

## L'UCCELLO CANTORE.

(Canzonetta per musica.)

'Sono angel d' umili piume,  
Fendo l'aria, e passo il mar.  
Mi creò del cielo il nome  
Per amare e per cantar.  
Per cantare e per amar.

'Canto allor che appar l'aurora,  
Canto ancora al tramontar,  
Canto sempre ed amo a ogniora,  
Fui creato per cantar.  
Per cantare e per amar.

'Lascio al falco la rapina,  
Lascio l'aquila imperar,  
Sprezzo piuma peregrina,  
Nacqui solo per cantar.  
Per cantare e per amar.

'Purchè io vegga un ciel sereno,  
E colei ch'io voglio amar,  
Lieto son, son pago appieno  
Ch'io son nato per cantar.  
Per cantare e per amar.

TERESA GUICCIOLI.

These pretty verses are taken from the "Recollections of an Old Habitué" in the last number of *London Society*. In connection with them, the writer says:—

My first introduction to Madame Guiccioli, the friend of Byron, and future Marquise de Boissy, occurred in a box at the Italiens, and I had afterwards frequent opportunities of seeing her; she had but recently arrived in Paris, and occupied an apartment jointly with an old female relative in the Rue de la Victoire. I do not think she could ever have had any real pretensions to beauty, beyond the alabaster whiteness of her complexion and a most luxurious profusion of yellowish hair; nor did her face or figure at all come up to the ideal portrait I had imagined of her. Her manner was peculiarly unaffected and engaging, and her conversation that of a sensible and well-informed lady. Of her poetical talents my readers may judge from the above very pretty song written by her and presented to one of my own countrywomen, who has kindly authorised its publication.

## THE MUSICIAN'S MARRIAGE.

"Saintis is married!"

The news flew from one to the other, and was received with every degree of incredulity, amusement, astonishment and dismay, according to the character of the hearer.

For, if music, understood as a science as well as an art, in the severest and most abstract form, was to be considered as a religion, then Camille Saintis was its high priest, and he had by the fact of his ministry condemned himself—at least his friends averred that he had—to celibacy.

"Not more than six weeks ago," exclaimed a young man with dreamy eyes and wild hair, a composer himself, "not more than six weeks ago, at our monthly dinner, Saintis delivered himself of a speech in his very best style of eloquence: 'Feminine influence is the bane of our modern civilization; it degrades art—makes it the slave of amorous sentimentality; painting, sculpture, poetry, are lost through it; let music at least, the purest and most immaterial of arts, make the effort to shake off this baneful and ever encroaching influence. If those composers who should be our masters, men of real talent, have debased music in France, let us of the young school try to keep it at such a level that—'"

"That no one," interrupted the youngest of the band, "will be able to make anything out of it but noise and a jangle of sounds. Oh, Wagner! thou hast much to answer for!"

"My dear Durand, you are but a painter, and therefore a profane outsider."

"But the marriage! let us hear about the marriage!" called out several young men.

"Profane outsider though I am," retorted Durand the painter, "I can probably tell you more about Saintis and his wife than any of you dotters of music-paper. I had the story from an eye-witness."

"Out with it!" exclaimed half-a-dozen voices.

"You know as well as I, that Saintis has a mother, living in a provincial town, whose principal purpose in life, ever since her son's beard appeared, was to see him married. Saintis, in his supreme devotion to his art, as a matter of course always rebelled. However, it seems that at last the old lady's eloquence prevailed. Saintis consented to let himself be married, but he laid down his condition in a truly characteristic way. Instantly the mother began her search after a model daughter-in-law. This is what she found: a young girl of eighteen, an orphan—our friend's first condition was that he should have no mother-in-law—brought up by an old aunt, in a dull routine of life; beside this, a modest but snug dowry; good-looking enough, and fond of music. When all the preliminary arrangements had been made, Saintis, between two concert-days, found time to go and see his intended. 'Mademoiselle,' he said, 'my mother has probably told you that I have no time, absolutely no time to pay my court to you. I love my art; I am absorbed in it. Very likely I shall not make a very amusing husband, so you had better think the matter over before deciding to take me in that capacity. Perhaps, when the summer season comes, and there are no more concerts or musical evenings, perhaps then I may find time to devote myself a little to you; but even then I write. Oh! I write all the time. I am not a bad fellow, you know; I have every desire to please you, in as far as it does not interfere with my music; for instance, if you like, I will take you to the concerts; there are the concerts of the pure harmonists, those of the anti-melodists, those of the severe counterbassists; all are exceedingly

interesting to the lovers of musical progress. You will see quite a number of women there; not that they, for the most part, are real lovers of musical progress, but because concert-going has become the fashion. Yes, I shall certainly be willing to take you out with me in the evening; you must not expect me to sit by you, however, for when I hear music I must be at liberty. You see I am frank; it is best so. I must have quiet in my home; I could not stand scenes of recrimination, tears would make me nervous. When you have thought all this over, you can give your answer to my mother; if it is favourable, I shall be delighted of course, only you must arrange everything between you, without consulting me; then you will let me know when I am to come down for the ceremony. Oh! never fear. I shall be sure to be in time—provided, naturally, that it does not come at a moment of particular interest. And, ah! yes, I knew that there was something else; I am told that you have musical tastes. Now I feel bound to tell you that I hold the music of young ladies in profound horror; my nerves cannot stand it. It sounds brutal to say so, does it not now? but it is my duty, as an honourable man, to tell you everything very clearly beforehand."

Durand stopped for want of breath.

"The brute! and after all that she accepted him—they are actually married—the wedding took place?"

"Actually married, legally and religiously, just five days since. What could you expect? The girl was not happy with her aunt, it seems—the prospect of living in Paris is always tempting to a provincial; probably her friends reasoned with her; all that, to an old romantic idea that she was born to be an artist's wife, probably decided her. Besides, Saintis, in spite of the brutality of his language, looks the very picture of good-nature, and we all know that his looks do not belie him; he is by no means an ugly fellow, and probably compared favourably with the men she had hitherto seen. I feel certain that Saintis won't miss Mme. Vernier's next Thursday evening—he was at her last. I shall certainly be there too!"

With one accord the friends agreed to meet in Mme. Vernier's *salon* the following Thursday evening.

Mme. Vernier was the queen of a certain musical society in Paris; she was a woman of great intelligence, who in her youth had possessed a superb voice; by her marriage she had attained a very solid social position, and it was not to be wondered at, if all there was of young and original talent circled around her. But as a rule she did not like women—she tolerated them in her *salon* as a tiresome necessity of society; her favourites were young men, those as yet unknown to fame, and whom it was her pride to discover and push forward. Saintis was one of her pets, he was never known to miss her Thursdays. Mme. Vernier, unlike most of her neighbours, had a house to herself—an old-fashioned place, without any of the pretensions of the millionaire's *hôtel* about it, but a snug comfortable house, with a bit of a garden round about it. She was a woman of great taste, and was fond of other arts beside that of music. Out of one of her two *salons*, down half-a-dozen steps, was a tiny picture-gallery; a charming nook, octagon in shape, lighted from above, and containing a dozen or two really excellent pictures. There were heavy curtains instead of doors to this delightful sanctum.

On the much-talked-of Thursday evening, half hidden by those curtains, a young woman, an evident stranger, sat silently. Saintis had placed his wife, for it was she, in that corner, after the necessary ceremony of presentation to the mistress of the house, and here, shrinking more and more behind the folds of the drapery, she remained.

The reception was a very large one, and rather solemn in its character. The women, on their arrival, were all placed in one compact group, at the extreme end of which Marthe Saintis found herself; the men, except the few privileged musicians who fluttered about the mistress of the house, were huddled together by the doors, in the window-embrasures, in the antechamber; they talked to each other in awed whispers, or examined their own boots with pensive interest. As to any conversation in which men and women equally joined, in which Marthe could have admired any of the wit for which, as she had heard, Parisians were celebrated, that was out of the question.

Long-winded compositions, by future great men, succeeded each other. People yawned, but agreed dutifully that it was very fine indeed. Marthe, however, was roused from the apathy in which she had gradually fallen, when Mme. Vernier herself sang. She was no longer young, and her voice had lost not only its freshness, but its perfect sureness of intonation as well; but the method was so perfect, the power, the depth of expression, in one word, the genius, was such that the effect on the depressed company was electric. Marthe, from her corner, listened and wondered; that was how one should sing! She eagerly followed every intonation, every effect of voice; she was captivated, entranced. Those ladies who sat near her, and who had during that long evening quite ignored the silent ill-dressed young stranger, looked at her now, and were forced to acknowledge that if she was no regular beauty, her eyes were certainly fine.

"Saintis, is your wife here? Present me, that's a good fellow!"

"Yes, yes, certainly—later; we are going to have the 'Symphonie Magistrale,' and Saintis dashed off toward the piano. But Durand, for it was he, was an enterprising young fellow, and

not to be so easily put off. He had vowed to find out what sort of person the bride really was; he had already spied her out; and the difficulties of approaching her only sharpened his wits. Quietly, during the first movement of the symphony, he slid from group to group, until he found himself close to the phalanx of ladies. The steps leading down to the picture-gallery were comparatively free, and at last, by dint of skilful maneuvering, he stood by the side of Marthe, his head about on a level with hers. Profiting by a pause in the music, the enterprising painter drew aside the drapery and said:—

"Pardon me, madame, but Saintis, who promised to present me, is too busy to keep that promise, so I have ventured to present myself. I am Ernest Durand, an intimate friend of your husband."

Marthe was dreadfully startled; she had thought herself so thoroughly hidden by the curtain on one side, and by a voluminous lady on the other, that it had never occurred to her that she could in any way be approached.

"Monsieur—I"—she stammered, blushing painfully.

She was not allowed to stammer out anything more; the voluminous lady aforesaid turned round with sudden interest.

"Is it to Madame Saintis that I have the pleasure of speaking?"

"Yes, madame;" and Marthe this time blushed at hearing the unfamiliar name, rather than at the fact of being addressed.

"Now if that is not like Camille Saintis! Who would believe that I have known him since his boyhood, that his knife and fork are regularly put every Sunday at my table? He profits by the delicate attention when by chance he remembers it—that is about a dozen times a year—and with all that I have to present myself to his wife. If Saintis were like the rest of mankind, I would never speak to him again. But he is not; one passes one's life in forgiving him something or other. I trust that you, madame, are of a magnanimous turn of mind, otherwise—"

The lady did not finish her sentence, except by a very expressive nod and smile.

Marthe looked down uneasily; she was saved the necessity of answering, however, for at that moment the symphony recommenced, and silence was once more established. Durand kept his post on the step, and Mme. du Ruel, such was the voluminous lady's name, examined Marthe from behind her fan, with thorough feminine clear-sightedness. During the next pause, the young wife had regained some composure, and was able to answer the remarks of her new acquaintances with comparative ease.

"Of course you admire your husband's music above all things?" wickedly insinuated Durand, who himself, as we have seen, was a profane unbeliever in the "pure harmony" system.

"Oh yes, certainly!" answered Marthe, with a candid hesitation which delighted her two listeners. "But I should doubtless admire it much more if I could only make out what he meant by it. My provincial education is sadly against me," she added, half smiling.

Marthe had a modest unaffected way of speaking about herself, which entirely disarmed criticism; Mme. du Ruel was quite won by it. It suddenly struck her that it would be a feather in her cap if she could form and bring out "la petite Mme. Saintis;" there was evidently something to be made of her, so as she rose to go she said—"Of course, if your husband were like other Christians, it would be his duty to bring you to me; you ought to make your *visites de nocces* together in grand style; but since he is what he is, the thought of performing such a duty has, of course, never entered his head. But I want to know you, Mme. Saintis, and I mean to pay you an unceremonious visit—expect me soon—and if in the mean time you should need any service which I can render you, here is my address. I should really like to oblige you."

The musical evening at last came to an end; nearly all the guests had gone, and Marthe, in her corner, wondered whether her husband would forget her there. Durand, in telling the story, as of course he did, here, there, and everywhere, asserted that Saintis was on the point of leaving, when suddenly he exclaimed, "Tiens! did I not have my wife with me when I came in?" in the same tone as a man exclaims, "Bless me! I was just going to forget my new umbrella!" but then Durand was a facetious young gentleman, and his stories were not always in puritanical accordance with truth.

M. Saintis, when he married, had not thought it necessary to change his apartment, or his fashion of living, or his old, ugly, cross cook, or, indeed, anything whatever. What was good enough for him must be good enough also for little provincial school girl, whom his mother had chosen to be his wife. So Marthe found herself installed in an old-fashioned house on the Ile St. Louis, facing a narrowed branch of the river, and with a cheerful view of the Morgue in the distance. The place was solitary, and very solemn. The quai itself, bordered all along with other houses, which must have looked much the same in the days of the Fronde, was rarely traversed except by the gliding figures of the old-fashioned dwellers of this forgotten quarter. The streets of the island were dingy, and the uneven paving stones were smeared with mud, of a peculiarly black and greasy kind; the small dark shops were the last resting-places of old rusty iron, and all other refuse which the gay and modern parts of Paris disdained to traffic in. Marthe, when she was forced to walk along these dirty streets, always shivered, as though she had been in a place of ill omen. The quai

itself, at least, was sunshiny, and there were no rusty-iron shops about, no shops of any kind indeed; the river rolled its sullen waters onward, with a measured rhythm; other voices there were none, save the subdued hum of distant life.

Her husband explained to Marthe that the stillness of the place was a necessity to him; then the apartment boasted two superb rooms, such as could not be found in modern Paris—lofty, with great beams supporting the ceiling; rooms admirable for sound; in these he had disposed all his artistic treasures; rich, heavy draperies, armour, odds and ends of every description, brought with him from Rome, where he had spent some years as "grand prix"; musical instruments, ancient and modern, were placed with great care in appropriate corners; music-books were piled one on the top of the other; loose music lay about on the chairs and tables; the piano was nearly always open; writing-materials were close at hand, in readiness for the inspiration which might seize upon the composer at an instant's notice. Such was the *salon*, library, work-room, or whatever else one might choose to call it; the draped doors opened into the equally large and lofty bedroom, so that there was plenty of space for hasty strides, when inspiration required free movements. The rest of the apartment was very small and inconvenient, but that was of very little importance, Camille said.

Everything about her new life seemed exceedingly strange to the bride. She had been accustomed to provincial ideas of neatness and order; the artistic and somewhat chaotic character of the musician's surroundings bewildered her; she wanted sadly to put things to rights. Then, too, the sudden liberty in which she found herself, liberty of going out alone, without asking her aunt's permission, alarmed her; she was still so entirely a timid young girl in appearance, that in the street passers-by looked at her as though she had no right to be thus walking alone. Altogether life wore a strange aspect; she seemed to be out of place somehow—out of place especially at those famous concerts or musical *soi-ées* to which her husband dutifully took her, and where she felt so lonely that she had great difficulty to keep from crying. Marthe had not been brought up with romantic ideas of life; she had not been accustomed to expect much poetry in her marriage. She knew that it was the destiny of young girls to be married, just as a well-fattened chicken is destined one day to be roasted and eaten. With her the time had come; she was married, and every one said that she, with her moderate dowry and moderate good looks, was fortunate to have been so well married. She also was quite of that opinion; still, in spite of a sensible mode of bringing up, young girls, they generally succeeded in nourishing, in a secret corner of their little hearts, a longing for something more than the dry bread and clear water of life. Marthe, at all events, asked for something more, and at times the craving became almost intolerable. Camille was very good to his demure, quiet, little wife; he approved of her; she was not at all in his way; indeed it was rather pleasant than otherwise to feel that she was sewing in the corner of the room while he was working at his piano; she did not want to chatter and make a fuss like most young women; she was gentle, always ready to do whatever he suggested; neat and pleasant to look at—yes, decidedly pleasant to look at; on the whole, marriage was not the bugbear he had so often pictured to himself. If he only had a little more time; well, when the concert season was over, he certainly would find more time—not that his theories were in any way modified, oh, not at all; female influence, female fascination, must be kept out of art, or, at least, merely used as a motive power, to give the first impulsion to inspiration.

(To be continued in our next.)

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

ADELAIDE NEILSON LEE will return\* to this country in the fall of 1876, and play in "Anne Boleyn."

CARLOTTA PATTI has been offered £75,000 to sing in Calcutta for three months, but has not as yet accepted the offer. She is staying in Paris.

"WHAT is 'going on,' theatrically speaking, in the English metropolis is briefly 'hit off' by the correspondent of the N. Y. *Home Journal*—"Mr. Irving is not, despite the wonderful support he has received from the papers, a success in *Othello*. Many think and say he lacks the qualifications for a tragedian. Jefferson is the most genuine success—that is success without clap-trap or puffing—we have had in London for many years the quality, the character of the persons who go to see him is remarkable. For instance, the other night I saw Ruskin most intent on, and interested in, the performance, and I never before saw Ruskin in a theatre, although I am a *habitué*. Tom Taylor's new play, 'Ann Boleyn,' in which Miss Neilson makes her re-appearance here on the seventeenth of January, has certain passages in it which are likely to contribute to its success—such as a reference to the Pope's authority and some eloquent words concerning the New Testament. S. W. Will's blank verse play, 'Buckingham,' at the Olympic, is a failure. It is likely that George Clarke, (yours, from New York,) will, in the provinces play *Con in 'The Shaughraun'*. Clarke's engagement at the Opera Comique terminated last night."

## NOTICE.

APPLICATION will be made to the PARLIAMENT of CANADA, at its next Session, to amend the Charter of

"The Bank of the United Provinces"

by changing the name thereof, and changing the Chief Seat or Place of Business thereof, and for other purposes.

ROBERT ARMOUR.

SOLICITOR FOR APPLICANTS.

BOWMANVILLE, Nov. 13th. 1875.

13-13