

or melodies appropriated to the night, at mid-day, when the powers of his music proved to be 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.\*

But to revert to the day we are celebrating. Cecilia was a native of Rome, and is stated to have very early made a vow of chastity, but that her parents nevertheless compelled her to marry a young nobleman named Valerian, a heathen, who, on going to bed on the wedding-night, as, we are told, "*was the custom in those days,*" was informed by his bride that he must withdraw from her bed-chamber, as she was every night visited by an angel from Heaven, who would otherwise destroy him. Surprised and greatly affected by this intelligence, Valerian intreated to be admitted to an interview with the angel, which Cecilia explained to him was impossible unless he abjured his Pagan errors and received baptism, adding such "*sweet and convincing arguments,*" as

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\* There were probably no deaf persons within the magic circle above described. This tale may go along with that of the celebrated organist. Abt Vogler's imitating a thunderstorm so well that all the milk for miles round turned sour. The New-York Evening Post speaking of the wonderful effect produced by the vocal powers of Phillips the singer who lately performed in that city, says, "We do not recollect ever to have seen an orchestra so much completely lost in delight or astonishment, as to forget the use of their instruments, which was the case last night, till at length Phillips was obliged to step up and awaken their senses by waving his hand as an incantation." Another American paper remarks upon this paragraph. "This marvellous incident reminds us of a circumstance which took place some years ago in Edinburgh, and which was brought about by the powers of a celebrated tragic actress. She personated Isabella, and the gentlemen musicians, "albeit unused to the melting mood," blabbered, every soul of them, like hungry children for their bread and butter, while the audience, poor souls, were left up to their ancles in tears"—*Boston Gazette.*

• *Mem.* Tho' the New-York paragraph and the Boston remark have already appeared in a Montreal paper, yet as the Scribbler, will, it is hoped, become a store-house in future ages to supply scraps to the retailers who will have to beat their brains for the amusement of Prince Posterity (and I have as much veneration for his illustrious highness as Dean Swift himself,) here they are, snug in a note, at their service.