

compartments. These pins, being bevelled, or brought to an edge at the top, serve as bridges to elevate and support the strings. The strings are of thin metallic wire,—four to each note,—tuned, of course, to the same pitch. The wires are fastened at one end of the instrument by means of small brass jags, and at the other by iron pegs, which can be turned round by a key to tune the instrument, as is done in the pianoforte. Although there are two rows of bridges, the strings composing one note do not pass over two pins; for the pins are so placed that one stands opposite the space between two on the other side; thus giving room to the strings upon it to run, without interruption, the whole length of the instrument from the bridge to the opposite end. By this arrangement, the several notes present a surface of alternate elevations and depressions similar to the appearance of the warp threads in a loom, when moved by the treadles to receive the woof. The compass of the instrument extends to two octaves and a half, tuned in the chromatic scale. When played upon, it is placed on a table, and is slightly inclined, so as to face the performer, who sits opposite to it, and beats upon it with both hands, by means of slight slips of cane, about six inches long, and curved at one end. The strings are struck with the curved end, which is muffled by a thread being twisted round it.

THE SKYLARK.

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
O to abide in the desert with thee!
*James Hogg, born at Ettrick, 25th Jan., 1772,
died 21st Nov., 1835.*

FORGIVE BLEST SHADE.

GLEE FOR THREE VOICES.

Dr. Callcott.

1st
SOPRANO.

2d.
SOPRANO.

BASS.

For - give blest shade, this tri - bu - tary tear, That mourns thy exit from a
world like this, For - give the wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy
world like this, For - give the wish that would have kept thee here, And stay'd thy

progress to the seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to grov'ling scenes of
 progress to the seats of bliss. No more con - fin'd to grov'ling scenes of

night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather
 night, No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather
 No more a tenant pent in mortal clay; Now should we rather

pp *cres.*
pp *cres.*
pp *cres.*

hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of
 hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of
 hail thy glorious flight, And trace thy jour - ney to the realms of

p *cres.*
p *cres.*
p *cres.*

day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.
 day, And trace thy journey to the realms of day.
 And trace thy journey