

General Articles.

MADAME PASTA.

Pasta has a large heart in her bosom, or she could not have a voice so full of it. This it is that gives her the ascendancy of her scene; that lifts her, "dolphin like, above the elements she lives in;" and sports, and rules, and is a thing of life, in those deep waters of her song. Not that other singers have no hearts, and may not be excellent people; but they have not the same faith in the very sounds and symbols of cordiality, and cannot be at a moment's notice in the world which they speak of. The common world hampers and pulls them back. It was well noticed by a lady in the pit, that she is not hindered of her purpose by a break now and then in her voice, the bubble of a note or so. She slides over it, as if it were a mole hill under her chariot wheels, and abates nothing of her triumphant progress; nay, adds a grace and a dignity on the strength of it, as if it were a new proof how indifferent to the spirit of a passage was the ground the most material to those who can look no higher. Besides, there is a suffering and permission in it that belongs emphatically to passion. If it were for want of skill or deliberation, it would be another thing. But in the rich haste of emotion, pearls are dropt as of no consequence. The confusion of real wealth allows us to notice them only as things that would make others poor.

Being closer to Madame Pasta than usual the other night, we had a completer opportunity of noticing the extraordinary grace of her movements. She is never at a loss, because she never thinks of being so. She leaves the whole matter to truth and nature, and these settle it for her, as completely as they do for an infant. You might make a picture from any of her postures. A favourite action of hers and one extremely touching, is, after venting a passion of more than usual force, to put up her hands before her eyes, laying and shutting up, as it were, her looks in them, as if to hide from herself the sight of own emotions. When she opens her arms in a transport of affection, leaning at the same time a little back, and breathing and looking as true as truth could wish, her heart seems to come forward for rest, and her arms to wait the sanction of its acknowledgements. For all arms be it observed are not arms, whatever they pretend; any more than all that pretends to be love is love, or all eyes have an insight. Some arms are a sort of fore legs in air, merely to help people's walking. Others have machines at the end of them, to take up victuals and drink with, or occasionally to scratch out one's eyes. Others, more amiable, are to hang armlets and bracelets on, to be admired for a skin or a shape; and then ladies put them in kid gloves, on purpose to take them off, and lift them indifferently to their cheek with rings on their fingers, and people say what an arm Mrs. Tomson has! But the real arms are to serve and love with, to clasp with; to be honest and true arms, content to be admired for their own sakes if the possessor be worthy, but happy to enable you to lose sight of them for the sake of the heart and the honest countenance. It is out of an instinct to this purpose (for the least of gestures have their reason, if we did but scan it) that Madame Pasta throws back her arms, as if things only in waiting, and brings forward her heart, as if the approbation of that alone would sanction their use. It is for a similar reason, that we admire those women who can afford to make no display of the beauty of any particular limb, but reserve it for the objects of their love and respect to find out. It shows they are richer than in mere limbs. And for the same reason, one hates all that French dancing with fine showy limbs and senseless faces, which follows the musical performances at this house, and is just the antipodes of all that charms us in Pasta's singing. If her limbs were among the poorest in the world, they would become precious as warmth and light, with that smile and those eyes; whereas, if a French dancer could by any possibility have limbs like a Venus, with a face no fitter to look at for ten minutes, or for one, than nineteen out of twenty of them possess, she might as well, to our taste, be as wooden and painted all over as a Dutch doll; which indeed in her inanimate posture-making and senseless right-angles of toe, she very much resembles. These people are made up out of the toy shop. They are dolls in their quieter moments, and tee totums in their livelier. A mathematician should marry one of them for a pair of compasses.

We must relate an anecdote of Madame Pasta, highly corroborative of what has been said of her.—Some gentleman who knew her well, informed a friend of ours when he was in Paris, that she would come home from the opera,

and sit in a passion of tears at the recollection of what she had been acting. They told him that nothing could be more unaffected, and that she would say she knew it to be idle, but that she "could not get the thing out of her head." This is just what imaginative people would expect her to say. She never pretended that she had taken herself for the character she represented; but she had sympathised with it so strongly, that it became the next thing to reality; and if our hearts can be touched, and our colour changed, by the mere perusal of a tragedy, how much more may not a woman's nature be moved, that has been almost identified with the calamities in it; that by force of imagination has brought the soul of another to inhabit her own warm being, and has entertained it there as the very guest of humanity, giving it her own heart to agitate, and taking upon herself the burden of its infirmities!

MADEMOISELLE SONTAG.

Extract of a private letter from Paris.

I was fortunate to-night—I have seen her—she is all that I have heard—young, beautiful, and divinely gifted. She appeared before me like one of those bright creatures we have sometimes read of, upon whom, at their birth, the good genii had showered all their choicest favours. And yet her beauty, touching and enchanting though it be, is far from producing its full effect at once. It is not a beauty of that splendour which first dazzles, but then leaves the eye at leisure to search for specks, as soon as it has become accustomed to the blaze. No: her's is of another order—it steals over the senses, perpetually but imperceptibly heightening the excitement, until at length it steepens them in a sort of dreamy admiration. You feel as you gaze upon the gentle girl, that each succeeding moment serves only to discover some new perfection, and makes you reproach yourself with being cold and insensible before. As an actress, Mad'le. Sontag is entitled to the highest praise.—Her acting is intellectual in the extreme, and is besides, buoyant, with all that freshness of the heart which belongs only to early youth. Her action like her beauty, is after an Englishman's own heart. It is free from all the faults of the French and Italian schools, never forced, never exaggerated, always just and appropriate, springing from the impulse of the moment, and the peculiar situation in which she may be placed. As a singer, Madlle. Sontag has received the enthusiastic praise of several nations. In comic opera she is unrivalled—unapproached. Her style of singing is peculiarly chaste, and her taste pure almost to simplicity. Of her divine voice I will not attempt "to prate in learned terms;" suffice it to say, that it is rich, firm, and powerful; equal, perhaps, in compass, to that of Madame Pasta, the higher notes being as good, the lower much firmer and more clear, but its extraordinary quality is flexibility. She sings apparently with most difficult passages with a sort of playful scorn. You love to see her sing, for there is no grimace, no contortion of the countenance. To use a bold, but I hope not unintelligible expression—her face seems a mirror, in which the enchanting tones of her voice are reflected.

Between her and Pasta, the musical world's other wonder, no comparison can in fact, be instituted. Mad'le. Sontag could not, should not, play the characters in which the Italian has won immortal fame. Were Sontag to appear in *Medea*, *Nina* or *Didone*, let her sing and act ever so well, the illusion could not exist. Mademoiselle Sontag is, on the contrary, in truth, "the gentle *Desdemona*"—such as she passed from the imagination of the first of poets. An how lovely she did look when the curtain drew up for the third act! An involuntary shout of admiration burst from the audience. She was dressed in a plain robe of white, made after the fashion of those worn in the day of Charles II. She was seated at a table, her cheek resting upon her small white hand; while the exquisite symmetry of her arm was perfectly displayed through the wide lace sleeve; and her long brown hair, relieving the dazzling whiteness of her neck and bosom, fell almost to her feet. Every ornament, even the rich gem that had before sparkled on her forehead, was removed, and she remained a thousand times more charming, though decked only in her own surpassing loveliness.

The opera was admirably got up, and reflected great credit on the management of M. Laurent. It was played too, with good ensemble. Donzelli, a magnificent, but generally a cold actor, seemed fired by the presence of the fair girl, and sang and acted admirably. Bozogni, too, was excellent in *Roderigo*. To say that the Salle and all the passages leading to it were crowded to excess, or that the audience were enraptured, is almost unnecessary.

A GERMAN SAMPSON.—Andrew Eberhard Rauber, a German Knight, was very famous, not only for his great strength and high stature, but also for his beard, which was of an extraordinary length. The Emperor Maximilian I. gave him his natural daughter, Helena Schaneginn, for wife, but he had no children by this lady. His second wife, however made him ample amends, for she brought him eight twins into the world, one son and seven daughters. Rauber's strength was so great, that he could break in pieces the strongest horse shoe. At Gratz, there was a Jew, who for stature and strength might well be compared to a giant. The Archduke Charles, being desirous to know whether the Jew was stronger than Rauber, obliged each of them to receive from the other one blow with the fist. The Jew gave Rauber so violent a blow, that he was obliged to keep his bed eight days and his chamber many more.—When he was recovered, it was his turn to give the Jew a blow; which he did in the following manner: he took hold of the long beard of the Jew, and twisting it twice round his left hand, with his right he struck upon it with such prodigious force, that not only the beard but the under jaw came off into his hand; which soon cost the Jew his life.—The beard of Rauber was a real prodigy, and of so extraordinary a length, that it reached down to his feet, and then turned up quite to his girdle. It was yet longer, for besides this, he wound it about his staff. He gloried so much in it, that he very seldom went to court either in a coach or on horseback, but almost always went on foot, that his long beard might be seen, which he carried like a streamer waving in the wind. Rauber died in the 68th year of his age, and in the year 1675, at his castle of Petronel, and there he lies buried between his two wives.—*Bayle's Historical Dictionary*

IRISH LAW.—The following extract from an affidavit read in the Court of Common Pleas, in Dublin, is alike illustrative of the manner in which legal process is executed in the sister Island, and of the precision with which legal instruments are drawn.

"And this deponent further saith, that on arriving at the house of the said defendant, situate in the county of Galway aforesaid, for the purpose of personally serving him with the said writ, he, the said deponent, knocked three several times at the outer, commonly called the hall door, but could not obtain admittance; whereupon this deponent was proceeding to knock a fourth time, when a man, to this deponent unknown, holding in his hands a musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, loaded with balls or slugs, as this deponent hath since heard and verily believes, appeared at one of the upper windows of the said house, and presenting said musket or blunderbuss at this deponent, threatened, 'that if said deponent did not instantly retire he would send his (the deponent's) soul to hell,' which this deponent verily believes he would have done, had not this deponent precipitately escaped."

A lady requested her servant to call at a Library for Bracebridge Hall and Pen Owen; the servant asked for Bracebridge Hall, and to shew (as he said), the particularity of his mistress, informed the librarian that he had sent a pen short in the last quarter of a hundred. The lady called the next day, and was much displeas'd that Pen Owen was not sent; the person that attended the library, assured the lady it was not asked for, but the servant had made the mistake, in saying, that there was a pen short instead of asking for Pen Owen.

A Schoolmaster Wanted

FOR the Parish of ST. MARY. The usual testimonials as to qualifications and character will be required. Apply at this Office.

24th December, 1827.

GLEBE RENTS.

THE Glebe Rents having become due on the 24th March last, it is requested they be forthwith paid into the hands of Jedediah Slason, Esquire.

GEORGE BEST, Rector.

Frederickton, April 8, 1828.

THE subscriber offers for Sale at his Store, nearly opposite the old Hospital an Assortment of British and American Goods, together with Molasses, Tea, Coffee, Loaf and Brown Sugar, Pepper, Allspice, Starch, Tobacco, Snuff, Indigo, Soap, Candles, Mustard, Corn, Flour, Rice, &c. &c. &c.

T. T. SMITH.

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June 24, 1828.