

LITERATURE, &c.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

WOLFGANG MOZART.

Upon a beautiful morning in the month of April, 1762, a little girl about eight years of age, and a boy about two years her junior, descended the vine-covered bank of Kosoheez, at the foot of which flowed the pure and rapid waters of the river Moldau, which loses itself in the ancient forest of Bohemia. Instead of dancing on their path with all that lively gaiety so common to young people of their age, these two children held each other by the hand, and walked slowly along, with thoughtful brows, and downcast eyes, and the gravity of years stamped upon their faces; yet all the easy grace, candour, and simplicity of childhood were observable in their countenances and motions. Their dress announced the poverty of their condition. The little girl's robes were faded and worn, while those of the boy were patched with cloths of different colours at both knees and elbows. Nevertheless poor though they seemed, it was easy to perceive that a kind and attentive mother had tastefully combed and braided their long, fair ringlets, and had washed their delicate hands and handsome, intelligent faces—thus investing poverty with its chiefest dignity and grace, that of personal cleanliness. They held in their hands each a large piece of bread, upon which from time to time they cast their eyes without venturing to eat. When they reached the foot of the descent, and were about to seek shelter beneath the green boughs of the forest trees, the little boy broke silence. "Did you remark, my sister," said he with a sad voice, "in what manner our mother gave us our breakfast this morning, and how she sighed when I said, 'Nothing but bread again.'"

"Yes, my brother," replied the little girl, shaking her pretty head and sighing, "she wept—I saw her tears and her look, which seemed to say, 'There is even no more bread in the house, so you must be content. But wherefore do you weep?' added the little girl suddenly melting into tears at the sight of her brother's emotion.

"I weep because you do so," replied Wolfgang, in his turn, and then he added, "I grieve too, that I have not bread enough for my breakfast."

"Poor little thing," said his sister, kissing the tears from his eyes, and fondling him, as if she had been twenty instead of only two years his senior, "you are never without some great grief; but come let us wander below the green spreading branches of the tall trees, and pluck the little flowers which peep from the clustered grass that grows beneath them; and you shall eat what bread you have, and we shall wreathe our brows with blossoms and forget that we are hungry."

As she spoke, Fredrika led her brother into the forest path that skirted the margin of the Kosoheez, and began to cull the wild blossoms from its banks, and to laugh in the fullness of her joy. High overhead towered the ash, fir, and elm trees, and the golden sunbeams struggled through their openings, and fell upon the moss-grown stones and wild foxgloves, and trefoils and ferns, that clustered by the river's side. The songs of the birds came echoing from the far recesses of the deep, green wood, and fell upon the ears of the children like heaven-tuned harmony, until the soul of the little boy was stirred within him, and his lips quivered with an undefinable emotion.

"Fredrika," said he, in a soft whisper, as he turned his large blue eyes towards those distant azure spots of the concave sky, which could be seen through the shady foliage over his head—"Fredrika," said he, as the flowers dropped from his hand, and his face assumed a devotional character, "what a sweet place this would be in which to pray."

"True, my Wolfgang," said the child, struck by her brother's earnestness; "but for what and to whom will we pray?"

"We shall pray for some means to make my mother smile oftener, and my father to scold less—we shall ask that poverty may go from our dwelling place and leave us happiness instead—and we shall pray to God, who dwells in the blue heavens which you see yonder through the dense leaves of the forest."

"And he will listen to us," said the little girl, joining her hands, and kneeling with childlike simplicity upon the ground, while her brother bent down at her side. "My mother says that he always listens to the prayers of children who love their parents."

"My sister," said Wolfgang, after he had knelt some time in silence, "shall we address ourselves to our lady of Lorette, or to the great St. John Nepomucene?"

"To St. John," responded the sister; and she closed her beautiful eyes, and exclaimed in low, solemn tones, while her brother's voice mingled with hers, "Oh, good St. John give us the means of being useful to our parents."

Dependency, the parent of prayer, is a attribute of childhood. The tender soul and tender frame alike cry for support and protection. "Lead us not into temptation," says the young feeble spirit, as it looks upwards to the bright region from which it so lately came, and forward on the dark world which it yet scarcely knows. "Give us each day our daily bread," cries the body, as it bends its knees upon the sward. Prayer, so profitable during all ages, is a necessity of childhood, and the act of it is one of infancy's most holy aspects. As the little boy and girl knelt upon the soft

green grass, and uttered their sweet filial aspirations, the sunbeams fell upon their closed eyes and spiritualised features, as if they loved so to do; and the eyes of a man, who was concealed by the dense foliage which surrounded the place where they knelt, shone on them too, with such an expression as an angel might wear, if it listened to such silvery voices. The man was of lofty, noble stature; his countenance was mild and benevolent, and his dress was rich but simple. He stood silent and thoughtful, and leaned upon the tree behind which the lovely children knelt.

"St. John of Nepomucene, direct us how we may assist our parents," said the little boy, rising from his knees, and assisting his sister to do so also.

"We have finished our prayers then, Wolfgang," said Fredrika, as she kissed her brother's lips.

"And we have discovered the means for which we have prayed," exclaimed the boy, interrupting her, while his face lighted up with joy, and his bright eyes sparkled with hope. "I knew that we should discover some way of assisting our parents."

"And what have you discovered, our wise Wolfgang?" cried Fredrika, laughing.

"Has not our mother, over and over again told us that we were good children?" said the boy with sweet naivete, "and has not our father often declared that you could sing, and that I could play well upon the piano? Now, we shall rise some fine morning," said the child with a serious air, "and we shall take each other's hands, and we shall wander far away over green plains, and by hedge-paths and rivers, until we discover on our route some stately castle; and you shall sing, and I shall play upon the piano, and the rich folks of the castle shall give us gold, Fredrika," said the wrapt, dreaming boy, while his little breast heaved with the earnestness and fullness of his feelings, and his eyes shone as if with an inspiration, "I shall make the piano tremble with the most enchanting airs, till everybody who listens to it shall tremble too, and then they shall embrace thee and me, and shall give us pearls and jewels and bonbons; but I shall say we have none of these—give us money I pray you, that we may carry it to our father and mother."

"Ah, what a dreamer thou art," cried the little girl as she embraced the enthusiastic child and kissed him.

"But more sister," continued the castle-building infant, with a profusion of expression and ideality, uncommon in one so young—"more than that, sister," he cried as he embraced her; "the king shall hear of us, and shall send an envoy for us, and he shall give to me a silken tunic, and to thee a robe of satin; and we shall go to the royal palace amongst beautiful ladies, with embroidered robes, feathers, gold and jewels; and I shall sit at the piano—what a piano! with wood bright as a looking glass, with silver pedals, and notes of pearls and diamonds; and we shall play till the court is ravished with our music, and then we shall be caressed and embraced, and the king shall demand of me what I wish; and I shall answer, 'what the king pleases,' and then he shall give me a castle, and shall send for my father and mother."

A burst of laughter interrupted the recital of the bold young piano player, who, looking fearfully at first at his sister and then quickly from side to side, perceived the stranger, who had listened in his concealment to every word which had been uttered; and now, seeing that he was discovered, he approached the children with a smiling countenance, exclaiming, "Do not be afraid my children; for the great St. John Nepomucene has sent me as an envoy to you." The innocent children looked at each other's faces at these words, and then they gazed upon the pretended messenger.

"Ah, well, so much the better," cried the boy; "if you are his envoy, you have done what I wish, I hope."

"No, no," said the stranger, seating himself upon the trunk of a tree, and placing Wolfgang and his more aged and more bashful sister before him. "I shall only grant what you desire upon condition that you answer me truly the questions I shall ask you, and I shall know if you lie."

"I never lie," said the little boy, proudly.

"I shall see whether you did or not," said the stranger, smiling and patting him on the head. "What is your father's name?"

"Leopold Mozart," said the boy, bowing. "He is chapel master, and plays upon the violin and piano, but oftener the violin."

"And does thy mother still live?"

"Yes she does," said Wolfgang, smiling, and a dear mother is mine."

"How many children are there of you," continued the stranger, in an interested manner.

The little boy shook his head as if he did not know, and remained silent, while his sister taking up the word, modestly replied, "We are seven in all, but two only remain, my brother and I, the rest have all died."

"And your father is very poor, my dear child?" said the stranger in a kindly tone to the little girl.

"Ah, yes, very poor," she exclaimed while tears started into her eyes. "Look," said she, holding up the piece of bread which yet remained untasted, "that is all the bread we had in the house this morning, and when my mother gave it to us she bade us go to the fields and eat it, for it grieved her to see us fare so poorly."

"Poor children, said the stranger with lively emotion, where do your parents dwell?"

"Above there, upon the hill, sir, in that little house whose roof you can perceive from where we stand," replied Wolfgang.

"That house belongs to Dusseck, the musician, I know," said the stranger, looking upwards in the direction pointed out by the children. "And now tell me," he continued, while he patted their cheeks and smiled to them, and at the same time wiped a tear from his eye—"tell me what you demand of the great Nepomucene, when I saw you praying a little ago."

"That we might discover the means of gaining money, and assisting our parents," said the little girl quietly. "and my brother declares that he has discovered those means, although I much fear that he has not."

"If Wolfgang is able to play well upon the piano, as he said, his idea can be put in operation," said the stranger, smiling, "and I can aid him."

"My brother is only six years of age," said the little girl, looking fondly on the boy; "but he can compose very beautiful pieces already, my father says."

"Compose, and he so young!" cried the astonished envoy of the great St. John, as he looked doubtfully on the child.

"Are you astonished at this?" said Wolfgang, laughing, and holding up his pretty head. "Ah, well, come to our house and you shall see."

The stranger bent his head, reflected for a moment, and then said in a half-serious, half-jocular way, "My dear children, the great Nepomucene, that much revered Saint of Bohemia, wills that you now return to the home of your parents, remain there all day, and before evening comes you shall hear some news." The stranger was retiring after speaking these words, when the lively little Wolfgang caught him by the skirt of his tunic, and exclaimed, "One word, sir. My sister Fredrika did not tell you that we prayed that Nepomucene might send a dinner to my mother—might he not send it then, sir, to day?" and the boy looked archly at the envoy.

"Your mother may depend upon it," said the stranger, laughing. "Is there anything else he can send to yourselves?"

"Nothing sir," cried the lively children in one breath, as they clasped each other's hands and set out for home; "we wish but happiness to our father and mother."

The home of Leopold Mozart, which stood on the hill of Kosoheez, and overlooked a lovely landscape, and dense forest, and rolling river, was not a very great house, nor was it superbly furnished. One large apartment served as many purposes as the solitary subject of the grand duchess of Hesse Darmstadt, who was army, police, and court, peasant and organisation of labor, all in his own single person. The principal chamber of Leopold Mozart's home served for kitchen, dining room, and parlor. On one side was a lofty chimney with stew-pans suspended in the inside thereof; the other side was occupied by a piano, over which, suspended from the wall, hung a violin. In the centre stood a table of black wood, and surrounding it were several seats formed of straw. As the children entered this humble apartment, they were met by a young woman, whose neat and clean appearance bespoke industry and order, but whose face was indicative of anxiety and care. "And wherefore are you so soon returned my children?" said she embracing Wolfgang and Fredrika.

"Hillo, Wolfgang and Fredrika returned so early from the fields," exclaimed a man man at the same time, who had just followed them into the house, and whose handsome form, intelligent features, and easy carriage and language, but ill accorded with his humble, threadbare raiment; and what curious sights have you seen this morning," he repeated, fondling the boy.

"Curious enough, I tell you, my dear father," cried the lively child. "We saw the messenger of John of Nepomucene; and what a messenger! He had such a figure as you see in a picture, and the air of a king."

"And did he speak to you, my boy?" said the chapel-master, smiling.

"Ah, that he did," cried Wolfgang, with an arch expression, "and he will be here soon after he has sent dinner, and when I begin to play a sonata on the piano."

"M. Mozart could not restrain his laughter at the excessive simplicity of his little boy, and placing him on his knee, he exclaimed in a tone of raillery, "and shall he give you anything else but dinner, Wolfgang?"

"Yes father, a palace and valets, and fine robes, and plenty of money; and the boy continued to prattle on in this style until a loud tapping was heard at the door of the chapel-master's humble house. When madame Mozart opened the door, a little covered vehicle was standing before it, with two attendants in charge of it.

"Is this Leopold Mozart's, the chapel master," said a fat, portly man, who puffed and blew, either with the exertion of whipping up the little horses, or carrying the flesh that covered his bones.

"Yes sir," said madame Mozart, making a low courtesy, for it was seldom that she had the pleasure of even seeing so fat a man.

"Then the person whom Wolfgang Mozart met in the wood this morning sends the dinner he promised," and so saying the cook and his assistant covered the black centre table with rich and well-cooked viands.

M. Mozart and his wife gazed in stupefied wonder upon the rich succulent food which was set before them, ready to be eaten, and at last finding speech—"You must tell me to whom I owe this mysterious banquet," said the chapel master, as he recovered from his astonishment; but the fat, burly cook shook his head and declared that the children knew as much

of their benefactor as he could tell, then, bidding them good day, he mounted his vehicle, and driving off quickly, left the family of Mozart in a state of wonder and amazement.

"He must indeed be the envoy of some good saint, who could do so kind a deed," said the mother of Wolfgang, as she looked round the table with a tearful eye, "and although the name of the good man is unknown his memory nevertheless lives in our hearts."

Just as the feast was being ended, and while the hearts of the family danced within them with a livelier joy than they had felt for many a day, the clock of the neighboring convent struck two, and little Wolfgang as if recalled to himself by the sound, left his seat and approached the piano. "The stranger," said he, as if speaking to himself, "looked astonished when Fredrika told him that I could compose, but were he in this house now, I would let him hear such a sonata." As he spoke the child ran his tiny little fingers along the touches, which he could hardly reach, with an ease and precision which it was astonishing to look upon; then, as if the sound recalled some bright glorious vision, beyond mortal ken, his little eyes closed; his face became lighted with a most seraphic expression, and, abandoning himself to the instrument, he produced sounds so soft, so perfect, so decided and so harmonious, that even his father and mother sat mute with astonishment. The rich and capricious fancy of the infantile composer seemed to have taken the wings of an angel, and to have attuned that instrument with the melodious thrilling harpings of heaven. His little bosom heaved, as his feeble tiny fingers swept over the ivory and ebony touches, with the ease and rapidity of the most accomplished master, and his face was suffused with a soft rapturous smile as the harmony that filled his soul lent its magic influence to that passive piano. The poet musician—for in music there is a glorious lofty element of poetry—forgot everything in the fulness of his devotion to his art. The sounds of the far off land, where hosts of cherubim, seated on rainbow rims, struck their lyric-strings, till the hills of heaven sent back their strains again, seemed to waken his young genius from the latent slumbers of its youth. He, so lately from that pure fresh heaven above, where all is bliss, and glory and brightness, that we forget when we come down upon the earth, seemed to have retained in all its fulness of power the music language of the hosts above. He could still speak to them and hear them, through the sense of exquisite genius.

"Oh embrace me, my boy," cried the enraptured father, with enthusiasm, as he held the feeble child to his bosom, and looked upon him with all the pride of a father and an artist. "With God's help," he cried, "thou shalt one day be a great man." Then suddenly desponding as he reflected for a moment upon his true position, he exclaimed in a sad tone, "But who in all the world know of thee but thy father, my poor boy? who shall lead thee from the obscurity of this little dwelling, and the humble condition of a chapel-master's son? who shall raise thee from the depths of misery and poverty and become thy protector?"

"I will," cried a voice from behind, and turning round towards the spot whence the response proceeded, Wolfgang, with pleasure, recognised the envoy of St. John Nepomucene, and Leopold Mozart, with awe and wonder, inclined his head as he recognised Francis I. of Austria, who had come to spend some time in the quiet seclusion of Kosoheez, and whom he had frequently seen at the chapel.

A few days after his adventure Wolfgang and his father set out for Vienna, in order to appear at the court of the Empress Theresa, at the command of her husband the emperor.

"Beginning a life of labor at six years of age—Alas!" said his mother weeping, "how hard is the lot of the poor!"

"I shall work for you, my mother, and a life of labour shall then be a life of pleasure," cried the child, as he threw his arms round her neck and kissed her.

Wolfgang Mozart, dressed in a gay costume, was led to the imperial place of Vienna, and conducted by the master of the ceremonies into the concert-hall. It was tenanted when the little musician entered, but the first thing that attracted his eyes was a splendid piano, before which he quickly and almost instinctively seated himself, while his father passed out upon a balcony which commanded a noble view of the splendid royal gardens. Alone in the great saloon, with his instrument before him, the boy began to play, timidly at first, for the full rich tones of the grand instrument seemed to fill the whole spacious apartment with a tremulous sense of life; then, as his ear became familiar with the tones, he burst into one of his most beautiful strains of improvisation, and gave himself wholly up to his instrument. The boy, lost in the fancies which gave life and the power of a noble concentration to his fingers, and the chords which they touched, did not observe the rustling of silken robes, the waving of perfumed plumes, the glitter of gems and gold, and the sparkling of pearls, nor the soft footfalls of little feet, as the gay courtly train entered the saloon. It was only when he had finished and the last vibration of the instrument had died away, that he looked around, and found himself gazed on by bright eyes, and regarded with lovely smiling countenances.

"How beautifully you play!" cried a little girl, as she ran to the side of the little musician and took his hand. "Will you teach us to play as well?"

"Ah, it is a wearisome, toilsome thing," to