

who was taken prisoner by Demetrius, and captivated her conqueror, as well as many other females, are mentioned by ancient authors in terms of admiration.

The Romans, like every other people, were, from their first origin as a nation, possessed of a species of music which might be distinguished as their own. It appears to have been rude and coarse, and probably was a variation of the music in use among the Etruscans, and other tribes around them in Italy; but as soon as they began to open a communication with Greece, from that country, with their arts and philosophy they borrowed also their music and musical instruments.—*Percy Anecdotes.*

FRENCH MODESTY.

A Frenchman considers every work of merit an emanation of his own countrymen; and himself, his own race and nation epitomized. Whatever is great, good, and useful, had its origin in France, and Frenchmen have never achieved anything but what is great, good, and useful. They first discovered the revolution of the earth, the laws of gravitation, and the new world—for Galileo, Newton, and Columbus were, if not Frenchmen, certainly descendants of Frenchmen—because they were great geniuses. We have heard it gravely maintained that the application of steam power first originated with a Frenchman; that the perfection of naval architecture was dispensed at Toulon; and that David is the greatest painter that ever existed. When the Allies took away the pictures from the Louvre, they shouted, "Let them go, we will paint others!" A gentleman who makes pictures in chalks, assured us the other day, with that profound self-complacency which a Frenchman only can assume, that his sole motive for visiting England was, because we have no artists who can take likenesses. The following anecdote exhibits the French as the inventors of *counterpoint*, in addition to every other branch of science invented, or to be invented. "In my researches after old music in Antwerp (says Dr. Burney), I was directed to Mons. —, the singing master of St. James's Church, a Frenchman. Upon my acquainting him with my errand, and asking him the question I had before put to all the musicians and men of learning that I had met with in France and Italy, without

obtaining much satisfaction, "When and where did counterpoint, or modern harmony begin?" the Abbe's answer was quick and firm, "O, Sir, counterpoint was certainly invented in France!" "But," said I, "L. Guicciardini and the Abbe du Bos give it to the Flamands." This made no kind of impression on my valiant Abbe, who still referred me to France for materials to ascertain the fact. "But, Sir," said I, "what part of France must I go to; I have already made all possible enquiry in that kingdom, and had the honour of being every day permitted to search in the *Bibliothique du Roi*, at Paris, for more than a month together, in hopes of finding something to my purpose, but in vain; and as you were in possession of the old manuscript music belonging to your church, I was inclined to think it possible that you could have pointed out to me some compositions which, if not the first that were made in counterpoint, would at least be more ancient than those which I had found elsewhere. "Mais, Monsieur, savez sure que tout cela était inventé en France." ["But, Sir, rest contented that all that was invented in France."] This was all the answer I could get, and upon my pressing him to tell me where I might be furnished with proofs of this assertion, "Ah, ma foi, je n'en sais rien,"—"Ah, by my faith, I know nothing about it,"—was his whole reply. I had for some time been preparing for a retreat from this ignorant coxcomb, by shuffling towards the door, but after this I flew to it as fast as I could, first making my bow, and assuring him, sincerely, that I was extremely sorry to have given him so much trouble."—*Musical World.*

MADAME CATALANI'S LOVE OF THE ENGLISH.—She always speaks with great warmth of the kindness she experienced in England, and says she feels that she can never do enough to prove to the English her deep sense of gratitude for all the hospitality she received from them. Her frankness and cordiality emboldened us, before taking leave of her, to proffer a humble petition for a song. With the most perfect good humour she instantly complied with our request, though she said she was still suffering from the effects of a recent cold, and hoped we would put up with some "*petite bagatelle.*" With a truly French refinement of politeness, she sang, "Home, sweet Home," thinking, no doubt, that nothing could be more grateful to our English ears.—*Diary of a Nun.*

A LITTLE FARM WELL TILL'D.

TRIO, FROM THE COMIC OPERA OF "THE SOLDIER'S RETURN."

Un poco Alle gro. *Hook.*

A lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle cot well fill'd, A

lit - tle wife well will'd, give me give me.

A lar - ger farm well till'd, A

big - ger house well fill'd, A tal - ler wife well will'd, give me give me.

I

like the farm well till'd, And I like the house well fill'd, But no wife at all give

A short wife, A short wife, A short wife a short wife give

A tall wife, A tall wife, a tall wife a tall wife give

me, give me, No wife no wife at all give me, no wife at all give

me give me, A short wife, A short wife, a short wife a short wife give
 me give me, A tall wife, A tall wife, A tall wife a tall wife give
 me give me, No wife at all no wife at all give me give me, no wife at all give

me give me. A lit - tle farm well till'd, A lit - tle eot well fill'd, A
 me give me. A larg - er farm well till'd, A big - ger house well fill'd, A
 me give me, I like the farm well till'd, and I like the house well fill'd, But

lit - tle wife well will'd give me give me. A lit - tle farm well till'd, A
 tal - ler wife well will'd give me give me. A larg - er farm well till'd, A
 no wife at all give me give me. I like the farm well till'd, and I

lit - tle eot well fill'd A lit - tle wife well will'd give me give me.
 big - ger house well fill'd, A tal - ler wife well will'd give me give me.
 like the house well fill'd, But no wife at all give me give me.