

screaming out a farewell, his voice waxing fainter and fainter in the distance, until 'nothing lives 'twixt that and silence.'

"But the dusk draws on, since the sun has dropped low behind the hills. The dews have sucked the fragrance from the withered grass, the sweet scented clover, and the pea blossom, and they come down in the valley with mingled odors. The lowing of the cattle, as they gather and move from their pasturage, falls on the ear. There is a deeper and more hollow roar in the glen, as the brook dashes onward."

### MUSIC.

We English, I suppose, neglect our own music more than any people upon the face of the earth, and with as little reason for so doing. We are the most loan-loving nation under the sun; we borrow pretty nearly every thing;—our dresses, our habits of life, and now, at last, our music. We are not an idle people, nor a foolish people; but somehow or other we have got hold of a notion that nothing of our own is worth a brass farthing, and that every thing belonging to every body else is worth its weight in gold. We go upon tick for taste, and we are put off with an inferior material into the bargain. I never yet heard an overture, or a fantasia, or a fugue, or an aria, that could stand any thing like a comparison with three-fourths of the old Irish and Scotch melodies, which one scarcely dares call for, for fear of being stared down by a parcel of people who never even heard of their existence. Those of Scotland, in particular, have to me, though I am no Scotchman, an inexpressible charm. I could listen to "Auld Robin Gray," and "Ye banks and braes," and "My love is like the red red rose," and fifty more that I could name, every night of my life, without being weary of them. These, after all, are the strains that come home to our hearts; these are the sounds at which the very falling of a pin is an interruption "grating harsh discord" to our ears—which float around us in our slumbers—which haunt us in our rambles, which are with us in the woods and by the streams, lapping in an elysium of harmony the discordant and jarring passions of our most unmusical "working day world." The concert-room with its "intricacies of laborious song," moves our wonder and charms our ear; but it stirs not our feelings; we are no more touched by "Vivit tu," much as we may applaud its execution, than we are by the street-minstrel, whom we bribe by a whole penny to bestow his oft-repeated "All round my hat," on the unsuspecting inhabitants of some more distant locality. I cannot enjoy music, any more than I can read poetry, in a crowd—except it be our own magnificent National Anthem, or some strain which stirring us with the sound of a trumpet, summons up at once in a thousand bosoms other and nobler associations than those which music more generally endeavours to awake; strains at which every heart beats more proudly—to which every tongue bursts forth in involuntary chorus—which kindle to a blaze in our bosoms all the pride, and the honor, and the love of our fatherland, which, though they may for a time burn dimly, may never, like the She-hir's fire, be wholly extinguished.

Our own Shakspeare, in one of the most exquisite productions of his genius, has drawn a lover of music after my own heart. I love that music-loving Duke of Illyria before he has spoken two lines:—

"Now, good Cæsario, but that piece of song,  
That old and antique song we heard last night:  
Methought it did relieve my passion much  
More than light airs, and recollected terms,  
Of these most brisk and giddy-pated times."

And again,

"Mark it, Cæsario—it is old and plain:—  
The spinsters, and the knitters in the sun,  
And the free maids that weave their tread with bones,  
Do want to sing it."

Yes! Shakspeare has sought for the standard of taste in music in a quarter which may perchance provoke the sneer of the professor; but he has sought it in the true one, for all that—he has sought for it in the people, in the class to whom music is the only one of the fine arts capable of being thoroughly enjoyed;—who turn confused from scientific and perplexed combinations of sound, to some more simple strain which they can feel, and understand, and remember—whose taste is the taste of nature, and therefore the true one.

Coleridge's "Lines composed in a Concert-Room" are a host in my favour. Truly, indeed, does he say of the crowds who ordinarily fill those receptacles, "these feel not music's genuine power;" and beautifully does he long to change the "long-breathed singer's uptrilled strain," for the melodies of the unnoticed minstrel, who

"Breathes on his flute sad airs, so wild and low  
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears."

Byron is on my side, notwithstanding he asserts himself to be "a liege and loyal admirer of Italian music." The clever stanza which dashes off the "long evenings of duets and trios," wants the feeling—marred as its effect is by the jingling rhyme—which characterises the following one, in which he speaks of

—"The home  
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Gray Highlands,  
That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roau  
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands;  
The calentures of music, which o'ercome  
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands  
No more to be beheld but in such visions!"

Yes! it is not the grand crash of the orchestra, or the painful effort of the concert-room—it is not your "Babylon's bravuras" that stir the heart of the wanderer who roams "remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow," among strangers in a strange land; but the honest simple strains of the people—homely things which sink deep into the home-sick heart—strains which have cheered his evening hours among friends far away—remembrances of all that man holds dearest—of friends, of kindred, of love, of home. There is many a hardy Swiss heart that melts at the *Ranz des Vaches*, to which the overture to *Guillaume Tell* would be an unintelligible and powerless congregation of sounds.

"Music," says Addison, "is to deduce its laws and rules from the general sense and taste of mankind, and not from the principles of the art itself; or, in other words, the taste is not to conform to the art, but the art to the taste. Music is not designed to please only chromatic ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from agreeable notes. A man of an ordinary ear is a judge whether a passion is expressed in proper sounds, and whether the melody of those sounds be more or less pleasing."

To these "chromatic ears" it is the fashion now-a-days for John Bull to pretend—and he seems determined to wear them long enough in all conscience: but, though he has forsaken the national muse to attach himself with all the fervor of a renegade to her foreign sisters, I cannot help thinking, and hoping, that we shall yet see the day when he will be pleased to resume the more "ordinary" organs which naturally belong to him—when the strains "which pleased of yore the public ear" shall once more claim their ancient place in his estimation; and the manes of the exasperated mayoress be appeased by the restoration of the long-exiled "simple ballad."—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

### THE ADOPTED CHILD.

BY MRS. HEMANS.

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

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

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

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

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest—  
She has taken the babe on her quiet breast;  
Thou would'st meet her footsteps, boy no more,  
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.  
Come thou with me to the vineyard nigh,  
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

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

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

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

### FINE ARTS,—EXHIBITION OF BEASTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Of *Van Amburgh and his Lions*, we shall not speak in terms of either negative praise, or equivocal censure; for we are bound to award it our most positive and undisguised condemnation. Without examining too closely the enthralling circumstances under which the artist is supposed to have painted this disagreeable picture, we may remark that the commands which he is asserted to have received could not have been very rigid; or, in his copy, he must have followed undeviatingly the original exhibition. If he had strictly pursued this course, everybody would have believed that he was prohibited from the exercise of his discretion; and have compassionated him for being compelled to devote his abilities to the delineation of a subject so unworthy of them. Such, however, is the extent of the variation which Mr. Landseer has introduced, that it unavoidably suggests the inference that a considerable latitude must have been permitted to him in the composition of the picture; and consequently, we fear, that the artist must be deemed chiefly responsible for the bad taste which it generally displays. Does Mr. Landseer suppose that by transporting the scene of the vulgar subject which he has delineated, from a theatre, to a fair, he has thereby imparted to it any dignity? Our critical duty does not necessitate us to suggest to a painter the course which he should have pursued; but, when we condemn, we consider ourselves bound to communicate our fullest reasons for our strictures. We shall therefore add that we think that Mr. Landseer ought either to have painted faithfully the incident as it was represented; or to have done his utmost to have disconnected it from all association with a merely mercenary exhibition. Instead of which obvious proceeding, however, Mr. Landseer has miraculously contrived to reduce his subject to a level, even lower than that at which he found it.

Nor with relation to the execution, in which respect this artist is generally most happy, can we, in the present instance, award him more than a very qualified praise. The lion is powerfully and effectively painted, but the other animals are so entirely wanting in the representation of substance, that they suggest the notion of being ingenious and elaborate copies of flat surfaces. They are very highly finished, and varnished; possess a singularly injudicious arrangement of sparkling lights, and vivid hues; and altogether look as if they were painted on tin, and japanned.

In bidding a final adieu to the subject of this artist's unhappy picture, we cannot refrain from expressing the wonder and curiosity which we have long experienced as to the nature of the feelings of a certain *Monsieur Martin*, in relation to Mr. Van Amburgh and his beasts. Not above eight or ten years ago, this Frenchman presented on the boards of Drury Lane Theatre, a spectacle of submissiveness in carnivorous quadrupeds which was really surprising. So completely had M. Martin dominated his naturally ferocious animals, that, instead of being confined in a cage, they were permitted the entire range of the stage, within a low, and very open railing, not breast high. In addition to this feature of superiority in his exhibition, the highly educated monsters which composed it were involved in the incidents of the drama in which they appeared; and were undoubtedly the best and most interesting performers in it. Yet Monsieur Martin utterly failed on the very boards, whence a charlatan in the vocation in which he was a proficient, is fated subsequently to pick up quarterly, more than the annual salary of a first Minister of State. We should like to know, we repeat, what must be the sentiments of Monsieur Martin, in relation to Mr. Van Amburgh, and to the consistency of the English public.

### REPORTED ORIGIN OF MEAD'S RISE.

When Dr. Mead was young, and just beginning to be talked of, he was asked to Carshalton, (to a club of medical bon-vivants). The object was to make him drunk, and to see the man; this design he suspected, and carefully avoided to fill a bumper when the sign was given. And he so managed as to see all the company retire under the table, except Radcliffe and himself; and the former was so far gone as to talk fast, and to show himself affected by the potations. "Mead," said he, "will you succeed me?" "It is impossible," replied the polite Mead; "you are Alexander the Great, and no man can succeed Radcliffe; to succeed to one of his kingdoms, is the utmost of my ambition." Radcliffe, with all his bluntness, was susceptible of flattery when delicately dressed up, and this reply won his heart. "I will recommend you, Mead, to my patients," said he; and the next day he did Mead the honour to visit him in town, when he found him reading Hippocrates. Radcliffe with surprise asked, "Do you read Hippocrates in the original Greek?" "Yes," answered Mead, respectfully. "I never read it in my life," said the great Radcliffe. "No!" replied Mead, "you have no occasion, you are Hippocrates himself." This did the business for Mead, and it completely gained the blunt Radcliffe; and when he did not choose to attend patients, he recommended Mead, who from that moment rapidly rose in his profession. "This," says Dr. Lettson, "I heard ten years ago from old Dr. Mounsey of Chelsea, who was one of the party."