing hours than one of our day—Sir Walter Scott. But even in the fullest health there are intervals in our pleasures; there is the satiety of books and the fatigue of writing, against which a resource is wanted, and which we will venture to say is found in nothing so complete as in music. The piano-forte is an instrument always at hand, and it depends neither upon friends nor upon the weather, but solely upon our own fingers. If men of intel-

lectual occupation, who at certain times would gladly exchange their overworking thoughts for sensation, knew the complete relaxation and renovation of mind which music affords, they would all become players. We might quote the authority of Dr. Priestley on this subject, who advises literary persons even with a bad ear to persist in the practice of music. The philosopher might have remarked that the utterly bad ear is the anomaly in our constitution, and that if the elements of music were imbibed as a school exercise with the rudiments of grammar, there would be few who in after life would not soon be in a capacity to please themselves and others.

THE MOTHER'S SACRIFICE.

"God loveth a cheerful giver."

"What shall I tender Thee, Father Supreme,
For thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said the young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe. There was an answering voice
That night in dreams:—

"Thou hast a tender flower
Upon thy breast—fed with the dews of love:
Lend me that flower. Such flowers there are in
heaven."

But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.

"Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angel's hymn.
Yield me that harp."

There rose a shuddering sob
As if the bosom by some hidden sword
Was cleft in twain.

Morn came—a blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud;
The harp-strings rang a thrilling strain, and broke—
And that young mother lay upon the earth,
In childless agony.

Again the Voice
That stirred the vision—

"He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver." So she raised
Her gushing eyes, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled—and that meek smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

Mrs. L. H. Sigourney.

SURELY HE HATH BORNE OUR GRIEFS.

SACRED CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Largo e staccato.

Handel.

CANTO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

car - ried our sor - rows Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

car - ried our sor - rows, Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

car - ried our sor - rows, Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

car - ried our sor - rows, Sure - ly, sure - ly he hath borne our griefs, and

carried our sorrows; he was wounded for our trans-gressions; he was

carried our sorrows; he - - was wound - ed for our trans-gressions; he was

carried our sorrows, he was wounded for our trans-gressions; he was

he was wounded for our trans-gressions; he was

bruised, he was bruised for our iniquities; the chas-

bruised, he was bruised for our iniquities;

bruised, he - - was bruised for our iniquities; the chas-

bruised, he was bruised for our iniquities,

tisement, the chastisement of - - our peace was up - on him.

the chastisement, the chastisement of our peace was - up - on him.

tisement, the chas - tise - ment of our peace - - - was up - on him.

the chastisement, the chastisement of our peace was up - on him.

RURAL SOUNDS.

I carried the sweet sights and sounds of the woodland with me into the huge city, and many a time, while bending over my lonely hearth, they have come upon me like music from heaven, and I have "blessed them unaware." From the low humming of unseen insects in the air, to the heavy murmuring of the bee, as it flew singing from flower to flower, or was lost amid the drowsy brawling of the brook, had my heart become a treasurer of their melodies. There I first heard the solemn tapping of the woodpecker, measuring the intervals of silence; and saw the blue-winged jay as she went screaming through the deep umbrage, startled by the harsh sounding of the woodman's strokes. Sometimes the grey rabbit stole noiselessly as a spirit past me through the long grass, or the ruddy squirrel caught my eye as he bounded from branch to branch. There the melancholy ring-dove struck up her mournful note, and was answered by the cuckoo, as she stood singing on the tall ash that caught the sunshine by the side of the forest. Then up flew the lark, carrying his "tira lirra" heavenward, until he was lost amid the silver of the floating clouds, and the wide azure of the sky rained down melody. Sometimes a bell came sounding solemnly over the distant river (glimpses of which might be seen here and there through the trees), until the deep echo was broken by the dreamy cawing of the rook, or the lowing of some heifer that had lost itself in the wood. Anon the shrill "chithering of the grasshopper" fell upon the ear, or the tinkling of sheep-bells, mingled with the bleating of lambs from the neighbouring valleys; or up sprung the pheasant with a loud "whurr," the sunshine gilding his gaudy plumage as he divided the transparent green of the underwood in his hasty flight. Sometimes the rain fell pattering from leaf to leaf with a pleasing sound, or the wind arose from its slumber, mulling its roar at first, as if to awaken the silence of the forest, and bid the gnarled oaks to gird up their huge limbs for the battle.

Nor was it from the deep woodlands alone that all these sweet sounds floated; hill and valley, and outstretched plain, sent forth their melodies until the very air became filled with dulcet sounds, made up of all strange harmonies. The plough-boy's whistle and the milk-maid's song mingled with the voices of children in the green lanes, or the shouts of labourers in the fields, as they called to each other. Then came the rumbling of huge wains, and the jingling of harness, mixed with the measured tramp of some horseman as he descended the hill. The bird-boy swung his noisy rattle amid the rustling corn, or the mower ceased his loud "rasp, rasp," and leant upon his scythe to wipe his brow, or listen to the report of some gun that sent its rolling echoes through the valley. Sometimes the baying of a dog, or the clap of a far-off gate, was mingled with the sound of the hunter's horn, or the crowing of cocks, as they answered each other from the distant granges. The shrill plover wheeled above the wild marshes with its loud screams, while the bittern boomed in hollow concert from the rank sedge. When the village was neared, the humming of human voices came louder upon the ear, or the sounding of the thrasher's flail was broken at intervals by the tinkling of the blacksmith, until all was lost amid the gabble and deafening clamour of some neighbouring farm-yard. Many of these old familiar sounds fell pleasantly on mine ear when I

revisited home; some of them coming upon me like departed voices, which, although not forgotten make the hearer start when he finds them so near at hand. They reminded me of scenes gone by,—of companion who are now dead,—of happy hours that can never return,—they came full of foolish regrets, and

"Silly truths
That dally with the innocence of love
Like the olden age."

Rural Sketches, by Thomas Miller.

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
Your crested heads array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud,
Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
Breasting the billow's foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land,
The sever'd land of home!

I have left the sunny skies behind
Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
Have floated o'er my way,
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
Hath sooth'd me with his lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
I bless thee! land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land!
And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band
That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in the breeze;
Their steps are on the plains;
Their names, by old majestic trees,
Are whisper'd round thy fanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
Of thine exulting sea;
Oh, be it still a joy, a pride,
To live and die for thee!

Mrs. Hemans.

PASQUALI'S THOROUGH-BASS.

The almost only thorough-bass instruction used in England for more than thirty years, that is from 1763 till about 1795, was a work in folio, published by Thompson, in St. Paul's Church-yard under the title of "Thorough-Bass made Easy, by Pasquali." This book had been printed some years before; first at Amsterdam, (in German) and then at Paris, (in French); of which last edition that used in London was a literal translation, but was imposed upon the English public as a new and original publication. Notwithstanding its having a respectable rival, (Heck), it maintained its place on the desk of almost every organ or harpsichord practitioner; and the two Thompsons (brothers) always said, that the profit of its sale was the foundation of their fortune.

G O O D - M O R R O W .

Words by Thomas Heywood (1638).

Mozart.

Allegretto.

Pack clouds a - way, and wel - come day, With night we banish sor - row ; Sweet

air, blow soft; Mount larks aloft, To give my love good - morrow ! Wings from the wind to

please her mind, Notes from the lark I'll borrow, Bird, prune thy wing, gay warblers sing, To

give my love good - morrow ! To give my love good - morrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing birds in ev'ry furrow,
And from each bill let music shrill,
Give my fair love good-morrow !

Blackbird and thrush, in ev'ry bush,
Stare, linnet, and blithe sparrow ;
Ye pretty elves, among yourselves,
Sing my sweet love good-morrow.

THOMAS CARTER.

My countryman Mr. Thomas Carter was the composer of the beautiful air of "Oh, Nanny, wilt thou gang with me;" and M. F. Andrews's hunting-song, of "Ye sportsmen give ear;" and another air, which Miss Wewitzer sang in Rosetta, in "Love in a Village," which from her manner, was the greatest favourite of any song I ever heard sung upon the stage—the words are "Cease, gay seducers"—but Carter's is not the original air that came out in

"Love in a Village." She only played in Dublin. At one of the rehearsals of "The Castle of Andalusia," Carter pressed me to bring him in to hear the music:—this being out of rule, I refused, until he promised to keep in the dark behind the scenes. In the middle of the rehearsal I felt a tap on the shoulder; I turned, and there stood Carter in full sight, in the stage-box close behind me. Before I could express my surprise and vexation, he whispered—"O'Keeffe, introduce me to Harris;"

at the same time throwing his leg over the box, he jumped on the stage, and began to direct the band, applauding, grimacing, shutting his ears, and running backwards and forwards along the whole front of the orchestra—it being a rehearsal full band. "That horn too sharp—very well; oboe—that passage again—piano Mr. Tenor—bravo Crescendo! Ha, very well!" I was mortified and confounded, and soon after missed Dr Arnold, who had previous to this been, as usual, diligently attending his duty with the band. All alarm, I crossed the stage to where Mr. Harris stood, at the opposite stage-box, and remarked, "Why, Dr. Arnold is gone!"—"To be sure," replied he coolly, "when you bring in Mr. Carter to direct his music." This gave me a lesson never to bring in either Tom Carter, or any other acquaintance, composer, or discomposer, behind the scenes.

Carter had been brought up in the choir of Christ Church Cathedral, Dublin, and was organist to Werburgh Church. Any music he had never seen before, placed before him, upside down, he played it off on the harpsichord. * * *

I wrote the Epilogue to Mrs. Cowley's comedy of "A Bold Stroke for a Husband," produced at Covent Garden in the year 1783; it was partly musical, and to a pretty simple tune, which I heard at the house of Gilbert Mahon, in St. James's Square. He was the finest singer in a room I ever heard, and sang it, accompanying himself with his guitar. On my admiring the tune, he told me I was very welcome to it, if of any use to me. The next day I wrote words to it. Mrs. Cowley's comedy was acted, and Mrs. Mattocks warbled the Epilogue with great success. Longman and Broderip, music sellers in the Haymarket, entered into treaty with me for the purchase of it, and I agreed to sell it to them, the words being my own, and the music the gift, as I considered, of Gilbert Mahon. A few days after, Thomas Carter, the composer, called upon me in high indignation: he said the music was his own original composition; that Mahon had no right to sing it to me, I had no right to put words to it, Mrs. Mattocks had no right to sing it on the stage, the band had no right to accompany her in it; and Longman and Broderip had no right to buy it of me, or sell it to the public in their shop.

On this explanation, I relinquished to Carter his own property, but had much difficulty in calming "The enraged Musician." We were shut up a long time in a room at the Blueposts Tavern in St. Alban's-street, and, though I made him a present of my own words to sell, instead of my disposing of them myself, he would scarcely listen to me. Men of genius are sincere, even in their wildest paroxysms of anger: I was, therefore, induced to soothe, rather than resent, Carter's passion. I told him if he would be quiet, and lend me his fine ears, I would sing him a song. I sang his own delightful composition of "Oh Nanny wilt thou gang with me." We were at last friends.—*Recollections of John O'Keefe.*

THE BALLAD OF CRAZY JANE.

At Inverary Castle, the ancient seat of the noble family of Argyle, M. G. Lewis first felt the influence of a "bright particular star," which, if it did not entirely rule his destiny, certainly held a powerful influence over his future life. It was Lady Charlotte

Campbell, the daughter of his host,—a lady no less celebrated for the graces of personal, than she has since been for the charms of mental beauty,—at whose shrine the incense of the poet's heart was offered, and to whom he addressed some of the most touching effusions of his lyric pen.

Many were the summer rambles taken by the young poet in the woods surrounding Inverary Castle, with her whose companionship made the picturesque scenery still more beautiful; and it was during the

"Stolen sweetness of those evening walks
When panted turf was air to winged feet,
And circling forests, by ethereal touch
Enchanted, wore the livery of the sky,"—

that the encounter with a poor maniac occurred, which gave rise to the well-known ballad of "Crazy Jane." The alarm naturally excited in the breast of a lady, at a meeting so startling—possibly exaggerated by the imagination of Lewis—threw an air of romance over the adventure, which, infused into the poem, gained for it a degree of popularity scarcely yet abated.

The following is the original version of the ballad of "Crazy Jane," copied from a MS. in the handwriting of the author:

Stay, fair maid! On every feature,
Why are marks of dread imprest?
Can a wretched, helpless creature
Raise such terrors in your breast?
Do my frantic looks alarm you;
Trust me, sweet, your fears are vain:
Not for kingdoms would I harm you—
Shun not then poor Crazy Jane.

Dost thou weep to see my anguish?
Mark me, and escape my woe:
When men flatter, sigh, and languish,
Think them false—I found them so!
For I loved, oh! so sincerely
None will ever love again;
Yet the man I prized most dearly
Broke the heart of Crazy Jane.

Gladly that young heart received him,
Which has never loved but one;
He seemed true, and I believed him—
He was false, and I undone!
Since that hour has reason never
Held her empire o'er my brain.
Henry fled!—with him, for ever
Fled the wits of Crazy Jane.

Now forlorn and broken-hearted,
Still with frenzied thoughts beset,
Near the spot where last we parted,
Near the spot where first we met
Thus I chant my love-lorn ditty,
While I sadly pace the plain;
And each passer by, in pity,
Cries "God help thee, Crazy Jane!"

The ballad has been wedded to music by several composers; but the original and most popular melody was by the celebrated Miss Abrams, who introduced and sung it herself at fashionable parties. After the usual complimentary tributes from barrel-organs, and wandering damsels of every degree of vocal ability, it crowned not only the author's brow with laurels, but also that of many a youthful beauty, in the shape of a fashionable hat, called the "Crazy Jane hat."—*Life and Correspondence of M. G. Lewis.*

LORD OF ALL POWER AND MIGHT.

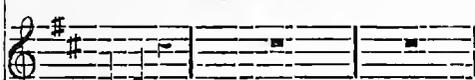
ANTHEM.

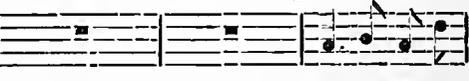
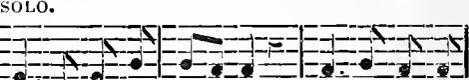
1st TREBLE.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and

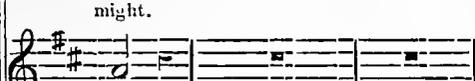
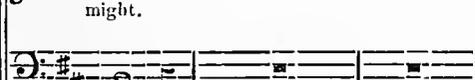
2d TREBLE.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and

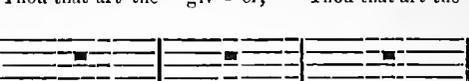
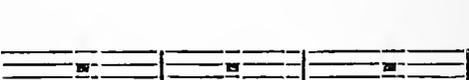
TENOR.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and

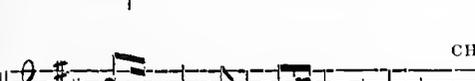
BASS.  Lord of all pow'r and might, Lord of all pow'r and

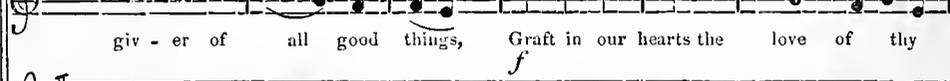
SOLO.  might. Thou that art the au - thor,  might.

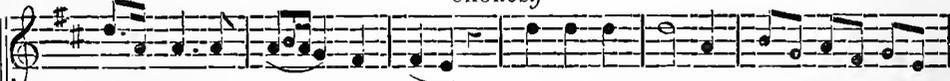
DUET.  Thou that art the  Thou that art the

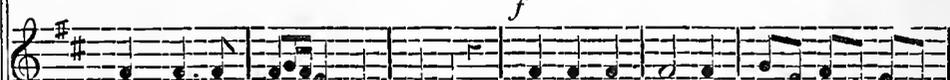
SOLO.  Thou that art the  might.

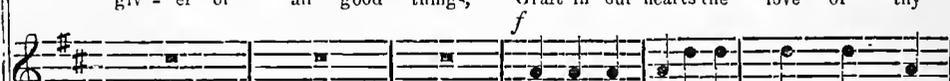
SOLO.  Thou that art the  Thou that art the

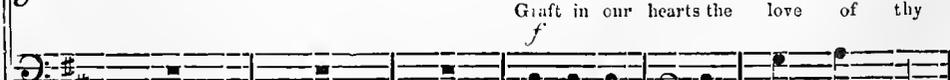
SOLO.  might.

BASS. 

CHORUS. *f*  giv - er of all good things, *f* Graft in our hearts the love of thy

f  giv - er of all good things, *f* Graft in our hearts the love of thy

f  Graft in our hearts the love of thy

f 

BASS. 

name, the love of thy name.

SOLO.

name, the love of thy name, increase in us true re - lig - ion.

name, the love of thy name.

CHORUS. SOLO.

Lord of all pow'r and might, nour - ish us with all

Lord of all pow'r and might.

Lord of all pow'r and might.

CHORUS. DUET.

good - ness, Lord of all pow'r and might, and of thy great

Lord of all pow'r and might, and of thy great

Lord of all pow'r and might.

mer - cy, and of thy great mer - cy, keep us, keep us,
 mer - cy, and of thy great mer - cy, keep us, keep us,

CHORUS.

keep us in the same through Je - sus Christ our Lord, Through
 keep us in the same through Je - sus Christ our Lord, Through
 Through

Adagio.

Je - sus Christ our Lord, A - men. A - men.
 Je - sus Christ our Lord A - men. A - men.
 Je - sus Christ our Lord, A - men. A - men.

NOW IS THE MONTH OF MAYING.

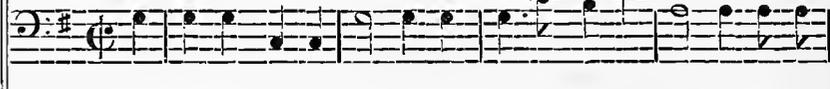
MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES.

Morley (1595.)

TREBLE.  Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

ALTO.  Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

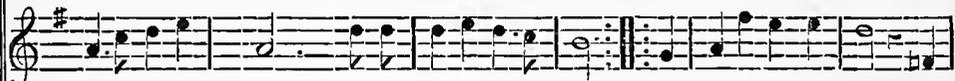
TENOR.  Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

1st BASS.  Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

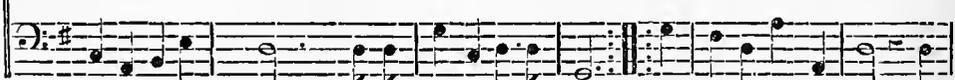
2d BASS.  Now is the month of May-ing, When merry lads are playing, Fa, la,

 la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A

 la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A

 la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A

 la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his bonny lass, A

 la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la. Each with his benny lass, A



dancing on the grass, fa, la, la,



dancing on the grass, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,



dancing on the grass, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la,



dancing on the grass, fa, la la, la, la - - fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,



dancing on the grass, fa, la, la,



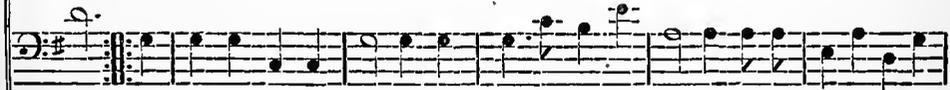
la. The spring clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at winter's sadness, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la. The spring clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at winter's sadness, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la. The spring clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at winter's sadness, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la. The spring clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at winter's sadness, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,



la. The spring clad all in gladness, Doth laugh at winter's sadness, Fa, la, la, la, la, la,

la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipe-sound, The nymphs tread

la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

la, fa, la, la, la, la, la. And to the bagpipes sound, The nymphs tread

out their ground, fa, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la, la, la - - fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la.

out their ground, fa, la, la.

A ROSE TREE FULL IN BEARING.

FROM THE OPERA OF THE "POOR SOLDIER."

Shield.

Moderato.

A rose tree full in bearing, Had sweet flow - ers fair to see, One rose beyond com -

paring, For beau - ty at - tracted me. Tho' eager once to win it, lovely, blooming,

fresh and gay : I found a canker in it, And now throw it far a - way.

How fine this morning early,
All sunny clear and bright,
So late I lov'd you dearly,
Though lost now each fond delight.

The clouds seem big with showers,
Sunny beams no more are seen,
Farewell ye happy hours,
Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

FERDINAND RIES.

The death of this distinguished artist, which took place at Fraukfort on the 13th January, 1838, is a heavy loss to modern German music. He was valuable, too, for other gifts besides his powers of composition and performance; and, in announcing his departure, we shall cause many to regret an intelligent and cheerful companion and a kind friend. Of the earlier years of his life we know little, save what has been printed in the musical dictionaries. These inform us that he was born at Bonn in 1783 or 1785, his father being a violinist in the service of the Elector of Cologne; that he was early known for the precocity of his genius, and that his first master was Bernhard Romberg. The entrance of the French into Germany threw him when a boy on his own resources, and it was not till his energy had been tried by many struggles and reverses that he succeeded in reaching Vienna and placing himself under the tuition and friendly care of Beethoven; he is mentioned as the favourite pupil, and the first ever owned as such by the author of "Fidelio." Under this master, however, he only perfected himself in the practice of his art;

it was from Albrechtsberger that he subsequently learned its theory. His personal history, owing to the then troubled state of the continent, continued to be made up of change of residence, success deferred, and consequent depression of mind, which was at times powerful enough to dispose him to abandon his profession. By the recommendation of a friend, however, he was induced to try his fortune once more in Russia. During his tour through the north of Europe his extraordinary powers as a pianist were acknowledged with due honour; he was judicious, too, in availing himself of many popular Danish and Swedish melodies in his concert pieces, which contributed to secure for them a favourable hearing. His northern plans, however, were disturbed by the campaign of 1812, which induced him to visit England, then the only settled European habitation. He reached London in 1813, and remained here for the next twelve years, during which he is understood to have gathered a sufficient fortune. He then retired to Germany, paying us a few subsequent visits,—one, it will be remembered, for the production of his oratorio "The Triumph of Faith," at Dublin; during which, too, he wrote a slight

opera, "The Sorceress," for the English Opera House. To these notices it may be added that while resident among us, and an occasional visitor, he made himself as much beloved for his urbanity and cheerfulness as respected for his theoretical and practical attainments.

His works are very numerous; comprising two oratorios, the last of which, "The Kings of Israel," has yet to be heard in England—two operas, and a third, on an Egyptian story, in MS.—symphonies and pieces for full orchestra, besides many chamber-compositions for stringed instruments and the piano-forte. They are, indeed, too numerous; many of them being merely thrown off "for the use of schools" and those amateurs who cannot or will not study deep music. Their general characteristic is a want of selectness of taste: their author sometimes indulging in direct plagiarism—sometimes, in search of what is spirited and piquant, trenching upon the commonplace; they are also chargeable with an abruptness of manner, and a tendency towards sudden and unreasonable transition and extreme harmony. But we have always felt as if every tenth work by Ries was an exception, in right of its classical and sterling excellence; and we must instance his quintett in D minor, his piano-forte quartett in E flat, his piano-forte and violin sonatas, as many of his quartetts; and, as

grand concert-pieces, his concerto in C sharp minor, his "Swedish Airs," and his "Rule Britannia." We have often expressed a wish that his select works were more frequently performed; the consequence would be an admission,—however little anticipated in England,—that there is no modern German composer after Weber, who, for original invention, skilful construction, and melody wild and spontaneous, deserves to be ranked so near Beethoven as his favourite pupil—Ferdinand Ries.—*Athenæum*.

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS, AND FERDINAND PAER.

Some years before the revolution of 1830, there was a crowd at the Opera. The Duke of Orleans came, attended by a general officer. In the passage leading to his box, he observed a poor man, who had been unable to find a place.

"How, my dear Maestro," said the Prince, "are you obliged to listen at a box-door?"

"Your Royal Highness,—" began the composer.

"Come," said the Prince, "such a situation does not befit an artist like you. I have a place for you;" and he seated the musician by his side.

The old man often told this little story. His name was Ferdinand Paer. He died a few years afterwards full of years and honour.—*Musical Times*.

SAY WHAT IS LOVE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Thomas Carter.

Con allegro mezza voce.

Say what is love, pray who can tell, Where is it seen, where does it
 Say what is love, pray who can tell, Where is it seen, where does it
 dwell, By what signs may we know it, by what signs may we know it, A

dwell, By what signs may we know it, by what signs may we know it, A
 dwell, By what signs may we know it, by what signs may we know it, A

steal - ing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring toague, a
 steal - ing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring toague,
 a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue,

steal - ing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue, our
 a stealing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a fault'ring tongue, our
 a stealing look, a faul - t'ring tongue, a faul - t'ring tongue,

e - ver thinking, acting wrong, our e - ver thinking, acting wrong, are such as plain - ly
 e - ver thinking, acting wrong, our e - ver thinking, acting wrong, are such as plain - ly
 our e - ver thinking, act-ing wrong, our acting wrong, are such as plain - ly

show it, are such as plain - ly show it, our e - ver thinking, acting wrong, are
 show it, are such as plain - ly show it, our thinking, actiag wrong, are
 show it, are such as plain - ly show it, our thinking, acting wrong, are

such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it.

such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it.

such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it, are such as plainly show it.

For thee, dear nymph, whom we adore,
Suffering much yet fearing more,
We sigh, we pine, we languish,

By hope deceiv'd, by fear oppress,
In turns each passion rules the breast,
Yet we endure the anguish.

ROSABELLE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Words from the "Lay of the Last Minstrel."

Dr. Callcott.

Moderato.

1st TREBLE. O listen, listen la-dies, listen la-dies gay!

2d TREBLE. O listen, listen la-dies, lis-ten la-dies gay!

BASS. O listen, listen la-dies, lis-ten la-dies gay, No haughty

No haughty feat of arms we tell; Soft is the note, and sad the

Soft is the note, and sad the

feat of arms, of arms we tell, Soft is the note,

lay, that mourns the lovely Ro - sa - belle, that mourns the love - ly
 lay, that mourns the lovely Ro - sa - belle, the lovely

soft is the note that mourns the lovely Ro - sa - belle, that mourns the love - ly

With animation.

dim. *cres.* *dolce.*
 Ro - sabelle. Moor ye the barge, ye gallant, gallant crew! and, gentle ladye,
dim. *cres.* *dolce.*
 Ro - sabelle. Moor ye the barge, and, gentle ladye,
dim. *cres.* *dolce.*

Ro - sabelle. Moor ye the barge, ye gallant, gallant crew! and, gentle ladye,

deign to stay! Rest - - - nor tempt the stormy
 deign to stay! Rest in the castle Ravens - hew, nor tempt the stormy

deign to stay! Rest in the castle Ravens - hew, nor tempt the stormy

cres.
 wave to - day, the storm - y wave, the wave - - - nor
cres.
 wave to - day, the storm - y wave, the storm - y wave, nor

wave to - day, the storm - y wave, the storm - y wave,

Rather p slow.

tempt the stern - y wave to - day. O'er Ros - lin all that drea - ry
 tempt the storm - y wave to - day. O'er Ros - lin all that drea - ry
 nor tempt the storm - y wave to - day. O'er Ros - lin all that drea - ry

night a wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam, to gleam - - -
 night a wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam, to gleam - - -
 night a wond'rous blaze was seen to gleam, 'twas broad - er than the

- - - - to gleam - - - - 'twas broader
 - - - - and bright - er than the bright moon beam, 'twas broader
 watch fire light, to gleam - - - - 'twas broader

With animation.
cres.
cres.
cres.

than the watch fire light, and brighter than the bright moon beam, the bright moon beam.
 than the watch fire light, and brighter than the bright moon beam, the bright moon beam.
 than the watch fire light, and brighter than the bright moon beam, the bright moon beam.

Slow.

Rather fast.

There are twenty of Roslin's ba - rons bold,

Lie buried with - in that proud

Dolce.

Each one the ho-ly vault doth hold, each one the ho - ly vault doth

Dolce.

Each one the ho-ly vault doth hold, each one the ho - ly vault doth

Dolce.

cha - pelle; Each the vault doth hold - - - - -

pp slow. *Rather fast.*

hold, But the sea holds Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! And each Saint

pp

hold, But the sea holds Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! And each Saint

pp

- - - But the sea holds Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! lovely Rosabelle! And each Saint

f

Clair, was buried there, with can - dle, with book, and with knell,

f

Clair, was buried there, with can - dle, with book, and with knell,

f

Clair, was buried there, with can - dle, with book, and with knell,

dol. Moderately.

But the sea - cave rung, and the wild wind sung, The

dol.

But the sea - cave rung, and the wild wind sung, The

dol.

But the sea - cave rung, and the wild wind sung, The

p

dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle, But the sea - cave rung, and the

p

dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle, But the sea - cave rung, and the

p

dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle, But the sea - cave

wild wind sung, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa -

wild wind sung, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa -

rung, and the wild wind sung, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa -

dim.

belle, the dirge of love - ly Ro - sa - belle.

dim.

belle, of love - ly Ro - sa - belle.

dim.

belle, the dirge of love - ly, love - ly Ro - sa - belle.

LEEZIE LINDSAY.

*Scotch air.**Moderato.*

Will ye gang to the hie - lands Lee - zie Lind - say, Will ye

gang to the hie - lands wi' me? Will ye gang to the

hie - lands Leezie Lind - say? My pride and my dar - ling to be.

Will ye gang to the hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
 Will ye gang to the hielands wi' me?
 Will ye gang to the hielands, Leezie Lindsay?
 My pride and my darling to be.

O ye are the bonniest maiden,
 The flower o' the west countrie
 O gang to the hielands, Leezie Lindsay,
 My pride and my darling to be.

I've gowd an' I've gear, Leezie Lindsay,
 And a heart that lo'es only but thee;
 And they a' shall be thine, Leezie Lindsay,
 Gin ye my lov'd darling will be.

She has put on a gown o' green satin,
 And a bonnie blythe bride is she,
 And she's aff wi' Lord Ronald Macdonald
 His pride and his darling to be.

HAMILTON'S CABINET OF MUSIC FOR THE PIANO-FORTE AND ORGAN.

In announcing this new work our Publisher has taken into consideration the wants and wishes of a very great number of the subscribers to his other publications, namely, the "British Minstrel," and the "Universal Tune-Book." The first named of the above works was meant principally for the voice, and thus its choruses, &c. have been published without piano-forte accompaniments; while the second was intended as a compendious selection of airs for persons who perform upon solo instruments. These have been eminently useful in spreading abroad, at a cheap rate, music of a kind which the working-

classes had previously no opportunity of procuring. Thus far they have fulfilled the intentions of the Publisher and their respective Editors. Still enough has not been done. Many of the subscribers to these works have requested that the choruses, melodies, &c. should be printed with a piano-forte accompaniment. According to a fixed arrangement in the conduct of these works it was impossible to comply with such a requisition, but that the wishes of piano-forte and organ players might be satisfied, Mr. Hamilton proposes now to bring forward a new musical work suited expressly for performers on the above named instruments, to be called "Hamilton's Cabinet of Music."

It is proposed that the "Cabinet of Music" will be divided into two portions,—one of which will contain selections from the oratorios, and other sacred compositions, with full piano-forte or organ accompaniments, which may be used along with the vocal score of the choruses already published or to be published in the "British Minstrel." In this division of the work, from time to time will appear some of the mighty songs of Handel, Haydn, &c.—such as "Comfort ye my people," "I know that my Redeemer liveth," "Deeper and Deeper still," "Total Eclipse," "With Verdure Clad," &c. &c. The second division will contain a selection of those standard and classic songs and duets whose fame rests upon the approval of a sounder judgment than that which is awarded by mere momentary popularity. This portion of the "Cabinet of Music" will comprise specimens of the productions of the greatest and best of our native composers and song writers, and selections from the Great Masters of Italy, Germany and France, such indeed as will assist in heightening and permanently fixing the taste of the People. Many of these gems of melody have ceased for a time to please the ears of the fashionable-concert frequenting *patrons* of music, but they have not therefore lost their power of charming—but must live and be admired until poetry and song have ceased to have the power to yield a pure and chaste delight. The second portion of the "Cabinet of Music" will also contain some of the best dancing music. In this age when the Polka has almost shattered to pieces time venerated habits, and by its graceful and expressive gyrations and attitudinizing has nearly thrust waltzes, gallops, &c. out of the ball-room, what

collection of music can expect to gain a circulation which excludes Terpsichorean melodies from its contents? No one. Young and happy hearts express their pleasure in singing and in dancing—and far be it from us to curb the exuberance of feeling which finds an outlet in such delightful exercise. But we are not so enamoured of the last novelty as to wish to see the pages of the "Cabinet of Music" filled exclusively with Polkas. No. We have a liking to a small *modicum* of Waltzing—and have a relish for the "Contre dance"—and we rejoice in a Scotch reel, there is so much of character in it that we dare claim for it a remote kindred with its foreign cousin, it is so natural and gives so much play to physical enjoyment—and then there is the placid, full-dress, unfatiguing Quadrille—so full of sober stateliness—it cannot be overlooked. Music for all these will be found in rich variety in the pages of the second division of the "Cabinet of Music." To speak plainly, each number of the work will be divided into two portions, separately paged, the one to contain Sacred Music, the other to contain Songs, Airs and Dancing Music. The work is to be edited by Mr. Mather, of Edinburgh, a gentleman whose name stands so high in his profession as to require no commendation of ours, and whose abilities are a sufficient guarantee for the excellence and the accuracy of what he undertakes. We are assured that neither labour nor expense will be spared to make the "Cabinet of Music" the best as it will be one of the cheapest musical works ever offered to the people of Great Britain.

For more particulars as to the size, price, and time of publication of the "Cabinet of Music," see the advertisement on the cover of the present part.

TELL ME, THEN, THE REASON WHY?

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Atterbury.

Affetuoso.

1st SOPRANO. Tell me then the rea - son why, Love from

2d SOPRANO. Tell me, then, the rea - son why, Love from hearts

BASS. Tell me, then, the rea - son why, Love from hearts, love from

p

hearts that lov'd does fly? Why the bird will build his

p

- - - that lov'd does fly? Why the bird will - - build his

p

hearts in love does fly? Why the bird will build his

f *mez.*

nest, Where he ne'er in - tends to rest? Still on

f *mez.*

nest, Where he ne'er in - tends to rest? Still on

f *mez.*

nest where he ne'er, he ne'er in - tends to rest? Still on

wing or on his knees, Love does no - thing

wing or on his knees, Love does . . . nothing

wing, or on his knees, Love does no - thing

p

by de - gres, All his joys are fleet - ing dreams,

p

by de - gres, All his joys are fleet - ing, fleeting

p

by de - gres, All his joys, his joys are fleet - ing, fleeting

f
All his woes - - se - vere ex - tremes.
f
dreams, All his woes - - se - vere ex - tremes.
f
dreams, All his woes se - vere ex - tremes.

AND WITH HIS STRIPES WE ARE HEALED.

CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Alla breve moderato.

Handel.

SOPRANO. And with his stripes we are heal - ed, And with his
ALTO, And with his stripes
TENOR.
BASS.

stripes we are heal - - - - ed, we are
we are heal - - - - ed,
And with his

heal - ed, And with his stripes we are heal - - ed,
 And with his stripes we are heal - - - - -
 stripes we are heal - - - - - ed,

And

we are heal - ed, And
 - - - - - ed, And with his stripes we are healed.
 And with his stripes we are heal - ed, we are heal
 with his stripes we are heal - - - - -

with his stripes we are heal - - - - - ed,
 - - - - - ed, And with his
 - - - - - ed, And with his stripes we are heal - - - - -

And with his stripes we are heal

stripes we are heal

ed, And with his

And with his stripes we are heal

ed,

stripes we are heal

ed,

And with his stripes we are

ed And with his stripes we are

And with his stripes we are
heal ed,
And with his stripes we are
heal ed,

heal ed, And with his
And with his stripes we are heal ed,
heal ed,
And with his stripes we are heal ed,

stripes we are heal ed,
ed,
And with his stripes we are
And with his stripes we are heal ed,
And with his stripes we are

heal
ed, And with his stripes we are heal - -
heal . . . ed . . . are heal -

And with his stripes we are heal - - .
ed,
ed And with his stripes we are heal -
ed, And with his

Adagio.
ed.
And with his stripes we are heal ed.
ed.
stripes we are heal ed.

MAGGIE LAUDER.

*Spiritoso.**Scottish air.*

Wha wad - na be in love wi' bon - nie Mag - gie Lau - der, A

pip - er met her gaun to Fife And spier'd what wast they ca'd her, Right

scorn - ful - ly she answer'd him, " Be - gone you hat - lan shak - er, Jog

on your gate you bladder - scate, My name is Maggie Lau - der."

Maggie, quoth he, and by my bags,
I'm fidgeting fain to see thee;
Sit down by me, my bonnie bird,
In troth I winna steer thee:
For I'm a piper to my trade,
My name is Rob the Ranter:
The lasses dance as they were daft,
When I blaw up my chanter

Piper, quoth Meg, hae ye your bags;
Or is your drone in order?
If ye be Rob, I've heard of you,
Live ye upon the border?
The lasses a', baith far and near,
Hae heard of Rob the Ranter;
I'll shake my foot wi' right good-wil',
Gif ye'll blaw up your chanter.

Then to his bags he flew wi' speed,
About the drone he twisted;
Meg up and danc'd it o'er the green,
For brawly could she frisk it.
Weel done, quoth he: Play up, quoth she:
Weel bobb'd, quoth Rob the Ranter;
It's worth my while to play, indeed,
When I hae sic a dancer.

Weel hae you play'd your part, quoth Meg,
Your cheeks are like the crimson;
There's nane in Scotland plays sae weel,
Sin' we lost Habby Simpson.
I've liv'd in Fife, baith maid and wife,
These ten years and a quarter:
Gin ye should come to Anster fair,
Spier ye for Maggie Lauder.

The foregoing admirable specimen of the Scottish humorous song, was first published in 1769, by Herd; the authorship is generally ascribed to Francis Sempie of Beltrees; the following verses, which are a later addition, merit a place:—

The cautie spring scarce rear'd her head,
And winter yet did blaud her,
When the Ranter cam' to Anster town,
An' spier'd for Maggie Lauder.
A snug wee house in the East Green,
It's shelter kindly lent her;
Wi' canty ingle, clean hearth-stane,
Meg welcom'd Rob the Ranter!

Then Rob made bonnie Meg his bride,
An' to the kirk they ranted;
He play'd the auld "East Neuk o' Fife,"
An' merry Maggie vaunted,
That Hab himsel' ne'er play'd a spring,
Ner blew sae weel his chanter,
For he made Anster town to ring;
An' wha's like Rob the Ranter?

For a' the talk an' loud reports
That ever gaed against her,
Meg proves as leal and true a wife,
As ever was in Anster;
An' since the marriage knot was ty'd,
Rob swears he couldna want her,
For he lo'es Maggie as his life,
An' Meg lo'es Rob the Ranter.

Mr. Chambers tells us, that he "did not neglect, on visiting Anstruther, to 'spier for Maggie Lauder;' and was pleased to find, that the inhabitants of the town have not only preserved the tradition of her existence, but even know the exact place of her residence. She lived in the *East Green of Anster*, a low street, connecting the town with the adjacent fishing-village of Cellardykes. Her house was a cot of one storey, and stood upon the north side of the street. The spot is now occupied by a garden. The house itself has not existed within the memory of the present generation; but all the people concur in pointing out this as its site."—*Picture of Scotland*.

MOSCHELES' MORNING CONCERT.

Although I was greatly delighted with the spoils I gathered yesterday at the Museum from the Letters of Randolph and Bedford during the embassies, and would gladly have stayed longer, I was obliged to break off after three hours' work, because Mrs. T—— had the goodness to promise to take me to Moscheles' *morning* concert, which began at two in the afternoon.

Though I am no friend of concerts in general, yet as Mr. Moscheles' is one of the choicest and the best attended, I determined to hear it, as a sample of what the London public likes, and what it can obtain, in the musical way.

The concert-room in the King's Theatre has a steep orchestra, reaching to the ceiling at one end and tiers of boxes at the other. On the right is a bare wall; on the left, three narrow windows lighting the whole room. The space in the centre is filled with benches, but only every other row has a back—a sort of training for the outside of the stage coaches. The room has neither size nor beauty to recommend it. The walls are shabbily and tastelessly painted with arabesques, more like those on a China tea cup than those of Raphael's Loggie. So rich a people as the English might

really afford to have these scratched out. A white wall would be better than such pitiful scrawls. The concert began at two and ended at half-past five, for there were no less than seventeen pieces. I shall give you a list of them, accompanied by a few *scholia*, or marginal glosses.

1. Overture to the "Jung frau Von Orleans." I prefer the peaceful and religious part to the warlike; or at least I should strike out some resolutions and discords from the latter, in order to give greater simplicity to the whole, and perhaps greater historical consistency with that period of musical art. For musical war and peace have a different character in different ages, and yet each belongs to the other—relates to, and illustrates the other. The martial part of this overture employs all the arts of music in use at the present day, and is thus out of keeping with the pastoral music, which is manifestly of a former age.

2. Scena from the "Freischutz;" Miss Robson. I have had bad luck with this scene in foreign lands. In Paris, I heard it sung very accurately, but without the least expression, by Damoreau Cimii; and there are at least a hundred Demoiselles in Berlin who could accomplish the task as well as Miss Robson.

3. Duet from Rossini's "Donna del Lago," sung by Grisi and Rubini. Grisi's voice is powerful, and cultivated according to the true rules of art; but her musical elocution, nay, even her very tone, has, occasionally, something vulgar which you never hear in German singers. Less voice, with more elevation and sentiment, would produce more effect. Rubini trembles when he holds a note; whether he takes this defect for a beauty, or whether his voice is growing old, and he cannot help it, I don't know. Much less lungs, voice, art and expression are required for all that trickery, whispering and shouting, piping and quavering, than good-natured admirers think.

4. "Concerto Pathetique" for the piano-forte, by Moscheles. I will only put two questions as to this: *First*. Would not every piano-forte concerto be the better for being delivered from such powerful accompaniments as drums and trumpets? Is not the contrast too violent, and the effect of the principal instrument enfeebled? *Secondly*. The piano-forte is, in many respects, inferior to all stringed and wind instruments; but it has one great advantage—that the player can execute several parts at once according to the rules of harmony. Why is this peculiar advantage, of which the old German school invariably availed itself, now utterly neglected both by composers and performers?

5. Air, "Ah quando in regio talamo" by Donizetti sung by Madame Caradori Allan. A hodge-podge of unconnected phrases, tacked together with solfeggios, sung with accuracy and facility, and greatly applauded.

6. Aria, "Largo al factotum," sung by Lablache as admirably as before. But it is better suited to the stage than to a gentleman in black, with white kid gloves, in an orchestra.

7. Quintet, the dirge of "Rosabelle," composed by Horsley, Mus. Bac. A simple ballad, requiring a simple, lyrical, touching melody, cut up into recitative, solo, and quintet; and to my taste, utterly spoiled by the employment of all sorts of complicated scientific expedients.

8. Terzetto, "Ambi morrete," from Donizetti's "Anna Bolena," sung by Grisi, Lablache, and

Rubini. One must have resigned all idea of dramatic music, and have lost all memory and trace that such a thing ever existed, before one can give one's admiration to the senseless roudades, the dancing rhythm, the starts, screams, and die-away whispers, with which a royal tyrant, his wife, and her lover amuse themselves and others in the hour of death. The simplicity of opera composers has now become so audacious, and their audacity so stupid, that art will probably once more raise itself from these disgusting tricks to a pure and noble style. At the present moment this cholera rages, as it seems, all over Europe.

9. Concertante for piano-forte, violin, and violoncello, Beethoven, played by Moscheles, Mori, and Lindley. Beethoven's daring flights occasionally border on lawlessness; but he is a man who has a right to ask of art what he pleases; or rather art must ask him in what new dress and adornments she shall present herself. With dithyrambic frenzy does this high-priest of art cast the jewels of his treasury into the air; and even the broken fragments which fall to the ground would suffice to compose many a costly ornament. But when impudent *bajazzos* fling dirt and stones at our heads, are we to fall on our knees and humbly thank them for their favours?

10. Duet "Cedi al destin," from Meyer's "Medea." Miss Masson and Rubini. Dramatic intentions, means and ends, thank God, not so entirely vanished as in more recent productions. For the fourth time I heard Rubini conclude with exactly the same cadence; thus:—violent effort in the lower notes, then a soft squeaking up to the very highest—sugar on sugar—and, last, a very feeble accent, which set the hands of the audience in motion, with as much certainty as the foot of the bellows-blower moves the bellows of the organ.

11. New ballad, "Go forget me," by Mortimer, sung by Parry. The composition simple and appropriate, enounced with feeling and expression. More of vocal music, that is, the human voice speaking to the heart, than in a thousand instrumental pieces for voice.

12. "Heart, the seat of soft delight," from "Acis and Galatea;"—say, rather, from another world of music; well given by Miss Clara Novello.

13. Scene, "The Battle of Hohenlinden," by Smith. I was glad when peace was restored.

14. Concertante for four violins, by Manver. A difficult task, considering the small compass of the instrument; but if such must be set and undertaken, well enough accomplished.

15. Aria, "Dal asilo della pace," Costa. A solfeggio, perfectly sung by Grisi. Formerly people sung solfeggios as a preparation and training for singing; now, it seems, solfeggio is the beginning and the end of art.

16. "Fantasie improvisée," by Moscheles, in which, among others, an air from the "Muette di Portici," and one out of "Euryanthe," were introduced and treated—all with great skill and science; round, clear, brilliant, attractive. The question whether different themes should be blended in a fantasia is intimately connected with another; whether in an overture to an opera, various *motives* from the work itself should be introduced? The greatest masters have adopted the opposite principles, and I have not now time to discuss the merits of the two methods.

17. Instrumental piece of Mozart—omitted; indeed, the quantity was already too great; though it is most certain that the quality would have been materially improved by Mozart. Donizetti is not a dish from which any man of sense will endure to be helped twice; and Rossini's operas have been so often repeated, that anything else would have the charm of novelty in the comparison. But the public, perhaps, will have it so; and, still more, the one-sided and meagre education of the singers may make it inevitable.

What infinite odds between such a concert and Sebastian Bach's mass in A flat, well executed.

The greater part of the audience were ladies, as is generally the case at morning concerts. The men are too busy to go. All, even the youngest, wore bonnets; their dress was simple, but rich and elegant; without éclat—nothing extravagant or glaring.—*Von Reamer's England.*

SUMMER EVENING AT HOME.

Come, lovely evening, with thy smile of peace,
Visit my humble dwelling, welcome in,
Not with loud shouts, and the throng'd city's din,
But with such sounds as bid all tumult cease
Of the sick heart; the grasshoppers faint pipe
Beneath the blades of dewy grass unripe,
The bleat of the lone lamb, the carol rude
Heard indistinctly from the village green,
The bird's last twitter from the hedge-row scene,
Where, just before, the scatter'd crumbs I strew'd,
To pay him for his farewell song,—all these
Touch soothingly the troubled ear, and please
The stilly-stirring fancies,—though my hours
(For I have dropp'd beneath life's early show'rs)
Pass lonely oft;—and oft my heart is sad;
Yet I can leave the world, and feel most glad
To meet thee, Evening, here; here my own hand
Has deck'd with trees and shrubs the slopes around,
And whilst the leaves by dying airs are fann'd,
Sweet to my spirit comes the farewell sound,
That seems to say, "Forget the transient tear
Thy pale youth shed,—repose and peace are here."

W. L. Bowles.

MADRIGALS.

Madrigals, in general, are sung too slow. One uniform time is observed, be the subject what it may; and pieces, obviously intended to be gay, playful, and airy, are sung like psalm-tunes. We have for years considered this as a mistake; and the more we have examined the style and structure of these ancient compositions, the more we are confirmed in our opinion. The moderns are apt to be misled by the notation of ancient music. Semibreves and minims are now-a-days appropriated to slow passages, and more lively movements are written in crotchets, quavers, &c. Hence, when people meet with semibreves and minims in old music, these notes suggest the idea of slow time. But the semibreve and minim (as their names impart) were once the shortest notes in use, and consequently used in the most rapid and lively measures. We have, moreover, heard the experiment tried, by singing madrigals in the time suggested by the subject and meaning of the words, and admitting of their distinct and proper elocution; and the effect was at once admitted to be admirable, giving to the music a rhythmical flow, and a spirit and animation, of which it had formerly appeared destitute.—*Morning Chronicle.*

H E W A S D E S P I S E D .

SACRED CHORUS.

Charles Henry Graun.

Largo con affetto.

p

SOPRANO.

He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

ALTO.

He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

TENOR.

He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

BASS.

He was de - spis - ed, de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed of men,

A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with

A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with

A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with

A man of sorrows, and re - ject - ed, and acquaint - ed, acquainted with

and acquaint - ed, acquainted with

grief. He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of

grief, He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of

grief, He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of

grief. He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of

grief. He was de - spis - ed and re - ject - ed, A man of

sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief, A man of sorrows,
 sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief, A man of sorrows,
 sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief, A man of sorrows,
 sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

A man of sor - rows and re - ject - ed, de - spised, re - jected,
 A man of sor - rows and re - ject - ed, de - spised, re - jected,
 A man of sor - rows and re - ject - ed, de - spised, re - jected,
 A man of sor - rows and re - jected,

A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.
 A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.
 A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.
 A man of sor - rows and ac - quainted with grief.

GRETRY.

Gretry, the composer of the music of "Richard Cœur de Lion," was born at Liege, a well-known town in Westphalia, in the year 1741. At an early age he became sensible to the charms of music, and, to this sensibility, when he was only four years old, he was near falling a sacrifice. It is related of him, that being left alone in a room where some water was boiling in an iron pot over a wood fire, the sound caught his ear, and for some time he amused himself by dancing to it. The curiosity of the child, however, at length prompted him to uncover the vessel, and in so doing he overset it; the water fell upon and dreadfully scalded him from head to foot. From the care and attention that were paid to him by his parents and medical attendant, he at length recovered in every respect from this accident, except having a weakness of sight, which continued ever afterwards. When he was six years old his father, a teacher of music, placed him in the choir of the collegiate church of St. Denis, and unfortunately, but necessarily, under the tuition of a master who was brutal and inhuman to all his pupils. Young Gretry had his full share of ill-treatment; yet such was his attachment to this man, that he never could prevail upon himself to disclose it to his father, fearing that by his influence the chapter might be induced to take some steps that would be injurious to him. An accident, which for a time put a stop to his studies, deserves to be related here. It was usual at Liege to tell children that God will grant to them whatever they ask of him at their first communion: young Gretry had long proposed to pray on that occasion that he might immediately die if he were not destined to be an honest man, and a man of eminence in his profession. On that very day, having gone to the top of the tower to see the men strike the wooden bells which are always used during the Passion-week, a beam of considerable weight fell on his head, and laid him senseless upon the floor. A person who was present ran for the extreme unction; but on his return he found the youth upon his legs. On being shown the heavy log that had fallen upon him,—“Well, well,” he exclaimed, “since I am not killed I am now sure that I shall be an honest man and a good musician.” He did not at first appear to have sustained any serious injury, but his month was full of blood, and the next day a depression of the cranium was discovered; on which, however, no operation was attempted, and which was suffered to continue. From this time, but whether owing to the accident or not, it is not known, his disposition was considerably altered. His former gaiety gave way in a great measure to sadness, and never afterwards returned, except at intervals. On his return to the choir he acquitted himself by no means to the satisfaction of his father, who for a time withdrew him for the purpose of his receiving further instruction. He was now placed under the care of a master as mild as the other had been severe. When his father replaced him in the choir, his improvement both in singing and playing was found to have been very great. The first time he sang in the choir, the orchestra, delighted with his voice, and fearing to lose the sound of it, was reduced to the pianissimo; the children of the choir around him drew back from respect; almost all the canons left their seats, and were deaf to the bell that announced the elevation of the Host. All the chapter, all the city, all the actors of the Italian Theatre applauded him;

and the savage master himself took him by the hand, and told him that he would become a musician of great eminence. Some little time afterwards his voice began to break. It would then have been prudent to have forbidden his singing; but this not being done, a spitting of blood was brought on, to which, on any exertion, he was ever afterwards subject. Not long subsequently to this he was placed under the care of Moreau; but such was the exuberance of his genius, that he had previously attempted several of the most complicated kinds of music. “I composed six symphonies,” says Gretry, “which were successfully executed in our city. M. Hasler, the canon, begged me to let him carry them to the concert. He encouraged me greatly, advised me to go to Rome in order to pursue my studies, and offered me his purse. My master in composition thought this little success would be mischievous to me, and prevent me from pursuing that regular course of study so necessary to my becoming a sound contrapuntist. He never mentioned my symphonies.” Gretry walked to Rome in the early part of 1759, being then only eighteen years of age. Here, in order that his genius might be as much unfettered as possible, he studied under several masters, and he almost every day visited the churches in order to hear the music of Casali, Eurisechio, and Lastrini, but particularly that of the former, with which he was greatly delighted. The ardour with which he pursued his studies was so great, that it suffered him to pay but little attention to his health. This consequently became much impaired, and he was obliged for a while to leave Rome and retire into the country. One day, on Mount Millini, he met a hermit, who gave him an invitation to his retreat, which he accepted, and he became his inmate and companion for three months. He returned to Rome, and, young as he then was, he distinguished himself by the composition of an intermezzo, entitled “Le Vendre Matrice.” His success was so decisive that he was very near suffering fatally from the jealousy of a rival in his profession. Admired and courted in the capital of Italy, Gretry here continued his labours and his studies with assiduity and perseverance, till Mr. Mellon, a gentleman in the suite of the French ambassador, incited in him a desire to visit Paris. In his way to that city in the year 1767, he stopped at Geneva, and there composed his first French opera of “Isabelle et Gertrude.” Respecting the performance of this work he relates an amusing anecdote. “One of the performers in the orchestra, a dancing-master, came to me in the morning previously to the representation, to inform me that some young people intended to call for me on the stage with acclamation at the end of the piece, in the same manner as at Paris. I told him I had never seen that done in Italy. “You will, however, see it here,” says he, “and you will be the first composer who has received this honour in our republic.” It was in vain for me to dispute the point; he would absolutely teach me the bow that I was to make with a proper grace. As soon as the opera was finished they called for me sure enough, and with great vehemence. I was obliged to appear to thank the audience for their indulgence; but my friend in the orchestra cried out aloud, “Poh! that is not it!—not at all!—but get along!”—“What’s the matter?” asked his brethren in the orchestra. “I am out of all patience,” said the dancing-master. “I went to his lodgings this morning, on purpose to show him how to present

himself nobly; and did you ever see such an awkward booby?" It was some time before Gretry could obtain in Paris a piece to compose; and he was first introduced to public notice there, in 1768, by writing the music to Marinontel's opera "Le Huron." This met with the most flattering success. The opera of "Lucile" followed, which was even more successful. His fame was now established in France, and he produced near thirty comic operas for the great opera house in Paris. Of these "Zemire et Azor," and "Richard Cœur de Lion," have been translated and successfully brought on the English stage. The taste of the Parisians tended greatly to corrupt that of Gretry; but he has done much towards improving theirs: they have met about half way; and perhaps the genius of the French language, the style of singing, and the national prejudices, even if he had determined to continue inflexible, could not have admitted of a nearer approximation than we find in his music. Sacchini has been known to say of Gretry, that he remembered him at Naples, where he regarded him as a young man of great genius, who wrote as much in the style of that school as even any of the Italian masters; but that when he heard his comic opera at Paris, many years afterwards, he did not find that his style had much improved by composing to French words and for French singers. Gretry, during the times of anarchy in France, became tainted with revolutionary principles. He died at Montmorency on the 24th of September, 1813.—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

ANECDOTES OF MALIBRAN.

One of her early performances was marked by an amusing incident. She had to sing with Velluti a duo in Zingarelli's "Romeo e Giulietta." In the morning they rehearsed it together, and at that rehearsal, as at all preceding ones, Velluti, like an experienced stager, sang the plain notes of his part, reserving his floritur for the evening, in the fear that the young debutante would imitate them. Accordingly, at the evening performance, Velluti sang his solo part, interspersing it with the most florid ornaments, and closing it with a new and brilliant cadence, which quite enchanted the audience. The music east a glance of mingled triumph and pity on poor Maria, as she advanced to the stage lamps. What was the astonishment of the audience to hear her execute the ornaments of Velluti, imparting to them even additional grace, and crowning her triumph with a bold and superb improvisation. Amidst the torrent of applause which followed this effort, and whilst trembling from the excitement it occasioned, Maria felt her arm rudely grasped as it were by a hand of iron. Immediately the word "Briccone!" pronounced in a suppressed and angry tone by Velluti, afforded her a convincing proof that every triumph carries with it its mortification.

Maria Malibran's nervous temperament and romantic turn of feeling inspired her with a passionate love of flowers. During her performance of Desdemona, on the evening of her benefit before alluded to, she betrayed her fondness for flowers in a singular way. When Desdemona lay dead on the stage, and the Moor in his frenzied grief was preparing to inflict upon himself the blow which was to lay him prostrate at her side, Madame Malibran, fearing the destruction of the bouquets and wreaths which lay scattered round her, exclaimed

in a low tone of voice, "Take care of my flowers! Do not crush my flowers!"

An anecdote or two in proof of her generosity and considerate kindness may be worth quoting:—

Malibran, as I believe every one is aware, had a remarkable talent for musical composition. This talent, however, she exercised only for amusement, giving to her friends or to charities the pieces she composed. On this occasion Madame de — was present, a lady for whom our fair cantatrice had the greatest respect, but whose pecuniary circumstances were deplorably reduced. Willingly would Maria Malibran have assisted her, but the pride of Madame — precluded the possibility of a pecuniary offer; she therefore resorted to an ingenious little artifice to effect her generous purpose. Madame —'s son, a lad of sixteen, was present. "I understand that this young gentleman has a great talent for poetry," said Madame Malibran to the mother. "I am going to propose a little speculation between us. Having written six airs for publication, I want words for them; will you undertake to furnish them, and we will divide the profits?" The proposal was instantly accepted; the young poet produced the verses, and they were sent to Madame Malibran. The songs were never published; but Madame de — received six hundred francs as her son's share of the profit arising from them.

One day a poor Italian refugee applied to Lablache for assistance. He had received permission to return home, but alas! he was destitute of the means. The next day, at rehearsal, Lablache broached the subject of the refugee's distress, and proposed a subscription. Madame Lablache, Donzelli, and several others, subscribed each two guineas. "And you, Maria," said Lablache, turning to Madame Malibran, "what will you give?" "The same as the rest," answered she carelessly, and went on practising her part. With this little treasure the charitable and kind-hearted Lablache flew to succour his unfortunate countryman. The next morning Maria took an opportunity to speak to him alone. "Here are ten pounds more for your poor friend," said she, slipping a note into his hands; "I would not give more than the others yesterday, fearing they might think me ostentatious. Take it to him, but do not say a word about it to any one." —*Memoirs of Madame Malibran.*

SINGING FOR THE MILLION.

'Twill be a most harmonious state of things
When every one, instead of speaking, sings.
A dun will give a musical rat-tat,
And at his charges should the debtor carp,
The latter in refusing will be flat,
The former in defending will be sharp.
The lawyer, though with music in his breast,
May leave his client to a prison's fate,
Where he may find, at least, a few bars rest,
Unless he pays his bill in time, *six eight.*
Music already many comprehend,
To them its terms are practically known;
Andante, when they act to serve a friend;
Allegro, when the profit is their own.
The singing for the million must, indeed,
Be in accordance with the Chartist's choice;
For if the proposition should succeed,
All in the country then would have a voice.

Cruikshanks's Comic Album.

LIGHTLY TREAD.

Andante.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

George Berg.

1st TREBLE.

Light - ly tread, 'tis hal - low'd ground, Hark! a - bove, be - low, a -

2d TREBLE.

Light - ly tread, 'tis hal - low'd ground, Hark! a - bove, be - low, a -

BASS.

round, Fai - ry bands their vi - gils keep, Whilst frail mor - tals sink to

round, Fai - ry bands their vi - gils keep, Whilst frail mor - tals sink to

mf

sleep. Gilds the brook that bub - bling plays,

p *mf*

sleep. And the moon with fee - ble rays, Gilds the brook that bub - bling plays,

p *mf*

As in murmurs soft it flows, Mu - sic meet for lov - ers' woes.

As in murmurs soft it flows, Mu - sic meet for lov - ers' woes.

O WHISTLE AND I'LL COME TO YOU MY LAD,

*Lively.**Words by Burns.*

O whistle and I'll come to you my lad, O whistle and I'll come to you my

lad; Tho' fa-ther and mother, and a'should gae mad, O whistle and I'll come

to you my lad, But war-i-ly tent when ye come to court me, And come na un-

less the back yett be a-jee; Syne up the back style and let nae-bo-dy see, Aod

come as ye were na coming to me, And come as ye were na coming to me.

At kirk or at market, whene'er ye meet me,
Gang by me as though that ye cared na a flie,
But steal me a blink o' your bonnie black e'e,
Yet look as ye were na lookin' at me,
Yet look as ye were na lookio' at me.
O whistle, &c.

Aye vow and protest that ye care na for me,
And whyles ye may lightly my beauty a wee;
But court na anither, though jokin' ye be,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me,
For fear that she wyle your fancy frae me.
O whistle, &c.

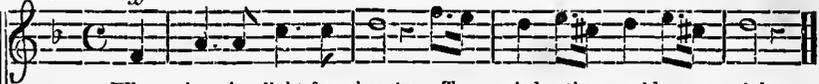
The above air was composed by John Bruce, a famous violin player in Dumfries, about the middle of the last century.

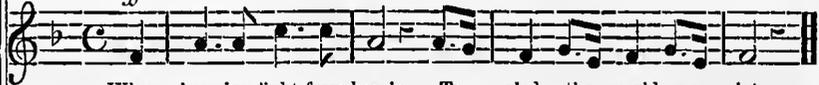
THE THREE GRACES.

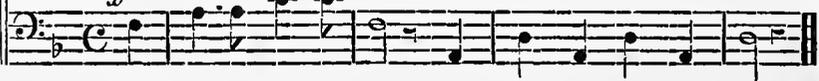
Words by James Manson.

A. Methfessel.

Spiritoso. ff

1st TENOR.  When beaming light from heav'n, To glad the world was giv'n,

2d TENOR.  When beaming light from heav'n, To glad the world was giv'n,

BASS. 

 Three an - gels then had birth, To bless the new form'd earth.

 Three an - gels then had birth, To bless the new form'd earth.



First Truth with power arrayed,
Th' Almighty will obeyed,
With placid mien and smile,
Meek, pure, all void of guile!

Then Beauty, chaste and young,
Whose lip spoke love and song,
Her heart the hallowed shrine
Of Charity benign.

Behind this twain so fair,
Bright Freedom cleft the air,
All glorious was his state,
Unawed, sublime, elate.

Truth! Beauty's friend and guide,
Fair Beauty, Freedom's bride,
And Freedom, ever he
With man in amity.

NATIONS WHO PRACTISE AND REVERE
THE STUDY OF MUSIC.

The Chinese, a nation which, from its antiquity, the singularity of its customs, and its jealous resolve to continue apart from intimacy with all others, inspires us with the greatest curiosity, entertain the highest veneration for music.* "More than eight centuries before the existence of the son of Antiope, and of the famous singer of Thrace, it is recorded that the inimitable Kouei said to the Emperor Chun, 'When I touch the stones which compose my *king* (musical instrument), and make them send forth a sound, the animals range themselves around me and leap for joy.' The ancient music, according to the Chinese writers of every age, could call down superior spirits from ethereal regions—raise up the manes of departed beings—inspire

men with a love of virtue, and lead them to the practice of their duty." "Are we desirous," say the same authors, "of knowing whether a state be well governed, and whether the morals of its inhabitants be virtuous or corrupt, let us examine what kind of music is esteemed among them." This rule was not neglected by Confucius when he travelled through the different kingdoms into which China was divided in his time; some vestiges of the ancient music even then remained; and his own experience had taught him how much influence harmony has over the passions and movements of the soul. It is indeed related that when he arrived in the kingdom of Tsi, he was entertained with a piece of the music called Chas—that is to say of that music which Kouei composed by order of Chun." "For more than three months," says the author of his life, "it was impossible for him to think of anything else; the most exquisite food, prepared in the most delicate manner, could neither awaken his taste nor excite his appetite."

* See Alexander's Narrative of Earl Macartney's Embassy to China, p. 424.

Among the Saxons and Danes music was much esteemed, and the knowledge of it proved to Alfred the Great an essential advantage. "It is well known how he, in the disguise of a harper, entered the Danish camp and discovered their great neglect of all military precautions against attack. Seizing the favourable moment, he flew to the Earl of Devonshire, who alone was privy to all his intentions, took the field at the head of his troops, surprised and forced the camp, routed the invaders with much slaughter, and gained a complete victory. It is said that Alfred enjoined and encouraged the study of music among the liberal arts, in the University of Oxford, of which he was the founder." In those days, and for years after, no man was considered a gentleman who was not acquainted with the science.* "Caedmon, the sacred poet, who lived during the heptarchy, had attached himself so much to serious studies, that he neglected music: being in company when the harp used to go round, (for it was customary at festivals for each of the company to sing and play in his turn), he left the party, ashamed that it should be remarked that he was deficient in a branch of education which was esteemed necessary to complete the character of a gentleman."†

The Cambro-Britons thought music indispensable; it was with them a regal accomplishment, necessary to form a prince and a hero. Music possessed wonderful influence over their minds, and rendered their unfortunate hard, in consequence, so obnoxious in the eyes of Edward the First, that he condemned them to death. The Welsh music even now retains great originality, and a peculiar pathos and expression at once unique and beautiful.

The Irish and Scotch, in the earliest days, held music in high veneration, and allowed their bards and minstrels many privileges. Most justly do they estimate their national airs, for they breathe the language of nature. What heart is not roused and enlivened by the sprightly hospitality expressed in many Scotch songs, or melted into pity and love by the softer and genuine strains of feeling depicted in others. After listening with amazement to the execution of brilliant bravuras (which, while they astonish, excite no pleasurable or lasting impressions), how often are the most delightful and indescribable sensations awakened by a Scotch or Irish melody, which presents no other charm than its own intrinsic simplicity and peculiarity, void of all extraneous ornaments, but infinitely richer in those of nature and feeling.

In every land music has left some well-known relic behind her to be handed down from one generation to another. There can be no stronger example given of the power of national music than

the *Rans de Vaches* of the Swiss, the sound of which in an instant renders them intoxicated with delight. This air is said to have been so dear to the Swiss, while engaged in foreign service, that it was forbidden, under pain of death, to be played to the troops, as it immediately drew tears from them, and excited so ardent a desire to see their native country, that they deserted or fell sick, and died of what is called "*La Maladie du Pays*," or *Nostalgia*, by medical authors.

The inhabitants of almost every nation have their national music, the love for which increases with their growth, and grows more intense with their years; it is inhaled with every breath, and heard in every sigh of the wind. When, in a distant country, a well-known melody suddenly bursts on the ear, indefinable are the associations which it conveys: home—kindred—all that is dear is brought to memory, as if the hearer were instantaneously transported to the place of his nativity. Next to the sight of a beloved home, is the delight of heart in receiving, through the ear, sounds assimilating with our earliest and most innocent employments and recreations. No disposition, however stern or soured by the ills of life, can refrain from dwelling with feelings of sensibility on the scenes of juvenile happiness which no other means is likely to bring back so vividly to the imagination as a well-remembered air that has been chanted in the dwellings of our fathers.

The modern Hindoos have airs faithfully handed down by their ancestors in *Sastras*, where the whole science of harmony is personified in six *Ragas*, or, as we may call them, major modes; to each of which is attached six *Raginis*, or minor modes of the same strain, representing so many princes, with six wives to each. But as the Indian allegories speak much more expressively to the eye than to the ear, we learn from appropriate paintings to the several modes that the performance of each undivided melody is exclusively restricted to some season of the year, or point of time in the twenty-four hours, at which only it is opportune or admissible.

The great perfection to which music has arrived in point of science throughout Italy and Germany, is too well authenticated by the valuable compositions of deceased and living masters to need much remark. The works of the former have raised a monument to their memory which must last as long as taste and reason hold sway over the mind; and the latter exist to speak for themselves by the compositions which they are continually presenting to the public.

We can trace music even to the land of barbarism, whose inhabitants, plunged in the dark chaos of ignorance and error, are alive to no sensation so powerful as that which music has the power to awaken; hers is a hand that never touches the heart in vain—almost in every bosom there exists a chord attuned to harmony that vibrates on the finer feelings of the soul.

The American Indians, both north and south, possess a natural taste for music both vocal and instrumental. According to Bartram's *Travels*, the Choctaws are eminent for their music and poetry; and from the sensible expression which they give to the different subjects of their selection, a powerful effect is produced on the passions of those who listen to them, particularly by their moral songs and elegies.

The inhabitants of Otaheite are said to sing a solemn song every morning at sunrise, and it is

* Bede, Hist. Eccles. Lib. iv. chap. 24.

† Philomathes, giving an account to Polymathes of the society and entertainment of the *banket* at Master Sophobulus, regrets his ignorance of music. "Supper being ended, and music books (according to the custom) being brought to the table, the mistress of the house presented me with a part, earnestly requesting me to sing; but when, after many excuses, I protested unfaintly that I could not, every one began to wonder. Yea, some whispered to others demanding how I was brought up; so that, upon shame of mine ignorance, I goe now to seek out mine old friend Master Gnorinus to make my selfe his scholar."—See Morley's Introduction to Musick, page 1.

very rare to meet with a person among them who cannot turn a tune. The *fair sex* in Otahcite are the most favoured of Apollo; for, during the day, their principal pleasure consists in singing their own extempore compositions.

The airs of the New Zealanders (according to Captain Cook and the still later communications of John Liddiard Nicols, published in 1814) are plaintive, melodious, and in style resemble some of our sacred music; they are fond of singing in parts, and then joining in chorus at the end of each verse.

The Ashantees have as strong a claim to attention, on the score of their musical talent, as any people in the interior of Southern Africa; for, though their strains are in themselves so wild that they can scarcely be submitted to the regular rules of melody, yet, from their sweetness and animation, they are entitled to be ranked above the generality of barbarous compositions. Mr. Bowdich, in his mission to Ashantee, gives a curious account of the musical powers of a *white negro* from the interior country of Imbeckee. After describing his person, to which it seems nature had not been very liberal, Mr. Bowdich continues in nearly the following words:—"His harp was of wood, except that part producing the sound, which was covered with skin, perforated at the bottom; the bow, to which the strings were fixed, was considerably curved; the strings were twisted round the pegs, which easily turned round when the instrument wanted tuning. The tone was full, harmonious, and deep. The man sat on a low stool, supporting his harp on his knee and shoulder, when he proceeded to tune it with great nicety. His hands appeared to wander among the strings until he formed a running accompaniment to the most extraordinary vociferations. At times one deep and hollow note burst forth and became broken; presently he looked up, pursuing all the actions of a maniac; and, whilst the one hand continued playing, he sung forth a peal which vibrated on the ear long after it was produced. He became silent. The running accompaniment revived again as a prelude to loud recitative, uttered with the greatest volubility, and ending with one word, on which he ascended and descended divisions far beyond the extent (in pitch) of his harp, with the most beautiful precision. Sometimes he became more collected, and a mournful air succeeded the recitative, without the least connection; and he would again burst out with the full force of his powerful voice in some notes of the Hallelujah Chorus of Handel. To meet with this chorus in the wilds of Africa, and from such a being, had an effect I can scarcely describe; I was lost in astonishment at the coincidence; there could not be a stronger proof of the nature of Handel, or of the powers of the *negro*. I naturally inquired if this man was in his senses, and the reply was, he was always rational but when he played, at which times he invariably used the same gestures and evinced the same incoherency."

The Javanese require especial notice. With these people music forms an item in all their ceremonies, whether of state or of religion: their music is generally of a simple and pathetic kind. Dr. Ruschenberger, surgeon on board of the United States ship Peacock, which sailed round the world in the years 1835, 1836, and 1837, has the following description, which cannot fail to interest the reader:—"We procured an invitation from a Javan prince to visit him and hear the "Gamelan" or native

band; the gamelan was arranged under shelter of a roof near the entrance of the court.—"There are several kinds of gamelan used by the Javans. That before us was the gamelan selindro, which consists of several instruments resembling the harmonicon or ancient stoatta, termed 'gambang.' The 'gambang gansa' is a harmonicon having eighteen wooden keys, arranged in a sort of trough or boat, which yield very pleasant tones when struck with the proper sticks. The 'gambang kayu' has nineteen metal keys; there were three other similar instruments of smaller size, each having from five to seven metal keys; they are named saron, gemong, and selantam. A bed of ten small gongs, called a bonang, a large gong placed horizontally, two large ones suspended from a wooden frame, and a long narrow drum, formed the bass, while the lead was given by the rebab, a sort of two-stringed violin. This instrument is held very much after the manner of the violoncello, and as the player was seated on the ground, his left hand was elevated to press the strings while the right exercised the bow. The music was pleasing and rather soothing in its tones. The musicians were all seated *à la Turque*, and were generally patriarchal in their appearance; the leader particularly so, when he turned his withered face towards heaven and accompanied the notes of the rebab in a high and pathetic tone. The gamelan is preserved as an heir-loom in the family of a Javan prince, and handed down from generation to generation: the one before us had long been the amusement of the prince's ancestors."

The same authority gives us some information concerning the taste for music which exists among the Siamese. While in that country, he had an interview with the Prince Momfanoi, whose taste was evinced by the contents of his own apartments. "On a sofa at one end of the drawing-room were violins, flutes, and a flageolet, on which the Prince performs." These instruments, however, were procured from the European and American missionaries. Farther on Dr. Ruschenberger describes "a musical instrument invented in Laos, the country to the north of Siam proper. It consists of fourteen bamboos, each half an inch in diameter, and from eight to twelve feet long, placed in two parallel rows, containing seven each. The barrels or tubes are of graduated lengths, like those of an organ, and from the resemblance to that instrument this might be termed the Laos organ. About two feet from the square end the tubes pass through a short cylinder of wood at right angles, and about three inches above it, each tube is pierced by a small hole, to which a finger is applied when playing. The player holds the instrument between the palms and blows into the open end of the cylinder. We requested that some of his people would play for us. 'Wow!' exclaimed the Prince Momfanoi, in his usual manner of expressing surprise, 'Wow—I will play for you myself;' and at once calling an old man who was resting *à la Siamese*, he took the instrument between his palms. The old man crawled close up to the Prince's feet, and, sitting *à la Turque*, looked up into his face while his highness played a showy interlude. The minstrel shut his eyes, and, turning his withered countenance heavenward, began singing a melancholy air to his master's accompaniment. We were surprised at the power of the instrument, and much pleased with the performance. He had no sooner ended his song than the old man began to move back to his former station, but a word detained him at

his master's feet. 'Now,' said the Prince, 'I will give you another kind of tune, and at once struck up an air which might have been mistaken for Scotch had we not been assured that it was Siamese. The minstrel gathered confidence from the music, and sang with much spirit and better effect than at first.' And again he shows how music is united with all the business of life, whether in its most important and serious duties or to render agreeable the hours of relaxation. "About one o'clock the golden barges of the King were in sight. Accompanied by the officers in full dress, and the band, he repaired to the vessel of ceremony. The flaunting banners, the music of their pipes and drums, and the glitter of gold and silver in the sun, formed a pretty pageant, and indicated with what scrupulous ceremony everything is conducted at the magnificent court of Siam. As the casket (containing the treaty of amity and commerce) was raised, the Siamese band played plaintively and slow." In the next page Dr. Ruschenberger says—"We were entertained in the evening by a band of amateur musicians, playing singly and in concert on instruments resembling guitars, hautboys, &c. It is stated that the Siamese use more than a hundred different musical instruments."

The music of the Hindoos, says Mr Montgomery Martin, is certainly not in accordance with our ideas of harmony, though the Hindoos appear to be as much affected by it as a connoisseur at the Italian Opera. Sir William Ouseley amuses his readers with a few of the marvellous stories related by the Hindoos of the effects of their ancient music, and of the decline of taste among themselves. "On the subject of those ancient and extraordinary melodies," says he, "which the Hindoos call *râugs* and *râginis*, the popular traditions are as numerous and romantic as the powers ascribed to them are miraculous. Of the six *râugs*, the first five owe their origin to the god Mahâdeva (Siva), who produced them from his five heads. Paravati, his wife, constructed the sixth, and the thirty *râginis* were composed by Brahma. Thus, of celestial invention, these melodies are of a peculiar genus; and of the three ancient genera of the Greeks, resemble most the *enharmonic*; the more modern compositions are of that species termed *diatonic*. A considerable difficulty is found in setting to music the *râugs* and *râginis*, as our system does not supply notes or signs sufficiently expressive of the almost imperceptible elevations and depressions of the voice in these melodies, of which the time is broken and irregular, the modulations frequent and very wild. Whatever magic was in the touch when Orpheus swept his lyre or Timotheus filled his softly-breathing flute, the effects said to have been produced by two of the six *râugs* are even more extraordinary than any of those ascribed to the modes of the ancients. Mir Tansine, a wonderful musician in the time of the Emperor Achar, sung one of the night *râugs* at mid-day: the powers of his music were such that it instantly became night, and the darkness extended in a circle round the palace as far as the sound of his voice could be heard. I shall say little on the tradition of Naik Gopâl, another celebrated musician in the reign of Achar, who was commanded by the Emperor to sing the *râug dipaka*, which, whoever attempted to sing, should be destroyed by fire. The story is long: Naik Gopâl flew to the river Jumna and plunged himself up to the neck in water, when Achar, determined to prove the power of this *râug*, compelled the unfortunate musician to

sing it, when, notwithstanding his situation in the river, flames burst violently from his body and consumed him to ashes. These, and other anecdotes of the same nature, are related by many Hindoos, and implicitly believed by some. The effect produced by the *maig multar râug* was immediate rain; and it is told that a singing girl once, by exerting the powers of her voice in this *râug*, drew down from the clouds timely and refreshing showers on the parched rice-crops of Bengal, and thereby averted the horrors of famine from the paradise of eastern regions. An European in that country, inquiring after those whose musical performances might produce similar effects, was answered that "the art is now almost lost; but that there are still musicians possessed of those wonderful powers in the west of India." If one inquires in the West, they say, "that if any such performers remain, they are only to be found in Bengal." Of the present music, and the sensations it excites, one can speak with greater accuracy. Many of the Hindoo melodies possess the plaintive simplicity of the Scotch and Irish, and others a wild originality pleasing beyond description. Counterpoint seems not to have entered, at any time, into the system of Indian music. It is not alluded to in the manuscript treatises which I have hitherto perused, nor have I discovered that any of our ingenious Orientalists speak of it as being known in Hindustan."

In Mr. Wilson's translation of a Sanscrit play, entitled "Mrichchhacati," or "The Toy Cart," and supposed to have been written about a century before our era, we find the following beautiful lines on the Vinâ or Hindoo lute:—

Although not ocean-born, the tuneful vinâ
Is most assuredly a gem of heaven:
Like a most dear friend, it cheers the lonely heart,
And lends new lustre to the social meeting;
It lulls the pain that absent lovers feel,
And adds fresh impulse to the glow of passion.

CEAD MILLE FAILTE.

It is perhaps not generally known from whence the famous expression of Irish hospitality "Cead Mille Failte," was taken. It occurs in the concluding stanza of "Eileen a Roon," and is thus translated by Furlong:—

A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Roon!
A hundred thousand welcomes,
Eileen a Roon!
Oh! welcome evermore,
With welcomes yet in store,
Till love and life are o'er,
Eileen a Roon!

There are two songs entitled "Eileen a Roon"—"Ellen, the secret treasure of my heart." The old version, from which the above stanza is taken, bears internal evidence of antiquity. The first line of the second stanza of it, "I would spend a cow to entertain thee," proves that it was composed before coined money was in general use. The following is esteemed the most probable account of the circumstances which gave rise to it:—

"Carol O'Daly, commonly called MacCaomh Insi Cneamha, brother to Donogh More O'Daly, a man of much consequence in Connaught, was one of the most accomplished gentlemen of his time, and particularly excelled in poetry and music. He paid his addresses to Ellen, the daughter of a chieftain

named Kavanagh, a lovely and amiable young lady, who returned his affection, but her friends disapproved of the connexion. O'Daly was obliged to leave the country for some time, and they availed themselves of the opportunity which his absence afforded of impressing on the mind of Ellen a belief of his falsehood, and of his having gone to be married to another. After some time they prevailed on her to consent to marry a rival of O'Daly; the day was fixed for the nuptials, but O'Daly returned the evening before. Under the first impression of his feelings, he sought a wild and sequestered spot on the sea-shore, and, inspired by love, composed the song of Eileen a Roon, which remains to this time an exquisite memorial of his skill and sensibility. Disguised as a harper, he gained access among the crowd that thronged to the wedding. It happened that he was called upon by Ellen herself to play. It was then—touching his harp with all the pathetic sensibility which the interesting occasion inspired—he infused his own feelings into the song he had composed, and breathed into his “softened strain” the very soul of pensive melody.

In the first stanza he intimates, according to the Irish idiom, that he would walk with her, that is that he would be her partner, her only love for life. In the second that he would entertain her and afford her every delight. After this he tenderly asks, will she depart with him, or, in the pensive manner of the original, “Wilt thou stay, or wilt thou come with me, Eileen a Roon?” She soon felt the force of his tender appeal, and replied in the affirmative; on which, in an ecstasy of delight, he bursts forth into his “hundred thousand welcomes.” To reward his fidelity and affection, his fair one contrived to “go with him” that very night.

The other version was composed by a Munster bard of the seventeenth century, who endeavoured to excel, by a profusion of poetic embellishments,

the original and sweetly simple song of Eileen a Roon. The following is a specimen of the translation of it by John Anster, Esq.:—

Blind to all else but thee,
Eileen a Roon!
My eyes only ache to see
Eileen a Roon!
My ears banquet on thy praise,
Pride and pleasure of my days!
Source of all my happiness!
Eileen a Roon!

Handel is said to have declared that he would rather be the author of Eileen a Roon than of the most exquisite of his musical compositions. Yet it has been palmed upon the public, under the name of *Robin Adair*, as a Scotch melody. Burns asserted that it and *Molly Astore*, which he termed *Gramachree*, were both Scotch. He was in error; but the circumstance is a proof of their merit and his taste. Robin Adair himself was an Irishman: he was an ancestor of Viscount Molesworth, lived at Holly Park, in the county Wicklow, and early in the last century was a member of the Irish Parliament.—*Dublin Penny Journal*.

UNFADING BEAUTY.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and stedfast mind;
Gentle thoughts and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combin'd,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes.

Thomas Carew died 1639.

A D I E U Y E S T R E A M S.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

This Glee gained a prize medal in 1778.

Andante sempre piano.

Luffman Atterbury.

ALTO.

A - dieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow, ye

1st TENOR.

Adieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow,

2d TENOR.

Adieu ye streams, ye streams that smoothly flow,

BASS.

ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye trees by

ye ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye trees by

ye vernal airs that soft - ly blow ye

ver - nal airs that soft - ly blow, ye

bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

bloom - ing spring ar - ray'd, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

trees by bloom - ing spring, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

trees by bloom - ing spring, by blooming spring ar - ray'd, ye

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you, my

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

birds that war - ble through the shade. Un - hurt from you my

soul could fly, nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh, *p* But fore'd from

p But fore'd from

soul could fly, nor drop one tear, nor heave one sigh,

p But fore'd from

Ce - lia's charms to part, All joy de - serts my droop - ing

Ce - lia's charms to part,

But fore'd from Celia's charms to part. All joy de - serts my drooping

Ce - lia's charms to part.

pp heart, my drooping heart, *f* All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart. *p*

pp heart, my drooping heart, *f* All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart. *p*

pp heart, my drooping heart, *f* All joy de - serts my droop - ing heart. *p*

WILT THOU LEND ME THY MARE?

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

*Moderato.**Dr. Nares.*

1
Wilt thou lend me thy mare to go a mile?

2
But if thou wilt her to me spare,

3
Oh! Ho! - - - - say you so,

No she's lam'd leap ing o - ver a stile.

Thou shalt have mo - ney for - - - thy mare,

Mo - ney will make the mare to go, money will make the mare to go.

PROFESSORSHIP OF MUSIC IN THE
UNIVERSITY OF EDINBURGH.

The public has been informed, by means of the Scottish newspapers, that the Senate of the University of Edinburgh have declared the Chair of Music vacant, because Mr. Pearson has never entered upon its duties. Last year, when Sir Henry R. Bishop retired from the Professorship in consequence of ill health, several gentlemen appeared as candidates to fill the situation. Testimonials were presented and examined—the list of candidates was reduced—a day was named when the election would take place: this day approached, when Mr. Pearson announced himself as a candidate, and craved time to bring forward proofs of his ability to perform the high duties of Professor of Music. He was elected—a session elapsed—no course of lectures was announced—no duties were performed—and thus the Chair has again become the object of honourable competition. The following gentlemen are named as candidates:—Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Guynemer, Dr. S. S. Wesley, Dr. Gauntlett, and Sir Henry R. Bishop. The re-application of the last-named gentleman is in consequence of improved health. It is stated in the *Edinburgh Scotsman* that the election will take place in six or eight weeks.

No. 103.

We have much pleasure in presenting the following extracts from a letter which Mr. Guynemer has addressed to the Very Reverend the Principal and Senatus Academicus of Edinburgh:—

I, a foreigner, devoted to an art as sublime in its range as its influence is universally felt, present myself before you as a candidate for the chair of music.

Though born of good family, and I may say highly connected, a revolution in one of the French dependencies, by the destruction of my father's property, obliged me, at an early period, to adopt a profession for future support. A natural taste, cultivated by the opportunities which surrounded me in Paris, to which place my father had retired, of hearing works of the best masters performed in the most perfect style, irresistibly led me to adopt the profession of music; and from a very early age my education, combining therewith that which is in all respects essential to a gentleman, was directed to a thorough accomplishment in the art which I profess. For many years in the *Conservatoire* of Paris—a school celebrated throughout Europe—I went laboriously through every gradation of its study, including the theory of harmony, counterpoint, and composition, under Catel, Perne, Reicha, and the best masters of the day. I had also the great advantage of enjoying the personal interest of Cherubini and Auber, by whom some of my earlier compositions were critically inspected. Since this period I have been an acting member and associate of

the leading Musical Societies in Paris and the Philharmonic in London; and have, during my professional career, been constantly connected with some of the greatest musicians in Europe.

My compositions are numerous, several of which have been performed with success in London, in Paris, and in Italy, by the principal artists in the several capitals; and, though embracing a great variety of styles and subjects, such as orchestral overtures, quartets, vocal and instrumental pieces, written in eight *real* parts (a test of severe scholarship), sacred compositions, containing fugues, glees (one of which obtained the prize given triennially at Manchester), and various melodies, they consist chiefly, as I hope their perusal will attest, of compositions which cannot be even attempted except by those who have studied the art in its severest and most classic schools.

As a teacher, I have devoted myself principally to the violin, the instrument on which I aimed at proficiency, and which I studied under the renowned Bailot—to the voice, which I studied in Italy—and to composition. I have likewise been accustomed, at various times, to give lectures, and to train numbers in classes; and, as a public performer, have led and conducted the orchestra on repeated occasions.

Though acquainted with the principal modern languages, and speaking three fluently, it is chiefly essential, with reference to my present object, to inform you that I speak that of this country with accuracy. Indeed, having been settled in England for the greater part of each year during a period of twenty years, and considering myself as one of its adopted citizens, its

language is the one which is now most natural to me.

As speedily as I can collect them, I shall do myself the honour of presenting you with such testimonials as I hope will be satisfactory to you.

In conclusion, Very Reverend Sir, and Gentlemen, let me assure you, that, not only from my education, experience, and impressions, morally and as a musician, but from my observation of the great capabilities which surround me in this country, if conscientiously and wisely directed, I am too sensible of the responsibilities attached to the high office which I seek, to neglect them; while I shall be too proud of the great opportunities which my position would afford me, not to devote continually all the powers which I possess by nature and the acquirements which I have gathered, to their fulfilment. Should you therefore honour me by your selection to fill the chair of music now vacant, it will be my devoted aim to encourage the native taste for melody of which this country affords so many exquisite models—to train the talent of which these bear an evidence not to be contradicted, not only by my scholastic lectures, but, if possible, by forming schools of music among all classes of society; and thus to prove to you that, in spirit and in letter, the great object of him who founded the Chair in your gift may be efficiently carried out, and converted into an increasing and a lasting national benefit.—I have the honour to be, Very Reverend Sir, and Gentlemen, yours, respectfully and obediently,

CHARLES GUYNEMER.

THE HARDY SAILOR.

Grazioso.

Dr. Arnold.

The har - dy sui lor braves the o - cean, Fearless of the roar - ing wind,

Yet his heart with soft e - mo - tion Throbs to leave his love be - hind,

throbs, throbs, throbs, throbs, yet his

heart with soft e - mo - tion throbs to leave his love be - hind - - to

leave his love be - hind - - - - - to leave, to leave his

Fine.
love be - hind, To dread of foreign foes a stranger, Tho' the youth can

daunt - less roam, A - larm - ing fears paint ev' - ry danger, In a ri - val

left at home, a - larm - ing fears paint ev' - ry dan - ger

D.C.
in a ri - val left at home

NOW WE ARE MET.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

*Allegro.**S. Webbe.*

1 Now we are met, let mirth a - bound, now we are met, let mirth abound,

2 And let the catch, and let the catch, and let the catch and toast - go round.

3 And toast go round, And toast go round, let the catch and toast go round.

THE MAY-FLY.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

*Allegretto.**Dr. Callcott.*

1st SOPRANO. Poor in - sect! poor in - sect! What a lit - tle

2d SOPRANO. Poor in - sect! poor in - sect! What a lit - tle

BASS. Poor in - sect! poor in - sect!

day, what a lit - tle day of sun - ny bliss is

da , what a lit - tle day of sun - ny bliss is

what a little day, what a lit - tle day,

thine, what a day of sunny bliss is thine! And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

thine, what a day of sunny bliss is thine! And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

what a lit - tle day of sunny bliss is thine! And yet thou spread'st thy light wings

gay, and yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, And bidst them spreading shine, and

gay, and yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, And bidst them spreading shine, and

gay, and yet thou spread'st thy light wings gay, And bidst them spread - - - ing shine, and

bidst them spreading, spreading shine. shine. Thou humm'st thy short and bu - sy tune,

bidst them spreading, spreading shine. shine. Thou

bidst them spreading shine. shine. Thou humm'st - - - thy tune, Thou

Un - mindful of the blast, un - mindful of the

humm'et thy short and bu - sy tune, un - mindful of the

humm'et - - - thy tune, un - mindful of the blast,

f blast, un mind - ful of the blast, *p* And care less while 'tis burn - ing noon, and

f blast, un mind - ful of the blast, *p* And care less while 'tis burn ing noon, and

f un mind - ful of the blast, *p* And care - less while 'tis

care less while 'tis burn ing noon, How short that noon has past,

care less while 'tis burn ing noon, How short that noon has past, And care less while 'tis

burn - ing noon, How short that noon has past. and

and care less while 'tis burn - ing noon, How short that noon, that

burning noon, and care less while 'tis burning noon, How short that noon, that

care less while 'tis burn - - - ing noon, How short that noon, that

cres.

noon has past. A show'r would lay, would lay thy beauty low, A show'r would

noon has past. A show'r would lay, would lay thy beauty low. A show'r would

noon has past A show'r would lay thy beau - ty low, A show'r would

lay, would lay thy beauty low, The dew of twilight be - - thy storm of
 lay, would lay thy beauty low,
 lay thy beau - ty low, The tor - rent of thy

des - ti - ny, The tor - rent
 thy storm of des - ti - ny,
 o - verthrow, the tor - rent of thy o - verthrow, the tor - rent

of thy o - verthrow, thy storm of des - ti - ny, Then, then,
 thy storm of des - ti - ny, Then, then,
 of thy o - verthrow, thy storm of des - ti - ny, Then, then,

in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shining wing,
 in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shining wing,
 in - sect, then, then, in - sect, spread thy shining

spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy bu - sy lay, hum on thy bu - sy
 spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy bu - sy lay, hum on thy bu - sy
 wing, spread thy shining wing, Hum on thy bu - sy lay, thy bu sy

f
 lay, For man, like thee has but his spring, for man like thee has but his
f
 lay, For man like thee has but his spring, for man like thee has but his
f
 lay, For man like thee has but his spring, for man like thee has but his

spring, Like thine it fades a - way, For
 spring, Like thine it fades a - way, For man, like thee, has but his spring, for
 spring, Like thine it fades a - way, For man, like thee, has

man, like thee, has but his spring, Like thine, like thine it fades a - way.
 man, like thee, has but his spring, Like thine, like thine it fades a - way,
 but his spring, has but his spring Like thine, like thine it fades a - way.

BRUCE'S ADDRESS AT BANNOCKBURN.

Words by Burns.

Air—Hey, tutti taitie.

Scots wha hae wi' Wallace bled, Scots wham Bruce has af - ten led, Welcome to your

With energy.

go - ry bed, Or to vic - to - ry! *ff* Now's the day and now's the hour, See the front of

bat - tle lour; See approach proud Edward's pow'r, Chains and sla - ver - y.

Wha will be a traitor knave?
 Wha will fill a coward's grave?
 Wha sae base as be a slave?
 Let him turn and flee!
 Wha, for Scotland's king and law,
 Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
 Freeman stand, or freeman fa',
 Let him follow me!

By oppression's woes and pains,
 By your sons in servile chains,
 We will drain our dearest veins,
 But they shall be free.
 Lay the proud usurpers low!
 Tyrants fall in every foe!
 Liberty's in every blow!
 Let us do or die!

This noble heroic ode, which has been adopted by universal consent as the national patriotic song of Scotland, and which, like a talismanic pass-word, springs to recollection in every great cause where freedom or liberty is at stake, was written by Burns in 1793, to the tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie," and sent to George Thomson for insertion in his collection. Mr. Thomson objected to "Hey, tuttie taitie," as being an air unworthy of such spirited words, and set the song to the tune of "Lewie Gordon," lengthening the last line of each verse for that purpose. He afterwards, however, changed his mind, and gave the words and the air as Burns originally intended, acknowledging that having examined "Hey, tuttie taitie" with more particular attention, he thought it much better adapted for giving energy to the poetry than "Lewie Gordon." The tune of "Hey, tuttie taitie" is one of unquestionable antiquity. Burns says that he met with a tradition in many parts of Scotland that it was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This tradition is disputed by Ritson, on the ground that the Scotch had no musical instruments in these days beyond "little horns"—a notion entirely subverted by the numerous embellishments of musical instruments on our most ancient architecture, and by the express assertion of olden writers so far back as the 12th century, who assign to the Scotch and Irish a high state of perfection in the musical art. Mr. Syme, one of the poet's best friends at Dumfries, tells a romantic story of "Bruce's Address," having been composed by Burns during a storm of "thunder, lightning, and of rain," among the wilds of Glen Ken in Galloway, in July, 1793; but this does not tally with Burns's own account of its composition in his letter to Thomson, dated September of the same year. "There is a tradition," he says, "which I have met with in many places of Scotland, that the air of 'Hey, tuttie taitie' was Robert Bruce's march at the battle of Bannockburn. This thought, in my yesternight's evening walk, warmed me to a pitch of enthusiasm on the theme of liberty and independence, which I threw into a kind of Scottish ode, that one might suppose to be the royal Scot's address to his heroic followers on that eventful morning. I showed the air to Urbani, who was highly pleased with it."—*Whitelaw's Book of Scottish Song.*

DAME DURDEN.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Con spirito.

Dame Durden kept five serving girls To car - ry the milking pail, She al - so kept five

Dame Durden kept five serving girls To car - ry the milking pail, She al - so kept five

lab'ring men to use the spade and flail. 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and

lab'ring men to use the spade and flail. 'Twas Moll and Bet, and Doll and Kate, and

Dor - o - thy Draggel - tail, And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, And Humphrey with his

Dor - o - thy Draggel - tail, And John and Dick, and Joe and Jack, And Humphrey with his

flail, Mol - ly, But - ty, Dol - ly, and Dor - o - thy Draggel -

flail, kiss'd kiss'd kiss'd And Do - ro - thy Draggel -

'Twas John and Dick And Joe

tail, And Kit - ty was a charming maid, to car - ry the milking pail, and

tail, And Kit - ty was a charming maid to car - ry the milking pail, and

ad lib. tempo.

Kit - ty was a charming maid, To car - ry the milking pail.

Kit - ty was a charming maid, To car - ry the milking pail.

Dame Durden, in the morn so soon,
She did begin to brawl;
To rouse her servant maids and men,
She did most loudly call.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

'Twas on the morn of Valentine,
The birds began to prate,
Dame Durden's servant maids and men,
They all began to mate.

'Twas Moll and Bet, &c.

A MUSICAL ENTHUSIAST

Dr. Ford, the Rector of Melton, was an enthusiast in music, very singular in his manner, and a great humorist. His passion for sacred music was publicly known from his constant attendance at most of the musical festivals in the kingdom. I have frequently met him, and always found him in ecstasies with Handel's music, especially the "Messiah." His admiration of this work was carried to such an excess, that he told me he never made a journey from Melton to Leicester that he did not sing it quite through. His performance served as a pedometer by which he could ascertain his progress on the road. As soon as he had crossed Melton Bridge, he began the overture, and always found himself in the chorus, "Lift up your heads," when he arrived at Brooksby Gate; and "Thanks be to God," the moment he got through Thurmaston toll-gate. As the pace of his old horse was pretty regular, he contrived to conclude the "Amen chorus" always at the Cross in the Belgrave Gate. Though a very pious person, his eccentricity was, at times, not restrained even in the pulpit. It need not be stated

that he had a pretty good opinion of his own vocal powers. Once, when the clerk was giving out the tune, he stopped him, saying, "John, you have pitched too low—follow me." Then, clearing up his voice, he lustily began the tune. When the psalmody went to his mind, he enjoyed it; and in his paroxysms of delight, would dangle one or both of his legs over the side of his pulpit during the singing. When preaching a charity sermon at Melton, some gentlemen of the hunt entered the church rather late. He stopped, and cried out, "Here they come—here come the red-coats—they know their Christian duties: there's not a man among them that is not good for a guinea." The Doctor was himself a performer, had a good library of music, and always took the "Messiah" with him on his musical journeys. I think it was at a Birmingham Festival that he was sitting with his book upon his knee, humming the music with the performers, to the great annoyance of an attentive listener, who said, "I did not pay to hear *you* sing." "Then," said the Doctor, "you have that into the bargain." —*Gardiner's Music and Friends.*

BRIGHT BEAMS THE MORNING.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Words by James Manson.

Cherubini.

Andantino sostenuto.

Bright beams the morning, Nature a - dorning, Gilding each mountain,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing, and flow'rs bloom to Hail the new day, Bright beams the
 morn - ing, Na - ture, nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain
 Bright beams the morn - ing, Nature a - dorning, Gild - ing each moun - tain
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day, Bright beams the

Bright beams the morn - ing, na - ture a - dorn - ing, Gilding each
 morn - ing, Na - ture, nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,
 Bright beams the morn - ing, Nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,

moun - tain, spangling each foun - tain, Hail - - - the day,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day,
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day, Bright beams the

Bright beams the morning, Nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,
 Bright beams the morn - ing, Nature a - dorn - ing, Gild - ing each
 morn - ing, Na - ture, nature a - dorn - ing, Gilding each moun - tain,

spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day.
 moun - tain, spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing, Hail, hail the day.
 spangling each foun - tain, Birds sing and flow'rs bloom to hail the day.

BERANGER AND MUSIC.

Among the testimonies to the importance and interest of vocal music as forming part of the people's education, the following is not the least pleasant. It is a fragment from a letter addressed by Béranger to a musical society at Ghent, which had requested him to become a corresponding member. "Accept (says the veteran) my most sincere thanks. I have never had any taste, as you are probably aware, for academical societies! but you are only forming an association for singing; and it is a case for me here to repeat the burden of the song, of which your letter so pertinently reminds me—

'Non, non, ce n'est point comme à l'Académie.'

You tell me, too, that your society is made up of gentlemen—men of the people, artisans; and I, who unceasingly desire the amelioration of the laborious classes, am bound, as far as I can, to encourage you to assist in this improvement, *by the art of music and song*, which exercises so much influence over the million. I sing no more; for me, the age of silence has arrived; but I am only the more ready to applaud those who sing; and the title of correspondent to your society, which I accept with gratitude, will prove, I trust, my interest in its success and its duration. It will prove, too, I hope, that whatever be the limits given to countries by political interests, there remains always the bond of brotherhood between those who have lived under the same laws, and who speak the same language.

BERANGER."

IMPROVEMENT UPON THE PIANO FORTE.

An addition has been made to the powers of the piano-forte, of such magnitude, that it is equivalent to the invention of a new instrument. It consists of a piece of mechanism of a nature so simple and compact, that it can be added with the greatest ease to any piano-forte already constructed, without in the slightest degree interfering with the machinery of the instrument. This additional mechanism (which Mr. Coleman, the inventor, has called the "Æolian attachment,") is upon the principle of the seraphine, producing the beautiful prolonged tones of that instrument; but the peculiarity of Mr. Coleman's invention is, that these tones can be produced along with the ordinary tones of the piano-forte. The performer can, at pleasure, produce the sounds of the piano-forte only, or he can combine these with the pure Æolian tones of the new mechanism. A

few days ago we heard Mr. Benedict perform upon this instrument, and this able musician drew from it a variety of effects of the most novel and beautiful kind. A person listening in an adjoining room would suppose that he heard a piece of brilliant piano-forte music, accompanied by three or four exquisite performers on wind instruments. So rich and various are the resources afforded by this most ingenious invention, that (as we heard Mr. Benedict observe) it will give rise to a new style of piano-forte composition. As an accompaniment to vocal music it will be invaluable, as it will enable the accompanist to introduce, with the utmost ease, all those effects produced by the harmony of prolonged sounds and the delicious breathing of wind instruments, of which the piano-forte has hitherto been incapable. We have no doubt that ere long the Æolian attachment will be regarded as an essential part of the piano-forte.—*Morning Chronicle.*

ANECDOTE OF MALIBRAN.

On one occasion, having passed the whole night at a ball, on her return home, finding she had to play that evening, she retired to bed and slept till noon. On rising, she ordered her saddle horse, galloped off, returned home at six, partook of a hurried dinner, and away to the Opera, where she was to play Arsace. Having dressed for the part, she was about to announce her readiness, when, overcome by exhaustion, she fell down in a fainting fit. In an instant the alarm spread, and assistance was summoned. Twenty different remedies were tried, twenty bottles of perfume and other restoratives proffered, and among others a bottle of hartshorn. In the confusion of the moment, Monsieur Robert (who was terrified out of his senses by this unfortunate occurrence) unluckily seized the hartshorn, and applied it to the lips instead of the nose of the fainting prima donna. Madame Malibran recovered, but alas! the hartshorn had frightfully blistered her lips. Here was an unforeseen misfortune; the house was already filled—the audience was beginning to manifest impatience. It was now too late to change the performance—Monsieur Robert knew not what apology to offer. "Stay," exclaimed Madame Malibran, "I'll remedy this." Taking up a pair of scissors, she approached the looking-glass, and, though suffering the most acute pain, she cut from her lips the skin which had been raised by the blisters. In ten minutes afterwards she was on the stage singing with Semiramide-Sontag.

TIME HAS NOT THINN'D MY FLOWING HAIR.

Allegro.

DUET.

Jackson.

Time has not thinn'd my flow - ing hair, Nor bent me with his

Time has not thinn'd my flow ing hair, Nor bent me with his

p

i - ron hand! Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, 'Ere Au - tumn yet the

p

i - ron hand! Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, Ah,

fruit de - mand. Ah, why so soon the blos - som tear, Ah, why so soon the

why so soon, Ah! why so soon the blos - som tear, Ah!

blos - som tear, 'Ere autumn yet the fruit de - mand, 'Ere

Ah! Ah! why so soon the blossom tear,

cres.

au - tumn yet the fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand.

cres.

the fruit de - mand, the fruit de - mand.

f

Let me en - joy the cheer - ful day, 'Till ma - ny a year has

f

Let me en - joy the cheer - ful day, 'Till ma - ny a year has

rall.

o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And sing of love ere

o'er me roll'd; Pleas'd let me tri - fle life a - way, And sing of love ere

f a tempo.

I grow old. Let me en-joy the cheerful day, Till ma-ny a year has

f

I grow old. Let me en-joy the cheerful day, Till ma-ny a year has

p

o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me tri- fle life a- way, And sing of love, and

p

o'er me roll'd, Pleas'd let me tri- fle life a- way, and

mez.

sing of love, Pleas'd let me tri- fle life a- way, and sing of love

sing of love, Pleas'd let me tri- fle life a- way, and sing, sing of

p

sing of love, ere I grow old, ere I grow old, Pleas'd let me tri- fle

p

love, sing of love, ere I grow old, ere I grow old, Pleas'd let me tri- fle

life a- way Pleas'd let me tri- fle life a- way,

f

life a- way, Pleas'd let me tri- fle life a- way, and

f *2d time largo.*

and sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.

sing of love, and sing of love ere I grow old, ere I grow old.

CANZONET.

Methinks it sounds much sweeter than by day,
Silence bestows such virtue on it.—*Shakspeare.*

Love dwells not in the sparkling blaze,
When noon rests on the stream:
His tender flow'rets dare not raise
Their blossoms to the beam.
When gleams the moon through latticed 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. *Literary Souv.*

ALL WE LIKE SHEEP HAVE GONE ASTRAY.

CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

Allegro moderato.

Handel.

CANTO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

All we like sheep, All we like sheep have

All we like sheep, All we like sheep,

All we like sheep, All we like sheep have

All we like sheep, All we like sheep,

gone a - stray - - - All we like sheep, All we like

All we like sheep, All we like

gone a - etray - - - All we like sheep, All we like

All we like sheep, All we like

sheep, we have turn - - - - -

sheep have gone a - stray - - - - -

sheep, we have turn - ed,

sheep have gone a - stray - - - - -

- - ed ev'-ry one to his own way,

we have turn - ed ev'-ry one to his own

ev'-ry one to

All we like sheep

way, ev'-ry one to his own way, All we like sheep

his own way - - - - - All we like sheep have gone a - stray -

All we like sheep have gone a - stray -

have gone a - stray - - - - we have
 have gone a - stray - - - -
 we have turn - - -

turn - ed, we have turn - - - -
 - - - - - ed ev' - ry one to his own way ;

- - ed, ev' - ry one to his own way, to his own way, we have
 we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way,
 we have turn - ed ev' - ry one - - - - to his own way,
 we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way,

turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way, All
 we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own way, All
 we have turned, ev' - ry one to his own way, All
 we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way, All

we like sheep have gone a - stray - -
 we like sheep have gone a - stray - -
 we like sheep. have
 we like sheep

have gone a - stray - - - -
 gone a - stray - - - - we have
 have gone a - stray - - - -

we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to his own
turn ed,
we have turn

we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to
way, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to
we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to
. ed, we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed ev' - ry one to

his own way ; we have turn - ed ev' - ry
his own way ; we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way ;
his own way ; we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way ;
his own way : we have turn - ed ev' - ry one, ev' - ry one to his own

one to his own way - - to his own way, All we like sheep, All
 ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep, All
 we have turned ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep, All
 way; ev' - ry one to his own way, All we like sheep, All

we like sheep have gone a - stray - - -
 we like sheep have gone a - stray -
 we like sheep have gone a - stray - - -
 we like sheep have gone a - stray - - -

we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed,
 we have turn - ed
 we have turn - ed, we have
 we have turn - ed, we have turn - ed,

turned ev-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own
 ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own
 ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own
 turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own way, we have turn-ed ev'-ry one to his own

Adagio.

way, And the Lord hath laid on him, and the Lord hath laid on
 way, And the Lord hath laid on him, on
 way, And the Lord hath laid on him, on him,
 way, And the Lord hath laid on him - - - - - the

him, hath laid on him - - on him - - the i - niqui - ty of - - us all.
 him, hath laid on him - - the i - niqui - ty of us all.
 hath laid on him - - the i - niqui - ty of - - us all.
 Lord hath laid on him - - - - - the i - niqui - ty of - - us all.

TULLOCHGORUM.

Words by the Rev. Mr. Skinner.

Come gie's a sang Mont-gom-ry cried, And lay your dis-putes all a-side, What

nonsense is't for folks to chide, For what's been done before them, Let Whig and Tory all agree,

Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry, Whig and To-ry all a-gree, To drop their whigma-

lor-um; Let Whig and To-ry all a-gree To spend this night wi' mirth and glee, And

With energy.

cheer-fu' sing a-lang wi' me The reel of Tulloch-go-rum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
It gars us a' in ane unite,
And ony sump that keeps up spite,
In conscience I abhor him.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
Blythe and merry, blythe and merry.

Flythe and merry we's be a',
And mak' a cheerfu' quorum.
Blythe and merry we's be a',
As lang as we ha'e breath to draw
And dance, till we be like to fa',
The reel of Tullochgorum.

O, Tullochgorum's my delight,
 It gars us a' in ane unite,
 And ony sumpth that keeps up spite,
 In conscience I abber him,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 Blythe and merry, blythe and merry,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 And mak' a cheerfu' quorum,
 Blythe and merry we's be a',
 As lang as we ha'e breath to draw,
 And dance, till we be like to fa',
 The reel of Tullochgorum.

There needs na' be sae great a phraise,
 Wi' dringing dull Italian lays,
 I wadna gi'e our ain strathspeys,
 For half a hundred score o' 'em.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Douff and dowie, douff and dowie,
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Wi' a' their variorum.
 They're douff and dowie at the best,
 Their allegros, and a' the rest,
 They canna please a Highland taste,
 Compar'd wi' Tullochgorum.

Let worldly minds themselves oppress
 Wi' fears o' want, and double cess,
 And sullen sots themselves distress
 Wi' keeping up decorum.
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Sour and sulky, sour and sulky,
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Like auld Philosophorum?
 Shall we sae sour and sulky sit,
 Wi' neither sense, nor mirth, nor wit,
 Nor ever rise to shake a fit
 At the reel of Tullochgorum?

May choicest blessings still attend
 Each honest open hearted friend,
 And calm and quiet be his end,
 And a' that's good watch o'er him!
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Peace and plenty, peace and plenty,
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 And dainties a great store o' 'em.
 May peace and plenty be his lot,
 Unstain'd by any vicious blot!
 And may he never want a great
 That's fond of Tullochgorum.

But for the dirty, fawning fool,
 Wha wants to be oppression's tool,
 May envy gnaw his rotten soul,
 And discontent devour him!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And nane say, Wae's me for 'im!
 May dool and sorrow be his chance,
 And a' the ills that come frae France,
 Whae'er he be, that winna dance
 The reel of Tullochgorum!

Of Tullochgorum Burns tells us, "This first of songs is the masterpiece of my old friend Skinner, he was, I think, passing the day at the town of Cullen, I think it was, (Ellon, Aberdeenshire) in a friend's house whose name was Montgomery. Mrs. Montgomery observing that the beautiful reel of Tullochgorum wanted words; she begged them of Mr. Skinner, who gratified her wishes, and the wishes of every lover of Scottish song, in this most excellent ballad. These particulars I had from the author's own son, Bishop Skinner at Aberdeen." The song was first printed in the "Scots Weekly Magazine," for April, 1776. The Rev. John Skinner, the author of it, and also of "John of Badenyon," "The Ewie wi' the crookit hern",

and one or two other favourite Scottish songs, was for many years minister of the Episcopal chapel at Loughside, in Aberdeenshire, and died in 1807, at the advanced age of 86 years.

FELICIEN DAVID.

Felicien David was born at Cadenet, in the department of Vaucluse, in France, on the 8th of March, 1810. His father, who was a man of moderate fortune, and an excellent musical amateur, died two years after the birth of Felicien, leaving four children, of whom our composer was the youngest. David had, even at this early age, shown symptoms of extraordinary musical organisation, and his father had, before his death, already foretold the brilliant career of his child. At four years of age he could already sing several airs with extraordinary correctness, and was one of the wonders of his native village. A great event in the life of Felicien David was the arrival of M. Garnier, the first hautbois of the Opera at Cadenet. By his advice the family of Felicien procured his entrance as an *enfant de cœur* at Saint Sauveur. Here he was soon remarked for his pure and melodious voice, and the remarkable expression with which he sang the beautiful cantiques of the Romish Church. M. Marius Roux, the *maître de musique* of this chapel, directed the studies of the young musician, who soon surpassed all his competitors. At thirteen years of age he composed a quatuor, and in ensuing years hymns and motets, which displayed remarkable genius. When he had attained his fifteenth year he left the chapel, and was placed in the Jesuit establishment of Aix. Here he remained two years, and, with the occasional assistance of M. Michel and M. Sylvester, the two musical professors, he pursued his studies, and learned to play on the violin with extraordinary facility. At eighteen years of age he quitted this college and entered into the service of M. Pelegrin, as lawyer's clerk, an occupation for which his taste and the bent of his mind unfitted him. His restless disposition soon wrought a change in his mode of existence. He accepted the place of second leader of the orchestra at the theatre. The genius of Felicien David soared far above the accompaniment of wretchedly-sung vaudevilles; and the frivolities, the intrigues of the little theatre completed the disgust he felt for his new employment, while his simple and unsophisticated character made him the scapegoat and the butt of the establishment. At last one day an actor, forgetting his couplet, and wishing to shift the blame from himself, turned upon David, and, before the whole theatre, attacked him for his pretended forgetfulness. The public thereupon hissed unmercifully the young musician, who from that day quitted his uncongenial employment. A new post was soon assigned him; the place of *maître de chapelle* at Saint Sauveur was now vacant, and the esteem in which young David was held, added to the disinterested generosity of M. Sylvester, one of his competitors, obtained it for him. Whilst here he continued to compose, and some of his productions were of such remarkable beauty as to draw forth expressions of admiration from Cherubini himself. One day an "O salutaris," for three voices, which had just been composed by Felicien, was played before a circle of musicians, who on the conclusion of the performance, crowded round him in admiration; the uncle, in a transport of enthusiasm, threw himself on the neck of the young composer, and

promised to realise his wishes. The day after, Felicien David was on his road to Paris. This great city, now the scene of extraordinary triumph for the young artist, and filled with his admirers and friends, then offered to him a complete solitude of thought and feeling. Unknown and uncared for, poverty soon completed his wretchedness. On his first arrival, at the beginning of 1830, he studied harmony under Lesueur. He was successively a pupil of Reber, Fétis, and Benoit; but soon his resources failed him; his uncle, influenced by designing persons, refused to continue his pension. Felicien took refuge at the house of his brother, Charles David, a miniature painter; but the united labour of both barely sufficed to support life, Felicien continued to compose, but no musical editor would buy the productions of an unknown and unfriended composer. At this period he began to write an opera, but the same impediment stood in his way, and his only means of livelihood were a few music lessons. David, with all the contempt of a youthful and exalted imagination for the material wants of life, found, however, that without bodily sustenance the mind would not act; he fell ill; his cure was a slow one, and, as he himself said, "*La misère tue l'imagination.*"

It was about this period that David, carried away by his enthusiasm, became a member of the sect of the St. Simonians, and chief composer to the order. His choruses composed for the brotherhood at Menilmontant attracted much attention. On the dispersion of the order, at the time when many *Jacobins*, abjuring their former dreams, returned to Paris to utilise their talents in the world, Felicien David and the more persevering and enthusiastic of the brethren, set off for the East. As they passed through Lyons, David received a present, which was to him of inestimable value—an excellent piano—which accompanied him afterwards in all his wanderings, and often soothed the weary spirit of the travellers. The wonders and glories of the East filled the imagination of the young enthusiast. On treading the sacred ground of Palestine, his ideas became expanded, his genius more elevated. He then visited Egypt—for the first time the solemn grandeur of *The Desert* burst upon his mind. His sensations at that moment were the forebodings of his destiny. The wonders of that scene, acting upon his highly-wrought imagination, have now, ten years later, changed his fate, and elevated him from obscurity to renown! Since his return from the East, the mind of Felicien David has laboured to realise the impressions he then received. On the 8th December, 1844, Felicien David entered the establishment of a well-known musical editor in Paris. He had with him the score of his new composition *The Desert*; he timidly offered it to the editor for sale for two hundred francs—which were refused. On leaving the shop, the *affiche* of its performance that day at the Salle de Concert of the Conservatoire met his eye. The young and humble composer anxiously awaited the result of that day's trial. Many of the tickets for the concert had been given away; the Salle was, therefore, crowded. Indifference, and perhaps a little curiosity, actuated the greater part of the audience. Some give an anticipatory yawn, and some talked in whispers as the orchestra struck up for the opening *morceau*, the *entrée au désert*. As the piece proceeded, the whispers were gradually hushed, the yawn of indifference gave way to surprise, attention growing momentarily more fixed and earnest—the orchestral

accompaniments continued, the chorus began to raise the shouts of praise to Allah. Suddenly, and with the impetuosity of a torrent, acclamations rent the air; the Salle shook with the thundering applause of an astonished and delighted audience. As the "*Ode Symphonique*" proceeded, every point of rest was filled up by bursts and shouts of enthusiasm. The performance over, musicians, editors, amateurs, all rushed to the lodgings of the obscure and unknown Felicien David; they found him in a fit of hysterical laughter. The next performance of *The Desert* at the Italian Opera House was attended by the royal family and all the great of the land. At Brussels and at Antwerp new triumphs have attended the performance of his extraordinary conception.

FLOWERS.

The cultivation of flowers is an employment adapted to every grade, the high and the low, the rich and the poor; but especially to those who have retired from the busy scenes of active life. Man was never made to rust out in idleness. A degree of exercise is as necessary for the preservation of health, both of body and mind, as food. And what exercise is more fit for him, who is in the decline of life, than that of superintending a well ordered garden? What more enlivens the sinking mind? It gives tone to the spirits, and renewed health and vigour to the system. What is more conducive to a long life? The cultivation of flowers is also an appropriate amusement for young ladies. It teaches neatness, cultivates a correct taste, and furnishes the mind with many pleasing ideas. The delicate form and features, the mildness and sympathy of disposition, render them fit subjects to raise those transcendent beauties of nature, which declare the "perfections of Creation's power."

DR. ALDRICH.

The Rev. Dr. Aldrich, Dean of Christ Church, Oxford, was not less eminent as a musician than as a divine. By the happy talent which he possessed of naturalising the compositions of the old Italian masters, and accommodating them to an English ear, he increased the stores of English Church music with many of the ideas of Palestrina, Carissimi, Victoria, and other distinguished composers; and many of his anthems, and other works, are still frequently sung in the Cathedrals of England. Though the Doctor chiefly applied himself to the cultivation of sacred music, yet, being a humourist, he could amuse himself by composing pieces of a lighter kind. There are two catches of his, the one, "Hark, the bonny Christ church bells," and another, entitled, "A Smoking Catch," to be sung by four men smoking their pipes, which, although sufficiently amusing, is very difficult to sing. His excessive attachment to the luxury of smoking becoming a subject of pleasant remark in the University, a student, one morning at breakfast, laid his companion a wager, that the Dean was smoking at that instant. Away they accordingly hastened to the Deanery; and, admitted to the study, told the Dean the occasion of their visit; when, addressing himself, in perfect good humour, to him who had laid the wager that he was smoking, he said, "You see, Sir, you have lost your wager; for I am not smoking, but—*filling my pipe.*"

THE FLEET AT ANCHOR.

Words by David Thomson.

CHORUS.

Mozart.

Moderato.

SOPRANO.

ALTO.

TENOR.

BASS.

Deep in the wa - ters the anchor is flung, Breezes have sunk in their

caves to re - pose, Light spreading can - vass is mo - tion - less hung,

caves to re - pose, Light spreading can - vass is mo - tion - less hung,

caves to re - pose, Light spreading can - vass is mo - tion - less hung,

Take the calm mo - ment which Neptune be - stows. Hark from yon ves - sel that's

Take the calm mo - ment which Neptune be - stows. Hark from yon ves - sel that's

Take the calm mo - ment which Neptune be - stows. Hark from yon ves - sel that's

anchor'd so near, Faint - ly an an - swering cho - rus we hear.

anchor'd so near, Faint - ly an an - swering cho - rus we hear.

anchor'd so near, Faint - ly an an - swering cho - rus we hear.

Billows together as peacefully sleep
 As if they ne'er had been whirl'd in air;
 Few are such nights of repose on the deep,
 Brighter the joys we so briefly must share!
 Sweeter the song while the waves are at peace,
 Since it so soon in their roaring may cease!

All round us lying our navy are seen,
 Masts with the stars seem to mingle on high;
 Soon with a wide waste of waters between,
 Sadly at morning scarce one we may spy,
 Save from the mast-head, where dimly we hail,
 Far o'er the white waves the swell of their sail!

LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE WORKMEN'S SINGING CLASSES.

We have had much pleasure in reading lately in the *Manchester Guardian* an account of the continued success of the Workmen's Singing Classes, and it gives us additional pleasure to observe that the managers have resolved on producing a series of cheap weekly concerts. Such entertainments form a delightful and salutary relaxation from the cares of hard-wrought mechanical existence, and when, as in this instance, the working men themselves are taking part in the performance, the gratification is so much the more lasting. We append an extract from the report of the committee, which was read on the evening of Thursday, the 20th February, 1845, by Mr. James Hobday, the chairman.

The committee of the Manchester upper singing school have taken the opportunity of the present special meeting for laying before the subscribers and the public a brief sketch of its objects and progress. The association of the Lancashire and Cheshire workmen's singing classes was formed about two years ago for the purpose of diffusing a knowledge and increasing the love of vocal music amongst the working classes in the manufacturing districts. Since its formation several branches have been established in Manchester, Ashton, Stockport, Rochdale, and other places; and it is estimated that not less than three to four thousand have already been taught not only to appreciate, but to take an active part in the psalmody of the church, and in the music of social life. A peculiar feature of this association is, that the pupils are taught either free of charge, or upon such terms as enables the humblest to avail themselves of tuition. The music which they use in the classes is also provided for their use, or printed at an exceedingly cheap

rate.* The classes are not exclusively confined to the operatives; the only terms of admission are that every one shall subscribe according to his ability. The superintendence of these classes has been confided to Mr. Robert Weston, to whose unceasing activity and unremitting exertions the success is chiefly to be traced. The expenses of these classes are defrayed partly by the voluntary subscriptions of some of the pupils, and of the public at large, and partly by the proceeds of the public concerts and oratorios given from time to time. The public, at certain rates of subscription, receive an equivalent in tickets for the meetings of the society. In addition to the instruction afforded in the schools, the public oratorios and concerts must have had a powerful and highly beneficial effect, in refining the tastes and amusements of the people. On these occasions the works of Handel and of Haydn have furnished the chief source of attraction. The chorus has been selected from our own classes; and, although it would be absurd to claim for them the same degree of proficiency as is expected from professional vocalists, yet their performances are highly creditable to themselves as well as to their indefatigable teacher, and have been supported by increasingly numerous audiences. The success of these oratorios and concerts has been so marked, that your committee are impressed with the opinion, that they are capable of much greater extension: and it is with the view of obtaining from the subscribers an increase of powers for this end that this meeting has been convened. The rapid increase and marked success of the various music saloons in this and other towns, is a feature not to be overlooked by a philanthropic mind. It affords conclusive proofs of the increased refinement in the habits and tastes of the people; and, although there may be much to regret in the mode in which these establishments are con-

* The music is printed and supplied by the Publisher of the "British Minstrel."

ducted, they prove that those who frequent them are capable of appreciating the divine art of music, and that it may be made the means of still further elevating them out of the debasing influences which are too frequently connected with it. The committee, therefore, propose a series of weekly concerts, on the Saturday evenings, in some large and commodious building, where the best vocal talent shall be engaged, in conjunction with our own choirs, in the production of vocal and instrumental concerts, which shall be on a more extensive scale and of a superior character, and at lower rates of admission than any similar experiment yet made. Our own classes afford us peculiar opportunities for carrying such a plan into successful operation. In addition to this proposed feature in our proceeding, the committee have to request your attention to another equally important. Although Manchester abounds with musical societies, yet there are few opportunities for the working classes, or even for the public of Manchester to enjoy, at a moderate charge, the chief works of the most distinguished composers of our own country and the continent. Your committee have entered into correspondence with several parties in the musical world, and have come to the opinion that it would be quite practicable to give two or more performances per annum with the most distinguished artists, and at rates of admission which should render them accessible to every class of society.

The report having been approved of by the meeting, the committee were empowered to carry out the proposals embodied in it. It was also resolved, that the name of the association should be changed,

and that for the future it should be known as the "Lancashire and Cheshire Philharmonic Institute."

HAVE HOPE.

The vernal wind that whispers o'er the seas,
From sunny climes, and plays among the trees,
Saith, with the gentle music of its breeze,

Have hope.

The rose, that wept its wither'd flowers' fall,
When rain and storm had forced its funeral,
Bids its young buds say unto me and all,

Have hope.

The desert sands, so wildly, sternly bare,
Where eye and heart sink 'neath the torrid glare,
Have yet a fountain cool to murmur there,

Have hope

The tide, that, ebbing, leaves the native shore,
And backward rolls, as if for evermore,
Saith, as it flows where it had flow'd before,

Have hope.

The night, when darkness is around the earth,
And nature seems to feel the cheerless dearth,
Saith, with its starlight, and the fair moon's birth,

Have hope.

The dream, when guardian angels watch our sleep,
And o'er the tranquil soul fresh visions creep,
Whispers, in tender accents, soft and deep,

Have hope.

The merry morn, when in its purple car,
It leaps the brightening heaven's eastern bar,
Waves on its beaming banner, floating far,

Have hope.

Dublin University Magazine.

T H E O W L .

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Andante.

Nicholas Freeman, 1667.

Of all the brave birds that e-ver I see, The owl is the fair-est in her de-
 Of all the brave birds that e-ver I see, The owl is the fair-est in her de-
 gree, For all the day long she sits on a tree, and when the night comes a-way flies
 gree, For all the day long she sits on a tree, and when the night comes a-way flies

she, te whoo, Sir knave to thee, this song is well
 she, te whit, to whom drinks thou, This song is well
 she, te whit te whoo,

solì ad lib.

sung I make you a vow, and he is a knave that drink - eth now. Nose,
 sung I make you a vow, and he is a knave that driok - eth now. Nose,

tempo.

nose, nose, - - nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose,
 nose, nose, nose, and who gave thee that jol - ly red nose, Cin - namon and

Chorus.

Nutmegs and cloves, and that gave me this jol - ly red nose.
 ginger, nutmegs and cloves, and that gave me this jol - ly red nose.

THE SOCIAL MUSIC OF GERMANY.

In Germany social vocal music is cultivated more than in any other country; we mean that good singing in which almost everybody can join; and those jovial and good-humoured songs which are the very soul of merriment and glee. These compositions have varied little since the sixteenth century; and we find, in the nineteenth, that the old fashions with respect to music are still predominant. Music is generally taught; no schoolmaster is permitted to exercise his profession if he is not able to teach its elements; and if you hear a number of country girls singing in a vineyard, or a party of conscripts going to drill, you are sure to find them singing in parts. The Burschen songs and choruses of the German students are well known; but what must interest every traveller in that land of music, perhaps more than anything else he meets with, are the pleasant family parties, in which old and young assemble together, and father and son, brother and sister, friend and neighbour, pass long and cheerful evenings, with no other resource than music, and requiring no better. They sing in parts: and at these family and friendly reunions, difficult compositions are frequently executed in a style which is as astonishing as it is pleasing.

The societies of the *Liedertafeln*, literally "table songs," have considerable influence on the music of Germany. They originated with Professor Zelter, at Berlin, and the first meeting was held there in August, 1810. The fundamental laws of the institution require that no piece shall be sung which is not the composition of the members of the society. In general, the songs are written for four male voices (two tenors and two basses), for chorus and solos alternately; but songs ("lieder") for three and six voices, with double choruses, are also written. This society was originally dedicated to social pleasure, and the members assembled once a month after supper; from this simple beginning, these societies have spread throughout Germany, and become the channel of an extensive intercourse in the art.

SONNET.

Love banished heaven, in earth was held in scorn,
Wandering abroad in need and beggary;
And wanting friends, though of a goddess borne,
Yet craved the alms of such as passed by;
I, like a man devout and charitable,
Cloth'd the naked, lodg'd this wandering guest,
With sighs and tears still furnishing his table,
With what might make the miserable blest:
But this ungrateful, for my good desert,
Intic'd my thoughts against me to conspire,
Who gave consent to steal away my heart,
And set my breast, his lodging, on a fire.
Well, well, my friends, when beggars grow thus bold,
No marvel, then, though charity grow cold.

Michael Drayton, born 1563, died 1631.

A TRANSALANTIC MUSICAL STAR.

The interesting and handsome youth Scocia, whose appearance alone would excite attention, possesses such extraordinary musical talent as to make him one of the wonders of the day. We believe it may be laid down as a general rule, that all great musicians have developed an early taste for their art, and their biographers have not failed to commemorate their youthful exertions. While in most of the professions of life precocity of intellect is by no means invariably an attendant of its later

superiority, in music and painting it is almost always seen. Nature, before developing her gifts in those destined to surpass their fellows in the appreciation of beautiful sounds or beautiful forms generally pre-occupies the youthful mind with its predominating tendency. We are not surprised, therefore, to learn that young Scocia, whose performance on the violin already places him in the first rank of artists, discovered an early taste for music. He was born in the city of Baltimore, and is now just commencing his teens. At the age of six months, while a baby on the knee, he was affected to tears by a composition in the minor key, and discovered strong emotions during its repetition. He was most generally soothed to slumber by the soft tones of a musical box, which his family carefully preserve. At the age of twenty months he learned, after hearing it but once or twice, the beautiful cavatina, "Dalla gioia," from *Elise e Claudio*, which Pedrotti sang with so much skill. Notwithstanding his tender age, he could repeat it without making the slightest mistake. At the age of four years he commenced amusing himself with performing *arpeggios* on a toy violin; but, in consequence of ill health, was unable to pursue his favourite occupation until some years afterwards. At this time he was noticed for his gentlemanly manners and address, and for a repose of character quite remarkable in a child. At the age of eight years he spoke several languages with facility and correctness, and at the same time commenced the study of the violin. In 1834 he removed to this city, and his first master was M. La Manna, a celebrated Sicilian musician, who undertook the task of his instruction with a feeling of affectionate regard. His subsequent studies were pursued under the tuition of his father, who is a professor of music, well known and esteemed in Baltimore, Philadelphia, and this city, and he was aided by other professors, who took a deep interest in the advancement of his child, and cheered him onward in his career. To Signor Rapetti's instructions in particular he owes much of the beautiful execution and finish of style for which he is now so celebrated. When Artot, Vieaxtemps, and Ole Bull came to this country, young Scocia was much with them, and became a diligent observer of their performances, practising carefully the music in which they were so pre-eminent. He is studious and persevering, and devotes most of his time to his violin. He first appeared in public at Washington-hall, in this city, and there surprised the audience by his wonderful power, and the elegance with which he executed the *chef d'œuvre* of De Beriot. His next appearance was at Palm's, where he performed a solo called the fantasia "Ma Celine," composed by Hauman, a German artist of great merit. During the last summer, while on a brief tour through a part of New England, he gave several concerts, which were well attended, and were highly commended by the press. His next performance was at the Tabernacle, where, in company with a youthful performer, Miss Branson, he took the town by storm, and was rewarded with the enthusiastic approbation of the largest audience ever assembled there. His style is marked by a bold and yet a sweet expression. His intonation is very fine, his bow is skilfully managed, he reads the most difficult music at sight, has a turn for humour as well as pathos, and, in short, he masters "the king of instruments" with surprising skill.—*New York True Sun.*

THE PARTING.

Words by Burns.

Adagio.

Ae fond kiss and then we sev - er, Ae fareweel, and then for

e - ver! Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee, warring sighs and groans I'll

wage thee. Who shall say that for - tune grieves him? While the star

of hope she leaves him? But nae cheer - fu' twin - kle lights me,

Dark des - pair a - round be - nights me, Ae fond kiss!

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
 Naething could resist my Nancy;
 But to see her was to love her,
 Love but her, and love for ever.
 Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
 Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
 Never met, or never parted,
 We had ne'er been broken-hearted.
 Ae farewell,

Fare thee weel! thou first and fairest,
 Fare thee weel! thou best and dearest,
 Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
 Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure.
 Ae fond kiss and then we sever,
 Ae fareweel, alas! for ever!
 Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
 Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee,
 Fare thee weel!

CHURCH MUSIC.

The following excellent remarks are taken from the Preface to the "Edinburgh Sacred Harmony," published in 1829, and are from the pen of the late Dr. Thomson, who was a devoted admirer, and a successful composer of music for sacred purposes:—

We would not speak of sacred music as an amusement, or degrade it by association with such a term—though even the music, independently of the words that are allied to it, must be allowed to furnish a source of high gratification to every one who is alive to the melody or "concord of sweet sounds." But in connection with pious sentiments—with the poetry which celebrates the praises of Jehovah, recounts the blessings of his grace, or expresses the various emotions and desires which have a place in the breast of his people, it should never for a moment be reckoned among the mere recreations and ordinary pleasures of life, or resorted to for the purpose of beguiling a dull or tedious hour. That is an abuse and desecration of the thing. It should be the exercise of a devout mind; and in that case, it gives suitable expression to the feelings which are most ennobling and ornamental to our nature, and acts reciprocally in promoting our spiritual edification, and contributing to our purest and loftiest enjoyment. Mere artists, or mere amateurs, whatever be their taste or their sensibility, cannot truly and fully relish it. This is a privilege reserved for those whose love of music is accompanied with the heartfelt experience of that religion which lifts the soul to God and heaven, with whom it can be employed as a vehicle for the outgoings of all the manifold affections by which they are moved, and in whose Christian susceptibilities it finds a subject for every variety of its holy and inspiring influences. When the two things are happily united, sacred music has its perfect work, whether it be used by the solitary individual, by the domestic circle, or by the assembled multitude, and whether it be used in the expression of penitence or of trust, of tranquility or of distress, of love or indignation, of hope or anxiety, of dejection or of joy. It is believed that those who can enter experimentally into these views, will find, in the present work, what is more or less suitable to all the states of mind which they denote; and if, in any case, the words may not be sufficiently applicable, they can easily supply the defect, by exchanging them for others equally correspondent with the music, and more congenial to their feelings and desires.

That sacred music may be effective, it should, as much as possible, correspond with the words, and the closer this correspondence can be made, so much the more powerful will the effect be both upon the performer and the hearer. This, however, has been very little attended to by composers; it is woefully neglected in most congregations; and indeed, from the state and character of our psalmody in general, a strict observance of it is impracticable. We have a certain number of tunes, each having its regular, ever-recurring, invariable strain; and to match them we have words made into lines of definite length, every one of them having the requisite number of syllables, and made to rhyme more or less exactly with its fellow, but varying continually in emphasis and accent, and passing now from the grave to the lively, and then from the pathetic to

the joyful, within the compass perhaps of half a stanza. Hence it is, that very rarely can we accommodate the music to the words, so that an emphatic note in the former shall not be applied to a small connecting particle in the latter,—a semibreve, it may be, wasting its magnificence on an *and* or an *if*—and a plaintive sentiment in the one treated without the least sympathy by a sprightly bar or two in the other. And it does not seldom happen, that a melody is singularly well adapted to the words, till we come to the two last lines, or the last line and a half, when all at once our feelings are gratified by the union of sounds of most significant import, with phrases of common-place instruction, or of a most melancholy cadence, with terms denoting gladness, and even with shouts of victory.

The most perfect remedy for this evil would be to keep the words in their prosaic form, and to have the music composed for them according to the fashion of anthems. That they might answer for congregational use indeed, it would be necessary to make these anthems short, simple, and free from all fanciful modulation, all intricacies of harmony, every thing that would be offensive to an ordinary ear, however agreeable to the learned and scientific. But the great, the unspeakable advantage would be obtained of having music suited to the words in all their variety of meaning, and in all their transitions from one style of sentiment to another. Wherever there was any native taste or acquired skill on the part of the singers, and any just, experimental understanding of the language, this would diminish the difficulty of execution, even if difficulty should exist, because the music and the words would agree in being appropriate expressions of the same state of feeling in those who uttered them together, whether it were that of distress, or that of joy,—whether it should issue in supplication, or in thanksgiving. And, then, a longer passage might be sung than would at first sight seem practicable, not only from the facility of execution created by the circumstance just now mentioned, but also in consequence of the recitatives which it would be occasionally proper to introduce, and which, from the very nature of the subject, would frequently be a repetition of the same note, or at least would take a very limited range in the scale. In this way, anthems such as we propose would speedily and without much effort become at once familiar and easy, and be sung by a large concourse of people with as much correctness as a considerable proportion of our common psalm and hymn tunes are sung at present.

But as such tunes will still be preferred, being in full possession of the field, and requiring little or no exertion from those who use them, it may surely be insisted on, that they should be made as perfect in the point we have been considering, as circumstances will permit. The present state of this matter is faulty and absurd in the extreme. We have our sets of metrical words, and we have our sets of tunes. And all that is deemed necessary is to take one of the latter, no matter which, if the kind of measure only suits, and to associate it with any stanzas of the tune that may be selected by the clergyman, or his clerk, so that the doleful Dundee is not seldom struck up to a psalm, beginning and ending with "Praise ye the Lord," as if the people were deeply distressed at being put upon the duty of magnifying the name of their Maker. There are two modes of remedying this evil to a certain extent, which might be adopted without any great trouble or inconvenience.

First, care should always be taken to fix upon those airs which are fitted in their spirit and character to the particular words that are to be employed in worship. Scarcely ever is this thoroughly attainable; clauses will be frequently occurring that deviate from the general strain of the piece; and sometimes a whole stanza of this description will come in the way. But by uniformly aiming at the accommodation in question, those offensive discrepancies which result from mere inconsideration will be avoided, and the words and the music will harmonise with each other to such an extent, as to give the performance on the whole its proper and undivided effect. The persons who conduct this part of either public or domestic worship should beforehand make themselves acquainted with as much of the practical details of the subject as they can master, so that when the psalm or hymn is read out, they can readily fix upon a suitable melody. Or it may be still more useful, that the particular psalms or hymns to be read should be previously known, and the corresponding melodies also selected for them, instead of being left to the choice of the moment. And to secure this point in some tolerable measure, it might be of consequence to have the psalmody which is used in any particular congregation so arranged, as that certain passages were conjoined with certain tunes,—the arrangement to be very carefully and judiciously made,—and that the connection thus formed should be invariably observed in practice.

Secondly, it would be a great improvement in our church music, were tunes to be composed expressly for the words. Even this, indeed, must necessarily fail in a multitude of cases, for a reason already adverted to, namely, that the words, though formed into regular metrical stanzas, are not accented with uniform regularity, and that what may exactly suit one verse, will not suit another with equal accuracy. And besides, were the words to be arranged, so as to be entirely free from this defect, the still greater fault would be committed—that of frequently enfeebling or marring the sense, and rendering the versification monotonous and insipid. But still, in numerous instances, the object would be gained as to the predominant strain and character of what is sung. In the existing state of church music, all the care that can be employed, and all the skill that can be exercised, in adapting the music to the words, must necessarily be in a great degree unsuccessful. For a large proportion of our tunes, both ancient and modern, have been composed without any reference at all to the meaning, of which they were ultimately to be made the vehicle. The authors set themselves to produce long, or common, or short metre tunes, as a display of their science, or from ambition to get themselves a name. And even though they had words set before them, these were looked at merely to guide them as to the measure, and with no desire and no intention to convey the verbal through the musical expression. Hence, the words and the music might be severally and separately good, whilst the combination injured each of them, and the joint effect was either weakened by the want of correspondence, or made positively bad by a manifest contrariety between the two. The only effectual way of preventing this, is for a composer of taste and ability first to choose the words, to make himself thoroughly acquainted with their import, to enter fully into their spirit, and then to pour forth what he has conceived and felt in such appropriate strains as his heart and skill

may dictate—always keeping his fancy under due restraint, and recollecting the purposes for which his effusions are designed. This may afford him no great opportunity for a display of genius; but, if he succeeds in what is proposed, he will exhibit more ability than what the thing is imagined to require, and he will have the satisfaction of amending some of the worst errors that impair our common psalmodes, and of contributing to make an important part of worship more edifying, more impressive, and more delightful.

We wish not to debate the question here, whether *instrumental* music is allowable or lawful in divine worship; and still less is it our intention to maintain, or even to insinuate the negative. But we have no hesitation in stating our preference of *vocal* music, exclusively, as being both more suitable and more effective. In place of a good and well played organ, we would have a good and well-trained choir. The organ, doubtless, is a noble instrument, but nobler still is the human voice. On the former, we cannot help looking as an artificial contrivance, while the latter is the very thing which a sincere, unaffected Christian worshipper naturally employs to give vent to his devotions. With the one we cannot have any strong or correct sympathy, since it is a mere unconscious, lifeless machine; but with the latter, who are our fellow-men, possessing the same moral sensibilities and engaged in the same sacred exercises, our sympathies are just and powerful; and every one must be aware, how much depends upon the operation of sympathy in every part of social worship, and especially on that part of it which gives musical expression to the various emotions that take possession of the devout mind. And thus to the native superiority of the human voice, over the tones of the finest instrument that was ever invented, there is added an advantage which no instrument can possibly give, but which we conceive to be essential in such a case—that of feeling all the while that the sounds with which ours rise in unison or harmony, are emitted by intellectual and spiritual beings, who have the same hopes and fears, the same joys and sorrows, the same faith and love, with ourselves. This opinion is confirmed by experience,—the best church music on the Continent being that in which the voice alone is employed, and it having happened, in some of the cathedrals in England, that when the organ was under repair, and the choir singing without accompaniment, the congregation were sensibly struck and affected with the change as a vast improvement, and the learned and zealous advocates of instrumental music were obliged to acquiesce in the judgment, because they participated in the feeling, of the multitude.

It must be acknowledged, that there are difficulties connected with a choir, which are not experienced in the case of the organ. When the organ is once procured, the only remaining trouble consists in getting a good organist. But the individuals composing a choir are undergoing frequent changes; care must be taken with respect to the character, as well as with respect to the ear and the voice, that they bring along with them; the drilling which they require is perpetual and laborious; and sometimes it is no easy matter to select such a number as are, in any tolerable measure, qualified for the duty. All this, however, might, in most cases, be got the better of, were the people sufficiently impressed with the importance of this branch of public worship, and were they as anxious as

they ought to be about the proper mode of conducting it. In this case, neither expense nor effort would be grudged, and these will commonly remove all obstacles that lie in the way of right enterprise. In training and practising the choir, we should always make use of the organ, or other instruments, in order to give the singers the habit of sustaining their voice at the proper pitch—there being, as every one knows, a natural tendency to fall—and to insure steadiness and precision in the execution of whatever they have to perform—an advantage that cannot be so easily gained, when no such auxiliary is employed. But having received this assistance in their preparation for public duty, it will not only be unnecessary for them in church, but will mar the beauty and effect of their performance there. Let the music be appropriate; let the band be well balanced, and well trained; let the congregation join in parts, and in a subdued tone of voice; and there will be a chorus, which in point of richness, pathos, and sublimity, no power or combination of instruments can ever equal, and far less surpass. We wish that this experiment were tried by skilful men, and in favourable circumstances; for, in many cases, we are sure that it would succeed to a large extent, and in all cases it would be productive of improvement, which will never otherwise be either reached or attempted.*

When we speak of a congregation joining in parts, we deem it of importance to remark, that females and boys should always sing the treble or air part; and men the bass, counter,† and tenor, as their voices may best suit. If the former take the tenor as they sometimes do, and if the latter take the treble, as they generally do, in our churches, the effect is great impaired, independently of that violation of the rules and principles of harmony which it involves. It is much to be wished that greater attention were paid to this point; for until such attention is paid, our congregational music must remain very defective. At the same time we would not discourage any persons from joining as they best can. That abstinence from singing, which so much prevails in some churches, admits of no apology. Better that all sorts of voices should unite in singing the melody, than that there should be so much dead and painful silence.

THE HARP OF BRIAN BORO (BOROIMHE.)

If any of our readers want to see a perfect specimen of an Irish harp, let them go to Trinity College Museum (Dublin), and there they will see the genuine harp of Brian Boro, monarch of Ireland, who used to solace his proud and lofty spirit with

* An exemplification of this exists in the various Singing Academies on the Continent, particularly in Germany. There, voices to the amount sometimes of 300, without any instrumental accompaniment, are employed in the performance of sacred music, with wonderful accuracy and effect. This shows what may be any where accomplished, not certainly to the same extent, but in a measure proportioned to the advantages that are enjoyed. And we know of no congregation, that is tolerably numerous, in which the attempt to do what we have recommended above, if made with real earnestness and in a judicious manner, would not be attended with more or less success.

† That men should sing the counter part is, in our opinion, a "violation of the rules and principles of harmony."—Ed. "P. M."

this identical instrument, before he fell in his country's cause at the battle of Clontarf, A.D. 1014. To be sure, it is not such a finished article as Mr. Egan of Dawson Street can supply, at the very goodly sum of a hundred and fifty guineas, and whose pedals are as complicated as the levers and articulations of the human foot. The old Irish harp was intended more for the poet than the musician, and was used as a subordinate accompaniment to the recitative of the minstrel; and who, in looking at the harp of Brian Boro, rude though it be, would not kindle into a rapture of enthusiasm, at the thought of that valiant minstrel king,—and feel his spirit swelling within him, as the words rise to his recollection,—

"His father's sword he hath girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him."

Yes! though the harp be hung on Tara's walls, though it be as mute as if the soul of music had fled, there was a time when the bard made its wild notes ring to his Tyrtaean strains, and roused the warrior to the strife, or awakened within him the softer emotions of love and pity!

Brian Boroimhe left his harp with his son Donagh; but Donagh having murdered his brother Teige, and being deposed by his nephew, retired to Rome, and carried with him the crown, harp, and other regalia of his father, which he presented to the Pope. These regalia were kept in the Vatican, till the Pope sent the harp to Henry VIII., but kept the crown, which was of massive gold. Henry gave the harp to the first Earl of Clanrickarde, in whose family it remained until the beginning of the eighteenth century, when it came, by a lady of the De Burgh family, into that of M'Mahon of Cleugh, in the county Clare, after whose death it passed into the possession of Commissioner M'Namara of Limerick. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Honourable William Congnyham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it now is. It is thirty-two inches high, and of good workmanship; the sounding board is of oak, the arms of red sally, the extremity of the uppermost arm in part is cupped with silver, extremely well wrought and chiselled. It contains a large crystal set in silver, and under it was another stone, now lost. The buttons, or ornamented knobs, at the side of this arm, are of silver. On the front arm, are the arms chased of the O'Brien family, the bloody hand supported by lions. On the sides of the front arm, within two circles, are two Irish wolf dogs, cut in the wood. The holes of the sounding board, where the strings entered, are neatly ornamented with an escutcheon of brass, carved and gilt; the larger sounding-holes have been ornamented, probably with silver. The harp has twenty-eight keys, and as many string-holes, consequently there were as many strings. The foot-piece or rest is broken off, and the parts, round which it was joined, are very rotten. The whole bears evidence of expert workmanship.—*Dublin Penny Journal.*

THE RIVAL SYRENS.

A curious musical contest took place during the summer of 1789, in Ireland, between Mrs. Billington and Miss George, the latter of whom had a voice of such extent, that she sung up to B in alto perfectly clear, and in tune; this being three notes higher than any singer I ever heard. Mrs. Billington

ton, who was engaged on very high terms for a limited number of nights, made her first appearance on the Dublin stage in the character of Polly, in the "Beggar's Opera," surrounded by her halo of popularity. She was received with acclamation, and sang her songs delightfully, particularly "Cease your funning," which was tumultuously encored. Miss George, who performed the part of Lucy, (an uphill singing part,) perceiving she had little chance of dividing the applause with the great magnet of the night, had recourse to the following stratagem; when the dialogue duet in the second act, "Why, how

now, Madame Flirt," came on, Mrs. Billington gave her verse with great sweetness and characteristic expression, and was much applauded. Miss George in reply, availing herself of her extraordinary compass of voice, and setting propriety at defiance, sang the whole of her verse an octave higher, her tones having the effect of the high notes of a sweet and brilliant flute; the audience, taken by surprise, bestowed on her such loud applause as almost shook the walls of the theatre, and an unanimous encore was the result.—*Parke's Musical Memoirs.*

TURN AMARILLIS TO THY SWAIN.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Hilton.

1 Turn Ama - ril - lis to thy swain, Thy Da - mon calls thee back a - gain.

2 Here is a pretty, pretty, pretty arbour hy, Where Apol - lo, where Apollo cannot spy.

3 There let's sit, and whilst I play, Sing to my pipe a roundelay.

THE SKY LARK.

(ADDRESSED TO A FRIEND.)

On hearing one singing at day-break, during a sharp frost on the 17th of February, 1832, while the author was on travel.

O warn away the gloomy night,
With music make the welkin ring,
Bird of the dawn!—On joyful wing
Soar through thine element of light
All nought in heaven mine eye can see,
Except the morning star and thee.

O welcome in the cheerful day!
Through rosy clouds the shades retire,
The Sun hath touched thy plumes with fire,
And girt thee with a golden ray:
Now shape and voice are vanish'd quite,
Nor eye nor ear can track thy flight.

Could I translate thy strains, and give
Words to thy notes in human tongue,
The sweetest lay that e'er I sung,
The lay that would the longest live,
I might record upon this page,
And eieg thy song from age to age.

But speech of mine can ne'er reveal
Secrets so freely told above,
Yet is their burden joy and love,
And all the bliss a bird can feel,
Whose wing in heaven to earth is bound,
Whose home and heart are on the ground.

Unlike the lark be thou, my friend!
No downward cares thy thoughts engage,
But in thine house of pilgrimage,
Though from the ground thy songs ascend,
Still be their burden joy and love,
—Heaven is thy home, thy heart above.

J. Montgomery.

ON THE CULTIVATION OF OUR INTELLECTUAL FACULTIES.

Whatever tends to refine, to civilize, to exalt the intellectual faculties of man, is not only ornamental but useful. This is the character and purpose of all the arts, whether painting, sculpture, poetry or music; rising above and beyond the limits of the sensible and material, they delight in the contemplation of the infinite and spiritual, and know no bound or limit for the sphere of their exertions; every power and every faculty with which man was endowed, was given to be improved and enjoyed. There is the same mutual adaptation between knowledge and the human mind, as between light and the eye, sound and the ear, seed and the earth. When the Almighty endowed the human voice with sweetness, compass, flexibility, and power, and made it capable of giving expression to every emotion of the heart—when he bestowed on the ear the power of the nicest discrimination, and rendered it one of the channels through which plea-

sure is conveyed to the mind—can we doubt that these gifts were dispensed with a view to their enjoyment, or that, by cultivating the powers thus bestowed, we are not only best consulting our own happiness, but rendering to their Giver the acceptable tribute of obedience.—*Professor Taylor.*

FORECASTLE SONGS.

Among the crew of the vessel were two English man-of-war's men; so that, of course, we soon had music. They sang in the true sailor's style; and the rest of the crew, which was a remarkably musical one, joined in the choruses. They had many of the latest sailor songs, which had not yet got about among our merchant-men, and which they were very choice of. They began soon after we came on board, and kept it up until after two bells, when the second mate came forward and called, "The Alert's away!" Battle-songs, drinking-songs, boat-songs, love-songs, and every thing else, they seemed to have a complete assortment of; and I was glad to find "All in the Downs," "Poor Tom Bowling," "The Bay of Biscay," "List, ye landsmen," and all those classical songs of the sea, still held their places. In addition to these, they had

picked up at the theatres and other places a few songs of a little more genteel cast, which they were very proud of; and I shall never forget hearing an old salt, who had broken his voice by hard drinking on shore and bellowing from the mast-head in a hundred north-westers, with all manner of ungovernable trills and quavers—in the high notes breaking into a rough falsetto, and in the low ones growling along like the dying away of the boat-swain's "all hands ahoy!" down the hatchway, singing "Oh, no, we never mention her."

Perhaps, like me, she struggles with
Each feeling of regret;
But if she lov'd as I have lov'd,
She never can forget.

The last line, being the conclusion, he roared out at the top of his voice, breaking each word up into half-a-dozen syllables. This was very popular; and Jack was called upon every night to give them his "sentimental song." No one called for it more loudly than I did; for the complete absurdity of the execution, and the sailors' perfect satisfaction with it, were ludicrous beyond measure.—*Dana's Two Years before the Mast.*

THE SILVER SWAN.

MADRIGAL FOR FIVE VOICES.

Tempo giusto.

Orlando Gibbons, 1625.

SOPRANO.

The sil - ver swan who liv - ing had no

ALTO.

The sil - ver swan, who liv - ing had no note -

TENOR.

The sil - ver swan, who liv - ing had no

1st BASS.

The sil - ver swan, who liv - ing, who liv - ing had no

2d BASS.

The sil - ver swan who liv - ing had no

note, When death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat;

- when death approach'd un lock'd her si - lent throat; Leaning her

note, when death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat, Lean-

note when death ap - proach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat; A-

note when death approach'd, when death approach'd un - lock'd her si - lent throat, Leaning her

Lean - ing her breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus

breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her first and

- - ing her breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her first

gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her first and last, and

breast a - gainst the ree - dy shore, Thus sang her

sung her first and last, and sang no more, Fare - well all joys! O

last, and sang, und sang - no more, Farewell all joys! O death come close - - my

- - - and last, and sang no more, Fare - well, all joys! O death - - come

sang no more, and sang, and sang no more; O death, come close my eyes;

first and last, and sang no more, Farewell all joys! Now death come close my

death come close my eyes; More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise. *rall^o.*

eyes: More geese than swans now live, more fools, more fools than wise.

close my eyes; More geese than swans - now live, more fools than wise.

More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise, more - - fools than wise.

eyes, More geese than swans now live, more fools than wise.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

Henry Carey, (died 1748).

Andante.

Of all the girls that are so smart, There's none like pret-ty Sal-ly, She is the

dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our al-ley, There's no'er a

la-dy in the land, That's half so sweet as Sal-ly, She is the

dar-ling of my heart, And she lives in our al-ley.

Her fa-ther he makes cab-bage nets, And

thro' the streets does cry them: Her mo-ther she sells la-ces

con Sva

f

p

long, To such as need - - to buy them, But can such folks

the pa - rents be - of such a girl - as Sal - ly? She is the

dar - ling of my heart, And she lives in our al - ley.

Of all the days that's in the week,
I dearly love but one day,
And that's the day that comes between
The Saturday and Monday.
For then I'm dress'd in all my best,
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And rates me most severely:
But let him scold till he is tired,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,
O! then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and, box and all,
I'll give it to my honey;
And wou'd it were ten thousand pounds,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master, and the neighbours all,
Make game of me and Sally;
And (but for her) I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out,
O! then I'll marry Sally,
And when we're wed we'll happy be,
But not in our alley.

Carey in the third Edition of his Poems published in 1729, before "the Ballad of Sally in our Alley" has placed this note:—

THE ARGUMENT.

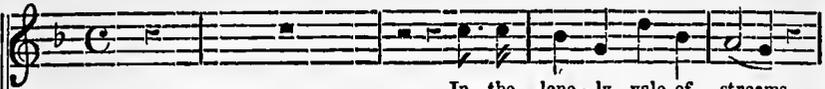
"In this little poem the Author had in view to set forth the beauty of a chaste and disinterested passion, even in the lowest class of human life. The occasion of his writing it was this: a Shoemaker's Prentice making holiday with his Sweetheart, treated her with a sight of Bedlam, the puppet-shows, the flying-chairs, and all the elegancies of Moor-fields: from whence proceeding to the Farthing-pye-house, he gave her a collation of buns, cheese-cakes, gammon of bacon, stuff'd beef, and bottled ale; through all which scenes the Author dodg'd them (charm'd with the simplicity of their courtship,) from whence he drew this little sketch of nature; but being then young and obscure; he was very much ridiculed by some of his acquaintance for this performance; which nevertheless made its way into the polite world, and amply recompens'd him by the applause of the divine Addison, who was pleased (more than once) to mention it with approbation."

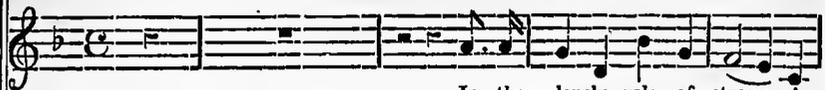
IN THE LONELY VALE OF STREAMS.

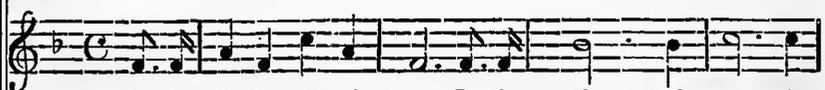
Words from Ossian.

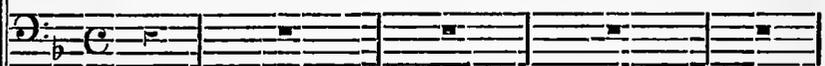
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

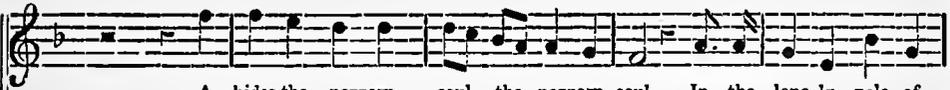
Dr. Callcott.

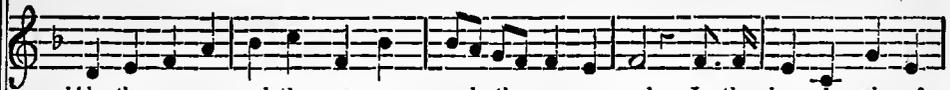
1st TREBLE.  In the lone - ly vale of streams,

2d TREBLE.  In the lonely vale of streams, A -

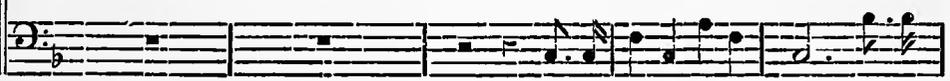
TENOR.  In the lonely vale of streams, In the vale of streams, A -

BASS. 

 A - bides the narrow soul, the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of

 bides the narrow soul, the narrow soul, the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of

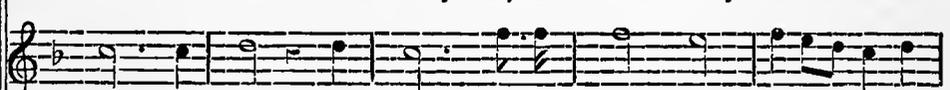
 bides the narrow soul, the nar - row soul, the narrow soul a - bides the

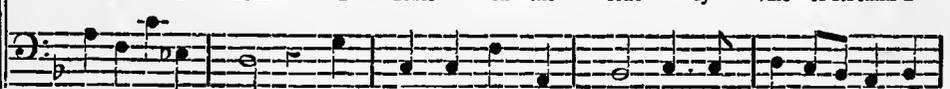


In the lonely vale of streams, in the

 streams - - in the lone - ly vale, in the lone - ly vale of streams a -

 streams - - - in the lone - ly vale, in - - the lonely vale of streams a -

 nar - row soul a - bides in the lone - ly vale of streams a -



lonely vale of streams, a - bides the nar - row soul, in the vale of streams a -

bides the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of streams, in the lone - ly vale of

bides the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of streams, in the lone - ly vale of

bides the narrow soul, in the vale of

bides the narrow soul, In the lone - ly vale of streams, in the

streams, a - bides the nar - row soul, a - bides the nar - row

streams a - bides the narrow soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row

streams, a - bides the nar - row soul, the nar - row soul, the nar - row

lone - ly vale of streams a - bides the nar - row soul, the nar - row

Adagio. 1st. 2d. *Faster.*

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re -

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re -

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re -

soul, the narrow soul, soul. Years roll on, seasons re - turn,

turn, but he is still - - - un - known.

turn, but he is still - - - is still un - known.

turn, but he is still un - known, *Largo.*

but he is still un - known - - - but he is still un - known, In a

Moderato.

His ghost is fold - ed in the

blast comes cloudy death, and lays his grey head low.

vapour of the fen - ny field, in the vapour of the fen - ny field of the

His ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, is

His ghost is

fen - ny field, His ghost is fold - ed in the
 folded in the fen - ny field, His ghost is fold - ed in the
 folded in the fen - ny field,

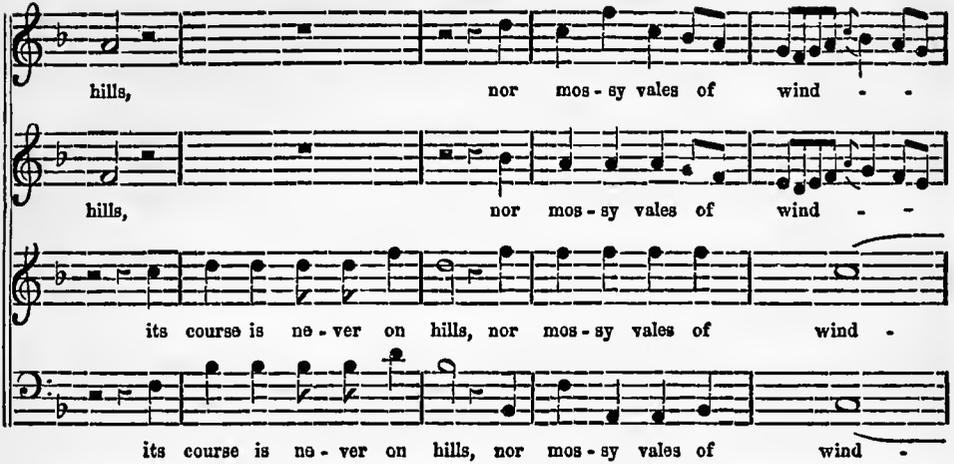
His ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, his

vapour of the fen - - - - - ny
 vapour of the fen - - - - - ny
 in the fen - ny field, in the
 ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, in the

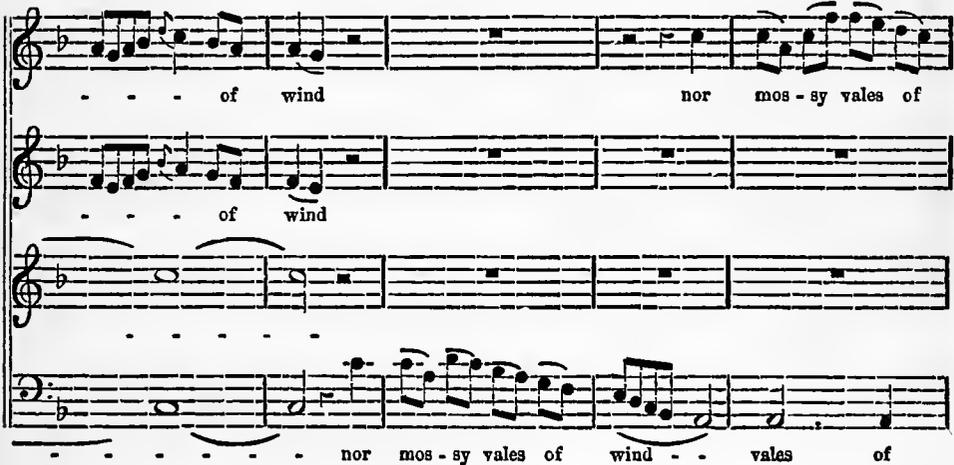
ghost is fold - ed in the vapour of the fen - ny field, in the

field, in the fen - ny field its course is never on
 field, in the fen - ny field its course is never on
 va - pour of the fen - ny field, its course is never on hills,
 va - pour of the fen - ny field, its course is never on hills,

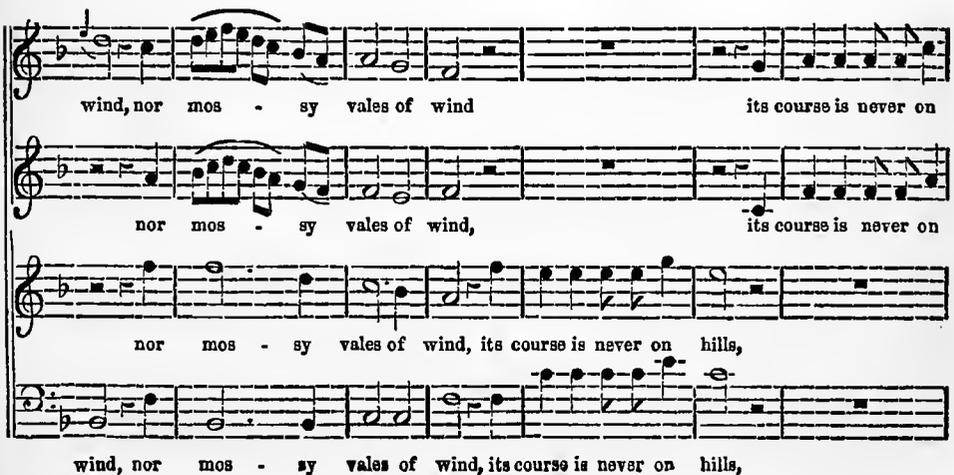
va - pour of the fen - ny field, its course is never on hills,



hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind - -
 hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind - -
 its course is ne-ver on hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind -
 its course is ne-ver on hills, nor mos-sy vales of wind -



- - - of wind nor mos-sy vales of
 - - - of wind
 - - -
 - - - nor mos-sy vales of wind - - vales of



wind, nor mos-sy vales of wind its course is never on
 nor mos-sy vales of wind, its course is never on
 nor mos-sy vales of wind, its course is never on hills,
 wind, nor mos-sy vales of wind, its course is never on hills,

hills, nor mossy vales, nor mos - sy vales, nor
 hills, nor mos - sy vales, nor mos - sy vales, nor
 its course is ne - ver on hills, nor mos - sy vales of
 its course is ne - ver on hills nor mos - sy vales of

mos - sy vales of wind, nor mos - sy vales of
 mos - sy vales of wind, nor vales of
 wind, of wind, nor vales of
 wind, of wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind, - nor vales of

Adagio.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.
 wind, nor mos - sy vales of wind.

WHEN FIRST I SAW THEE GRACEFUL MOVE.

DUET.

Nico! Pasquali, 1757.

Andante. *cres.*

When first I saw thee grace-ful move, Ah me what meant my
 When first I saw thee, Ah me what meant my
 throb - bing breast, when first I saw thee grace - ful move,
 throb - bing breast, When first I saw thee,
 Ah me, what meant my throb - bing breast, Say soft con - fu - sion
 Art thou love? If love thou art - Then fare - well rest! Say soft con -
 fu - sion, Art thou love? If love thou art, then fare - well rest.

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

SINCE FIRST I SAW YOUR FACE.

MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.

Ford, 1620.

*Andante.*1st
SOPRANO.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

2d SOPRA-
NO, or ALTO.

Since first I saw your face I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

TENOR.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

BASS.

Since first I saw your face, I resolv'd to ho - nour and re -

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

noun ye; If now I be dis - dain'd, I wish my heart had ne - ver

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

known ye. What I that lov'd, and you that lik'd, Shall we be - gin to wrangle?

No, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

No, no, no, no, no, my heart is fast, And can not dis-en-tan-gle.

The sun, whose beams most glorious are,
Rejecteth no beholder;
And your sweet beauty past compare,
Makes my poor eyes the bolder.

Where beauty moves, and wit delights,
And signs of kindness bind me,
There, O there, where'er, where'er I go,
I leave my heart behind me.

DEVOTION TO MUSIC.

One of the best educated musicians of our acquaintance owes his distinguished position in life to the accident of being invited to hear a quartet. The story is agreeably enough told, in a letter once addressed to us by the hero, the brother-in-law of the late Baillot. "The vicissitudes of my family forced me to seek employment in a commercial establishment in the vicinity of Paris, where I was treated with much kindness by my employer, and allowed to prosecute my practice on the violin as an amateur. After receiving a lesson, as usual, from my master, the celebrated Baillot, the latter, seeing that I was passionately fond of music, invited me to one of his quartet parties. On asking permission of my employer to enjoy so great a treat, I was peremptorily refused. Anticipating the fatal consequences of disobedience, I could not, however, resist the temptation to hear the famed quartet party of my master, and at all risks I ventured to gratify my anxious wish. The next morning I was dismissed, and thrown upon the wide world without a home, or an employment. The tide of fortune happily soon turned in my favour; the cause of my dismissal having excited the sympathy of Baillot, he at once admitted me a pupil of the Conservatoire, and ever afterwards proved to me a most sincere and devoted friend." Some of our professional readers will probably recognize in this anecdote our amiable friend Guynemer, one of the recent candidates for the Edinburgh professorship. Had the members of the senate of the Edinburgh university appointed Mr. Guynemer to fill the professor's chair, they would have found him a thorough practical and theoretical musician, an elegant scholar, and a polished gentleman.

[We take the foregoing anecdote from the

"Record of the Musical Union," a society recently organised in London, by Mr. J. Ella, for the practice of chamber music.]

AN ERA IN MUSIC!

"We have waited until the very last moment, and yet we scarcely know in what way to speak of this musical prodigy—this wonder of the century—the beautiful, bewitching, thrilling Signora Anaide Castellan Giampietro. She is the very embodiment—the personification—of that exquisite harmony which glows and thrills in the deep heart of nature; and which, as Carlyle so rapturously expresses it, 'is nature, and beauty, and truth, and the inmost soul of all things lovely.' Her very name modulates itself into a liquid cadence—her rounded, graceful form is a ripe melody—her beautiful face is a rare and beautiful burst of many mingling harmonies; while her voice!—what shall we say of it? The warble of a bird, as she greets the first warm rain of spring, hid among the bursting buds and balmy branches—the voice of summer winds, as they whisper and sign on the bosom of the starry lakelet, where the wild rose is born—the clear music of foam-bells, breaking beneath the piercing eye of morning, whose music is listened to by the heart and not the ear—the softest, roundest tone of the flute, when breathed upon by most exquisite lips full of love and lavish of the grace of perfect art—all these, concentrating their several beauties and fascinations, would still give you but a most faint and imperfect image of that wild and delicious voice. The tones of beatific spirits, which we think we hear in dreams, can alone express a type of this wonderful woman's voice, which seems to well up from her heart into her little throbbing and melting

throat—that rises and falls and trembles like a dove's in cooing—and sheds itself, like the perfume of flowers, upon the soliciting air."

The critic got soberer after this burst, and with his feet on earth, added,—

"We have had the pleasure of listening to nearly all the great female singers of the present day, for many years past—Malibran, Sotag, Grisi, Persiani, Mrs. Wood, and the rest, and we say frankly, without any sort of hesitation, that Anaïde Castellan is the superior, by many degrees, of either of them. We are not certain, but we think it possible, that Malibran may have a little exceeded Castellan in her contralto tones, and Grisi may have been a trifle more perfect in the highest range of her soprano; yet in no one person who ever sang were the beauties of the soprano and contralto so

admirably united. 'This is the universal opinion of musicians, so far as we have heard.'

Published in the "Illustrated London Life," as the very words of a New York critic.

MUSICAL OSTRICH.

The 77th Regiment received some time since, from Colonel Warnington, British Consul at Tripoli, a remarkably fine young ostrich. This bird walks at the head of the regiment, and keeps good time with the music, and should the band be playing in the squares or gardens he walks round the musicians, keeping all the little boys away. He was obliged at first to be muzzled, as his fondness for music was so great, that he manifested a curious fancy to eat the music books.

OLD TOWLER.

FROM THE OPERA OF "THE CZAR PETER."

John O'Keefe.

Wm. Shield.

Bright Chan - ti - cleer proclaims the dawn, And span - gles deck the thorn, . . . The

low - ing herds now quit the lawn, The lark springs from the corn, Dogs, huntsmen, round the

window throug, Fleet Tow - ler leads the cry, - - A - rise, the burthen of their

song, This day a stag must die, With a hey ho chevy, - Hark

forward, hark forward tan - tiv, - with a hey ho chev, - hark

forward, hark forward tan - tiv, - hark forward, hark forward, hark

forward, hark forward, tan - ti - vy, tan - ti - vy, Hark, hark forward, hark

forward tan - tiv - - A - rise, the burthen of their song, this day a stag must

die, this day a stag must die, this day a stag must die.

The cordial takes its merry round,
 The laugh and joke prevail,
 The huntsman blows a jovial sound,
 The dogs snuff up the gale;

The upland glades they sweep along,
 O'er fields, through brakes, they fly,
 The game is roused, too true the song—
 This day a stag must die!
 With a hey ho, chev, &c.

MUSICAL COWS.

Madame de Genlis says, "I paid a visit to the Chateau of the Count de Voss, where I heard, for the first time, a ravishing concert. If the scheme were universally adopted, it would give the country inexpressible charms. The plan was to form cows into flocks, and to hang about their necks harmonic bells. These formed, in the most beautiful manner, perfect major concords, in several octaves, both high and low. No one can form an idea of this delicious harmony. When it is at a small distance it forms a celestial music, of which the irregularity and the sweetness act so powerfully on the imagination that it is impossible to listen to it without the most lively emotion."

MUSICAL DESERTERS.

It is remarkable that music, with all her bewitching attractions, has, in so many instances failed to retain her professional votaries. Ashmole was a chorister, and afterwards became an antiquary, a virtuoso, a herald, a naturalist, and a hermetico-philosopher. Dr. Hooke was also originally a chorister, which he gave up and took to the study of natural philosophy, mechanics, and architecture. Sir William Petty was at one time professor of music at Gresham College; and laid the foundation of an immense estate, by various exertions of his great talents, he was successively a physician, a mathematician, a mechanic, a projector, a contractor with government, and an improver of land. To these we must add the scientific Herschell, who, brought up an organist, abandoned music for natural philosophy, became the first astronomer of his time, and, by the discovery of a new planet, inscribed his name in the heavens.

DISCERNMENT OF AMATEURS.

When I was very young, I often amused myself with playing school-boy tricks, of which my auditors never failed to become the dupes. I would play the same piece, at one time as of Beethoven; at another of Czerny; and lastly as my own. The occasion on which I passed myself off for the author,

I received both protection and encouragement: "It really was not bad for my age." The day I played it under the name of Czerny, I was not listened to: but when I played it as being the composition of Beethoven, I made dead certain of the "bravos" of the whole assembly. The name of Beethoven brings to my recollection another incident, which confirms my notions of the artistical capacity of the dilettanti. You know that for several years, the band of the Conservatorio have undertaken to present the public with his symphonies. Now his glory is consecrated, the most ignorant among the ignorant, shelter themselves behind his colossal name; and even envy herself, in her impotence, avails herself of it, as with a club, to crush all contemporary writers who appear to elevate themselves above their fellows. Wishing to carry out the idea of the Conservatorio (very imperfectly, for sufficient time was not allowed me), I this winter devoted several musical performances almost exclusively to the bringing forward of duets, trios, and quintets of Beethoven. I made sure of being wearisome; but I was also sure that no one dare say so. There were really brilliant displays of enthusiasm: one might have easily been deceived, and thought that the crowd were subjugated by the power of genius; but at one of the last performances, an inversion in the order of the programme completely put an end to this error. Without any explanation, a trio of Pixis' was played in the place of one by Beethoven. The "bravos" were more numerous, more brilliant than ever; and when the trio of Beethoven took the place assigned to that of Pixis, it was found to be cold, mediocre, and even tiresome; so much so indeed, that many made their escape, pronouncing that it was a piece of impertinence in Monsieur Pixis to presume to be listened to by an audience that had assembled to admire the master-pieces of the great man. I am far from inferring by what I have just related, that they were wrong in applauding Pixis' trio; but even he himself could not but have received with a smile of pity the applause of a public capable of confounding two compositions and two styles so totally different; for, most assuredly, the persons who could fall into such a mistake, are wholly unfit to appreciate the real beauties in his works.—*Liszt.*

THE FAIREST FLOWERS THE VALE PREFER.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

*Larghetto.**Danby.*

The fair - est flow'rs the vale pre - fer, and

The fairest flow'rs the fair - est flow'rs the vale pre - fer, and shed am-

The fairest flow'rs, the fair - est flow'rs the vale pre - fer,

shed am - bro - sial sweetness there, and shed am - bro - sial sweet - ness there,
 bro - sial sweetness there, and shed am - bro - sial sweetness, ambrosial sweetness there,
 and shed am - bro - sial sweet - ness there, am - bro - sial sweetness there,

while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, the tempest's ruder
 while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, the tempest's ruder
 while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's, the tempest's ruder

stroke, while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, oft feel the tem - -
 stroke, while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, oft feel the
 stroke, while the tall pine and mountain oak oft feel the tempest's ruder stroke, oft feel the

Dolce.
 - - - pest's ru - der stroke. So in the low-ly moss-grown seat, dear peace, dear
 tempest's ru - der stroke. So in the low-ly moss-grown seat, dear peace, dear
 tempest's ru - der stroke. So in the low-ly moss-grown seat, dear peace, dear

peace, dear peace and quiet dwell. The storms that wreck the rich and great, Fly

peace, dear peace and quiet dwell. The storms that wreck the rich and great, Fly

peace, dear peace, and quiet dwell. The storms that wreck the rich and great, Fly

o'er the shepherd's cell - the storms that wreck the rich and great, the storms that

o'er the shepherd's cell - the storms that wreck the rich and great, the storms that

o'er the shepherd's cell, the storms that wreck the rich and great - - -

wreck - - the rich and great, fly o'er - - - the

wreck - - the rich and great, fly o'er - - - the

fly o'er the

shep - herd's cell - - - - fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

shep - herd's cell - - - - fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

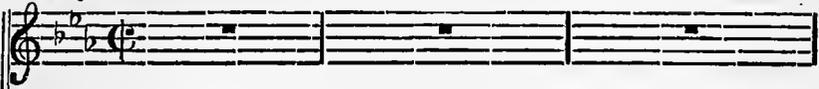
shepherd's cell - - - - fly o'er the shepherd's cell.

HE TRUSTED IN GOD THAT HE WOULD DELIVER HIM.
SACRED CHORUS FROM "THE MESSIAH."

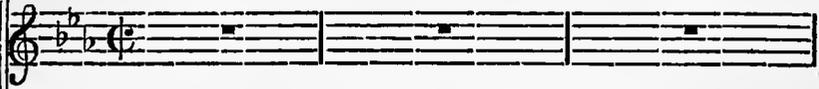
Allegro.

Handel.

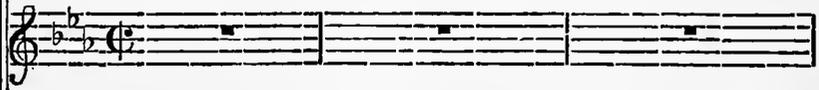
SOPRANO.



ALTO.



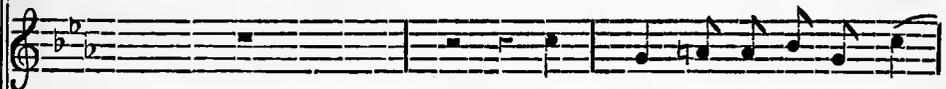
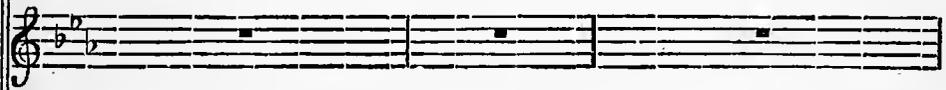
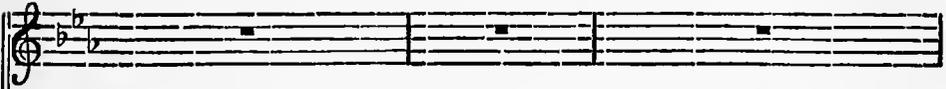
TENOR.



BASS.



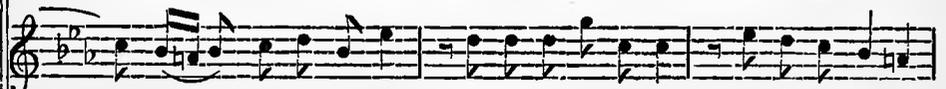
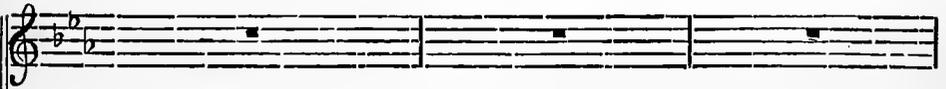
He trusted in God that he would de - li - ver him; let him de -



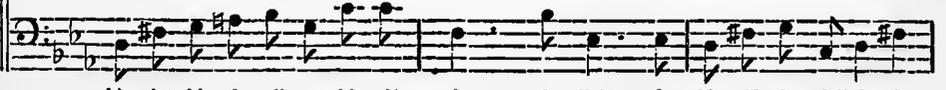
He trust - ed in God that he -



li - ver him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light, in



- - - would de - li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in



him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in him, if he delight in

He trust - ed in God that he would de - li - ver him, let him de -
 him, if he de - light in him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de -
 him, if he delight in him,

He trust - ed in God that he -
 li - ver him; if he de - light in him, if he de - light - -
 light in him, if he de - light in him, if he de - light - - - -
 He trust - ed in God, in God, in God, he

- - would de - li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he delight in
 in
 in him
 trust - ed, let him de - li - ver him, if he delight in him, if he de -

He trust-ed in God that he - - would de-li-ver him,
 - - light - - - - in him, let him de-li-ver him, if
 trust-ed in God, he trust-ed in God let him de-li-ver him, if

let him de-li-ver him, if he delight in him,
 he de-light in him, if he delight in him, let him de-
 he de-light in him, if he delight in him, let him de-li-ver him,

let him de - li - ver him,

let him de-li-ver him, if he de-light - - in
 li-ver him, let him de-li-ver him, if he de-
 He trust-ed in God that he -

let him de - li - ver him,

him, if he de-light in him, let him de-li-ver him,
 light in him, let him de-
 would de-li-ver him, let him de-li-ver him,
 let him de-li-ver him,

if he delight in him, let him de-li-ver him,
 li-ver him, if he de-light in him, He trusted in God let him de-
 if he delight in him, let him de-li-ver him, He trusted in God let him de-
 He trust-ed in God that he-

let him de-
 li-ver him if he de-light in
 li-ver him if he de-light in
 would de-li-ver him - let him de-li-ver him - if he delight in

li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him,
 him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de -
 him, let him de - li - ver him,
 him, let him de - li - ver him,

He trust - ed in God that he would de -
 light in him, He trust - ed in God let him de - li - ver
 if he de - light in him, in him, de - light
 if he de - light in him, if he de - light

li - ver him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in
 him if he de - light in him, let him de - li - ver him,
 if he de - light in
 if he, if he de - light in him, let him de -

him, if he de-light - - in
 let him de - li-ver him if he de - light - - -
 him, let him de - li - ver him, if he de - light in
 li - ver him,

him, if he de-light - - - in him, let him -
 in him, let
 him, if he delight - - - in him, let him, let
 He trust - ed in God that he would de - li - ver him, let him, let

Adagio.

de - li - ver him, if he de - light in him.
 him de - li - ver him if he de - light in him.
 him de - li - ver him if he de - light in him.
 him, de - li - ver him if he de - light in him.

GERMAN LOVE OF MUSIC.

There is no city in Germany, except perhaps Vienna, where music is more a passion with the people, than in Dresden. From the king to the poor, every individual takes delight in it; and, what is more, seems able, not merely to appreciate the pleasure which it yields, but to comprehend its highest mysteries. Their devotion to it, as you may easily conceive, is therefore intense. Sweet sounds mingle with all the affairs and business of their lives—it is the invariable accompaniment to dinner—it proves the loadstone to the numerous gardens within and without the town—its magic fills the opera-house with crowds, and congregates thousands at the *Linkische Bad*—and on Sundays, it attracts even Protestants within the magnificent pile of the *Hoch Kirche*, although dedicated to the mummery of book and bell.

Being somewhat of a devotee myself, so far as regards nones and vespers, and *Kyries* and *Misereres*, I took care not to miss either the vespers of Saturday, or the grand mass of Sunday. On both occasions, the king of Saxony was present, and the choir and orchestra were consequently in full strength. Not a single performer was absent. The grand mass takes place every Sunday at eleven o'clock; and by that hour every corner of the church, which is of immense size, was crowded with worshippers.

The music on this occasion was superb, and fully equalled any that I have heard at some of the best of our musical festivals in England. The members of the band are all eminent as performers, and having long practised together, there was consequently an *ensemble* effect, which can never be obtained from even the best musicians, when drawn accidentally from all quarters of the earth. There were no women in the choir; the presence of the sex in an organ gallery, being contrary to the strict rules of Catholicism. The parts usually assigned to them, were sung by two *Castrati*, whose tones, so far as regards power, are certainly worth an hundred female voices, in music of this description. The splendid duet between the *Alto* and *Soprano*, in the *Miserere* in the day's mass, I shall not soon forget. It would have melted the heart of the most rigid Calvinist, and perhaps convinced him, that when sacred music is really well executed, there are no surer wings than such seraphic sounds, to lift the soul to heaven. Music is the revealed employment of the saints in light, says a celebrated writer on religion; and why should it not form part of the worship of the saints in this sphere of darkness and of death?

If anything were wanting to convince a stranger of the prevailing taste of the people of Saxony for music, and of the general acquaintance which they possess with all that is tasteful in this delightful art let him go on a Sunday summer evening to the *Linkische Bad*, a beautiful garden on the banks of the Elbe, about a mile from Dresden. There he will find thousands congregated under the shade of the Linden trees, whiling away the hours, and enjoying themselves at the trifling expense of a cup of coffee or a flask of *Cottbusser beer*, qualified with lemon and sugar, and listening to the *chefs d'œuvres* of Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, and Rossini. At this garden I heard music for a few groschen, which I could not have had in England for a crown, and from a band of performers, too, not one of whom received more than a couple of shillings a night. How miserably, indeed, would some of your best

British *gutscrapers* exist here, if they were to depend solely on the *Cremona* for their daily bread. I suspect their fare would be black bread and sour kroust, at the best; and yet the conceited block-heads toss their heads and imagine themselves professors! Could the every day orchestra of one of the Dresden Lust gardens, be only transported to Scotland, it might, in time, give the people there a relish for scientific music. But in respect to musical matters, we can yet be considered as little better than barbarians. A few importations of that kind from the Continent, would have a wonderful effect in improving our taste, as well as in creating a more general relish for what in every age has been thought the most *heavenizing* of pursuits, and the highest of all artificial enjoyments.

“Music exalts each joy, allays each grief,
Expels diseases, softens every pain,
Subdues the rage of poison and the plague;
And hence the wise of ancient days adored
One power of physic—Melody and Song.”

When Weber superintended the German opera, I am told he took a fatherly charge of the band at the *Linkische Bad*; accordingly, nowhere do you hear greater lamentations for his loss, or more touching expressions of regret at his fate, than in this city. It was here, in Dresden, that Weber composed his opera of *Der Freyschutz*; although, by permission of his sovereign, it was first performed in Berlin. As the production of this piece forms the most striking incident in his life, as well as an era in the dramatic music of Germany, it is not to be wondered at, that the inhabitants of Dresden should feel proud that its composition is associated with their city. But indeed all over Germany the admiration of *Der Freyschutz* is intense; and the enthusiasm displayed by every German, when any part of the opera is talked of, but more particularly the overture, tells a tale of esteem and affection, on the part of the nation, not less honourable to their own taste than to the memory of the great composer; while it loudly proclaims, that Weber, of all other modern musicians, had touched the true chord of the German soul. The overture to *Der Freyschutz*, when executed in the manner I have heard it in Germany, is at once felt to be a composition of deep and characteristic excellence. The arrangement of its inarticulate notes, in fact, seems to indicate the breathings of that abstract and metaphysical feeling which so universally distinguishes the mind, poetical as well as philosophical, of this country. The spirit-hushing solemnity, too, of its first movements, is in admirable unison with the expected theme, and in spite of the wildness of the romance, nothing can be conceived better calculated to bear the spirit, not into Elysium, but into that sombre region of spiritual awe, in which the muse of Germany so much delights.—*Strang's Letters from Germany in 1831.*

THE SNOWDROP.

The snowdrop is the herald of the flowers,
Sent with its small white flag of truce to plead
For its beleaguer'd brethren:—suppliantly
It prays stern winter to withdraw his troop
Of winds and blustering storms; and having won
A smile of promise from its pitying foe,
Returns to tell the issue of its errand
To the expectant host.

From Poems by T. Westwood.

BLACK EYED SUSAN.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The streamers

way - ing in the wind, When black-eyed Su - san

came on board, O where shall I my true love find?

Tell me, ye jo - vial sail - lers, tell me true, Does my sweet

Wil - liam, does my sweet Wil - liam sail a - mong your crew.

William, who high upon the yard,
 Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
 Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
 He sigh'd and cast his eyes below;
 The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
 And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
 Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
 If chance his mate's shrill call he hears,
 And drops at once into her nest;
 The noblest captain in the British fleet,
 Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

"O Susan, Susan, lovely dear!

My vows shall ever true remain:
Let me kiss off that falling tear,

We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

"Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors when away,
In every port a mistress find;
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present whereso'er I go.

"If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white;
Thus every beautiful object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

"Though battle calls me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return;
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye."

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
No longer must she stay on board;
They kiss'd—she sigh'd—he hung his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows to land,
"Adieu," she cried, and waved her lily hand.

[The ballad of Black-eyed Susan was written by John Gay, and the music composed by Richard Leveridge.]

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MOZART.

The light thrown upon celebrated compositions by the personal history of their author conveys sometimes a satisfaction to the spirit, which it would be difficult to parallel in any other sort of reading. When we observe the earnest affectionate sweetness that predominates in the works of Mozart, we feel a natural interest in the inquiry, whether all this feeling had an echo in his own breast—whether it was accompanied by a corresponding moral beauty—or whether it could, by any chance, be a thing assumed, for the mere superficial delectation of our ears and nerves. To find that Mozart himself was the being that his music paints—that goodness and beauty had one common sanctuary in his soul, solves a psychological problem, in which all admirers of genius are deeply interested.

Mozart's nature was early developed in that severe school of the affections and sympathies, adversity. The idea of his father, mother, and sisters seemed intertwined with his being; in the midst of all his early dreams of glory, and in those triumphant moments when he would say he lived for Germany, the thought of the household hearth and the circle so dear to him was never absent. He was the creature of sociality and sympathy.

We propose in the present article to lead the reader into some of the less known passages of the life of Mozart; and, as the early adventures of that prodigy (when precocity was rarer than it now is) are well known, we will take the composer in his twenty-second year, at a time when his genius had ripened into excellence, and had borne many of the fruits which we enjoy at the present day. At this period of his life, being unappointed and without certain means of income, young Mozart, attended

by his mother, went to Paris in quest of fame and fortune. There he was fated to undergo one of the most painful of calamities—to see his mother die in a foreign land, far removed from any of those domestic attentions which would have been so soothing and consolatory to the sufferer, in the bosom of her family and of her home. Desolate and unsupported as was his own condition, he watched over his parent to the very crisis of her fate; and his letters on this occasion to his friends show a delicate tenderness and consideration, which could hardly be expected from so abstracted a being.

Madame Mozart appears to have been subject to sudden and severe attacks of illness, which, however, when she was at Salzburg, generally yielded to household remedies. When thus seized, she was usually bled, and took a powder called *pulvis epilepticus*, which was believed among her own circle to possess marvellous virtues; but, alas! such an article was unknown in the pharmacopœia of Paris, and, wanting the accustomed aid, there was no help for the poor lady. Under these distressing circumstances, therefore, Mozart was obliged to undergo his hereavement. On the night of his mother's death, when all was over, Mozart wrote to the Abbé Bullinger, at Salzburg, requesting him to prepare his father for the melancholy tidings, and by the same post he wrote home, concealing the truth, but describing his mother's illness as very alarming. The former letter is so interesting and graphic, that we extract it.

"Paris, July 3, 1778.

"Sympathise with me, my dear friend. This has been the most melancholy day in my life. I write at two o'clock in the morning, to tell you that my mother, my dearest mother, is no more. God has called her to himself. I saw clearly that she must go, and I resigned myself to the will of God. He gave, and he can take away.

"Picture to yourself all the distress and anxiety that I have undergone for the last fortnight. She died without consciousness of her illness; her life was extinguished like the flame of a taper. She had confessed and received the sacrament and holy unction, but for the last three days she was constantly delirious and rambling, and to-day, at twenty-one minutes after five o'clock in the evening, she was seized with a stupor, and soon lost all sense and feeling. I pressed her hand and spoke to her, but she neither saw me, heard me, nor gave the least sign of perception, and in this state she lay for five hours; that is to say, till twenty minutes after ten at night; when she died; no one being by but myself, Mr. Haine, a good friend of ours, whom my father knows, and the nurse. I cannot at this time write to you the whole particulars of the illness: but I really believe nothing could have saved her. I am now most desirous that you will prepare my poor father for this melancholy intelligence. I must beg this of your friendship. I wrote to him by this post, but merely said that she was very ill, and shall wait for his answer before I tell him the whole. God give him strength and fortitude. My dear friend, I have not merely *now*, but have been long since, supported,—through the peculiar grace of God, I have borne the whole with confidence and firmness. When she became so very bad, I prayed for two things,—that God would give my mother a happy dying hour, and to me strength to support it; and in both instances my petition was more than answered. Let me beg of you, therefore, my dear friend, to comfort and sup-

port my father; talk to him in such a way, that, when he knows the worst, he may not take it too much to heart. My sister, too—go to her, and prepare her; she must not know yet of the death. Say what you will to her—use your own discretion in the matter, but do not leave me in expectation of any further misfortune. Comfort them both, and write to me soon, I pray you.—Adieu.”

It is impossible to conceive a more desolate and afflicting situation than that of a youth left alone in a strange land to perform the last offices towards the remains of a mother. This was not all; Mozart was not making money at Paris, and his father felt great concern for his means of meeting the funeral expenses, and the exposure to imposition which his inexperience ran the risk of. Knowing how little his son had been used to act for himself, the father underwent a series of distracting apprehensions. In a letter, shortly before this event, he shows his son how much the family rely upon his prudence and good conduct; he then paints what struggles he has gone through, what sacrifices he has made to educate his children; and hopes the reward will be some honourable appointment for his son, and that his own grey hairs may be released from the painful drudgery of lesson-giving. Experience of these narrow circumstances of his family clouded Mozart's entrance into life with melancholy.

When we know that the noble symphony in D (the one commencing with an allegro movement and a fiery unison, that no one who has heard can ever forget) may be traced to this Paris journey, and that it was first performed at the *Concert Spirituel*, we have a clue to the quality of Mozart's genius in his twenty-third year. That it had all the maturity of the practised master, is evident; and, from this early specimen alone, we may judge of the transcendent superiority of such instrumental music over any other known in that day. In the present state of our knowledge of art, it appears wonderful that a person, capable of producing such novelties, should have failed in establishing the opinion of his genius; but such was the fact. After many irritating failures at rehearsal, the symphony went pretty well, and was applauded; but no particular attention was paid to the composer—no desire shown to engage him; and the immortal spirit which dwelt within the youthful musician was wholly unrecognised.

Mozart conceived a powerful and unconquerable dislike to the French, and their tastes in music, during his stay in Paris. He afterwards ridiculed their style in a work little known, called *Muskalische Spass* (musical merriment), a little symphony, which brings together all the ludicrous features which distinguished the French school at that period. But his disappointment was deep; for, knowing how well Gluck had succeeded with his operas, which are all written in the loftiest vein of lyric tragedy, he had imagined that, by writing his best, merit would also be discovered in him. This was, however, a miscalculation. Gluck's success was founded on the national partiality for the classical stateliness and solemn declamation of the ancient drama. The same tastes which fostered the school of Racine and Corneille found much to admire in the plan of musical tragedies constructed on the Greek model; but, from the predilections of the French in other respects, we are constrained to believe, that the finest things, and the truest to nature and passion in these works of Gluck suc-

ceeded only by accident; and that, while the “pomp and circumstance” of the representation attracted attention, the more subtle movements escaped. Certain it is, that, during the whole of Gluck's supremacy in Paris, the taste of the city at large was as low as it well could be.

Mozart, in the full consciousness of his powers, forgot that he, a young unknown man, was competing with one who had the voice of Europe on his side, and who had established himself by a succession of dramatic masterpieces. The public, seventy years ago, were as reluctant to commit themselves by the hasty recognition of genius, as they are, at the present day, prone to over-estimate it, to conjecture its presence, and anticipate its influence on the slightest grounds. Had Mozart stayed longer at Paris, and written more, we believe that he might have established himself in the position he desired; instead of repeating the strokes of his genius, however, he expected to be judged on the *ex pede Herculeum* principle; and this the Parisians were not willing, or not competent, to do.

As soon as Mozart was left alone in Paris, his father recalled him, prudently dreading the fascinations of that pleasure-loving capital to a young man of his age and temperament.

It is very affecting to find the father of such a genius as Mozart reckoning what means of living together in Salzburg they might confidently rely on. The father writes, “We might certainly get 120 florins a month, without reckoning the sale of my violin school; which is at the least 50 florins a year; or the 10 florins a month, which your sister earns and pays for her clothing out of, as she has now the two little countesses to teach daily.” Such were the humble circumstances in which this estimable and gifted family found themselves after having made the tour of Europe, visited all the principal courts, and received the most distinguished notice. But their money was exhausted in the expenses attendant on such expeditions;—travelling charges, and dress, such as was thought necessary to appear in at the houses of the great, left them scarcely any thing to bring home but their trinkets. The archbishop of Salzburg who had at first permitted these journeys, on one occasion refused, and afterwards said that he did not like his people to go about on such *begging expeditions*. This was the humiliating, and, we may say, brutal designation given to the most honourable musical tours ever undertaken.

Mozart was now established as *concert-meister* (a degree under *Kapell-meister*) at Salzburg, with liberty, if he composed an opera, to bring it out at either Vienna or Munich. Nothing was to hinder his studies or any speculations that he might choose to engage in. He was not to play the violin at court, but to sit at the piano-forte, with absolute power over all the music of the archbishops' establishment, his chapel included. On the journey from Paris to Salzburg Mozart encountered several adventures, in the relation of which his personal and artistic character is portrayed in lively colours. At Strasburg he gave a little *model* concert by subscription, at which he played nearly every thing himself, and gained 3 louis d'ors. Upon the strength of this brilliant receipt, he was advised to venture upon a grand concert at the theatre, which, in point of audience, was a complete failure; yet those who were present were so enthusiastic in their applause, that Mozart said his head ached as much with it as if the theatre had been full. “I

would rather," he writes, "if I could have foreseen how few persons would have attended, have given the concert *gratis* for the pleasure of seeing the theatre filled; for, upon my honour, nothing is more melancholy than to see a grand entertainment of eighty covers and only three people to sit down to it. And then it was so cold! I soon warmed myself, however, and to show Messieurs the Strasburgers that I did not take the thing to heart, I played a great deal for my own entertainment—*much more than I promised*, and, by way of finale, for a long time out of my head. I have also twice performed publicly on the two best organs of Silbermann in the Neukirche, and the Thomaskirche. I have at least gained fame and honour."

We shall now see with what enthusiasm he entered upon the task of composition.

"Manheim, Nov. 12, 1778.

"* * * Sciler's company, which you know by reputation, is here. M. von Dalberg is the director of it, and he will not let me go until I have composed a duodrama for him; and his proposal has not cost me much consideration, for indeed this is a task that I have always longed for. I forget whether, when I was here before, I wrote you any account of this kind of pieces; but I saw such a one twice with the greatest delight. In fact, nothing ever surprised me so much in my life, for I had always imagined it impossible that such things could produce any effect. You are aware that nothing is sung: the music is like an obligato (accompanied) recitative, with declamation between, and stopping every now and then for the speaking produces a magnificent impression. The piece I saw was the 'Medea' of Benda, who has written another also, 'Ariadne in Naxos,' both truly admirable. Benda was always my favourite of the Lutheran Kapell-meisters, and I am so fond of these works that I always carry them about with me. Conceive my joy at having to do what I have so long wished. Let me tell you an opinion of mine. Operatic recitative should be treated in this manner generally, that is to say, spoken, and only sung when the words tend naturally to musical expression."

From this letter we may refer to an important fact in the history of the lyric stage, viz. that the Mozartean opera, as exhibited in one of its most impassioned and beautiful specimens, "Idomeneo," arose out of the combination of two models in the mind of Mozart:—Gluck and Benda. In the divine instrumental symphonies to the recitative, in their impassioned modulation and surprising cadences, Benda was as much surpassed by Mozart, as Gluck, though not in force and simplicity, was also by him in richness and elegance of melody. Yet these were the men who undoubtedly opened the route for Mozart in serious opera.

George Benda, who has now dwindled to a name, was nevertheless one of the men of genius from whom his native opera derived a powerful impulse. The following account of the origin of the monodrama, which became so influential on the lyric theatre of Germany, is given by the biographer of this musician:—"Benda was a great admirer of the declamation and action of an actress at Gotha, of the name of Brandes, who had no talent for singing, and he considered how he could combine her powers, as an actress, with the effect of music. The thought of a melodrama struck him, and this he communicated to his friend Engel, of Berlin, who was then at Gotha with Gotter. He was in-

formed that a similar idea had occurred to Rousseau, who had carried it into execution, though but feebly, in his *Pygmalion*. Benda was nevertheless encouraged to attempt such a work. Brandes, the actor, composed the text of the melodrama, 'Ariadne in Naxos,' from hints by the composer and his friend. The words have no extraordinary merit, but the story is well adapted for effect. Benda undertook the composition, which he treated in such a manner, that there is no proper air throughout the whole; but the music occasionally relieves the declamation, and endeavours to extend the expression of the sentiments conveyed by the words. It is, indeed, an enchanting performance, and Reichardt, a critic of no mean eminence, said of it, that such genuine music had never before been heard within the walls of a German theatre."

Mozart was never fuller of that spirit of hope and enjoyment which rendered him so truly himself, than in the month of November, 1780, when he was at Munich actively preparing his opera of 'Idomeneo' for performance at the ensuing Carnival. He had an admirable band to write for; but the singers were indifferent, with the exception of Dorothea and Lisetta Wendling, the first and second Soprani. Raff, the tenor, was an old man, and had lost all power of sustaining notes; but he was dearly loved by Mozart for the simplicity and honesty of his character. The goodness and benevolence of the young composer's disposition are illustrated in a great many passages of his correspondence that refer to this singer. We cannot, however, dwell upon these at present. The following extracts, referring to Idomeneo, are irresistible—they abound in suggestion:—

"I want for the march in the second act, which is first heard in the distance, some mutes for trumpets and horns, which are not to be had here. Send me one of each by the next coach, that others may be made from them." There is something quite unusual in this early and intimate knowledge of the mechanism of brass instruments; the effect at rehearsal was probably not quite what Mozart intended; but the remedy was prompt.

"The rehearsal went admirably. Six violins only, but all the wind instruments, and nobody present but the sister of M. Seau, and young Count Seinsheim. This day week we shall have the second rehearsal, and then the first act will have twelve violins, and the second will be rehearsed as the first was to-day. I cannot tell you what delight and astonishment prevails. I, however, expected nothing less; and I assure you I went to this rehearsal as pleased and contented as if I had been going to a feast. * * * My cough has become rather worse by these attendances; one easily gets overheated in playing for honour and fame. Raff sings his airs the last thing before he goes to bed at night, and the first when he wakes in the morning. * * * In the last scene of the second act, Idomeneo has an air, or a sort of cavatina, between the choruses; in this place it will be better to make a mere recitative, during the intervals of which the instruments may be used with effect; for in this scene, which, from the action and grouping that I have planned with Legrand, will be the most beautiful in the opera, there will be such noise and confusion on the stage, that an air in such a situation would make a bad figure. Besides, it thunders; and that will never be heard if Raff sings. The effect of a recitative between the choruses will be incomparably better."

Mozart had an intelligent and sympathising friend in his father; but we may perceive that he did not act always by paternal advice when it savoured of worldliness, and involved the sacrifice of the higher interests of art. The following suggestions, forwarded from Salzburg on the 11th of December, were wholly disregarded:—"I recommend you not to think of the musical public only, when you are at your work, but also of the unmusical public. You know that for ten instructed connoisseurs there are a hundred ignoramus; do not, therefore, forget the popular, as it is called; you must do something to tickle the long ears." Mozart's answer is characteristic. * * * "Don't fret yourself about my being popular; the opera contains music for all sorts of people, but nothing for long ears."

(To be Continued at page 250.)

SONNET.

It is thy wifel sweet Husband, open quick,
I am a weary wanderer footsore;
My very soul within me turneth sick
To find thy granite gates are shut so sure,
And I without!—I am thy weary wife,—
Travelling hitherward with painful feet
Thro' light and dark a woful half of life
To seek thee HERE.—Thou said'st we here should meet,
Describing all this place, even as thou past
From my cold arms into the colder night;
And now outweary and outworn at last,
Fainting, with feeble cry and falling sight,
Downfall'n my Husband's marble house before;—
He hears me not, he sleeps,—then Death undo the door!

M. R.—*Athenæum*.

SAMUEL WESLEY.

Samuel Wesley, one of the greatest of English musicians, was the son of Charles Wesley, brother of John Wesley, the celebrated founder of the Methodists. He was born at Bristol on the 24th of February 1766; and used to remark, with a very natural feeling of pleasure, that his birth-day was the same with that of Handel, who was born on the 24th of February, 1684.

As a musician, his celebrity is greater on the continent than in his own country. His compositions are grand and masterly; his melodies sweet, varied and novel; his harmonies bold, imposing, unexpected, and sublime; his resources were boundless, and if called upon to extemporise for half a dozen times during an evening, each fantasia was new, fresh, and perfectly unlike the others. His execution was very great, close and neat, and free from labour or effort; and his touch on the piano-forte delicate and *chantante* in the highest degree. His favourite contemporaries were Clementi and Woelfl; his models in early life were Battishill and Worgan on the organ, and subsequently Sebastian Bach. Of young Pinto, who was taken away in the prime of life, he always spoke in terms of rapture, and thought him the Mozart of this country. The amateur, the late Mr. Goodbehere (son of Alderman Goodbehere), he also remembered in high terms of admiration. Mr. Wesley was remarkable for great energy, firmness, nobleness of mind, freedom from envy, penetration, docility, approaching to almost an infantine simplicity, and unvarying adherence to truth. These characteristics were united with a credulity which exceeded, if possible, that which marked his uncle, the celebrated John

Wesley. His passions were exceedingly strong, and from a habit of always speaking his mind, and his having no idea of *management* or the *finesse* of human life, he too often, by the brilliancy of his wit or the bitterness of his sarcasm, unthinkingly caused estrangements, if not raised up an enemy. His conversation was rich, copious, and fascinating; no subject could be started which he could not adorn by shrewd remarks, or illustrate by some appropriate and original anecdote. For many years it had been his constant habit to study the Bible night and morning, and as no meal was taken before he had offered up his orisons to heaven, so he never lay down without thanksgiving. He disclaimed ever having been a convert to the Roman Catholic Church, observing, "That although the Gregorian music had seduced him to their chapels, the tenets of the Romanists never obtained any influence over his mind." He was regarded with peculiar solicitude by his uncle, John Wesley, who, writing in reference to his supposed conversion to Popery, observes, "He may, indeed, roll a few years in purging fire, but he will surely go to heaven at last." Mr. Wesley was accustomed to relate that his father (the Rev. Charles Wesley), when dying called him to his bedside, and addressed him in the words, "*Omnia vanitas et vexatio spiritus præter amare Deum et illi servire*," and, blessing him, he added, "Sam, we shall meet in heaven."

Mr. Wesley died on the 11th of October, 1837, in his seventy-second year, leaving a large family, nearly all of whom are distinguished for their talents and acquirements.

ALEXANDER BATTA.

This charming violoncellist, when a mere child, was a pupil of Platel, a man of considerable ability. His health was so delicate that he was often unable to attend the parties to which he was invited as a performer. One evening, when he had to go to a party at the Prussian Minister's, he was so unwell as to be obliged to go to bed. He called his pupil, and said to him, "Go, my boy, and play for me,—say that I have sent you." The child set out, and arrived at the splendid mansion soaked with rain, covered with mud, and out of breath with haste. The servants in the antechamber stopped him, and wanted to turn him out, in spite of his resistance. His voice reached the master of the house, who came out to inquire what was the matter. "What do you want, boy?" said the Minister. "I am little Batta, and I am come to play in place of M. Platel, who has sent me." The bystanders laughed; and the poor child, confused and frightened, could only repeat innocently—"I am little Batta!"—"Well," said some one, "after all, if Platel has sent him, he must be capable of doing something." He was brought into the Music-room, and desired to take his bass. His task was no trifle—to take a part in Beethoven's famous quintet in C, known by the name of *The Storm*. He had not played a dozen bars, when bravos were heard from all sides, and De Beriot, astonished at the energy with which he played his part, took him in his arms, and said, "Charming, my dear boy! You will one day be a great artist." And the whole musical world knows how well the prediction has been fulfilled. Batta was in London in 1839, and delighted all who heard him by the richness and beauty of his tone, and the inimitable grace and expression with which he sang upon his instrument.

THE SPRING AND THE BROOK.

It may be that the Poet is as a Spring,
That, from the deep of being, pulsing forth,
Proffers the hot and thirsty sons of earth
Refreshment unbestowed by sage or king.
Still is he but an utterance,—a lone thing,—
Sad-hearted in his very voice of mirth,—
Too often shiv'ring in the thankless dearth

Of those affections he the best can sing.
But Thou, O lively Brook! whose fruitful way
Brings with it mirror'd smiles, and green, and
flowers,—
Child of all scenes, companion of all hours,
Taking the simple cheer of ev'ry day,—
How little is to thee, thou happy Mind,
That solitary parent Spring behind!
Richard Monckton Milnes.

AS FAIR AS MORN, AND FRESH AS MAY.

MADRIGAL FOR THREE VOICES.

John Wilbye (1598.)

1st
SOPRANO.

As fair as morn, and fresh as May.

2d
SOPRANO.

As fair as morn, and fresh as May, Appear'd my

TENOR.

As fair as morn, and fresh as

Appear'd my Flo - ra, bright and gay, appear'd my Flo - ra, bright and gay, Warbling

Flo - ra, bright and gay, appear'd my Flo - ra, bright and gay, Warbling

May, Appear'd my Flo - ra, bright and gay, appear'd my Flo - ra bright and gay,

forth, warbling forth a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de -

forth, warbling warbling forth a ron - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de -

warbling forth, warbling forth a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay,

1st.

lay, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a round, a roun - de - lay, As fair as
 lay, a roun - de - lay, a round, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay,
 a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a roun - de - lay, a round, a roun - de - lay.

2d.

lay, When love, when love, when love, enchanting in her eye, Inspir'd me thus my
 lay, When love, when love enchanting in her eye, Inspir'd me thus my doom to try,
 lay, When love, when love enchanting in her eye, Inspir'd me thus my doom to try, in -

doom to try, in - spir'd me thus my doom to try; Accept my dear a faith - ful.
 inspir'd me thus my doom, my doom to try, Ac - cept, my dear, a faith - ful, faithful
 spir'd me thus, in - spir'd me thus, my doom to try, Accept, my dear, a

heart - - - That from you ne - ver will de - part -
 heart, accept, my dear, a faithful heart, That from you ne - ver
 faithful heart, ac - cept a faithful heart, that from you ne - ver will de - part, no

ac - cept, my dear, ac - cept a faithful heart, ac - cept my dear, ac -
 ne - ver will de - part, ac - cept, my dear - - a faithful heart, ac - cept, my dear -
 ne - ver will de - part, ac - cept, my dear, ac - cept a faithful heart, ac - cept, my dear, ac -

cept a faithful heart, That ne - ver, ne - ver, will from you de - part, She smil'd - -
 - - a faithful heart, That ne - ver will - - from you de - part, She smil'd -
 cept a faithful heart, That ne - ver, ne - ver will from you de - part, She

she smil'd - - - then sung her rounde - lay, then sung her rounde -
 - - - She smil'd - - she smil'd - - then sung her rounde - lay, then
 smil'd - - she smil'd - - - then sung her rounde - lay, then sung her

lay, her rounde - lay, Then - - - frown'd, then - frown'd, and bade me haste a - way.
 sung her rounde - lay, Then - - - frown'd, then frown'd, and bade me haste a - way.
 roun - de - lay, Then frown'd, then frown'd, then frown'd, and bade me haste a - way.

MY AIN FIRESIDE.

Words by Mrs. Elizabeth Hamilton, Authoress of "The Cottagers of Glenburnie," &c.

Andante. *Scottish air.*

O I ha'e seen great anes, and sat in great ha's, 'Mang lords and 'mang la-dies a'
covered wi' brows; But a sight sae de-light-fu' I trow I ne'er spied, As the
bon-nie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side; My ain fire-side, my
ain fire-side, As the bon-nie blythe blink o' my ain fire-side.

Ance mair with delight round my ain ingle cheek,
Wi' the friends o' my youth hamely pleasures I seek;
Nae force now upon me to seem wae or glad,
I may laugh when I'm merry and sigh when I'm sad.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

Nae falsehood to dread, and nae malice to fear,
But truth to delight me, and kindness to cheer;
O' a' roads to pleasure that ever were tried,
There'e nane half sae sure as ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

When I draw in my stoul on my cosey hearthstane,
My heart loup sae light I scarce ken't for my ain;
Care's down on the wind, it is clean out o' sight,
Past troubles they seem but as dreams of the night.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

I hear but kend voices, kend faces I see,
And mark saft affection glent fond frae ilk e'e,
Nae flectchings o' flattery, nae boastings of pride,
'Tis heart speaks to heart at ane's ain fireside.
My ain fireside, my ain fireside,
O sweet is the blink o' my ain fireside.

PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF MOZART.

(Concluded from page 245.)

Mozart laboured hard to get an appointment at Munich, the cordiality of the intercourse he enjoyed with many musical families in that city was much to his taste. But though he produced the offertorium, *Misrecordios Domini*, a litany, and other pieces in the highest style of church music, which proved how well fitted he was for the office of Kapell-meister, more particularly when there were no better existing composers in that part of Germany than Holzbauer and the Abbé Vogler, he was still unsuccessful. There is a predestination to good fortune, or the contrary, in these matters—the appointments were all filled, and no prince thought it necessary to create a new one on his establishment for the purpose of retaining Mozart. It is tolerably certain that the young composer had active enemies, and the shrewd and cautious old Mozart did not conceal the opinion among his intimate connections, that the Abbé Vogler had been one of the most industrious of those enemies.

Rochlitz, the celebrated German critic, entertains the opinion that Mozart's genius profited by his transplantation to Vienna, and the suggestion is not without some colour of truth. An elegance of taste prevails in the cultivated circles of that capital which must have been most influential on such a composer as Mozart. There is not a more characteristic touch of German life, as exhibited in the relations of princes and their musical establishment, than may be found in the letter of the composer describing his arrival at Vienna in the suite of the Archbishop of Salzburg, in March, 1781. It will be recollected that Mozart was the first piano-forte player in Europe—that he had written a grand opera, and a vast deal of admirable church music—and yet we find him complaining, that while two Italian singers belonging to the chapel were indulged with a separate table, he is placed to dine with the valets, cooks, confectioner, and other principal servants of the household! The friends that Mozart found in Vienna soon put it out of the Archbishop's power to repeat this gross insult. He had long addressed the young musician in the third person (formerly the custom in Germany when speaking to menial servants), with occasional additions the most gratuitously affronting that a surly nature and high-born ignorance could suggest. In a few months there was an explosion; they parted for ever; and Mozart had the satisfaction, if revenge had any place in his nature, of seeing his haughty lord disgraced and neglected by the emperor and his court.

The energy of the composer's nature is well pointed in the following sentences of a letter, written soon after the journey to Vienna:—"O if I had but known that I should be here in Lent, I would have written a little oratorio, and given it for my benefit at the theatre, as is sometimes done. It would have been easy to write, as I well know the voices. I would gladly give a public concert, but I know that would not be permitted."

Mozart made his first public appearance as a piano-forte player at Vienna on the third of April, 1781, at the concert annually given for the benefit of the widows and orphans of musicians. The applause was so vehement and so continued, that he was obliged to sit down to the instrument again. What most pleased him, however, was the amazing *silence and attention* of the auditory. Doubtless

here was something very different to the manner of the rattling figurantes who usually engaged attention for the hour and were forgotten.

Vienna, even sixty years ago, was described by Mozart as the true land of piano-forte playing, and to the present hour it maintains its character. The brilliant and expressive style of the new virtuoso procured him distinguished attention from many ladies of high rank. The Countess Thun, whom Mozart characterises as the most charming lady he had ever met with in his life, not only made him a present of a beautiful piano, but continued, on all occasions, the warm friend and admirer of his genius. His way of life was diligent enough. In the gloomiest time of the year—December, his *Friseur* was with him at six in the morning; he then composed till ten, and afterwards commenced lesson-giving at the rate of twelve lessons for six ducats. During this part of his existence, before his expenses became great, his father and sister at Salzburg received frequent remittances from him: he never forgot them nor their wants.

The sources of Mozart's income during the ten eventful years of his life at Vienna were teaching, composing, concert giving, &c. He never enjoyed any appointment with a settled income; every *louis d'or* was gained by hard labour, and yet, in the midst of a harassing life, to which the cares of wife and children were soon added, how amazingly his immortal compositions accumulated! It is this part of Mozart's history that distinguishes him from any other musician. Leisure and easy circumstances have produced from men of genius many delightful fruits, as the lives of Bach, Handel, Gluck, and other composers evince. But to create so noble a fame as did Mozart by hours stolen from sleep, from business, and even from occasional dissipation, is a wonder that the history of future generations will hardly parallel. Whole movements and even entire compositions were sketched in a night; and the technical details being often filled up by pupils who were acquainted with the master's system of composition, his inventive faculty was allowed a free and uninterrupted course. So unexhausted by rapid production did that remain, that the catalogue of his works preserved by him for the last few years of his life even displays *improvement* in the fire and originality of his conceptions. Had Mozart lived to be as old as Gluck or Haydn, no one can say what he would have done, but every one who knows the character of his genius will believe that he would have gone on still planning and still accomplishing higher efforts.

The peculiar mission of Mozart was undoubtedly to put the finishing grace to melody; and in doing this his harmony became more polished, and his music altogether more penetrating and exquisite than that of his predecessors. His influence upon Haydn, whom he outstripped in the symphony style, by first completing the modern form and model of that species of writing, will be acknowledged by all who take the trouble to make themselves accurately acquainted with the dates of their several compositions. Mozart's operas, compared to those of Gluck, are as Shakspeare to Sophocles; if neither so simple nor so uniformly elevated, they are more various, and quite as passionate. But we must not suffer ourselves to be betrayed by our regard for this subject into speculations that would better suit a regular biography than an article designed merely to throw some new light on the life and character of a great musician.

The following particulars relating the end of the composer's career are new in England. It is reported, on the authority of Neukomm, that Mozart, when taking leave of Haydn, previously to the journey of the latter to England, said, "I fear, my father, that this is the last time we shall see one another." In the year 1791 a rheumatic inflammatory fever was epidemical at Vienna; it carried off many, and Mozart among the number, after some months' gradual decline; but his health had been previously weakened by occasional excesses in drinking, frequent night-watching, and unremitting labour. Just before his death his worldly prospects had assumed a more favourable aspect; his appointment as *Kapellmeister* to St. Stephen's, and regular commissions from Hungary and Holland, promised to secure himself and family from a repetition of the embarrassments to which, through bad management, they had been frequently exposed. But too late! It added bitterness to his end, that he found himself about to die when he had in his own mind just learned to compose, and was beginning to live for his art.—*Monthly Chronicle*.

OLE BUL'S NIAGARA.

The following article, written by Mrs. Child, descriptive of a new violin composition by Ole Bul, appears in the "Broadway Journal," a New York literary paper:—

You ask me for my impressions of Ole Bul's "Niagara." It is like asking an Æolian harp to tell what the great organ of Freyburg does. But since you are pleased to say that you value my impressions, because they are always my own, and not another persons—because they are spontaneous, disinterested, and genuine—I will give you the tones as they breathed through my soul, without anxiety to have them pass for more than they are worth.

I did not know what the composer intended to express. I would have avoided knowing, if the information had been offered; for I wished to hear what the music itself would say to me. And thus it spoke! The serenely beautiful opening told of a soul going forth peacefully into the calm bright atmosphere. It passes along, listening to the half audible, many-voiced murmurings of the summer woods. Gradually, tremulous vibrations fill the air, as of a huge cauldron seething in the distance. The echoing sounds rise and swell, and finally roar and thunder. In the midst of this stands the soul, striving to utter its feelings.

"Like to a mighty heart the music seems,
That yearns with melodies it cannot speak."

It wanders away from the cataract, and again and again returns within sound of its mighty echoes. Then calmly, reverentially, it passes away, listening to the receding chorus of Nature's tremendous drums and trombones; musing solemnly as it goes, on that vast sheet of waters, rolling now as it has rolled, "long, long time ago."

Grand as I thought "Niagara" when I first heard it, it opened upon me with increasing beauty when I heard it repeated. I then observed many exquisite and graceful touches, which were lost in the magnitude of the first impression. The multitudinous sounds are bewildering in their rich variety.

"The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep."

"The whispering air
Sends inspiration from the rocky heights,
And dark recesses of the cavern rocks;

The little rills, and waters numberless,
Bead their notes with the loud streams."

There is the pattering of water-drops, gurglings, twitterings, and little gushes of song.

"The leaves in myriads jump and spring,
As if with pipes and music rare
Some Robin Goodfellow were there,
And all the leaves in festive glee
Were dancing to the minstrelsy."

The sublime waterfall is ever present, with its echoes; but present in a calm contemplative soul. One of the most poetic minds I know, after listening to this music, said to me, "The first time I saw Niagara, I came upon it through the woods, in the clear sunlight of a summer's morning; and these tones are a perfect transcript of my emotions." In truth, it seems to me a most wonderful production; a perfect disembodied poem; a most beautiful mingling of natural sounds with the reflex of their impressions on a refined and poetic mind. This serene grandeur, this pervading beauty, which softens all the greatness, is probably the principal reason why it does not captivate the ears of the public as much as they had anticipated.

It is a great disadvantage to any work of art to be much talked of before it appears. People had formed all sorts of expectations, and were disappointed not to hear their own conceptions uttered in sound. Some expected to hear all "Niagara," with its powerful bass notes, on the violin alone; and apparently forgot that they owed to Ole Bul's genius the grandly expressive orchestral accompaniment.

I suppose that "Niagara" was not received with loud applause, because the souls of the audience were, like my own, too much stilled by its solemn and majestic beauty. When I heard that many were disappointed in it, I felt as if my spirit would be suffocated to remain in a city, that had not souls to appreciate a production like that. But one never need distrust the human soul. It always responds to what comes from the soul. During the following days, people who were strangers to Ole Bul were continually saying to me, "I was indignant at the want of enthusiasm." "Really, I have never before been so much impressed with Ole Bul's genius." Then came tidings that foreign critics, and musical amateurs, who were present, thought it a composition full of majesty and beauty, and were surprised that it was not received with warmer applause. Like all refined and skillfully elaborated productions, it will take time to grow upon the popular ear. If I were to hear it a hundred times, I should discover some new beauty every time, though I should never be able thoroughly to appreciate it. The artist has thrown into it the earnest strength of his soul, and prepared it with great care, because he wished to offer a fitting tribute to this country. Perhaps America will not discover the magnificence of the compliment, till applauding Europe teaches her its value.

At the second concert, a Rondo *Giacoso*, of Ole Bul's composing, greeted my ears for the first time. It is the lightest, ariest thing imaginable; like the hum of bees among the flowers. It is the very Spirit of Joy, throwing smiles and roses as she dances by.

Then, too, I heard "The Solitude of the Prairie" for the first time; and never did music so move the inmost depths of my soul. Its spiritual expression breathes through heavenly melodies. With a voice earnest and plaintive as the nightingale, it spoke to

me of inward conflict; of the soul going forth into solitude, alone and sad. The infinite stretches itself out, in darkness and storm. Through the fierce tempestuous struggle, it passes alone, alone, as the soul must ever go through all its sternest conflicts. Then comes self-renunciation, humility, and peace. And thus does the exquisitely beautiful music of this *Prairie Solitude* lay the soul lovingly into its rest.

Many, who have hitherto been moderate in their enthusiasm about *Ole Bul*, recognise in these new compositions more genius than they supposed him to possess. Tastefully interwoven fantasias, or those graceful musical garlands, rondos, might be supposed to indicate merely a pleasing degree of talent and skill. But those individuals must be hard to convince, who do not recognise the presence of genuine inspiration, in the deep tenderness of the mother's prayer, that sounds as if it were composed at midnight, alone with the moon; in the fiery, spirit-stirring eloquence of the "*Polacca Guerriera*," composed at Naples, in view of flaming Vesuvius,—in the deep, spiritual melody of the "*Prairie Solitude*," and in the bold yet serene grandeur of "*Niagara*." The individuality of *Ole Bul*'s compositions, their unrepeating variety, and certain passages which occur in them all, have frequently suggested to my mind the existence of a latent slumbering power, which has not room to exert its full strength in music composed for the violin.

I speak as a novice, but my speech has the merit of being unaffected. In the presence of mere skill, I know not what to say. It may please me somewhat; but whether it is more or less excellent than some other thing, I cannot tell. But bring me into the presence of genius, and I know it, by rapid intuition, as quickly as I know a sunbeam. I cannot tell how I know it. I simply say, This is genius; as I say, This is a sunbeam.

It is an old dispute that between genius and criticism, and probably will never be settled; for it is one of the manifold forms of conservatism and innovation. In all departments of life, genius is on the side of progress, and learning on the side of established order. Genius comes a prophet from the future, to guide the age onward. Learning, the lawgiver, strives to hold it back upon the past. But the prophet always revolutionises the laws; for thereunto was he sent. Under his powerful hand, the limitations gradually yield and flow, as metals melt into new forms at the touch of fire.

This is as true of music as of every thing else. Its rules have been constantly changing. What is established law now, was unknown or shocking a hundred years ago. Every great genius that has appeared in the art has been accused of violating the rules. The biographer of Haydn says, "The charming little thoughts of the young musician, the warmth of his style, the liberties which he sometimes allowed himself, called forth against him all the invective of the musical monastery. They reproached him with errors of counterpoint, heretical modulations, and movements too daring. His introduction of *prestissimo* made all the critics of Vienna shudder." An English nobleman once begged him to explain the reason of certain modulations and arrangements in one of his quartetts. "I did so because it has a good effect," replied the composer. "But I can prove to you that it is altogether contrary to the rules," said the nobleman. "Very well," replied Haydn, "arrange it in your own way, hear both played, and tell me which you

like the best." "But how can your way be the best, since it is contrary to the rules?" urged the nobleman. "Because it is the most agreeable," replied Haydn; and the critic went away unconvinced.

Beethoven was constantly accused of violating the rules. In one of his compositions, various things were pointed out to him as deviations from the laws, expressly forbidden by masters of the art. "They forbid them, do they?" said Beethoven. "Very well. I allow them."

Do not understand me as speaking scornfully of knowledge and critical skill. Only presumptuous, self-conceited ignorance does this. On the contrary, I labour with earnest industry to acquire more and more knowledge of rules in all the forms of art. But, in all the higher and more spiritual manifestations, I recognise laws only as temporary and fluxional records of the progressive advancement of the soul. I do not deny the usefulness of criticism; but genius for ever remains the master, and criticism the servant.

Whether critics will consider "*Niagara*" as abounding with faults, when they examine into its construction, I cannot conjecture. It is their business to analyse genius, and the mischief is, they are generally prone to dissect in the shadow of their own hands. To speak playfully, it is my own belief that cataract thunderings, sea-moanings, tree-breathings, wind-whistlings, and bird-warblings, are none of them composed according to the rules. They ought all to be sent to Paris or Rome, to finish their education, and go silent meanwhile, unless they can stop their wild everlasting variations.

I have not yet learned to become reconciled to the sudden crash of the orchestra, which, in almost all complicated music, comes in to snap beautiful melodies,

"As if a lark should suddenly drop dead,
While the blue air yet trembled with its song."

I suppose it is right, because all composers will have it so. Moreover, I know it is so in nature, and it is so in the experience of the soul. But, after all, those clashing instruments always seem like the devil in the universe, of whom it never becomes quite clear to me what need there is of his being there.

I have less affinity for fun than for earnest impassioned utterance; but really there is no withstanding the admirable comic power of tone and gesture in Signor Queerico (*Sanquirico*). In this dull heavy atmosphere, which has for weeks hung over us like a pall, he is positively a benefactor, as agreeable as a glimpse of sunshine.—*L. Maria Child*.

MUSIC AND POETRY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

It may be said with confidence, that there never was a thoroughly great poet who was not a passionate lover of music; and if some of the least of true poets have had more love for it than some who were greater, so far they were greater themselves, and so far, or to an equal extent, were those greater ones deficient in one of the constituent qualities of a perfect poet, and in the perception even of moral as well as physical harmony;—for all the harmonies hold together by subtle analogies. But have there been any such phenomena as great poets, of whatsoever degree of greatness, who have not been lovers of music? We have heard of some such amazing wild-fowl,—of such contradictory "sweet swans,"—but we never met with any;—certainly

not in books. Among the ancients (of whose music, it is true, little is known, and much strange assertion hazarded, but of the effects of which we read the most enthusiastic accounts) the poet must have found it very difficult,—had he made never so extraordinary an attempt that way,—not to sympathize with the musician; for he and the musician were identical, and all his verses sung to the harp. The divider of the lovers of music and poetry, will, therefore, not look for examples of so shocking a divorce among the ancient poets,—in Homer, who travelled about with his harp, like a god turned minstrel;—nor in Sophocles, who danced round an altar singing his own hymn to his own music, and who must have looked like a real Apollo (for he was then young and beautiful, and the sacred dance was performed naked); nor in Anacreon, who is always touching his lute under a tree, to “twinkling feet,” or eyes;—nor in Pindar, who wrote that glorious passage on the effect of music upon Jove’s eagle, which has sounded ever since as from a throne over the head and ears of mankind, and in which nevertheless, like a truly great poet, he has not hesitated to mix the homeliest natural truth with the loftiest idealism (for Nature, who made every thing, disrespects nothing.) Let us take it in Mr. Carey’s translation, who is a right poetical and reverential interpreter of poets, and does not adapt them to the fashion of a “school,” or a day, as even Gray did. Pindar is addressing the lyre, or music itself:—

“Jove’s eagle on the sceptre slumbers,
Possess by thy enchanting numbers!
On either side, his rapid wing
Drops, entranc’d, the feather’d king;
Flack vapour o’er his curv’d head,
Sealing his eyelids, sweetly shed;
Upheaving his moist neck he lies,
Held down with thrilling harmonies.”

What music would not Gluck have written to that?

Poets are the greatest and most universal lovers of beauty, in the world. Not to admire music, therefore, would be as strange in them, as if they were not to admire the *voice of beauty*! It would be just as if the greatest possible lover of a charming woman, were to be insensible to the beauty of her speech!

All the world knows what a lover of music Milton was. So was Dante: so was Ariosto—(there is a portrait of him with a lute): so was Titian also a luteist—(we involuntarily bring the *poets of painting* in among the other poets): so Leonardo da Vinci, who understood music theoretically: so Anibal Caracci, who fondly painted his piano-forte with beautiful designs—(there are two of them in the National Gallery): so Raphael—at least we should guess so, if only from that portrait he painted of a violin player, into whose hand, while holding the bow, he has put *also* a little bunch of flowers, out of which the bow most charmingly issues, and which not only improve the composition, but may be supposed to imply the delicacy and brilliant colouring of the musician’s style of playing. There is a fine engraving of it now selling in the shops. Then look at Shakspeare. You may know how fond he was of music, by the frequency and intensity of his mention of it, and on all occasions, serious, comic, and mixed. We will not quote passages which are quoted every day; but think of the following:—

“It gives a very echo to the seat
Where Love is throned.”

Remember how music sounds to music—one string to another—and then observe here how Love himself is made a being so musical, that the very throne on which he sits has a natural corresponding echo to sweet music. Was ever the harmoniousness of a loving sympathy imaged in a more lovely or music-loving manner? And, “to pass from grave to gay,” who but one of the very heartiest lovers of music—an untired enjoyer of concords of all kinds at three o’clock in the morning—could have put that proposition into the mouth of Sir Toby:—

“Shall we make the welkin dance indeed? Shall we rouse the night-owl in a catch, that will draw *three souls out of one weaver*?”

These remarks have been suggested to us by a passage we propose to select from Spenser, who was the most luxurious, and therefore one of the most music-loving, of all poets. The first stanza is to be looked upon as a recitative, or introduction, to the second; which latter would put a composer to all his resources of instrumentation and accompaniment. It is the music to Spenser’s “Bower of Bliss,” and would make a most various, novel, and glorious *crescendo*, sinking into “calls” of the sound of water—(what a lovely word?)—and finally, into those low answers of the wind to the calls, which the poet had best describe in his own words:—

A MAGIC CONCERT.

From Spenser.

“Eftsoones they heard a most melodious sound
Of all that mote delight a dainty ear,
Such as, at once, might not, on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was, for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner musick that mote be;
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, wind, waters, all agree.
“The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemp’r’d sweet;
Th’ angelical, soft, trembling voices made
To th’ instruments divine response meet;
The silver-sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the waters’ fall;
The waters’ fall, with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call;
The gentle, warbling wind low answered to all.”

Sweet, is it not? Superabundantly beautiful; and (with the exception of a woman’s voice, which afterwards comes into play) fills up every softest corner of the ear of imagination?—And yet one little appeal to the *affections* touches a chord in the human heart, which beats even all this, for something to linger in the memory. The following are the two stanzas we alluded to in our last number. Perhaps they had better be written as one; for the thought is continuous, and indeed not completed till the close.

SWEET THOUGHTS REMAINING.

By Shelley.

“Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
O’journs, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken;
Roses, when the rose is dead,
Are heap’d for the beloved’s bed;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself, shall slumber on.”

Ah, divine poeta! amice (si potest) diviniot! sic etiam tui meminisse!—*Musical World.*

HEALTH TO MY DEAR.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Vivace f *p* *Spofforth.*

ALTO.
 Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

TENOR.
 Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

1st BASS.
 Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

2d BASS.
 Health to my dear, and long un - bro - ken years, and long un - bro - ken

f *dim.*

years, by storms un - ruf - fled, and un - stain'd by tears, by storms un -

years, by storms un - ruf - fled, and un - stain'd by tears, by storms, un -

years, by storms un - ruf - fled, by storms - un - ruf - fled and unstain'd by

years - - - - - Health to my dear - - - - - and

f *p*

ruf - fled and un - stain'd by tears. Wing'd by new joys may each white

ruf - fled and un - stain'd by tears, Wing'd by new joys may

tears and un - stain'd by tears, Wing'd by new joys may

long un - bro - ken years, Wing'd by new joys, may

f 1st.

mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshlne in her eye.

each white mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

each white mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

each white mi - nute fly, Spring, spring on her cheek and sunshine in her eye.

p 2d.

eye. O'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty spring, may peace e - ter - nal

eye. O'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty spring, may peace e - ter - nal

eye. O'er, o'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty spring, may peace e -

eye - - - - - O'er tbat - - - - - dear breast

cres. *f*

spread her dow - ny wing, o'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty

spread her dow - ny wing, o'er that dear breast where love and pi - ty

ter - nal spread her dow - ny wing, o'er that dear breast where

where love - - - - -

MOZART'S MANNER OF COMPOSING.

The following interesting account of Mozart's process of composition, is from a letter written by himself to a noble Viennese amateur, who had solicited from him some information on the subject. "You say you should like to know my way of composing, and what method I follow in writing works of some extent. I can really say no more on the subject than the following; for I myself know no more about it, and cannot account for it. When I am, as it were, completely myself, entirely alone, and of good cheer; say travelling in a carriage, or walking after a good meal, or during the night when I cannot sleep; it is on such occasions that my ideas flow best and most abundantly. Whence and how they come I know not, nor can I force them. Those ideas that please me I retain in memory, and am accustomed, as I have been told, to hum them to myself. If I continue in this way, it soon occurs to me how I may turn this or that morsel to account, so as to make a good dish of it, that is to say, agreeably to the rules of counterpoint, to the peculiarities of the various instruments, &c. All this fires my soul, and provided I am not disturbed, my subject enlarges itself, becomes methodised and defined; and the whole, though it be long, stands almost finished and complete in my mind, so that I can survey it, like a fine statue, or a beautiful picture, at a glance. When I proceed to write down my ideas, I take out of the bag of my memory, if I may use that phrase, what has previously been collected in the way I have mentioned. For this reason, the committing to paper is done quickly enough, for every thing is, as I said before, already finished; and it rarely differs on paper from what it was before in my imagination."

of organist were requested to appear. Herschel came forward with other six, amongst whom was a locally eminent musician, Mr. Wainwright from Manchester. The organ was one of an unusually powerful kind, and when Mr. Wainwright played upon it in the style he had been accustomed to, Snetzler exclaimed frantically, "He run over de key like one cat; he will not allow my pipes time to speak." During the performance, a friend of Herschel asked him what chance he thought he had of obtaining the situation. "I don't know," said Herschel, "but I am sure fingers will not do." When it came to his turn, Herschel ascended the organ-loft, and produced so uncommon a richness, such a volume of slow harmony, as astonished all present; and after this extemporaneous effusion, he finished with the Old Hundredth Psalm, which he played better than his opponent. "Ay, ay," cried Snetzler, "tish is very goot, very goot, intee; I will luf tis man, he gives my pipes room for to speak." Herschel being asked by what means he produced so astonishing an effect, replied, "I told you fingers would not do;" and producing two pieces of lead from his waistcoat pocket, said, "one of these I laid on the lowest key of the organ, and the other upon the octave above; and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I produced the effect of four hands instead of two." This superiority of skill, united to the friendly efforts of Mr. Joab Bates, a resident musical composer of some celebrity, obtained Herschel the situation.

A LENGTHY APPRENTICESHIP.

When Jardine, the famous violin player, was asked what time it would require to attain perfection on that instrument, he answered, "Twelve hours a-day for twenty years." Paganini remarked to De Beriot, that were they to study the violin for a whole life, its capabilities might be understood, but then another lifetime would be requisite to achieve its mastership.

ANECDOTE OF SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL.

An organ, by Snetzler, had been built for the church of Halifax, and candidates for the situation

HOLY, HOLY, LORD.

SACRED CHORUS.

Adagio. *f* *Haydn.*

SOPRANO. Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

ALTO. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Holy, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

TENOR. Ho - ly, Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Holy, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

BASS Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly, Ho - ly! Ho - ly Lord God of

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sa-ba-oth!

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sabaoth!

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sabaoth! *Sym.*

Sa-ba-oth! Ho-ly, Lord God of Sabaoth! *Sym.* *p*

Allegro.

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

f

Heaven and earth are full, are full of thy glory, full of thy majes-ty and

glo-ry. Ho-san-na

glo-ry. Ho-san-na in the

glo-ry. *Sym.* Ho-san-na in the high-est

f

glo-ry. Ho-san-na in the high-est, in the

in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the
 high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est
 in the high - est, in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the
 highest, Ho - san - na in the high - est, Ho - san

high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high -
 in the high - est, Ho - san - na in the high -
 high - est, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high -
 - - - na, Ho - san - na in the high - est, in the high -

est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
 est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est.
 est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!
 est, Ho - san - na in the high - - est!

DOWN BY THE RIVER.

SONG FROM THE "IRON CHEST."

Words by George Colman the Younger.

*Larghetto.**Storace.*

Down by the ri - ver there grows a green willow, Sing O! for my true love, my

true love, O! I'll weep out the night there, The bank for my pil - low, And

all for my true love, my true love, O! When

chill blows the wind, - and tem - pests are beat - ing I'll

count all the clouds as I mark them re - treat - ing; For

true lover's joys, well - a - day | are as fleeting, Sing all for my true love, my

true love, O! For true lo - ver's joys, well - a - day are as fleeting, Sing

O! for my love, Sing O! for my true love, my true love O!

Maids come, in pity, when I am departed:
Sing O! for my true love, my true love O!
When dead on the bank I am found broken-hearted,
And all for my true love, my true love O!
Make, make me a grave, all while the winds blowing,

Close to the stream where my tears once were flowing,
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my love, my true love O!
And over my corse keep the green willow growing,
'Tis all for my love, 'tis all for my love, my true love, O.

PECULIARITIES AND ECCENTRICITIES OF COMPOSERS.

Gluck, to rouse his imagination, used to place himself in the middle of a meadow, under the heat of a burning sun, with his piano before him, and two bottles of champagne by his side. In this way he wrote his two "Iphigenias," his "Orpheus," and "Paris."

Sarti, on the contrary, chose a large empty room for the field of his labours, dimly lighted by a single lamp hung from the ceiling. His musical spirit was summoned to his aid only in the middle of the night, and in the midst of the most profound silence. Thus he produced the "Medonte," and the well-known beautiful air, "La dolee campagna."

Cimarosa loved noise, and preferred, when he composed, to be surrounded by his friends. After this manner did he write "Les Horaces," and the "Matrimonio Segreto."

Paësiello could not tear himself from his bed. From between the sheets were produced "Nina," the "Barber of Seville," the "Molinara," and others.

It is said that the reading of a passage in some holy Latin classic was necessary to inspire Zingarelli to the composition in less than four hours of an entire act of "Pyrrhus," or of "Romeo and Juliet."

Anfossi, a Neapolitan composer of great promise, who died young, could not write a note until surrounded by roast capons, hams, sausages, &c. &c. (Heaven help us, our English composers are puzzled where to get the hams and capons!)

It is related of Haydn, that, for the sake of inspiration, he used to dress himself with as much care and elegance as if he were about to be presented at Court; and that then, after putting on the ring given him by the King of Prussia, he was in a state to write. He often used to declare that if he sat down without this ring not a single musical idea would come into his head.

Grétry states, in his Memoirs, that his own medium of inspiration was the sipping of tea or lemonade.

Rossini cannot bear to hear his own music. His

facility of composition is surprising, the greater part of his masterpieces having been written in the midst of all the pleasures of society, and while surrounded and apparently engrossed by every gaiety. His "Gazza Ladra" was written in twelve days. "Guillaume Tell" took him but three months, and was written in the midst of the noise of constant visitors thronging his room, and in whose conversation he from time to time bore his part; his attention, the meanwhile, never distracted from his labour, until some one hummed one of his own airs, or an organ stopped under his window.

Now, let us turn to Meyerbeer, the man of mournful melody,—of sombre, plaintive notes. Behold him, alone, shut up in that *granary*, hidden from all eyes. He hears the wind moan, the rain falling in torrents, the storm bursting over the devoted heads of those who may be exposed to it—to him it is a source of inspiration. He is imitating on his piano the disorder of the elements, the wailing of the blast, the crash and roar of the thunder.

Auber is supposed to have gained the initiative ideas of some of his best compositions while galloping on horseback; his *destrier* may thus be said to be, without mythological fable, the true Pegasus.

The celebrated chorus in the "Muette de Portici" was written after noting the bizarre combination of conflicting harmonies produced by the *poissardes*, *marchands de legumes*, and others in the *Marché des Innocents*.

A strange freak is told of Adolphe Adam, the author of the "Chalet," the "Postillon de Lonjumeau," "Giselle," &c. It is said that after having dined, he will lie down on his bed, and, summer or winter, smother himself with the clothes, then have one of his two enormous cats placed at his head, the other at his feet, and in that half stifled position court the goddess of harmony, and woo her to inspire him with those pretty airs which the public of Paris have so applauded, and which have gained for him a very respectable rank in the list of modern composers.

Of our English composers, little in the way of eccentricity can be said of them. They are, and have been for the most part, quiet, gentlemanly men, living, eating, drinking, and sleeping, like those around them, and neither seeking nor assuming any peculiar medium of inspiration.—*Colburn's New Monthly Magazine*.

COULD A MAN BE SECURE.

DUET.

Moderato.

Composer unknown.

Could a man be se - cure that his life would en - dure, as of
 Could a man be se - cure that his life would en - dure, as of old - - as of

old for a thousand, a thou - sand long years, could a man be se -
 old, for a thousand, a thou - sand long years, That his

eure, that his life would en - dure, as of old, for a thou - sand long
 life would en - dure, would en - dure, as of old, for a thou - sand long

p years, that his life would en - dure, as of old, for a thou - sand long
rf
p years, that his life would en - dure, as of old, for a thou - sand long

f years; What arts might he know, what acts might he do, what arts might he
p
f years; What acts might he do, might he do, what

know, what acts might he do, and all with - out hur - ry, all - - - all
f
f acts might he do, might he do, and all with - out hur - ry, all

- - - with - out hur - ry or care; and all with - out hur - ry, all -
tr *p*
tr *p* all with - out hur - ry or care, And all with - out hur - ry,

- - - all - without hur - ry or care. But we that have but
tr *Con spirito.*
tr all all without hur - ry or care. But we that have but span long

span long, span long lives, that have but span long lives, the thicker must lay on the
span long lives, but span long lives the thicker must lay on thr.

plea - sure; And since time will not, time will not stay, we'll add the
plea - sure; And since time will not, time will not stay, we'll add the night, the

night, we'll add the night un - to the day,
night un - to the day, the night un - to the day, we'll add the

we'll add the night, we'll add the night un - to the day, we'll
night, we'll add the night, the night un - to the day, we'll

add the night un - to the day, and thus we'll fill, thus
add the night un - to the day, and thus we'll fill, thus

thus we'll fill the mea - sure, we'll add the night un - to the day,
thus we'll fill the mea - sure, we'll add the night un - to the day, and

and thus we'll fill, thus, thus we'll fill the mea - sure.
thus we'll fill, thus, thus we'll fill the mea - sure.

SOME LOVE TO ROAM O'ER THE DARK SEA FOAM.

Words by C. Mackay, Esq.

Allegro con spirito.

Henry Russell.

dolce.

Some love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, Where the shrill winds whistle
 2d ver. The deer we mark in the fo - rest: dark, And the prowling wolf we

free; But a cho - sen band, in a mountain land, And a
 track, And for right good cheer in the wild-woods here, Oh! -

dim.
 life in the woods for me, But a cho - sen band in a
 why should a hun - ter lack! And for right good cheer in the

mountain land, And a life in the woods for me. When
 wild woods here, Oh! - why should a hun - ter lack! For with

morning beams o'er the mountain streams, Oh! mer - ri - ly forth we
 steady aim at the bounding game, And hearts that fear no

rall. *A tempo.*

go - - To fol - low the stag to his slip - pe - ry crag, And to
foe, - - To the dark - some glade in the fo - rest shade, Oh! -

cres.

bold. *cres.*

chase the bound - ing roe, To fol - low the stag to his
mer - ri - ly forth we go, To the dark - some glade in the

ff *p*

slip - pe - ry crag, And to chase the bound - ing roe, Ho! ho! ho!
fo - rest shade, Oh - mer - ri - ly forth we go, Ho! ho! ho!

rall. ad lib. *ff sos.*

Ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho! ho - - - Some

a tempo.

love to roam o'er the dark sea foam, When the shrill winds whistle

free, But a cho - sen band in a mountain land, And a

life in the woods for me! Aod a life in the woods for

me! Aod a life in the woods for me.

BEETHOVEN AND KUHLAU.

The late Professor Kuhlau, of Copenhagen, was a Musician of uncommon genius, who gained great distinction in his art, and, but for his untimely death, would have attained the highest celebrity. He has produced many works of magnitude which are much esteemed on the Continent, but is chiefly known in England by his Compositions for the Flute, which are greatly valued by the lovers of that instrument. Mr. Moscheles, in some very interesting letters, published in the *Harmonicon* in 1830, after his visit to Copenhagen, speaks of Kuhlau as "a Musician of profound erudition, and a celebrated Composer." He mentions his extraordinary ability in the composition of Canons, and gives, as a specimen, an enigmatic Canon in four parts, a composition equally curious and beautiful. An interesting anecdote, of a visit paid by him to Beethoven, may be related as connected with his skill in this branch of his art.

Kuhlau's veneration for Beethoven was unbounded. In his youthful enthusiasm he took a journey to Vienna, in order to have the pleasure of paying personal homage to his divinity. But his time for this visit was ill chosen. Beethoven, suffering from deafness, and soured by disappointment, had retired to a village in the neighbourhood of the city for the purpose of secluding himself from society. Kuhlau endeavoured, but in vain, to obtain access to him. He got friends to write—he wrote himself—but no notice whatever was taken of his applications. At length, one fine morning, Kuhlau set off on foot to the village where Beethoven lived. He found the house, knocked at the door, and asked to be admitted. A peremptory refusal from the servant was his answer. Deeply disappointed, our young enthusiast wandered for some time about the neighbourhood, trying to devise some way of accomplishing his object, and, in the midst of his reverie, passed again by Beethoven's door. The great man was taking the air at his window. Kuhlau saluted

him, and begged to have the honour of an interview; the only answer was a negative gesture, and a wave of the hand, which said very plainly, "Go about your business!" The young Musician, however, persisted. Falling on his knees, he clasped his hands and raised them to Beethoven with a mute eloquence which fairly overcame him. "Well, then!" he cried, "Come in, since you will have it." Kuhlau lost no time in profiting by the invitation, such as it was; and Beethoven, having once made up his mind to admit him, received him civilly. The ice was soon broken; Beethoven liked his stranger guest, and soon became all frankness and good humour. He did the honours of his house like a true German; asked his visitor to dinner, and treated him with the most cordial hospitality.

The entertainer and his guest were soon delighted with each other. Beethoven found that the Danish Musician was a man of sense and talent, and was gratified by his warm but manly expressions of admiration. They discussed all sorts of Musical topics; and Kuhlau illustrated something he said about Canons, by writing down, extempore, an ingenious one, for two voices, to which he added words complimentary to Beethoven. He, inspired by animated conversation, and by the good wine he gave his guest, and of which he himself took his full share, also extemporised a Canon; and the two newly made friends exchanged their productions in token of mutual regard.

After a joyous evening, the friends separated. Kuhlau took his way to Vienna, more troubled by the *breadth* of the way than by its length; and Beethoven betook himself to bed, where he fell into a sweeter sleep than he had enjoyed for many a day. When he awoke in the morning, the evening he had spent appeared like a pleasant dream. At last he remembered the Canons, and became alarmed at the thoughts of the one he himself had perpetrated. What sort of a thing could it be? Some miserable trash, inspired by the fumes of wine, and

quite unworthy of his character as an artist. Uneasy at this idea, he sat down to his piano-forte, and, after writing for an hour or two, put what he had written in his pocket, took his hat, set off, post-haste, for Vienna, and arrived at Kuhlau's lodgings.

"My dear friend," he said, "you opened a fire on me with all your artillery, and I answered your fire with a Cannon, which must be a miserable affair; for I believe I was half tipsy at the time. I have made another this morning, which I bring you in exchange for the one which you are going, I trust, to give me back."

"No, in faith!" cried Kuhlau, laying bold of the second Canon; "I mean to keep them both; in the first place, because I have them from you, and also

because I am certain that they are both worthy of you."

"Well—but let me see the other.—Ah, very good! This is quite correct, and has more fire and spirit than the other. Well, I see I have nothing for it but to get half-seas over when I want to write good Music! But your Canon is charming, and worth both mine put together. Come and see me often, and let us talk about Music—you know what it is. Farewell."

This little anecdote may be added to the many traits of kindness of heart, and gaiety of temper, which belonged to Beethoven's character, notwithstanding the harsh and forbidding exterior which was the result of his unhappy circumstances.

CANST THOU LOVE AND LIVE ALONE?

Andante affettuoso.

CANZONET FOR FOUR VOICES.

Ravenscroft.

1st SOPRANO. *p* Canst thou love, canst thou love and live a - lone? *f* Canst thou love and

2d SOPRANO. *p* Canst thou love, canst thou love and live a - lone? *f* Canst thou, canst thou

ALTO. *p* Canst thou love and live a - lone? *f* Canst thou love and

BASS. *f* Canst thou love, canst thou

live a - lone? Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

love and live a - lone? Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

live a - lone - - - Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

love and live a - lone? Love is so dis - grac - ed, Pleasure is best when

Allegretto. ♩

you can rest in a heart, in a heart em-brac-ed. Rise! rise! Day-light

p

do not burn out; Bells now ring, and birds do sing, 'Tis on-ly I that mourn out, 'Tis

p.

Tempo primo.

Fine. ♩ *p*

on-ly I that mourn out. Morning star doth now, doth now ap-pear;

on-ly I that mourn out. Morning star doth now, doth now ap-pear, *f*

on-ly I that mourn out. Morning star doth now ap-pear, *f*

Morning

f morning star doth now appear. *p* Wind is hush'd, is hush'd, and sky is clear; *f* Come a-
f morning star doth now appear; *p* wind is hush'd, wind is hush'd, and sky is clear; *f* Come a-
p star doth now appear; wind is hush'd, is hush'd, and sky is clear;
p star doth now appear; wind is hush'd and sky is clear,

dol. way! come away! come, come a - way! *ff* Canst thou love and burn out day. *al segno. S*
dol. way! come away! come, come, come a - way! *ff* Canst thou love and burn out day. *al segno. S*
f come away! come, come, come a - way! *dol.* *ff* Canst thou love and burn out day. *al segno. S*
f come away! come, come, come a - way! *dol.* *ff* Canst thou love and burn out day. *al segno. S*
come away! come, come a - way! Canst thou love and burn out day.

FAIR AND UGLY.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

John Travers.

ALTO.
TENOR.
BASS.

Fair and ug - ly, false and true, fair and ug - ly,
Fair and ug - ly, false and true, fair and ug - ly,
Fair and ug - ly, false and true, fair and ug - ly,

ug - ly and fair, fair and ug - ly, false and true, all
 ug - ly and fair, fair and ug - ly, false and true, all

all to great Venus, all to great Ve - nus' yoke must bow. Such pleasure in our
 all to great Venus, all to great Ve - nus' yoke must bow. Such pleasure in our

pains she takes, she laughs
 pains she takes, she laughs
 pains she takes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs
 to see what sport she makes, she makes, she laughs
 to see what sport she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

such pleasure in our pains she takes, she laughs

such pleasure in our pains she takes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes, she laughs

to see what sport she makes.

to see what sport she makes.

THE WELCOME OF THE LILY FLOWER.

*Moderate.**Jacobite song.*

Af - ter sigh - ing I hope to sing, And af - ter win - ter

then comes the spring, And af - ter the spring comes the mer - ry month of

May, To welcome in the li - ly flow'r that's been sae lang a - way.

And there will be liltin' frae hill to hill,
And there will be music baith loud and shrill,

And a' the little birdies that sig' sae sweet in May,
Will welcome in the lily flower that's been sae lang
away.

THE LATE DUKE OF ORLEANS.

The late illustrious Cherubini, the Director of the *Conservatoire*, after having had an interview with the Duke on some matter of importance relative to its affairs, had to give his opinion on the subject, after taking it into consideration.

"My dear Master," said the Prince, "I shall be at the opera to-night, and you will then tell me what you think on this matter."

In the evening Cherubini felt unwell and unable to go out. He, therefore, wrote a letter, and desired one of his servants to deliver it to the Prince's aide-de-camp.

The messenger repaired to the opera-house, was shown to the Prince's box, in which he found a gentleman sitting by himself.

"Are you his Royal Highness's aide-de-camp?"

"Yes," said the Duke, smiling.

After having read Cherubini's letter, the Duke looked at the messenger, in whose physiognomy he was struck with a whimsical expression of discontent.

"You are in M. Cherubini's service?"

No. 115.—1½d.

"Yes, Sir."

"Don't you like your place?"

"Oh, yes, Sir; I should like it very well, but unluckily I have no taste for Music."

"What, you are a musician, then?"

"No, but I make notes."

"Make notes!"

"Yes, A's and B's. I am condemned to be eternally making notes. I wish I had something else to do."

The curtain rose, and the box filled with company. The old domestic took his leave; but the Duke, much amused, and somewhat curious, did not forget the conversation.

"M. Cherubini," he said, some days afterwards to the composer, "why do you employ your servant in making notes?"

"What, your Royal Highness—has he been talking to you?"

"Yes—but what is the meaning of so odd an employment?"

"Why, my Lord, this old servant of mine is very useful to me. I don't compose at the piano-forte; I write at my table, and have somebody at the

piano to touch for me any note that I call for. It is the old Italian method."

"Vastly well," said the Prince, laughing; "but why choose this old man for a duty which he by no means seems to relish?"

"Why, your Royal Highness, 'tis the *lex talionis*. When this old fellow and I first met, it was in the stirring times of the ninety-three. We musicians were forced to teach the people patriotic songs. My worthy friend, who had a voice like a bear, made me play the *Marseillaise* to him for eight days. So I swore to be revenged if I could ever find an opportunity."

"And you have found it?" said the Prince.

"Yes; it so happened that, fifteen years afterwards, he applied to me to take him into my service. Aha, said I, comrade, you forced me to accompany you when you had the upper hand; so sit down there, and make notes for me when I want them."

The Prince was amused with the story; but, like a generous confidant, he got Cherubini to give his old domestic some employment more to his taste than his everlasting task of *making notes*.

WAIT FOR THE APPLAUSE.

At a country festival, where the *Messiah* was performed, the gentleman to whom the aria, "O thou

that tellest," had been assigned, anticipating a favourable appreciation of his talents, wrote at the end of the song (the chorus following immediately) the words "wait for the applause." This he indorsed not only in the leader's copy, but in every one in the orchestra. At the conclusion of the song the leader stopped, and there was a dead pause. "Why do you not go on?" said the singer, in an agony of disappointed vanity. "I am waiting for the applause," was the calm reply of the sarcastic conductor. This story reminds us of an anecdote which Robert Hall, of Bristol, was accustomed to relate. "I remember," said his biographer, "at the distance of many years, with what a vivid feeling of the ludicrous he related an anecdote of a preacher of some account in his day and connection. He would sometimes weep, or seem to weep, when the people wondered why, not perceiving in what he was saying any cause for such emotion, in the exact places when it occurred. After his death, one of his hearers, happening to inspect some of his manuscript sermons, exclaimed 'I have found the explanation; we used to wonder at the good doctor's weeping with so little reason sometimes, as it seemed. In his sermons there is written here and there in the margins, 'cry here;' now I verily believe the doctor sometimes mistook the place, and that was the cause of what appeared so unaccountable."

IN VAIN WOULD FORTUNE.

Andante.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

S. Webbe.

In vain - - would for-tune with tem-pous blast, The
 Lock'd in the sa-cred treasura of the past, What
 Lock'd in the sa-cred treasures of the past, What
 pre-sent pile of hap-pi-ness de-destroy.
 I have once pos-sess'd I still en-joy.
 I have once pos-sess'd I still en-joy.

COME, BOUNTEOUS MAY.

Words by W. Thomson.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Reginaid Spafforth.

With spirit. f

1st ALTO. *f* Come, bounteous May, come bounteous May, bounteous May in fullness of thy

2d ALTO. *f* Come, bounteous May, come bounteous May

TENOR. *f* Come, bounteous May, come, bounteous May

1st BASS. *f* Come, bounteous May, come, bounteous May

2d BASS. *f* Come, bounteous May, come, bounteous May

p might, in fullness of thy might, Lead brisk - ly on the mirth in - fusing hours, lead *cres.*

p . . . in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours, lead *cres.*

p . . . in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours, lead *cres.*

p . . . in fullness of thy might, Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours - *cres.*

p . . . in fullness of thy might Lead briskly on the mirth in - fusing hours - *cres.*

brisk - ly, brisk - ly on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, the mirth - - - - -

brisk - ly, brisk - ly on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, lead briskly, lead brisk - ly

brisk - ly, brisk - ly on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, lead briskly, lead brisk - ly

..... lead, lead, lead, briskly, lead brisk - ly

..... lead, lead, lead, briskly, lead brisk - ly

..... in - fus - ing hours, Come hours, All re - cent from the bosom

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours - - - - -

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours, All re - cent from the bosom

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours, All recent from the bosom

on the mirth in - fus - ing hours, come hours

of de-light,

f *p*

... All re-cent from the bo-som of delight, with nec-tar nurtur'd

f *p*

of delight, All re-cent from the bo-som of delight, with nec-tar nurtur'd

of de-light, - - - - -

f *p*

All recent from the bosom of delight, with nec-tar nurtur'd

p *cres.*

with nec-tar nurtur'd and in-volv'd in flow'rs,

cres.

and involv'd in flow'rs - - - - - with

cres.

and involv'd in flow'rs - - - - -

p *cres.*

with nec-tar nurtur'd and in-volv'd in flow'rs, in

cres.

and involv'd in flow'rs - - - - - with

in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nectar

nec - tar nurtur'd and in - volv'd in flow'rs, in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nec - tar

in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nec - tar

flow'rs in - volv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nectar

nec - tar nurtur'd and in - volv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs, with nectar, with nectar

Expressively dolce.

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs. By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs, in flow'rs, in flow'rs. By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs, involv'd in flow'rs. By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs By

nur - tur'd and involv'd in flow'rs By

THE GIRL THAT I LOVE IS A MORTAL LIKE ME.

Moderato.

Let po - ets their mistress - es praises rehearse, And a - dorn each proud fair with the

fiction of verse; A goddess and I should I'm sure ne'er a - gree, For the girl that I

love is a mortal like me. Kind na - ture has blest her with charms I must own, But for

these she's in - debt - ed to na - ture a - lone, No art, no de - sign in my

El - len I see, For the girl that I love is a mor - tal like me.

Health blooms on her cheek, virtue smiles in her eye,
I love her, I love her, I'll tell you for why,
She laughs, sings and dances, is lively and free,
And in truth she's no more than a mortal like me.

I apply not to Venus nor Cupid for aid,
But apply where I love to my beautiful maid;
This alone the fond wish of my bosom shall be,
Love a mortal dear Ellen, and let him be me.

PAISIELLO.

It is not generally known, says a foreign musical periodical, that this great composer remained in Russia nine years, in the course of which he composed "La Serva Padrona," "Il Matrimonio Inaspettate," "Il Barbiere di Siviglia," "I Filosofi Inguarini," and "La Finta Amante"—this opera was composed on the occasion of the journey of Catherine to Mohilon, in Poland, where she had an interview with Joseph II.—"Il Mondo della Lana," in one act, "La Nitteti," "Lucinda ed Armidoro," "Alcide al Bivio," "Achille in Sciro," a cantata for Prince Potemkin, and an interlude for Prince Orloff. During his residence in Russia he composed for his pupil, the Grand Duchess Federowna, consort of the Grand Duke Paul Petrowitz, several sonatas, voluntaries, and pieces for the pianoforte, in two volumes. He likewise published a collection of rules for accompanying from a score. This small performance was printed in Russia and on its publication the Empress conferred upon the author a pension of 900 roubles per annum. At Warsaw he produced the oratorio of "La Passione," the words by Metastasio, for King Poniatowski. Paisiello was not only a great musician; he possessed a large fund of information, he was well versed in the dead languages, and conversant in all the branches of literature, and on terms of friendship with the most distinguished persons of the age. He composed 78 operas—27 serious and 51 comic—eight intermezzos, and an infinite number of cantatas, oratorios, masses and motetts, Te Deums, &c., seven symphonies for the Emperor Joseph II., several pianoforte pieces for the Queen of Spain, and many theatrical scenes for the court of Russia. Dr. Burney, in speaking of him, says, "In 1770, he was the only composer in Naples who could make head against the high favour in which Piccini then stood, after his "Buona Figliuola." We were so happy as to hear him *improvisaire* in music at Sir William Hamilton's, when, having dined, he was begged to sing a scene of an opera, but there being none at hand, which he liked to perform, he said 'Date mi un libretto,' and the words of the first opera that could be found having been put on the harpsichord desk, he composed and sung extempore three or four scenes in so exquisite a manner, to his own ingenious accompaniment, that no studied music or singing we ever heard of the greatest composers or performers ever pleased us so much. It was not written music—it was inspiration." This great musician died at Naples, the 5th June, 1816, aged 76.

GANDSEY THE IRISH PIPER.

Mr. Wilson, the Vocalist, in a letter to a friend in Edinburgh, thus describes Mr. Gandsey and his performances on the Irish Pipe:—"He is a reverend looking old gentleman, with lint-white locks, and seems to revel in his own exquisite music. After playing many of the slow airs, he played what is called the Killarney Fox-hunt, with prodigious effect. It was an extraordinary performance: first, the horn sounds to unkenmel the hounds; then there is the beating about for the fox; at last the huntsman joyfully cries out, 'The fox! the fox!'—then the hounds break loose with a tremendous halloo. After a hard run they lose him! The horn

sounds to gather in the hounds: 'There he is again:—to the lake!—to the lake!—he's oll to the Gap of Dunloe!—he's lost!—he is earthed!' Then comes the song of lamentation for the loss of the fox; the hounds are drawn off; the huntsmen dance down the hill to the Fox-hunter's Jig. The effect he produced by his enthusiastic shouting to the hounds—by the imitation of the yelping of the dogs—the shouts—the general confusion of a fox-hunt—and by the song of lamentation—was really extraordinary; no one, without hearing it, would believe that such an effect could be produced by so small and so sweet-toned an instrument.

ORIGIN OF THE OPERA IN ITALY.

The Italian Opera, now viewed with so much interest throughout Europe, owes its origin to the following incident:—It was about the year 1494 that three young Florentine Noblemen, associated together from a similarity of taste and habits, and from a congenial love of poetry and music, conceived the idea of reviving the recitative of Grecian Tragedy. They engaged the poet Rinuccini to write a drama on the fable of Daphne (Dafne); and this drama was set to music by Peri, the most celebrated composer of that period, assisted by Count Giacomo Corsi, who, although only a *dilettante*, was, for that time, an excellent musician. This dramatic composition was privately represented at the Corsi Palace. The singers were the authors and their friends, and the orchestra of this opera consisted only of four solitary instruments, viz, a pianoforte, a harp, a violin, and a flute. Airs were not thought of, and the recitative, if so it could be called, was merely a species of measured intonation, which to us now would appear insufferably languid and monotonous. It is amusing to observe this simple opera in embryo, and compare it with the sublime compositions of Mozart, of Cimarosa, of Rossini, and the vocalists and the powerful orchestras we have in the present day. But, notwithstanding the simplicity and feebleness of this first attempt at dramatic harmony, it is stated to have produced at that period an extraordinary sensation. Four years afterwards there was represented at the theatre at Florence the first musical opera, entitled Euridice, on the occasion of the celebration of the marriage of Maria de Medici. In this instance the introduction of Anacreonic songs, and a chorus at the end of every act, was the first outline of approach to the arias and choruses of the modern opera. Monteverde, a Milanese musician, greatly improved the recitative; he brought out the work entitled Arianna, the music by Rinuccini, for the Court of Mantua; and in the opera of Giasone by Cavalli and Ciccognini, brought out at Venice in 1649, we find the first arias corresponding in sense and spirit with the dialogue. The first regularly serious opera was produced at Naples in 1616, and was entitled "Amor non ha legge;" the name of the composer is lost. During a moiety of the past century the opera did not improve, but rather degenerated. It became in Italy, as in France, more of a pantomimical spectacle, everything being sacrificed to the eye, and in which the poem and the music were the last things considered; and it was those circumstances which led Goldini to say of the grand opera at Paris, "C'était le paradis des yeux et l'enfer des oreilles."—*Correspondent of the Morning Herald.*

SONGS OF TRADES.

Men of genius have devoted some of their hours to render the people happier by song and dance. The Grecians had songs appropriated to the various trades; songs of this nature would shorten the manufacturer's tedious task-work, and solace the artisan in his solitary occupation; a beam of gay fancy kindling his mind, a playful change of measures delighting his ear. The character of a people is preserved in their national songs—for instance,—“God save the King,” and “Rule Britannia.” At Thebes, in those masses which remain belonging to the ancient walls, we saw enough to convince us that the story of Amphion having built them with his lyre, was no fable; for it was a very ancient custom, and still exists both in Egypt and Greece, to carry on immense labour by an accompaniment of music. The same custom appears to exist in Africa. Lander notices, that at Yaorie, the labourers in their plantations were attended by a drummer, that they might be excited by the sound of the instrument to work well and briskly. Among the Greeks there was a song for different trades; one for the corn grinders, another for the workers in wool, another for the weavers. The reapers had their carol; the herdsmen had a song which an ox-driver of Sicily had composed; the kneaders, the bathers, the galley rowers, were not without their several chants. We have ourselves a song of the weavers; and the songs of the anglers—of old Isaac Walton and Charles Cotton—still preserve their freshness. Dr. Johnson has noticed something of this nature which he observed in the Highlands; “the strokes of the sickle were timed by the modulations of the harvest-song in which all their voices were united.” “There is also an oar song used by the Hebrideans;” but if these chants have not much meaning they fail to produce the desired effect of touching the heart, as well as giving vigour to the arm of the labourer. The gondoliers of Venice while away the midnight hours by stanzas from Tasso. Fragments of Homer are sung by the sailors of the Archipelago. The severe labour of the trackers in China is accompanied by a song which encourages their exertions. Mr. Ellis mentions that the sight of the lofty Pagoda of Tong Chou served as a great topic of excitement in the song of the trackers, toiling against the stream to their place of rest. The canoe-men on the Gold Coast, in a very dangerous passage, “on the back of a curling wave, paddling with all their might, singing or rather shouting their wild song, follow it up,” says Mr. Mead, who was a lively witness of this happy combination of song, of labour, and of peril, which he acknowledged was a terrific process. Our sailors at Newcastle have their “Heave ho! rum below!” but the Sicilian mariners must be more deeply affected by their beautiful Hymn to the Virgin. A society instituted in Holland for general good, do not consider among their least useful projects that of having printed, at a low price, a collection of songs for sailors. We ourselves have been a great ballad nation, not exactly of this description, but rather of narrative poems. They are described by Puttenham, a critic in the time of Elizabeth, as “small and popular songs, song by the Cantabanqui, upon benches and barrels’ heads, where they have no other audience than boys, or country fellows that pass them in the streets; or else by blind harpers, or tavern minstrels, who give a fit of mirth for a groat.” Ritson, our great

antiquarian in these sort of things, says that few are older than James 1st; the more ancient songs of the people perished by having been printed on single sheets, and by their humble purchasers having no other library to preserve them than the walls on which they pasted them. Those we have consist of a succeeding race of songs, chiefly revived or written by Richard Johnson, and others. One Martin Parker was a most notorious ballad scribbler in the reign of Charles 1st, and the Protector. The feeling our present researches would excite would naturally be more strongly felt in small communities, where the interest of the governors is to contribute to the individual happiness of the laborious classes; these ingeniously adapted to each profession, and some to the display of patriotic characters, and national events, would contribute something to public happiness.

VOCAL MUSIC IN SOCIETY.

As to the performance of vocal chamber Music in this country, what is it? I will endeavour to describe it as it exists in the Metropolis, where we may fairly suppose it ought to be the best. I do not speak of large set parties, where Opera singers are paid to sing over and over again the very same songs that every one has heard a thousand times on the stage, but of small parties in private society. Some young lady, we will suppose, is asked to favour the company with a song; I will bet ten to one that her book opens mechanically at “Di piacer,” “Una voce poco fa,” or some such piece, which none but a prima donna of the first rank can hope to execute; but here an unexpected difficulty arises; the lady cannot accompany herself! some kind-hearted soul, although totally unaccustomed to accompany a singer, is prevailed on to undertake the task; and between the two the song is perpetrated, amidst the loud outward plaudits and inward ridicule of the company, while the pleased mothers congratulate each other on the talents of their respective daughters. This is no overcharged picture; full many a time and oft have I witnessed it; full many a time have I been selected as one of the victims, to warble to the best of my ability, treble, tenor, and bass by turns, in all kinds of Italian duets, trios, &c., from “Eben per mia memoria,” down to “O pesceator del onda,” until I have wished *povero Pippo*, young ladies, myself, fishermen and all, at the bottom of the Adriatic.

A glee may possibly be wished for as a change in the entertainment. To accomplish this is nearly as difficult a task as one of the labours of Hercules. One can only sing the first line of *this*; another the second line of *that*; a third does not understand the C clef; at length two young ladies and their brother, or perhaps some good-natured uncle, who may chance to possess a cracked voice, half-tenor, half-bass, start off with the *Red Cross Knight*, the bass solo being most stoutly accompanied by the singer with one finger on the piano-forte.

Now all this sort of thing may be very amusing as a matter of child's play; but to suppose that anything approaching towards intellectual enjoyment can be obtained from such a mode of proceeding is altogether absurd.

O that young ladies and gentlemen would learn to read Music upon the same plan that they learn to read a book! that is, by first making themselves acquainted with the alphabet. How little study, comparatively speaking, would it cost them to attain

sufficient knowledge to take a part in concerted Music of the highest order, instead of wasting their time in endeavouring to execute unmeaning cadences fit only for an instrument, or affecting to sigh and simper over the mawkish nonsense to which so many songs are adapted, but which to call poetry is a profanation of the term.

Oh! ye prim and precise mothers! did ye but understand one half of what is sung in a foreign tongue, how would you be horrified! What would you think were you aware that your daughter was singing a duet in which the gentleman (a great libertine) was trying to persuade the lady to break her plighted troth, and run off with him? But that is not the worst, for after a great deal of eloquent persuasion on his part, and wavering on hers, the expression of which is aided by the most impassioned Music of the most unpassioned of composers, she overcomes all her scruples, the libertine prevails, and off they dance, congratulating each other that theirs is *un innocente amor*.*

I must confess that, admirer as I am of the Italian language, more particularly with regard to its admirable fitness for singing, I would rather see the young singers of this country give a little more attention to Music composed to the equally exquisite poetry of their native land. Good Heavens! is it to be said that the pure stream of verse which has flowed from the pens of our poets since the time of Edmund Spencer is not equally capable of being the vehicle of musical sounds with the sonnets of Petrarca and Sannazario? or have we not those among us who can outdo the manufacturers of wretched Italian *Libretti*? It is true there are not words in the English language like *pietà*, *felicità*, *amore*, *onore*, &c., wherewithal to round off our stanzas, and the harsher consonants do certainly occur more frequently; yet our versification is not on that account the less flowing, and soft words may be found if due care be taken by the author in his selection. For example, can the Italian or any other language surpass in smoothness of numbers or correctness of accentuation Moore's well-known song, "Oft in the stilly night," or the trio in Handel's *Acis and Galatea*, "The flocks shall leave the mountains!" These are but two instances out of hundreds that I could name.—From "*A Short Account of Madrigals*," by Thomas Oliphant.

ANECDOTE OF A CELEBRATED PRIMA DONNA.

Few of our readers who have reached middle life will not recollect the name of Mainvielle Fodor; many of them will remember her as, perhaps, the most extraordinarily gifted female singer that ever graced the boards of our Italian Opera. The range of her voice included two octaves and a half, its exquisite quality was still more rare than the extent of its register; and her style, method, and expression, have probably never been equalled, either before her time or since. Perhaps no better proof of this latter proposition can be offered than the fact that she gave equal felicity of expression, and an equally characteristic effect, to the profound sentiment and passion of Mozart, and the captivating brilliance of Rossini: which certainly cannot be said of any other prima donna of the last five-and-twenty years.

During a period of ten years, M^{de}. Mainvielle

Fodor was the delight of all the musical dilettanti of Europe, and her success in certain characters was altogether without precedent. During one season at Vienna, she played "Semiramide" sixty times successively, and to an equally numerous and delighted audience the sixtieth time as the first; and at Venice she played the "Elisabetta" of Caraffa thirty-eight times successively.

Perhaps the most extraordinary and affecting scene that was ever witnessed on a public stage was the one which closed the public career of this remarkable woman, at the Italiens in Paris, in the season of 1825. She was at that time at the height of her fame and popularity, and had, at the earnest solicitation of M. Sosthene de la Rochefoucault, refused a very lucrative engagement at Naples, and accepted one at Paris on much less advantageous terms in a pecuniary point of view.

The evening arrived for her to make her entrée in "Semiramide." The theatre was crowded from the floor to the ceiling; the whole musical world of Paris was present, and many of the musical celebrities of the rest of Europe, including Rossini, Cherubini, Choron, &c.; and every one looked for a degree of success never exceeded in the annals of song.

The curtain drew up; the great actress—the Queen of Song—*la prima delle prime donne*, as the Italians called her—presented herself on the scene; and her majestic voice was as rich, radiant, and powerful as usual. She went through the first scene of the Opera in a way which caused her exit to be greeted by ecstasies of delighted enthusiasm, amounting almost to delirium.

At length she re-appeared, and proceeded with her part till the fifth or sixth bar of the first air, when suddenly the divine sounds of her voice entirely ceased—cold drops of perspiration started to her brow—her lips quivered, and her chest was violently agitated. But not a sound was heard!

The orchestra ceased playing—the curtain was dropped—the house was in consternation, both before and behind the curtain. In the former, the agitation was in some measure calmed, by the acting manager stating that the sudden indisposition of M^{de}. Mainvielle Fodor must cause the performances to be suspended for a few minutes—an announcement which in a great degree re-assured the audience, who judged from it that the indisposition was one of no moment.

In the meantime, the dressing-room of the prima donna was a scene of indescribable confusion and dismay; for all present were convinced that her voice was utterly gone; and she herself exhibited her despairing belief that such was the case, by flinging her arms about in the wildest manner, striking her face, tearing her hair, and exhibiting every sign of distress but those audible cries which usually indicate mental suffering, but of which it was evident that she was now physically incapable.—And the friends who were present were scarcely less incapacitated by their grief from expressing the amount of it. Rossini fairly wept; and Choron (who had a strong sense of religion) had fallen upon his knees, and was begging her to calm her agitation, and trust in God, who could never, he said, have given her so wonderful an organ only to destroy it in an instant, without apparent cause, and without warning.

Meantime she uttered not a sound, and only replied to their tears and remonstrances by pressing the hand of each.

* See "Don Giovanni" at the duo "La ci darem."

By this time more than a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and the house was growing impatient, and even violent, in its demand to be informed of the singer's actual condition. At this moment the acting manager entered the dressing-room of Fodor and stated the impossibility of any longer delaying to reply to the public impatience, and he added that he was about to announce to the audience that the performance could not proceed.

The effect which this declaration produced on the sufferer was prodigious, and in some sort terrific. The colour came to her face, her eyes flashed fire, she rose from where she had been sitting, her lips moved convulsively, and at length she cried out, in a loud, full and resounding voice—

“Draw up the curtain—I will sing!”

“Saved! saved!” cried Rossini, embracing her.

“Heaven has had pity on our grief!” exclaimed the pious Chorist.

The curtain was again raised—the theatre trembled with the shouts of applause that greeted the cantatrice—then a profound silence of expectant interest and curiosity succeeded, and she went through the remainder of the Opera with an effect equal, if not superior, to anything that had ever before been heard from her.

As the curtain fell on the last scene, the excited and exhausted singer fainted and fell to the ground. She was speedily recovered, but again her voice was gone—never to return!—*Court Journal.*

THE HAUGHS OF CROMDALE.

Many are familiar with the tune bearing the above title; but comparatively few, we opine, have seen the place where the action was fought which gave rise to this celebrated strathspey. As the spot is rather secluded, and little known or visited, a short description of a ramble to it may not be uninteresting. It lies at the foot of Cromdale Hill, and is reached by a pleasing walk of four miles from Grantown. Soon after leaving the village the broad waters of the Spey burst suddenly upon the view, and the bridge, a magnificent structure of three arches, is crossed. Passing a little further onwards, the towers of Castle Grant are seen on the left, rising conspicuously amidst deep forests of “tall ancestral trees;” whilst on the right the hills attain a great elevation, and intercept the view. The manse and churchyard of Cromdale are directly in front. The former is a handsome building, erected a few years ago, and the churchyard is pleasantly situated on the banks of the river. It is surrounded by a row of venerable trees, amongst which are two fine large beeches that would do no discredit to the fertile plains of England. Leaving the highway, shortly before reaching the fourth mile-stone, and turning in the direction of the old Castle of Lethendrie, some time may be spent in viewing the ruined pile. Tradition has not preserved any interesting records of this dilapidated structure, and judging from its appearance, it could never have been a place of strength. Although not large, it appears to be of some antiquity, and is yet so far entire that an honest farmer has converted one of the vaults into a byre; and the goddess finds ample accommodation for her dairy produce in another. Proceeding from the castle, the road leads directly to the scene of the engagement—a level moor, interspersed here and there with patches of green, said to be the graves of those who fell in this sanguinary conflict—in which, it will be recol-

lected, the poor Highlanders were routed by the Royal forces in April 1690. All around, the dark heath is waving in the breeze, and a clear stream comes gushing down the hill-side, chiming its lively music around the ashes of the brave “who sank to rest” on its solitary banks. From the proximity of the hills, the view is rather circumscribed, and the eye not being allowed to wander over much space of country, the mind is, as it were insensibly, led to ruminate on the troubled times of our ancestors, when the brave Highlanders fought and fell on the Haughs of Cromdale. Much of the romantic enthusiasm which filled the breast of the mountaineer has died away; and mankind seem now-a-days to delight more in speculating upon the present and the future than in contemplating scenes associated with the past. We accordingly find the battle-field visited by comparatively few—the grave of the warrior often passed unnoticed—and the echoes of the ruin, where the martial spirits were wont to convene, but rarely awakened, unless by the bleating sheep, or the noisy jackdaw. Yet who will not say with Byron—

—“There is a power
And magic in the ruin'd battlement
For which the palace of the present hour
Must yield its pomp, and wait till ages are its dower.”
Inverness Courier.

LIFE AND ETERNITY.

Life is the veil that hides eternity.—
Youth strives in vain to pierce it, but the eye
Of age may catch, thro' chinks which Time has worn,
Faint glimpses of that awful world beyond
Which Death at last reveals. Thus, life may be
Compared to a tree's foliage: in its prime,
A mass of dark, impenetrable shade,
It veils the distant view; but, day by day,
As Autumn's breath is felt, the falling leaves,
Opening a passage for the doubtful light,
Exhibit to the gazer more and more
Of that which lies beyond.—till Winter comes,
And, thro' the skeleton branches, we behold
The clear blue vault of day!

Poems by T. Westwood.

ALGERINE MUSIC.

“To start a livelier subject,” says Campbell, in his “Letters from the South,” in the *New Monthly* “I have transcribed for you a few Algerine melodies, I expressed to you a mean opinion of the native music, and if you heard it fiddled and flageoleted by the minstrels here, I think you would not blame me for fastidiousness. They certainly execute their tunes like executioners. At the same time, I imagine I have undervalued the intrinsic merit of their music, from the wretchedness of its performers; for incomparably better judges than myself tell me that many of the native airs are expressive and pleasing. Madame de Verger says so, and such is the opinion also of my inspired and valued friend, the Chevalier Neukoum, whom I have met at Algiers. Of all happy incidents, that which I least expected in Africa was to meet this great man—the nephew of Haydn, worthy of his uncle—the composer whose touches on the organ are poetry and religion put into sound. He has crossed the Mediterranean merely to visit his friends the De Vergers. Colonel De Verger called on me the other day, bringing the Chevalier Neukoum with him; I need not tell you how I greeted him—we talked about Algerine music, and he told me that

he found something in it which he liked for being natural and characteristic. I said, "You surprise me, Chevalier; then I suppose you can admire even our Highland bagpipes?" "Nay," said Neukomm, "don't despise your native pibrochs; they have in them the stirrings of rude but strong nature. When you traverse a Highland glen you must not expect the breath of roses, but must be contented with the smell of heath: in like manner, even Highland music has its rude, wild charms." Well, upon reflection, his words seemed to confirm me in the opinion that the greatest artists are the

ablest discoverers of merit, be it ever so rude and faint, in works of art. Our poets, Scott and Gray, could discover genius in barbarous ballads that had eluded the obtuseness of common critics. Our sculptor Flaxman walked among the uncouth statuary of old English cathedrals, where defects of drawing and proportion are obvious to the eyes of a child. A surface critic would have derided those monuments; but Flaxman's eye penetrated beyond their shape into their spirit—he divined what the sculptor had meant, and discovered tender and sublime expression."

F I L L T H E B O W L .

Vivace.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

I. Dyne (1768).

ALTO.

Fill the bowl with ro - sy wine, around our temples ro - ses

TENOR.

Fill the bowl with ro - sy wine, around our temples ro - ses

BASS.

Fill the bowl with ro - sy wine, around our temples ro - ses

twine a - round our tem - ples ro - ses twine, twine. *1st.* And let us
twine a - round our tem - ples ro - ses twine, *2d.* twine,

And

cheer - ful - ly, cheerful - ly a - while, like the wine and ro - ses
cheerful - ly a - while, like the wine and ro - ses
let us

Larghetto poi.

smile, like the wine and ro - ses smile, And smile. To day is

smile, like the wine and ro - ses smile, smile. To day is

ours, what do we fear, To - day is ours, we have it here, let's treat it

ours, what do we fear, To - day is ours, we have it here, let's treat it

kind - ly, that it may wish at least with us to

kind - ly, that it may wish at least with us to

slow.

stay, let's treat it kind - ly that it may wish at least with us to

stay, let's treat it kind - ly that it may wish at least with us to

Allegro. f

stay. Let's banish care, let's ban-ish sor-row, not to us be - longs to - morrow,

stay. Let's banish care, let's ban-ish sorrow, not to us be - longs to - morrow,

not to us be - longs to - morrow, let's ban - ish sor - row, let's

not to us be - longs to - morrow, banish care

let's ban - ish sor - row, let's

ban - ish sorrow, banish care

let's ban - ish sor - row, let's ban - ish sorrow,

ban - ish sorrow,

not to us be - longs to - morrow, not to us be - longs to - morrow, let's

not to us be - longs to - morrow, not to us be - longs to - morrow. let's

ANNIE LAURIE.

*Moderato.
dolce.**Scottish air.*

Maxwelton braes are bon-nie, Where ear-ly fa's the dew, - - - And its

there that An-nie Lau-rie Gied me her promise true; Gied

me her pro-nise true, Which ne'er for-got shall be, And for

bon-nie An-nie Lau-rie I'd lay me down and dee.

Maxwelton braes are bonnie,
Where early fa's the dew,
And it's there that Annie Laurie
Gied me her promise true;
Gied me her promise true,
Which ne'er forgot shall be;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Hers brow is like the saaw-drift,
Her neck is like the swan,
Her form it is the fairest
That e'er the sun shone on;

That e'er the sun shone on,
And she has a dark blue e'e;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

Like gentle dew-drops falling
Alight her fairy feet;
And like winds in summer calling
Her voice is low and sweet,
Her voice is low and sweet,
And she is a' the world to me;
And for bonnie Annie Laurie
I'd lay me down and dee.

LABLACHE'S ABSENCE OF MIND.

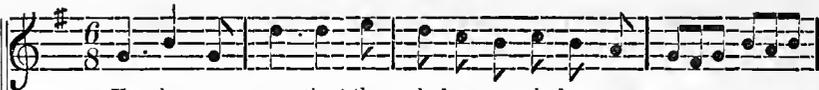
The following is in the *Courrier Francaise* :—
 "Few are there in the world who are not acquainted with the talent of Lablache, but his occasional absence of mind is not so universally known. When last at Naples he was sent for to the palace, entered the waiting-room, and till called in to his Majesty, conversed with the courtiers in attendance. Having a cold in his head, he requested permission to keep on his hat. Getting into full discourse, he was suddenly startled by the gentleman in waiting crying out—his Majesty demands the presence of Signor Lablache. In his eagerness to obey the

royal summons he forgot the hat he had on his head, and, snatching up another, thus entered the King's cabinet. Being received with a most hearty laugh, Lablache was confounded, but at length recovered himself, and respectfully asked his Majesty what had excited his hilarity. "My dear Lablache," replied the King, "pray tell me which of the two hats you have got with you is your own, that on your head, or that in your hand? Or perhaps you have brought both as a measure of precaution, in case you should leave one behind you?" "Ah! maledetta," replied Lablache, with an air of ludicrous distress, on discovering his etourderie, "two hats are indeed too many for a man who has no head."

U P C L A N S M E N , U P .

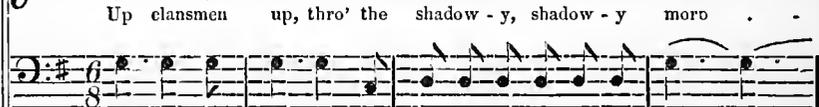
GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

C. F. Bird.

1st TREBLE.  Up clansmen up, thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn - -

2d TREBLE.  Up clansmen up, thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn - -

TENOR.  Up clansmen up, thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn - -

BASS. 

 thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn See ye *p*

 thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn See ye *p*

 thro' the shadow - y, shadow - y morn See ye *p*



not the spear heads gleam, see ye not the spear heads gleam, see ye
 not the spear heads gleam, see ye not the spear heads gleam, see ye
 not the spear heads gleam, see ye not the spear heads gleam, see ye

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

cres. *f*

not the spear heads gleam. Hark, hark, hark, hark up - on the wind is
 not the spear heads gleam. Hark, hark, hark, hark up - on the wind is
 not the spear heads gleam. Hark, hark, hark, hark up - on the wind is

borne, up - on the wind is borne, The mu - sie of the bu - gle
 borne, up - on the wind is borne, The mu - sic of the bu - gle
 borne, up - on the wind is borne, The mu - sic of the bu - gle

horn - - - - - Hark up - on the

horn - - - - - Hark up - on the

horn, mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, tho bu - gle horn, Hark up - on the

wind is borne, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn

wind is borne, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Hark up - on the wind is borne,

wind is borne, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Hark up - on the wind is borne

Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn.

Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn.

Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn, Mu - sic of the bu - gle horn.

WOODMAN, SPARE THAT TREE.

Words by G. P. Morris, Esq.

Andante con espressione.

Henry Russell.

Wood - man spare that tree - - Touch not a sin - gle
legato.

bough; In youth it shel - ter'd me - - - And I'll pro -

tect it now. 'Twas my fore - fa - thers hand - - - That

plac'd it near his cot, There wood - man let - it

stand - - - Thy axe shall harm - - it not.

That old familiar tree,
Whose glory and renown
Are spread o'er land and sea,
And wouidst thou hew it down?
Woodman, forbear thy stroke!
Cut not its earth-bound ties;
Oh! spare that aged oak
Now towering to the skies.

When but an idle boy,
I sought its grateful shade;
In all their gushing joy,
Here, too, my sisters played:
My mother kiss'd me here—
My father press'd my hand—
Forgive this foolish tear,
But let that old oak stand.

My heart-strings round thee cling;
Close as thy bark, old friend!
Here shall the wild bird sing,
And still thy branches bend.
Old tree! the storm still brave!
And, woodman, leave the spot;
While I've a hand to save,
Thy axe shall harm it not.

H A R K ! D I N G , D I N G .

Brisk.

CATCH FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Harrington.

1
Hark, hark, ding, ding, ding, ding, my lord's come in, run, run, they call, 'tis the la - dies want

2
Chair! chair! ding, ding, ding, ding, 'tis at the Bear, at the Bear, make haste, make

3
Dong. where, where, ding, ding, ding, dong, I'm coming, there, coming

2
chairs for the ball, John Boots, Robin Tap, where a plague are ye all.

3
haste you'll lose the fare, coming, sir, coming sir, score a pint in the bar, ding, ding, ding.

1
there, hold, hold, put out you dog, put out you dog for I am first chair.

THE OPERA AT VIENNA.

In the last number of the *Gazette Musicale* there is an article, from a Frankfort journal, on the Theatres and Music at Vienna, from which we subjoin an extract. It may tend to correct the extravagant notions entertained among us of the state of music in the Austrian capital, and teach us to look with a little more complacency on its state among ourselves. The author is M. Guhr, director of the Opera at Frankfort, and one of the most distinguished musicians in Germany:—

In a capital like Vienna there must always be a great number of artists. There are good composers—able critics—everything necessary to exalt the musical art to the highest pitch: and yet it has fallen to the lowest.

The Karntnerthör Theatre (the principal musical theatre in Vienna) is managed by an Italian, called Balocchio; a man who was once a dress-maker in an Italian theatre, and who does not know a word of German. This man receives from the Government an annual subsidy of 72,000 florins (about 7,000l. sterling), besides the 10,000 florins of subscription for the Royal box, for a season of three months, from the 1st of April to the end of June.

It is to such a man that the property of this great establishment is entrusted; an establishment which has an excellent orchestra and chorus, and gives employment to eminent artists, among whom is Nicolai.* The performers in the orchestra are overworked and ill paid. "Still," said one of them to me, "we would go through our drudgery with good will if we were not obliged, all the year round, to play the whipt cream that comes from Italy. We have hardly the opportunity, once or twice a year, to refresh our ears with the harmonies of Mozart, or some other German master." Celebrated composers have begged me to get their symphonies performed at Frankfort, music of this kind not being in use at Vienna!

On the 25th of May I went to the Karntnerthör Theatre. I paid my six francs for a place in the pit, and heard what is called a grand opera, "Maria di Rohan." I could hardly believe my ears. I shall give you a few particulars of my evening, that you may have some idea of a grand opera at the Karntnerthör Theatre.

*The composer of 'Il Templario,' an opera which has had great success both in Italy and Germany, and the music of which has been published in London.

On taking my place I found a handbill with an apology for Madame Tadolini. The Signora was indisposed, but would do her best, and begged the indulgence of the public. The piece was to begin at seven, but eight o'clock came, and still the curtain did not move.

At length they began the overture. An overture by Donizetti is never a very lively affair; but when, as in this case, it is immeasurably long, it is intolerable. Imagine the martyrdom of a German music director condemned to listen to such a *morceau*. Ivanoff was the first who appeared. He is a good tenor, and sang his *cavatina* very well. I began to have hopes of the performance, but I did not know what was coming.

Signora Tadolini appeared, in the midst of thundering plaudits which interrupted the performance. The Signora acknowledged them, first by moving her head—great clapping of hands; then by bending her body—loud cries; then by a profound curtsey—an astounding roar. At length the tempest subsided, and there was silence. "Ah," cried a neighbour, "see how divinely she opens her mouth—her teeth are like pearls." I was all eyes and ears. The mouth was open, but no melodious sound issued from it. "Ah, she is very unwell, poor child!" The poor child had seen at least six-and-thirty summers.

By this time I had made up my mind. I had come for amusement, and I was determined to be amused. So I applauded, with the rest, through thick and thin; clapped my hands at every false intonation, every break-down in attempting a note, every roulade stuck in the middle. Tadolini did not sing any of her airs. Imagine an opera without any of the principal scenes of the prima donna.

Ronconi appeared as the *Duke*, and there was a repetition of the same farce as on the entrance of Tadolini. If Ronconi had a purer style, there would be no fault to find with him. An amateur may

consider him worth the 1100 florins which he receives, besides his benefit. There is no scene in which the *Duke* goes off with eclat, but from time to time Ronconi disappeared behind the scenes, to furnish a pretext for culling him on, and the stratagem always succeeded. There was a hubbub of cries and shouts till he came forward again. Then came the voiceless prima donna, and the famous duet began, sung by one voice, the Signora singing with her lips only, poor child! The curtain fell, Tadolini and Ronconi were called for three times; and, each time, were received with clamorous approbation. I had some amusement, certainly, but the whole affair was insufferably tiresome, and I shall go no more to the Karthnerthor Theatre, so long as the Italians sing in it.

ANCIENT MUSIC.

The Egyptian flute was only a cow's horn with three or four holes in it, and their harp or lyre had only three strings; the Grecian lyre had only seven strings, and was very small, being held in one hand; the Jewish trumpets that made the walls of Jericho fall down, were only rams' horns; their flute was the same as the Egyptian; they had no other instrumental music but by percussion, of which the greatest boast made was the psaltery, a small triangular harp or lyre with wire strings, and struck with an iron needle or stick; their sacbut was something like a bagpipe; the timbrel was a tambourine, and the dulcimer was a horizontal harp, with wire strings, and struck with a stick like the psaltery. They had no written music; had scarcely a vowel in their language; and yet (according to Josephus) had two hundred thousand musicians playing at the dedication of the temple of Solomon. Mozart would have died in such a concert in the greatest agonies!—*Dr. Burney's History of Music.*

G O I D L E B O Y .

Vivace.

GLEE FOR FOUR VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

ALTO.
Go i - dle boy, I quit thy bow'r, I quit, I quit thy

1st TENOR.
Go i - dle boy, I quit thy bow'r, I quit, I quit thy

2d TENOR.
Go i - dle boy, I quit thy bow'r,

BASS.
Go i - dle boy, I quit thy

bow'r,
 bow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r - - - - of many a
 thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and
 bow'r, thy couch of many a thorn - - - - and many a flow'r,

thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r, thy couch of
 flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn and
 flow'r, thy couch of many a thorn - - - - and many a flow'r - - - -
 thy couch, thy couch of

many a thorn and flow'r, I wish thee well for plea - sures
 flow'r, of many a thorn and flow'r, I wish thee well for plea - sures
 - - - - of many a thorn and flow'r,
 many a thorn and flow'r - - - - I wish thee well for plea-sures

Andante.

past, and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

past, and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

past, and bless the hour I'm free at last. Yet still me-

thinks the al - ter'd day, scat - ters a - round a mournful ray, and

thinks the al - ter'd day scatters a - round a mournful ray, and

thinks the al - ter'd day scatters a - round a mournful ray, and

thinks the al - ter'd day scatters a - round a mournful ray, and

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and ev' - ry stream untune - ful

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and ev' - ry

chill - ing ev' - ry ze - phyr blows, and ev' - ry

flows, un - tune - ful flows, ev'ry stream un-tune - ful
 ev'-ry stream untune-ful flows, un - tune ful, ev'ry stream un-tune-ful
 stream, and ev'-ry stream untuneful flows, ev'ry . stream un - tune-ful
 stream un - tune - ful flows, ev'ry stream un - tuneful

A tempo primo.

flows. Haste, haste thee back, haste thee back then i - dle boy, haste thee back then i - dle
 flows. Haste, haste thee back, haste thee back then i - dle boy, haste thee back then i - dle
 flows. Haste, haste thee back, then i dle boy, then i - dle
 flows. Haste, haste thee back, then i - dle boy, thea i - dle

boy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and
 boy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and with thine anguish bring thy joy, and
 boy, and with thine an - guish bring
 boy, and with thine an - guish bring

with thine anguish bring, oh bring, thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my heart - - -

with thine anguish bring, oh bring, thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my heart - - -

oh bring thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my

bring, bring - - oh bring thy joy, oh bring thy joy, oh rend my

- - - with ev'-ry pain oh rend my heart - - - with ev'-ry pain rend my heart, with

- - - with ev'-ry pain oh rend my heart - - - with ev'-ry pain rend my heart,

heart with ev'-ry pain, oh rend my heart with ev'-ry pain, oh rend my

heart with ev'-ry pain, oh rend my heart with ev'-ry pain, rend my heart with

ev' - ry pain, with ev' - ry pain, but let me, let me love again, but

oh rend my heart with ev'ry pain, but let me, let me, love a - gain,

heart, with ev'-ry pain, with ev' - ry pain, but

ev' - ry pain, with ev' - ry pain,

let me, let me love a - gain, but let me love -
 but let me, let me love a - gain, but let me love -
 let me, let me love a - gain but let me
 but let me, let me love a - gain, but let me

- - - oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a
 - - - on let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain oh let me love a -
 love, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a -
 love, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a - gain, oh let me love a -

gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain.
 gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain.
 gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain
 gain, let me love a - gain, let me love a - gain.

CAM' YE BY ATHOL

Words by James Hogg.

Gaelic air.

Cam' ye by A - thol, lad wi' the phi - la - beg, Down by the Tummel or

banke of the Gar - ry, Saw ye my lad, wi' his bon - net an' white cockade,

Leav - ing his mountains to fol - low Prince Charlie. Fol - low thee, fol - low thee,

wha wadna follow thee, Lang hast thou lov'd and trusted us fairly, Charlie, Charlie

wha wad - na fol - low thee, King o' the Highland hearts, hon - nie Prince Charlie.

I ha'e but ae son, my brave young Donald,
 But if I had ten they should follow Glengarry;
 Health to M'Donald, and gallant Clan Ronald,
 For these are the men that will die for their Charlie.
 I'll to Lochiel and Appin, and kneel to them;
 Down by Lord Murray and Roy o' Kildarlie;

Brave Mackintosh he shall fly to the field with them,
 They are the lads I can trust wi' my Charlie.

Down thro' the lowlands, down wi' the Whigamore,
 Loyal true Highlanders, down with them rarely;
 Ronald and Donald drive on wi' the braid claymore,
 Over the necks o' the foes o' Prince Charlie.

HARK! HOW THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

ROUND FOR THREE VOICES.

Words by James Manson.

Giovanni Battista Bononcini.

Slow.

1 Hark! how the bells are ring - ing, Young lads and lass - es sing - ing, 'Tis

2 Hush, now the bells toll slow - ly, And grief is whisper'd low - ly, Near the

3 Life with Death is mat - ed, And mirth with tears 'tis fat - ed For

2 sweet May - day, All the fields are gay, Come join the merry, mer - ry throng.

3 new made grave of the young and brave Who died when hope was young.

1 eye shalt be in har - mo - nie Like words and music in a song.

CHERUBINI.

Marie-Louis-Charles-Zenobi-Salvador Cherubini was born at Florence on the 8th of September, 1760. His masters were Bartolomeo and Alessandro Felici, and, subsequently, Pietro Bizzari, and Joseph Castrucci, under whom he made such rapid progress, that when he was only thirteen years of age, a solemn mass, of his composition, was executed in public, and, shortly afterwards, many works for the church and the theatre. These were so far successful, as to bring him under the notice of Leopold the Second, Grand Duke of Tuscany, who in the year 1778, settled a pension on Cherubini, to enable the latter to continue his studies under Sarti, at Bologna. The youth spent four years under Sarti most profitably, acquiring that knowledge of the deep and severe principles of music, which he afterwards employed so nobly. During this probationary period he wrote an opera—"Quinto Fabio"—and seven other dramatic works. In the year 1784 we find him in London. He must, even then, have been recognised as a musician of promise, since we find that he was permitted to interpolate several pieces in the "Marchese di

Tulipano," an opera by Paisiello. After a passing visit to Paris, he returned to Milan, where he was commissioned to compose grand operas, and to strengthen feebler works by additions. These must have been of a slighter style than that which he afterwards adopted, as they excited the particular praise of Dr. Burney, who was by no means disposed to tolerate anything stronger on the stage than the singers' music of the classical Italian composers. In the year 1788, our artist returned to Paris, and there entered upon his long and honourable career in that metropolis, the fruits of which have been of greater consequence to French—we may even say, to German—music, than contemporary historians have seemed prepared to admit. Though Cherubini was placed at the head of the Italian corps which Leonard, hair-dresser to Marie Antoinette, was privileged to assemble, his genius ere long urged him to disengage himself from the opera of his country, and to assert its own individuality in the "Lodoiska," a French opera, which was first represented in 1791, and was succeeded at intervals by "Elisa," "Medea," "Anacreon," and "Les Deux Journées."

The fate of these works has been somewhat singular. Though, in proportion and quality they are grand operas ("Medea" being always referred to as a masterpiece of musical tragedy) many, if not all, were represented at the *Opéra Comique*, in consequence of their not containing the *ballet-music*, then an essential to the production of a work at the Grand Opera. The complete neglect into which all save "Les Deux Journées" have since fallen in France, may be ascribed to the feebleness or absurdity of their *libretti*. Certain it is, that, having taken some pains to procure a full pianoforte score of the "Medea" in Paris, we were only able to find an old copy of a few of the selected songs. The work may now possibly be disinterred, should some operatic Rachel arise: it is well worth disinterring. And yet no less certain it is, that these operas of Cherubini's, by the magnificence of their vocal and orchestral combinations, and the vigorous truth of sound to sense, became, at once, popular among a people, then musically enjoying its age of gold,—with whom Mozart was still new, and Beethoven in the youth of his genius. When, in consequence of the studied neglect and aversion of the First Consul, Cherubini resolved to quit Paris, he was welcomed with open arms by the masters of art at Vienna—not particularly Catholic in their sympathies. It is in Germany—at Munich especially—if anywhere, that the operas of Cherubini are still to be heard. Indeed, it is not hazardous much to say, that, as regards grandeur of dramatic effects, they have exercised an influence little short of that of Clementi upon pianoforte writers. The genius of the two men had something analogous. The school, which has been adorned by the richly-wrought productions of Spontini, Meyerbeer, and, last of all, Halévy, may naturally be referred to Cherubini as its founder.

To return from this digression: it was during Cherubini's residence at Vienna that he wrote his "Faniska." The changes and troubles of the war drove him from that city of pleasure back to the French metropolis. From this point it is impossible to trace the fruits of his continued residence there minutely,—suffice it to say, that he was systematically denied the favour of Napoleon, in consequence, the anecdote-mongers tell us, of a more independent self-assertion than that despot-liberal could endure; that he was protected by the Prince de Chimay; that he wrote other operas, among which "Les Abencerrages" was the most famous, and "Ali Baba," produced when he was seventy-three years old, the last, besides numerous sacred and orchestral compositions. The latter, happily for Art, are something more familiar to English students than the theatrical music mentioned. On the restoration of the Bourbons, he was nominated chapel-master to the King; in 1816, also, he received the appointment of Professor of Composition in the *Conservatoire*. He was called to the direction of the same establishment in 1822, which he resigned only a few weeks since, (March, 1842). Other honours have been bestowed on him by several of the potentates of Europe, in the form of distinction, however, rather than of gain—for the French journals explicitly declare, that the emoluments reaped by Cherubini were only moderate, and that he has left his surviving relatives in narrow circumstances. His obsequies were celebrated at the church of St. Roch and the cemetery of Père la Chaise, with all due splendour, and in the midst of a throng of artists; the composer's own "Requiem,"

the last of his masses, being performed on the occasion.—*Athenæum*.

The following extract from a letter written by the celebrated French violinist, Baillot, author of the well-known *Methode de Violon*, &c., to his brother-in-law, Mr. Guynemer, we take from the "Musical Times."

Paris, April 9th, 1842.

"I was well assured that you would share in our sorrow on the occasion of the loss which we have sustained in the venerable Cherubini. I can say nothing in addition to what you already think and feel on this subject: the loss to the Musical world is immense; but it falls yet heavier upon those who had the opportunity of knowing, under the somewhat rough exterior, the genuine, intrinsic worth of him, who was also perhaps the "last and noblest Roman" in the purely classic style of art.

"All the principal artists of Paris attended his funeral, and it was not without considerable emotion that I beheld amongst them M. Ingres, to whom we are indebted for the faithful portrait of our lost friend, a work which is the *chef d'œuvre* of his pencil, because inspired by his heart.

"We followed him to his last abode—but no! his abode is no longer on this earth; Heaven has ere this received him whose sacred compositions seemed to forestall the harmonies of a better world, and to incite us to render ourselves worthy of being admitted into it.

"Two days ago, April 7th, "Les Deux Journées" was performed at the theatre. It was only announced by the bills in the morning, yet the house was crowded. I could not withhold my assistance. The success (a strange expression, after forty years of success) was perfect. It was very well acted, and the music was executed with that *ensemble* which cannot be equalled when it proceeds from the unanimity of sentiment and respect, of which we find so few instances in social life. Nothing languished; the actors and the musicians excelled themselves, and the three acts were finished in two hours and twenty minutes. The curtain was afterwards raised to exhibit the bust of Cherubini upon an elevated pedestal, with the actors from the principal theatres ranged around it, in costume. The two principal performers of the evening recited some appropriate and very touching verses, from the pen of the octogenarian author of the *libretto* of "Les Deux Journées," M. Bouilly. The whole passed off in a style worthy of the occasion, and must have interested even the most indifferent to the beauties of the art or the triumph of genius. And what Music! I longed for you beside me, even while the pleasure, regret, and a tumult of deep emotions had taken such total possession of my poor heart, that I tried in vain to stifle them; and you, I know, would have felt as acutely.

"On the same day, April 7th, a funeral service for the illustrious dead was to be performed at Pisa.*

"Now all is said; and what remains of this wonderful genius?—the admiration of the many, and the affectionate remembrance of the few who loved the man for himself as much as for his great works."—BAILLOT.

*Where Cherubini's daughter resides. This lady is married to the Professor of Oriental Languages at the University of Pisa.

HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING.

Dr. Arnold.

TREBLE. Hark! the her-ald an-gels sing, Hark! the herald an-gels sing,

ALTO.

TENOR. SECOND TREBLE OR TENOR. Hark! the herald an-gels sing,

BASS.

f Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, and

f Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, *p* peace on earth

f TENOR. Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, *p* 2ND TREBLE. peace on earth and

f Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King, *p* peace on earth and

ff mer-cy mild. God and sinners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

ff God and sinners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

ff TENOR. mer-cy mild, God and sinners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

f mer-cy mild, God and sin-ners re-con-cil'd, God and sin-ners

reconcil'd. Joy - ful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies, With th'ange-lic

reconcil'd. Joy - ful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies, With th'ange-lic

reconcil'd. Joy - ful all ye nations rise, Join the triumphs of the skies, With th'ange-lic

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem. Hark, the heruld an-gels sing,

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem.

host pro - claim, Christ is born in Bethle - hem.

Hark, the herald angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, glo-ry to the

Glo-ry to the new-born King.

2ND TREBLE OR TENOR. *f* TENOR.

Hark the her-ald angels sing, Glo-ry to the new-born King, Glo-ry to the



new born King, Glo-ry to the new-born King. Christ by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Glory to the new-born King.
 new born King, Glory to the new-born King.

Christ by highest heav'n a-dor'd, Christ the e-ver-last-ing Lord, Christ the e-ver-
 Christ the e-ver-last-ing Lord, Christ the e-ver-
 2ND TREBLE, TENOR.
 Christ by highest heav'n ador'd, Christ the e-ver-lasting Lord, Christ the e-ver-



last-ing Lord, Late in time be-hold him come, Offspring of a virgin's
 last-ing Lord, Late in time be-hold him come,
 last-ing Lord, Late in time be-hold him come, Offspring of a virgin's

womb, Offspring of a virgin's womb; Veil'd in flesh the God-head

Offspring of a virgin's womb, Veil'd in flesh the God-head

womb, Offspring of a virgin's womb; Veil'd in flesh the God-head

he, Hail, hail th'incarnate De-i-ty, Hail, th'incarnate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as

he, Hail, hail th'incarnate De-i-ty, Hail, th'incarnate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as

he, Hail, hail th'incarnate De-i-ty, Hail, th'incarnate De-i-ty, Pleas'd as

man with man to dwell, Je-sus our E-man-u-el, Je-sus

man with man to dwell, Je-sus our E-man-u-el, Je-sus

man with man to dwell, Je-sus our E-man-u-el, Je-sus

our E-man - u - el

our E-man - nu - el, Je - sus our E-man - u - el, Ja - sua our E-man - nu - el.

our E-man - u - el, Je - sus our E-man - u - el, Je - sus our E-man - u - el,

Hark! the herald angels sing, Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King,

Glory to the new-born King.

2ND TREBLE OR TENOR. TENOR.

Hark! the herald angels sing, Glory to the new-born King,

Glo - ry to the new-born King, *ff* Glo - ry to the new-born King.

ff Glo - ry to the new-born King.

Glo - ry to the new-born King, *ff* Glo - ry to the new-born King.

ff

THE VINE DRESSERS.

Words by David Thomson.

DUET.

Mozart.

Andante.

When morn thro' ris - ing vapour gleams, When ea - gles take their flight, When

mu - le - teers lead forth their teams, And pil - grims climb the height, With

thee, with thee, I'll to the fields re - pair with
with thee, with thee

thee the vin-tage toils I'll share, For toil will then seem light - - - will

then seem light - - - will then seem light.

When burning noon begins to fade,
When dressers leave the vine,
And court the myrtle's fragrant shade,
Or dance beneath the pine.
With thee I'll lead the merry ring,
With thee the canzonet I'll sing,
'Till dewy eve decline.

And when our train shall homeward hie,
With pipe and tambourine,
As Luna mounts the eastern sky,
The tow'ring Alps between,
To thee I'll sigh a soft farewell,
'Till flocks shall ring their matin bell
Along the spangled green.

THE BUD OF THE ROSE.

Moderato.

William Shield.

Her mouth which a smile de - void of all guile half o - pens to view is the

bud of the rose, is the bud of the rose, in the morn - ing that blows, im -

pearl'd with the dew, impearl'd with the dew, the bud of the rose, im - pearl'd with the

Fine.
dew. More fra - grant her breath than the flow'r scent - ed heath, than the

flow'r scented heath at the dawn - ing of day. The haw - thorn in bloom,

The li - ly's perfume, The

li - ly's perfume, or the blos-soms of *May. Her

* The voice takes the upper B of the bass stave to the word "May."

WILL CHLORIS CAST HER SUNBRIGHT EYE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Goodgrome, 1673.

pp
Will Chloris cast her sun - bright eye, Upon so mean a swain as I, Can she af-

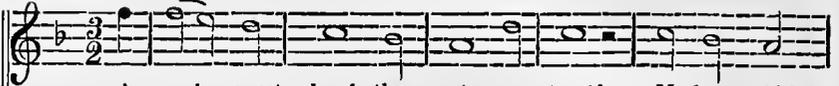
fect my oa - ten reed, Or stoop to wear my shep - herd's weed.

A WAKE. SWEET LOVE!

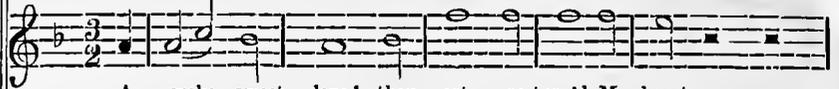
MADRIGAL FOR FOUR VOICES.

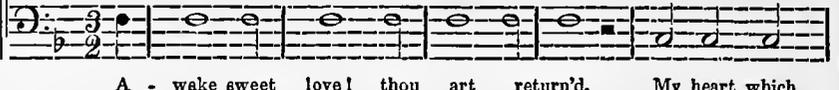
John Dowland (1597.)

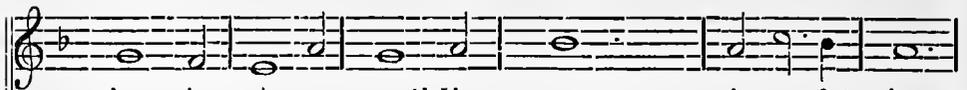
Andante.

SOPRANO.  A - wake sweet love! thou art re - turn'd, My heart which

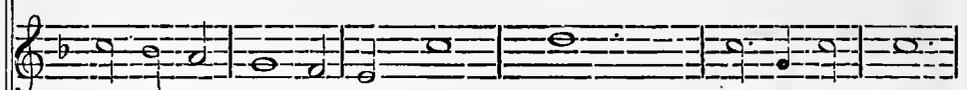
ALTO.  Awake sweet love! thou art re - turn'd, My heart which

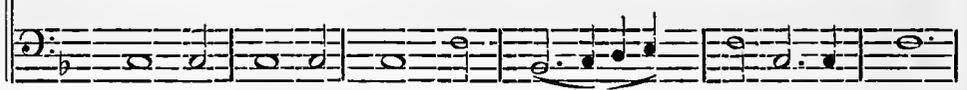
TENOR.  A - wake sweet love! thou art re - turn'd, My heart

BASS.  A - wake sweet love! thou art return'd, My heart which

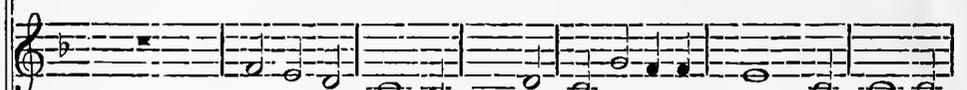
 long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now in per - fect joy,

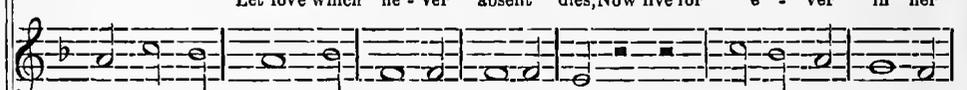
 long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now in per - - - fect joy.

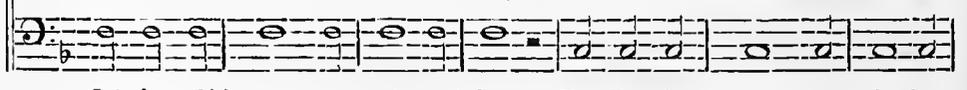
 which long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now in per - fect joy.

 long in ab - sence mourn'd, Lives now - - - in per - fect joy.

 Let love which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live for e - ver in her

 Let love which ne - ver absent dies, Now live for e - ver in her

 Let love which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live for e - ver in her

 Let love which ne - ver ab - sent dies, Now live for e - ver in her

eyes, Whence came my first an - noy. On - ly her - self hath

eyes, Whence came, whence came my first - - an - noy. On - ly her - self

eyes, Whence came my first an - noy. On - ly her - self hath

eyes, Whence came my first an - noy. On - ly her - self hath

seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love, She on - ly drave

hath seem - ed fair; She on - ly I could love, She on - ly drave

. . . seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love, She drave

seem - ed fair, She on - ly I could love; She on - ly drave

me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make me

me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make, did make

me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make me -

me to de - spair, When she un - kind did prove, De - spair did make me

wish to die, That I my griefs might end. She on - ly who
 me wish to die, That I my griefs might end, She on - ly who
 - - wish to die, That I my griefs might end, She who
 wish to die, That I my griefs might end, She on - ly who

slow.

did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
 did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
 did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.
 did make me fly, My state may now a - mend.

If she esteem thee now aught worth,
 She will not grieve thy love henceforth,
 Which such despair hath prov'd :
 Despair hath proved now in me
 That love will not inconstant be,
 Though long in vain I lov'd.
 If she at last reward thy love,

And all thy harms repair,
 Thy happiness will sweeter prove
 Rais'd up from deep despair.
 And if that now thou welcome be
 When thou with her dost meet,
 She all this while but play'd with thee,
 To make thy joys more sweet.

END OF VOL. III.