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SORROW ON THE SEA.

BY CAPTAIN M. A. S. HARE, OF H. M. S. "EURYDICE."*

*There is sorrow on the sea, it cannot be quiet"—Jer. xlix, 23.

I stood on the shore of the beautiful sea,
As the billows were roaming wild and free;
Onward they came with unfailing force,
Then backward turned in their restless course.
Ever and ever sounded their roar,
Foaming and dashing against the shore;
Ever and ever they rose and fell,
With heaving and sighing and mighty swell.
And deep seemed calling aloud to deep,
Lest the murmuring wave should drop to sleep;
In summer and winter, by night and by day,
Thro' cloud and sunshine holding their way.
Oh! when shall the ocean's troubled breast
Calmly and quietly sink into rest?
Oh! when shall the waves' wild murmuring cease,
And the mighty waters be hushed to peace?
It cannot be quiet, it cannot rest,
There must be heaving on ocean's breast;
The tide must ebb and the tide must flow,
Whilst the changing seasons come and go.
Still from the depths of that hidden store
There are treasures tossed up along the shore;
Tossed by the billow—then seized again,
Carried away by the rushing main.
Oh! strangely glorious and beautiful sea!
Sounding for ever mysteriously;
Why are thy billows still rolling on,
With their wild and sad and musical tone?
Why is there never repose for thee,
Why slumberest thou not, oh, mighty sea?
Then the ocean's voice I seemed to hear,
Mournfully, solemnly sounding near.
Like a wail sent up from the caves below,
Fraught with dark memories of human woe;
Telling of loved ones buried there,
Of the dying shriek and the dying prayer.
Telling of hearts still watching in vain,
For those who shall never come again;
Of the widow's groan and the orphan's cry,
And the mother's speechless agony.
Oh, no, the ocean can never rest,
With such secrets hidden within its breast;
There is sorrow written upon the sea,
And dark and stormy its waves must be.
It cannot be quiet, it cannot sleep,
That dark, relentless and stormy deep;
But a day will come, a blessed day,
When earthly sorrow shall pass away.
When the hour of anguish shall turn to peace,
And even the roar of the waves shall cease;
Then out from its deepest and darkest bed,
Old ocean shall render up her dead.
And freed from the weight of human woes,
Shall quietly sink in her last repose;
No sorrow shall ever be written then,
On the depths of the sea or the hearts of men.
But heaven and earth renewed shall shine,
Still clothed in glory and light divine;
Then where shall the billows of ocean be?
Gone! for these there shall be "no more sea."
'Tis a bright and beautiful thing of earth;
That cannot share in the soul's "new birth;"

'Tis a life of murmur and tossing and spray,
And at resting-time it must pass away.
But, oh! thou glorious and beautiful sea,
There is health and joy and blessing in thee;
Solemnly, sweetly I hear thy voice,
Bidding me weep and yet rejoice.
Weep for the loved ones buried beneath,
Rejoice in Him who has conquered death;
Weep for the sorrowing and tempest-tossed,
Rejoice in Him who has saved the lost;
Weep for the sin, the sorrow and strife;
And rejoice in the hope of eternal life.

*These lines were found upon the body of Captain Hare, who perished with the *Eurydice*. They may inspire some of our com posers to undertake a musical transcript.

GIOVANNI BOTTESINI.

THE grand old double bass, although it does not appeal to the senses with the assurance of the warm response that greets its more comely brethren of the orchestra, still occupies as important a place as any of them, and fulfils quite as important duties. Its relations to its more ornamental brethren are as the solid foundation of a massive structure to the symmetrical columns and architectural beauties that greet the eye and impress the beholder with the taste and talent of the architect. Thus the double bass is the solid foundation upon which the grand superstructure of the orchestra rests. Massive in its proportions, its duties are to bear the weight and sustain the heavy responsibilities which are put upon it. Its lesser brother, the violin, while more active and demonstrative in its service, is not more necessary to the general harmony; and while they differ widely in their means of contributing to the pleasure of the music-lover, they labor harmoniously in a common cause and for a common end.

The double bass has seemed to have less attractions for musicians than many other instruments; and while comparatively few have reached distinction by becoming its masters, many have attained fame and fortune by the study of its more attractive mates.

The man of the present age who towers above all others in the mastery of the double bass is Giovanni Bottesini, who has been most appropriately styled "The Paganini of the double bass;" and in view of the rumors which have come across the water of his intention to visit the United States in the near future, a sketch of his life will not be uninteresting to our readers. That he would receive a warm greeting in in this country, which is ever ready to extend the right hand of fellowship to distinguished artists, there is no doubt.

Bottesini is a native of Italy, having been born in the town of Crema, December 24, 1823. With a view of becoming a violinist, he commenced the study