

## THE MUSICAL TIMES, And Singing Class Circular.

MARCH 1st, 1863.

### THE SANCTUS.

A TALE, BY HOFFMANN.

Translated from the German, by SABILLA NOVELLO.

THE Doctor shook his head doubtfully—"How," cried the Chapel-master, violently jumping off his chair; "Bettina's cold is really of consequence?" The Doctor gently tapped the ground three or four times with his Spanish cane, took out his snuff-box, and put it back into his pocket without taking a pinch, gazed steadily upwards, as though counting the rosettes on the ceiling, and coughed harshly without speaking a word. This sent the Chapel-master distracted, for he knew that this pantomime of the Doctor meant, in audible German words, nothing else than—"a very, very bad case. I don't know what to do or advise, and I veer about in my remedies, like the Doctor in Gil Blas di Santillana."

"Well, then, speak out at once," cried the Chapel-master, angrily, "without so many cursed grimaces about a simple hoarseness that Bettina has got, only just by her negligence in not putting on her shawl as she left church. I suppose it will not cost her her life, poor thing?"

"Certainly not," said the Doctor, again taking out his snuff-box, but this time really taking a pinch; "but it is highly probable that she will never sing another note in all her life."

On this, the Chapel-master clutched his hair with both hands, so that the powder showered about, and ran up and down the room like a madman, crying, "Never sing again!—never sing again! Bettina sing no more! Gone all the exquisite canzonets—the wonderful boleros and seguidillas, which streamed from her lips like harmonious flower perfumes! No pious *Agnus*, no consolatory *Benedictus* to be heard from her. Alas! alas! no *Miserere*, which cleansed me from all earthly stain of mundane thoughts—which often inspired me with a whole teeming universe of pure church melodies! Thou liest, Doctor, thou liest; Satan has tempted thee to try me. The cathedral organist, who persecutes me with shameless jealousy ever since I composed an eight-part *Qui tollis*, which enchanted all the world, he has bribed thee! Thou art to throw me into a fit of despair, that I may throw my new mass into the fire; but he shall not succeed, nor thou either. Here—here I have Bettina's solos (he clapped his right hand coat-pocket, which rustled portentously), and the little thing shall immediately sing them with her clear bell voice, more beautifully than ever."

The Chapel-master snatched up his hat, and was rushing off, but the Doctor held him back,

saying softly and kindly, "I honour your worthy enthusiasm, my excellent friend, but I exaggerate nothing, and don't even know the cathedral organist. But thus it is—since the time that Bettina sang the solos of the Gloria and Credo in the catholic church service, she has been seized with a hoarseness, or rather extinction of voice, which baffles my art, and, as I said before, makes me fear she will never sing again."

"Very good," cried the Chapel-master, in a kind of resigned despair, "then give her opium—opium, and for ever opium, till she expires gently by an easy death; for if Bettina may not sing, she shall not live, for she only lives while singing—she exists in song. Beloved Doctor! do me the favor—poison her—the sooner the better. I have great connections among the criminal judges. I studied in Halle with the President; he was a good horn-player, and we every night executed Requiems, with an *ad libitum* accompaniment of dogs and cats. Thou shalt not be arrested on account of the honorable murder. But pray poison her—poison her,"

"You are," said the Doctor, interrupting the impetuous Chapel-master, "already somewhat advanced in years; you powder your hair since some time, and yet, as far as music is concerned, you are still *vel quasi* a baby. Don't shout so—don't talk so wildly of murder and death—sit quietly down in that comfortable arm-chair, and hear me patiently."

The Chapel-master cried with doleful tone: "What am I to hear?" but did as he was bid.

"There is," commenced the Doctor, "certainly something unusual and incomprehensible in Bettina's case. She can speak aloud, with the full power of her organ, therefore we cannot detect any common throat-disease; she is even able to produce a musical tone; but, as soon as she would raise her voice in song, something indescribable, which neither declares itself by pricking, tickling, or any other affirmatively maladive symptom, seems to lame her powers, so that every tone exerted, without being precisely out of tune, thick, or catarrhically influenced, dies off weakly and ineffectually. Bettina herself aptly compares her condition to that dreaming state, in which we vainly attempt to soar on high, although convinced of our full power to fly. This negatively sickly condition defies my science, and all remedies remain without effect. The enemy I have to combat, resembles an incorporeal vision, against whom my efforts are in vain. You are right, Chapel-master, in saying that Bettina's whole existence on earth depends upon song (for only singing can we imagine the little bird of Paradise); but precisely because she fancies that her singing, and with it herself, has come to an end, her inward feelings are excited, and I am almost convinced this mental agitation increases her malady, and frustrates my art. She herself says that she is by nature very apprehensive, and therefore, after



months that I have passed (like a drowning man, catching at each splinter) in trying one remedy or another, I believe that Bettina's entire malady is more mental than physical."

"Right, Doctor," here exclaimed the travelling enthusiast,\* who, until now, had sat in a corner with his arms folded; "you have hit the right nail on the head at last, my excellent physician. Bettina's morbid symptoms are the physical reflex of mental impression; but are on this account more distressing and incurable. I, I alone can explain everything to you, my dear sirs!"

"What am I to hear?" said the Chapel-master, more dolefully than before.

The Doctor pushed his chair nearer to the travelling enthusiast, and gazed into his face with a curious smiling mien. The travelling enthusiast threw his glance upwards, and without looking at the Doctor or the Chapel-master, spoke—"Chapel-master, I once saw a gay-colored butterfly, which had become imprisoned among the strings of your clavichord. The little thing fluttered carelessly up and down, and moving about its brilliant wings, touched now the upper, now the lower strings, which softly gave out tones and chords, only audible to the sharpest cultivated ear; at last, the tiny creature seemed to swim through the vibrations, as through slowly-rolling waves—or rather, to be carried along by them. But it often happened that a more strongly-touched string rebounded, as in anger, against the gay swimmer's wings, which, sorely bruised, lost their feathery, bright-colored ornament; but, unheeding this, the butterfly flew round and round in the sweet sound, until the strings wounded him more and more sharply, and he lay powerless in the opening of the sounding-board."

"What do you mean?" asked the Chapel-master.

"*Fiat applicatir*, my good friend," said the Doctor.

"I did not mean to make any especial application," continued the enthusiast; "but as I really did hear the above-mentioned butterfly play upon the Chapel-master's clavichord, I merely wished to express an idea, which then struck me, and which may serve as precursor to all that I intend to say of Bettina's disease. However, you are at liberty to consider the whole as an allegory, and write it into the album of any travelling artiste. It appeared to me, at that time, that Nature has built all around us a thousand-stringed clavichord, in which we roam about, fancying the tones and chords produced are called forth by our own will, and that we are often mortally wounded, without guessing that an unharmoniously-struck tone has given us our death-blow."

"Very obscure," croaked the Chapel-master.

\* Translator's Note.—Hoffmann, in his writings, indicates himself under this assumed character.

"Oh!" said the Doctor, laughing; "Oh! have patience, he will soon mount his hobby-horse, and ride off in full gallop to the world of presentiments, dreams, moral influences, sympathies, idiosyncracies, and so forth, until he arrives at the stage of magnetism, when he will stop to breakfast."

"Gently, gently, my wise physician," pleaded the travelling enthusiast; "revile not things which, resist as you may, must be acknowledged humbly, and esteemed highly. Have you not yourself just declared that Bettina's illness is caused by moral excitement, or rather, is merely a moral disease?"

"How comes Bettina," interrupted the Doctor, "to be coupled with the unlucky butterfly?"

"If," continued the enthusiast, "everything must be sifted in a hair-sieve, and every grain be separately investigated and commented upon, we should undertake a work which, tedious in itself, could only produce tedium. Let the butterfly rest in peace within the Chapel-master's clavichord. But confess, Chapel-master, is it not unfortunate that high and holy music should have become an hacknied part of our social existence? The most excellent talent is now dragged down into common dirty life! Formerly, harmony and song descended to us from a sacred distance, as from out an unknown Paradise; but now, everything lies beneath our hand, and we know exactly how many cups of tea a prima-donna drinks, or how many glasses of wine are swallowed by a bass, in order to attain the necessary vein. I well know that societies exist, which, conducted in the true spirit of art, conduce to elevate it; but those miserable, pretentious, coxcombical—but I will not get in a rage. When I arrived here last year, poor Bettina was quite the fashion; she was, as they call it, *recherchée*; people could scarcely drink their tea without the addition of a Spanish romance, an Italian canzonet, or even a French song—'*Souvent l'amour*,' &c., to which Bettina was forced to condescend. I was afraid that the good child, and all her glorious talent, would be drowned in the ocean of tea-water which was thrown over her; this did not happen, but a catastrophe has arrived."

"What catastrophe?" cried Doctor and Chapel-master.

"Look you, my good sirs, the fact is, that Bettina has been, so to speak, enchanted or bewitched, and however disagreeable it may be to me to own it, I, I only am the necromancer who has worked the wicked change, and now, like a neophyte in the black art, am quite unable to break the spell."

"Nonsense, nonsense; and we sit here calmly and let the ironical villain mystify us." Thus cried the Doctor, jumping up.

"But in the d—l's name, the catastrophe—the catastrophe!" urged the Chapel-master.

"Gently, good sirs," said the enthusiast;



"now comes a circumstance, which I can certify, and which, though you may treat my witchcraft as a joke, presses on my conscience, as I fear that unknowingly and unwillingly I may have exerted a mysterious psychical power, as a developing and influencing medium, over Bettina; merely acting as conductor, I mean, as the members joined in an electric circle act on each other, without their own will."

"Gee-up—gee-up," ejaculated the Doctor; "see how the hobby-horse prances and curvets."

"But to the story—the story," interrupted the Chapel-master.

"You have already mentioned," continued the enthusiast, "that Bettina, before losing her voice, sang for the last time in the catholic church. Remember that this occurred on the first Easter-holiday of the past year. You had put on your best black coat, and conducted Haydn's excellent Mass in D minor. The trebles consisted of a set of pretty, well-dressed girls, who some of them sang, and some of them didn't; among them stood Bettina, who executed the short solos with her wondrously strong and beautiful voice. You know I had joined the tenors. The *Sanctus* commenced; I felt thrilled by the awe of deep piety. I was disturbed by something rustling behind me; I involuntarily turned round, and to my astonishment beheld Bettina making her way through the vocal and instrumental performers, in order to leave the choir. 'You are going?' I asked. She answered very amiably: 'It is high time for me to go to the \* \* \* Church, where I have promised to take a part in a cantata; and before noon I must rehearse a few duets, that I am to sing at \* \* \*'s tea-party; and after that, there is to be a supper at \* \* \*. You will come, I hope; we are to perform some choruses from Handel's *Messiah*, and the first finale from *Nozzi di Figaro*.' During this conversation the full chords of the *Sanctus* rolled out, and incense rose in bluish clouds to the vaulted roof of the cathedral. 'Do you not know,' I said, 'that it is a sin, which will not remain unpunished, to leave church during the *Sanctus*. Perhaps it will be long ere you again sing in a church.' I meant to joke, but I know not how, my words sounded solemn. Bettina turned pale, and left the church in silence; since that moment she has lost her voice."

During this speech the Doctor had resumed his seat, and remained silent, his chin resting on his gold-headed cane; but the Chapel-master exclaimed: "Extraordinary—very extraordinary to be sure."

"To tell the truth," continued the enthusiast, "I really meant nothing by my warning at the moment, and therefore never in the least attributed Bettina's loss of voice to the adventure in the church. It is only now, when I return to this town, and learn from you, my good Doctor, that Bettina is still suffering from her trouble-

some malady, that a story occurs to my mind which I read in some ancient book, and which as it strikes me as being sentimental and effective, I will relate to you."

"Relate away," cried the Chapel-master; "perhaps it may contain stuff for an excellent opera."

"My dear Chapel-master," said the Doctor, "if you can set dreams, presentiments, magnetic conditions, to music, now's your time, for the story will be sure to have something of this kind in it."

Without replying to the Doctor, the enthusiast cleared his throat, and began, with raised voice: "Spread over an immeasurable space, lay the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella before the walls of Granada"—

"Lord of heaven and earth!" interrupted the Doctor, "it begins as though it would not end in nine days and nine nights—and I sit here, while my patients lament. What the deuce do I care for your Moorish stories? I have read 'Gonsalvo di Cordova,' and heard Bettina's seguidillas; that's enough in all conscience, God bless you!"

The Doctor ran out of the room; but the Chapel-master remained sitting tranquilly, saying: "I find it is to be a story about the wars of the Moors and Spaniards; I have long wished to compose something on this subject. Skirmishes—tumult—romances—processions—cymbals—chorales—drums and kettle-drums—ah! kettle-drums. As we are now quietly together, go on, my obliging enthusiast; who knows what seed may be strewn into my mind by your story, and what gigantic blossoms may grow up from it!"

"Now really, Chapel-master," replied the enthusiast, "with you everything resolves itself into an opera, and that is the reason why sensible people, who only partake of music now and then, like a strong dram, sometimes fancy that you are mad. But, nevertheless, I will go on, and you may freely, when the mania seizes you, throw in a few chords."

The author feels obliged, before proceeding to note down the enthusiast's narrative, to beg the reader will kindly permit him, for brevity's sake, to indicate the chords struck by the Chapel-master by the mere title, instead of "said the Chapel-master," &c.

"Spread over an immeasurable space, lay the camp of Ferdinand and Isabella before the walls of Granada. The cowardly Boabdil, called in derision 'the little monarch' by the bitter tongue of his people, waited inactively for aid, and only found consolation in cruel sacrifices to his blood-thirsty hatred. In the same degree that discouragement and despair daily gained ground among the people and army of Granada, the lively hope of victory and desire of glory increased among the Spaniards. Without storming the town, Ferdinand contented himself with



surrounding the walls, and repelling the sallies of the besieged. These small assaults were more like gay tournaments than serious battles, and even the death of those Spaniards who fell in fight only acted as an incentive; for, by the influence of the Church, they were lauded as glorious martyrs to the true Faith. When Isabella joined the camp, she caused a high wooden building to be erected, from the summit of which waved the banner of the Cross. The interior was fitted up as a convent and church, and Benedictine nuns took possession of it, daily performing pious rites. The Queen, accompanied by her suite and knights, came hither every morning to hear mass, which was read by her confessor, and sung by the nuns assembled in the choir. Thus it happened, that Isabella one day was struck by a voice, which overpowered all others by its rare bell-like tone. Its utterance was like the victorious warblings of the nightingale, which, far excelling its melodious companions, remains empress of the woods. And yet the pronunciation of the words was so strange, and the manner of chanting so peculiar and unusual, that a listener was led to suppose that the singer was unpractised in church-style, and perhaps sang the service for the first time. With surprise, Isabella looked around, and remarked that her attendants also seemed seized with astonishment; but, when her eye fell upon the brave knight Aguillar, who was one of her suite, she guessed that some rare adventure must have happened. He knelt in a confessional, his gaze fixed upon the grating of the choir, his dark eyes flowing with rapture and love. When mass was finished, Isabella visited the cell of Donna Maria, the abbess, and enquired concerning the strange singer.

(To be continued.)

#### Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

**BARNARD CASTLE.**—The Sacred Harmonic and Choral Society gave their sixth annual concert on Friday, Feb. 6, consisting of selections from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, Mendelssohn's *Elijah*, Haydn's *Creation*, and Mozart's *Twelfth Mass*, for the first part; and secular music for the second part. Principal vocalists: Misses H. Walker, Smith, and Nasbitt; Mr. Whitehead, Signor Delavanti, and Mr. Pearson. Leader of the band, Mr. Singworth, of Newcastle-on-Tyne; organist, Mr. Mortimer; conductor, Mr. Raper. The chorus numbered above 70 voices.

**BARNBURY HALL.**—The North London Choral Union gave their first concert here on the 3rd ult. Between the parts, the Society presented to Mr. Drage, their conductor, a handsome silver-mounted baton, as a small token of his perseverance in their behalf. The principal soloists were Misses Wiltshire, Western, and Page; Messrs. Page and Carlton.

**BATTERSEA.**—Mr. John Wilson has been appointed musical director of the Battersea Vocal Association. The rehearsals of sacred and secular music take place every Wednesday evening, in the Lammas Hall.

**BINGHAM.**—On Tuesday, Feb. 3, a special service was held in the Church, and a collection was made to clear off the debt on the organ. Mr. Irons, organist of Southwell, presided on the occasion. After service, a vocal concert

was given by the choir, and several members of the Southwell choir. Mr. Irons performed two Fantasias on the pianoforte. Conductor, Mr. Hemstock; principal soprano, Miss Hemstock.

**BISHOPSTONTON.**—On the 13th ult. the members and friends of the Bishopstington Choral Society presented their conductor, Mr. Nosworthy, with a handsome testimonial, consisting of a handsome goblet, as a recognition of the efficient services he has rendered them during the time he has filled that office.

**BRISTOL.**—On Sunday, an organ of good quality, built by Mr. Vowles, was opened in Emanuel Church. Mr. Denning has been appointed organist, and at the opening service his brother, Dr. Albert Denning, presided at the instrument.

**CAMBRIDGE.**—On February 6th, the Rev. H. Allon, of Islington, delivered a lecture on "Church Song." The illustrations were given by a chorus of fifty voices.—On the 11th, Mr. Ingram's benefit concert was given in the Town Hall. The programme included *Alexander's Feast*, Beethoven's Pianoforte Concerts, Op. 75, Mozart's Quartett in G minor, and Beethoven's Violin Sonata in G. The members of the University Musical Society rendered very efficient aid. The solos were sung by Mrs. Bailey, Mr. Machin, and an undergraduate of Sidney College.

**CANNON-STREET.**—A Singing Class has been formed at the Wesleyan Free Church in Cannon-street Road East.

**CARDIFF.**—The *Messiah* was performed on the 25th ult., in the Music Hall. The principal singers were Miss Bennett, Miss Harrison, Mr. Righton, Mr. Lewis, Mr. Merrick, and Mr. Greenwood. Mr. Wilkes conducted.

**CARMARTHEN.**—On Wednesday, Jan. 7, the *Messiah* was given in the Assembly-rooms, under the patronage of the Bishop of St. David's. The band and choir numbered 60 performers, under the direction of Mr. Whitaker, the organist of St. Peter's. The soprano and alto solos were sustained by lady amateurs, whilst Messrs. Turner and Hinchcliffe, from Yorkshire, took the tenor and bass. The proceeds will be applied to repairing the organ in St. Peter's.—On Friday, Jan. 30, a musical entertainment was given at the British School-room, Whitemill. Several amateurs from Carmarthen assisted. Mr. Appleby, of St. David's, presided at the harmonium.—A concert was given on Thursday, the 19th ult., at the Town Hall, by the members of the Aberystwith Harmonic Society, of whom Mr. J. Powell is the president. The music was the *Messiah*, and the principal singers were Miss Jones and Miss Davies, Messrs. Jones, Phillips, Richards, and James. Mr. Brooke accompanied. The choral performance was decidedly good.

**CHORLTON.**—Mr. R. Andrews' concert for the sewing classes in the district took place on the 21st of February, in the Temperance Hall. The performance commenced with the "Dead March" on the harmonium, by Mr. G. S. Andrews, who also played a fantasia on the pianoforte. The programme comprised solos, duets, &c.

**CONGLETON.**—A miscellaneous Concert was given by Mr. Eyre, in St. Peter's School, on Monday evening, Feb. 9th. The proceeds of the concert, amounting to nearly £20, were given to the funds of the Schools.

**CROWLAND, LINCOLNSHIRE.**—A concert of miscellaneous music was given here by Mr. E. Harker, organist of the Ancient Abbey, and his choir, assisted by Mr. Thacker, organist to the Duke of Bedford, and part of his choir. Mr. E. Thacker, harmonium, Mr. Thacker, pianoforte.

**DUBLIN.**—A class for the practice of sacred music, in connection with the Church of England and Ireland Young Men's Society, met for the first time in St. George's Church Lecture-room, on Wednesday, the 11th ult., and are to meet each succeeding Wednesday. Mr. James Lee, of Armagh Cathedral, is the conductor.—The Philharmonic Society gave a concert on the 13th ult. The



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(Concluded from page 8.)

“Your Majesty must graciously remember,” said Donna Maria, ‘that a month ago, Don Aguillar determined to attack and seize an outwork, which, ornamented by a beautiful terrace, serves as a pleasure to the Moors. Every night the lascivious songs of the heathens reach even our camp, like the tempting voices of sirens, and precisely on this account the brave Aguillar resolved to destroy this nest of sin. The outwork had been already gained, the captured women had already been secured during the fight, when an unexpected reinforcement of Moors compelled Aguillar, notwithstanding vigorous defence, to desist, and retire to the camp. The enemy dared not follow, and thus it happened that the prisoners and rich booty remained his. Among the captured women was one, whose disconsolate lamentations and despair attracted Don Aguillar’s attention. He approached the veiled figure with friendly words, but, as though her sorrow could find no expression but in song, she commenced, after striking some wild chords on a zither which hung round her neck by a gold band, a romance, which in sighing, heart-rending tones, complained of separation from the loved one, and all the joy this earth contains. Aguillar, deeply moved by the rare sounds, promised to restore freedom to his captive; throwing back her veil, she threw herself at his feet; full of wonder, Aguillar cried: ‘Art thou not Zulema, the queen of song in Granada?’ She it was, in fact, whom the knight had seen when envoy at Boabdil’s court, and whose ravishing voice had left a deep impression on his heart. ‘I give thee thy liberty!’ exclaimed Aguillar; but the venerable father Agostino Sanchez, who had accompanied the expedition, Cross in hand, spoke thus: ‘Remember, Sir knight, that by giving this female her liberty, thou doest her an injury; for, snatched from paganism, the grace of Heaven might enlighten her, and lead her to the bosom of Mother Church.’ Aguillar answered: ‘She shall dwell with us one month; and then, if still untouched by the spirit of our Lord, shall return to Granada.’ Thus it happened, O Queen, that Zulema was admitted into our convent. At first she gave way to profound grief, and the cloisters echoed with wild and terrific, or plaintive romances, for her bell-like voice resounded throughout the convent. Once, at midnight, we had assembled in choir, and were performing the *Hora*, in the wondrously holy manner taught to us by the ex-

cellent master of harmony, Ferreras; by the light of the tapers, I observed Zulema in the open doorway of the choir, looking in with serious and pious eyes; when we quitted the choir in pairs, Zulema was kneeling in the corridor, near the image of a Madonna. The next day she sang no romances, but remained silent and absorbed. She soon essayed, on the lower strings of her zither, the chords of the chorale we had sung in church; she then began, in a low voice, to sing, and even to add the words of our chaunt, which she pronounced with difficulty and much accent. I noted well, that the spirit of our Lord had spoken to her in the mild, consolatory tones of music, and that her heart was opening to his grace; therefore I sent to her, sister Emanuela, the choir-mistress, to kindle the glimmering spark, and let the holy melodies of our Church influence her soul with the true faith. Zulema has not yet been admitted into the pale of the Church by holy baptism, but we have permitted her to join our choir, that her excelling voice may be lifted up in praise of religion.

“The Queen now well knew what Aguillar’s feelings must have been, when, by father Agostino’s advice, he had placed Zulema in the convent, and she more than ever rejoiced at Zulema’s conversion to the true faith: After some days, she was baptized, and received the name of Julia. The Queen herself, the Marquis of Cadix, Enrico de Guzman, and the Generals Mendoza and Villena, were sponsors on the sacred occasion. It was expected that Julia’s voice would now magnify the glory of the Church more devoutly and fervently than before; and this was the case for a short time, but Emanuela soon remarked that Julia often deviated in a peculiar manner from the chorale, to which she would add strange passages. The murmuring tones of a low-tuned zither would often suddenly echo through the church, sounding like the confused vibrations of strings swept by the storm. At such moments, Julia would become agitated; and it even happened that, as though involuntarily, she pronounced a Moorish word in the midst of a Latin hymn. Emanuela warned the new convert to resist the enemy of mankind, but Julia heeded not, and scandalized the sisterhood during their performance of Ferreras’ serious, holy chaunts, by singing voluptuous Moorish love-songs to her zither, which she had again tuned to high pitch. The mysterious zither now echoed more often and more significantly through the church, and sounded shrill and disagreeable, almost like the piercing tones of small Moorish flutes.”

*Chapel-master.* “*Flauti piccoli! piccolo flutes!* But, my dear friend, as yet nothing, nothing at all for the opera; no plot, which is always the principal thing: however, the high and low tuning of the zither has excited me. Don’t you think that the Devil is a tenor? He is as false as the Devil, and therefore does every thing in *falsetto!*”



*Enthusiast.* "Gracious me! you become wittier every day, Chapel-master. But you are right, let us give to the dark powers all over-high unnatural pipings, squeakings, &c. But let us go on with the story, which, to tell the truth, is a tough job, for every moment I am in danger of slipping over some good dramatic situation."

"The Queen, accompanied by the noble generals of the camp, proceeded one morning to the church of the Benedictine nuns, in order to hear mass as usual. Before the door lay a miserable ragged beggar; the guards endeavoured to displace him, but, disengaging himself, he threw himself howling at the feet of the Queen, so as to touch her. Enraged by this, Aguillar sprang forward and pushed the wretch aside with his foot. The beggar half raised his body towards him, and screamed: 'Tread on the serpent! tread on the serpent! it will sting them to death!' At the same time he clutched the strings of a zither hidden beneath his rags, so that they clashed and broke with a sharp horrible sound, while the company around fell back, seized with strange shuddering. The guards carried off the disgusting spectacle, and it was understood that the wretch was a captured insane Moor, who, by his mad pranks and wonderful guitar playing, diverted the soldiers of the camp. The Queen entered the church, and service began. The sisters in the choir intoned the *Sanctus*; Julia was about to pour forth as usual *Pleni sunt cœli gloria tua*, when the piercing tones of a zither vibrated through the precinct. Julia closed the book, and turned to leave the choir. 'What dost thou?' cried Emanuela. 'Oh,' said Julia, 'dost thou not hear the splendid notes of the master? There, hear him, with him I must sing!' She hurried towards the door, but Emanuela spoke with dignified solemn voice: 'Sinner, thou who desecrate the service of the Lord, thou whose lips proclaim his name but whose heart is filled with worldly thoughts, flee from hence! Broken is the power of song within thee, dumb are the wondrous tones of thy voice, gone from thee like the Spirit of the Lord!' Struck by Emanuela's words as though by lightning, Julia tottered away. That night as the nuns were assembling in order to sing the *Hora*, a thick smoke quickly filled the church; soon after, flames rushed hissing and devouring through the walls of the next building, invading the cloisters. With difficulty the nuns succeeded in saving their lives; trumpets and horns sounded throughout the camp, soldiers arose hurriedly from their first sleep, the General Aguillar was seen to rush out of the convent with scorched hair and half-burnt clothes; he had sought vainly to rescue Julia, who was missing. No trace of her could be discovered. All endeavours were useless to extinguish the fire, which, increased by a violent storm, spread more and more; in a short time the whole of Isabella's rich magnificent camp was in ashes. The Moors, confident that

the Christians' misfortune would ensure a victory, ventured a sally in great numbers; but no battle had brought so much glory to Spanish arms as the present one; and when they returned to their palisades with sounding trumpets, and crowned with victory, the Queen Isabella ascended her throne, erected under heaven's high canopy, and ordained that on the site of the burnt camp, a town should be built, to prove to the Moors that the siege of Granada should never be raised."

*Chapel-master.* "If one might venture upon churchly things on the stage,—if we were not already in a fidget about the dear public when we introduce now and then a little chorale,—the part of Julia would not be so bad. Think of the double style in which she might shine,—first the romances, then church-music. I have already composed some pretty Spanish and Moorish songs; the triumphant march of the Spaniards would come out well; and the commands of the Queen I intend to treat melodramatically. How the whole is to be put together, heaven only knows. But go on, and let us hear something more of Julia, who, I suppose, is not burnt."

*Enthusiast.* "Only think, my good Chapel-master, that town, which the Spaniards built and surrounded with walls in one-and-twenty days, is the Santa Fè, still existing. But by addressing you thus familiarly, I forgot the stately town, which is proper to the stately subject. I wish you would play one of Palestrina's responsories, which lie open on the desk of the piano-forte."

The Chapel-master did so, and then the travelling enthusiast continued thus: "The Moors did not fail to attack the Spanish in many ways during the building of their city; despair drove them to reckless daring, and thus the battles became bloodier than ever. Aguillar had once pursued a Moorish squadron, which had endeavoured to surprise a Spanish outpost, back to the very walls of Granada. He returned with his followers, and sending them forward, slowly rode homewards through a myrtle wood near the outworks, giving himself up to reflection and melancholy recollections. Julia's image stood before his mental eye. During the fight he had, in fancy, heard her voice, now threatening, now complaining, and even now he imagined that a curious melody, half Moorish song, half Christian chant, murmured among the dark myrtles. Suddenly a Moorish knight, in silver armour, galloped from the wood on a light Arabian horse, and his launched spear quickly whizzed by Aguillar's head. He would have rushed on the enemy with his drawn sword, but a second javelin flew and wounded his steed in the breast, causing it to rear in agony and rage, so that Aguillar was obliged to swing himself from one side in order to avoid a dangerous fall. The Moor had advanced rapidly and struck with his scimitar at Aguillar's uncovered head, but the latter artfully parried the blow, and re-



turned it so heartily that the Moor only saved himself by diving down beneath his horse, at the same time urging it against Aguillar, who could not repeat his blow; the Moor drew his dagger, but before he could make a stab with it, Aguillar seized him with giant strength, dragged him from his horse, and flung him to the ground. Kneeling on his breast, and clutching his right arm so firmly that the Moor was unable to move, Aguillar drew his poinard, and was about to plunge it into the enemy's throat, when the latter moaned out, 'Zulema!' Turned to a statue, Aguillar could not accomplish the deed. 'Unhappy wretch,' he cried, 'what name hast thou pronounced?' 'Stab thy dagger in my breast,' groaned the Moor, 'thou dost but kill one who has sworn death and ruin to thee. Yes, know thou traitor Christian, that I am Hichem, the last of the race of Alhama, whom thou hast robbed of Zulema! Know that the poor ragged beggar who haunted your camp in pretended insanity was Hichem; know that I succeeded in burning the dark prison where you had confined the light of my soul. Zulema was saved by me!' 'Zulema! Julia lives?' cried Aguillar. Hichem laughed aloud in bitter scorn. 'Yes, she lives, but your bleeding thorn-crowned idol has bewitched her with cursed charms, and the glowing perfumed blossom of her life has been smothered in the shroud of the insane women you call the brides of your idol. Know that song and melody have become extinct within her breast, as though the poisoned breath of Samum had blown upon her. With Zulema's sweet tones all the joy of my life has vanished, therefore kill me! kill me! as I cannot wreak vengeance on thee, who hast robbed me of more than life!' Aguillar let Hichem loose, and taking up his sword, slowly rose. 'Hichem,' he said, 'Zulema, who in holy baptism received the name of Julia, became my prisoner in honorable open fight. Enlightened by the grace of our Lord, she abandoned Mahomet's vain doctrine, and what thou, benighted Moor, callest the wicked magic of an idol, was only the temptation of the evil one, which she did not resist. If Zulema be thy mistress, Julia, converted to the faith, is the lady of my thoughts; and with her in my heart, and for the honour of the true faith, I am ready to encounter thee in deadly conflict. Take thy weapons, and attack as thou wilt, according to thy fashion.' Hichem snatched up his sword and target, but stopping as he rushed on Aguillar, shouted aloud, and throwing himself on his steed, which had remained standing near him, galloped rapidly away. Aguillar could not comprehend the meaning of this sudden flight, but at the very moment the venerable old priest, Agostino Sanchez, stood behind him and said, smiling gently: 'Does Hichem fear me, or the Lord who dwells within me, and whose love he disdains?' Aguillar recounted all that he had learnt of Julia, and both recol-

lected the prophetic words of Emanuela, pronounced against Julia, when, seduced by the magic tones of Hichem, which overpowered all pious feelings in her heart, she left the choir during the *Sanctus*."

*Chapel-master.* "I have given up all idea of an opera; yet the battle between the Moor Hichem, in silver armour, and the General Aguillar, set itself to music in my mind. The deuce take it, it will be impossible to set a skirmishing duel better than Mozart has already done in *Don Giovanni*! You remember; in the first act."

*Enthusiast.* "Be quiet, Chapel-master; I will now give a last touch to my already lengthy story. There is a great deal more, and it is necessary for me to collect my thoughts, especially as I am always thinking about Bettina, which confuses me not a little. I particularly hope that she may never hear anything of my Spanish story, and yet I cannot help fancying that she is listening behind yonder door; it must be all my imagination; so here goes."

"Repeatedly conquered in battle, oppressed by the daily, nay hourly, increasing famine, the Moors at length found themselves forced to capitulate, and Ferdinand and Isabella entered Granada in state amid the thunder of cannons. Priests had consecrated the large mosque to form a cathedral, to which the procession moved in order to hear mass, and thank the Lord of Hosts in a solemn *Te Deum*, for the glorious victory over the servants of the false prophet Mahomet. The hatred of the Moors, with difficulty suppressed, and ever bursting forth anew, was well-known to the conquerors, therefore the procession, which proceeded along the principal street, was protected by bands of soldiers, who paraded the lesser alleys, and held themselves in readiness for battle. Thus it happened that Aguillar, who headed a party of infantry, was making his way towards the cathedral when he felt himself wounded in the left shoulder by an arrow. At the same instant a body of Moors rushed from a dark archway, and attacked the Christians with desperate rage. Hichem, in front of the troop, ran at Aguillar, who, merely slightly hurt and scarcely feeling his wound, parried his assault; a moment after Hichem lay at his feet with his head split in twain. The Spaniards pressed eagerly on the treacherous Moors, who soon fled howling, and threw themselves into a stone house, the door of which they quickly barricaded. The Spaniards pursued them, but arrows hailed from the windows; Aguillar commanded that firebrands should be thrown in. Flames already burst up through the roof, when, hark! above the thundering of cannons a wondrous voice was heard in the burning house: *Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth!* 'Julia! Julia!' cried Aguillar, in frantic grief. The doors flew open, and Julia, in the dress of a Benedictine nun, stepped forth, singing with loud voice, *Sanctus, Sanctus, Dominus Deus Sabaoth!*



Behind her came the Moors in humble attitude, their hands folded to a cross upon their breasts. Astounded, the Spaniards drew back, and through their ranks Julia passed on with the Moors towards the cathedral. Entering it, she entoned the *Benedictus qui cœnit in nomine Domine*. Involuntarily all present bent the knee, as though a saint from heaven had descended to announce holy tidings to the servants of the Lord. With a firm footstep, her enraptured gaze fixed upwards, Julia approached the high altar between Ferdinand and Isabella, singing the service, and following the sacred rites with pious fervour. As the last words of *Dona nobis pacem* were pronounced, Julia sank lifeless into the arms of the Queen. All the Moors who followed her embraced the Faith, and received Holy Baptism."

The enthusiast had just ended his recital, when the Doctor entered with much noise, struck his stick violently on the ground, and cried angrily: "There they sit, and tell each other mad fantastic tales without regard to vicinity, and make other people ill."

"What's the matter now, my good friend?" asked the Chapel-master, quite frightened.

"I know, quite well," answered the enthusiast quietly, "Neither more nor less than that Bettina, hearing us speak eagerly, went into that cabinet and has heard everything."

"This comes," burst out the Doctor, "of thy cursed improbable stories, thou insane enthusiast. Thou poisonest excitable minds; ruinest them by thy mad rubbish. But I will spoil thy trade."

"My excellent Doctor," interpolated the enthusiast, "don't heat yourself; and reflect that Bettina's psychological disease requires psychological remedies, and that, perhaps, my recital—"

"Be silent," said the Doctor, quite calmly, "I know what you mean to say."

"It would never make a good opera, although here and there I might have introduced rare and effective chords." Thus muttered the Chapel-master, as he took up his hat and followed his friends.

Three months after, the travelling enthusiast, on hearing the recovered Bettina sing Pergolesi's *Stabat Mater* with her beautiful bell-like voice (although not in church, but in a moderately sized room), kissed her hand in pious extasy and gratitude, while she said, "You are not precisely a necromancer, but sometimes a very potent spirit."

"Like all enthusiasts," added the Chapel-master.

### Brief Chronicle of the last Month.

ALTON.—A Lecture on Moore's Melodies and Shakspeare's Songs, with musical illustrations, was delivered on Friday, March 20th, at the Town Hall, by Mr. George Barker. There was a crowded audience upon the occasion, and the entertainment gave great satisfaction.

BARREHEAD (Glasgow).—The members of the Choral Union gave a concert of sacred music in Arthurlie Street Church, on the evening of Friday, the 13th of March. The principal vocalists were Madlle. Vaneri, Miss Ferguson, and Mr. M'Callum. Organist, Mr. Lambeth. The chorus numbered about fifty voices. Mr. A. Stewart, conductor.

BRADFORD.—The third annual concert of the St. James's Choral Society took place on the 3rd ult. in St. James's Schools. The programme included sacred and secular music, anthems, choruses, part-songs, &c. Mr. E. Barker was the conductor, and Mr. J. Barker, (Leeds), presided at the pianoforte.

BRIERLY HILL.—A miscellaneous Concert of vocal and instrumental music was given on the 2nd ult., in the Wesleyan Schools, by the choir connected with the adjoining place of worship, in aid of various benevolent funds. The principal vocalists were the Misses Hughes, and Messrs. Cooper, Pagett, Wright, and Bowater. Mr. Bourne and Mr. J. H. Bourne presided at the pianoforte; leader of the band, Mr. Dunn; and conductor, Mr. Pearson.

CAMBRIDGE.—On March 3rd, the Amateur Musical Society, recently organized, performed the *Creation*. Conductor, Mr. Amps; leader, Mr. Sippel. The solos were sung by Miss Martin, Mr. Beckett, and Mr. Poole.

CHESTER.—The Philharmonic Society (which was only formed in January last) gave two Evening Concerts within the last month—one at Waverton, on the 5th; the other at Huxley, on the 12th. The programmes contained a selection of choruses, anthems, glees, catches, songs, &c.

CLAY CROSS, CHESTERFIELD.—On the 10th ult. a procession of Choristers and Clergy, in surplices, proceeded from the Parochial Schools to the Church of St. Bartholomew's, where a full choral service took place, under the direction of Mr. G. Brown, choir-master.

DARLINGTON.—On Thursday, the 5th ult., Haydn's *Creation* was performed in the Central Hall, under the auspices of the Darlington Choral Society, with much success. Miss Witham, Mr. Whitehead, and Mr. Ferry sang the principal parts; and Mr. Marshall conducted.

DORKING.—A Concert of sacred and secular music was given by Mr. Gibbs at the Assembly Rooms, on Feb. 26th. The sacred part of the programme was selected from *St. Paul*, *Creation*, *Messiah*, *Elijah*, and Mozart's *12th Mass*. The secular part consisted of songs, duets, &c., by various composers. The principal vocalists were Miss Emma Jenkins, Mrs. Dixon, Mr. W. G. Gibbs, and Mr. Marler. Pianiste, Miss Burnett; harmonium, Mr. Barnard.

EXETER HALL.—The Sacred Harmonic Society performed Mendelssohn's oratorio of *St. Paul*, on Friday, March 20th. The principal singers were Madame Rudersdorff, Madame Dolby, Mr. Perren, Mr. Henry, and Mr. Weiss. Conductor, Mr. Costa.

FAVERSHAM.—On Monday evening, March 23rd, the Lecture Hall of the Faversham Institute was crowded, to hear the third concert given this season by the members of the singing class. The programme consisted of secular music. The soloists were Misses Swan, Lockyer, Curwood, Houghton. Hadlow, Messrs. Drake, Dobbie, and Croucher. Mr. H. Drake presided at the pianoforte, and conducted.

FENYHILL.—A Concert of sacred music was given in the Fenyhill Wesleyan Chapel, by the North Biddick Wesleyan Choir, on the 7th ult., when selections from Handel and other Masters were creditably performed. Mr. J. Wright conducted.