

learn to play," said the boy, innocently. "You must sit long, and grow tired, and then begin again. I will not learn you until you are bigger, and then you will not feel it so sore upon you."

"And who taught you," said the child, as she parted his curls and looked into his eyes.

"My father and the good St. John Nepomucene," said the boy, archly.

"Then you and the saint may learn me," cried the little Princess Marie Antoinette, clapping her hands at the thought.

"Great princesses do not need the saints to teach them," said the boy; "they don't need to play for bread."

Wolfgang Mozart, at the age of eight years, appeared before the court at Versailles and ravished his auditory with the precocity of his genius. He played the organ in the chapel royal, before the king and his courtiers, in a style that had never been surpassed by the most accomplished masters. At that early period of his life, he composed two sonatas, which are still extant, to attest the richness of his fancy and the fullness of his powers of development. One of these he dedicated to Victoire, daughter of the King of France, and the other to the Countess of Tesse. In 1763, he returned to Vienna, where he composed, at fourteen years of age, his opera of "Mithridates," which was honored with 20 successive performances.

In 1776, a young man sat in a quiet retired box in an opera house in Paris, with his head resting upon his hand, listening to the performance of the celebrated Alcibiades, whose glorious strains fell almost unregarded upon the ears of the cold throng, who had come determined to condemn it. The young man was of small stature, and his long fair hair fell round his pale cheeks and neck, but his countenance was as beautiful as that of an Apollo Belvidere, and it seemed to sympathize with every emotional change of the opera. Beside him stood a handsome man, whose eyes rolled from side to side of the theatre with an expression of blended chagrin and defiance, and whose lips quivered as he strove to return the half sneering glances that were sometimes cast on him by loungers in the opposite tier of boxes. The curtain fell at last amidst solemn silence; not a solitary plaudit greeted the labors and hopes of the Chevalier de Gluck, whose opera had just died of cold contempt and envy. The composer stood still as a statue, and not a muscle of his handsome features moved, as hundreds of eyes were fixed upon him, and hundreds of lips were curled in affected pity. He felt that the fruits of his genius had deserved another fate, and proud in that consciousness, he looked forth calmly upon his enemies. The young man who sat beside him seemed alone overpowered with his emotions in all that vast assembly, or he was lost in reverie, for the curtain had fallen some time before he seemed to be aware of the fact. At last he suddenly roused himself, looked quickly and furtively round upon the audience, then suddenly throwing himself into the arms of his friend, while he burst into tears, he passionately exclaimed, "Ah the barbarians—the cold, frigid hearts of ice and bronze—now what could move them?"

"Ah, never mind, my dear boy," whispered Gluck in his ear, while he pressed him to his breast, and his lip now visibly quivered; "they shall do me justice in 30 years hence. Now, however, the commendation of Wolfgang Mozart is worth a world of such fame as they could give."

It was little Wolfgang whom the chevalier pressed to his heart so tenderly, and whose opinion he now valued so highly. The visionary glories that had danced before the mental eyes of the fanciful boy had known something like reality, and that, too, at an early age. He had won the flattery and applause of courts and kings; he had sat before assembled thousands of the proudest and the gayest of the world's great peers, and he had created for them sources of exquisite enjoyment, and which their senses had never known before, and which their imaginations had never conceived. At last he sat in his own sweet home at Vienna, revelling in melodious harmonic dreams, and awaking singing his soul away, while his mortal frame dissolved in the fervor of his spirits.

One day Mozart sat at his piano, with his head inclined upon the touches, and his eyes half closed. He was weary and feeble, for his body had yielded to his active spirit the tribute which the physical frame ever pays to genius. Wolfgang's cheek was pale, and his brow was heavy—for he had expended his rosy tints of the one and the glories of the other to his devotion to his art, and now he leaned quietly forward upon the instrument which slept his sleep. Before him also lay papers in confused piles, scraps of unfinished sonatas and craters—fragmentary symbols of the revelations of his fancy, which by the magic of their power would yet create worlds of thought, and wild joys in sympathetic souls unborn. Instruments lay scattered all around the room, like a hundred voiceless tongues of which this weary, feeble man was the soul—the only revelant and awakener.

"Awake, Wolfgang," said a voice in the ear of the sleepy composer, and Mozart, raising his head from its incumbent position, looked calmly and without apparent wonder in the face of his visitor. That face however, could not be very distinctly scanned, for it was covered with long black hair, and shaded by a dark cloak and broad hat.

"What do you require of me?" demanded the composer at last, when he had passed his hand across his brow, and recovered sufficient energy to speak.

"I address myself to Wolfgang Mozart?" said the stranger, in a deep low voice, and in a tone of interrogation.

"And to whom have I the honor to speak?" replied the musician.

"To one who would have you compose a requiem before this day month, and who would pay you amply for it."

"A requiem," said Mozart musing, and smoothing his high polished brow with his palm.

"Come to me, then and it shall be done."

With all the enthusiasm of which his ardent nature was capable, he devoted himself to this work. When his wife would hang over him, and beseech him to forego such close application to study, he would smile and exclaim, "I labor for my own death." Indeed the fire of that composition was supplied by the vital warmth of his life blood. Death, he felt was in his cup, as he bent his noble head over the page, which received upon its white bosom the transfusions of his life, and the records of his immortality; but still, with an ardour that knew no abatement, and a devotion which par.ook of all that religious unction of which his soul was so full, he labored to leave his sublime thoughts to posterity; and, as the swan upon his crystal river sing as its lovely form floats downward to its death, so he, singing as man never sung, finished his "Agnus Dei" with his expiring breath and strength, then laid him down to sleep.

They placed the body of the young man—for he was only thirty six years age—upon a splendid bier, and they covered him with a richly embroidered pall, and the deep toned organ pealed through the long aisles and lofty arches of the cathedral, and five hundred voices chanted the soft, solemn, soul-subduing requiem over him who had been a little, ragged and hungry child, fain to wander on the banks of the Moldau, and in the woods of Kosoheez, in order to forget that he had no dinner; but who now had won fame even before his death, and whom his own generation, as well as his posterity, delighted and delight to honor, as the most eminent musical genius of any age.

From the London People's Journal.

#### WHY DO WE MURMUR.

Why do we murmur? is the land oppress'd;  
Does want from ev'ry narrow alley cry;  
And moans ascend from the lone mother's breast  
As she beholds her starving children nigh.  
Do pallid faces mirror thoughts of woe,  
And famine dim bright eyes with dreams of care;  
Doth grim despair from thousand vitals flow;  
There is a balm to soothe,—'tis found by prayer!

Why do we murmur? does the peasant's cot  
Encircle meagre forms; doth hunger reign;  
Is sickness crouching in that once gay spot,  
Where nought but ruddy health and gladness came;  
Doth fever rage with grief and wailing breath  
In streets and lanes; doth vengeance tarry there,  
And sable trains proclaim the work of death;  
Afflicted ones, a God is found by prayer!

A thousand voices tell that he is kind;  
The playful breeze re-echoes fondness, love;  
'Tis breath'd o'er hills, in valleys rich enshrined,  
And trembling star-beams tell of pow'r above.

That power can blight the harvest, nip the flowers,  
O'er realms of plenty fling grim famine's scare;  
Then ere we pine or murmur, be it ours  
To seek deliverance from our God by prayer.

From the London People's Journal.

#### EDUCATION OF THE PEOPLE.

BY CLARA WALBEY.

The vulgar idea of educating the people, is to teach them the rudiments of the common branches of knowledge, and then cast them forth upon the world morally and religiously uninstructed; for, generally speaking, when religion is introduced, it is but as an unexplained mysterious creed—a dry, uninteresting formula, to be regularly gone through—or an obscure list of denunciations against the disobedient and sinful, combined with an unintelligible definition of sinfulness, as being inherent and most natural to humanity—thus profanely reflecting upon the goodness of an All-wise and Beneficent Creator!

A late celebrated politician contended, that true education consisted simply in instructing each in his proper vocation, rendering him physically expert; but, though a most essential, this is only a very subordinate part of the grand design of education, which is to render the mind capable of true happiness. The people should be trained for the great business of life; the enlargement of the mental faculties, the instruction of the mechanical powers, are but the means, not the aim and end of it, which is to exalt the character, by disciplining it to self-control, self-denial, and unqualified obedience to the requirements of religion; thus fitting it for a future state of existence. Industry, and energy of action are highly commendable, for without them man is but the slave of inclination or circumstance; but they will never ensure happiness unless instigated and governed by proper motives.

Though village schools, properly conducted, might be rendered invaluable institutions; yet example is the most potent element in education, and by its agency all those of superior gifts, of superior enlightenment, all those possessing intelligence and zeal, might effect wonders every year of their lives, especially if example were supported by incidental instruction. To such individuals, in a great measure, must we look for the regeneration of the

people; not to the usually bigoted, and consequently narrow-minded, teachers of schools for the children of the laboring classes, who merely place the two-edged sword of knowledge in the hands of their pupils, without instructing them how to use them.

Let the agriculturist, the tradesman, each ruler of a household, contribute his mite towards the universal work; let them all be scrupulously just to those in their employ, while just to themselves, proving that they are guided by principle, and are consistent in avoiding, even for once, the use of profane and injurious expressions, and the indulgence in any sort of excess; that they will sanction no cruelty, either to human beings or dumb animals, and that they are ever considerate of the comforts and feelings of their dependents. It would be a far more important reform than might be imagined, at the first view of the subject, to supersede entirely the acknowledgment of services by the gift of spirituous liquors of any description, from the pint of home-brewed ale to the trebly-injurious glass of spirits. Few reflect sufficiently upon the responsibility incurred by such sanctions and encouragements to intemperance, since it is a question whether all use of such beverages, even during the performance of the hardest work, is not intemperance; while none can ever foresee the ultimate effects of such sanctions, since it is by almost imperceptible and untraceable progress that the descent to crime is commenced.

But to reduce the question to a small space, it appears that the great desideratum in education is to awaken a desire for improvement—a thirst for truth. To present religion to the youthful and unprejudiced mind in its true simplicity, beauty, and purity; and, so far from subduing, quenching the free and ardent spirit, to arouse all its enthusiasm and energy, directed at the same time to noble objects, and rendered amenable to reason. The broken spirit can effect but little, even with the best intentions (unless divinely aided), while it has nought but feebleness to oppose to the allurements of vice, or the shocks of misfortune or death.

The great agent in this glorious achievement must be the united example and precept of those whose superior station, when joined to moral and religious worth, ensures the respect and imitation of those conventionally beneath them, while their daily intercourse with them affords constant opportunities for influence and instruction.

From Hogg's Instructor.

#### WIDOWHOOD.

It is a curious thing that the state of widowhood, of all states and conditions in the wide world, should have become a theme for light-hearted satire, and that even among modern writers, who are so much distinguished for feeling. We know it is all in jest, and ought to be taken in good part. Well, we are the last to quarrel with a little badinage, and we love modern authors for their heart's sake; but we sometimes think there is somewhat too much of this. There is indeed a fashion in these things: old maids and old bachelors are seldom out of fashion as subjects of merriment—married people had their day, and if you look into old comedies, a wretchedly dirty day you will find it to have been—but now widows seem to have their turn again, a worse turn than any of them. Of course, there are exceptions. We believe the widow of Ephesus to have been one of them, and these exceptions seem to countenance your jests; but, generally speaking, what an object for one's tenderest sympathies, and blindest courtesies, and most charitable constructions, is a widow! If she has been bereaved late in life, when years of kindly intercourse and common everyday attentions have formed themselves into habit, what a vacuum in her existence! Who is there to care with her and for her in the way she has been accustomed to? who to gossip with her upon every event of her everyday life? who to talk of old times?—her children. Oh, if she has children, it is Heaven's own alleviation; but still they are grown up, they are naturally and necessarily looking out for themselves, they are busy in the world, and cannot enter into the thoughts and feelings of declining age. And should she have been bereaved in early life, when the affections are most powerful—when early love is blighted, and early attachments torn asunder—when the prospect of coming years is suddenly blasted, can you conceive the bitterness of her spirit? Here again we say that children are a blessing. True, they are left upon the wide waste of the world, bereft of a father's (an earthly father's) care; and manifold anxieties on their account are to be endured; but, we might even ask, are these manifold anxieties, when weighed in the true balance of wisdom, intrinsically evil? have they not diverted that drooping spirit into energy and exertion, and given those harrowed affections somewhat to expand upon, and produced an amount of happiness immeasurably to outweigh the cold comfort of diminished worldly anxiety? But, childless or not, what is there in the condition of a young widow on which to hang a jest? While these thoughts have been passing in our mind, our companion has been telling us a very common, but a very touching tale of sorrow and disappointment. Positively there is nothing to repeat. Wasted energies, heart-crushing anxieties, cruel disappointments, blighting and destroying the vigor of a man, and bringing him down to the grave: while the meeker and more yielding spirit of a woman has bowed, and bent, and survived the tempest. This is really so commonplace a thing that we cannot insult the reader with the repetition of it: but had he heard, as we did, the relation of poverty, and anxiety, and distress, drawn out, not obtruded, from those lips,

and seen those gentle pensive eyes swimming in tears, he might have wished, as we did, that the young widow had been a little poorer, so that we could have offered her a pound—a little older or a little younger, so that we might have had more to say to her. We did the best thing under the circumstances that could be done—we stooped down, to hide our emotion, and caressed the child.

From the London People's Journal.

#### DESULTORY THOUGHTS ON DISCOVERY.

The restless curiosity implanted by the Creator in the human breast, for the wisest purposes, exhibits itself at a very early period of our existence; the first question lisped by the infant as to the uses, the formation and the composition of the toys given to him for amusement, and we may at times observe one, more enterprising than another, cutting the end out of his drum; to discover the origin of the noise, or dissecting the mechanism of his little organ, to ascertain the cause of the music it produces. This early thirst for knowledge, operating in a higher degree upon the more matured mind of the student, leads to the greatest discoveries. The eye observes the effects of some particular motion of nature, the mind resolves wherefore it should be so, and the end of mature consideration and study is, perhaps, the origin of a new era in the arts and manufactures. This mind of man, the very breath of his Great Maker, and remaining still—fallen though our human nature be—the essence of divinity, is capable of a depth of research and reflection which is ever productive of some fresh, and oft-times great, result; and as in its nature it is imperishable and immortal, so during the time of its habitation in the corporeal part of man, it will move onward towards a more perfect understanding both of its own state of existence, and of the nature, laws and combinations of the elements composing the material world. What a boundless field, too, has man around him for the exercise of this power of reflection and discovery! The universe, its laws, its unchanging, unchanging government, its myriads of fixed stars, every one of which may be a sun the centre of a planetary system like our own. How infinite is creation! here was the book which Ptolemy, Pythagoras, Copernicus, Kepler, Galileo strove to read and study, and the vast discoveries made by them all resulted from this primary cause—man's cultivated powers of reflection. And cultivated these powers must be; had it not been a Newton who observed the fall of the apple, the fortuitous development of the principles of gravitation might have been still in obscurity; and, though the cause of this mighty theory yet remains undiscovered, what a wonderful light has it thrown on the governing principles of our planetary system! At this point the Great Ruler of the universe has at present placed the finity of man's research, saying, "hitherto shalt thou go, but no further." Turn we to our earth, its kingdoms, animal, vegetable and mineral; what subjects for the research of the naturalist, the botanist, and the geologist. What wide, unexamined fields, are the discoveries of the traveller, the navigator, and even the spread of population, constantly opening; and, amidst our own well known tracts, may not some hitherto unnoticed power, or wonder, or beauty, be brought by the closer scrutiny of the student, into the bright light of day? Then the great study of mankind—man; here we have had a Harvey, the research of a Hunter, the scientific observations of the philosopher of Zurich, and a Spurzheim; and may there not still be hidden laws and causes, the effects of which have scarcely been observed? Until we strike the chord of the musical instrument, it remains silent, although the harmony has lain hidden therein from the time of its formation; thus it is with the discovery of the law of nature, and thus by the touch of genius are their marvellous beauties disclosed to us: man knoweth not even his own hidden powers until by some great event the latent strength of his mind, or talent, is brought into operation; and then, once in full action, we cannot say to what he may arrive, or what may be his usefulness. M. de Goguet in his preface to "The Origin of the Laws, Arts, and Sciences amongst the Ancients," makes use of this remarkable expression. "The history of the laws, arts and sciences, is, properly speaking, the history of the human mind;" and assuredly, if the mind of man sleeps, discovery will remain asleep also. Great discoveries in the art and sciences have taken place by accident, assisted by research, the fruit of that curiosity, so innate in the breast of man even from childhood, as has been already observed; and which, properly directed, is the source of every idea conducive to the benefit of human learning. Caxton created an era in literature by the discovery of the art of printing: how slow was the progress of learning when the pen of the historian was the only means for the transmission and preservation of knowledge. What this benefactor did for the mind of man, the discovery of the power of steam has done for the body; it has multiplied the arts and rendered them more beautiful, it has occasioned an entire revolution in the occurrences of every-day life. It has connected man more closely with his brother man; indeed a locomotive may be looked upon as a great philanthropist, furnishing employment to the ingenious workman, and levelling distinctions; for in the same train, separated only by a thin partition, are conveyed, with equal comfort to each other, the peer and the peasant; then on errands of benevolence does it convey you speedily from one point of the kingdom to the other; whilst the holiday of the mechanic and the laborer is opening to him, through the same means, new subjects for observation and rendering him