

guitar, with a long neck, and only two strings, the lowest of which is the bass, and upon the superior one the melody is played. The dance, executed by two persons, a youth and a maiden, is often full of grace. The latter moves in short sliding steps, while the lad follows quicker or slower, as the sentiment which the music expresses may require. The pining desire of the lover, the diffidence of the beloved, their meeting, his intreating her to hear him, her cold repulse, the increasing passion of the youth, the coquetry of the maiden, the pretended flight of the swain, her regret, and gradual yielding, in which she with much expression exhibits increasing tenderness in her glances, until at length they hold each other in embrace—in short, the entire dance is a little romance, represented with natural truth.

Young men and maidens also, upon certain occasions, dance the *contre* dance, which they accompany with their voices, without any instrument. Solo dances are frequent among the Cossacks of the Don, in which they develop great corporeal elasticity. Lastly, the *ziganka* is a wild, fiery measure, bordering upon a sensual riot, which is danced by the gypsies, who are found in Russia in great multitudes, and from whom bands of dancers come into the cities, where they exhibit their art at the evening parties of the nobility. In these bands damsels are seen of the most attractive beauty, which is still further increased by their fantastic costume. The musical accompaniments to their dance are wild and striking. The dancers also frequently accompany themselves with a small tambourine, and with the so-called "loshki" which consists of two wooden spoons, the handles of which are furnished with small bells, and are forcibly struck to-

gether. In St Petersburg, these national dances are frequently introduced as an interlude at the theatre, and are admirably executed by the members of the *corps de ballet*.—*St. Petersburg, &c., in 1833-4, by M. von Tietz*

SONNET TO SLEEP.

Sleep, silence' child, sweet father of soft rest,  
 Prince whose approach peace to all mortals  
 brings,  
 Indifferent host to shepherds and to kings;  
 Sole comforter of minds which are oppress'd;  
 Loe, by thy charming rod, all breathing things  
 Lie slumbering, with forgetfulness possest,  
 And yet o'er me to spread thy drowsie wings  
 Thou spar'st (alas), who cannot be thy guest.  
 Since I am thine, O come, but with that face  
 To inward light which thou art wont to show,  
 With feigned solace ease a true felt woe;  
 Or if, deafe god, thou do deny that grace,  
 Come as thou wilt, and what thou wilt be-  
 queath,  
 I long to kiss the image of my death.

William Drummond, born at Hanthornden, 13th Dec., 1585. Died 4th Dec., 1649.

MUSICAL JOKE.

Jonathan Battishill, an eminent musician of the last century, hearing that Dr. Nares, then master of the children of the King's Abbey, was somewhat unwell, asked what was his complaint? Informed that it chiefly consisted of a singing in the Doctor's head, answered, "that's a favourable symptom, for, if there be *singing* in his head now, who knows but that some time or other there may be *music* there."

AMIDST THE MYRTLES AS I WALK.

GLEE FOR FIVE VOICES.

Moderate.

J. Battishill.

SOPRANO. A - midst the myr - tles as I walk, Love and my -

ALTO. Amidst the myrtles as - - I walk, Love and my

TENOR. Amidst the myr - tles as I walk, Love and my

TENOR. A - midst the myr - tles as I walk, Love - and my

BASS. A - midst the myr - tles as I walk, Love and my

1st. 2d.

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I in

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I - - said I in

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I - - in deep distress

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell - - - me said I in deep dis -

self thus en - ter talk, talk, Tell me said I in

1st. 2d.

deep dis - tress, Where, where I may find my shep - herd - ess - ess.

deep dis - tress - Where I may find where I - - may find my shepherd - ess, - ess.

- - - in deep dis - tress, Where I may find, - my shep - - - herd - ess, - ess.

tress - - - - - Where I may find may find my shepherd - ess, tell, - ess.

deep di - tress, Where I may find my shepherd - ess, tell - ess.

I've searched the groves and fragrant bowers,  
 Where oft I've culled her sweetest flowers,  
 I've search'd each mead and verdant plain  
 To find my love, but all in vain.

Why did my Silvia from me rove,  
 Why did she quit her shepherd's love;  
 Return my Silvia to her swain,  
 And ease her anxious lover's pain.