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BIBLE MUSIC:

Being Variations, in Many Keys, on Musical
Themes from Scripture.

BY

FRANCIS JACOX, B.A.,

Author of "Cues from all Quarters," etc., etc.

"From holy writ the *motif* or the theme,
And variations thence meandering stream ;
Andante now, Adagio now prevails,
Now Allegretto chirps, now Largo wails ;
Major to minor turns ; chromatic scales
Change colour, as chameleon his hue,
If not clean turning achromatic too."

NICIAS FOXCAR.

Boston:

ROBERTS, BROTHERS.

MDCCLXXII.

P R E F A T O R Y.

TO matter-of-fact sticklers for sticking to one's text, this book is not unlikely to be an offence throughout. The texts are taken less as stand-points than as starting-points; less as something to make a stand upon, than as something to get away from. To compare them to stones,—they are here used not as foundation-stones, whereon to uprear an orderly structure, but as stepping-stones, for crossing a stream that, like Wordsworth's, wanders at its own sweet will; and the bank once gained, the rambling becomes almost systematically vagrant, up stream, down stream, or against the stream, whithersoever chance suggests or fancy leads.

One word, also to the address of matter-of-fact

critics, on the use of the term "Author," on the title-page or elsewhere, of this or any other book from the same pen. If none can write himself author who cannot point to some achievement in original, creative composition, I am none. If I could think of another term that should not look affected or pedantic, I would use it. Failing any such, I use the word in its accepted conventional sense,—conventionally comprehensive, comprehensively conventional.

F. J.

PRESTWOOD, *October, 1871.*

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BIBLE MUSIC.

I.

In the Beginning, and at the End.

Job xxxviii. 7 ; Rev. xiv. 2.

WHERE was man—the question came by way of answer from out of the whirlwind—when the foundations of the earth were fashioned, and the corner-stone of it laid? Man as yet was not. But then was the time “when the morning stars sang together,” and creation thrilled at the melody* of sound.

* Creation thrilled at the melody of *speech*—these words, or words to this effect, close a paragraph in a sermon by the late Henry Melvill, descriptive of the first articulate utterance of newly-created man. Congregations thrilled at the melody of Canon Melvill's voice, in the rich fulness of its mellow prime; and no listener of those days can well have forgotten the sensational effect of breath-drawing on the part of the people.

“From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :
When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,

when the climax, or grand climacteric, of a paragraph was at length reached by the preacher, and the culminating effect, the *terminus ad quem*, was arrived at, so that the hushed expectants could breathe freely again, and prepare for a fresh start. One is reminded, in the retrospect, of certain words in one of Corneille's prefaces, where he speaks of *un certain frémissement dans l'assemblée, qui marquait une curiosité merveilleuse, et un redoublement d'attention*, etc. The church-goer's sigh of relief is by the satirical associated with the full stop of the sermon; as where Mr. Thackeray describes the effect of a display of pianoforte fireworks, at the conclusion of which the drawing-room listeners give “a heave and a gasp of admiration—a deep-breathing gushing sound, such as you hear at church when the sermon comes to a full stop.” And some vague echo of which may have been sounding in Lord Cockburn's ears when he described the fire at the Tron Church in 1824, and the burning of the clock—the minute hand dropping suddenly and silently down to the perpendicular at a quarter before twelve at night: “When the old time-keeper's function was done, there was an audible sigh over the spectators. . . . Scott, whose father's pew had been in the Tron Church, lingered a moment, and said, with a profound heave, ‘Eh, sirs! mony a weary, weary sermon hae I heard beneath that steeple!’” No listener to London's Golden Lecturer sighed after that sort. The listening was more like that of the Commons to Pitt at his best, as Dr. Croly has described it—“deeply silent but where some chord was so powerfully touched that it gave a universal thrill. Again those involuntary bursts of admiration were as suddenly hushed by the eagerness of the House to listen, and the awful importance

And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
'Arise, ye more than dead.'
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,

of the subject." Dr. Oliver Holmes makes a simile that is pat and pertinent, when he pictures Helen Darley sighing, and changing her place, "as persons do whose breath some cunning orator has been sucking out of them with his spongy eloquence, so that, when he stops, they must get some air, and stir about, or they feel as if they should be half smothered and palsied." There float in the memory as applicable, if only misapplied, some lines of Byron's which tell how every listener's bosom held his breath, and how, throughout,

"from man to man,
A swift electric shiver ran; . . .
And with a hushing sound comprest,
A sigh shrunk back on every breast."

Of Melvill's Golden Lectures it might be said, as Macaulay says of Tillotson, that his eloquence attracted to the heart of the City crowds of the learned and polite, from the Inns of Court and from the mansions of the west end; a considerable part of his congregation generally consisting of young clergymen, "who came to learn the art of preaching at the feet of him who"—thus the great Whig historian appraises the great Whig prelate—"was universally considered as the first of preachers." Another Thursday morning series will occur to some readers, not forgetting the sensational breath-taking after prolonged breath-holding, to which this footnote refers. Dr. Wardlaw describes as "peculiarly striking" the aspect of the Tron Church, in Glasgow, "on a Thursday forenoon" (he italicizes the day of the week, and the time of day,) when Dr. Chalmers occupied the pulpit. To see a church of that size, "crammed above and below," during the busiest hours of the day, with fifteen or sixteen hundred hearers, and these

In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began :

of all vocations, "was indeed a novel and strange sight." A hush of dead silence attended the giving out of the text ; and as the preacher grew more earnest, so did the listeners. "Every breath is held, every cough is suppressed, every fidgety movement is settled ; every one, riveted himself by the spell of the impassioned and entrancing eloquence, knows how sensitively his neighbour will resent the very slightest disturbance. Then, by-and-by, there is a pause. The speaker stops—to gather breath, to wipe his forehead, to adjust his gown, and purposely too, and wisely, to give the audience, as well as himself, a moment or two of relaxation. The moment is embraced ; there is free breathing, suppressed coughs get vent, postures are changed, there is a universal stir, as of persons who could not have endured this strain much longer ; the preacher bends forward, his hand is raised—all is again hushed." A learned tourist in Norway not long since bore witness that the most impressive service he ever heard was in one of the Bergen churches—though he owns that an Englishman might have been a little startled by the amount of expectoration indulged in by the congregation ; for between the intervals of the sermon the sound was like that of the large raindrops at the beginning of a thunder-shower. The expectoration is an undesirable complement or supplement to the deep-drawn breath-taking ; otherwise the aspect of the Bergen auditory answers closely enough to one spell-bound by a Robert Hall or a Chalmers. Dr. Gregory tells us of the former, that from the beginning of his discourse "an almost breathless silence prevailed," deeply solemnizing from its singular intensesness. Not a sound was heard but that of the preacher's voice. As he became

From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man."

more animated, a few listeners here and there would be seen to rise from their seats, and stand gazing fixedly upon him—"every eye directed to the preacher, yet now and then for a moment glancing from one to the other, thus transmitting and reciprocating thought and feeling." Professor Fraser's description of Chalmers at the Tron Church is quite a parallel passage. Of the doctor's face, from which "intense emotion beamed," he says what John Foster said of Robert Hall's, that it was "lighted up almost into a glare." The congregation, he says, were leaning forward in the pews, like a forest bending under the power of the hurricane—looking intently at the preacher, and listening in breathless wonderment. "One young man, apparently a sailor, who sat in a pew before me, started to his feet, and stood till it was over. So soon as it was concluded, there was (as invariably was the case at the close of the doctor's bursts) a deep sigh, or rather gasp for breath, accompanied by a movement throughout the whole audience." Such a movement as the Chronicler of Carlingford has in mind, in the sentence,—“his audience paused with him, taking breath with the orator in a slight universal rustle, which is the most genuine applause.”—Not the least graphic of the many describers of Savonarola as a preacher, speaks of his voice rising in impassioned force up to a certain point, when he became suddenly silent, let his hands fall, and clasped them quietly before him : the silence of the preacher, however, “instead of being the signal for small movements amongst his audience,” seemed to be as strong a spell to them as his voice. “Through the vast area of the cathedral men and women sat with faces upturned, like breathing statues, till the voice was heard again in clear low tones.” Compare Madame de Sévigné's description of

Coeval with the heavens, its destiny is not, like them, to wax old, for that which decayeth and waxeth old is ready to vanish away. And of music it may be said that it abideth and is eternal in the heavens; for St. John the Divine recognized its divine destiny, when he heard a voice from heaven as the voice of many waters, and as the voice of a great thunder; and heard the voice of harpers, harping with their harps, and singing a new song before the throne. Music is thus identified, or at least inseparably associated, in holy writ, with the first records of creation, and with the last apocalypse of redemption and glory. It was in the beginning, and it ever shall be. In one sense of the word time, music without time, is a thing of nought; but in another, music shall live on when time shall be no more.

The music of the spheres may be a poetical licence only. But what though in solemn silence all move round (old style of cosmogony, and in Addison's verse) this dark terrestrial ball; what though no real voice or sound amid their radiant orbs be found? *N'importe:*

Father Bourdaloue's funeral sermon (in 1687) for M. le Prince, when "l'auditoire paraissait pendu et suspendu à tout ce qu'il disait, d'une telle sorte qu'on ne respirait pas." (Au Comte Bussy, 25 avril, 1687.)

“ In reason’s ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 For ever singing, as they shine,
 ‘ The hand that made us is divine.’ ”

To the ear, and in the judgment, of Sir Thomas Browne, there is music wherever there is harmony, order, or proportion ; and thus far we may, he affirms, maintain the music of the spheres : “ for those well-ordered motions, and regular paces, though they give no sound to the ear, yet to the understanding they strike a note most full of harmony.” Wherefore the poet, of imagination all compact, will love to mark by moonlight with Lorenzo at Belmont how the floor of heaven is thick inlaid with patins of bright gold, and to persuade himself that not the smallest orb his upward gaze takes in,

“ But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubim ;
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But, whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close us in, we cannot hear it.”

Pythagoras was enabled, on the showing of Iamblichus, ἀρρήτω τινὶ καὶ δυσεπινοήτῳ θεϊότητι χρώμενος, by an effort (as Daniel Dove renders it) of ineffable and hardly conceivable divinity, to retire into the depths of his own being, and there listen to that heavenly harmony of the spheres which to him alone

of all the human race was made audible. It is in pursuance of his argument, rhetorically enforced, that all deep things are Song,—it seeming somehow the very central essence of us, Song; as if all the rest were but wrappages and hulls;—the primal element of us, and of all things;—that Mr. Carlyle goes on to say, “The Greeks fabled of Sphere-Harmonies: it was the feeling they had of the inner structure of Nature; that the soul of all her voices and utterances was perfect music.” It was reserved for a latter-day poet to give expression to the *non possumus* of these latter days:

“I’ve heard of music in the spheres,
Which all men hear of, all admire,
But not a human mortal hears.”

Enough of the inaudible, and the incredible, if so it must be. Pass we on to what ear hath heard, or may hear, in a less questionable and a more practical sense.

Among the things which the Scriptures both of the Old and of the New Testament may be said to take for granted is this, that man is, by what is human in him, and that he ought to be, by what is divine about him, a lover of music. Choral symphonies consecrated the worship of the Jewish Temple. The apocalypse of heaven, as foreseen by the seer of Patmos, may have been very limited in details, but at any rate a main constituent in the

beatific vision is the throng of harpers harping with their harps. And indeed

“What know we of the blest above,
But that they sing, and that they love?”

A too one-sided acceptance of, and insistence upon, this partial view of heaven, has done much to set some people, especially young people, against any such ideal of the life to come. They are repelled by the narrow conventionalism which strictly confines the raptures of eternity to sitting upon clouds and playing on stringed instruments. Perhaps they have been accustomed to an extremely rude and crude type of church or chapel psalmody,—offensive to every notion they cherish of culture and æsthetical refinement; and when they remember with what stentorian zest, bellowed forth as if by blatant beasts and bulls of Bashan, the words of the hymn have deafened, dazed, and distressed them,

“I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below,”—

their involuntary, or perhaps too voluntary, inference has been, that if the greater heaven above be really in this respect like the little heaven below, they, for their part, having not yet been there, would almost rather not go.

Pope has his Horatian sneer at Hopkins and

Sternhold who "glad the heart with psalms," as sung by charity children, when "the silenced preacher yields to potent strain," and "heaven is won by violence of song." Addison's country clergyman has another kind of grievance connected with Sternhold and Hopkins, in the bravura flourishes of a fashionable visitor at his church,* who startles the parish from its propriety. It is sad, exclaims the author of *Music's Monument*,†

* "But what gives us the most offence is her theatrical manner of singing the psalms. She introduces about fifty Italian airs into the hundredth psalm; and whilst we begin *All people*, in the old solemn tune of our forefathers, she, in a quite different key, runs divisions on the vowels, and adorns them with the graces of Nicolini; if she meets with eke or aye, which are frequent in the metre of Hopkins and Sternhold, we are certain to hear her quavering them half a minute after us to some sprightly airs of the opera." The good parson can assure Mr. Spectator he is far from being an enemy to church music, but he fears this abuse of it may make his parish ridiculous, for his parishioners already look on the singing psalms as an entertainment, and not part of their devotion.

† Which Dr. Burney calls a matchless book, not to be forgotten among the curiosities of the seventeenth century. Southey devotes some pages to it in *The Doctor*. Here is a pertinent and rather piquant specimen of the manner of the man Mace :

"That counsel given by the Apostle Paul
Does certainly extend to Christians all.
Colossians the third, the sixteenth verse ;
(Turn to the place :) that text will thus rehearse,

Thomas Mace, "to hear what whining, toting, yelling, or screeching there is in many country

Let the word of Christ dwell in you plenteously,
 (What follows? Music in its excellency.)
 Admonishing yourselves in sweet accord,
 In singing psalms with grace unto the Lord;
Sed sine arte, that cannot be done,
Et sine arte, better let alone."

Thomas Mace would have sympathized with the early contempt of the Italians for tramontane singing, as expressed by John the deacon, and reproduced in Muratori and Gibbon: *Alpina scilicet corpora vocum suarum tonitruis altisonæ perstrepentia, susceptæ modulationis dulcedinem proprie non resultant, etc.* And Mace would have relished the allusion in one of Washington Irving's letters: "It is Saturday evening. I hear a solemn though rather nasal strain of melody from the kitchen. It is the good —, setting his mind in tune for the morrow." And then the writer records his satisfaction at having brimstoned his cider according to Uncle Natt's receipt; it would stand a poor chance, otherwise, against such melody.

The church music of Scotland in the reign of David the First has been graphically reviewed by his friend Ethelred, "of high authority," says Tytler, who argues that it was a pretty close imitation of the English. Ethelred is sarcastic on "so many organs and cymbals," such "terrible blowing of the bellows," such vocal "quavering like the neighing of horses." He hits out right and left at the choristers, who gesticulate and grimace "like comedians"—much as Hartley Coleridge, in a racy diatribe on parish clerks of the old school (happily now all but extinct), owns to having been reminded more of Punch than of any animated comedian. Hartley complains of the psalmody becoming, in such hands, as dis-

congregations, as if the people were affrighted or distracted." That is better, however, than the bravura type. The American Professor at the Breakfast-table expresses delight in the unsophisticated blending of all voices and all hearts in one common song of praise: some will sing a little loud perhaps, and now and then an impatient chorister will get a syllable or two in advance, or an enchanted (not enchanting) singer so lose all

tracting and irrelevant an episode as the jigs and country-dances scraped between the acts of a tragedy.

Mr. Newbigging remarks of the musicians of Rossendale Forest, in his topographical history of that district, that, far from being of yesterday's growth, they are a venerable race, and can count their congeners back through the centuries; and although he allows they may be taken at a disadvantage with the "formal and new-fangled squalling-boxes which are regulated by clockwork, and troll forth their music by the yard, as a carding-engine measures out its sliver," yet, placed before them, he adds, the glorious choruses of Handel and Haydn, and the creations of these masters of harmony find ready interpreters and strongly-appreciative minds. Old-fashioned folk are fain to utter the wish that it were everywhere so: the harmoniums and school-choirs of our country villages may have improved the church music of our time, but they have destroyed, through no inconsiderable part of England, the old corporations of village singers, through whom the songs and ballads of the country-side had been handed down for centuries. An archæological critic in the *Saturday Review* supposes that all this is quite as it should be, but is sorry for it nevertheless.

thought of time and place in the luxury of a closing cadence that he holds on to the last semi-breve upon his private responsibility; but "how much more of the spirit of the old Psalmist in the music of these imperfectly trained voices than in the academic niceties of the paid performers who take our musical worship out of our hands." True in spirit, and to the letter, for all the year round—the Christian Year—is what Keble says or sings in his lyric for Palm Sunday :—

"Childlike though the voices be,
And untunable the parts,
Thou wilt own the minstrelsy,
If it flows from childlike hearts."

The musical mal-practice of rustic choirs has too often, however, only too thoroughly deserved the satire that first and last has been lavished on it. Some of our best writers of fiction have made a subject of this grievance in fact. Mr. Hughes, in his *Tom Brown at Oxford*, dilates on the doings of the choir at the Englebourn parish church; how the bass viol proceeded thither to do the usual rehearsals, and gossip with the sexton; and how at the singing of the verse which ends with the line, "With dragons stout and strong," (in the ninety-first psalm,) which the gallery sang with exceptional and rather exceptionable vigour,—the trebles took up the line, and then the whole

strength of the gallery chorused again, "With dra-gons stout and strong," and the bass viol seemed to prolong the notes and to gloat over them as he droned them out, looking triumphantly at the distant curate, whose mild protests it was pleasant thus to defy. Mr. Charles Reade somewhere introduces to us a lad with a small rustic genius for music, which he illustrates by playing the clarionet in church, to the great regret of the clergy. So minute and observant a recorder of English midlandshire georgics and bucolics as George Eliot, naturally abounds in notices of a like sort. In *Felix Holt* there is a persistent plaint, by one in authority, about the obstinate demeanour of the singers, who decline to change the tunes in accordance with a change in the selection of the hymns, and stretch short metre into long out of pure wilfulness and defiance, irreverently adapting the most sacred monosyllables to a multitude of wandering quavers.* "There's no other music equal

* "I cannot but think it a snare when a professing Christian has a bass voice like brother Kemp's," says Mr. Nuttwood, deacon and grocer. "It makes him desire to be heard of men; but the weaker song of the humble may have more power in the ear of God." An outspoken friend retorts upon the speaker the query, does he think it any better vanity to flatter himself that God likes to hear him, though men don't? Felix Holt is, indeed, rather flippantly severe upon the sleek tradesman, whom he ironically bids "follow the light of the

to the Christmas music—"Hark the erol angils sing," poor Dolly assures Silas Marner; "And you may judge what it is at church, Master Marner, with the bassoon and the voices, as you can't help thinking you've got to a better place already." In the same book we come across a large jocose-looking man, an excellent wheelwright in his week-day capacity, but on Sunday leader of the choir, who puts down a recalcitrant with a jest, winking the while at the "bassoon" and the "key-bugle," in the confidence that he is expressing the sense of the musical profession in Raveloe. And in one of the *Scenes of Clerical Life* we have a rather elaborate account of the process and procedure of the singing at Sheperton Church; how, as the moment of psalmody approached, a slate appeared in front of the gallery, advertising in bold characters the psalm about to be sung, lest the sonorous announcement of the clerk should leave the bucolic mind in doubt on that head; how this was followed by the migration of the clerk to the gallery, where, in company

old-fashioned Presbyterians that I've heard sing at Glasgow. The preacher gives out the tenth psalm, and then everybody sings a different tune, as it happens to turn up in their throats. It's a domineering thing to set a tune, and expect everybody else to follow it. It's a denial of private judgment."—*Felix Holt*, chap. xiii.

with a bassoon, two key-bugles, a carpenter understood to have an amazing power of singing "counter," and two lesser musical stars, he formed the complement of a choir regarded in Shepperton as one of distinguished attraction, occasionally known to draw hearers from the next parish. "But the greatest triumphs of the Shepperton choir were reserved for the Sundays when the slate announced an ANTHEM, with a dignified abstinence from particularisation, both words and music lying far beyond the reach of the most ambitious amateurs in the congregation,"—an anthem in which the key-bugles are described as always running away at a great pace, while the bassoon every now and then boomed a flying shot after them.

II.

Jubal's Invention.

Genesis iv. 21.

MUSIC must have got some way beyond the most primitive stage of all,* when Jubal, the son of Lamech and Adah, the brother of Jabal (whose children are all such as dwell in

* Mr. Herbert Spencer accepts the argument of Dr. Burney, as indeed implied by the customs of still extant barbarous races, that the first musical instruments were, without doubt, percussive—sticks, calabashes, and tomtoms; and were used simply to mark the time of the dance; and in this constant repetition of the same sound, we see music in its most homogeneous form. In his treatise on the origin and function of music, the same philosophic writer takes note of the fact that the dance chants of savage tribes are very monotonous, and in virtue of their monotony are much more nearly allied to ordinary speech than are the songs of civilized races (from which, and cognate facts, he infers the original divergence of vocal music from emotional speech in a gradual, unobtrusive manner). Delightful to savage ears would be what is so horrid to Shakspeare's Richard:—

tents, and have cattle), and also of Tubal Cain, that instructor of every artificer in brass and iron

“The harsh resounding trumpet's dreadful bray,
With boisterous untuned drums.”

Mr. Helps has this passage in his story of the Lake City of the age of flint: “At the end of the day there was a sort of ovation in honour of Realmah, and he was accompanied home by a great crowd, and with loud noise of instruments of music which would not much have delighted our ears, but which were very pleasing to the Sheviri.” One finds it hard to quote without a mild protest, in the case of so pleasing and accomplished a writer, a passage containing the words “a sort of ovation,” remembering how that word *ovation* is used up and abused by penny-a-liners. The penny papers are, some of them, above misusing the poor word now. One of them, in a special correspondent's letter on the occasion of the reception of Prince Bismarck at Berlin after the great war of 1870-71, told us that the clerks of the Foreign Office gave the Count “a kind of ‘ovation’” in the interior of their bureau, but immediately went on to remark that the word “ovation” has been sadly misused of late years by careless writers; whereas he claimed to have not misapplied it in connection with the welcome of Bismarck at the Foreign Office. “He is not the first German who has been ‘ovated.’ What said Kaiser Ludwig as he sat at supper after the great victory at Mühldorf-on-the-Inn, more than five hundred years ago . . . with the valiant Ritter Schweppermann, etc. The country had been eaten to the bone, and the conqueror and his captains had no better fare than bread and eggs for supper; whereat cried the Kaiser, ‘Jedem Mann ein Ey; dem frommen Schweppermann zwei.’ And surely the ‘fromme’ Schweppermann deserved his two eggs—and the ‘fromme’ Bismarck his to boot.” The application may be a little strained, but at any rate the writer is aware that an egg

—when this Jubal, better known perhaps by name to devout lovers of Handel than to cursory readers

is a main ingredient in that once rare and dainty dish, an ovation.

To revert, however, to ancient music. The Egyptians, we find, had a lyre with three strings; the early lyre of the Greeks had four, constituting their tetrachord, and in course of some centuries lyres of seven and eight strings were employed, until, by the expiration of a thousand years, they had advanced to their "great system" of the double octave, through all which changes there of course arose a greater heterogeneity of melody, though little in the time, as yet. Harmony was then unknown: the advance from melody to harmony was by a sudden leap, music in parts not being evolved until Christian church music had reached some development, when, the fugue having been suggested by the employment of two choirs singing alternately the same air, with whom it became the practice (very possibly originating in a mistake) for the second choir to begin before the first had ceased, "from the fugue to concerted music of two, three, four, and more parts, the transition was easy." Between the old monotonous dance-chant and an oratorio of our own day, with its endless orchestral complexities and vocal combinations, an essayist on the law and cause of Progress may well pronounce the contrast in heterogeneity to be so extreme that it seems scarcely credible that the one should have been the ancestor of the other.

The clerical interlocutor in *Gryll Grange*, admitting that little is known of the music of the Greeks, but inferring the unknown from the known, has no doubt it was as excellent in its kind as their sculpture. Another demurs to that view, arguing that they seem to have had only the minor key, and to have known no more of counter-point than they did of perspective. A third demurs to their having only the mine:

of the Book of Genesis, attained the distinction of fatherhood of all such as handle the harp and

key. The natural ascent of the voice, he remarks, is in the major key, and the Greeks, with their exquisite sensibility to sound, could not have missed the obvious expression of cheerfulness. "With their three scales, diatonic, chromatic, and enharmonic, they must have exhausted every possible expression of feeling." With all that, objects Mr. Nimin, they never got beyond melody; they had no harmony, in our sense; they sang only in unisons and octaves. His opponent, however, denies it to be clear that they did not sing in fifths.

Mr. Grote claims a powerful ethical effect for the old Grecian music. It wrought much more movingly, he contends, on the impulses and resolutions of the hearers, though it tickled the ear less gratefully, than the scientific compositions of after-days. He shows each particular style of music to have had its own appropriate mental effect—the Phrygian mode imparting a wild and maddening stimulus; the Dorian mode creating a settled and deliberate resolution, exempt alike from the desponding and from the impetuous sentiments. "In the belief of all the ancient writers, every musical mode had its own peculiar emotional influences, powerfully modified the temper of hearers, and was intimately connected with the national worship."—*Grote, History of Greece*, vol. iii., pp. 288 *seq.*; cf. p. 297; vol. ii., 583 *seq.*; vol. viii., 477 *seq.*

Lady Eastlake calls it difficult to imagine how a Greek child could ever evince its natural predilection for music—those two chief elements of the art which test the highest and the lowest grade of musical inclination, time and harmony, being alike unknown to them. They are believed to have never advanced even so far as the knowledge of those harmonious thirds which little Mozart, when but three years

organ. Father Smith, the organist, was forestalled even by name.

old, would strike on the clavicle, "and incline his little head, smiling to the harmony of the vibrations." They seem to have either used music outwardly, on this dissertator's showing, as a mere sing-song enhancement of that luxurious pleasure which all Orientals take in story-telling, or verse-reciting, or to have sought for it inwardly as an abstract thing on which to try their powers of thought, and not their springs of emotion; for they are credited with having ascertained the existence of a deep science in music before they suspected a deeper instinct; they studied her grammar before they knew her speech. "Instead of combining her tones in fulness of harmony, they split them into divisions incognizable to our modern ears." M. Kiesewetter scouts the preconceived and deeply-rooted opinion that our present music has been perfected upon that of the Greeks, and that it is only a further continuation of the same. He refers to authors who, even in his own day, talk of "the revival of ancient music in the middle ages;" and, in refuting their view, while admitting that there was a period when the music of the Christian West sought counsel with that of the Heathen East, and when the decisions of Greek writers were looked upon as the source of all true musical inspiration, he maintains that, in point of fact, the later music only prospered in proportion as she disengaged herself from the earlier, and then first attained a certain degree of perfection when she had succeeded in throwing off the last fetters, real or conventional, of old Hellenic doctrine. Even had ancient Greece, he argues, continued to exist for two thousand years more, no music, in any way analogous to ours, could possibly have proceeded from her. "The systems in which the art was bound, the purposes for which she was used, the very laws of the State regarding her, offered unconquerable impediments to her

“What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell

development. The old Greek music perished in its infancy, an interesting child, but one predestined never to arrive at maturity.” And for the human race he pronounces her fall to have been no loss.

It is certain, affirms the *Quarterly* essayist, that in the Isles of Greece, “where burning Sappho loved and sung,” that which we now call music was so unknown, that were old Timotheus to rise from the dead, no change or development in modern civilization would astonish him so much as that in the art of music. “He would be delighted with our post-office, interested in our railroads, ashamed of our oratory, horrified at our public buildings, but dumbfounded at our musical festivals.”

Haply, however, even old Timotheus redivivus would stand up for the melody of his native land. Thomson is strenuous to hail in Hellenic melody a melody indeed :—

“The sweet enforcer of the poet’s strain,
 Thine was the meaning music of the heart.
 Not the vain trill, that, void of passion, runs
 In giddy mazes, tickling idle ears ;
 But that deep-searching voice, and artful hand,
 To which respondent shakes the varied soul.”

The allusion here is, as commentators remind us, to the tones known as the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, etc., upon which St. Ambrose founded what are called the “authentic” ecclesiastical tones, the Gregorian, as finally settled in their present form, and set to the Psalms of David, by St. Gregory the Great. M. Janssen, in his *Vrais Principes du Chant Grégorien*, says of St. Ambrose, “C’est en modifiant le système des tetrachordes grecs qu’il conserva leur quatre modes

To worship that celestial sound :
 Less than a God they thought there could not dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well."

le plus généralement répandus, en assimilant son premier ton au mode Dorien, son deuxième au mode Phrygien, son troisième au mode Lydien, et son quatrième au mode Mixolidien." Thomson's tribute to ancient melody and expression, in contrast to modern display of execution, is seconded again and again by Mr. Peacock, to whose taste a simple accompaniment, in strict subordination to the melody, is so much more agreeable than that "Niagara of sound under which it is now the fashion to bury it." His Miss Tenorina and Miss Graziosa enchant the company at Headlong Hall with some very scientific compositions, which, as usual, excite admiration and astonishment in every one, without a single particle of genuine pleasure.

"Avaunt, the scientific squall—
 I hate it—nature hates it all—
 But lo! 'tis science and the ton, I find,"

exclaims and complains and explains Dr. Wolcot. There is a fair widow in one of Mrs. Gore's fictions who is described advisedly as a "tremendous" musician, for such prodigies of execution as hers inspire the listener with awe, unmixed with any pleasanter sensation. "A squadron of Prussian dragoons galloping up and down the piano would not have produced greater execution." The scale of her voice enabling her to sing the Queen of Night music in the Zauberflöte, this lady not only undertakes it in its entirety, but whenever any supremely difficult and frightful bravura is inflicted upon the musical world, she is sure to get it by heart, and astonish even orchestras and professors. "Such exhibitions in private life ought, in my opinion, to be put down by act of parliament. Not one person in two hundred but finds them insupport-

Milton has a memorable passage descriptive of what Adam, under Michael's guidance, foresees and hears, of the paulo-post-future doings of his more immediate posterity : he hears the sound of instruments that make melodious chime,—of harp and organ ; and Tubal,

able ; and when Lady G., led away by her wild enthusiasm, was indulging in her vocal or instrumental skirmishing, the country gentlemen used to look absolutely panic-struck." Mr. Hullah has some not uncalled-for strictures on the often grievously misdirected labour of amateur musicians, who attempt to do at their leisure what can only be done successfully when made the business of a life. And he holds that one of the first evidences of reformation in amateur music would be the study of compositions having an interest and beauty of their own, independent of any which they owe to the executive skill of those who perform them. For though very difficult music is sometimes very fine music, it by no means follows, he cautions the unwary, that fine music is always difficult ; on the contrary, a vast number of musical compositions of the very highest order of invention and science, though susceptible of increased effect from the exercise upon them of increased skill, yet *demand* for their execution positively but little.

Mrs. Browning's Aurora Leigh is quite a representative young woman in at least one stage of her culture :—

" I learnt much music—such as would have been
As quite impossible in Johnson's day
As still it might be wished—fine sleights of hand
And unimagined fingering, shuffling off
The hearer's soul through hurricanes of notes
To a noisy Tophet."

“who moved
Their stops and chords, was seen; his volant touch
Instinct through all proportions, low and high,
Fled and pursued transverse the resonant fugue.”

The Hebrew *uggab*, which in our version is Englished *organ*, was scarcely the instrument for elaborate fugue-playing; more accurately perhaps it might be called the ancient shepherd's pipe, corresponding most nearly, Jahn instructs us, to the *σύριξ*, or the pipe of Pan among the Greeks;—consisting at first of only one or two, it afterwards comprised about seven pipes, made of reeds, and differing from each other in length; and the instrument called *mashrokitha*, used in Babylon, Dan. iii. 5, appears to have been of a similar construction. Rome was not built in a day, any more than the cathedral organ. But to the *uggab* of Jubal is presumably to be traced the first stage of that noble instrument upon which the resonant fugue, in full flight and pursuit, has been played with volant touch. Master Hugues, of Saxe-Gotha, in the act of playing one, is he not the subject of a characteristic study by Mr. Robert Browning? What does he mean by his mountainous fugues,—he, the poor organist, Hugues, the composer of note—dead though, and done with, this many a year. Mark the exposition, for there's meaning in it:—

- “First, you deliver your phrase
 —Nothing propound, that I see,
 Fit in itself for much blame or much praise—
 Answer’d no less, where no answer need be :
 Off start the Two on their ways !
- “Straight must a Third interpose,
 Volunteer needlessly help—
 In strikes a Fourth, a Fifth thrusts in his nose,
 So the cry’s open, the kennel’s a-yelp,
 Argument’s hot to the close !
- “One dissertates, he is candid—
 Two must discept,—has distinguish’d.
 Three helps the couple, if ever yet man did :
 Four protests ; Five makes a dart at the thing wish’d—
 Back to One, goes the case bandied.
- “One says his say with a difference—
 More of expounding, explaining :
 All now is wrangle, abuse, and vociferance—
 Now there’s a truce, all’s subdued, self-restraining—
 Five, though, stands out all the stiffer hence.
- “One is incisive, corrosive—
 Two retorts, nettled, curt, crepitant—
 Three makes rejoinder, expansive, explosive—
 Four overbears them all, strident and strepitant—
 Five O Danaides, O Sieve !
- “Now they ply axes and crowbars—
 Now they prick pins at a tissue
 Fine as a skein of the casuist Escobar’s
 Work’d on the bone of a lie. To what issue ?
 Where is our gain at the Two-bars ?
- ‘ *Est FUGA, volvitur rota !*
 On we drift. Where looms the dim port ?
 One, Two, Three, Four, Five, contribute their quota—
 Something is gain’d, if one caught but the import—
 Show it us, Hugues of Saxe-Gotha !”

So the fugue broadens and thickens, greatens and deepens and lengthens: "if one caught but the import," is too often said of Mr. Browning's own voluntaries. But even those who most consciously fail to catch it, in his case, will hardly fail to admire his gift of word-painting as applied to a sister-art, or to find piquancy in the whimsical devices of his Hudibrastic rhymes.

Given a good organ, there lacks another good gift, and that is an efficient organist. A Hugues of Saxe-Gotha is not always, or often, to be had for the asking, any more than a Browning to sound his praise. Chatterton has pointed the distinction sharply enough between a Broderip and an Allen at the same finger-board. In the instance of the former, essaying a fugue, "the flying band in swift transition hops through all the tortured, vile burlesque of stops; sacred to sleep . . . dull doleful diapasons die away. . . . The vicar slumbers, and the snore goes round, whilst Broderip at his passive organ groans through all his slow variety of tones.

"How unlike Allen! Allen is divine
He keeps the passion with the sound in play,
And the soul trembles with the trembling key." *

* When it was Broderip's turn to be at the organ, the disappointed and utterly dissatisfied listener, regretful of the absent, might feel and say with a French poet, though not in his sense,—

There was a *Te Deum laudamus* Dante thought he heard, in another world, in accents blended with sweet melody: the strains came o'er his ear even as the sound of choral voices, that in solemn chant with organ mingle, and, now high and clear, come swelling, now float indistinct away. Mr. Cary, in his note on the passage, quotes Cassiodorus on the 150th Psalm, and Tiraboschi, to show that organs were used in Italy as early as the sixth century, adding, "If I remember right, there is a passage in the Emperor Julian's writings which shows that the organ was not unknown in his time." By Abelard's time the instrument was sufficiently improved, and appreciated, to warrant the allusion by Pope's Eloisa to their moving and exalting strain: "And swelling organs lift the rising soul." Milton was but expressing in noblest diction what had been felt by cathedral worshippers for centuries past, when he penned that pensive aspiration of his, to hear the pealing organ blow, to the full-voiced choir below, in service high, and anthem clear, as might with

" La main n'était plus là, qui, vivant et jetant
 Le bruit par tous les pores,
 Tout à l'heure pressait le clavier palpitant
 Plein de notes sonores,
 Et les faisait jaillir sous son doigt souverain
 Qui se crispe et s'allonge,
 Et ruisseler le long des grands tubes d'airain," etc.

sweetness, through his ear, dissolve him into ecstasies, and bring all heaven before his eyes.

To the cathedral organ in its present plenitude of power may be applied the lines intended by the Ettrick Shepherd for another instrument :—

“ What would old Patriarch Jubal say to this—
The father of the sweetest moving art
E'er compassèd by man ?—O be his name
Revered for aye ! Methinks I see the sire,
With filaments of bark, or plaited thongs, \\
Stretch'd on a hurdle, in supreme delight,
Bumming and strumming at his infant science,
Whilst the seraphic gleaming of his eye
Gave omen of that world of harmony,
Then in its embryo stage, form'd to combine
The holy avocations of mankind,
And his delights, with those of angels.”

Cotton Mather argues that the instrumental music used in the old church of Israel was an institution of God, the instruments being explicitly called His instruments ; but that as not one word of institution is to be found in the New Testament for instrumental music in the worship of God, and that because He “ rejects all He does not command in His worship, He now therefore in effect says to us, *I will not hear the melody of thy organs.*” And the old New England divine caps his argument by the query,—If we admit instrumental music in the worship of God, how can we resist the imposition of all the instruments used among

the ancient Jews? "Yea, dancing as well as playing, and several other Judaic actions?" The Puritans in Old England, while their political supremacy lasted, acted upon what Southey calls "this preposterous opinion," by selling the Church organs, without being scrupulous concerning the uses to which they might be applied—some being set up in taverns, where, in the words of a writer of that age, who is speaking of the prevalence of drunkenness, as a national vice, the toppers chanted "their dithyrambics and bestial bacchanalia to the tune of those instruments which were wont to assist them in the celebration of God's praises, and regulate the voices of the worst singers in the world—which are the English in their churches at present."*

* It cannot be supposed, as Southey observes in the *Doctor*, where (and whence) this passage is quoted, that the organs thus disposed of were instruments of any great cost or value. Thirty shillings was the price of one sold in 1565, which belonged to Lambeth Church; and Mr. Denne, the antiquary, says of the organs generally in country parish churches, "that they might more properly have been termed a box of whistles." A *pair* of organs was the term then in use, meaning a set; so, a pair of cards, for a pack. Sir Thomas Overbury's character of a Puritan includes this item: "A paire of organs blow him out o' the parish, and are the only glister-pipes to coole him." Butler is flinging in the same direction when his *Hudibras* is made to exclaim, in rhymes *sui generis*,

At the opening (or, as modern high-polite stylists have it, the "inauguration") of the organ at Doncaster parish church, in 1739,—the cost having been five hundred guineas,—a sermon was preached for the occasion by the then curate, Mr. Fawkes, in which, after having rhetorized in praise of sacred music, and touched upon the cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of instruments, he turned to the organ, and apostrophised it thus: "But O what—O what—what shall I call *thee* by? thou divine box of sounds!" Possibly Dryden's note of interrogation was ringing in his ears:—

" Are things of superstitious function
Fit to be used in gospel sunshine?
It is an antichristian opera,
Much used in midnight times of popery."

It was a new sensation for Londoners to listen to the Abbey organs in the year of the Restoration. Pepys writes in November, 1660: "I went to the Abbey, where the first time that I ever heard the organs in a cathedral." The taverns had latterly been more in their way, and in his. A month later, on the penultimate day of that memorable year, he writes again in his diary: "I to the Abbey, and walked there, seeing the great confusion of people that come there to hear the organs."

As Overbury gives in detail the *Character* of a Puritan, so does he of a Precisian; and, organically speaking, it is a distinction without a difference; for of the latter we read: "He thinkes every organist is in the state of damnation, and had rather heare one of Robert Wisdomes psalms, than the best hymne a cherubin can sing."

“ But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach
 The sacred organ’s praise?
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.”

The historian of the Dutch Republic, describing Antwerp Cathedral as a sacred island in the tumultuous main (for so appears the church, “with the noisy streets of the metropolis eddying around its walls”), makes of it a forest, each shaft of which rose to a preternatural height, while the rank vegetation and the fantastic zoology of a fabulous world seemed to decorate and to animate the serried trunks and pendent branches ; and then he adds, that the “shattering symphonies or dying murmurs of the organ suggested the rushing of the wind through the forest—now the full diapason of the storm, and now the gentle cadence of the evening breeze.” The *gusty* organ, Leigh Hunt calls it :—

“ For ever and anon there roll’d
 The gusty organ manifold,
 Like a golden gate of heaven
 On its hinges angel-driven
 To let through a storm and weight
 Of its throne’s consenting’s state [*sic*];
 Till the dreadful grace withdrew
 Into breath serene as dew,
 Comforting the ascending hymn
 With notes of softest seraphim.”

Elia, amid his avowals of "no ear" for music, is fain to recall the times, five-and-thirty years before, when solemn anthems struck upon his heedless ear, as he rambled in the side-aisles of the dim abbey—waking a new sense, and putting a soul of old religion* into his young apprehension,—the anthem being perhaps that in which the Psalmist, weary of the persecutions of bad men, wisheth to himself dove's wings—or that which, with a like measure of sobriety and pathos, inquireth by what means the young man shall best cleanse his way. So listening, "I am for the time," says Elia, "rapt above earth, and possess joys not promised at my birth." In Dr. Holland's words:—

" Absorbed, entranced, as one who sits alone†
Within a dim cathedral, and resigns

* In Lamb a something deeper and sincerer than in Byron's flippant promise: "When I turn thirty, I will turn devout: I feel a great vocation that way in Catholic churches, *and when I hear the organ.*" (To John Murray, 1817.)

† The lonesomeness of the listener is a particular that tempts to further illustration,—be the organ strain an act of public worship, while he who listens is an outsider, or be it a mere incident of private practice on the performer's part. Mr. Dallas pictures Milton's father (who was composer as well as scrivener) seated at the organ, after he has tied up his parchments, and filling the house with strains to which it is not less accustomed than to the sound of law Latin and the smell of skins and pounce. "As the foot-passenger goes

His spirit to the organ-theme, that mounts
Or sinks in tremulous pauses, or sweeps out
On mighty pinions, and with trumpet voice
Through labyrinthine harmonies, at last

by the house, which bears the sign of the Spread Eagle, taken from the Milton Arms, he perhaps stops to listen, as he listened to the uproarious crew of the Mermaid, and if he is at all musical he recognizes the air as sung last Sunday in the parish church—the tune called York, of which Master Milton was the composer, which half the nurses of England used afterwards to chant by way of lullaby, and which the country churches rung in their chimes full many times a day.”—One of Lord Lytton’s most elaborately depicted “characters,” a guilty and sad-hearted man, is startled in the deepening twilight by a strain from church-organ stealing upon the silence with its swelling and solemn note; and there was, we read, something in the strain of this sudden music that was so kindred with the holy repose of the scene, and that chimed so exactly to the chord now vibrating in the listener’s mind, that it struck upon him at once with an irresistible power; and he paused abruptly, “as if an angel spoke.” That sound, so peculiarly adapted to express sacred and unearthly emotion, none who have ever mourned or deeply sinned can hear, “at an unlooked-for moment, without a certain sentiment that either subdues, or elevates, or awes.” For it brings back boyhood, and the church associations of an innocent past—of a past innocence. Balzac tells us of the French officer who thus listens, in his *Histoire des Treize*, that “les sensations que lui causèrent les différents morceaux exécutés par la religieuse, sont du petit nombre de choses dont l’expression est interdite à la parole, et la rend impuissante, mais qui, semblables à la mort, à Dieu, à l’éternité, ne peuvent s’apprécier que dans le léger point de contact qu’elles ont avec les hommes.”

Emerging, and through silver clouds of sound
 Receding and receding, till it melts
 Into the empyrean, and is lost."

Quite early in the opening of James Grahame's once popular poem, which still has readers north of the Tweed, there is a picture of a sick man on his couch, whose ear is gladdened by overheard notes of the church organ, swelling into a diapason full, "and now the tubes a softened stop controls."

"Again the organ-peal, loud, rolling, meets
 The hallelujahs of the choir. Sublime
 A thousand notes symphoniously ascend,
 As if the whole were one, suspended high
 In air, soar heavenward; afar they float,
 Wafting glad tidings to the sick man's couch:
 Raised on his arm, he lists the cadence close,
 Yet thinks he hears it still: his heart is cheer'd;
 He smiles on death; but ah! a wish will rise—
 'Would I were now beneath that echoing roof!'"

We all remember the gentle organist in the *Story of La Roche*—how the English philosopher and sceptic was touched as he listened—how the music paused, ceased, and the sobbing of the player was heard in its stead. Some, again, may recall a chapter in Galt's *Omen*, where the listener is strangely thrilled in every fibre by an organ strain of enchanting power, overheard by him in his stray wanderings. Or, more recently, the surprised weekday voluntaries of Tom Pinch. Or, yet later, Clara Talboys overheard playing a theme of Mendelssohn's, the dreary sadness of which goes straight to Robert Audley's heart. How often Mendelssohn himself might have been thus overheard, playing on the organ in Swiss and other village churches, far on into the twilight, his letters from Italy and Switzerland amply show.

Wordsworth has his Cambridge sketch of himself with

Balzac pronounces the organ to be, "certes, le plus grand, le plus audacieux, le plus magnifique

careless ostentation shouldering up his surplice, as through the inferior through he clove

" Of the plain burghers, who in audience stood
On the last skirts of their permitted ground,
Under the pealing organ."

Higher in tone and scope, in musical feeling and musical expression, is Mr. Tennyson's simile—

" As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, through the door
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor
Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands."

Geoffrey Crayon is an outsider at an evening service in the Abbey, heard faintly and afar off; a hush ensues; stillness, desertion, and obscurity gradually prevailing around, give a deeper and more solemn interest to the place; when suddenly the notes of the deep-labouring organ burst upon the ear of the lingering solitary, falling with doubled and redoubled intensity, and rolling, as it were, huge billows of sound. How well, muses the transatlantic wayfarer, do their volume and grandeur accord with that mighty building,—swelling with pomp through its vast vaults, and breathing their awful harmony through those caves of death, making the silent sepulchre vocal! "And now they rise in triumphant acclamation, heaving higher and higher their accordant notes, and piling sound on sound. And now they pause, and the soft voices of the choir break out into sweet gushes of melody; they soar aloft, and warble along the roof, and seem to play about those lofty vaults like the pure airs of heaven. Again the pealing organ heaves its thrilling

de tous les instruments créés par le génie human." He recognizes in it an entire orchestra, from which

thunders, compressing air into music, and rolling it forth upon the soul. What long-drawn cadences! What solemn sweeping concords! It grows more and more dense and powerful—it fills the vast pile, and seems to jar the very walls—the ear is stunned—the senses are overwhelmed. And now it is winding up in full jubilee—it is rising from the earth to heaven—the very soul seems rapt away and floated upwards on the swelling tide of harmony." Naturally the sketcher sits for some time lost in that kind of reverie which a strain of such music is apt to inspire, while the shadows of evening thicken around him, and the monuments cast a deeper and deeper gloom.

Alexander Smith has a figure of one who

" Stood tranced and mute as savage at the door
Of rich cathedral where the organ rolls,
And all the answering choirs awake at once."

William Hazlitt remembers strolling once along the margin of a stream in a low sheltered valley on Salisbury Plain, near to a little parish church, hidden from his sight by tall elms and quivering elders, when, all of a sudden, he was startled by the sound of the full organ pealing on the ear, accompanied by rustic voices, and the willing choir of village maids and children. It rose, indeed, as the rapt listener describes it, "like an exhalation of rich distilled perfumes." To his thinking, to his feeling, the dew from a thousand pastures was gathered in its softness; the silence of a thousand years spoke in it. "It came upon the heart like the calm beauty of death: fancy caught the sound, and faith mounted on it to the skies. It filled the valley like a mist, and still poured out its endless chant, and still it swells upon the ear, and wraps me in a golden trance, drowning the noisy tumult

a deft hand can ask whatever it will, and which can express anything, everything. He calls it a sort of pedestal, upon which the soul *se pose pour s'élançer* into space, when, in her flight, she essays to trace out a thousand pictures, to paint life, to expatiate in the infinite which separates heaven from earth. The oftener a poet gives ear to the organ's *gigantesques harmonies*, the more clearly, says this writer, he perceives that between the human worshippers on their knees and the hidden God there is a distance best travelled by the hundred voices of the choir, *les chants qui alternent avec le tonnerre des orgues*. And eloquently he dilates on a great and impassioned player's "fugues flexibles du délire," and then "molles ondulations" of music that, tint by tint, takes *une couleur de tristesse profonde*. Anon, "les échos versèrent les chagrins à torrents. Enfin tout à coup les hautes notes firent détonner un concert de voix angéliques. . . . Vint l'*Amen*. Là, plus de joie ni des larmes dans les airs ; ni mélancholie, ni regrets. L'*Amen* fût un retour à Dieu ; ce dernier accord fut grave, solemnel, terrible ; . . . les derniers grondements des basses firent frémir les auditeurs, jusque dans leurs cheveux. . . . Quand les airs eurent, par degrés, cessé leurs vibrations oscilla-

of the world." So muses the fervid rhapsodist in his essay on the moot question, why distant objects please.

toires, vous eussiez dit que l'église, jusque-là lumineuse, rentrait dans une obscurité profonde."

A poetess's *Vision of Poets* has its music for the ear as well, strains in high and higher mood, and the strain we hear is in the higher :—

"A strain more noble than the first mused in
the organ, and outburst.

With giant march, from floor to roof rose the full notes,—
now parted off in pauses massively aloof,
Like measured thunders,—now rejoined in concords of
mysterious kind, which fused together sense and mind,—
Now flashing sharp on sharp along exultant, in a mounting
throng, now dying off to a low song
Fed upon minors !—warlike sounds re-eddying into silver
rounds, enlarging liberty with bounds,
And every rhythm that seemed to close, survived in confluent
under-flows, symphonious with the next that rose.
Thus the whole strain being multiplied and greatened—with
its glorified wings shot abroad from side to side,—
Waved backward (as a mist might wave a Brocken mist, and
with as brave wild roaring) arch and architrave,
Aisle, transept, column, marble wall,—then swelling outward,
prodigal of aspiration beyond thrall,"

soared, higher and yet higher, *excelsior*, itself a glory
in excelsis.

Wordsworth's homage to the organ is full and free and frequent; not always, perhaps, too poetically expressed. He calls it, for instance, a "tubed engine" in his *Thanksgiving Ode* :—

"O enter now His temple gate !"

Inviting words—perchance already flung

(As the crowd press devoutly down the aisle
Of some old minster's venerable pile)
From voices into zealous passion stung,
While the tubed engine feels the inspiring blasts,
And has begun—its clouds of sound to cast
Forth towards empyreal Heaven,
As if the fretted roof were riven.”

But safe from all verbal cavil are those three noble sonnets on the interior of King's College, Cambridge, which commemorate the designer of that branching roof, self-poised and scooped into ten thousand cells, “where light and shade repose, where music dwells lingering, and wandering on as loth to die.” From the arms of silence,—

“ List ! O list !
The music bursteth into second life ;
The notes luxuriate, every stone is kissed
By sound, or ghost of sound, in mazy strife ;
Heart-thrilling strains, that cast, before the eye
Of the devout, a veil of ecstasy !”

III.

Organs—Beyond the Meaning, and the
Patience, of Job.

THE most patient of men speaks of those who “take the timbrel and harp, and rejoice at the sound of the organ” (Job xxi. 12). It would tax the patience of Job to bear with, to bear up against, the sound of the organ, were it a street-organ, and the grinder near at hand. As to rejoicing at it, or rejoicing with them that do rejoice at it,—one hopes that Job would have become *impatient* at the very idea.

Sufferers from the excruciating torture of street organ-grinding may be forgiven if they sometimes wish there were no such thing as music, in this world or the next. But it is commonly the ear most susceptible to real music that is tortured by the “brown beasts” of your quiet street. It is in a main degree because he knows what music is, and can respond in his heart of hearts to its subtle and sweet appeals,—deep calling to deep, not un-

answered,—that he winces and writhes under the harrow of the grinder. The organ-man has his patrons, his allies, his champions, his admirers*

* Who would have reckoned on Mr. Herbert Spencer remarking, in illustration of his thesis that Pleasure is coy, and must not be too directly pursued, but must be caught unawares,—that “an air from a street piano, heard while at work, will often gratify more than the choicest music played at a concert by the most accomplished musicians”? Mr. Leigh Hunt, in spite of his genuine musical sensibilities, was so pronounced a lover of all that seemed to exhilarate any class of his fellow-creatures, or might even remotely tend to refine them, that no one is surprised at a similar remark from him, as to a tree in London streets affecting the eye something in the same way as “the hand-organ which brings unexpected music to the ear.” Mr. Hayward tells us of Samuel Rogers that when he dined at home, and alone, it was his custom to have an Italian organ-grinder playing in the hall, the organ being set to the Sicilian Mariners’ air and other popular tunes of the south.

M. Emile Deschael, in his *Causeries de Quinzaine*, allows that street music does not gratify a cultivated ear, that the execution is necessarily imperfect, the audience not at all fastidious. “Eh ! c’est là le mal, dites-vous,—Non, c’est un bien, qui conduit à un mieux.” This rude form of art, he contends, awakens the ideal.

Mr. Windham has this entry in his Diary, sub anno 1786 : “Some Irish tunes, from an organ which we had at the door, gave me those sensations of happiness which music sometimes inspires me with, and which I hardly know from anything else.” A parallel passage is that in Byron’s Diary of Feb. 2, 1821 (at Ravenna) : “Oh, there is an organ playing in the street—a waltz too ! I must leave off to listen. They are playing a waltz which I have heard ten thousand

even, his persistent paymasters. And it is easy to see that something may be said for him. But with regard to those who pay him, and who encourage his once-a-week visits, if not oftener, all the year round, notwithstanding their full knowledge of the distress his grinding inflicts on some next-

times at the balls in London, between 1812 and 1815. Music is a strange thing." In some such mood does Violet, in the story bearing that name, give way to the associations conjured up to her mind by "Portrait Charmant," when that air is struck up by a street organ-boy. "In our busy moments we have so contemned the tiresome Italian boy, with his one tune. . . . But in the time of sorrow, of *inactive* sorrow, if such an air as 'Portrait Charmant' be heard mingling with the vulgar street sounds, it will strike you as it never did before, and in listening to the notes you find it is somehow taking a gentle revenge for all the contumely you have cast upon its hackneyed sounds in days gone by." *Chacun à son gout*. The time of sorrow is the last the present annotator would choose for hearing a street organ grind any air whatsoever. At the best of times, to him, the best of barrel-organs is tolerable in no other sense than Dogberry's of *not* to be endured.

Never was the simplicity of good old Colonel Newcome more remarkably or perhaps less winsomely displayed, than when, ever anxious to procure amusement for his darling Rosey, then confined to her couch, he asked whether she would not like a barrel-organ grinding fifty or sixty favourite pieces, which a bearer could turn; such an instrument as the "very fine one" Windus, of his regiment, "who loved music exceedingly," had out to Barrackpore in the year 1810, and relays of barrels by each ship with all the new tunes from Europe.

door neighbour,—what can be said for them? what may not be said of them? Granted, that there are in existence cantankerous folk, cross-grained and acidulous exceedingly, who oppose all street “music” because it gives pleasure to some one else, and they have no notion of letting any one be pleased if they can help it. But is it fair, is it within the range of common justice, common good feeling, or indeed common sense, to impute indiscriminately to every objector to barrel-organ-grinders and brass bandsmen this extravagant malice of motive? In ninety-nine cases out of a hundred the suffering is real, and very frequently it is intense. Iron constitutions that boast themselves innocent of nerves, unconscious of a nervous system,—’tis a thousand pities they cannot realize something of the nervous agitation, the absolute physical derangement, the prolonged mental discomposure, all due to the man with his torture-box under their window. Why should not I and my children have it, if we like it, and we *do* like it, cries your robust neighbour. But he and his children can very much better bear with a privation of that very odd pleasure, than you can bear with the pain. A neighbour should show himself neighbourly. Will nothing less than a brain fever convince him that grinding may be torture to some nerves? Nothing at all, probably, will convince him that the hater of organ-grinding

can like music. One may apply to the imperfect sympathy between these twain, what the host says to Julia, and what Julia answers, in *The Two Gentlemen of Verona* :

“*Host.* I perceive you delight not in music.

Jul. Not a whit, when it jars so.”

And how it does jar, that creak of the torture-box of pipes and foul wind! It taxes one's humanity to feel humane towards the dirty agents of all this foul play, albeit while (in Mrs. Browning's words) “the organ's grinding, the grinder's face is dry and vacant of even woe.” Dr. O. W. Holmes has a rap at the breed, including the hurdy-gurdy monsters, as

“Vagrants, whose arts
Have caged some devil in their mad machine,*
Which grinding, squeaks, with husky groans between.”

All thanks to every scribe who utters a like protest, however casually expressed, against the grinders; for every little helps, or ought to help. To the author of *Land at Last*, for instance, for his side-thrust (in passing) at “the grinding of the

* *As* a machine, Father Prout quarrelled with the barrel-organ,—complaining that the old ballad-singers, blind fiddlers, and pipers, had been forced to give place to a mere piece of machinery, which superseded all intelligence and interest in the player.

horrible organ which is murdering 'Ah, che la morte' beneath my window." To the author of *Half a Million of Money*, for an onslaught against "the inevitable street-organ—that 'most miraculous organ,' which can no more be silenced than the voice of murder itself."* To the author of *Twice Round the Clock*, for his fling at the "Italian organ-grinder, hirsute, sunburnt, and saucy," who grinds airs from the *Trovatore* six times over, follows with a selection from the *Traviata*, repeated half a dozen times, finishes with the *Old Hundredth*, and then begins again. To one of *Blackwood's* most favoured poets, too early dead, (perhaps the "organ-fiend" helped to kill him,) who recorded once among the pleasures of memory the fact that

"The Organ-fiend was wanting there.
Not till the Peace had closed our quarrels
Could slaughter that machine devise,
(Made from his useless musket-barrels)
To slay us 'mid our London Cries.

"Why did not Martin in his Act
Insert some punishment to suit
This crime of being hourly rack'd
To death by some melodious Brute?"

* "And which in Transpontia hath its chosen home. The oldest inhabitant of Brudenell Terrace confessed to never having known the hour of any day (except Sunday) when some native of Parma or Lucca was not to be heard grinding his slow length along from number one to number twenty-four."—Chap. I.

From ten at morn to twelve at night
His instrument the Savage plies,
From him alone there's no respite,
Since 'tis the Victim, here, that cries.

“Macaulay! Talfourd! Smythe! Lord John!*
If ever yet your studies brown
This pest has broken in upon,
Arise, and put the Monster down.
By all distracted students feel,
When sense crash'd into nonsense dies
Beneath that ruthless ORGAN'S wheel,
We call! O hear our London Cries!”

A Saturday Reviewer can name no native nuisance to compare with that inflicted by itinerant musicians on those who have “no soul for popular Italian music.” He assumes that there is a class of our fellow-citizens who love to steep their senses in the eccentric melodies ground out of tortured music-chests by able-bodied Piedmontese. He knows too well that there is another class, the softness of whose hearts is only surpassed by that of their heads, who, compassionating the sorrows of the victims of a cruel system, do their best to make it perpetual by subsidizing it. But he submits—and with grateful earnestness we enforce the plea—that a certain consideration should be shown for intelligible differences of taste; that even assuming the harmonies of the organ to be the music of the

* This appeal was penned in 1849.

spheres, THEIR ABSENCE WOULD INFLICT LESS PAIN ON THEIR RARE ADMIRERS THAN THEIR PRESENCE DOES ON THE MANY WHOSE NERVES IT JARS. This is a very mild and temperate way of putting the question ; but it may be all the more likely to commend itself to the calmly common-sensical who will give it a thought. And, for commonest charity' sake, it deserves one.

The day will dawn, it may not be too extravagant a hope to cherish, when no father of a family that cares whether or not his neighbours suffer, will allow the peripatetic grinder to grind within earshot of his doors and windows, be they shut or open ; and when no mother that cares for her children having a jot of musical taste will allow her servants to fee and retain the carrier of that box of instrumental torture, in their delighted recognition of music-hall monstrosities and tea-gardens melodies,—flashy, flabby, frowsy, flatulent stuff,—as loud and flaring as it is weary, stale, flat, and (except to the grinder) most unprofitable. The day will dawn,—for the sake of human nature and of civilization, one cannot but hope it,—when there shall be realized the pictorial prophecy outlined by John Leech, or by some fellow-artist who felt like him as well as drew like him : the picture of a child-visitor at Madame Tussaud's starting back in terror from the grim presence in waxwork of a

hirsute grinder in full play, horrible to the eye (the bodily eye), and horrible to the ear (the mind's ear). The child's alarm is soothed by a gentle mother's reviving assurance that the man is not real, not alive; and she adds, "Why, I can remember when creatures of that sort were allowed to go loose in the streets all about London!" Happy the people that are in such a case as the lady and little boy in that prospective picture. May the day for its entire realization dawn ere long! Meanwhile, every householder is a public benefactor who exercises his legal right to send out and stop the grinding that is, not merely opposite, but even near, his house. He sets a good example. He encourages more timid but also more sensitive neighbours to do likewise; and he is not only doing what is right, and what is his right, but, in behalf of all near him who are suffering, and desolate, and oppressed, he is doing a work of real charity.

IV.

As Vinegar upon Nitre.

Proverbs xxv. 20.

“**A**S vinegar upon nitre, so is he that singeth songs to a heavy heart.” There are people who, it has been said, are so irresistibly impelled to sing songs, that, in a world where heavy hearts are unfortunately common, it is difficult always to keep the vinegar and nitre apart. They cannot sympathize with, for they cannot in the least understand, the temperament which tends to constitute what Sir Henry Taylor calls

“A recreant from festivities that grieve
The heart not festive.”

The lament of the lady in the old ballad of *Jamie Douglas* has this among other touches of nature :

“As on to Embro’ town we came,
My guid father he welcomed me ;
He caused his minstrels meet to sound,—
It was no music at a’ to me.”

The good king René, feeling his own genius for recreative composition in music, makes the like mistake when he resolves to exert it to the utmost, in the hope of thereby relieving the melancholy which has taken fast hold of his daughter, Margaret of Anjou. What he devises for means of solace and alleviation, serves but to disgust her as idle folly; and she makes her escape with all speed from the elaborate mirth which is the bitterest aggravation of her sorrows. Worse than useless are the royal father's pains to place in requisition every pipe and tambourine in the country; Margaret can receive no agreeable sensation from sounds of levity; the sounding brass and the tinkling cymbals do but grate and jar on her ear; and the king has to give way to reasons which he cannot sympathize with. "He tried to enliven, and therefore doubly saddened me,"—the record of this one experience is typical for all time. Rowe's Calista deserves a hearing for the plea,

"Let not thy fond officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy."

A broken tooth, is a simile of King Solomon's, just before this one of vinegar upon nitre; and the having one's teeth set on edge by either unseasonable or very bad music might be suggested by

either figure. The latest King of Hanover, himself deprived of sight, treats of that sense as less powerful and operative than that of hearing, "because inharmonious, jarring tones are capable of shocking and torturing our feelings to their inmost core to such an extent as to make us almost beside ourselves"—an effect, he goes on to say, in his *Ideen und Betrachtungen über die Eigenschaften der Musik*, it is impossible to produce by a bad painting, a desolate tract of country, or the worst of poems. To this statement, exception was taken by his reviewer in the *Quarterly*, who allows it to be perfectly true that the bare contemplation of a daub does not throw a connoisseur in painting into convulsions like Hogarth's Enraged Musician; and that the worst epic ever laid on the reviewer's table never provoked in him anything beyond a strong tendency to slumber. But the obvious reason, he points out, is that, amongst the several objects of repugnance mentioned by the prince, disagreeable sounds alone affect us physically through the nerves: "for example, a person utterly devoid of musical taste or sensibility may be made to suffer acutely from a sound that sets the teeth on edge." The proper analogy, therefore, as regards the sight, would be, the critic submits, not between bad music and bad pictures, but between the glare of a red flame and the grating of a file.

Now what the grating of a file is to the nerves of hearing in an unmusical person, bad music is to those of the musical—varying of course, in every case, with the degree of badness in the music, and of nervous irritability and musical sensibility conjoined, in the afflicted hearer. One of the penalties of an advancing refinement in taste, is a proportionate disrelish, if not disgust* at, and intolerance of the coarser, lower, more popular type of compositions. The *habitué* of Mr. Charles Halle's "recitals," or of Mr. Ella's Musical Union, cannot stomach the affronts of a miscellaneous or ballad concert. Writing in 1840, on our alleged national obtuseness with regard to the higher order of music, Mr. de Quincey complained that so little was the grandeur of this "divine art" suspected amongst us generally, that men were to be found who would pen an essay deliberately for the pur-

* Hamilton is apt to conclude of Hildegarde, in the *Initials*, that she is incapable of appreciating good music when she hears it ; but, on the contrary, she is so sensitively alive to its beauties that she cannot endure mediocrity.

So with Sidonia, in Mr. Disraeli's *Coningsby*. "You are fond of music, Lord Eskdale tells me?" "When it is excellent," said Sidonia. "But that is so rare." "And precious as Paradise. As for indifferent music, 'tis Purgatory ; but when it is bad, for my part I feel myself—" "Where?" said Lord Eskdale. "In the last circles of the Inferno," said Sidonia.

pose of putting on record their own preference of a song, to the most elaborate music of Mozart or Beethoven ; who would thus glory in their shame ; and, though speaking in the character of one confessing a weakness, would evidently regard themselves as models of candour, laying bare a state of feeling which is natural and sound, opposed to a class of false pretenders who, while servile to rules of artists, in reality contradict their own musical instincts, and feel little or nothing of what they profess. Strange, Mr. de Quincey accounts it in the instance of such a man, that even the analogy of other arts should not open his eyes to the delusion he is encouraging. "A song, an air, a tune,—that is, a short succession of notes revolving rapidly upon itself,—how could that by possibility offer a field of compass sufficient for the development of great musical effects ? The preparation pregnant with the future, the remote correspondence, the questions, as it were, which to a deep musical sense are asked in one passage, and answered in another ; the iteration and ingemination of a given effect, moving through subtle variations that sometimes disguise the theme, sometimes fitfully reveal it, sometimes throw it out tumultuously to the daylight,—these and ten thousand forms of self-conflicting musical passion—what room could they find, what opening, for utterance, in so limited a

field as an air or song?" A hunting-box, a park lodge, the eloquent dissertator suggests, may have a forest grace and the beauty of appropriateness; but what if a man should match such a bauble against the Pantheon, or against the minsters of York and Strasburg? The conclusion is: let him who finds the *maximum* of his musical gratification in a song, be assured, by that one fact, that his sensibility is rude and undeveloped.*

A later critic of the "critics of the parlour," shallow and superficial, but glib and self-satisfied, says of them that, with a vile affectation of humility, they ostentatiously avow† that they don't

* Yet exactly upon this level Mr. de Quincey affirmed the ordinary state of musical feeling throughout Great Britain to be, in 1840; and he cited the "howling wilderness of the psalmody in most parish churches of the land" to counter-sign the averment. At the same time he distinctly recognized the accumulation in London of more musical science than in any capital in the world; and this, gradually diffused, would, he gladly felt, improve the feeling of the country.

† Of constant recurrence, and ever sure of sympathizers in plenty, are such avowals as that of Mackenzie's Montauban: "I am delighted with those ancient national songs, because there is a simplicity and an expression in them which I can understand. Adepts in music are pleased with more intricate compositions; and they talk more of the pleasure than they feel; and others talk after them without feeling at all."

Burns writes to Mr. Thomson, "I am sensible that my taste in music must be inelegant and vulgar, because people of undisputed and cultivated taste can find no merit

understand high art, and are entirely ignorant of grand critical principles; still they know what

in my favourite tunes. Still, because I am cheaply pleased, is that any reason why I should deny myself that pleasure? Many of our Strathspeys . . . give me most exquisite enjoyment, where you and other judges would probably be showing disgust."

Over the hills and far away excites the enthusiasm of Mr. Lammeter, in *Silas Marner*: "There's a many tunes I don't make head or tail of; but that speaks to me like the blackbird's whistle." "Come, Mr. Bates," is the appeal of Mr. Sharp in one of the *Scenes of Clerical Life*, "let us hear 'Roy's Wife.' I'd rather hear a good old song like that, nor all the fine Italian toodlin."

Francis Horner confesses in one of his letters, "I know nothing of music myself more than the pleasure it gives me; and a march, or a plain song, or even a reel, is to me worth all the skilful execution of Italy." But in another letter, of nearly the same date, Horner congratulates another correspondent on their common admiration of Handel: "Being altogether as ignorant of music, both of us, as the dolphins whom Arion charmed, or the stocks and stones that yielded to Orpheus, it is fortunate that that ignorance prevents neither stones nor dolphins nor Scotch lawyers from being delighted with the divine compositions of Handel."—(Horner to Murray, April 10, 1801.)

Of Niebuhr we find that scientific music at no time of his life afforded him gratification, but a simple song often affected him even to tears. So with the Quaker philosopher Dalton, who, despite his unpoetical temperament, and his indifference to elaborate musical achievements, was deeply moved by simple melodies, and would sit absorbed and spell-bound by certain favourite airs. He might have explained the charm after the manner of Gérard de Nerval—

gives them pleasure, and are not sure whether this, after all, is not as good a test as another of artistic

“ Il est un air pour qui je donnerais
 Tout Rossini, tout Mozart, et tout Weber,
 Un air très-vieux, languissant et funèbre,
 Qui pour moi seul a des charmes secrets.”

Samuel Rogers had a pronounced preference for simple melodies to complicated harmonies ; a biographer says he would have agreed with the critic who on being informed that a brilliant performance just concluded was extremely difficult, ejaculated, “ I wish it had been impossible.” Sir Walter Scott hails the “ natural empire ” over the “ generous bosom ” of a “ simple and even rude ” music, such as “ cannot be attained by the most learned compositions of the first masters, which are caviare to the common ear,” although, doubtless, as he is ready to concede, they afford a delight, exquisite in its kind, to those whose natural capacity and education have enabled them to comprehend and relish those difficult and complicated combinations of harmony.

When Sir Walter’s Black Knight asks his hermit host what he will have him sing—whether a *sirvente* in the language of *oc*, or a *lai* in the language of *oui*, or a *virelai*, or a ballad in the vulgar English,—“ A ballad, a ballad,” says the hermit, “ against all the *ocs* and *ouis* of France.” Squire Western never relished any music but what was light and airy, his most favourite tunes being “ Old Sir Simon the King,” “ St. George he was for England,” and “ Bobbing Joan ;”—and though Sophia, his daughter, “ a perfect mistress of music,” would never willingly have played any but Handel’s, she learnt all those tunes to oblige the squire, whose custom it was to hear her play on the harpsichord every afternoon, for “ he was a great lover of music, and perhaps, had he lived in town, might have passed for a connoisseur, for”—mark the irony of Fielding’s syllogism—“ he always excepted against the finest compositions of Mr.

success. This modest way of putting the case is justly said by their censor to really veil a profound

Handel." Mr. Spread, in the *Bachelor of the Albany*, "liked music in a pleasant, social, unmusical sort of way ; that is to say, he liked without understanding it, and thought the words of a song a very important part of it." There is a genuine touch of Fielding's irony in that last hit by Mr. Savage. "I used to go to the Opera at Lisbon," says Captain Hopkinson, in *The Semi-detached House*, "and such a quavering, and shaking, and screaming, with great loud crashes of the orchestra at the end, enough to deafen you. When I went on board again and heard John Leary, one of our best mizzen-top-men, sing 'Home, sweet home,' the rest of the watch joining in the chorus, I thought *that* was music, the other was only noise." The captain was not the man to say ditto to Homer's Telemachus,—

"For novel lays attract our ravish'd ears ;
But old, the mind with inattention hears."

You will never, affirms David Hume, in one of his metaphysical essays, convince a man who is not accustomed to Italian music, and has not an ear to follow its intricacies, that a Scotch tune is not preferable. Pepys records in his Diary a visit to a singer of the Italian school : "and indeed she sings mightily well, and just after the Italian manner, but yet do not please me like one of Mrs. Knipp's songs, to a good English tune," all of the olden time. Mr. Barham is fain to confess a like preference :

"You'll say that my taste
Is sadly misplaced,
But I can't help confessing these simple old tunes,
The *Auld Robin Grays*, and the *Aileen Aroons*,
The *Gramachree Mollys*, and *Sweet Bonny Doons*,
Are dearer to me
In a tenfold degree
Than a fine *fantasia* from over the sea."

conviction that, though not learned in the pedantry of academies, they have a fine natural insight into the true and the beautiful, which is worth infinitely more than all that academies have got to teach: at bottom they sincerely believe that the pleasure which they derive from a song is in truth the standard of its worth. Now the giving of pleasure is admitted to be unquestionably an end of all artistic composition; only it is worth remembering, these criticasters of the drawing-room are told, that everything depends on the sort of people to whom a piece is fit to give pleasure. "The jovial song which fills with delirious transports the dull brain of a beery clown in an alehouse may not be very admirable in ears polite." And there may be light-of-nature critics as little able as the beery clown "to appreciate one of Beethoven's sonatas, or one of Mendelssohn's Lieder. The incapacity, which in the one case comes of beer and dulness combined, is in the other the simpler fruit of dulness and no beer."

Not that appreciation of the highest and even the severest school of classical music need imply indifference to, or a disrelish of, the very simplest music that is good of its kind, and is therefore melodious, individual, and characteristic. There is a species of music which the sympathetic author of *Consuelo*, treating of the ancient canticles of

Bohemia, terms natural, because it is not the production of science and reflection, but rather of an inspiration which escapes from the trammels of rules and conventions ; and such is popular music, that of the peasants in particular, which educated musicians will not trouble themselves to collect—"the most part despising these fugitive ideas, for want of an intelligence and sentiment sufficiently elevated to comprehend them." Consuelo is described as having all the candour, poetry, and sensibility which are requisite to comprehend and love popular music, and in this to have proved that she was a great artist, and that the learned theories which she had studied had in no respect impaired the freshness and sweetness which are the treasures of inspiration and the youth of the soul. She would not have come under the lash of the French satirist :

" Tous veulent étonner, et, sûrs d'être applaudis,
Briguent, à qui mieux mieux, le titre d'érudits.
Ils croiraient déroger à leur grandeur future,
S'ils daignaient quelquefois consulter la Nature.
La Nature, en effet, se trompe fort souvent ;
Elle fait peu de cas d'un ouvrage savant :
Le pâtre et ses chansons, le cœur et son langage,
Un air simple, un ton vrai lui plaisent davantage."

In his essay on Grandfathers and Grandchildren, the author of *Letters to Eusebius*, after recognizing in Handel and Purcell composers of music for

men, grand and thought-creating, asked, "Who composes music now, but mere tintinnabula of folly or licentiousness, with their butterfly flip-flap flights and die-away cadences?" And the old scholar expressed himself sure of this, that neither grandfathers or grandmothers ought to be present when their grandchildren trill and warble interminable variations, that either have no meaning, or a bad one. Wildrake is at fault when he hears an old air thus misrepresented,

" 'Twas so disguised
With shakes, and flourishes, outlandish things,
That mar, not grace, an honest English song,—"

especially when executed by what Sheridan's Acres calls "such a mistress of flat and sharp, squallante, rumblante, and quiverante." The present musical world, Mr. Eagles complained, won't compose for those old people who go about with cotton in their ears; and he thought the best thing they can do is not to take it out, but to add a little more wadding, that they might have a chance of not hearing.* One of the interlocutors in

* As early as in the days of *Salmagundi*, Washington Irving spoke of modern amateurs as estimating music in proportion to the noise it makes, and as delighting in thundering cannon and earthquakes. He makes a musical correspondent and professor confess that he has already broken six pianos in giving the proper force and effect to this style, but entertain

Gryll Grange, who commends Haydn's music as a full stream of perfect harmony in subjection

a hope that by the time he has broken eight or ten more, he shall have brought it to such perfection as to be able to teach any demoiselle of tolerable ear, "to thunder away to the infinite delight of papa or mamma, and the great annoyance of those Vandals who are so barbarous as to prefer the simple melody of a Scotch air to the sublime effusions of modern musical doctors." Elsewhere Geoffrey Crayon has his metrical fling at the same order of pupils, taught

"To thump and thunder through a song,
Play *fortes* soft, and *dolces* strong ;
Exhibit loud *piano* feats,
Caught from that crotchet-hero, Meetz," etc.

Judge Haliburton's racy philosopher who hails from Slickville, is outspoken to the same purpose. "What's that? It's music. Well, that's artificial too; it's scientific, they say; it's done by rule. Jist look at that gal at the pianny; first comes a little Garman thunder. Good airth and seas, what a crash! it seems as if she'd bang the instrument all to a thousand pieces. I guess she's vexed at somebody, and is a peggin' it into the pianny out of spite." Mrs. Gore sketches a German fraulein suddenly bursting into a crashing thundering sonata, of the high-pressure instrumental school, who "had not skirmished up and down the keys five minutes before my [Cecil's] nerves were demi-semiquavered and chromaticized into a state of anguish.—I felt as if I had swallowed a glass of vitriol."

The Russian ladies, according to the author of *A Journey Due North*, are accomplished and even scientific musicians; wonderful pianistes—but always in a hard, ringy, metallic manner, without one particle of soul. Marvellous executantes vocally, he calls them, who can rival Italian artistes in the way of roulades and fioriture; "but sing in time, or tune

to exquisite melody, declares that in simple ballad strains, that go direct to the heart, he is almost supreme and alone ; and another of them affirms, in words confessedly similar to those used by Braham before a Parliamentary Committee in 1832, that there is a beauty and an appeal to the heart in ballads, which will never lose its effect except on those with whom the pretence of fashion overpowers the feelings of nature. Sir Walter Scott repeats with glee the story of Mozart dissuading Michael Kelly from devoting himself to the dry and abstract study of counterpoint, to the neglect of the powers of melody with which nature had endowed him,—melody being, said the composer of the *Nozze*, the essence of music ;—it is the proper business of the fine arts, Sir Walter Scott adds, as from himself, to delight the world at large by their popular effect, rather than to puzzle and confound them by depth of learning. For his part, as he owns in the *Quarterly Review*, whenever detected (in spite of his snuffbox) with closed eyes during some piece of erudite and complicated harmony, he determined to renounce his sometime apology, that he shut his eyes to open his ears all the better, and boldly to avow, instead, with Con-

(especially), they cannot." On the other hand, the populace are complimented as "essentially melodious."

greve's Jeremy, that although he had a reasonable ear for a jig, your sonatas gave him the spleen. But this sort of doctrine is ever to be noted with a caution. Dr. Crotch does battle with the proposition that the best music is that which naturally pleases those who have not studied the science. No such thing, he retorts. Among a number of hearers, the majority will be best pleased by music of an inferior kind; and something analogous to this takes place in all the arts,—for the finest efforts of art will appear such to the finest judges only, and these are always rare. A good ear and good general taste, said the doctor,* are not sufficient to qualify a man for being a judge of music. “We often hear such a one desire to be lulled to sleep by what pleases him best. If he were really a judge, the best music would much more probably keep him awake.” There is a test propounded by a more recent authority which discriminates musical compositions from a point of view diametrically opposite to that of your mere popular critic—and that is the tendency of everything really excellent, be it poem, picture, or music, to improve and grow upon us with further acquaintance; nor need its first impression be, comparatively speaking, vividly

* In his lectures on music at the Royal Institution, in 1820.

or acutely received. Now the mere popular critic, the "ready-made censor," usually requires, in the cant phrase of the brotherhood, "tunes which he can carry away with him,"—that is to say, which he can pick up offhand, as a street-boy does from an organ-grinder. "We once heard Meyerbeer's *Huguenots* condemned with the utmost effrontery by one who had never heard the opera before, and whose knowledge of music was about equivalent to his acquaintance with Lithuanian, on the highly sufficient ground that, since he could not recall a single air, this could, therefore, be in nowise a remarkable production." The same writer in another place observes that a child feeling a perfectly honest delight at a barrel-organ tune is hardly qualified to understand the music of Mendelssohn. The Ellesmere of *Friends in Council* gets a deserved rap from his lady-wife when, in one of the intervals in *Realmah*, he institutes invidious comparisons between the players of Beethoven's music and the player of common tunes,—"Old Dog Tray," "Early in the Morning," "Pop goes the Weasel," and "Paddle your own Canoe,"—all of which tunes, quoth Sir John, "I think beautiful; but, of course, because the populace approves of them, which populace is the best judge of such things, my Lady Ellesmere must needs turn up her nose (and a very pretty one it is)

against any one who admires these tunes, and she declines to play them to me." Lady Ellesmere replies that she can well imagine he does admire these "tunes," as he calls them; and that certainly it is worth her while to get up Beethoven for him, when an Ethiopian melody satisfies him quite as well.

But even Sir John Ellesmere, one hopes and believes, would at any rate decline to pay the street performers of his favourite strains.* To him,

* One of Hogarth's biographers, well qualified to sympathize with his Enraged Musician, freely own to a horror of "Ethiopian serenaders," whose battered white hats, and preposterous shirt collars and cravats, and abnormal eye-glasses, as well as whose bones, banjos, and "hideous chants" he holds in abhorrence. He sighs for an hour of despotism that he might have those sooty scamps put under the pump, scrubbed clean, set in the stocks to dry, scourged, clad in hodden gray, and then set to break stones instead of rattling bones, and to pick oakum instead of strumming catgut. Unbounded is his invective (which we are for applauding to the echo) against the fellows who, willingly and of malice aforethought, blacken their faces and hands, and, in a garb seemingly "raked out of the kennels of Philadelphia and the niggers' dram-shops of the Five Points at New York," arm themselves with the musical instruments of pagan savages, repair to a place of public resort, and there, for hire and gain, "howl forth by the hour together outrageous screeds of dissonant cacophony, with words couched in a hideous jargon that Bosjemen would be ashamed of, and baboons disdain to imitate. . . . These fellows prance and yell in public thorough-

studying to-morrow's briefs, the sooty choristers who wield banjo and bones would surely be undesirable company. What must the periodical

fares, and are rewarded with coppers by the unthinking and the vulgar."

In another of his books this writer owns to remembering, with much inward trouble, that he had in public committed himself more than once in favour of street music—laughing at the folly of putting down bagpipes and barrel-organs by Act of Parliament; and he essays to resign himself to the axiom that the few must always suffer for the enjoyment of the many; that the sick, the nervous, the fastidious, and the hypochondriacal are but drops of water in a huge ocean of hale, hearty, somewhat thick-skinned and thick-eared humanity; of robust folk who "like the noisy vagabonds who are my bane and terror in the quiet street, and admire their distressing performance."—Quiet street, quotha? There revel the murderers of sleep, the banded destroyers of peace of mind, the solitary singer "singing for the million," in Hood's sense of the phrase; for Hood has himself sung to some purpose his story of how "in one of those small quiet streets, where Business retreats, to shun the daily bustle and the noise the shabby Strand enjoys, but Law, Joint Companies, and Life Assurance find past endurance,—in one of those back streets to peace so dear," he heard one day "a ragged wight begin to sing with all his might, 'I have a silent sorrow here.'"

"The noise was quite appalling,—
 And was in fact
 Only a forty boatswain power of bawling.
 In vain were sashes closed,
 And doors against the persevering Stentor,—
 Through brick, and glass, and solid oak opposed,
 The intruding voice would enter."

presence of such a crew be to a sensitive composer of crotchets and quavers? How does M. Stephen Heller feel, when their clamour overtakes him in the midst of a *Réverie*, surpassingly delicate and refined? How relishes M. Gounod their accompaniment to an opening theme of his? or Sir Sterndale Bennett their interposition of discord to his placid harmonies? or Mr. Macfarren their boisterous obbligato to one of his ballad strains? If Longfellow's artist pines for the revival of an ancient law which forbade those who followed any noisy handicraft from living near literary men, still more earnest and interested is his plea that musical composers, poor and hard beset, and who, moreover, are forced to coin their inspiration into gold, to spin out the thread of life withal, should be allowed to apply this law in their favour, and banish out of the neighbourhood all ballad singers and bagpipers. What, he asks, would a painter say, while transferring to his canvas a form of ideal beauty, if you should hold up before him all manner of wild faces and ugly masks? But then *he* might shut his eyes, and in this way, at least, quietly follow out the images of fancy. Whereas in the case of brass bands, and the like, "cotton in one's ears is of no use, one still hears the dreadful massacre. And then the idea, the bare idea, 'Now they are going to sing—now the horn strikes up,'

is enough to send one's sublimest conceptions" whither one would not. And this sort of thing you are asked to pay for!* Dr. Holmes may well be,

* Many a weakly goodnatured man pays very much in the spirit and with the sense of the clown in *Othello*, when the musicians have duly exercised their wind instruments in front of the castle :

"*Clo.* Masters, here's money for you ; and the General so likes your music, that he desires you, of all loves, to make no more noise with it.

"*1 Mus.* Well, sir, we will not.

"*Clo.* If you have any music that may not be heard, to't again : but, as they say, to hear music the General does not greatly care.

"*1 Mus.* We have none such, sir.

"*Clo.* Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go ; vanish into air ; away."

Othello, Act iii., Sc. 1.

This sort of *Ite, missa est*, is of a sort with that of the Princess Augusta addressed to Madame d'Arblay's little boy, when the royal family were making much of him, and plying him with toys. "Princess Elizabeth now began playing upon an organ she had brought him, which he flew to seize. 'Ay, do ! that's right, my dear !' cried Princess Augusta, stopping her ears at some discordant sounds : 'take it to *mon ami*, to frighten the cats out of his garden.'" A very legitimate use of the instrument in general,—if only one could frighten the cats without torturing humanity at the same time.

All our sympathies are with Matthew Bramble, "starting and staring, with marks of indignation and disquiet," at the sudden burst of sound from one street band—and with his peremptory message to another, to "silence those dreadful blasts." And even with Sheridan's Don Jerome, complaining from his open window,

"What vagabonds are these I hear,
Fiddling, fluting, rhyming, ranting,
Piping, scraping, whining, canting?"

and does well to be, sore on that sore point, in his *Music-Grinders*, where, after describing the approach of the troublers from afar, getting nearer and nearer, till you hear a sound that seems to wear the semblance of a tune, as if a broken fife should strive to drown a cracked bassoon, and nearer, nearer still the tide of "music" seems to come, with something like a human voice, and something like a drum, the while you sit in agony, until you ear is numb, listening in your own despite to performers whose mission it seemingly is "to crack the voice of Melody, and break the legs of Time;"—after thus picturing the performers and the performances he continues—

"But hark! the air again is still, the music all is ground,
 And silence, like a poultice, comes to heal the blows of
 sound;
 It cannot be,—it is,—it is,—a hat is going round!

And with Anstey's fractious old gouty peer, protesting against the fiddlers "come hither to make all this rout," with their vile "squeaking catgut that's worse than the gout." And with Hook anathematizing a brass band "with those terrible wind instruments, which roar away in defiance of all rule, except that which Hoyle addresses to young whist players when in doubt—*trump it.*" And with Ben Jonson's Morose, excruciated by conspirators against his peace, who hire musicians to strike up all together, so that he feels himself their anvil to work on; they grate him asunder.

"*Daup.* What ails you, sir?

"*Mor.* They have rent my roof, walls, and all my windows asunder, with their brazen throats."

“ No ! Pay the dentist when he leaves a fracture in your jaw,
And pay the owner of the bear that stunned you with his
paw,

And buy the lobster that has had your knuckles in his claw :

“ But if you are a portly man, put on your fiercest frown,
And talk about a constable to turn them out of town ;
Then close your sentence with a slam, and shut the window
down.

“ And if you are a slender man, not big enough for that,
Or if you cannot make a speech, because you are a flat,
Go very quietly and drop a button in the hat.”

But, portly or slender, on no account pay them to go away. That is paying them to come again. And yet there is sweet simplicity enough in the world to go on doing this. Of course the brazen-faced brass-mouthed gentry like, of all things, to be stopped short in their playing, and paid for being so dismissed ; for that is getting the pay without the windy-windy toil and trouble. And of course they come again, under such auspices. There is a shrewd organ-grinder who turns up every Saturday morning at half-past eight in front of a certain large house in a certain favourite suburb ; for it is the hour of family prayers, and as they can't stand his noise, they pay him to go away after he has ground a few bars. Pay him handsomely too, and keep on doing it. *He* will not be the first to get tired of this.

V.

Saul's Malady and David's Minstrelsy.*

1 Samuel xvi. 23 ; xix. 9, 10.

DEAN MILMAN, in that chapter of his *History of the Jews* which treats of David playing before Saul, makes a clear statement of what the cardinal difficulty in the Scriptural narrative is:—If David, according to the order of events in the Book of Samuel, had already attended the sick couch of Saul as minstrel, and had been rewarded for his services with the office of armour-bearer, and so became intimately attached to the person of the king—how could he be the unknown Shepherd-boy who appeared to combat with Goliath in the field of Ephez-dammim? On the other hand, if already distinguished as the conqueror

* For additional illustrations of this subject, see the section headed "Medicamental Music," in the First Series of my *Secular Annotations on Scripture Texts*, pp. 55—60.

of Goliath, how could he be, as it appears from the record, a youthful stranger, only known by report as an excellent musician, when summoned to the couch of Saul? While taking what seems to him the least improbable arrangement, Milman cannot refrain from saying that the early life of David, in the Book of Samuel, reads much like a collection of traditions, unharmonized, and taken from earlier lives (lives of David are ascribed to Samuel, to Gad, and to Nathan), or from poems in his praise. For of old time there were Songs to David such as Christopher Smart in these latter days indited—to David, great, valiant, pious, good, sublime, contemplative, serene, strong, constant, pleasant, wise,—so the epithets run in Smart's ascription, and to each epithet he devotes a stanza; abundant stanzas following in praise of the sweet singer, holy psalmist, skilled harper, whose

“ Muse, bright angel of his verse,
 Gives balm for all the thorns that pierce,
 For all the pangs that rage;
 Blest light, still gaining on the gloom,
 The more than Michal of his bloom,
 The Abishag of his age.

* * * * *

“Blest was the tenderness he felt,
 When to his graceful harp he knelt,
 And did for audience call;

When Satan with his hand he quell'd,
 And in serene suspense he held
 The frantic throes of Saul." *

Of course old Burton, in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, neglects not to take special cognizance of music as a potent remedy, or aid and appliance towards perfect cure, of that too impracticable malady. He cites the relief afforded by it, in the hands of Asclepiades the physician, to many frantic

* Cowley speaks of David as sent for "in treacherous haste" to the king,

"And with him bid his charming lyre to bring.
 The king, they saw, lies raging in a fit,
 Which does no cure but sacred tunes admit ;
 And twice it was soft music did appease
 Th' obscure fantastic rage of Saul's disease."

And the author of the *Dauidis* goes on to relate how

"sang the great musician to his lyre,
 And Saul's black rage grew softly to retire ;
 Eut envy's serpent still with him remained,
 And the wise charmer's healthful voice disdained."

James Grahame details, in blank verse, the very themes of the Bethlehem minstrel's strain :

"Deep was the furrow in the royal brow
 When David's hand, lightly as vernal gales
 Rippling the brook of Kedron, skimmed the lyre :
 He sang of Jacob's youngest born, the child
 Of his old age, sold to the Ishmaelite ;
 His exaltation to the second power
 In Pharaoh's realm ; his brethren thither sent ;
 Suppliant they stood before his face, well known,
 Unknowing—till Joseph fell upon the neck
 Of Benjamin, his mother's son, and wept.

persons, and tells how Clinias and Empedocles “cured some desperately melancholy, and some mad,” by the same means. A “sovereign remedy” he calls it against despair and melancholy, and one that “will drive away the devil himself.” “It expels cares, alters grieved minds, and easeth in an instant.” Many are the prescriptions suggested or sanctioned by Luther, in his table-talk, for getting rid of the devil ; and among these, music is of prime value in the Reformer’s esteem—“for the devil is a saturnine spirit, and music is hateful to him, and drives him far away from it.” It is a countryman of his upon whom Southey drops a passing note of admiration, in *The Doctor*, for that he, a physician, “administered cat’s entrails as a panacea.” Read catgut,

Unconsciously the warlike shepherd paused ;
But when he saw, down the yet quivering string,
The tear-drop trembling glide, abashed, he checked,
Indignant at himself, the bursting flood,
And, with a sweep impetuous, struck the chords :
From side to side his hands transversely glance,
Like lightning 'thwart a stormy sea ; his voice
Arises 'mid the clang, and straightway calms
The harmonious tempest, to a solemn swell
Majestical, triumphant ; for he sings
Of Arad’s mighty host by Israel’s arm
Subdued ; of Israel through the desert led
He sings ; of him who was their leader, called,
By God Himself, from keeping Jethro’s flock,
To be a ruler o’er the chosen race.
Kindles the eye of Saul ; his arm is poised ;
Harmless the javelin quivers in the wall.”

and would not Luther have almost approved the remedy?

Kings, princes, courtiers, counts, barons, and indeed men of every degree, love *chansons*, as an Anglo-Norman jongleur, Denis Pyram, says,—

“ Car ils ôtent le noir penser,
Deuil et ennui font oublier.”

Charles IX. of France, whose “conscience-pangs” on account of his share in the massacre of St. Bartholomew admitted, as in Saul’s case, of no alleviation, save that afforded by music, invited Orlando di Lasso to Paris, to become his *maitre-de-chapelle*, and the exorciser of the evil spirit that oppressed him. Ben Jonson in the praise of music he versified and addressed to Alphonso Ferrobosco, the composer of most of his masques, speaks of this among her

“ known effects,
That she removeth cares, sadness ejects,
And is to a body, often, ill inclined,
No less a sovereign cure than to the mind.”

Old General Lepel who lived in the same house in Rome with Mendelssohn, would steal into the room and listen while Felix extemporized at the pianoforte—and say that if assailed by bad thoughts, how glad he should be to have them all breathed away—so! so!—just as the player had done in his strains.

Allan M'Aulay, in Scott's *Legend of Montrose*, is only to be calmed and softened in his dark moods by the harp and voice of little Annot Lyle. Her playing on the clairsach "produced upon the disturbed spirits of Allan, in his gloomiest moods, beneficial effects, similar to those experienced by the Jewish monarch of old." "Send for Annot Lyle, and the harp," is the bidding of Angus, when Allan's fit is seen to be coming on. She comes at once, and sings, and plays, and as the strain proceeds, Allan gradually gives signs of recovering his self-possession: the deep-knit furrows of his brow relax and smooth themselves; and the rest of his features, seemingly contorted with internal agony, relapse into a more natural state. His countenance, though still deeply melancholy, is divested of its wildness and ferocity; and the eyes, which had flashed with a portentous gleam, now recover a steady and determined expression. "Thank God!" he says, after sitting in silence for about a minute, until the very last sounds of the harp have ceased to vibrate,—“my soul is no longer darkened—the mist hath passed from my spirit.”* The darkened

* But ere long his converse is on a subject and in a tone that makes Menteith say, as Allan leaves the room, "Should he talk long in this manner, you must keep your harp in tune, my dear Annot."—*A Legend of Montrose*, chap. vi. -

recluse Clement, in *The Cloister and the Hearth*, casting his despairing eyes over antiquity to see what weapons the Christian arsenal contains that may befriend him, finds the greatest of all to be prayer; but then it is a part of his malady to be unable to pray with true fervour: he bethinks him, anon, that a fiend of this complexion had been driven out of King Saul by music; so Clement takes up the hermit's psaltery, and with much trouble mends the strings, and tunes it. "No, he could not play it. His soul was so out of tune. The sounds jarred on it, and made him almost mad. 'Ah, wretched me,' he cried. 'Saul had a saint to play to him. He was not alone with the spirits of darkness; but here is no sweet bard of Israel to play to me; I, lonely, with crushed heart, on which a black fiend sitteth, mountain high, must make the music to uplift that heart to heaven. It may not be.'"* And he grovels on the earth, weeping and tearing his hair.

* In another of Mr. Reade's books, a man in trouble pleads for a song to be sung by the voice he loves best,—a song of the olden time; and "as spirits are said to overcome the man at whose behest they rise, so this sweet air, and the gush of reminiscence it awakened, overpowered him who had evoked them." His eyes are no longer fiery, but tearful; and if his heart still swells, it is no longer with indignation.

Mr. Disraeli's young duke (*par excellence*, and in præ-

Even in the inferno of Milton are heard bewitching strains in Dorian mood of flutes and soft recorders,

“ Not wanting power to mitigate and swage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds.”

Even there too the harp is heard, as it is in heaven. For if the spirits elect take their golden harps—harps ever tuned, that glittering by their side like quivers hung; and if in their hosannahs “the harp had work, and rested not;” of the fallen angels too we read, that some, the milder spirits among them, retreated in a silent valley, sang with notes angelical, to many a harp, their own heroic deeds and hapless fall by doom of battle.

Lotharian days,) is similarly operated upon by Miss Dacre. He is most miserable, he tells her. Why? To ask, is to agonize him. Well; shall she sing, then? “Shall I charm the evil spirit?” A ready assent; and the charmer takes her seat at the piano, and warbles, and fills the room with the delight of her strain. “He listened, and each instant the chilly weight loosened from his heart.”

O’Keeffe, in his autobiography, tells how he soothed into serenity, when ruffled into resentment, the composer, Thomas Carter, by dint simply of singing to him his own delightful composition, “Oh Nanny, wilt thou gang with me.” Well known is the story of the two assassins hired to kill Stradella, who, waiting for the moment to strike their victim—it was by night, and in church—were so overcome by the charm of his voice and strains, that they renounced their purpose.

“ Their song was partial ; but the harmony
(What could it less, when spirits immortal sing ?)
Suspended Hell, and took with ravishment
The thronging audience.”

Binsfeldius, quoted by Mr. Lecky in his chapter on Magic and Witchcraft, refers to what was always observed by the inquisitors—that music, which soothes the passions, and allays the bitterness of regret and of remorse, had an extraordinary power over the possessed. King Saul had no such inward recognition, cruelly definite, of an indwelling evil spirit, to be exorcised by David’s harp, as had these unhappy creatures. But not even King Saul’s malady was more susceptible of alleviation by the harp music, than was theirs. The cure in their instance might have gained in speed and in efficacy, could they have been led to believe, in those ages of faith and of relics, that the harp they listened to was David’s own harp*—such tricks, in Shakspeare’s

* Sir James Stephen tells us in his graphic account of the so-called Clapham Sect, that among the barges which floated of a summer evening by the villa of Pope and the chateau of Horace Walpole, none was more constant and joyous than that in which Granville Sharpe’s harp or kettledrum sustained the flute of one brother, the hautboy of another, and the melodious voices of their sisters. The said harp was fashioned, brother Granville maintained, in exact imitation of that of the son of Jesse ; and to complete the resemblance, it was his delight, at the break of day, to “sing to it one of the

phrase, hath strong imagination, and so potent hath its agency been found in the way of remedial aids and appliances.

Great is the solace afforded by music to some that suffer keenly, and suffer unseen. Charles de Bernard says that "pour le cœur privé d'un autre cœur où se puissent verser sa joie et sa peine, la musique est un ami qui écoute et répond. Sous les doigts qui l'interrogent, l'instrument reçoit la pression de l'âme souffrante, et s'anime pour la consoler. Le souffle de la douleur errant sur le clavier éveille une harmonie qui la berce et l'endort, ou la distrait par une exaltation passagère." "Give me some music," was the demand of the late Duchess of Orleans, as she neared her end: "music calms my thoughts; it cheats me out of my feelings without doing them violence." The girl-heroine of a popular modern fiction, condemned to perpetual silence in every other tongue, finds in music a new and glorious language. Forbidden to read romance or poetry, she is not forbidden to sit at her piano,

songs of Zion in his chamber—raised by many an intervening staircase far above the Temple Gardens, where young students of those times would often pause in their morning stroll, to listen to the not unpleasing cadence, though the voice was broken by age, and the language was to them an unknown tongue,"—for Granville Sharpe was learned in Hebrew, and claimed to sing and play as David sang and played.

when the day's toils are over, and the twilight is dusky, in her quiet room, playing dreamy melodies from the great German masters, and making her own poetry to Mendelssohn's wordless songs. "Her soul must surely have shrunk and withered away altogether had it not been for this one resource, this one refuge, in which her mind regained its elasticity, springing up, like a trampled flower, into new life and beauty." To apply the words of one of Goethe's dramatic self-communers—

" One pleasure cheers me in my solitude,
The joy of song. I commune with myself,
And lull with soothing tones the sense of pain,
The restless longing, the unquiet wish,—
Till sorrow oft will grow to ravishment,
And sadness self to harmony divine."

Often, here and there, over the wide world, says Balzac, "une jeune fille expirant sous le poids d'une peine inconnue, un homme dont l'âme vibre sous les pincements d'une passion, prennent un theme musical et s'entendent avec le ciel,* ou se parlent à eux-mêmes dans quelque sublime melodie." The

* Or it *may* be, with Another Place. "There is a sonata of Beethoven's (I forget the number)," writes Miss Gwilt in her Diary, "which always suggests to me the agony of lost spirits in a place of torment. Come, my fingers and thumbs, and take me among the lost spirits, this morning!"—*Armada*, book iv., chap. i.

author of *Elsie Venner* bids us beware of the woman who cannot find free utterance for all her stormy inner life either in words or song. If she can sing, or play on any musical instrument, all her wickedness, he promises us, shall run off through her throat or the tips of her fingers. (Miss Gwilt, in the last foot-note, is sadly an exception to the rule; a very strong exception indeed, but scarcely strong enough to prove the rule.) Many a tragedy, on Dr. Holmes's showing, finds its peaceful catastrophe in fierce roulades and strenuous bravuras; many a murder is executed in double-quick time upon the keys which stab the air with their dagger-strokes of sound. What would civilization, he asks, be without the piano? Are not Erard and Broadwood the two humanizers of our time? Therefore professes he to love to hear the all-pervading *tum-tum* from houses in obscure streets and courts which to know is to be unknown, or even from the "open windows of the small, unlovely farm-house, tenanted by the hard-handed man of bovine flavours, and the flat-patterned woman of broken-down countenance."*

* "For who knows that Almira, but for those keys, which throb away her wild impulses in harmless discords, would not have been floating, dead, in the brown stream which slides through the meadows by her father's door—or living, with that other current which runs beneath the gaslights over

To the last, and at the last, music has been to many that thing of beauty which is a joy for ever. Sir Philip Sidney was solaced to the last, and at the last, by music,—listening particularly to a strange song which he had himself composed during his illness, and which he had entitled “*La Cuisse rompue.*”*

Very characteristic was the title Rousseau gave to that century, or thereabouts, of the *romances* he set to music,—*Consolations des Misères de ma Vie*. Earl Russell tells us of Thomas Moore that to the last day of his life he would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his bygone days : dying, he “warbled ;” and a “fond love of music never left him but with life.” Fiction has its representative men in this line of things. The old German, Joseph Buschmann, in a well-known story, reckons on one kind ministrant to hold his darling musical-box to his ear, when his own strength shall fail him, and his senses be dulled—the box that the hand of Mozart had touched—to hold it “closer, closer always, when Joseph moans for the friendly music he has known from a baby, the friendly

the slimy pavement, choking with wretched weeds that were once in spotless flower ?”—*Elsie Venner*, chap. xxiii.

* The fatal wound at Zutphen was from a musket-ball which struck him upon the thigh, three inches above the knee.

music that he can now so hardly, hardly hear." To the same author we owe a certain ode on music, one stanza of which is pertinent in this connection; impersonated music *loquitur* :

“ Still pleased, my solace I impart,
Where brightest hopes are scatter'd dead ;
'Tis mine—sweet gift !—to charm the heart,
Though all its other joys have fled.”

VI.

A Musical Monarch.

2 Samuel vi. 5.

AT the bringing of the ark of God out of the house of Abinadab, which was at Gibeah, whence, after an unforeseen transfer to the house of Obed-edom, it was brought, three months later, into the city of David with gladness, "David, and all the house of Israel, played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir-wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals." The royal harper was in his element that day. That he played with his might we are as sure, as the express assurance of Scripture makes us that he "danced with his might," when the ark was conveyed to the tabernacle he had pitched for it.

In the *Characteristics* of Lord Shaftesbury it is argued, and in his lordship's "characteristic" way, that if the first Jewish princes acted in real ac-

cordance to the Mosaic institutions, "not only music, but even play and dance, were of holy appointment and divine right." The first monarch of this nation, he goes on to remark, "though of a melancholy complexion," joined music with his spiritual exercises, and even used it as a remedy under that "dark enthusiasm, or evil spirit," which possessed him. "'Tis certain that the successor of this prince was a hearty espouser of the *merry* devotion, and by his example has shown it to have been fundamental in the religious constitution of his people."* *Nemo saltat sobrius*, says the pro-

* The famous entry or high dance performed by him, after so conspicuous a manner, in the procession of the sacred coffer, shows that he was not ashamed of expressing any ecstasy of joy or playsome humour, which was practised by the meanest of the priests or people on such an occasion." — *Characteristics*, vol. iii., *Miscell. Reflections*, chap. iii.

Shaftesbury appends a foot-note in which he studiously views the royal dancer through Michal's eyes.

Many are the moderns that do so; and not only the very most but the very worst is made of David's performance. Adam Smith observes that the man who skips and dances about with that intemperate and senseless joy which we cannot accompany him in, is the object of our contempt and indignation. That is said in the *Theory of Moral Sentiment* (Part I., sec. iii., chap. i.); and lack of sympathy is the motive cause (for this effect defective comes by cause) of the strictures on King David. Scoffers of every size are glad to have a hit at him; whether in the spirit of the French satirist,

"Le roi David, danseur très vigoureux,
Quitta sa harpe,"—

verb : but in what kind of dance? that is the question, with Burton at least, in his *Anatomy*.

or in that of austere denouncers of dancing, absolute, and universally.

Among the old Scottish noteworthies commemorated in Dean Ramsay's *Reminiscences* is Dr. Scott, minister of Carlisle, described as a fine, graceful, kindly man, bag-wigged, and cane in hand, with a friendly word to every one ; who, upon one occasion, after " officiating at a bridal " in his parish, waited awhile till the young people were " fairly warmed in the dance." The leader of a " dissenting body that had sprung up in the parish " was present, and questioned Dr. Scott on the propriety of his thus sanctioning by his presence " so sinful an enjoyment." " Weel, minister, what think ye o' this dancing?" " Why, John," said the minister, blithely, " I think it an excellent exercise for young people, and, I dare say, so do you." " Ah, sir, I'm no sure about it ; I see no authority for't in the Scriptures." " Umph, indeed, John ; you cannot forget David." " Ah, sir, Dauvid ; gif they were a' to dance as Dauvid did, it would be a different thing a-the-gither." " Hoot o fie, hoot o fie, John ; would ye have the young folk strip to the serk?"

It was not till the middle of the second dance, at sunset, of the peasant family of three generations, at Moulins, that, from some pauses in the movement, wherein they all seemed to look up, Sterne fancied he could distinguish an elevation of spirit, different from that which is the cause or the effect of simple jollity ;—in a word, he thought he beheld *Religion* mixing in the dance—but as he had never seen her so engaged, he was for looking upon it now as one of the illusions of a too perpetually misleading imagination, had not the old man, as soon as the dance ended, said, that this was their constant way ; and that all his life long he had made it a rule, after supper was over, to call out his family to dance

“ I know these sports have many oppugners, whole volumes writ against them ; when as all they say

and rejoice : believing, he said, that a cheerful and contented mind was the best sort of thanks to heaven that an illiterate peasant could pay,—“ Or a learned prelate either,” is Parson Yorick’s consistent rejoinder.—“ En quoi,” demands a French philosopher, who aspired to be essentially and distinctively a religious one, “ en quoi Dieu est-il offensé par un exercice agréable et salutaire, convenable à la vivacité de la jeunesse, qui consiste à se présenter l’un à l’autre avec grace et bienséance, et auquel le spectateur impose une gravité dont personne n’oserait sortir ? ” Coleridge, by the way, in his determined onslaught against everything French, declared of the dancing of that people that it is void of grace and expression ; that with all their vivacity and animal spirits, they dance not like men and women under the impression of certain emotions, but like puppets,—twirling round like tourniquets. “ Not to feel, and not to think, is all they know of this art, or of any other. You might swear that a nation that danced in that manner would never produce a true poet or philosopher. They have it not in them.” For eloquent exposition of the philosophy and the poetry of dancing, commend us to Thomas de Quincey, who affirms, in one place, that of all the scenes which this world offers, none was to him so profoundly interesting, none (he said it deliberately) so affecting, as the spectacle of men and women floating through the mazes of a dance ; under these conditions, however, that the music shall be rich, resonant, and festal, the execution of the dancers perfect, and the dance itself of a character to admit of free, fluent, and *continuous* motion (which last condition excludes the quadrilles, etc., which, he complained, had for so many years banished the “ truly beautiful *country-dances* native to England”). By “ continuous ” motion, he explains himself to mean, not interrupted

(if duly considered) is but *ignoratio elenchi*. . . .
Some out of preposterous zeal object many times

or fitful, but unfolding its fine mazes with the equability of light in its diffusion through free space. And of such dancing, to music not of a light, trivial character, but charged with the spirit of festal pleasure, the dancers being so far skilful as to betray no awkwardness verging on the ludicrous, Mr. de Quincey is bold to affirm his belief, that many people feel with him in such circumstances, viz., derive from the spectacle "the very grandest form of passionate sadness which can belong to any spectacle whatever." *Sadness* may not be the exact word; but then he doubts the existence of *any* word in any language (because none in the finest languages) which exactly expresses the state; since it is not a depressing, but a most elevating state to which he refers; many states of pleasure, and in particular the highest, being, intelligibly enough, the most of all removed from merriment. "Festal music, of a rich and passionate character, is the most remote of any from vulgar hilarity. Its very gladness and pomp is impregnated with sadness; but sadness of a grand and aspiring order." By various illustrations the impassioned author here quoted seeks to make his reader comprehend, if he should not happen experimentally to have felt, that the spectacle of young men and women "flowing" through the mazes of an intricate dance under a full volume of music,—the life, the motion, the sea-like undulation of heads, the interweaving of the figures, the, ἀνακύκλωσις, or self-revolving, both of the dance and the music, "never ending, still beginning," and the continual regeneration of order from a system of motions which for ever touch the very brink of confusion; that such a spectacle with such circumstances,—the circumstantial adjuncts, namely, of rich men's halls for the scene, and a blaze of lights and jewels to illuminate it—may happen to be capable of exciting and sustaining the very

trivial arguments, and because of some abuse will quite take away the good use ; . . . but in my judgment they are too stern : there 'is a time for all things, a time to mourn, a time to dance'*

grandest emotions of philosophic melancholy to which the human spirit is open. The reason assigned is, in part, that such a scene "presents a sort of mask of human life, with its whole equipage of pomps and glories, its luxury of sight and sound, its hours of golden youth, and the interminable revolution of ages hurrying after ages, and one generation treading upon the flying footsteps of another,"—while the overruling music is throughout attempering the mind to the spectacle, the subject to the object, the beholder to the vision. And although this is known to be but one phasis of life—of life culminating and in ascent—yet the other (and repulsive) phasis "is concealed upon the hidden or averted side of the golden arras, known but not felt ; or is seen but dimly in the rear, crowding into indistinct proportions."

The rhetoric of this master of prose may here be fitly set off, both in matter and manner, with Milton's stately verse with angels for its theme :—

"That day, as other solemn days, they spent
 In song and *dance* about the sacred hill ;
 Mystical dance, which yonder starry sphere
 Of planets, and of fixed, in all her wheels
 Resembles nearest, mazes intricate,
 Eccentric, intervolved, yet regular,
 Then most when most irregular they seem,
 And in their motions harmony divine
 So smooths her charming tones, that God's own ear
 Listens delighted."

* Describing the rustic dance at a harvest-home, in his prose idyl of *Clouds and Sunshine*, Mr. Charles Reade iterates the apostrophic refrain, "Dance, sons and daughters

(Eccles. iii. 4).” The Royal Preacher, on the text that all is vanity, is thus made by Prior to record his experience, or experiments, in this direction :—

of toil. None had ever a better right to dance than you have this sunny afternoon in clear September. . . . Harvest-tide comes but once a year. Dance, sons and daughters of toil, exult over your work, smile with the smiling year, and in this bright hour, oh, cease my poor souls to envy the rich and great ! Believe me, they are never, at any hour of their lives, so cheery, as you are now. How can they be ? With them dancing is tame work, an every-day business—no rarity, no treat—don’t envy them—God is just, and deals the sources of content with a more equal hand than appears on the surface of things.” Dance, too, without fear, he bids them ; let no forbidding censor make them believe it wrong : “ Things are wrong out of season, and right in season ; to dance in harvest is as becoming as to be grave in church. The Almighty has put it into the hearts of insects to dance in the afternoon sun, and of men and women in every age and every land to dance round the gathered crop, whether it be corn, or oil, or wine, or any other familiar miracle that springs up sixty-fold, and nurtures and multiplies the life of man.” In another of his books Mr. Reade describes a dance got up among the starving children of a penniless penman, by a visitor radiant with beneficence, who has first fed them well, and now stirs them all up to foot it blithely, herself showing them how, till the careworn parents themselves catch the excitement, and join in. “ There was no swimming, sprawling, or irrelevant frisking ; their feet struck the ground for every note of the fiddle, and as its echo ; their faces shone, their hearts leaped, and their poor frozen natures came out, and warmed themselves at the glowing melody : a great sunbeam had come into their abode, and these human motes danced in it.” In yet another the same master of his art expounds the prin-

“I bade the virgins and the youth advance,
 To temper music with the sprightly dance.
 In vain! too low the mimic-motions seem;
 What takes our heart must merit our esteem.

ciple of Scotch reel-dancing, which is articulation,—the foot striking the ground for every *accented* note, and, in the best steps of all, for every *single* note of the instrument. “All good dancing,” he continues, “is beautiful.” But this articulate dancing, compared with the loose, lawless diffidence of motion that goes by that name, gives him, he confesses, as much more pleasure as articulate singing is superior to tunes played on the voice by a young lady. What says Goldsmith of the two styles? “They swam, sprawled, frisked, and languished; but Olivia’s foot was as pat to the music as its echo.” Mr. Arthur Helps somewhere declares, as for dancing, that it is to him the most beautiful thing in the world when it is supremely well done—while no one can denounce more impatiently than he does the “loathsome” ugliness as well as indecency of ballet performances, with their “laboured intrepidity of indecorum.” Rapturously *Lardune* expatiates, in one of Roscoe’s tragedies, on knightly Breton dancers that

“ make the air
 Heavy in pace behind them, and still tread
 With such a delicate feeling of the time,
 As if the music dwelt in their own frames,
 And shook the motion from them.”

So Wordsworth’s son-in-law and brother bard, “To Mary dancing” :—

“ Diana’s queenlike step is thine;
 And when in dance thy feet combine,
 They fall with truth so sweet,
 The music seems to come from thee,
 And all the notes appear to be
 ‘The echoes of thy feet.’ ”

As was said of Madame, Duchesse d’Orléans, “son âme, sou

Nature, I thought, performed too mean a part,
 Forming her movements to the rules of art ;
 And vexed I found, that the musician's hand
 Had o'er the dancer's mind too great command."

esprit animait tout son corps : elle en avait jusqu'aux pieds
 et dansait mieux que femme du monde."

" And every limb with all the notes
 In that accordant beauty floats
 The very soul of dance."

Hazlitt says, in one of his letters from Paris, that of all things he saw there, it surprised him the most that the French should fancy they can dance. To dance, is to move with grace and harmony to music. "But the French, whether men or women, have no idea of dancing but that of moving with agility, and of distorting their limbs in every possible way, till they really alter the structure of the human form." The philosopher of the *Haythorne Papers* records his watching a professional dancer, whose *tours de force* he inwardly condemned as barbarisms which would be hissed, were not people such cowards as to applaud what they think it's the fashion to applaud ; and he remarked that the truly graceful motions occasionally introduced were those performed with comparatively little effort. He accordingly maintains that whatever is most gracefully achieved, is achieved with the least expenditure of force ; that grace, as applied to motion, is effected with an economy of muscular power. The theory of dancing, as propounded by Emerson, is, to recover continually in changes the lost equilibrium, not by abrupt and angular, but by gradual and curving movements. In Leigh Hunt's phrase,

" Weaving motion with blithe repose."

Byron will have it that *all* foreigners excel the serious

For here too the sensuous monarch "found the fickle ear soon gluttled with the sound; Condemned eternal changes to pursue, Tired with the last, and eager of the new." To King Solomon, in his recognized capacity of the Preacher, Ecclesiastes, does Owen Feltham appeal, in support of his argument that if dancing were unlawful, God would not allow of being served by it, as in the Jewish ritual He did; "nor would Solomon have told us that 'there is a time to dance.'" Charlotte Bronte's casuistry was consulted once, whether dancing is objectionable, when indulged in for an hour or two in parties of boys and girls. Her judgment was, that "the sin of dancing" consists not in the mere action of "shaking the shanks" (as the Scotch say), but in the consequences that usually attend it; namely, frivolity and waste of time; that when used only, as in the case suggested, for the exercise and amusement of an hour among young people, "who surely may without any breach of God's commandments be allowed a little light-heartedness," these consequences cannot follow.

Angles in the eloquence of pantomime; and he makes his model male dancer dance right well,

" With emphasis, and also with good sense—
 A thing in footing indispensable :
 He danced without theatrical pretence,
 Not like a ballet-master in the van
 Of his drill'd nymphs, but like a gentleman."

“Ergo (according to my manner of arguing), the amusement is at such times perfectly innocent.” As Feltham states the question, it is not the thing that is to be condemned, but the manner and corrupt abuse of it. He, the grave moralist of the *Resolves*, affirms that, beyond a doubt, it was “out of the jollity of nature that this art was first invented and taken up, among men. Bate but the fiddle, and the colts, the calves, and lambs of the field do the same.” An old poet of a previous generation, Sir John Davies, had written a poem on Dancing, called *Orchestra*, from which Feltham might have quoted a sequence of stanzas; for Sir John has his undulatory theory, as regards the dancing of the air itself; “for what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds, but dancings of the air* in sundry kinds?” Of the winds, for instance, he says† that they keep their revelry, their “vio-

* Swift makes merry over Isaac Bickerstaff’s definition of dancing as an “epitome of all human learning,”—and over his alleged tenet, proved by arguments physical, musical, and mathematical, that dancing is not only the *primum mobile* of all arts and sciences, but that the motion of the sun, moon, and other celestial bodies, is but a sort of Cheshire Round, which they dance to the music of the spheres.

† Writing when he did, Sir John was sure of a readier sympathy with what he did write, however fanciful, upon such a topic; for in that age, as Mr. Herman Merivale observes, not only the spirit of the art, but its high importance and

lent turnings and wild whirling hays," in the air's translucent gallery, "where she herself is turned

dignity were as yet unabated. We are misled, says he, by our modern notions, when we marvel at Sir Christopher Hatton, the dancing Chancellor; or at Elizabeth, for being smitten with his attractive movements. In France, he reminds us, all the world danced, from the king to the Savoyard with his monkey. Not only Richelieu dances a new saraband in the queen's boudoir, with castanets in hand,—though to be sure he gets provokingly derided for the feat; but even the great and grave Sully indulges in similar exhibitions. Nay, the great Jansenist Abbé Arnauld recounts, albeit with some embarrassment, how he was forced to dance at the court of Modena. Dances of the saraband and galop kind were performed in church in the middle ages, and wild work they made of them. At Limoges, on St. Martial's day, the people danced in church to the tunes of the canticles, and at the end of each chant repeated this refrain, by way of doxology :

" Saint Martial, priez pour nous,
Et nous, nous danserons pour vous."

There is no art so fallen from its high estate as that of dancing, affirms a reviewer of its history—and formal historians it has had, the French Bonnet, for instance (*Histoire de la danse*), and more recently the German Czerwinski (*Geschichte der Tanzkunst*)—the latter of whom details with "all the ardour which belongs to the stanch votary of a decaying cause," the former glories of his now neglected study—an art which "boasts of an ancient pedigree and many renowned professors." Æschylus, Sophocles, Epaminondas, a classical authority reminds us, were distinguished dancers in their day; while Socrates and Plato not only danced themselves, but applied very unpolite language to those who were too ignorant to follow their example. "The instances

a hundred ways" while playing with these mercurial maskers—

"Yet in this misrule they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place"—

of David and the daughter of Herodias show the influence the art had among the Jews." And it is shown to have not lost its favour with the early Christians, among whom so much of Jewish thought and feeling survived: Gregory Thaumaturgus introduced it into divine service, and St. Basil strongly recommended the art to his hearers, telling them that it would be their principal occupation in heaven, and therefore they had better practise it betimes on earth. Scaliger is cited as even deducing from the custom of employing it in divine service the name of *præsules*, which was given to the bishops—deriving it à *præsiliendo*, from the fact of their "skipping first," or being foremost in the dance at the head of their clergy. But if the Hattons and Sullys and Richlieus could revisit the earth, how little, exclaims one historian of the art, would they recognize as dancing the ungainly shuffle which is the lineal representative of their stately gambadoes! "We may safely assume that St. John the Baptist would have lived to a respected old age, if Herodias's daughter had had nothing more graceful wherewith to entertain her stepfather's guests; and that St. Basil would never have deterred his congregation from the path of virtue by holding up to them an eternity of such an exercise as their reward. In fact, if Dante had lived to enjoy our experiences of new varieties of human misery, doing teetotum for ever in a hot room would have furnished a suitable circle in the Inferno for fashionable sinners." Besides, our dances now represent nothing, their modern censor complains; whereas those of the ancient world generally embodied a thought—not merely a desire to kick, or a promiscuous shuffle.

a passage that may remind us of what the masterly translator and annotator of Lessing's Laoköon observes, in one of his foot-notes,—that the beauty of dancing, as to one part of it, lies in the conflict between the freedom of the motion and the law of equilibrium, which is constantly threatened by it; sometimes also “in the intricacy of the figure, which is constantly tending to swerve from a law which it constantly obeys;” and sometimes in the “mutual reference of two corresponding dancers or a centripetal reference of the whole, where the *launch*, as it were, of the motion and passion of the music, seems likely to impress a centrifugal tendency.” The dancing of the waves to the influence of the moon is another of the examples drawn by Sir John Davies *de rerum naturâ*. Be some of his fancies too fanciful or not, for the argument of Owen Feltham, that argument is that the thing dancing, in itself, seems to be natural and innocent, “begotten and born at first out of the sprightly and harmless activity and rarification of the blood and spirits;” whence the less he wonders that some of the ancient Grecians should so much extol it, as even to deduce it from Heaven itself, as being practised there by the stars, “the conjunctions and oppositions, the aspects and revolutions, the ingresses and the egresses, and the like; making such a harmony and concert, as to seem to

be a well-ordered dance amongst them." If dancing were absolutely ill in itself, or if the ill which sometimes accompanies it were inseparable from it, "it were better all were gone," Feltham concludes, "than for the greatest pleasure, to keep the least of mischief." But if it be for a harmless exercise, for a recreation merely, or to express inoffensively a justifiable joy, he sees not why it should be condemned. He cannot bring himself to think that "there cannot be dancing without danger to morals." Granted that some of the fathers have highly declaimed against this recreation; "yet, I take it to be, as it was rudely and lasciviously used by the vulgar, and the pagans of those times. But surely, at orderly entertainments among great persons, and meetings of love and friendship among persons of condition, there is nothing more modest, more decent, or more civil." In fine, he takes dancing to be like usury,—something difficult to be kept in the mean, easy to be let into excess, and by almost all nations at once decried and practised.

The word *prelate*, or even the word *pope*, could hardly have produced so appalling an effect upon the ear of David Deans, his author tells us, as did the word *dancing*, which he overhears* from the

* What would he, or the like of him, have said to the

lips of Jeanie and Effie; for, of all exercises, that of dancing, which he termed a voluntary and regular fit of distraction, he deemed most destructive of serious thoughts, and the readiest inlet to all sorts of licentiousness. "Dance!" he exclaims. "Dance?—dance, said ye? I daur ye, limmers that ye are, to name sic a word at my door-cheek! It's a dissolute, profane pastime, practised by the Israelites

introduction of the word, and the thing, without a hint of disapproval on the Divine speaker's part, in the parable of the Prodigal Son?

Good and thoroughbred Puritan as John Bunyan was, there was nothing of this stringent straitlacedness about him. When the pilgrims in their progress are shown the head of Giant Despair, they have music and *dancing* for joy. Christian plays upon the viol, and Mercy upon the lute, and Mr. Ready-to-halt takes Despondency's daughter, Much-afraid, by the hand, and to dancing they go along the road. "True, he could not dance without one crutch in his hand, but I promise you, he footed it well: also the girl was to be commended, for she answered the music handsomely."

To be commended?—One of our religious journals not long ago asserted it to be a "well-known fact that praying dancers have never yet made their appearance in the world. The species is altogether unknown. An earnest, humble, spiritual-minded dancing Christian is a phenomenon not yet brought to light." Mr. Dallas refers to a catena of divines opposed to dancing, from St. Ambrose to the Rev. John Northbrooke, who have yet had much to say in favour of what they call spiritual dancing, such as that of King David.—But the vexed question must not be further vexed in this place, or by this pen.

only at their base and brutal worship of the Golden Calf at Bethel, and by the unhappy lass wha danced aff the head of John the Baptist." Nothing doubts he of her having had cause to rue the day that "e'er she suld hae shook a limb on sic an errand." And better for her, he pronounces it, to have been born a cripple, and carried "frae door to door, like auld Bessie Bowie, begging bawbees, than to be a king's daughter, fiddling and flinging the gate she did." And David Deans blesses God (with that singular worthy, Peter Walker the packman at Bristo-Port,) that ordered his lot in his dancing days, so that fear of his throat, dread of bloody rope and swift bullet, stopped the lightness of his head, and the wantonness of his feet.—Dr. Currie speaks of the prevalence of a taste, or rather passion for dancing, among a people so deeply tinctured with the spirit and doctrines of Calvin, as one of those contradictions which the philosophic observer so often finds in national character and manners; and this one he thinks is to be ascribed to the Scottish music, which, in its livelier strains, "awakes those vivid emotions that find in dancing their natural solace and relief." He comments on the toleration rather than approval, on the part of the more elderly and serious part of the people, of "those meetings of the young where dancing is practised to their spirit-stirring music,

where care is dispelled, toil is forgotten," etc. Quite recently, Dr. Boyd has protested against parents not allowing their children to be taught dancing, "regarding dancing as sinful"—the result being that the children are awkward, and not like other children. Sir Ralph Esher complains in his autobiography that he had never learned to dance, in a home where it was looked upon as a thing heavenly to abolish "every innocent recreation." The most innocent people dance, he muses; shepherds and country lasses. "The Jews danced. Miriam danced and played on the timbrel, and so did the royal psalmist. I have heard him quoted a thousand times in defence of a good slaughter; why not in behalf of a saraband?" Mr. Erskine Clarke's plea for dancing, as one of the most universal instincts of human nature, won sympathy, at a Church Congress, not long ago, from those who yet saw the practice, in the form most easily attainable by the working classes, to be open to the gravest possible objection, though attempts have been made in several cases to surround it with some of the safeguards which attend it in the higher orders. "The difficulty of the experiment seems to have been chiefly owing to the carelessness of parents"—there being usually among the poor no middle course between forbidding all amusement to the younger members of the family,

and allowing them to do what they like in this way, without check or supervision.

In joy and thanksgiving, said the pious and orthodox Jones of Nayland, the tongue is not content with speaking ; it must evoke and utter a song, "while the feet are also disposed to dance to the measures of music, as was the custom in sacred celebrations of old among the people of God, before the world and its vanities had engrossed to themselves all the expressions of mirth and festivity. They have now left nothing of that kind to religion, which must now sit by in gloomy solemnity, and see the World with the Flesh and the Devil assume to themselves the sole power of distributing social happiness." *

Reverting from the dance into which King David

* That very lovable and withal devout pastor, Mr. Cheriton, in the story of *The Gordian Knot*, is condemned by some of his more rigid brethren for permitting his children to learn music and dancing ; but he smiles at some of his more rigid brethren, and the lessons go on. To his wife, however, he says, "I look to you, Nelly, to make Allan understand that a deep love even of Mendelssohn does not comprise all the virtues. And though you need not set the case of Herodias before Bertha and Maggie, as poor, shallow, good old Rigby did before me the other day, as an argument for stopping the poor children's dance, I know that you, love, will make them see why a carpet quadrille to-night does not mean an assembly room ball to-morrow."—Chapter iii.

has led us, to the music which was also his kingly accomplishment, we may take note of the existence of an order of what may be called musical monarchs, of whom—apart however from the distinctive characteristic of religious feeling in *him*—the sweet singer and harpist of Israel may be accepted as the type.

It is remarked by Scott, in one of his critical treatises, that in a very early period of civilization, ere the division of ranks had been generally adopted, the poetical art, with its adjunct, music, is found to assure to its professors a very high rank; and that when separated into a distinct class (as with the Celtic Bards, and perhaps the Skalds of Scandinavia,) they rank high in the scale of society, insomuch that we find kings not only listening to them with admiration, but emulous of their art, and desirous of being enrolled among their numbers. Several of the most renowned northern kings, and very many of the Welsh princes and Irish kings, were musical practitioners. But in process of time, as society *graduates*, the professor of music “becomes the companion and soother only of idle and convivial hours;” and his presence would be unbecoming on occasions of gravity and importance, for his art is now come to be “accounted at best an amusing but useless luxury.” At this stage, for royalty to harp or lutanize is scouted severely as

infrà dig. "Are you not ashamed to sing so well?" was Philip's upbraiding question to his son, when at a certain entertainment he charmed the company by his vocal execution. Plutarch's comment on the incident is, that it suffices for a prince to bestow a vacant hour upon hearing the musical performance of others; and that he does the muses quite honour enough if he patronizes with his presence the exhibition of trained musical skill. As for that degenerate Spartan king, Cleomenes, "beating a drum with his royal hands about the palace,"—to Plutarch hardly could Parolles and *his* drum be an object of more supreme contempt. Even so Gulliver, at Glubbudbrib, when he craves a glimpse of "a dozen or two of kings," professes to have been, in the event, unexpectedly and grievously disappointed; for there were "fiddlers" among them, and—in short, "I have too great a veneration for crowned heads to dwell any longer on so nice a subject." A sceptre is one thing, a fiddlestick another, says the Latin proverb: *Alia res spectrum, alia plectrum*. When Young would show how low Imperialism may sink, to what depths of degradation Cæsarism may descend, he pictures

"A Nero quitting his imperial throne,
And courting glory from the tinkling string."*

* The Caxtonian Essayist bestows a passing note of admiration upon the eighteen hundred laurel crowns awarded by

And yet the "good king Thibault" of Dante won in part his good name and fame by his skill in

Athens to Nero as a musician. And it is suggested of that misplaced Cæsar that if his career had been a musician's, and not an emperor's, he might indeed have been a voluptuary (a musician not unfrequently is)—but a soft-tempered, vain, praise-seeking infant of art, studying harmony, and nervously shocked by discord,—as musicians generally are.

Nero's exclamation in the anguish of contemplating his own death, "What an artist (*artifex*) is in me about to perish!" has been taken to explain the enigma of his nature. *Qualis artifex pereo!* Now by *artifex* Lord Lytton understands something more than musician, as our current translations render the word, and even something more than artist, as translated above. "*Artifex* means an artificer, a contriver; and I suspect that, in using the word, Nero was thinking of the hydraulic musical contrivance which had occupied his mind amidst all the terrors of the conspiracy which destroyed him—a contrivance that really seems to have been a very ingenious application of science to art, which we might not have lost if Nero had been only an artificer, and not an emperor."—*Essay on the Sympathetic Temperament.*

Harshness of conduct is said with truth to be no contradiction of extreme susceptibility to sentiment in writing—in fact, argues the author of *The Student*, the one may be rather a consequence than a contradiction of the other. Nor is the contrast between softness in emotion and callousness in conduct peculiar to poets. That sternest of tyrants, Alexander of Pheræ, shed a torrent of tears upon the acting of a play; (yet what was Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba, that Alexander, king of Pheræ, any more than Hamlet, prince of Denmark, should weep for her?) and "Nero was womanishly affected by the harp."

We read of Gerald Durant, in *Archie Lovell*, with all his

music as well as verse-making ; for the verses he composed he used to sing in public to the viol, and by all accounts very well he sang too. Dr. Burney's History of Music gives what are believed to have been the original melodies of two of the songs. The middle ages offer us here and there what Sainte-Beuve calls *des heureuses surprises*, from Alfred finding a way with his harp into the camp of the Danes, to Richard Cœur-de-Lion with trouvère's harp at his prison window. "Le siècle de Saint Louis applaudissait aux chansons de Thibaut, roi de Navarre." And so long as poetry was a song, so long as harp and lyre were not mere metaphors, there was grace of a certain kind in the fact of its being cultivated in the highest rank of all.*

loose ways and means, that a little French song could send the tears into his eyes ; and the query is ironically proposed, *à son adresse*, Are such natures to be called wicked or weak, or only philosophical? "While Rome burnt, Nero distracted his thoughts with his violin. Perhaps when his turn for rehabilitation comes, we shall be taught to see how blithe and gentle and *debonnaire* poor Nero really was, and make a hero of him."—Chapter vi.

* "Mais du moment que les vers, ramenés à l'état de simple composition littéraire, devinrent un art plus précis, du moment que les rimes durent se coucher *par écriture*, et qu'il fallut, bon gré mal gré, et nonobstant toutes métaphores, noircir du papier, comme on dit, pour arriver à l'indispensable correction et à l'élégance, dès lors il fut à peu près impossible d'être à

The son of Hugh Capet, Robert the Wise, consulted at once his pronounced taste for music, and his devotional temperament, when, as was frequently the case, he led the choir of St. Denis. He also composed hymns for monastic use. The Portuguese chronicle, cited by Michelet, teaches us that Don Pedro, after the death of Inez, was possessed by a strange craving for music. But he required it to be stunning, violent, made up of wind instruments, and there were specially made for him silver trumpets of inordinate length. The eldest of Charles the Sixth's sons, the first dauphin, was an indefatigable player on the harp and spinet. Special mention, among musical monarchs, is due to him Schiller introduces as

"Old king René,
Of tuneful song the master, most renown'd,"

and whose daughter, Margaret of Anjou, in one of Scott's historical novels, expresses herself weary to disgust of the eternal tinkling of harps, and squeaking of rebecks, and snapping of castanets, at his little court.* James the First, of Scotland,

la fois roi et poète avec bienséance."—*Derniers Portraits Littéraires*: François I^{er} Poète.

* The troubadour's crown of flowers was accounted by René a valuable compensation for the diadems of Jerusalem, of Naples, and of both Sicilies, of which he now possessed the

sang beautifully, Tytler says, and not only accompanied himself upon the harp and the organ, but

empty titles only. A concert of fiddlers, and a troop of morrice-dancers, seemed now his sole earthly wants. Freed by diplomatic interest from personal and pecuniary vexations, René was enabled to go piping and tabouring to his grave.

Scott makes the hot Duke of Burgundy exclaim on one occasion, impatiently capping and at the same time dismissing a proposition of the Earl of Oxford's,—“And King René's five hundred fiddlers to tune their cracked violins in my praise? and King René himself to listen to them, and say, ‘Well fought, Duke—well played, fiddler!’” The scorn for fiddling was highly pronounced in those days, and for many a long day afterwards. During the reign of James III., Rogers, whose musical compositions were fitted, say modern critics, to refine and improve the barbarous taste of the age, and eventually were highly esteemed in Scotland, was “ridiculed as a common fiddler or buffoon.” A *Saturday Reviewer*, discussing a sister art, somewhere hails in the massive head of Herr Joachim, in the gravity of his face, and the energy of its expression, a just rebuke of the Philistines, who consider fiddling a light and trifling occupation; asserting with emphasis that to pass one's life in the interpretation of great music, as Herr Joachim does, and to bring to the task some true greatness of one's own, is a destiny which, though beyond the reach of most of us, and outside of our faculties and tastes, is at least as noble as common business, and perhaps, for the full development of modern civilization, almost as necessary. A brother critic refers to the “old and characteristically English notion about fiddling”—which in Chesterfield's time seems to have been the name for all musical performance or predilection—“being an unmanly business, only fit for Italians,” as surviving even now in the minds of many honest persons. An able anonymous essayist (in

composed various airs and pieces of sacred music, in which there was to be recognized the same original and inventive genius which distinguished this remarkable man in everything to which he applied his mind. James the Third was also noted for an addiction to the science and practice of music. Our Richard the Third was so fond of singing that he designed what Mr. Miles Beale calls "a sort of Hullah class"—empowering an officer to seize for

Macmillan) on Classical Music and British Musical Taste, utters a lament over a class of which he despairs utterly,—those, namely, who consider the fruit of the thoughts which absorbed the whole lives of such men as Handel and Beethoven as pleasing trifles, fitted only for the occupation of women; and who place a fiddler in the same category with man-milliners, men-cooks, and male opera-dancers. They are said to be usually fond of repeating Swift's sneer about tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee, and to pride themselves on their ignorance that tweedle-dum may possibly bear the same relation to tweedle-dee that the tawdry lithograph on the cover of the music-seller's ballad does to the Sistine Madonna. "A writer in a late number of a well-known journal delivered himself of one of the common opinions of this class, when he spoke with contempt of those men who fiddled and fluted to please women. The mere dangler after women, at whom he justly sneers, is a man very unlikely to play the fiddle. Indeed, we might say that we fancy that your amateur fiddler is somewhat impatient of the presence of the fair sex. An old friend of ours, much addicted to quartett playing, would as soon have thought of sawing his beloved 'Strad' up for firewood as of admitting his wife into the music-room during the celebration of the mysteries."

the king's chantries all such singing men and children as he could find with voices up to the mark. Lord Herbert records of our Henry VIII. that "he was (which one might wonder at in a king) a curious musician, as two entire masses composed by him, and often sung in his chapel, did abundantly witness." Kaiser Karl VI. was a great musician, say the histories quoted by Mr. Carlyle,—fit to lead orchestras, and had composed an opera,—"poor Kaiser," is Mr. Carlyle's parenthetical comment on *that* fact. But no such plaintive parenthesis is assigned to the flute-playing propensities of his pet prince, Frederick the Great, whose attachment to music so vexed that royal *ursa major*, his peremptory sire—the latter flinging his son's music into the grate, and breaking his flute; so that young Fritz was driven, as Archdeacon Coxe tells us, to pass whole nights by stealth in pursuit of his favourite recreation, holding concerts in forests and caverns, during his hunting excursions, with musicians privately supplied by his mother. Those stolen waters were very sweet.

VII.

Temple Music.

1 Chron. xvi. 41, 42 ; 2 Chron. v. 12, 13.

FOR the worship of the Temple, or of the Tabernacle rather, since as yet the ark of the covenant of the Lord remained under curtains, King David appointed Heman* and Jeduthun, and

* Connected with the name of HEMAN there is a Curiosity of Literary Blundering on recent record. Robert Southey, as one narrator of it tells us, took some pains to give a correct text of the *Pilgrim's Progress*; and in his edition, Hopeful having wondered why Littlefaith had not plucked up a heart and stood one brush with such a company of cowards as the three brothers Faintheart, Mistrust, and Guilt, when they robbed and wounded him in Deadman's Lane, Christian replies that many had called them cowards, but few had found it so in the time of trial ; that they had made David groan, mourn, and roar, had sorely brushed the coats of Mordecai and Hezekiah, though champions in their days, and had handled Peter so that they made him afraid of a sorry girl. Now, as the critical detective remarks, it seems a thing for wonder that Bunyan should have ranked Mordecai with David, Hezekiah, and Peter ; but in truth he did not. "He

chosen others, expressed by name, to give thanks to the Lord, because His mercy endureth for ever: "And with them Heman and Jeduthun, with trumpets and cymbals for those that should make a sound, and with musical instruments of God." In His house should they praise Him, with the sound of the trumpet, praise Him with the psaltery and harp, praise Him with the timbrel and pipe, praise Him with stringed instruments and organs, praise Him upon the loud cymbals, praise Him upon the high-sounding cymbals,—teaching by example everything that hath breath to praise the Lord.—When the Tabernacle of David gave place to the Temple of Solomon, the Levites which were the

had set in the place which Southey gives to Mordecai one who may be the man celebrated as second in wisdom to Solomon, and certainly was a psalmist who in spiritual darkness and terror cried from the lowest deep as a castaway. This was Heman. Some editor who had never heard Heman's name—like the mere matter-of-fact godfather who, being asked to give the child a Bible name, proposed Baal-zebub—took the next text that came, and changed Heman to Haman. Then Southey, or the editor from whom he copied, assured that Bunyan could not have numbered Haman among the champions of the faith, concluded that since it was not Haman it must be Mordecai. Mr. Offer has pointed out the progress of this error, which in all probability was overlooked, not invented, by Southey." One or two cognate cases of literary blundering are exposed in the *Saturday Review*, vol. xxxi., p. 338.

singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, were present at the consecration, arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets ; and it came even to pass, as the trumpeters and singers were as one,—a choral unison like that commemorated by Wordsworth among the mountains, when, after a day of flooding rains, loud was the vale—

“ A mighty unison of streams
Of all her voices, one !”—

to make one sound to be heard in praising and thanking the Lord ; and when they lifted up their voice (of all those voices one) with the trumpets and cymbals and instruments of music, and praised the Lord, saying, For He is good ; for His mercy endureth for ever : that then the house was filled with a cloud, even the house of the Lord ; so that the priests could not stand to minister by reason of the cloud ; for the glory of the Lord had filled the house of God—which glory, nevertheless, so far as that house was concerned, was to be done away. The Temple made with hands was to be dissolved ; indeed Temple after Temple was to dislimn like the baseless fabric of a vision, leaving not onestone upon another, leaving not

a rack behind. But music should survive that Temple, and all Temples. Heaven should be without a Temple, but in Heaven music should never cease. "I saw no Temple therein," declares the Revealer, St. John the Divine. But he heard music, such as mortal ear elsewhere never heard, neither had it entered into the heart of man to conceive.

In order to give the best effect to the music of the tabernacle, David made a division of the four thousand Levites into twenty-four classes, who sang psalms, and accompanied them with music. Jahn gives a separate account, one by one, in his *Archæologia Biblica*, of the various instruments in use among the Hebrews; whose music, he casually remarks, may be thought to have been too loud and noisy, "but opinion depends much on personal habits and experience." Of stringed instruments he treats in succession of the most ancient of its class, the harp, to which Josephus in his *Jewish Antiquities* assigns twelve strings, a small bow (plectrum) being used in his time, though the instrument was originally played with the hand only; and the psaltery, called in the Psalms "a ten-stringed instrument," though Josephus gives twelve for ten; while of wind instruments the most noteworthy are the so-called organ, nearly

equivalent to Pan's pipe ; the horn or crooked trumpet—whether made of the horns of oxen, or of rams' horns, or of brass fashioned to resemble these ; and the straight trumpet, a cubit in length, an instrument largely in use, alike in peace and in war, though sounded in different tones for such different issues. Tabrets, timbrels, and cymbals were also in established use. From Babylon were adopted various other instruments, if not all comprised in the compendious list iterated and reiterated in the Book of Daniel,—of cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, psaltery, dulcimer, and all kinds of music. Concerted music, of however simple and rude a character, is of patriarchal antiquity ; there is a hint of the choral symphony in Laban's reproach of Jacob for stealing away secretly, instead of being dismissed with honour, after a festive parting, to be celebrated "with songs, with tabret, and with harp." Symphony, by the way, is the very word used in the Greek, when the prodigal son in the parable is welcomed back with a similar manifestation—for as the elder brother, out in the fields, drew nigh to the house, he heard *συμφωνίας*. The symphonies of Jewish temple-service appear to have been mainly, if not exclusively, choral ; that is, with the intermingling of voices. Devoted (not to say devout) admirers of the modern symphony in its most perfect form, are apt to be jealous

of the encroachment of vocal* upon instrumental rights. The author of *Contarini Fleming* avows a passion for instrumental music, and an indifference to the human voice, which, in the concert-room, at least, "appears to me, with all our exertions, a poor instrument. Sense and sentiment, too, are always sacrificed to dexterity and caprice. A grand orchestra fills my mind with ideas—I forget everything in the stream of invention. A prima donna is very ravishing; but while I listen I am a mere man of the world, or hardly sufficiently well bred to conceal my weariness." Whether he is more than ravished by the *Eroica* or the *Pastorale* of the master of all symphony-writing, one can only

* Some are even of opinion in the instance of Handel's choruses, despite the overwhelming effect of the combined masses of sound, that the junction of voices with instruments is, upon the whole, disappointing, and undesirable; an unaccompanied volume of voice-music being often so vastly more effective, than when swelled by the co-operation of a band, however magnificent in numbers and perfect in execution. But the verdict of the majority would no doubt be the other way. Milton might be quoted on their side, in regard of a passage about the continuous strain of harp music, with

" The solemn pipe
 And dulcimer, all organs of sweet stop,
 All sounds on fret by string or golden wire,
 Temper'd soft tunings, intermix'd with voice
 Choral or unison."

Paradise Lost, vii. 594

speculate, and hope ; possibly Mr. Disraeli could and would say with Dr. Ludwig Nohl, that he feels to this day just as *he* felt to the innermost depths of his heart in the days of his youth when he first heard a symphony of Beethoven's—that a spirit breathes from it bearing us aloft with giant power out of the oppressive atmosphere of sense, stirring to its inmost recesses the heart of man, bringing him to the full consciousness of his loftier being, and of the undying within him.* King George of Hanover claims for instrumental music the high prerogative, not merely of expressing every sensation of the human heart, but also of portraying, in a manner universally intelligible, the incidents of social life, the glad and sad occurrences of earthly existence, its occupations and repose, its perfect tranquillity, nay, the very neighbourhoods and landscapes, better, more closely, and more home to the feelings, than painting and poetry can do it. For this reason he compares it to a universal language. It does not, he remarks, like

* “And even more distinctly than when a new world was thus disclosed to his youthful feelings is the *man* fully conscious that not only was this a new world to him, but a new world of feeling in itself, revealing to the spirit phases of its own, which, till Beethoven appeared, had never been fathomed.”—*L. Nohl*, Pref. to his edit. of *Beethoven's Letters*, (Lady Wallace's translation).

vocal music, require the aid of words from any language whatever to make itself understood in the same sense and manner amongst all civilized communities on the face of the globe, and exercise the same influence on the heart and soul of nations differing the most widely, according to the object which the composer has in view. "The composer, then, who is thoroughly acquainted with the peculiar properties—the compass, the power, the softness of each instrument, and can calculate their effects, is qualified to attain the most surprising and wonderful results by the skilful application of these properties; he has within his reach the means of producing a complete, animated, and intelligible poetry by instrumental music, without ever feeling the necessity for words." Many classical compositions, the royal author adds, prove this: above all the masterpieces of Beethoven, whose Pastoral Symphony he analyses in some detail, to illustrate his thesis; his conclusion being, that "after an accurate and profound examination of so complete and masterly a composition," it were impossible to dispute the high province of music to represent by tones the various incidents of life more clearly and impressively than any other art, as well as to excite and express the manifold feelings of the human heart. The former of these two functions may easily be exaggerated; the latter, not so. Goethe's

English biographer, with his wonted clearness and force, urges the respect due to one cardinal consideration which lies at the very basis of all argument on representative art. And this is, that if the artist desire to express certain philosophic conceptions by means of symbols, he must never forget that, Art being Representative, the symbols chosen must possess "in themselves" a charm independent of what they mean: the forms which are his materials, the symbols which are his language, must in themselves have a beauty and an interest, readily appreciable by those who do not understand the occult meaning. Unless they have this, Mr. Lewes says, they cease to be Art; they become hieroglyphics. "Art is picture-painting, not picture-writing. Beethoven, in his Symphonies, may have expressed grand psychological conceptions, which, for the mind that interprets them, may give an extra charm to strains of ravishment; but if the strains in themselves do not possess a magic if they do not sting the soul with a keen delight, then let the meaning be never so profound, it will pass unheeded, because the *primary requisite* of music is not that it shall present grand thoughts, but that it shall agitate the soul with musical emotions."*

* So again the poet who has only profound meanings, and

There are strains in music, it has been said, masterpieces of great masters, epitomes of their genius, which in actual performance occupy a few minutes—a mere point of time ; but fraught with such fulness of harmony, suggestive of such vast ideas, pressing on the soul with such a weight of undeveloped meaning, so absorbing to sense, reason, and intellect, that the impression left on

not the witchery that must carry his expression of those meanings home to our hearts, has failed. “The primary requisite of poetry is that it shall move us ; not that it shall instruct us.”—*Lewis' Life of Goethe*, book vii., chap. vi.

Our best critics are generally, if not, like Hartley Coleridge, always pleased with the discovery of analogies between the sister arts ; and the refined critic last named pleases himself with a parallel between English sacred architecture and the music of Handel. Of the Grecian orders he says that, like pictures, they are to be seen and comprehended at once,—the whole and the parts are viewed together, and their coherence is judged by the eye ; but our cathedrals, from their screens, side aisles, transepts, and subsidiary chapels, can never be seen altogether ; there is always, as when you are listening to a solemn, rich, and varied harmony, employment at once for memory and anticipation ; the whole is not *objected* to the senses, but must be constructed by the imagination,—always implied, but never present. “Now the music of Handel, though multitudinous as the ocean, possesses as complete an unity as the simplest air, with the high excellence that each part is prophetic, as it were, of the parts that are successively to be unfolded.” But here the dissertator breaks off with a significant, “But I fear I don't make myself quite understood.”—*Ignoramus on the Fine Arts*, part i.

the memory is an event engaging a considerable period of time ; or rather, for the space when we sat under the spell, time* ceased, and we were under another dispensation, dimly awake to the influences of that eternity which runs along with time, but is not measured by its moments or hours, which for ever broods over us, but eludes the slippery grasp of our senses. A critic of rare culture and insight has said that we feel, on returning from hearing *The Messiah*, as if we had shaken off some of our dirt and dross—as if the world were not so much with us : our hearts are elevated, and yet subdued, as if the glow of some good action or the grace of some noble principle had passed over them. “We are conscious of having indulged in an enthusiasm which cannot lead us astray—of having tasted a pleasure which is not of the forbidden tree, for it is the only one which is distinctly promised to be translated with us from earth to heaven.” Lady Eastlake almost feels as if Handel’s sacred music would have re-

* So Wordsworth, in reference to another sense ; but the lines are here quoted from memory, and may be inexact :

“ On a fair prospect some have look’d,
And felt, as I have heard them say,
As if the moving time had been
A thing as steadfast as the scene
On which they gazed themselves away.”

proved the French of infidelity, and enticed the Scotch from Presbyterianism,—the latter the less feasible of the two, she surmises,—for, of all the fancies of a fretful conscience which liberty of opinion has engendered, that which many excellent people entertain on the subject of sacred music seems to her the most perverse. Useless she accounts it to argue with those who mistake a total ignorance of the sacred things of art for a higher sense of the proprieties of religion; and who, if they consistently follow up their own line of argument, must class Handel, Haydn, Mozart, and indeed all those whose powers have been of that high order which only the highest themes could expand, as so many delegates of Satan, mysteriously permitted to entrap man to his fall through his loftiest instincts of beauty and reverence—as if, alas! he had not enough to ruin him without that. “For those who forge the temptation are the real foes. There is no reasoning with those who think it wrong to be edified except when in actual worship, and wicked to praise God in any music but such as is ordinary enough for the whole congregation to join in. Human nature is a strange thing—never a greater puzzle perhaps than when it conscientiously abjures one of the few pure pleasures with which the hands of virtue are strengthened here below.” This writer avows an unwillingness to

believe that any of the great composers ever attempted to express the awful truths of sacred subjects without hearts attuned to the task they had undertaken.* And the same pen denies the possibility of conceiving that any religious compositions should exceed those of Handel in true sublimity, that majesty of music surpassing his can be heard in the flesh. "We feel that the sculptured grandeur of his recitative fulfils our highest conception of Divine utterance—that there is that in some of his choruses which is almost too mighty for the weakness of man to express,—as if those stupendous words, 'Wonderful! Counsellor! The

* The instance is cited of Handel's jealousy when the bishops sent him words for anthems, as he felt this implied his ignorance of the Holy Scriptures. "I have read my Bible," said he; "I shall choose for myself,"—and his selection is pronounced better than theirs. Haydn is quoted as writing at the commencement of all his scores, *In nomine Domini*, or *Soli Deo Gloria*, and at the end of them *Laus Deo*. "When I was occupied upon the *Creation*," he says, "always before I sat down to the piano I prayed to God with earnestness that He would enable me to praise Him worthily." And in reference to the fact that Mozart composed his *Requiem* with the shadow of death upon him, feeling it to be a solemn duty which he must work while there was still life to fulfil,—the question is put: And who is there that can hear it without the sense of its sublimity being enhanced by the remembrance of its being the work of the dying for the dead?

Prince of Peace!' could hardly be done justice to till the lips of angels and archangels had shouted them through the vast Profound in his tremendous salvos of sound: and yet that, though the power of such passages might be magnified by heaven's millions, their beauty could hardly be exalted." The poetry of prose like this is of a higher strain, and pays Handel deeper homage than does the prosiness of poetry like Shenstone's—

"When Handel's solemn accents roll,
Each breast is fixed, each raptured soul
In sweet confusion lost."

But the oratorio has led us too far away from church music, more properly so-called. What sort of airs should be sung in church, is a very practical question; yet too often an impracticable one. It was among the cherished tenets of Kavanagh that sacred melodies were becoming to sacred themes; he did not wish that in his church, as in some of the French Canadian churches, the holy profession of religion should be sung to the air of "When one is dead, 'tis for a long time,"—the commandments, aspirations heavenward, and the necessity of thinking of one's salvation, to "The Frolics of Spain," "Louisa was sleeping in a grove," or a grand "March of the French Cavalry." Well known as any jest perhaps in the copious collection

ascribed to Joseph Miller, is the *mot* fathered on Rowland Hill, by way of plea for the appropriation to hymnal purposes of secular airs, that 'twas a shame the devil should have all the pretty tunes. The venerable sometime pastor of Surrey Chapel might be another Joseph Miller, to judge by the paternity recklessly imputed to him of jests of all sorts and sizes, with quite unlimited liability. Facetiæ that were already withered, stale, flat, and unprofitable before he was born, have been freely fathered upon him now he is dead. As though upon the good man's tombstone the permit, or special licence, had been engraved, Rubbish may be shot here. Talleyrand and Sheridan divide honours with him in this respect,—there being between all three a pretty equal division made of these jocular assets. George Selwyn, in his time, was recognized by the voice of his contemporaries as Receiver-General of Waif and Stray Jokes—a sufficient proof, remarks a later wit, that he had plenty of his own; for as D'Alembert sarcastically observed to the Abbé Voisenon, who complained that he was unduly charged with the absurd sayings of others—"Monsieur l'Abbé, on ne prête qu'aux riches." Johnson, in his Life of Waller, after repeating a *mot* ascribed to him, speaks to having once heard it of some other man, and adds: "Pointed axioms and acute replies fly loose about

the world, and are assigned successively to those whom it may be the fashion to celebrate." Sainte-Beuve writes of the bishop-count of Noyon, Clermont-Tonnerre, that "selon l'usage du monde envers ces réputations riches, une fois faites et adoptées, on lui prêtait quantité de mots." Judge Haliburton's Senator professes to be not very fond of telling stories himself, for though one may know them to be original, still they may not be new; so certain is he that the same thing has often been said in different ages, and by people in different countries, who were not aware that a similar idea had occurred to and been expressed by others.*

* "I have heard repartees and smart sayings related here [in England], as having been uttered by well-known wits, that I have myself heard in America, and often long before they were perpetrated here. If you relate a story of that kind, you are met by the observation, 'Oh, that was said by Sydney Smith, or Theodore Hook, or some other wit of the day.'"—*The Season Ticket*, chap. ii.

A reviewer of Mr. Timbs' *Lives of Wits and Humorists* pointed out at the time that the very same story was told by him, almost in the same words, of Foote and Sheridan: the adjuncts were certainly different, and were very circumstantial, as in most of these verbal *facetia*; but the joke was precisely the same.

George Peele's memory is truly said to have suffered considerably by the *Merry Conceited Jests* that go under his name; his innocence of many of the scurrilous jests imputed to him being probable enough. "It was an easy step," says

VIII.

Trumpet Tones.

Exod. xix. 16, *sq.*; Judges vii. 18, *sq.*; 1 Cor. xv. 52.

THE trumpet is second to no other musical instrument as regards prominent mention in holy writ. The voice of the trumpet exceeding loud, was among the causes that made all the people in the camp tremble, when the mount burned with fire. And it was after the voice of the trumpet

one of his critics, to saddle "George," on the credit of some real peccadilloes, as well as witticisms, of the Sheridan sort, with many imaginary ones.

Many of the apophthegms ascribed to Publius Syrus are thought to be probably due to others; yet, as Lord Lytton observes, the very imputation to him of sayings so exquisite, attests his rank as the sayer of exquisite things.

Mr. Theodore Martin tells us that the reputation of Professor Aytoun, as a motive power in *Blackwood*, absorbed by its powerful attraction all fragments of matter similar to his own which entered the common system.

We find Lord Chesterfield writing to Sir Thomas Robinson, in 1757, that "people have long thrown out their wit and

had sounded long, waxing louder and louder, that Moses spake, and God answered him by a voice. Gideon's stratagem against the host of Midian comprised a special use of the trumpet by each man of his three hundred ; all, in unison, were to blow their trumpets, at the appointed signal, and to cry, "The sword of the Lord, and of Gideon!" And the expedient was a triumph. The prophet is bidden cry aloud, spare not, "lift up thy voice like a trumpet." Homer can offer no simile so effective as that of the trumpet to indicate the vibrant, ringing, clangorous, resonant accents of the voice of Achilles :

humour under my name, by way of trial : if it takes, the true father owns his child ; if it does not, the foundling is mine." So Butler words it, in one of his metrical satires :

"The world is full of curious wit
Which those, that father, never writ," etc.

So again Hudibras in his epistle to Sidrophel, remarking,

"That all those stories that are laid
Too truly to you, and those made,
Are now still charged upon your score,
And lesser authors named no more."

Fra Rupert, in Landor's dramatic trilogy, exclaims,

"And this too will be laid upon my shoulders.
If men are witty, all the wit of others
Bespangles them."

To apply the reflection of Shakspeare's cloistered, philosophic duke :

"thousand 'scapes of wit
Make thee the father of their idle dream."

“As the loud trumpet’s brazen mouth from far
 With shrilling clangor sounds th’ alarm of war,
 Struck from the walls, the echoes float on high,
 And the round bulwark and thick towers reply ;
 So high his brazen voice the hero rear’d ;
 Hosts dropp’d their arms, and trembled as they heard.”

And was not the voice which John heard in Patmos, saying, “I am Alpha and Omega,” and which sounded as from behind him, a great voice, as of a trumpet ?

With trumpets the conspirators proclaimed Jehu to be king. And when Athaliah, looking, saw the newly proclaimed king, young Jehoash, standing by a pillar, as the manner was, and heard how the people of the land rejoiced, and “blew with trumpets,”—then it was that the foiled and baffled dowager rent her robes, and cried “Treason, treason !” Racine makes his precautionary high-priest enjoin his agents, in taking measures for the discomfiture of *cette reine, ivre d’un fol orgueil*,—

“Prenez soin qu’à l’instant la trompette guerrière
 Dans le camp ennemi jette un subit effroi.”

And one of his subordinates thus describes, in an after scene, the success of that sudden blast—that bray and blare of brazen trumpets :

“Partout en même temps la trompette a sonné ;
 Et ses sons et leurs cris dans son camp étonné
 Ont répandu le trouble et la terreur subite
 Dont Gédéon frappa le fier Madianite.”

Trumpets were blown by the priests before the ark. When Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt-offering upon the altar, the priests with the trumpets stood by, and "the song of the Lord began with the trumpets." With trumpets the psalmist would have a joyful noise made before the Lord. At the fall of Babylon, in apocalyptic vision, the voice of trumpeters should be heard no more at all in her. But the seer of Patmos has to tell of seven angels, with each his trumpet,* which he prepared to sound. And another apostle declares in one epistle that the Lord Himself shall finally descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God; awaking the dead in Christ to rise first;—and in another, that we shall all be changed, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump; for the trumpet shall sound, and the dead shall be raised incorruptible, and we shall be changed.

Milton once and again makes reference to the sounding of that last blast of all. As where, in the

* An Edinburgh divine has told the world how, some time since, an "individual" calling himself the Angel Gabriel held large assemblages of the Modern Athenians in breathless attention by preaching with a trumpet in his hand, which he sounded at the end of each paragraph of his sermon. The story implies that the modern, like the ancient Athenians, love something new—anything for a sensation—*τι καινότερον*.

penultimate book of the *Paradise Lost*, we read of the Son giving signal high to the bright minister that watched :

“ he blew
His trumpet, heard in Oreb since perhaps
When God descended, and perhaps once more
To sound at general doom.”

Again, in the *Ode on the Nativity* :

“ Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder thro' the deep ;
 With such a horrid clang
 As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds out brake :
 The aged earth aghast,
 With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
 When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.”

Young was no Milton ; and though he made “ The Last Day ” his special topic, the strain we hear is less sublime in effect than design :

“ When, lo ! a mighty trump, one half conceal'd
In clouds, one half to mortal eye reveal'd,
Shall pour a dreadful note ; the piercing call
Shall rattle in the centre of the ball ;
The extended circuit of creation shake ;
The living die with fear, the dead awake.
 Oh ! powerful blast, to which no equal sound
Did e'er the frighten'd ear of nature wound.”

George Herbert cannot refrain from quaint *con-cetti* even with “ Doomsday ” for his theme, picturing as he does the stirring dust that rubs its eyes

at the clarion summons, "while this member jogs the other, each one whispering, Live you, brother?"

"Dust, alas, no music feels,
But thy trumpet : then it kneels,
As peculiar notes and strains
Cure Tarantula's raging pains."

The close of Dryden's Song for St. Cecilia's Day recognizes the movement of the spheres as initiated by the power of sacred lays ; and—

"So when the last and dreadful hour
The crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky." *

Sound the horns ! is the bidding of the royal warrior, in the Saga of King Olaf :

"And suddenly through the drifting brume
The blare of the horns began to ring,
Like the terrible trumpet shock
Of Ragnarock,
On the Day of Doom !"

Plutarch narrates as it were with 'bated breath, in his Life of Sulla, how, one day, when the sky was serene and clear, there was heard in it the sound of a trumpet † so loud, so shrill and mourn-

* The last line is disapproved of by the critics as falling flat upon the preceding description. "I could wish," says Johnson, "the antithesis of *music untuning* had some other place."

† We read in the life of Anthony a Wood of an alarm at

ful, that it frightened and astonished all the world. "The Tuscan sages said it portended a new race of men, and a renovation of the world." Mrs. Hemans has a lyric the first stanzas of which describe the rousing of a land by trumpet blast; while the closing one peals a solemn note of interrogation:

"And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By earthly clarion spread!
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?"

A later and more vigorous poetess has this anti-papal stanza in her *Poems before Congress*, on the subject of Christmas Gifts at Rome: His Holiness, who "sits in the place of the Lord," the central figure, and the object of metrical onslaught:

"Cardinals left and right of him,
Worshippers round and beneath,
The silver trumpets at sight of him
Thrill with a musical blast:
But the people say through their teeth,
'Trumpets? we wait for the Last!'"

* * * * *

The sound of a trumpet, in Mozart's infancy, is

Oxford one Sunday during service-time, when a terrible wind raged,—“and at that time a trumpet or trumpets sounding neare that Cross-inn dore, to call the soldiers together, because of the present plott, they in the church cried out that the Day of Judgment was at hand.”—*Life of Wood*, July 31, 1659.

said to have threatened him with convulsions. To such a man, observes the essayist of the *Seer*, and especially so great a master, every right of a horror of discord would be conceded,* supposing his ear to have grown up as it began; but that it did not so is manifest from his use of trumpets. The essayist himself, by the way, is, in his poetical miscellanies, largely given to the use of trumpets. Thus, in the *Story of Rimini*, we have a sustained blast of

“trumpets clear,
A princely music, unbedinn'd with drums; †
The mighty brass seems opening as it comes,
And now it fills, and now it shakes the air,
And now it bursts into the sounding square; . . .
Then with a long-drawn breath the clangors die,
The palace trumpets give a last reply,” etc.

In *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*, “the trumpets their visible voices reared.” And in another section of that poem, Leigh Hunt combines, with characteristic epithets, the two instruments

* In reference to the moot-point, who is to judge at what nice degree of imperfection the disgust is to begin, where no disgust is felt by the general ear.

† Dryden is not careful to favour any such superstition :

“The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
And mortal alarms,
The double double double beat
Of the thundering drum;” etc.

we have seen him fain to keep asunder: "Sneereth* the trumpet, and stampeth the drum." In his verses, again, entitled "Power and Gentleness," he repeats the epithet when speaking of "the harsh bray the sneering trumpet sends across the fray." There is no sneer in the trumpet tones heard by Bunyan when Christiana and her boys are let in at the wicket gate: "This done, he [the keeper of the gate] called to a trumpeter that was above, over the gate, to entertain Christiana with shouting, and sound of trumpet, for joy. So he obeyed, and sounded, and filled the air with his melodious notes." But the accepted function of the instrument seems to be *Martem accendere cantu*, as Virgil says of a trumpeter; so martially inspiring is the blare. The goddess of Athens was supposed to have invented a peculiar trumpet used by her favoured votaries. At the battle of Salamis, "the trumpet inflamed them with its clangor," says Æschylus, who was there that day. Lipsius has much to tell us of the Roman trumpet, in his *De Militiâ Romanâ*: one noteworthy point, re-

* Why this is affectations, censors of the Cockney school, as it once was styled, will be apt to say. John Keats, the cock of that Cockney school, so called, has an equally odd epithet for the trumpet, in his *Eve of St. Agnes*, where we read how, "up, aloft, The silver, *sarling* trumpets 'gan to *chide*."

counted by Gibbon, is, that the *charge* was sounded by a horse-trumpet of solid brass, as distinguished from the *retreat*, which was sounded by the foot-trumpet of leather and light wood ; but this pertains rather to the times of the decline and fall of the empire than to the palmy days of ancient Rome. In his elaborate description of the triumph of Paulus Æmilius, Plutarch is particular to mention that the trumpets came first, not with such airs as are used in a procession of solemn entry, but with such as the Romans sounded when animating their troops to the charge.

In Chaucer's *Knights Tale* we catch an echo of

“ Pypes, trompes, nakers, and clariounes,
That in the batail blewe bloody sownes.”

That is a sonorous line of Milton's, in the procession to the Stygian Council, “Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds.” And in the following book, when describing the departing from the council of the “grand infernal Peers,” he writes :

“ Then of their session ended they bid cry,
With trumpets' regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd ; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide.” *

* The metallic clangor is in this instance answered with a vocal outburst fully its match ; for, “all the host of Hell

Fam litui strepunt, is the sure signal for doughty deeds of arms. Experience has proved, says Gibbon, that the mechanical operation of sounds, by quickening the circulation of the blood and spirits, will act on the human machine more forcibly than the eloquence of reason and honour. Butler speaks of "trumpet and of drum, that makes the warrior's stomach come—

"For if a trumpet sound, or drum beat,
Who has not a month's mind to combat?"

Fray Antonio Agapida bears record of the famous Count de Tendilla, that he permitted no sound of

with deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim." Readers of Scott may recall his account of the thrilling and astounding clamour to which each Welshman lent his voice with all the energy of defiance, thirst of battle, and hope of conquest, when the standard of Gwenwyn was raised against Raymond Berenger; the blast of the Norman trumpets being fairly overborne by the vocal vehemence of the Welshmen. "Cherily as they rung, the trumpets, in comparison of the shout which they answered, sounded like the silver whistle of the stout boatswain amid the howling of the tempest." In another of his works Sir Walter speaks of the "long and melancholy notes sent forth" by trumpets,—as if this were their characteristic music; but the occasion is funereal, and the trumpets have "banners of crape" attached to them. Funereal that music, however, inevitably sounds in some ears; as in those of the *matres* in Horace's first ode: "aghast pale mothers hear the trumpeter, and loathe the murderous blast,"—as Father Prout pretty freely Englishes the *lituo tubæ permixtus sonitus* passage, *bellaque matribus detestata*.

lute, or harp, or song, or other emasculating minstrelsy, to be heard in his fortress : no other music was allowed than "the wholesome rolling of the drums, and braying of the trumpet, and such-like spirit-stirring instruments as fill the mind with thoughts of iron war." Not but that warrior bold can, on occasion, if it is in him, wax sentimental too at the trumpet's sound ; after the manner, for instance, of Dr. Croly's Salathiel, who thus discourses of its effect : "Every blast from the palace-roof was answered for miles around. The whole horizon was alive with enemies ; and yet, if in every call captivity and death had not been the language, this circling echo of the noblest of all instrument, coming in a thousand various tones from the varied distances, softened by the dewy freshness of the night, and breathing from sources invisible, as if they were inspired by the winds, or poured from the clouds, might have seemed sublime."

Shakspeare had an open ear for the martial influences of what Macduff calls "those clamorous harbingers of blood and death." His Antony summons the trumpeters, before Alexandria, with brazen din to blast the city's ear. His Agamemnon summons one to give with his trumpet a loud note to Troy, that "the appalled air may pierce the head of the great combatant," Hector, and hail him hither. Ajax is still broader and more

boisterous in style, as becomes the manner of the man :

“Thou, trumpet, there’s my purse.
 Now crack thy lungs, and split thy brazen pipe ;
 Blow, villain, till thy spherèd bias cheek
 Outswell the colic of puff’d Aquilon ;
 Come, stretch thy chest, and let thine eyes spout blood :
 Thou blow’st for Hector.”

* * * * *

But of these trumpet tones the echo is endless, —or will be unless a pause be enjoined, a full stop peremptorily enforced. With one brief flourish from Wordsworth be the strain concluded, and yet no flourish either, but a grave passage, suggestively solemn, if not sublime :—

“The trumpet (we, intoxicate with pride,
 Arm at its blast for deadly wars)
 To archangelic lips applied,
 The grave shall open, quench the stars.”

IX.

Having Ears, but Hearing not.

Jeremiah v. 21.

LARGE is the meaning, as well as frequent the reference, in Scripture, to ears which lack the sense of hearing. An æsthetical application of it in the interests of music may perhaps be sanctioned for the nonce. Be it, then, allowably (and, as old-fashioned divines understand the phrase, accommodatingly) applied in this place in the sense of Elia's celebrated Chapter on Ears. That essay opens with the bold announcement, unconditionally made in a one-line paragraph *per se*, "I have no ear." By which negative affirmation, however, the essayist means, forthwith explaining his meaning, not that he was by nature destitute of those "exterior twin appendages, hanging ornaments, and (architecturally speaking) handsome volutes to the human capital;" nor that, like Defoe, he had suffered hideous disfigurement in that quarter; but

that he had simply no ear for music. True, it were a foul self-libel in him to say that his heart never melted at the concord of sweet sounds—for “In Infancy,” and that other dulcet strain of Dr. Arne’s, “Water parted from the sea,” never failed to move it strangely; and Elia even believed that “sentimentally” he was predisposed to harmony. But “organically” he was, on his own showing, incapable of a tune;* and scientifically, he could never be made to understand (though he had taken some pains) what a note in music is; or how one note should differ from another.† There is Charles Lamb’s usual whimsicality of exaggeration in all this. But with something of a grotesque seriousness he com-

* “I have been practising ‘God save the King’ all my life; whistling and humming of it over to myself in solitary corners; and am not yet arrived, they tell me, within many quavers of it.”—*Essays of Elia*; A Chapter on Ears.

† “Much less in voices can I distinguish a soprano from a tenor. Only sometimes the thorough-bass I contrive to guess at, from its being supereminently harsh and disagreeable.”—*Ibid.*

At Mr. Macpherson’s, in Slate, Dr. Johnson told his entertainer that he knew a drum from a trumpet, and a bagpipe from a guitar; and *that* he declared to be about the extent of his knowledge of music. Boswell speaks of him, during their tour to the Hebrides, as apparently fond of the bagpipe; for he would often stand for some time with his ear close to the great drone; and at Armidale, Dunvegan, Col, etc., they had the music of the bagpipe every day.

plains how hard it is to stand alone in an age like this,—(constituted to the quick and critical perception of all harmonious combinations, he verily believes, beyond all preceding ages, “since Jubal stumbled upon the gamut,”)—to remain, as it were, singly unimpressible to the magic influences of an art “which is said to have such an especial stroke at soothing, elevating, and refining the passions.” Yet, for his part, Elia candidly owns to having received a great deal more pain than pleasure from “this so cried-up faculty.” He denies not that, in the opening of a concert, he has experienced something vastly lulling and agreeable; but afterwards, and all too soon, followed the languor and the oppression; and “like that disappointing book in Patmos” were these bitter-sweets to him.

When Homer says of his own blind bard that the Muse gave him good and evil, depriving him of his eyes, but granting him the gift of song, we understand, says Robert Southey, the compensation :

Τὸν περὶ Μοῦσ' ἐφίλησε, δίδου δ'ἀγαθὸν τε κακὸν τε,
'Οφθαλμῶν μὲν ἄμερσε, δίδου δ'ἠδεῖαν ἀοιδίην ;—

but what, the Doctor asks, can compensate a musician for the loss of hearing? There is no inward ear* to be the bliss of solitude; though, as

* Victor Hugo's deaf bellringer of Notre Dame finds his delight in seeing the movements he cannot hear. On one

Wordsworth has taught us, an inward eye there is. The Doctor's discourse concerns that good old Lutanist of the seventeenth century, Master Thomas Mace, whose *Music's Monument* is a folio volume of mark—"matchless" is Dr. Burney's epithet for it,—and to whom "Time did this wrong," that it deprived him of his highest gratification, for he became so deaf that he could not hear his own lute. A deaf musician is not the man one would consult for an impartial judgment on the vexed question, whether total deafness or stone blindness is the greater calamity.* Milton's total eclipse of eye-

occasion, for instance, we read of Quasimodo, that when, in the high loft of the belfry, he had set the six bells in motion, when he felt that bunch of bells swinging in his hand; when he saw, for he could not hear, the palpitating octave running up and down that sonorous scale, like a bird hopping from twig to twig; when "the demon of Music, that demon which shakes a glittering quiver of strettis, trills, and arpeggios," had taken (demoniacal) possession of the poor deaf bellringer, he forgot all his troubles, and was once again happy.

* Chesterfield is recording his sufferings from the stone (not stone-blindness), when he thus writes to his son: "God keep you from that *and deafness!* other complaints are the common and almost the inevitable lot of human nature, but admit of some mitigation;" which, by implication, deafness does not. Chesterfield spoke feelingly; but what were his feelings to a Beethoven's, but as moonlight is to sunlight, or as water is to wine! As for your ordinary deaf man, cynical Chamfort disposes of *him*, and of the pity that is felt (or at

sight wrought him no such misery, either in degree or in kind, as Beethoven suffered from the deafness which for him totally eclipsed the sunshine of Life. How the horror of such a fate affected Mendelssohn may be seen in a passage of Madame Polko's Life of him, where we read that at a rehearsal of the "Messiah" at Leipzig, "Mendelssohn started up from the piano in the most violent agitation, exclaiming, 'I am deaf!'" At once his physician was summoned, and the attack soon passed away; but never was the patient so scrupulous as then in *not* throwing the prescribed physic to the dogs, but

least expressed) for him, after this style : "On croit le sourd malheureux dans la société. N'est-ce pas un jugement prononcé par l'amour-propre de la société, qui dit : Cet homme-là n'est-il pas trop à plaindre de n'entendre pas ce que nous disons?"

Montaigne says in one of his essays, "If I were compelled to choose, I should sooner, I think, consent to lose my sight than my hearing and speech." It was mainly in regard of the pleasures of conversation that he pronounced this hypothetical preference.

David Hartley incidentally observes that, from comparing the imperfections of such persons as have never heard, with those of persons that have never seen, it appears that the ear is of much more importance to us, considered as spiritual beings, than the eye. This he ascribes to the great use and necessity of words for the improvement of our knowledge, and enlargement of our affections. See Hartley's *Theory of the Human Mind*, Sect. v., Prop. xxvi.

conscientiously swallowing it, day and night, if haply, and happily, so overwhelming a calamity might be warded off; as most happily, and completely, it was.

As early as 1800 we find Beethoven complaining in his letters of the too evident inroads of this aggressive malady. "Your Beethoven is very unhappy," he writes to Pastor Amenda in that year; "you must know that one of my most precious faculties, that of hearing, is become very defective. . . . Whether I shall ever be cured remains to be seen; it is supposed to proceed from the state of my digestive organs." Again: "Oh, how happy should I now be, had I my full sense of hearing; . . . I must withdraw from everything. My best years will thus pass away, without effecting what my talents and powers might have enabled me to perform. How melancholy is the resignation in which I must take refuge! I had determined to rise superior to all this, but how is it possible? If in the course of six months my malady be pronounced incurable, then, Amenda, I shall appeal to you to leave all else and come to me, when I intend to travel (my affliction is less distressing when playing and composing, and most so in intercourse with others), and you must be my companion." To Wegeler he writes in the same year, that his hearing during the last three, has been

getting gradually worse ; that his doctor has striven to restore the tone of his digestion by tonics, and his hearing by oil of almonds, all to no effect ; for while his digestion continued in its former plight, his hearing became worse. “ My ears are buzzing and ringing perpetually, day and night. I can with truth say that my life is very wretched ; for nearly two years past I have avoided all society, because I find it impossible to say to people, *I am deaf!* In any other profession this might be more tolerable, but in mine such a condition is truly frightful. Besides, what would my enemies say to this?—and they are not few in number.”* Numerous anecdotes

* Later again he tells the same correspondent, “ You could scarcely believe what a sad and dreary life mine has been for the last two years ; my defective hearing everywhere pursuing me like a spectre, making me fly from every one, and appear a misanthrope ; and yet no one in reality is less so.” In the remarkable letter addressed by Beethoven in 1802 to his brothers Carl and Johann, he describes himself as one who, born with a passionate and susceptible temperament, and keenly alive to the pleasures of society, had been obliged early in life to isolate himself, and to pass his existence in solitude. If at any time he resolved to surmount all this, he was repelled by the ever-saddening experience of his defective hearing : and he found it impossible to bid others “ speak louder, shout ! for I am deaf.” How could he proclaim his deficiency in a sense which ought to have been more perfect with him than with other men?—a sense which he once possessed in the utmost perfection, to an extent indeed that few of his

represent Beethoven as very susceptible, and very passionate. The fact is made use of by Mr. Herbert

profession ever enjoyed. "My misfortune is doubly severe from causing me to be misunderstood." Therefore prays he to be forgiven by his brothers when they see him withdraw from those with whom he would so gladly mingle. "What humiliation when any one beside me heard a flute in the distance, while I heard nothing, or when others heard a shepherd singing, and still I heard nothing ! Such things brought me to the verge of desperation, and well-nigh caused me to put an end to my life." Towards the close of this letter the tempest-tossed and not comforted writer appeals to the Searcher of hearts, as knowing that love for man and feelings of benevolence have their abode in *His*,—"Oh, ye who may one day read this, think that you have done me injustice." And then he bids Carl and Johann, as soon as he is no more, beg Professor Schmidt, in his name, to describe his malady, "and to add these pages to the analysis of my disease, that at least, as far as possible, the world may be reconciled to me after my death." Six years later we find him telling his "dear old friend" Wegeler again of the demon that has taken up a settled abode in his ears ; and again mooting in morbid mood the question of self-slaughter. To Bettina, about the same time, he writes : "My ears are, alas, a partition-wall, through which I can with difficulty hold any intercourse with my fellow-creatures."

Of the effect this malady produced upon Beethoven's character, we may be reminded by that produced by it in the instance of the painter Goya, whose deafness, so complete that he could not hear the discharge of firearms, was the result of a violent cold. Though the infirmity was in Goya's instance absolutely incurable, and all hope of even alleviating it was wanting, he is said to have found means of replacing the lost sense to some extent by his extraordinary precision of

Spencer in his argument touching the extremely acute sensibilities of musical composers as a rule ; it is part of his evidence to show that as the tones, intervals, and cadences of strong emotion were the elements out of which song was elaborated, so a still stronger degree of emotion produced the elaboration. And he shows that the same passionate, enthusiastic temperament which naturally leads the musical composer to express the feelings possessed by others as well as himself, in extremer intervals and more marked cadences than they would use, also leads him to give musical utterance to feelings which they either do not experience, or experience in but slight degrees. Hence arise more involved musical phrases, conveying more complex, subtle, and musical feelings. And thus we may, as he suggests, in some measure understand how it happens that music not only so excites our more familiar feelings, but also produces feelings we never had before—arouses dormant sentiments, of which we had not conceived the possibility and do not know the meaning ; or, as Richter says,

ocular observation ; persons who knew him saying that so long as he could watch the lips of the speaker there was not even a suspicion of his deafness. But the influence of the misfortune upon his character was confessedly most unfavourable: he became irritable and sarcastic, saying and writing the severest things even of his most intimate friends.

“tells us of things we have not seen and shall not see.” This the music of deaf Beethoven emphatically does :

“The tones are mix’d,
Dim, faint, and thrill and throb betwixt
The incomplete and the unfix’d.
“Therein a mighty mind is heard
In mighty musings, inly stirr’d,
And struggling outward for a word.
“Until these surges, having run
This way and that, give out as one
An Aphroditè of sweet tune.”

But this is digressing ; and whom would not Beethoven make to digress, and within what limits ?
Paulo minora canamus.

More than one grave objector has fallen foul of Shakspeare’s celebrated lines, assuming them to have expressed his own personal feeling in the matter, and not merely to have a dramatic propriety from the lips of Lorenzo, when moonlight was sleeping on the bank in the avenue at Belmont, and the sounds of music crept in the ears of him and Jessica,—soft stillness and the night heightening the touches of sweet harmony :

“The man that hath no music in himself,
Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus :
Let no such man be trusted.”

Just so, again, does Shakspeare's Cæsar avow his distrust of "that spare Cassius" (would he were fatter!), who so seldom smiles, and, though he reads much, "he hears no music."* Owen Feltham affirms of those who altogether despise music, that they may well be suspected to be somewhat of a savage nature. "And I think he has not a mind rightly formed, whose zeal is not inflamed by a heavenly anthem. . . . We find that in Heaven there are Hallelujahs sung." William Tytler, naturally partial to music, used to assign to it what Mackenzie calls "a degree of moral importance which some might deem a little whimsical." He used to say

* Olivia Marchmont, in the novel, is specially and characteristically denied anything like musical sensibility. All things that compose the poetry and beauty of life are denied to her, in common with the tenderness which constitutes the main charm of womanhood. She would indeed sit by the piano while Mary, her step-daughter, revelled in the delights of the great masters, and would watch those slight hands wandering over the keys, while the player's soul wended its flight into trackless regions of dreamland; but the elder woman "heard nothing in the music but so many chords, so many tones and semi-tones, played in such or such a time." King René, in *Anne of Geierstein*, being assured by one of the musicians whom he presses to remember the tunes his daughter Queen Margaret approved, that he had never known her Majesty endure *any* strain with patience, threatens to turn the plain-spoken truth-speaker out of his service for slandering the taste of his daughter.

that he never knew a good taste in music associated with a malevolent heart.* The table-talk of Luther is no way chary of praise of song. Except theology, there is no art which can be placed in comparison with music, he says on one occasion; on another,—“As for them who despise music, the dreamers and mystics, I despise them.” Again: “Singing is the best exercise there is: we have nothing else at all comparable with it. . . . I am glad that God has denied to those obstinate rebels of peasants a gift so valuable, so full of consolation; they do not care for music, and they reject the word of God.”

That the Easterns, generally, have no ear, may be a travellers' tale, but it is a more than twice-told one. “Djebel Druse,” for instance, is certainly not the land of song, the author of *The Modern Syrians* remarks, “and nothing harrows up the ears like its merciless music.” Not that he means to say that Arab music is altogether disagreeable when one gets accustomed to it; but he never heard the song and tabor of the Druses without pain. “The perfection of vocal music in Lebanon is to be throaty

* Being asked what prescription he would recommend for attaining an old age as healthful and happy as his own,—“My prescription,” said he, “is simple: short but cheerful meals, music, and a good conscience.”—*Burgon's Life of P. F. Tytler*, p. 7.

and nasal," while that "most offensive guttural, the ghain," equivalent to the Northumbrian burr, fills up the intervals, and acts as the vehicle of all *fiorituri*.* The Countess Hahn-Hahn, in her *Orientalische Briefe*, describes some minstrels at a wedding at Beyrout as singing, with all their bodily might, in the "most discordant tones that can issue from the human throat, mingling together wild screams with guttural and nasal sounds—a terrible concert," from which she made all haste to escape.

The Asiatic has no ear and no soul for music, we are assured by the Howadji who printed, in Eôthen style, a volume of *Nile Notes*. "Like other savages and children, he loves a noise, and he plays on shrill pipes—on the tarabuka, on the tár or tambourine, and a sharp one-stringed fiddle, or rabáb. Of course, in your first Oriental days, you will decline no invitations, but you will grow gradually deaf to all entreaties of friends or dragomen to sally forth and hear music. You will remind him that you did not come to the East to go to Bedlam." Mr. G. W. Curtis calls the want of music not

* In another passage the Oriental Student, describing an Easter Day in Damascus, records his impression of some uncouth songs chorused by old women, and relates how the Hanum sang entirely through her nose, and put her stretched hand to her cheek in order to make the sound louder; and how the din of tambourines, kettledrums, and the snivelling songstress, nearly gave him a headache.

strange, for silence is natural to the East and to the tropics. Nor was any Mozart needed, he goes on to say, to sow Persian gardens with roses breathing fragrance and beauty; no Beethoven was needed to build mighty Himalayas; no Rossini to sparkle and sing with the birds and streams. "Those realities are there, of which the composers are the poets to Western imagination. In the East you feel and see music, but hear it never."

Yet, to declare the Easterns incapable of improvement in the art, is to go a little too far. It is to contradict experience. Singing was one of the things taught to the Moslem girls Miss Whately succeeded in getting to her school in Cairo; and it is on record, by one who quotes Mr. Hullah's dictum, that Oriental music is fundamentally and systematically diverse from our own, that the girls' first discordant attempts at a gamut might have suggested a belief that the cats, instead of the daughters of Cairo, had been secured as pupils. But as in three months the sweet singing of the children was what visitors most admired in the school, the inference is drawn that no organic disqualification exists in Egyptians, at least, for conversion to Western belief and practice about scales and tones.*

* "I suppose you may have read," says Lady Mary Wortley Montagu, in one of her letters from the East, "that the

Swift commemorates *con amore* his own lack of musical taste :

“Grave Dean of St. Patrick’s, how comes it to pass
That you, who know music no more than an ass,”* etc.

Turks have no music but what is shocking to the ears; but this account is from those who never heard any but what is played in the streets, and is just as reasonable as if a foreigner should take his ideas of English music from the bladder and string, or the marrowbones and cleavers. I can assure you that the music is extremely pathetic.” True, her ladyship inclines to prefer the Italian, but makes the confession apologetically, saying that perhaps she is partial; and she quotes an accomplished Greek lady, very well skilled in both, who gives the preference to the Turkish.

* The asinine reference recalls what Mr. Thackeray says of one of his favourite characters: “Warrington scarcely knew one tune from another, and had but one tune or *bray* in his *répertoire*,—a most discordant imitation of God save the King.”

Sheridan’s attempts in the like direction are described by Michael Kelly as canine: “He made a sort of rumbling noise with his voice (for he had not the slightest idea of turning a tune), resembling a deep bow, wow, wow. . . . There was not the slightest resemblance of an air in the noise he made.” Sir Joseph Banks is supposed to proclaim in Peter Pindar, glorying in the defect,—

“To these two ears, a bear Marchesi growls,
Mara and Billington a brace of owls.”

With astoundment Mr. Pepys in his Diary makes this entry of the affirmation of a noble lord: “But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he had rather hear a cat mew than the best music in the world; and the better

Nevertheless he is known to have had the power of mimicking it in a wonderful degree—witness his

the music, the more sick it makes him”—not, however, for the same reason as in the case of Miss Lee's Stanhope, in the *Canterbury Tales*. “He must be very unsociable,” remarks the lady of the house; and, as he does not love music, “Then he has no sensibility.” “I doubt the conclusion,” says Rivaz, with a shrug; and when Stanhope is himself appealed to on the subject, “It is only good music that I shun,” he says; “I have no objection to the mediocre.” “Surely one objection is rather more unaccountable than the other.” “Indeed!—I hope you will always think so, madam.” Pepys himself was a bit of an enthusiast over music, and not a little impatient of what marred its beauties, and of those who meddled with it who ought not. Of some boys whose day was over at the Chapel Royal, he writes, for instance, “Notwithstanding their skill, yet to hear them sing with their broken voices, which they could not command to keep in tune, would make a man mad—so bad it was.”—(Aug. 21, 1667.) The untunableness of Mistress Pepys was a standing grievance with her and our Samuel; who, however, upon one occasion thus delivers himself in his diurnal: “How did I please myself to make Betty Turner sing, to see what a beast she is as to singing, not knowing how to sing one note in tune; but, only for the experiment, I would not for 40s. hear her sing a tune; worse than my wife a thousand times, so that it do a little reconcile me to her.”—(Jan. 22, 1667-68.)

One or two other entries in the Diary, on the same subject, have the Pepysian piquancy in full flavour. “Being returned home, I find Greeting, the flageolet-master come, and teaching my wife; and I do think my wife will take pleasure in it, and it will be easy for her, and pleasant. So to the office, and then before dinner making my wife to sing. Poor

burlesque imitation of the chromatics of Mr. Rosingrave on the organ, to the inexpressible amusement of his guests, excepting one matter-of-fact old gentleman who retained his gravity, and remained unmoved, because, as he said, he "had heard Mr. Rosingrave himself perform the same piece that morning."

It is said of Brienne that being at the Sistine Chapel at Rome in the Holy Week, he allowed that the singing was very fine, to the gratification of a friend, who was thus encouraged to exclaim,

wretch! her ear is so bad that it made me angry, till the poor wretch cried to see me so vexed at her, that I think I shall not discourage her so much again, but will endeavour to make her understand sounds, and do her good that way; for she hath a great mind to learn, only to please me."—(March 1, 1666-67.) Just a year later we have Mr. Pepys in ecstasies at the effect of certain "wind musick" at the King's House, which did please him "beyond any thing in the whole world"—"so sweet that it ravished me, and, indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife [before she became the poor wretch]; that neither then, nor all the evening going home, and at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so that I could not believe that ever any musick hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me to resolve to practise wind-musick, and to make my wife do the like."—(Feb. 27, 1667-68.) Fresh storm brewing for that poor—woman, in this promise (or threat) of wind-music. Blow, gentle gales, was never written for her.

“Ah, I see you begin to like music.” “No,” was the reply, “I can’t go as far as *that*, but I can now understand the possibility of a person being fond of music without being either a fool or a mad-man.” Wordsworth is free to avow himself one

“of whose touch the fiddle would complain,
Whose breath would labour at the flute in vain,
In music all unversed.” *

Sir Walter Scott expressly affirms in his autobiography that, his mother being anxious to have all her children taught psalmody, the “incurable defects” of his voice and ear drove his teacher † to despair. “It is only by long practice that I have acquired the power of selecting or distin-

* In a letter of Leigh Hunt’s, dated July 8, 1848, occurs this *obiter scriptum*: “Wordsworth, I am told, does not care for music! And it is very likely, for music (to judge from his verses) does not seem to care for him. I was astonished the other day, on looking in his works for the first time after a long interval, to find how deficient he was in all that may be called the musical side of a poet’s nature,—the genial, the animal-spirited or bird-like,—the happily accordant.” Had Mr. Leigh Hunt in that same interval, perhaps too long an interval, also lost his ear for what there is of grand and solemn organ-like harmony in Wordsworth’s higher strains and loftier flights?

† Alexander Campbell, an enthusiast in Scottish music, who however would not allow that Walter had a bad ear; it was mere want of will, he contended.

guishing melodies ;” and though in mature life few things delighted or affected him more than a simple song sung with feeling, he avowed that even this pitch of musical taste had only been gained by attention and habit, and, as it were, by his feeling of the words being associated with the tune.* In his Diary of November, 1825, we come across this entry, *apropos* of some after-dinner music at the house of Sir Robert Dundas : “I do not know and cannot utter a note of music ; and complicated harmonies seem to me a babble of confused though pleasing sounds.” Yet simple melodies, he adds, especially if connected with words and ideas, had the same effect on him as on most people. But then he demanded expression and feeling ; he could not bear a voice that had “no more life in it than a pianoforte or a bugle-

* The late C. R. Leslie, in his pleasant pen-picture of Sir Walter at Home, records his belief, from personal observation, that in music Scott’s enjoyment arose chiefly from the associations called up by the air or the words of a song. “I have seen him stand beside the piano or harp when Lady Compton, Miss Clephane, or Mrs. Lockhart were playing Highland music, or a military march, his head and whole figure slightly moving in unison with the instrument, and with an expression in his face of inward delight, that told more plainly than words could tell, how thoroughly he relished the performance.”—*Autobiogr. Recollections of C. R. Leslie*, ch. iv.

horn." "Tom Moore's is the most exquisite warbling I ever heard." Some critics refuse to believe that a man capable of writing such lyrics as Sir Walter wrote, could have other than a real ear for music. But the apparent inconsistency is of no singular occurrence. Thomas Hood, his daughter bears witness, though endowed with the most delicate perception of the rhythm and melody of versifying, and the most acute instinct for any jarring syllable or word, and peculiarly happy in the musical cadence of his own poetry, had yet not the slightest ear for music: he *could* not sing a tune through correctly.*

The Haunted Man, in Mr. Dickens' Christmas story so called, shudders when he stops to listen to a strain of plaintive music, but can only hear a

* To what Mrs. Broderip relates in the text, her brother adds a foot-note which mentions how people would comment on this deficiency to their father, and how he took it. One flourisher, for instance, "just safe landed from a rhapsody on music," with which Mr. Hood's looks betokened a very imperfect sympathy, ventured on the compassionating remark, "Ah, you know, you've no musical enthusiasm—you don't know what it is." The author, however goodnaturedly aware of, and prompt to recognize, his deficiency, was not to be snubbed by this sort of man, and in this sort of way, so he answered, "Not know it? oh yes, I do—it's like turtle soup—for every pint of real, you meet with gallons of mock, with calves' heads in proportion."

tune, made manifest to him by the dry mechanism of the instruments and his own ears, with no address to any mystery within him, without a whisper in it of the past, or of the future, powerless upon him as the sound of last year's running water, or the rushing of last year's wind.* Which things are an allegory; and the haunted man is an anomaly; but his incapacity is more or less shared by shoals of commonplace mortals, of the normal type. Says one such, in a dramatic fragment of Barry Cornwall's—

* In another, earlier, and more popular of those Christmas stories, that sombre man of stratagems and spoils, Tackleton, growls at coming upon old Caleb in the act of essaying a fragment of a song. "What! you're singing, are you? *I* can't sing." Nobody would have suspected him of it, says his author: he had not what is generally termed a singing face, by any means. As Molière's Sosie exclaims in the *Amphitryon*,

"Cet homme assurément n'aime pas la musique."

It is Molière's Maitre de Musique who assures *le bourgeois gentilhomme* that "tous les désordres, toutes les guerres qu'on voit dans le monde, n'arrivent que pour n'apprendre pas la musique;" which thesis he demonstrates by a music-master's syllogism. If Monsieur Jourdain ever came to care for music, it would probably be, like his attainments in prose, without the knowing it: possibly his personal predilections would have jumped with those of Bottom the weaver, who tells Titania, "I have a reasonable good ear in music: let us have the tongs and the bones."

“ I see small difference
'Tween one sound and its next. All seem akin,
And run on the same feet ever.”

Which candid avowal is hushed, not to say is
snubbed, by a remonstrant's

“ Peace ! Thou want'st
One heavenly sense, and speak'st in ignorance.
Seest thou no differing shadows, which divide
The rose and poppy ? 'Tis the same with sounds.
There's not a minute in the round of time
But's hinged with different music. In that small space,
Between the thought and its swift utterance,—
Ere silence buds to sound,—the angels listening
Hear infinite varieties of song.”

X.

The Brute-World and Music.

Job xxxix. 24, 25 ; Psalm lviii. 5.

WE have recognition in holy writ of the effect of musical sounds upon four-footed creatures and creeping things. The Psalmist makes a suggestive simile of the deaf adder that, an exception to the rule, stoppeth her ears, and refuseth to hear the voice of the charmer, charm he never so wisely. In the book of Job, the horse that paweth in the valley, and rejoiceth in his strength, mocking at fear, and no way affrighted at the sword, is described as (for thus Umbreit renders the passage) "standing not still when the trumpet soundeth," but stirred by it, even as a Philip Sidney might be, and was. And when the trumpet sounds, his voice is heard as if he said Aha !—or said that he heard the summons to battle. The bray* of the trumpets is answered by the neighing of the steed.

* Bray would be answered by bray, were the wild ass, and

How music tells upon the brute-world is a topic of frequent illustration in miscellaneous literature.

not the horse, the subject of the description ; and in Scripture the ass is not the mean creature which European associations have made of it : degrading usages had not vulgarized it into a by-word for contumely and ridicule. The bray of the ass would no more sound contemptible to eastern ears, in old times, than the bray of the trumpet.

Poets and prose essayists of our own have plentifully had their say, sung or said, about the ass's bray, and generally in terms the reverse of admiring or appreciative. An asinine anthology of this kind might be easily and copiously collected,—but it would be thought too asinine an affair altogether. Cowper says, in one of his letters to John Newton, that all the sounds uttered by nature are delightful, at least in this country ; adding, however, that he might not, perhaps, find the roaring of lions in Africa, or of bears in Russia, very pleasing ; “but I know no beast in England whose voice I do not account musical, save and except always the braying of an ass.” The gentle bard of Olney was almost sore upon this subject. In a letter to Unwin he apologizes for an abrupt close by pleading the constraints of a distracting bray. “A neighbour of mine, in Silver-end, keeps an ass ; the ass lives on the other side of the garden wall, and I am writing in the greenhouse : it happens that he is this morning most musically disposed, whether cheered by the fine weather, or by some new tune which he has just acquired, or by finding his voice more harmonious than usual. It would be cruel to mortify so fine a singer ; therefore I do not tell him that he interrupts and hinders me, but I venture to tell you so, and to plead his performance in excuse for my abrupt conclusion.” Boileau credits Monsieur l'Ane with more moderation ; declaring of him, that, “instruct par la nature,” he

Dr. John Brown tells a story, in his *Horæ Subsecivæ*, of a certain Wandering Willie, "an Orpheus, an

" Ne va point follement de sa bizarre voix
 Défier aux chansons les oiseaux dans les bois."

Hartley Coleridge does well to disallow Cowper's exclusive condemnation of the bray as the one unmusical sound in nature. The son of that S. T. C. who had the courage to pen civil things of the Ass, in poetry too, himself had the courage to avow that to him the sound of braying had "something joyous in it"—and he cited as far more discordant noises, the caterwauling of a cat, the squeak of a pig being ringed, the nocturnal dialogue of two chained dogs howling responsive, the roaring of a spoiled boy, and, at some times, the crowing of a cock,—than which nothing, says Hartley, can be more annoying to an invalid just dropping into a doze. Christopher North moots the question which is the more musical of the two, the gabble of a gander, or the braying of a jackass. And he quotes approvingly the remarks (at one with Hartley Coleridge's) of the American author of *A Year in Spain*, who says of the ass's bray (as favourably contradistinguished from the mule's) that it "has something hearty and whole-souled about it. Jack begins his bray with a modest whistle, rising gradually to the top of his powers, like the progressive eloquence of a well-adjusted oration, and then, as gradually declining to a natural conclusion." Again, is the chatter of monkeys more musical than the bray of the ass? Pope couples the two discords in the *Dunciad*, where the goddess of Dulness promises three cat-calls to the dunce-poetaster "whose chattering shames the monkey tribe," and a drum to him whose

" hoarse heroic bass
 Drowns the loud clarion of the braying ass."

Forthwith, of course, a thousand tongues are heard in one

Orpheus," to whose strains the beasts of the field were eager listeners. A Galloway farmer was

loud din, and monkey-mimics rush discordant in; 'tis chattering, grinning, mouthing, jabbering all; anon sound forth the brayers, and the welkin rend. Loud

"swells each windpipe; ass intones to ass,
Harmonious twang;"

but one pre-eminent (sonorous Blackmore's strain):

"Walls, steeples, skies bray back to him again.
In Tot'nam fields, the brethren, with amaze,
Prick all their ears up, and forget to graze; . . .
All hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly, and who sings so long."

Bipeds are Pope's game. Like the two aldermen in Cervantes who challenge each other to a braying match. "In braying, I yield to none—no, not to asses themselves," quoth one of the worshipful dual;—"We shall soon see that," exclaims the other, "go you that way, and I this, and let us walk round the mountain, and you shall bray, and I will bray; and the ass," which, like Saul, they were in search of, "will certainly hear us and answer us, if he remains in these parts." Agreed. Each alderman brays, and each comes running in haste to the other, not doubting but the ass is found. Each warmly compliments the other on there being, really, no vocal difference between him and an ass. The result is unhappy for the aldermen, and involves calamitous issues for the town of Bray, as may be read in the twenty-fifth chapter of the second part of *Don Quixote*. In an after chapter we, with the Knight of La Mancha, light on a troop with a banner or pennant of white satin, "on which an ass was painted to the life, of the small Sardinian breed, with its head raised, its mouth open, and over it, written in large characters,

awakened by music one June morning, before sunrise ; looking out, he saw no one, but at the

“The bailiffs twain
Bray'd not in vain.”

Sancho Panza has a special endowment that way. “Putting his hands to his nostrils, he began to bray so strenuously that the adjacent valleys resounded again,”—and got well cudgelled for his pains, like the ass in the fable who emulated the lion's roar. Much earlier in the history it had chanced that Don Quixote's steed, Rosinante, and Sancho's ass, Dapple, set up their voices together, which both knight and squire regarded as a good omen. But the braying of Dapple so outdid the neighing of the steed, that Sancho piqued himself on his good fortune promising to exceed his master's. On a later occasion, Sancho, all but buried alive in a cavern, appeals to Dapple's voice to confirm a certain affirmation he is making. “Now it would seem the ass understood what Sancho said, and willing to add his testimony, at that instant began to bray so lustily that the whole cave resounded. ‘A credible witness!’ quoth Don Quixote ; ‘that bray I know as well as if I myself brought it forth,’” etc. The Don had as nice an ear, nearly, for asinine accents, as the curé commemorated by M. Philarète Chasles in his *Etudes sur l'Allemagne*, who, when “l'âne relève la tête et se met à braire avec le plus majestueux désespoir” at being offered a book for a thistle, explained, “C'est sa manière de prononcer la voyelle A ; [the curé was teaching asses their alphabet ;] il n'en est encore qu' à cette lettre de l'alphabet, et vous voyez qu'il a prononcé à l'allemande, avec un accent circonflexe.”

The proverbial reputation, it has been said, of a useful quadruped does not come of having a hoarse voice or a bad ear for music, but because the creature brays as if it thought the sound should satisfy all lovers of harmony. Historically

corner of a grass-field he saw his cattle, and young colts, and fillies, huddled together, and looking

even, the bray, as well as the creature itself, has been found useful, now and then. Herodotus tells us of a vast army of Scythians put to flight in a panic terror by the braying of an ass ; as in the case of La Fontaine's fable, where the lion, out hunting, avails himself of *la voix de Stentor de l'âne*, and finds it very available indeed. Wild boars and deer are the prey.

“ Le lion le posta, le couvrit de ramée,
 Lui commanda de braire, assuré qu'à ce son
 Les moins intimidés fuiraient de leur maison.
 Leur troupe n'était pas encore accoutumée
 A la tempête de sa voix ;
 L'air en retentissait d'un bruit épouvantable :
 La frayeur saïssissait les hôtes de ces bois ;
 Tous fuyaient, tous tombaient au piège inévitable
 Où les attendait le lion.”

There is a story in Pausanias of a plot for betraying a city discovered by the braying of an ass. Plutarch relates the joyous acceptance of that clamour by Caius Marius on a certain occasion, as a felicitous omen—for “ the animal, with a vivacity uncommon to its species, fixed its eyes steadily on Marius, and then brayed aloud.” The late Sir Fowell Buxton seems to have mainly ascribed his preservation from shipwreck off the coast of Calais, in 1817, to the braying of an ass, which warned the crew by night of their too near approach to land. Remembering the result of that sonorous outburst, he might have half inclined to favour the favouritism of that old writer who, within the last decade of the sixteenth century, published a tract (noticed by Mr. Collier in his *Poetical Decameron*, and by Charles Lamb in *Eliana*) which has for title as well as subject-matter “ The Nobleness of the Ass”—whose most singular and delightful gift is therein held to

intently down into what he knew was an old quarry. So, putting on his clothes, he walked across the

be his voice, the "goodly, sweet, and continuous brayings" of which "forme a melodious and proportionable kinde of musicke." "Nor thinke I," the tract-writer adds, "that any of our immoderate musitians can deny but that their [asses] song is full of exceeding pleasure to be heard: because therein is to be discerned both concord, discord, singing in the meane, the beginning to sing in large compasse, then following into rise and fall, the halfe-note, whole note, musicke of five voices, firme singing by four voices, three together, or one voice and a halfe. Then their variable contrarieties among them, when one delivers forth a long tenor or a short, the pausing for time, breathing in measure, breaking the minim or very least moment of time. Last of all, to heare the musicke of five or six voices chaunged to so many of asses is amongst them to heare a song of world without end." There is no accounting for ears, as Elia observes, or for that laudable enthusiasm with which an author is tempted to invest a favourite subject with the most incompatible perfections. Elia would otherwise, for his own taste, have been disposed rather to class these "extraordinary musicians" with those imagined by Jeremy Collier (*Essays*, 1698, part ii., on Music), where after describing the inspiriting effects of martial music in a battle, he hazards an ingenious conjecture, whether a sort of *anti-music* might not be invented, which should have the quite contrary effect of "sinking the spirits, shaking the nerves, curdling the blood, and inspiring despair and cowardness and consternation." Old Jeremy thinks it probable that the warbling of cats and screech-owls, together with a mixture of the howling of dogs, not to forget the roaring of lions, judiciously imitated and compounded, might go a great way in this invention. Lamb

field, everything but that strange wild melody, still and silent in this the "sweet hour of prime." As

allows the dose to be pretty potent, and skilfully enough prepared. "But what shall we say to the Ass of Silenus, who, if we may trust to classic lore, by his own proper sounds, without thanks to cat or screech-owl, dismayed and put to rout a whole army of giants? Here was *anti-music* with a vengeance; a whole *Pan-dis-harmonicon* in a single lung of leather!" The sheep in Cowper's fable hesitate between the terrors of huntsman's horn and ass's bray, as to which is the most terrifying—sounds that seem by tongues of demons uttered, from whatever lungs; "be it Dapple's bray, or be it not, or be it whose it may." As the lion has it, in yet another fable of La Fontaine's, "L'âne effraiera les gens, nous servant de trompette." Thomson closes a satirical poem with this simile:—

"So when an ass with sluggish front appears,
The horses start, and prick their quivering ears;
But soon as e'er the sage is heard to bray,
The fields all thunder, and they bound away."

Very effectively indeed in Wordsworth's poem does Peter Bell's ass to all the echoes, south and north, and east and west, send pealing forth a long and clamorous bray: once and again that devoted animal is heard to lengthen out most ruefully a deep-drawn shout,—

"The hard dry see-saw of his horrible bray."

That is surely a very graphic line. Coleridge must have admired it, though in the verses for which in his younger days he got so much laughed at he expressed a longing to take a Young Ass with him, in the Dell of Peace and mild Equality to dwell:—

he got nearer the "beasts," the sound grew louder; the colts with their long manes, and the nowt with

"Yea, and more musically sweet to me
Thy dissonant harsh bray of joy would be,
Than warbled melodies that soothe to rest
The aching of pale Fashion's vacant breast."

But the then pantisocratic poet does, at any rate, allow the bray to be harsh and dissonant. "Speak with a moderate tone," the Koran bids the faithful; "for the most ungrateful of all voices is the voice of asses." Bishop Coplestone, who deprecates some of the tones of the Flemish as "hideous," compares them to "that laborious effort which an ass makes towards the end of his braying." Dumeril the entomologist compares the acute or creaking sound emitted under alarm by the capricorn tribes (*Lamia*, *Cerambyx*, etc.) to the braying of an ass. A rough-and-ready contemporary of S. T. C.'s was more dubiously complimentary in his address to the creature:—

"Some people think thy tones are rather coarse ;
Even love-sick tones addressed to lady asses—
Octaves, indeed, of wondrous force ;
And yet thy voice full many a voice surpasses."

Easy enough to convince the asinine vocalist of *that*. On the night of Mr. Lowell's stay at the albergo just below the village of Colonna, at his first visit to Rome, a nightingale sang exquisitely from a full-blossomed elder-bush on the edge of a brook just across the road. And as Nature, according to the racy penman of the Biglow Papers, "understands thoroughly the value of contrasts," so it chanced that a donkey from a shed hard by, hitched and hesitated and agonized through his bray, so that his listeners might be conscious at once of the positive and negative poles of song. "It was pleasant to see with what undoubting enthusiasm he went through his solo, and vindicated Providence from the imputation of weakness in

their wondering stare, took no notice of him, straining their necks forward entranced. There, in the old quarry, the young sun "glintin" on his face, and resting on his pack, which had been his pillow, was Wandering Willie, playing and singing like an angel. When reproved for wasting his health and time by the prosaic farmer, the poor fellow said, "Me and this quarry are lang acquaint, and I've mair pleasure in pipin' to thae daft cowts, than if the best leddies in the land were figurin' awa' afore me." Shakspeare's Lorenzo bids us but note a wild and wanton herd, or race of youthful and unhandled colts,

"Fetching mad bounds, bellowing, and neighing loud,
Which is the hot condition of their blood :
If they but hear perchance a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,

making such trifles as the nightingale yonder. 'Give ear, O heaven and earth!' he seemed to say, 'nor dream that good, sound common sense is extinct or out of fashion as long as *I* live.'" Mr. Lowell supposes Nature made the donkey half abstractedly, while she was feeling her way up to her ideal in the horse, and that his bray is in like manner an experimental sketch for the neigh of the finished animal.

But this unconscionably long foot-note (long as the ears of its subject or object) is an unconscionably wide digression from, in Wolcot's diction,

"Job's war-horse snorting flame,
To that slow brute whom few or none revere,
Famed for his fine bass voice and length of ear."

You shall perceive them make a mutual stand,
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze
By the sweet power of music."

Therefore, he goes on to say, the poets feigned that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods; since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage, but music for the time doth change his nature. The complaint of a modern Amphion is, that in such a brassy age he cannot move a thistle; that the very sparrows in the hedge scarce answer to his whistle;

"Or at the most, when three-parts sick with strumming
and with scraping,
A jackass heehaws from the rick, the passive oxen
gaping."

Happier in his experience is Wordsworth's Danish boy, who suits the melody of his harp to "words of a forgotten tongue," and is the darling and the joy of flocks upon the neighbouring hill:

"And often, when no cause appears,
The mountain ponies prick their ears,
—They hear the Danish Boy,
While in the dell he sings alone
Beside the tree and corner-stone."

Addison professes not to have heard that any of the performers at the opera he loved to write down pretended to equal the Pied Piper who (see Mr. Browning's poem) "made all the mice of a great town in Germany follow his music, and by that means cleared the place of those little noxious

animals."* Madame Polko tells us of Mendelssohn playing the *Kreutzer* with Rietz one night at Berlin, and how all present were reverentially listening, when a little mouse glided out of a corner, and sat in the midst of the circle motionless, as if spell-bound. She has no doubt that it would have so remained till the playing ceased, had not one of the ladies present made an abrupt gesture of horror, and caused a commotion which "eventuated" in the flight of the mouse.

Stedman's Expedition to Surinam includes a description of certain "charming" negresses, whose art avails to conjure down from the trees a variety of serpents, making them wreath about the arms, neck, and breast of the ebon charmer, whose charm lies in her voice. In eastern India it is, or was, common for skilled natives to rid the houses of the most venomous snakes, by charming them out of their holes with the sound of a flute.† Sir William

* Swift has this sample of wit in his Art of Punning: "Why are rats and mice so much afraid of bass-voils and fiddles?" "Because they are strung with *catgut*."

† Isaac Disraeli records as a "fact," however the reader may account it a trial of credulity, the story of an officer imprisoned in the Bastille, whose lute brought mice frisking out of their holes, and spiders descending from the webs, "petrifying him with astonishment," as they formed a large and most attentive circle around the player. Now he disliked vermin. So, finding that his lute was an infallible attraction,

Jones quotes a learned Hindu who told him that he had frequently seen the most venomous and malignant snakes* leave their holes upon hearing tunes

he arranged with the keeper to have a cat ready in a cage, and at a signal given the cat was "let loose at the very instant when the little hairy people were most entranced by the Orphean skill" of the lutist.

Pelisson, when in the Bastile, used, as the Abbé d'Olivet relates of him, to amuse himself by summoning by sound of bagpipe (played by his valet) a spider, for which he became purveyor-in-ordinary of flies; these the spider would seize even on the prisoner's knee, at the sound of the pipes.

The *Curiosities of Literature* omit not "a modern traveller's" assurance that, in the island of Madeira, he had often seen the lizards attracted by the notes of music, and had repeatedly so attracted them himself. When the negroes catch them, for food, they are said to accompany the chase by whistling some tune, which has always the effect of drawing great numbers to them.

* Chateaubriand tells us of his sojourn among the prairies near the banks of the Genessee, "It was there I first met with that snake with rattles, which allows itself to be fascinated by the sound of a flute. The Greeks would have transformed my Canadian into Orpheus, his flute into a lyre, the rattlesnake into Cerberus, or perhaps Eurydice."

"Orpheus could lead the savage race;
And trees uprooted left their place
Sequacious of his lyre,"

says Dryden. Less reverent is Swift's rationale of the man and his method:—

"Orpheus, a one-eyed blearing Thracian,
The crowder of that barbarous nation,
Was ballad-singer by vocation,"

whose strains brought gaping crowds from all quarters.

on a flute, which instrument, as he supposed, gave them peculiar delight,—an instrument, by the way, objected to by Apollonius, on the score of its incompetence to enrich and beautify; and that objection, also by the way, Mrs. Browning, who cites it from Philostratus, considers sufficiently confuted by the history of music in our day; and the poetess herself, in one of the Casa Guidi poems, has this pertinent passage of panegyric:

“Even Apollonius might commend this flute,
The music, winding through the stops, upsprings
To make the player very rich.”

“From hence came all those monstrous stories,
That to his lays wild beasts danced borees;
That after him, where'er he rambled,
The lion ramp'd and the bear gamboll'd,
And rocks and caves (their houses) ambled:
For sure the monster mob includes
All beasts, stones, stocks, in solitudes.”

Delightful it must have been to the Dean of St. Patrick's thus to deal a double-handed blow at the monster mob, and at the poetical licence of his brother bards. Small sympathy had he with a Shakspeare's fancy of Orpheus' lute being strung with poets' sinews,

“Whose golden touch could soften steel and stones,
Make tigers tame, and huge leviathans
Forsake unsounded deeps to dance on sands.”

Or with a Thomson's picture of the herds and flocks playing secure under the protection-warrant of prevailing music, by which the “horrid heart” of the “glaring lion,” emergent from the gloomy wood, was “meekened,”

“and he joined his sullen joy;
For music held the whole in perfect peace.”

Aristotle affirms that at the close of the Persian war there was scarcely a single free-born Athenian unacquainted with the flute—the use of this instrument being afterwards discontinued, and indeed proscribed in the education of freemen, from the notion, says a modern historian of ancient Athens, that it was not capable of music sufficiently elevated and intellectual.* But it wants not for enthusiastic admirers. Sainte-Beuve says, *La flute † est un instrument touchant qui va au cœur plus*

* An anecdote in Gellius, lib. xv., c. 17, refers the date of the disuse of this instrument to the age of Pericles, and during the boyhood of Alcibiades. "It was only succeeded by melodies more effeminate and luxurious," as we read in *Athens: its Rise and Fall*.

It was Alcibiades, according to Plutarch, who first gave occasion to the Athenians of the higher rank wholly to abandon the use of flutes—with this reason assigned: "the illiberal air which attended such performers, and the unmanly disfigurement of face and expression which this piping-work produced."

The Shepherd of the *Noctes* intimates pretty clearly his estimate of the instrument when he compares the mode of speaking with some people to it. "Their tone is gey an' musical, but wants vareeity, and though sweetish, is wersh, like the tone o' the float. Then what puffin' an' spittin' o' wind and water! Mercy on us! ye canna hear the tune for the splutter, unless ye gang into anither room." But this refers to a callant learning to play.

† One of Madame de Rémusat's *romans* is expressly entitled *La Flute*; for thereby hangs the tale. Here is a snatch, or broken echo of it: "Un jour, des airs languedociens bien

qu'aucun autre. Coleridge's Edmund, in a rather namby-pamby style,

“Breathes in his flute sad airs, so wild and slow,
That his own cheek is wet with quiet tears.”

The venerated author of *Memoirs of Port Royal*

choisis arrachent des larmes à l'aieule et vont réveiller d'attendrissants souvenirs dans sa mémoire affaiblie.” In Dryden's Song for St. Cecilia's Day, “the soft complaining flute, in dying notes, discovers the woes of hopeless lovers.” Wordsworth's Ruth, when that oaten pipe of hers is mute, or thrown away, then

“with a flute

Her loneliness she cheers;
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.”

Nor is the flute of higher workmanship without commendatory notice in Wordsworth's miscellaneous sonnets,—one of which thus apostrophizes a clerical Cambridge friend, then visiting the lakes :

“O friend ! thy flute has breathed a harmony
Softly resounded through this rocky glade ;
Such strains of rapture as the Genius played
In his still haunts on Bagdad's summit high ;
He who stood visible to Mirza's eye,—

referring to the Vision of Mirza, in the *Spectator*.

Epaminondas is storied among the most eminent of flute players, who had some expression and execution to show forth. Nicholas Saunderson, the blind mathematician, was great on this instrument. It is rather piquant to read among the dismal entries of Wolfe Tone's diary, all at sea, and awaiting the projected invasion of Ireland by the Dutch, such interludes as this : “Admiral de Winter and I endeavour to

retained a lively remembrance of her first sight of William Priestley, as a long-haired youth, "playing

pass away the time playing the flute, which he does very well; we have some good duets." De Winter was soon to sit down on the evening of the hard-fought day of Camperdown, in the cabin of Admiral Duncan, and with *him* to play, not the flute, but whist, and by him to be beaten, and then and there to remark, with Dutch placidity, but with some graceful humour, that it was rather hard to be beaten twice in one day by the same opponent.

Frederick the Great is notable among flute-players. The first Earl of Malmesbury credits him with masterly performance on it. "So afraid is he of playing false, that when he is to try some new piece of music, he shuts himself up some hours beforehand in his closet to practise it, and even then when he begins it with the accompaniments he always trembles." He had a fine collection of flutes, and was very nice in the keeping of them, employing a man exclusively to look after them, "and preserve them dry or moist, as the season requires." All these instruments, it seems, were made by the same man, who received a hundred ducats for each flute, and who was scrupulously paid in good coin, when false money was distributed to everybody else. Mr. Carlyle affords us more than one glimpse of the Crown Prince retiring into some glade of the thickets, to hold a little "Flute-Hautbois Concert with his musical comrades, while the sows were getting baited." That "excellent Drill-Sergeant" Rentzel, is said to have awaked "the musical faculty in the little boy," by his own "beautiful playing" on the flute. "Fritz is a *Querpfleifer und Poet*," not a soldier, would his indignant father growl, impatient of such effeminate ways: *Querpfleife*, that is (Mr. Carlyle explains) simply "German flute," *Cross-pipe*, or *fife* of any kind, for we English have thriftily made two useful

on the flute, with a beautiful little goat standing before him, with its fore-feet on his knees." Many

words out of Deutsch root ; Cross-pipe being held *across* the mouth, horizontally. Frederick William denied Fritz his very flute, "most innocent 'Princess'" as he used to call it, from the time he came to Custrin ; but by degrees the Prince privately got his "Princess" back, and consorted much with her ; "wailed forth, in beautiful adagios," emotions for which he then had no other utterance. Frederick was in his prime when Voltaire declared that he played the flute like Telemachus ; the court *on dit* was that the King played it to perfection ; which did not prevent Diderot from saying, "C'est grand dommage que l'embouchure de cette belle flute soit gatée par quelques grains de sable de Brandebourg."

Another kind of stoppage altogether obstructed the ventage of the flute presented as a love-gift to the celebrated Susanna, Countess of Eglintoune—for in her days, though she lived to walk as a peeress at the coronation of George III., the flute would seem to have been a lady's instrument, while as yet the pianoforte was not. On attempting to blow the presentation flute, blooming Susanna Kennedy (six feet high, by the way,) found that something obstructed the sound, and this turned out to be a copy of verses, expressing envy of the happy pipe thus conversant by gentle pressure with the lady's lips.

In the earlier chapters of Benvenuto Cellini's *Life*, the flute plays a prominent part ; and great was the lad's detestation of the instrument his father constrained him to learn, and importuned him to practise unremittingly. To such a degree, writes the autobiographer, "did I hate that abominable flute, that I thought myself in a sort of paradise during my stay in Pisa, where I never once played upon that instrument." Yet he became a skilled and highly effective performer upon it ; witness the rapture of Pope Clement, who declared that he

are the after-hours she records in her autobiography as "spent with William Priestley, and my little

had "never been delighted with more exquisite harmony," and was all curiosity to know how the services of "so great a master of the flute" had been secured for the delectation of his Holiness at dinner-time.

Luther played the flute as well as the guitar. He was once restored from one of his comatose fits by a monk gently playing on the flute an air that Brother Martin loved. He passed the whole night after his arrival at Worms at his window, "sometimes breathing the air of his hymn upon his flute." (His hostile biographer, Cochläus, relates of him, in his progress to the Diet, that wherever he passed there was great crowding, and that "Luther, to draw all eyes upon him, played the harp like another Orpheus—a shaved and capuchined Orpheus.")

It was Oliver Goldsmith's way to blow off excitement through his flute with a kind of desperate "mechanical vehemence." During his tour on the Continent, he "picked up a kind of mendicant livelihood by the German flute," like young Holberg, in fact, and like his own George Primrose in fiction. When an impecunious lodger in Green Arbour Court, he would compromise with the squalid squalling children of the colony for occasional cessation of their noise, by giving them a turn upon his flute, for which all the court assembled.

Bolton playing the flute to Miss Sindall's covert listening, in Mackenzie's *Man of the World*; Edward, taking a great deal of pains with it, in the *Wahlverwandschaften* of Goethe, only to make the Captain wish he would spare them "that eternal flute of his," as he could make nothing of it; Dick Fairthorn in *What will He Do with It?* who, being the cleverest boy at his grammar school, unluckily took to the flute, and unfitted himself for the present century; these, and

goat 'Pan,' under the shade of an old tree that grew over a wild bank, when he often played to the goat and to me on the flute, and showed the goat's fondness for music." "As sheep loveth pyping," says a writer of the fourteenth century, "therefore shepherdes useth pypes when they walk wyth their sheepe." "I am verily persuaded," says Dr. John Case, "that the ploughman and carter do not so much please themselves with their whistling as they are delightful to their oxen and horses."

Sir Walter Scott describes a huge sheep dog in Provence, of a species which is trained to face the wolf, following his piping master with his ears pricked, like the chief critic and prime judge of the performance, at some tones of which he seldom

many like these, are familiar figures in story. Of the flute-players in Mr. Dickens' books, memory reverts to Richard Swiveller playing "Away with Melancholy," in bed, very slowly, and very imperfectly, repeating one note a great many times before he could find the next, so that the effect was not lively;—and again, to the so-called "Master," in *David Copperfield*, who took out his flute and blew at it, until David thought he would gradually blow his whole being into the large hole at the top, and ooze away at the keys. Coaxed by an ancient dame into having "a blow at it," the Master puts his hand underneath the skirts of his coat, and brings out his flute in three pieces, which he screws together, and begins to play—making the most dismal sounds ever heard produced by any means, natural or artificial.

failed to intimate disapprobation ;* while the flock, like the generality of an audience, followed in

* The dog-loving author of *Rab and his Friends* has a story of a dog of his, Wasp, who in a sequestered country house, was set against an organ-grinder, who would push his way in, demanding money of the lone woman in charge. Wasp made short work of the grinder, whom he took by the throat at once, pulling him and his organ down with a heavy crash,—the organ giving a ludicrous sort of cry of musical pain. “Wasp, thinking this was from some creature within, left the ruffian, and set to work tooth and nail on the box,” which he disembowelled with a will. Good dog !

George Eliot’s Stephen Guest charms Lucy by his execution of Raphael’s great song in the *Creation*, for he does the “heavy beasts” to perfection ; but Lucy’s pet dog is otherwise minded. “When a singer has an audience of two, there is room for divided sentiments. Minny’s mistress was charmed ; but Minny, who had intrenched himself, trembling, in his basket as soon as the music began, found this thunder so little to his taste that he leaped out and scampered under the remotest *chiffonière*, as the most eligible place in which a small dog could await the crack of doom.” And who that has once read can lightly forget Mr. Charles Reade’s account of David Dodd, up in the morning early, trying to soothe his sorrowful heart by playing on his beloved violin, among some trees near the stable-yard ; how he played sadly, sweetly, dreamingly,—bidding the magic shell tell all the world how lonely he was ; but then the magic shell told it so tenderly and so tunefully that David soon ceased to be alone. How the first arrival was on four legs : Pepper, a terrier with a taste for sounds, who arrived cautiously, though in a state of profound curiosity, and being too wise to trust at once to his ears (avenue of sense by which we are so much oftentimes

unanimous though silent approbation. In their companionship at Naples, Sir Walter always noticed a favourite dog of Sir William Gell's, which was in the habit of howling when loud music was performing; and Sir William relates that Scott would laugh till his eyes were full of tears, at the idea of the dog singing, "My mother bids me bind my hair," by the tune of which the animal seemed most excited, and which Sir Walter sometimes asked to have repeated.

Fairthorn's flute is heard in Lord Lytton's

deceived), first smelt the musician carefully and minutely all round, and being reassured by this, next took up a position exactly opposite the Orpheus he had thus thoroughly snuffed, sat up high on his tail, cocked his nose well into the air, and accompanied the violin with such vocal powers as nature had bestowed on him. "Nor did the sentiment lose anything, in intensity at all events, by the vocalist. If David's strains were plaintive, Pepper's were lugubrious: and, what may seem extraordinary, so long as David played softly, the Cerberus of the stable-yard whined musically, and tolerably in tune; but when he played loud, or fast, poor Pepper got excited, and in his wild endeavours to equal the violin, vented dismal and discordant howls at unpleasantly short intervals." David is further said to have soon found that he could play upon Pepper as well as the fiddle, raising him and subduing him by turns; only, like the ocean, Pepper was not to be lulled back to his musical ripple quite so quickly as he could be lashed into howling frenzy—showing a fearful broadside of ivory teeth, while flinging up his nose, and sympathizing thus loudly.

Varieties of English Life, and music fills the landscape as with a living presence: the swans pause upon the still lake—the tame doe steals through the leafless trees—other forms are attracted—the music spells them all.* “If I had but a fiddle,”

* On another occasion, in the same story, we have Waife seated on a mossy bank, under a gnarled fantastic thorn-tree, watching a deer as it came to drink, and whistling an old mellow tune—the tune of an old English border song. “The deer lifted its antlers from the water, and turned its large bright eyes towards the opposite bank, whence the note came—listening and wistful. As George’s step crushed the wild thyme which the thorn-tree shadowed,—‘Hush,’ said Waife, ‘and mark how the rudest musical sound can affect the brute creation.’ He resumed the whistle—a clearer, louder, wilder tune—that of a lively hunting song. The deer turned quickly round—uneasy, restless, tossed its antlers, and bounded through the fern. Waife again changed the key of his primitive music—a melancholy *belling* note, like the *belling* itself of a melancholy hart, but more modulated into sweetness. The deer arrested its flight, and, lured by the mimic sound, returned to the waterside.” Waife cannot think the story of Orpheus charming the brutes was a fable. Often, says Prior,

“our seers and prophets have confess’d
That music’s force can tame the furious beast;
Can make the wolf or foaming boar restrain
His rage, the lion drop his crested mane,
Attentive to the song; the lynx forget
His wrath to man, and lick the minstrel’s feet.”

In the fact of the influence of music in forming the Grecian character, whether we consider the literature, the refinement, the hilarity, the religious enthusiasm, or the martial energy that were its chief component elements, a critic claims to see

says Gentleman Waife, "I would undertake to make friends with that reserved and unsocial

the explanation of the beautiful fables of Orpheus and Amphion; the latter, no doubt, warbling his ballads to the ears of the masons who built the Theban walls; while it is suggested as probable that the wild beasts which flocked round the tuneful husband of Euridice, were the rude aborigines of the land, reduced by music to civilization and concord.

"De là sont nés ces bruits reçus dans l'univers,
 Qu'aux accents dont Orphée emplît les monts de Thrace
 Les tigres amollis dépouillaient leur audace :
 Qu'aux accords d'Amphion les pierres se mouvaient,
 Et sur les murs thébains en ordre s'élevaient.
 L'harmonie en naissant produisit ces miracles."

Music has charms, not only as Congreve's *Almeria* says, to soothe a savage breast, but to soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak; and she has read that things inanimate have moved, and, as with living souls, have been informed by magic numbers and persuasive sound. Waller rationalizes much in the style of the modern critic previously quoted, when he speaks of the tactics

"wise bards employ'd, to make
 Unpolish'd men their wild retreats forsake;
 Law-giving heroes, famed for taming brutes,
 And raising cities with their charming lutes;
 For rudest minds with harmony were caught,
 And civil life was by the Muses taught."

The allusion is a frequent and favourite one with Waller. He sonorously apprises my Lady Carlisle that, of all the sacred Muse inspired, Orpheus alone could with the woods comply, whose rude inhabitants his song admired, as did Nature's self, in those that could not lie. Elsewhere, with a saving clause parenthesized, if all those tales were true the bold Greeks tell, he signaled the wonders wrought by the Thracian, before whose feet lay sheep and lions, fearless and

water-rat,"—on whom Waife's dog, Sir Isaac, had been endeavouring in vain to force his acquaint-

wrathless as they heard him play. Waller's contemporary, Sir William Temple, gravely asks what is become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very natures changed. Macaulay makes merry at Sir William for putting the story of Orpheus between the Olympic games and the battle of Arbela; as if we had exactly the same reasons for believing that Orpheus led beasts with his lyre which we have for believing that there were races at Pisa, or that Alexander conquered Darius. For, quite prosaically, and not with the poetic licence of Beaumont and Fletcher's Arcadius, Sir William inclines

"To think the tale of Orpheus no fable ;
 'Tis possible he did enchant the rocks,
 And charm the forest, soften hell itself,
 With his commanding lute."

And what says Wordsworth of another old-world worthy

"The gift to King Amphion
 That walled a city with its melody,
 Was for belief no dream :—thy skill, Arion,
 Could humanize the creatures of the sea,
 Where men were monsters. A last grace he craves,
 Leave for one chant ;—the dulcet sound
 Steals from the deck o'er willing waves,
 And listening dolphins gather round,"

by one of which his life is saved. "I did once belong," says Marryat's old Tom, "to a small craft called the *Arion*, and they say as how the story was that that chap could make the fish follow him just when he pleased. I know that when we were in the North Sea, the shoals of seals would follow the ship if you whistled: but those brutes have ears—now fish havn't got none." But the minstrelsy that bids "wake, the

ance. Ben Jonson, in *The Poetaster*, speaks of rhyming people to death,

“as they do Irish rats
In drumming tunes.”

The Scandinavian seal-hunter takes advantage of the fact that the seal's sense of hearing is so acute, and their love for music so great, that a few notes from a flute will bring scores of them to the surface in a minute or two. Mr. Robert Browning sings of

“the tune, for which quails on the corn-land will each
leave his mate
To fly after the player; then, what makes the crickets elate,
Till for boldness they fight one another; and then, what has
weight
To set the quick jerboa a-musing, outside his sand house.”

Maid of Lorne,” would have instructed the old salt, though in verses the reverse of didactic in tone or intent, that

“Earth, Ocean, Air, have nought so shy
But owns the power of minstrelsy.
In Lettermore the timid deer
Will pause, the harp's wild chime to hear;
Rude Heiskar's seal, through surges dark,
Will long pursue the minstrel's bark.”

A couplet in Sir Thomas Overbury's poem would only perhaps partially meet old Tom's difficulty, for it treats of fishes as dumb, not deaf. But then does not dumb include and imply deaf? And might not Overbury choose dumb because of the rhyme?

“And fishes too, though they themselves be dumbe,
To hear Arion's harpe did gladly come.”

In what Mr. Kingsley calls the "grand ballad" of Glasgerion, we hear how the elfin harper could harp fish out of the water, and water out of a stone. The Kilmeny of the Ettrick Shepherd "keepèd afar frae the haunts o' men, her holy hymns unheard to sing,"—unheard by men, but not by the brute-world; for, wherever her peaceful form appeared, and her sweet voice sounded, the wild beasts gathered in peace:

"The wolf played blithely round the field,
 The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
 The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
 And coverèd aneath her lily hand.
 And when at eve the woodlands rang,
 When hymns of other worlds she sang,
 In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
 Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
 The wild beasts of the forest came,
 Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
 And goved around, charmed and amazed;
 Ev'n the dull cattle crooned and gazed; . . .
 The hind came tripping o'er the dew," etc.

The *Poet's Song* of Mr. Tennyson, and the Prelude to the *Tales of a Wayside Inn* by Professor Longfellow, will supply parallel passages; not to dwell on a less technical resemblance in Wordsworth's narrative poem, the *White Doe of Rylstone*.

XI.

Minstrel and Seer.

2 Kings iii. 15.

“**B**RING me a minstrel,” said Elisha, when he would be moved to prophesy. The minstrelsy would serve to attune the faculties of the seer to the faculty of prevision. The prelude of the minstrel was the preparative of the prophet. “But now bring me a minstrel. And it came to pass when the minstrel played, that the hand of the Lord came upon him,” and he prophesied.

When Saul met the company of prophets coming down from the high place, it was with a psaltery, and a tabret, and a pipe, and a harp, before them : and they prophesied ; and the Spirit of the Lord came upon Saul, and he prophesied with them, and was turned into another man ; insomuch that the people said one to another, “Is Saul also among the prophets ?” His exceptional susceptibility to music, as manifested in the curative art of

the harper of Bethlehem, gives a fresh accent of interest to this passage, as betokening here too an elective affinity between minstrel and seer.

The minstrelsy harmonizes the moral frame, intellectual powers, and æsthetical sensibilities; composing, and withal exciting, the listener, by the spell of its suggestive* strains.

Music is defined by De Quincey an intellectual or a sensual pleasure, according to the temperament of him who hears it; and he refers with admiration to a passage in the *Religio Medici* of Sir Thomas Browne, which, though chiefly remarkable for its sublimity, has also a philosophic value, inasmuch as it points to the true theory of musical effects. The mistake of most people, argued the English Opium-eater, is to suppose

* The effect of music upon the faculty of invention is a subject on which Mr. Disraeli professes to have long curiously observed and deeply meditated. He considers it a finer prelude to creation than to execution; saying that one does well to meditate upon a subject under the influence of music, but that to execute we should be alone, and supported by our essential and internal strength. He goes on to say that the greatest advantage a writer can derive from music is that it teaches most exquisitely the art of development: "It is in remarking the varying recurrence of a great composer to the same theme, that a poet may learn how to dwell upon the phases of a passion, how to exhibit a mood of mind under all its alternations, and gradully to pour forth the full tide of feeling."—*Contarini Fleming*, part iii., chap. viii.

that it is by the ear they communicate with music, and, therefore, that they are purely passive to its effects. "But this is not so; it is by the reaction of the mind upon the notices of the ear (the *matter* coming from the senses, the *form* from the mind), that the pleasure is constructed; and therefore it is that people of equally good ear differ so much in this point from one another." The passage from Sir Thomas Brown is presumably that in which, after affirming that whatsoever is harmonically composed delights in harmony, "which makes me much distrust the symmetry of those heads which declaim against all church-music," the eloquent *Medicus* avows that, "For myself, not only for my [catholic] obedience but my particular genius I do embrace it; for even that vulgar and tavern-music, which makes one man merry, and another mad, strikes in me a deep fit of devotion, and a profound contemplation of the first composer." Coleridge who pronounces music the most entirely human of the fine arts, and having the fewest *analoga* in nature, while he traces its first delightfulness to simple accordance with the ear, goes on to describe it as nevertheless an "associated" thing, which recalls the deep emotions of the past with an intellectual sense of proportion. "Every human feeling is greater and larger than the exciting cause,—a proof, I think, that man is designed for

a higher state of existence; and this is deeply implied in music, in which there is always something more and beyond the immediate expression." In how many, exclaims Professor Maurice, has it awakened the sense of an order and harmony in the heart of things which, outwardly, were most turbulent and confused; of a spirit in themselves capable of communicating with other spirits; of a union intended for us upon some other ground than that mere formal and visible association, yet justifying, explaining, sustaining that. "For these reasons, and others which I am ill able to understand, but which I do not the less think to be solid, sages have spoken of Music as the most important instrument in forming men and in building up societies." The disclaimer of technical knowledge often accompanies a like assertion of positive interest in the art; as where Dr. Channing, in a letter to Blanco White, adverts to his recent perusal of Goethe's correspondence with Bettina, the musical sections of which contained much that he could not understand, and much that to him sounded like extravagance; but he felt that there was a truth at bottom, and he wanted to understand more. "I am no musician, and want a good ear, and yet I am conscious of a power in music which I want words to describe. It touches chords, reaches depths in the soul, which lie beyond all

other influences,—it extends my consciousness, and has sometimes given me a pleasure which I may have found in nothing else. Nothing in my experience is more mysterious, more inexplicable. An instinct has always led men to transfer it to heaven; and I suspect the Christian, under its power, has often attained to a singular consciousness of his immortality.” Facts of this nature made the writer feel and affirm what an infinite mystery our nature is, and how little our books of science reveal it to us.

To a friend who, hypothetically, objects that to him a succession of musical sounds is like a collection of Arabic characters,*—he can attach no ideas to them,—“Ideas!” is Mr. de Quincey’s exclamatory reply,—“there is no occasion for them; all that class of ideas which can be available in such a case has a language of representative feelings.” Speaking for himself, he states that a chorus of elaborate harmony sufficed to display before him,

* Apply what a philosophic dissertator on imitative music has said of that little piece of Sir Sterndale Bennett’s called *The Lake*, which very cleverly describes a calm sheet of water, presently ruffled by a creeping current of wind. If it were not, says the critic, for the verbal announcement of the subject, one sees no reason why the same strain should not do duty as the description of a calm moonlit scene, broken by some envious clouds, and by-and-by relapsing into serene light.

as in a piece of arras-work, the whole of his past life—not as if recalled by an act of memory, but as if present and incarnated in the music; no longer painful to dwell upon, but the detail of its incidents removed, or blended in some hazy abstraction, and its passions exalted, spiritualized, and sublimed. The late author of a disquisition on the philosophy of poetical description, pronounces the imitative quality of poetry to differ altogether from that of painting, and to bear a strong analogy to that of music, her consorted sister in days of old. Painting, he affirmed to represent co-existence in space; while music is symbolical of succession in time, and poetry is subject to the same law of progression. Painting, he said, acts immediately upon the eye, and only mediately upon the intellect; while music and poetry pay their first addresses to the ear, and both are capable of suggesting infinitely more than words can say.* Mr. G. H. Lewes defines Italian music to be the expression of feeling,—German, of both feeling and thought;† there

* “Painting provides ready-made images. Poetry, like music, disposes the soul to be imaginative, by exciting sympathy. Painting can show a facsimile of the beautiful that is seen. Music, wedded to poetry, can fill the heart with the joy and power of beauty.”—*What is Poetical Description?* (Blackwood, 1839.)

† The essential characteristics of Italian music he explains

is emotion in the one, but in the other imagination and reverie have equal share. He appeals to the effect of each, to corroborate this description ; the Italian exciting a sensuous musical delight, and often a touching emotion ; while the German, "deficient perhaps in that sensuous beauty, compensates by its reverie. Beethoven's music, though trembling with feeling, and piercing the heart with plaints of melody more tender and intense than ever burst from any other muse, has yet a constant presence of Titanic thought which lifts the spirit upwards on the soaring wings of imagination. It does more ; it lights up the dim recesses of the mind, and recalls those indefinite, intense half-

to be continuity, simplicity, melody : it is full of "linked sweetness *long drawn out*." He refers to the works of Paisiello, Cimarosa, Rossini, and Bellini, out of a hundred names that throng upon the memory, as displaying the characteristics of uniform simplicity in the structure, which consists of a few large outlines, and the sensuous or passionate expression. "If we then compare the works of Bach, Beethoven, Schubert, or Spohr, we shall at once perceive the opposite characteristics of complexity in structure, rapidity of transitions, and the greater importance of the harmonies ; moreover, the harmonies in German music have a meaning of their own. If an Italian air be played and the accompaniment omitted, the expression of the feeling will nevertheless be preserved ; but to omit the harmonies of a German air is to destroy it altogether."—*G. H. Lewes, The Spanish Drama*, chap iv. (1846.)

feelings and half-ideas (if I may use the word) which are garnered in the storehouse of imaginative experience." For, as this congenial expositor—whom, personally, to note as a rapt listener, while Beethoven is being interpreted by Halle, or Joachim, or, better still (and what else can be better than that?) by both together, has been found a pleasant incentive to yet keener listening on the observer's part,—as this not superficial though most versatile critic goes on to say, we have all a vast amount of emotions and ideas, to which we can give no definite form; links that connect us with former states; half-remembrances of joyful or painful emotions, which have so far faded in memory as to become indistinguishably shadowed into a thousand others. These, in fine, are what "music of the highest class excites in us, by mingling with the recon-dite springs of imagination, and awakening long dormant feelings." Lady Eastlake is eloquent on the subject of those pure musical ideas which give no account of their meaning and origin, and need not to do it—of what she terms that delicious "German Ocean" of the symphony and the sonata—of those songs without words*

* Piteously Charles Lamb protests his utter incompetence to apprehend, comprehend, or even tolerate "those insufferable concertos," and elaborations of wordless instrumental music generally. Words are something, he says; but to be exposed

which we find in every adagio and andante of Mozart and Beethoven—far more, to her think-

to an endless battery of mere sounds ; to fill up sound with feeling, and strain ideas to keep pace with it ; to gaze on empty frames, and be forced to make the pictures for yourself ; to read a book, "all stops," and be obliged to supply the verbal matter ; to invent extempore tragedies to answer to the vague gestures of an inexplicable rambling mime—these are faint shadows, on Elia's own showing, of what he had undergone from a series of the most ably executed pieces of "this empty instrumental music." But then Elia wrote avowedly, and of gentle malice aforethought, as a man who had no ear.

A recent essayist on the subject of the dearth of new poets speculates on the progress of music as possibly one of the causes that must be taken into account in explaining that dearth. When Music, heavenly maid, was young, Poetry, we are reminded, was grown up. The pair are taken to have insensibly changed places ; Music having developed into a popular and intellectual science ; great artists appearing one after another, whose productions will live perhaps as long as the productions of Æschylus or Sophocles ; and sentimentality and genius being no longer driven to find expression for their thoughts *in words*. "Beethoven and Mendelssohn have taken the place of poets in the nineteenth century."

Music, says Dr. O. W. Holmes, has an absolute sensuous significance ; but for human beings it does not cause a mere sensation, nor an emotion, nor a definable intellectual state, though it may excite many varied emotions and trains of worded or pictured thought. But words cannot, he contends, truly define it : we might as well give a man a fiddle, and tell him to play the Ten Commandments, as give him a dictionary, and tell him to describe the music of *Don Giovanni*.—Mr. Joseph Goddard, in his *Philosophy of Music*, claims for

ing, than in "those dreamy creations, beautiful as they are, expressly composed as such by Men-

music this distinction—that while the other arts convey circumstances first and the emotions afterwards, music alone imparts the emotion in the first place, and then the circumstances. "It forcibly rouses emotion, that is, as its first and direct function; and, by a series of suggestive combinations, it assists the associative faculties of the hearer to fill in the circumstances according to his capacity." It is notorious, as an eloquent dissertator on the subject has observed, that some of the most exquisite music of modern composition has taken the form of "songs without words;" and he expresses a doubt whether the most perfect specimens of this class would be improved by attaching to them even ideally beautiful and suitable language. Songs without words he defines to be, in truth, songs with an indefinite variety of sets of words which may be sung to them in the mind's ear, and one or other of which is so sung, every time they are played, to the ear of each genuine listener. The temperament, or the particular humour for the moment, he says, of the individual listener will colour slightly the details of the imaginary words of the song in accordance with its own taste, subject to the general guidance given by the emphasis and harmony of the musical score: enough is left to be filled out by everybody's private imagination, to ensure the absence of any jarring of the feelings of the audience through the utterance of a chord of thought which might please one and displease another. "There is a pleasure that flows from the combination of a most definite tenderness, joyousness, or plaintiveness of feeling in the music, with an actual vagueness of expression as regards the vocal utterance of the feeling, which would be lost if the air were tied down to one set of words only." A crowd of persons, it is added, may sit all alike rapt in positive delight through a performance of one of Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne*

delssohn." These are recognized as the true independent forms of music, which adhere to no given subject, and require us to approach them in no particular frame of feeling, but rather show the essential capacities of the muse by having no object but her and her alone. The critic does not want to know what a composer thought of when he conceived a symphony ; that would be pinning us down to one train of pleasure ; whereas, if the composer is allowed the free range of our fancy without any preconceived idea which he must satisfy, he gives us a hundred. Great is the pleasure this interpreter experiences in merely watching Beethoven's art of conversation,—how he wanders and strays, Coleridge-like, from the path,

Worte, while every member of it is unconsciously agreeing to differ harmoniously with his next neighbour as to the exact shade of meaning expressed by each passage of the song. Mendelssohn is thus well said to have left every one of his million hearers to be, in regard of those songs, his own poet for ever.

Mr. Carlyle explains a musical thought to be one spoken by a mind that has penetrated into the inmost heart of the thing ; detected the inmost mystery of it, namely, the *melody* that lies hidden in it. "All inmost things, we may say, are melodious ; naturally utter themselves in song. The meaning of song goes deep. Who is there that, in logical words, can express the effect music has on us ? A kind of inarticulate, unfathomable speech, which leads us to the edge of the Infinite, and lets us for moments gaze into that !"

loses himself apparently in strange subjects and irrelevant ideas, till you wonder how he will ever find his way back to the original argument. "There is a peculiar delight in letting the scenery of one of his symphonies merely pass before us, studying the dim Turner-like landscape from which objects and landmarks gradually emerge, feeling a strange modulation passing over the scene like a heavy cloud, the distant sunlight melodies still keeping their places, and showing the breadth of the ground by the slow pace at which they shift towards us." Infinite is the interest with which the same accomplished student follows the mere wayward mechanism of Beethoven's ideas—how they dart up a flight of steps, like children on forbidden ground, each time gaining a step higher, and each time flung back—how they run the gauntlet of the whole orchestra, chased farther and farther by each instrument in turn; are jostled, entangled, separated, and dispersed, and at length flung pitilessly beyond the confines of the musical scene. But we have only to wait; and anon, "one soft bassoon-link holds the cable, a timid clarionet fastens on, other voices beckon, more hands are held out, and in a moment the whole fleet of melody is brought back in triumph and received with huzzas." Presently, again, the writer is an amused watcher of the great symphonist's manner of

treating his instruments ; how at first he gives them all fair play, then alternately seizes, torments, and disappoints them, till they wax impatient, and one peeps in here and another tries to get a footing there, and at first they are timid and then bold, and some grow fretful and others coquettish, and at length all deafen you with the clamour of their rival claims. Varied pleasure is avowed in these and many other fantastic ideas which he conjures up—"but there is quite as much in sitting a passing recipient and giving yourself no account of your enjoyment at all.

"It is very interesting to know that in that magical symphony of C minor, where those three mysterious notes compose the ever-recurring theme, Beethoven was possessed by the idea of 'Fate knocking at the door,' but we are not sure that we should wish to have that black figure with its skeleton-hand always filling up the foreground of our thoughts. We never enjoyed that symphony more, than once under the impression that it represented a military subject, and those inquiring notes seemed the outposts reconnoitring. The mere leading idea of the composer is often utterly incommensurate with the beauty of the composition. If, like the Frenchman, we ask Beethoven's Sonata in G, '*Sonate, que veux-tu ?*' it does not satisfy us to hear that it means a quarrel between

husband and wife; that the plaintive, coquettish repartee of the passages is all recrimination and retort, and those naïve three notes which end the last bar, the last word! No, pure *wordless* music has too mysterious and unlimited a range for us to know precisely what it means. The actual idea from which it may have sprung is like the single seed at the root of a luxuriant many-headed flower, curious when found, but worthless. The ideas of the composer, like himself, often disappoint us. Rameau declared that he could set a Dutch newspaper to music. Haydn cared not how commonplace the idea might be which was given him to compose to. It matters not whether the depths of musical inspiration be stirred by a common pebble or a precious jewel; at most, we can but judge of the gloom or sunshine that is reflected on their surface."

To recur for a moment to the comparison instituted by Mr. Lewes between the modern Italian and German schools. A learned French Professor, in his *Etudes sur l'Antiquité*, speaks of Germany opening a new sphere of art, by dint of applying her erudition and sensibility combined, to music. He describes the formation and growth of a double school of music, while yet the cannon of Bonaparte thundered from city to city—the school of Rossini, and that of Beethoven; the former, graceful, lively,

prolific, voluptuous, careless ; the latter, prodigal of science, and whimsically bold in its unlooked-for combinations. To apply the lines of the old dramatist, there is in Beethoven a teeming wealth of

“curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord,* lines of diff’ring method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.”

The Rossini school carried to the highest attainable pitch “l'éclat, la rapidité, la fougue, l'élan;” the

* M. Lenz calls the *Schreckensnote*, or note of horror, that note so familiar to amateurs, the C sharp which, in the midst of a simple and melodious passage in F major, in the finale of Beethoven's eighth symphony, and having no perceptible relation to the key, is suddenly sounded fortissimo by the whole strength of the orchestra for the length of a bar, after which the melody continues quietly as before. M. Lenz finds in this *Schreckensnote* the expression of the feelings with which a person taking a pleasant walk should suddenly find himself on the edge of a tremendous precipice. Concerning this one note, he says, a whole book might be written (*Saturday Review*, iv. 112). M. Alexandre Oublicheff, on the other hand, in his disquisition on *Beethoven, ses Critiques et ses Glossateurs*, compares the effect to that a friend might produce if he jumped up suddenly amid a tranquil and cheerful party, gave a shriek, made a grimace at you, and then sat down again and continued the conversation where it left off. The imagination of different hearers would probably suggest other comparisons, his *Saturday Reviewer* surmises, who takes this note to illustrate admirably well Beethoven's real peculiarity as a *humorist*, and of the highest order, uniting the perception of the beautiful and sublime with the love of the grotesque and commingling them. The Jean Paul of crotchets.

Beethoven school sounded the depths of mystical expression. "On peut reprocher à l'un l'excès de la verve ; à l'autre, l'obscurité et la complication." The reproach may be called very French. Mr. Hogarth, again, admits the German music of the seventeenth century to have been distinguished by learning and profundity, rather than facility and grace ; by intricate combinations of harmony, rather than flowing and expressive air ; and this he further admits to be in a considerable degree the character of the German music to this day, when compared with that of Italy ; but he shows the more recent German composers to have drawn, from the fountain of Italian melody, draughts which awakened their imagination and refined their taste—their music gaining beauty and simplicity, without losing the richness of its harmony. This remark is applied to those parts of all the greatest works of Beethoven, where the most enchanting strains of melody come upon the ear, through his wild and gloomy masses of sound, "like gleams of sunshine through the clouds and darkness of an April sky." Lovell Beddoes speaks in one of his poems of

"A pang of music dropping round delight,
As if sweet music's honiest heart did break."

And such a commingled sense of honied sweetness, and pang, and delight, and heartbreak, characterizes

many a sustained wail of Beethoven's. If in his harmonies the masses of sound are rightly said to have a depth of gloom peculiar to themselves,—swelling on the ear, growing darker and darker, “like the lowering storm-cloud on which we gaze till we are startled by the flash, and appalled by the thunder which bursts from its bosom,”—strains of melody, too, abound, of melody “inexpressibly impassioned and ravishing; strains which do not merely please, but dissolve in pleasure; which do not merely move, but overpower with emotion.” As his slow and tranquil movements are described as having neither the placid composure of Haydn nor the abiding tenderness of Mozart, but a gravity all their own, replete with deep and melancholy thought; so, when rapid, his music is “not brisk or lively, but agitated and changeful,” stored with “sweet and bitter fancies”—full of storm and sunshine, of bursts of passion sinking into the subdued accents of grief, or relieved by transient gleams of hope or joy. His scherzoso, or playful mood, the Surveyor-General of Music declares to be as unlike as possible to the constitutional jocularity to which Haydn loved to give vent in the finales of his symphonies and quartets. “If, in a movement of this kind, Beethoven sets out in a tone of gaiety, his mood changes involuntarily,—the smile fades away, as it were, from his features,—and he falls into a

train of sombre ideas, from which he ever and anon recovers himself, as if with an effort, and from a recollection of the nature of his subject." M. Gustave Planche is treating of an entirely different subject when he casually refers to a mode of composition *familier aux grands symphonistes de l'Allemagne*, of whom Beethoven is chief: "On dirait qu'il promène au hasard ses doigts sur le clavier; mais peu à peu il s'exalte, il s'enivre de sa pensée, le son grandit et monte jusqu'au faite; le murmure qui tout à l'heure chuchotait à nos oreilles s'enfle jusqu'à la menace; nous étions dans une prairie au bord d'un limpide ruisseau et voici que nous sommes transportés sur la crête d'un rocher au bord d'un fleuve écumant." But surely quite as often the effect is

"As when a melody that floated round,
Bearing delight to thousand ravish'd ears,
Is lost awhile beneath a storm of sound,
Then through the lessening tumult reappears,
And trebly potent for the sweet surprise,
Unlocks the long-closed gates of Paradise,
And bids the soul dissolve in silent tears."

Confessedly it is in his symphonies that the powers of Beethoven's genius are most fully displayed; and Mr. Hogarth, who pronounces the symphony in C minor to stand alone and unrivalled, not only claims for the *Sinfonia Pastorale* the distinction of being the finest piece of de-

scriptive music in existence, but goes so far as to assert that it requires no key, no explanation, but places every image before the mind with a distinctness which neither poetry nor painting could surpass, and with a beauty which neither of them could equal.* Of another of Beethoven's sympho-

* The *Edinburgh Reviewer* of the *General Survey of Music* (1835) ridiculed this assertion, in making which the enthusiasm of the author, said his critic, had carried him off his feet ; and as a parallel passage there was suggested one of the pleasing exaggerations of a certain captain known to all readers of Marryat, who described his mother as being so splendid a pianoforte player, that upon one occasion, when she was delighting her friends with her performance, she introduced an imitation of thunder so exquisite, that the cream for tea became sour, besides three casks of beer in the cellar. This the reviewer alleged to be scarcely more laughable than it is to say that the descriptive powers of the Pastoral Symphony, undoubtedly great as they are, or of any instrumental music unaccompanied by words, ever can place imagery before the mind with a distinctness equal to poetry or painting. Beethoven himself, it is added, seems to have been of a different opinion, as he has here furnished us with an explanation, in words, of the different scenes intended to be delineated ; "knowing that the graphic power of his pencil, without such explanation, could never be made to convey any definite idea of visual objects, or to give anything more than the general character of certain emotions, or to excite certain trains of association."

Addison, in one of the advanced numbers of the *Spectator* makes some remarks on the "strange" attempt to represent visible objects by sounds that have no ideas annexed to them, and to make something like description in music.

nies, that in D, and to another effect, M. Planche observes—with a passing protest against the followers of Beethoven who, in their own compositions, take such slight account of the characteristic qualities of their master, in *la lutte engagée, aujourd'hui, entre la musique et la poésie*—that the author of the admirable work in question never once mistook the *limites infranchissables* of his art,*

Yet it is certain, he admits, there may be confused, imperfect notions of this kind raised in the imagination by an artificial composition of notes; “and we find that great masters in the art are able sometimes to set their hearers in the heat and hurry of a battle, to overcast their minds with melancholy scenes and apprehensions of deaths and funerals, or to lull them into pleasing dreams of groves and Elysiums.”

* Mr. Joseph Goddard, in his series of essays on the relationship of music to the other fine arts, enunciates this proposition—that whereas other forms of art, like painting and sculpture, endeavour to reproduce that phase of beauty which created them by means of *imitation*, music depends upon the more subtle principle of *abstract expression*. The painter, he argues, conceives beauty, and immediately *imitates* upon canvas some form or some general effect, of which the original already exists in what we call external nature. The poet, again, conceives beauty, and imitates some already existing form by description, as the painter had done by representation. Music, on the other hand, renders emotion by a medium of expression peculiar to itself—namely, melody and rhythm or phrase. See *The Philosophy of Music* (1862), and a discriminative notice of it in the *Saturday Review*, xiv. 350.

nor ever attempted to transfer to the orchestra that analysis and portrayal of the passions which belongs to language only. He was satisfied if he excited in his audience emotions alternately calm and tumultuous, and his efforts were crowned with legitimate success. He attempted not the impossible, but he realized all he desired; and the whole of his symphonies, without a single exception, are hailed by M. Planche as the best and most solid protest the most enlightened friends of music could wish for, against the aggressiveness, *les envahissements*, of the philosophico-picturesque school. "Il n'y a pas une de ces œuvres qui n'émeuve profondément; mais* il n'y en a pas une

* Apply a versicle from the *Two Voices* :

" Like an Æolian harp that wakes
No certain air, but overtakes
Far thought with music that it makes."

To what base use a nobler instrument may be degraded, is to be seen in the alleged prostitution of the cathedral organ at Malaga on Christmas Eve, when, after midnight mass has been celebrated, "the organ peals forth, and successively imitates the sounds in the manger—an infant's cry, the cock's crow, the donkey's bray, and the ox's low." Compared with this, Paganini's violin trickery in the way of musical mimetics was high art, when, as an enraptured admirer describes the effect,

" His instrument became a tree far off,
A nest of birds and sunbeams, sparkling both,

qui n'offre à l'interprétation un champ indéfini." In listening to his inspired accents, mobile imagina-

A cottage-bower ; or he would condescend,
 In playful wisdom which knows no contempt,
 To bring to laughing memory, plain as sight,
 A farmyard with its inmates, ox and lamb,
 The whistle and the whip, with feeding hens
 In household fidget muttering evermore,
 And, rising as in scorn, crown'd Chanticleer,
 Ordaining silence with his sovereign crow.
 Then from one chord of his amazing shell
 Would he fetch out the voice of quires, and weight
 Of the built organ ; or some twofold strain
 Moving before him in sweet-going yoke,
 Ride like an Eastern conqueror, round whose state
 Some light Morisco leaps with his guitar ;
 And ever and anon o'er these he'd throw
 Jets of small notes like pearl, or like the pelt
 Of lovers' sweetmeats on Italian lutes
 From windows on a feast-day, or the leaps
 Of pebbled water, sprinkled in the sun,
 One chord effecting all."

If Beethoven, in the most popular of his symphonies, observes Mr. E. S. Dallas, tries to give us the song the cuckoo, the lowing of herds, and the roar of the storm, he condescends to imitations which are beyond his art, and are confessedly foreign to it. Yet Coleridge says distinctly that imitation is the universal principle of the fine arts, and that it would be easy to apply it not merely to painting, but even to music. The theory of imitation came to be accepted in the last century as if (see chap. iv. of *The Gay Science*) it were one of the prime truths of religion, or one of the axioms of reason, worthy of all acceptance, always, and by all men ; and though it wore itself out gradually, it died hard, and held its ground so lustily that even some of the ablest heads of Germany gave their adhesion to it—Jean Paul Richter adopting it vaguely as the first principle of his introduction to *Æsthetic*.

tions pass from tenderness to reverie, from reverie to bewildered awe; but who shall ever translate

The theory, Mr. Dallas contends, is as false as any can be which puts the part for the whole, and a small part for a very large whole.

There are many ardent musicians, another distinguished critic has remarked, who claim for music a versatility and delicacy of delineation equal, if not superior, to the productions of poetry and painting. The question then is, obviously, as he puts it, how comes it that no sooner does a musical passage approach actual and pronounced description than we are sensible of a violation of taste? "The magnificent oratorio of *Israel in Egypt*, and the works of Handel generally, supply plenty of instances." The writer cites for his purpose that favourite canto of *In Memoriam*, of which the opening stanza runs thus,—

"Calm is the morn, without a sound,
Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
And only through the faded leaf
The chesnut pattering to the ground ;"

and he submits that it would be hard to meet with a poetical passage more capable than this is of being rendered, in its broad outlines and general tone, by musical sounds. More than one strain from the *Lieder ohne Worte* might, he suggests, be used for the purpose almost without alteration: the conceptions of unbroken peace in earth and sky, of clearness and far-reaching prospect, of the gentle swaying of waves, felt, not seen, to underlie the silver sleep on the sea—all these might be expressed with great power and beauty, either by the pianoforte or by concerted music. But it is another thing when, leaving the poet's broad outlines, we come to the details. "Observe, not only the echo from the stillness magically drawn out to mingle with his own *susprium de profundis*, but the consummate art

these eloquent notes into the vulgar tongue? In the opinion of the author of *Etudes sur les Arts*,

which has, in fewest words, conveyed that harmony to other ears in tones of absolute clearness. What *sonate pathétique* has done, or could be made to do, the same? Not that music would be unable to dash the calm with melancholy, to infuse an element of passion into the wide tranquillity; but, compared with the surpassing delicacy of this poem, the effect would be wavering and indistinct. There would be just this result, and no more, from the musical sounds. Passion would be understood to be entering into the calm—the hearers would be left to complete the union *ad libitum*.” Very ably this essayist works out his argument that music draws vaguely—that its descriptive power is feeble compared with the capabilities of other arts. It falls short of poetry, he maintains, in this—that unless aided from without, it is able only to enhance existing modes of feeling; it having no power of close demarcation, analysis, or illustration—at any rate none that can hold the field for a moment against the articulate powers of language. It is when the framework of passionate expression has been at least begun, if not completed, from alien sources, that the real triumphs of music are allowed to become apparent in a gorgeous decoration or superstructure. “Music will not dig the channels of emotion with the precision of language, of painting, or of sculpture; but, these being once indicated, it will widen and fill them to overflowing. It will prove fuller of meaning than the very words without whose aid its own meaning would have been doubtful and hard to interpret.” Referring again to *In Memoriam*, the writer says that any lover of Beethoven’s music will feel how well he would have set the canto (xv.) beginning, “To-night the winds begin to rise;” or the single verse (cxxix.), “Thy voice is on the rolling air;”—whereas, if, impressed by the very same emotions as the laureate, Beethoven had sat

this indefinite freedom of interpretation is one of the fundamental character-marks of music. To seek to restrain and limit that which by the nature of it is illimitable—to aim at giving one precisely ascertained and exactly determined meaning to notes capable of offering a thousand floating meanings—is to misconceive the end and the resources of music; and Beethoven's French critic, here quoted, appeals to his symphonies as sufficing, if attentively studied, to demonstrate this truth, had it not long ago been established on evidence beyond gainsaying.

Hartley Coleridge assumes all but those who have no music in their souls, to be well aware that music is capable of expressing and evoking any simple emotion; it may, he says, imitate the rapid succession or dazzling alternation of feeling, or, dying away to silence, may symbolize the fading of passion into pensiveness. It may also, to a certain degree, he grants, express action, as action consists in motion; but beyond this he denies that it can go. "It cannot narrate, describe, or reason. It is of little assistance to the understanding, and though it may stimulate, it cannot inform the imagination.

down to give them utterance with his own art as the sole vehicle, he would never have equalled the distinct delineation of the poet.

True, words may supply all these deficiencies, and true, there is no narrative, description, reasoning, or imagination, that is truly poetical, but what involves or engenders a pleasurable feeling, nor any feeling of which some modification of numerous sounds is not a conductor." Nevertheless, by the argument, safe and sound, of the author of *Biographia Borealis*, whom no one but himself had the right to designate *Ignoramus* (*on the Fine Arts*), those compositions will be found best accommodated to musical expression, for which music supplies a natural and universal language, and such are love, grief, and devotion; because in all these the feeling suggests the thought, and not the thought or imagery the feeling. In the course of some observations on mimetic verse—as Homer's line imitative (by critical assumption) of the rolling, thundering, leaping motion of a stone; or in Virgil's dactylic suggestion of the gallop or the caracoling of a horse,—Mr. de Quincey shows that picturesqueness, like any other effect, must be subordinated to a higher law of beauty; and he adverts to the limits of imitation that arise for every art, sculpture, painting, etc., indicating what it ought to imitate, and what not to imitate. And unless regard is had to such higher restraints, metrical effects become "as silly and childish as the musical effects in Kotzwarra's *Battle of Prague*,

with its ridiculous attempts to mimic the firing of cannon, groans of the wounded, etc., instead of involving the passion of a battle in the agitation of the music." An *Edinburgh* Reviewer comments on that search after novelty by which a composer is led to venture into the field where music is the weakest,—that of direct imitation of natural sounds by musical notes,—a species of rivalry, the hopelessness of which makes us feel the good sense of Agesilaus' answer, when requested to hear a man sing who could imitate the nightingale,—“I have heard the nightingale herself.” *À fortiori* this critic disdains the futile attempts of musicians to represent motion, to describe the seasons, to picture sunrise or sunset, to convey the impressions of colour, and to narrate the incidents of a battle or a campaign; for the ingenious organist of Ferdinand III., Froberger, is said to have composed a very striking musical representation of Count Thurn's passage over the Rhine, and the dangers of the transit, “in twenty-six cataracts or falls of notes.”* Indeed, when a taste for this sort of mimetic music, † adds the reviewer, is once intro-

* Sir J. Hawkins' *Hist. Mus.*, i. 3.

† Dr. Beattie, in one of his letters to Dr. Laing, speaks of sending his correspondent a little treatise on the art of music by a writer, unnamed, who “thinks music an imitative art; and that a tune, which he calls the Cameronian Rant, is an

duced (the proper sphere of which would be the comic opera), it is wonderful how even the greatest

exact resemblance of two women scolding. Mr. Glennie plays the tune, which seems to me to be nothing but confusion and barbarism, and to bear no resemblance to anything in art or nature. Lord Monboddo, another adherent to the imitative notion, says the only true music he ever heard is the thing called the Hen's March, which no man who deserves to have ears in his head would allow to be music at all." Into the second of his miscellaneous essays Beattie introduces a discussion of the query, Is music an imitative art? and his negative is a clearly pronounced one.

One of Geoffrey Crayon's earliest skits was at the expense of musical mimetics in their most exaggerated development. Military overtures, for instance, were then in vogue, from which a tolerable idea was to be gathered of martial tactics; the Battle of Prague and Battle of Marengo displays, from which you might become very well experienced in the fire of musketry, the roaring of cannon, the rattling of drums, whistling of fifes, braying of trumpets, groans of the dying, and trampling of cavalry, without ever going to the wars. "But it is more especially in the art of imitating inimitable things, and giving the language of every passion and sentiment of the human mind, so as entirely to do away with the necessity of speech," that a Salmagundi correspondent claims to have particularly excelled the most celebrated musicians of ancient and modern times. He can imitate every single sound, he avers, in the whole compass of nature, and even improve upon it. Especially he plumes himself on having discovered a method of expressing, in the most striking manner, "that undefinable, indescribable silence which accompanies the falling of snow." Both in Germany and Italy, in the seventeenth century, there was a great deal of burlesque imitative music: the cackling of hens all on one note, and ending with

genius gives way to the contagion, and follows the herd,—for has not Handel now and then ventured

a fifth above, the mewling of rival cats in nice chromatic order, with a staccato of course by way of a *spit*—the description is from the oft-quoted *Quarterly* essay—were favourite pastimes of the severest German contrapuntists ; and even Marcello, the Pindar of Music, as he was called, has left two elaborate choruses, one for soprani, the other for contr'alti, which *bau* like sheep and *mou* like oxen. These, however, were the “avowed absurdities of men who liked occasionally to drop their robes of dignity.” Mendelssohn declined to compose for such a descriptive poem as the *Nächtliche Heerschau*, because he held it to be simply impossible to do so with success. He could, indeed, he tells Frau von Pereira by letter, have composed music for it in the same descriptive style as Neukomm and Fischhof ; he might have introduced a very novel rolling of drums in the bass, and blasts of trumpets in the treble, and have brought in all sorts of hobgoblins. “But I love my serious elements of sound too well to do anything of the sort ; for this kind of thing always appears to me a joke”—and he compares it to the paintings in juvenile spelling-books, where the roofs are coloured bright red, to make the children aware they are intended for roofs.

It is not, maintains the foremost of feminine authorities on the philosophy of music,—it is not from any walk of imitative music, however enchanting, that the highest musical pleasure can be derived ;—it is not in the likeness of anything in the heavens above, or the earth beneath, or the waters under the earth, that the highest musical capacity can be tried. “It is not the dipping passage like a crested wave in ‘The floods stood upright as an heap,’ or the wandering of the notes in ‘All we like sheep have gone astray,’ in which Handel’s intensest musical instinct is displayed ; for beautiful as are these passages, and full of imagery to eye and ear, they

upon similar tricks of sound? In the "Messiah," at the passage, "I will *shake* the heavens and the earth," he has introduced a sort of musical pun, by repeating the word several times on a centre of musical shakes, "as if," says a critic, "the quavering of the voice could represent the commotions of the world." And in his "Israel in Egypt," he has undertaken to represent, by musical notes, two of the plagues, namely, the buzzing of flies and the hopping of frogs. Well says the accomplished writer of *Letters from the Baltic* that our hearts sink as we hear how "the children of Israel sighed!—sighed!—sighed!—by reason of the bondage;" but we care not for the closest imitation of a sob given in the duet of the *Gazza Ladra*. "Delusion in music, as in painting, is only the delight of the vulgar." But at all times, as we are reminded, the close power of imitation which music affords has been a dangerous rock for the musician. "Haydn in his finest music did not steer clear of it; one

smack of a certain mechanical contrivance; but it is in the simple soothing power of the first four bars of the first song in the 'Messiah,' which descend like heavenly dew upon the heart, telling us that those divine words, 'Comfort ye,' are at hand." This is pronounced to be the indefinable province of "expression," in which the composer has to draw solely upon his own intense sympathies for the outward likeness of a thing which is felt and judged of only in the innermost depths of every heart.

feels that the servile representations of the tiger's leaps, of the stag's branching horns, of the pattering hail, are so many blots on his glorious 'Creation.'" Handel's Hailstone Chorus the same writer accounts the grandest example in the world of the higher order, suggestive, not servile, of mimetic music—beginning as it does with the closest imitation, for there are the "single decided ominous notes, like the first heavy lumps of ice striking the earth in separate shots:" they fall faster, yet still detached, when from a battery which we have felt hanging suspended above our heads, "down comes the deluge of sonorous hail," shattering everything before it; and having thus raised the idea, Handel is admired for his art in sustaining it with such wonderful simplicity of means—the electric shouting of the choruses "Fire! Hailstones!" only in strict unison—the burst of the storm changing only from quavers into semi-quavers—the awful crashing of the elements only the common chord of the key, and that the natural key—till we "feel astonished how the mere representation of the rage of the elements should have given occasion for one of the grandest themes that musician ever composed."* In his apostrophe to

* Another example often cited of Handel's imitative powers in music occurs in the accompaniment to "He spake the

Music, as mighty in her threefold power, Mr. Disraeli begins with "First, thou canst call up all elemental sounds, and scenes, and subjects, with the definiteness of reality. Strike the lyre! Lo! the voice of the winds—the flash of the lightning—the swell of the wave—the solitude of the valley!" And Lady Eastlake recognizes the conveyance by storms and tempests of a sense of sublimity which, however frequently vulgarized by the mere tricks of performers, must ever make them favourite subjects for audiences and composers. In Beethoven's tempest in the Pastoral Symphony she hails the grandest and most fearful of all storms; but she owns to a lingering fondness for Steibelt's Storm, in spite

word," plainly meant to suggest the buzzing and swarming of flies.

Again, it has been noticed that in his *Deborah*, not once is an ascending scale given to the words "To swift perdition,"—always are we carried down from the upper note on which the phrase commences.

Mr. Dallas shrewdly says that when Haydn stole the melody to which he set the eighth commandment, the force of musical imitation could no further go. If, adds the critic, the same composer attempts to reflect in sound the creation of light, and to indicate by cadence the movements of the flexible tiger; and if Handel in descanting on the plagues of Egypt gives us the buzz of insect life, and indicates by the depth of his notes the depths of the sea, in which the hosts of Pharaoh were drowned; these imitations are alien to the province of art, and, artistically speaking, are art-failures.

of strumming schoolroom associations, as having a moral as well as a dramatic meaning; and she utters a wish that every great musician would leave to the world his definition of a storm.

In one of his moral philosophy lectures, "On the Beautiful," Sydney Smith follows Beattie and Alison in showing that music can express only classes of feeling,—melancholy, for example,—but not any particular instance or action of melancholy. Thus the tune of "Lochaber no more" expresses the pathetic in general; language only can tell us that it is that particular instance of the pathetic, where a poor soldier takes leave of his native land, etc. Hearing an air to which we know no words, can inspire only general emotion. What if the *Pastorale* of Corelli may have been intended to imitate the song of angels hovering above the fields of Bethlehem, and gradually soaring up to heaven? It is impossible, the lecturer maintained, that the music *itself* can convey any such impression—it can convey only the feelings of solemnity, of rapture, of enthusiasm; imagination must do the rest.

XII.

Uncertainty of Sound.

1 Cor. xiv. 7, 8.

EXCEPT there be given, argues the apostle, a distinction in the sounds of a musical instrument, whether pipe or harp, how shall it be known what is piped or harped? "For if the trumpet give an uncertain sound, who shall prepare himself to the battle?" There is almost an infinity of tones in the world, and none of them is without signification; but they may be so presented that the very object of music is misrepresented. As God is not the author of confusion, but of peace, in all churches of the saints; so neither is He the author of discord, but of harmony, in that divine art. Let, then, all things be done decently and in order,—a precept of large, comprehensive, and stringent application, æsthetical as well as theological. As St. Paul remonstrated with the Corinthians, "How is it, then, brethren? when ye come

together, every one of you hath a psalm" of his own, a tongue of his own, a will and a way of his own; and if the whole church so come together, and all set up each his own psalm, and use his own tongue, after his own will and his own way,—will not profane outsiders say they are mad? so will and do profane outsiders say of the discordant outcome of noises emitted by separatist songsters, who are part-singing with a vengeance, for it is to all effect singing apart. A crackbrained crew or choir they will call them; at any rate a choir whose unruly din cracks the brain of him that hears them, if not their own. The late clerical author of a dissertation on Church Music asked what could possibly be worse, at the time he wrote, than the music in our rural parishes, and what more difficult to remedy, and yet preserve "harmony"? for singers were ever notorious for loving to have things their own way: *omnibus hoc vitium est cantoribus*; and religious singers he pronounced to be of all the most given to sudden discords.* The

* "They imagined the whole congregation assembled but to hear them: one of them told me with pride, that it was the only part of the service during which nobody was asleep. Warming upon the subject, he added, that he had authority for saying, the singers in the Jewish Church had precedence of all other officials, and performed the most essential part of the service, as was clear from the Psalms, 'The singers go

conceit of country musicians was to him intolerable ; but what he chiefly complained of was their anthems. "Every bumpkin has his favourite solo, and oh, the murder, the profanation! If there be ears devout in the congregation, how must they ache!" Those anthems, he urged, should positively be forbidden by authority. Very telling is the description by the author of *Letters to Eusebius* of half a dozen ignorant, conceited fellows standing up, who begin with a falsehood by professing to sing "to the praise and glory of God" what so manifestly is sung to the honour and glory of John Jones, Peter Hussey, Philip White, John Stobes, Timothy Prim, and John Pride. Then, when they are unanimous, as Sheridan has it, their unanimity is wonderful, as all may know who remember in

before, and the minstrels [which he took to mean ministers] follow after.'"—*Essays by the Rev. John Eagles*.

If the clergyman happens not to be musical, the whole choir hold him in contempt ; but, adds the same temper-ried but ever good-tempered parson, "if he make attempts occasionally to join and do his best, pleased with the compliment, they will spare him ; as thus :—one wishing to put the choir in good-humour, had the hypocrisy to applaud their efforts to the principal singer, who replied, pulling up his waistband, and looking satisfaction, 'Pretty well for that, sir ; but we didn't quite pat off the stephany' [symphony].—'Does your parson sing?'—'A do mumbly a bit.' Now this was meant to let him down easy ; it was neither praise nor quite contempt, but one qualified with the other."—*Ibid*.

full choir clarionet, bass viol, and bassoon assisting, "Some put their trust in Charrots, and some in Orses, but we will remember," etc. In the gallery at this clerical critic's parish church there was a tenor voice that was particularly disagreeable,—having a perpetual yap yap in it, a hoooh as if it went round a corner; he had a very odd way too, of which certainly he did not "keep the *noiseless tenor*." Then again, not only every one sang as loud as he could bawl, but cheeks and elbows used their utmost efforts, the bassoon vying with the clarionet, the goose-stop of the clarionet with the bassoon—it was Babel with the addition of the beasts. John Locke, in one of his letters from abroad in 1664, describes a choir at Cleve with "strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst." However, Locke is free to call these the honestest singing men he had ever seen, for they endeavoured to earn their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; what they wanted in skill they made up in loudness and variety: "every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing Parliament-men, where every one endeavours to cry

loudest.”* It only needed that all who were not singing at or against each other should be talking at or against each other, to make the confusion worse confounded. The talking of the audience—by courtesy so called, though courtesy has neither part nor lot in the matter—during the performance of music, is a standing grievance in standard literature and daily life. It is not every lover of music even who can say with Mr. Browning’s glib listener to a Toccata of Galuppi’s,

“I can always leave off talking, when I hear a master play.”

Incontinence of gabble at such times is an offence restricted to no class or country.† The author of

* Henry Nelson Coleridge, writing from the West Indies, is once and again sore on the subject of native screeching in public worship. At a Methodist chapel in Anguilla, “the serenity of the neighbourhood was disturbed in the evening” by the screaming out by rote some hymns and songs “with an asperity and discordance of tone which seemed to make Nature angry.” Again, at the meeting-house in St. John’s, Antigua, they “made such a disagreeable noise, that I am persuaded an indictment would lie in England against them for causing a public nuisance. Surely these good people might be a little *sotto voce* in their canticles; the introduction of a minor key would be a grateful relief to every ear. . . . What would Charles Wesley have said at their outraging the spheres after such a sort?” —*Six Months in the West Indies*, 3rd edit., pp. 216, 249.

† A degree, and to some sensitive ears only a degree, or hardly that, less intolerable, is the vulgar trick of beating time

Residence in the Marquesas tells us how, while the chanters chanted and the drums beat, at the Feast

à discrétion (and most indiscreetly), or of humming an *obbligato* accompaniment, distressingly audible and unwelcome. Like the susceptible leg-goer for whom there is no foot-rest, in another of Mr. Robert Browning's poems—

“ Bang, whang, whang, goes the drum ; tootle-te-tootle the fife :
No keeping one's haunches still : it's the greatest pleasure in life.”

It is said of the audiences in Lulli's time that they could not resist spontaneously joining the performers in singing the choruses. It is of Lulli's music, and of our Merry Monarch's love for it, that Lady Eastlake is speaking when she says that Charles “wanted something to which he could beat time.” So again she says of Matthew Lock's *Macbeth* music, which is an excellent apology for that same royal patron of his, the “airy prince,” that it will still set every grey head or elderly bonnet in a hall wagging with pleasure. Wag away, and welcome. 'Tis merry in hall when beards wag all. But when it comes to heel-tattooing, and time-beating by dint of fist on the chair-rail, or of stick on the floor, and to the uncultured improvisation of vocal accompaniments, ranging from grunt to groan, from a hiss to a hum,—the grievance is dire. One of the *characters* of Theophrastus is the fellow who “at a concert of music breaks in upon the performance, and hums the tune over to himself.” Anstey's Jack Dilettante

“ Is often so kind as to thrust in a note
While old Lady Cuckoo is straining her throat,
Or little Miss Wren, who's an excellent finger.”

Almost amusingly common in society are such experiences as that recorded by Patrick Fraser Tytler in his letters, on an evening at Æneas Macintosh's, where that fine old salt, of a bygone generation, Admiral Sir James Hillyer, was pre-

of Calabashes, the crowd paid no attention to the music, such as it was, but chatted and laughed

sent with his wife and daughter—the latter playing the harp “as finely as any professional performer, besides having a rich full voice, without any airs or trumpery. Her taste was admirable ; but the old Admiral insisted on joining, and sung out as if he had been hailing a French man-of-war, till his wife stopped him, and sent him away from the piano. It was a very funny scene, but the veteran bore it with perfect good humour.”

Leigh Hunt has a laugh (not however without sympathy in it) at unmusical Lord Castlereagh's love for the music in the *Beggar's Opera*, which he “would get ladies to play to him on the pianoforte,—humming over the airs himself with an exquisite superiority to his incompetency.”

Mr. Herbert Spencer comments on the tendency of all pleasurable (as well as painful) emotions to produce active demonstrations in proportion to their intensity. “People are apt to beat time with head or feet to music which particularly pleases them,” he remarks in his *Inquiry into the Origin and Function of Music*. When the demonstration is confined to the head, instead of breaking out at the lower extremities, happy are the next neighbours of the demonstrant. Dryden is treating of France and the French, proverbially a demonstrative folk, when he says that at their opera, the assiduous opera-goers make

“foot, hand, head, keep time with every song.”

Archdeacon Hare makes a home complaint on the subject, observing that there is something odd in the disposition of an Englishman's senses ; for he sees with his fingers, and hears with his toes. Enter a gallery of pictures, for instance, and you find all the spectators longing to become handlers. “Go to hear an opera of Mozart's ; your next neighbour keeps

together with entire *abandon*. M. Henri Taine, only three or four years ago, told us how disgusting to him, as a musical connoisseur, was the frivolity of "high-bred" Parisiennes* at the opera; how, for instance, at the performance of *Alceste*, during the terrible air of the sacrifice, he heard young ladies chattering to one another, with suppressed laughing:—"Why, that is something to eat they are putting on the altar; open your glass, quick; oh, mon Dieu, some real cutlets!"† Vanbrugh's

all the while kicking time . . . as if he could not kill it without." Dr. Holmes's village poet, Gifted Hopkins, had shown an ear for rhythm, and for the simpler forms of music, from his earliest childhood. He is said to have begun beating with his heels the accents of the psalm-tunes sung at meeting at a very tender age—a habit, indeed, of which he had afterwards to correct himself, as, though it shows a sensibility to rhythmical impulses, yet, as the author of *The Guardian Angel* submits, it is apt to be *too* expressive when a large number of boots join in the performance.

* Addison, in his day, was severe (for him) on French female fantastics, and their followers this side the Channel, who made a point of chattering at the play; and he records his particular annoyance in the case of "a woman of quality, who, as I found by the noise she made, was newly returned from France," during a performance of *Macbeth*. Landor makes Epicurus say, "There are even in Greece a few remaining still so barbarous, that I have heard them whisper in the midst of the finest scenes of our greatest poets." "Acorn-fed Chaonians!" is Leontion's exclamatory note of indignation.

† The mention of cutlets reminds us of a passage in one

Lord Foppington likes the Opera, "passionately," at least on Tuesdays and Saturdays, because then there is always the best company, and one is not expected to undergo the fatigue of listening. "There is my Lady Tattle, my Lady Prate, my Lady Titter, my Lady Sneer, my Lady Giggle, and my Lady Grin—they have boxes in the front, and while any favourite air is singing, are the prettiest company in the world." He urges Amanda to come and judge for herself. "Alas, my lord,"

of the letters of the late Mrs. Richard Trench. "Think of my having given a breakfast to-day. My company were the F——'s, who expressed a wish to hear Tarchi [in Paris, Feb. 1806], and who, according to the custom of the world, attended more to their veal cutlets and their chat, than to *us*, to Tarchi's evident displeasure." So, but with the difference of a very different hostess, at Mrs. MacClaverhouse's evening party, in a recent fiction, where the leading barrister of the day "talked with more animation than was pleasant to the German basso during that gentleman's great song; but Mrs. MacClaverhouse was one of those people who make a point of chattering throughout the progress of a musical performance, and praising it loudly when it is concluded." In a later chapter we have another gathering under another roof, where the guests are perpetually being surprised, and delighted, and unspeakably obliged by instrumental and vocal displays, during the course of which they had appeared to be agreeably occupied in brisk tittle-tattle. Again, in *Never Forgotten*, we read of the Campbells that drawing-room music was welcome to them in a certain sense: they found it like the music in a melodrama effective for "talking through."

replies Amanda, "I am the worst company in the world at a concert, I'm so apt to attend to the music." "Why, madam," his lordship rejoins, "that is very pardonable in the country or at church, but a monstrous inattention in a polite assembly." So with the fashionables of the *New Bath Guide*, who

"come to the pump, as before I was saying,
And talk all the while the music is playing,
'Your servant, Miss Fitchet.' 'Good morning, Miss
Stote.'

'My dear Lady Riggledum, how is your throat?'" etc.

Theodore Hook touches on the perfect unconcern with which a party presumably representative of *bon ton* continued talking at the Opera in the ordinary pitch of their voices, while a duet was going on, upon the stage, to the annoyed surprise of an unsophisticated visitor, who was ignorant enough to suppose that people frequented the place to see and hear, instead of being seen and heard.

One of Mendelssohn's biographers, describing the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig in his time, relates that once, during a sudden pause in a Beethoven Symphony, the words "bacon paste," the subject of confidential talk between two ladies, resounded shrilly through that hall, the motto of which is *Res severa est verum gaudium*—

a motto as significant as the familiar Italian one which heads Mr. Ella's programmes for the Musical Union. It was after one of Beethoven's Symphonies, as performed at the Academy of Music at Boston, U.S., that Margaret Fuller, all whose enjoyment and that of a company of friends had been destroyed by the incessant buzzing of a young lady and two gentlemen, seated just behind her—a buzzing kept up in spite of the bitter looks cast on the buzzers by the would-be listeners around,—leaned across the seat, and catching the eye of the girl, who was pretty and well dressed, said, in her blandest, gentlest voice, "May I speak with you one moment?" "Certainly," said the young lady, with a fluttered, pleased look, leaning forward to hear. "I only wish to say," rejoined Margaret Fuller, "that I trust that, in the whole course of your life, you will never suffer so great a degree of annoyance as you have inflicted on a large party of lovers of music this evening."

Mrs. Gore tells us that Liszt left off playing at the royal concert at Bröhl, because the Queen of England was seen (not heard) to whisper. One of the entries in Moore's Diary (Dec. 30, 1818) runs thus: "Music in the evening [at Bowood]; all but Mackintosh and the elder Macdonald attentive. They talked the whole time. . . . I said, when I got up from singing, 'I see those two gentlemen

like to talk to accompaniment,'* which brought the rest of the company upon them, and they were put to the blush." One of our best social essayists incidentally remarks that English people scarcely ever seem to converse with anything like freedom unless under cover of the piano. "The ladies are all collected, like a group of Egyptian idols, in a solemn circle, behind which the men stand, until at last a victim is selected to give that signal for conversation which is called 'a little music.'" And another flings out at that goodly number of persons, inevitable at all "musical evenings at home," who are burning to discourse instead of being discoursed to,—human geysers of small-talk, that bubble forth unrestrained to the accompaniment of sonata or song.

* "I've been looking so anxious to catch your eye," says Mrs. Brown to Mr. Vincent, at the musical party in one of Mrs. Oliphant's *Carlingford Chronicles*; "do sit down, now there's a chance, and let me talk to you a minnit. . . . There's Miss Polly Pigeon going to play, and everybody can use their freedom in talking. For my part, that's why I like instrumental music best. When a girl sings, why, to be sure, it's only civil to listen; but nobody expects it of you, don't you see, when she only plays."—*Salem Chapel*, chap. i.

XIII.

Music and Morals.

Amos vi. 5.

THE text of "Woe unto them who chant to the sound of the viol, and invent unto themselves instruments of music, as David did," was taken by Adam Clarke to be decisive against dancing, because the Hebrew word rendered *chant*, signifies, on his showing, to *quaver*, to *divide*, to *articulate*, and may be as well applied to the management of the feet as to the modulations of the voice ; an interpretation backed by the authority of the Septuagint, and of the Arabic version. Supposing it however to be disputed, Dr. Clarke is not to be despoiled of a sufficiently stringent and comprehensive improvement of the text : "Yet this much will not be denied, that the text is pointedly enough against that without which dancing cannot well be carried on, I mean, instrumental music." Southey asks if the doctor had forgotten an injunc-

tion in the Psalms to praise the Lord with tabret and harp and lute, the strings and the pipe, and the trumpet and the loud cymbals. The vocal part of psalmody would perhaps redeem the instrumental. Yet, on the other hand, of music in general may it not be held, that when debased, when prostituted to immoral ends, when so used as to be essentially and most banefully abused, it is the vocal associations—all questions of dancing set apart—to which the debasement is owing? Instrumental* music alone,—what wrong can it perpetrate, what mischief suggest? Madame de Staël declares music to be “happily powerless to explain any base or artful sentiment.” And Lady Eastlake calls music the most innocent companion of the loves and graces; “for real romance is always innocent. Music is not pure to the pure only, she is pure to all. We can only make her a means of harm when we add speech to sound. It is only by a marriage with words that she can be-

* Not but that even in instrumental music alone there are widely differing degrees of moral character, or ethical suggestiveness, so to speak. How incomparably more innocent and pure to the ear is the music, for instance, of Glück than that of Verdi,—to say nothing of their relative powers of melody; or Haydn’s than Weber’s, Mendelssohn’s than Meyerbeer’s,—or, to take a more salient and perhaps whimsical contrast than either of these, Dr. Arne’s than Offenbach’s.

come a minister of evil. An instrument which is music, and music alone, enjoys the glorious disability of expressing a single vicious idea, or of inspiring a single corrupt thought." This eloquent writer accounts it therefore an anomaly in human history how any form of religion can condemn an organ, for it could not say an impious thing if it would.*

Owen Feltham, of the *Resolves*, pronounces music to be good, or bad, according to the effect it produces. For example, as the Spartans used it, it was an incitement to valour and to honourable deeds: "but then, they were so careful of the manner of it, as to fine Terpander, and nail his harp to a post, for being too inventive, by adding a string to it more than usual." Sometimes, Feltham goes on to say, light notes are useful, as in times of general joy, and when the mind is depressed by sadness; but certainly those are the best which inflame zeal, incite courage, or induce gravity." In fine, he believes music to be a helper both to good

* "Every police director," as Hoffmann says in his *Phantasie Stücke*, "may safely give his testimony to the utter innocuousness of a newly invented musical instrument, in all matters touching religion, the state, and public morals; and every music-master may unhesitatingly pledge his word to the parents of his pupils that his new sonata does not contain one reprehensible idea."

and ill; and he therefore—here comes in the *Resolve*—“will honour it when it moves to virtue, and beware of it when it leads to vice.” For to him it evidently seemed capable of being described, by application, and with a difference, in the lines of his great contemporary :

“Such object hath the power to soften and tame
 Severest temper, smooth the rugged’st brow,
 Enerve, and with voluptuous hope dissolve,
 Draw out with credulous desire, and lead
 At will the manliest, resoluteſt breast,
 As the magnetic hardest iron draws,”—

unless that superlative *resoluteſt* be as of one who makes, and keeps, and prints, and publishes *Resolves*.

M. Victor Laprade, in his treatise *Du Sentiment de la Nature chez les Modernes*, calls our age “the age of music;” and he declares music to be “the sensual art *par excellence*.” If this be a paradox, it must at least be admitted, says one of his critics, that philosophers who do not generally labour under the suspicion of spiritualism—M. Henri Taine, to quote only one—unhesitatingly endorse it.* Mr. Disraeli in one of his novels describes a

* On the other hand, compare such remarks as this of Merle d’Aubigné in his discourse on painting, which, of all the fine arts, he asserts to be that the ethical or religious influence of which is liable to the best-founded and the most urgent

course of festal music, soft and subdued, but constant and thrilling, which winds up the listeners by exquisite gradations to that pitch of refined excitement which is so strange a conjunction of delicacy and voluptuousness, when the soul, as it were, becomes sensual, and the body, as it were, dissolves into spirit.

“These sweet tones, these melting voices,
 With seductive power are fraught ;
 They dissolve, in gentle longing,
 Every feeling, every thought.”

Music never makes men *think*, says its elegant expositor in the *Quarterly*,—and that way lies the mischief. Query after query is posed by that pen, all to be answered in the negative : Does music enlighten our views, or enlarge our understandings ? Can it make us more intelligent, or more prudent, or more practical, or more moral ? “No, but she can make us more romantic ; and that is what we want nowadays more than anything else,”—or did want, at any rate, when the dissertation was penned, more than a quarter of a century ago. Music can give us, we are then instructed, pleasures we cannot account for, and raise feelings we cannot reason

objections. “Poetry and music came down from heaven, and will be found there again ; but painting is continually seen associated with heinous violations of morality, or with fatal errors,” etc.—*Hist. Reform.*, III., ix.

upon;* can transport us into a sphere where selfishness and worldliness have no part to play; her whole domain, in short, is held to lie in that much-abused land of romance—the only objection to which in real life is that mankind are too weak and too wicked to be trusted in it. But if music cannot captivate us by means of these appeals to the feelings and the fancy, in every form of spiritual and earthly emotion, of fair or fantastic vision, “she tries no other. She appeals neither to our reason, our principles, nor our honour.† She cannot reason, and she cannot preach; but also she cannot wound, and she cannot defile. . . . The very Fall seems to have spared her department.‡ It is

* “I think I should have no other mortal wants, if I could always have plenty of music,” Maggie Tulliver says. “It seems to infuse strength into my limbs, and ideas into my brain. Life seems to go on without effort, when I am filled with music. At other times one is conscious of carrying a weight.”—*The Mill on the Floss*, book vi., chap. iii.

† “She can neither be witty, satirical, nor personal. There is no Hogarth in music. Punch can give her no place on his staff.”—*Essay on Music*, reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*.

‡ Apply what is said by a north-country divine in a discourse on the Expectancy of Creation,—wherein he describes this world, this inanimate creation, as involved in man’s fall, “according to its nature;” by which is meant that the world is fallen, in the way and the sense in which, by the make of things, it is possible that it should be fallen. Of course there is no guilt, we are reminded; it cannot sin; but there is

as if she had taken possession of the heart before it became desperately wicked, and had ever since kept her portion of it free from the curse, making it her glorious vocation upon earth to teach us nothing but the ever higher and higher enjoyment of an innocent pleasure." Sancho Panza assures the Duchess, "Where there is music, madam, there can be no mischief." But that is rather too absolute a proposition, unconditionally stated. Dr. John Brown mediates between those who assert the omnipotence of Art to refine men, and those who declare it to be a sign of the decline and fall of the nobler part of us. Neither is and both are true, he contends: Art does, as our Laureate says, make nobler in us what is higher than the senses through which it passes; but it can only make nobler what is already noble; it cannot regenerate, neither can it of itself debase and emasculate* and bedevil

perversion, degradation. Noble means and instruments are perverted to base and sinful ends. "The atmosphere is constrained unwillingly to carry from the speaker's lip to the listener's ear, words which are false, impure, profane. Surely that beautiful, liquid ether was never made for that!" So with music. It is of songs sung in wantonness, and of the melody of viols attuned to purposes of dissipation and riot, that the divine voice is heard to say, with a minor prophet for spokesman,— "Take thou away from me the noise of thy songs; for I will not hear the melody of thy viols."

* "Is it any weakness, pray," George Eliot asks, "to be

mankind ; but it is a symptom, and a fatal one, when Art ministers to a nation's vice. "The truth is, Art, unless quickened from above and from within, has in it nothing beyond itself, which is visible [or audible] beauty—the ministration to the lust, the desire of the eye," if not of the ear. Just after coming from Italy, Mendelssohn writes to a friend that music no longer (1831) exists there among the people—a fact he could not have believed in the case of any nation, and least of all of Italy, with such rich and luxuriant nature, and such glorious,

wrought on by exquisite music?—to feel its wondrous harmonies searching the subtlest windings of your soul, the delicate fibres of life where no memory can penetrate, and binding together your whole being, past and present, in one unspeakable vibration ; melting you in one moment with all the tenderness, all the love that has been scattered through the toilsome years, concentrating in one emotion of heroic courage or resignation all the hard-learnt lessons of self-renouncing sympathy, blending your present joy with past sorrow, and your present sorrow with all your past joy?"—*Adam Bede*, book iv., chap. xxiii.

The author of the main part of the series of Little Books on Great Subjects, in a letter warning a young lady-friend against allowing amusement to become the business of life, assures her that ere long the want of something to fill the mind would become wearisome, and that she would feel unsatisfied after a day of such sort of pleasure ; but adds, "not however, when music is concerned, for that hangs in the ear of memory with pleasure for a long time, and helps to form a pure taste."—*Letters of C. F. Cornwallis*, p. 263.

inspiring antecedents. "But," he adds, "it would indeed be marvellous if any music could exist where there is no solid principle." In a later epistle he denounces the immoral tendency of the libretti favoured at that period by Meyerbeer, Auber, and others, and assures his good father, "I have no music for such things. I consider it ignoble ; so if the present epoch exacts this style, and considers it indispensable, then I will write oratorios," and forswear operatic composition altogether. In another letter he says : "I take music in a very serious light, and I consider it quite inadmissible to compose anything that I do not thoroughly feel. It is just as if I were to utter a falsehood ; for notes have as distinct a meaning as words, perhaps even a more definite sense."

There is a paper of Addison's in the *Spectator* which treats of Music as having been among those who were styled the chosen people, a religious art, —the songs of Zion being nothing else but psalms and pieces of poetry that adored or celebrated the Supreme Being. And he proceeds to cite Homer and Hesiod as intimating to us how this art should be applied, when they represent the Muses* as

* Shaftesbury in the *Characteristics* says of "the Thalias, the Polyhymnias, the Euterpes," that "being alike interested in the cause of numbers," they are "with regret employed in another way, in favour of disorder. Instead of being made

surrounding Jupiter, and warbling their hymns about his throne ; while innumerable passages in the ancient writers are hinted at which show their most favourite diversions to have been filled with songs and hymns to their respective deities. "Had we frequent entertainments of this nature among us, they would not a little purify and exalt our passions, give our thoughts a proper turn, and cherish those divine impulses in the soul, which every one feels that has not stifled them by sensual and immoderate pleasures." For, as Addison affirms, music, when thus applied, raises noble hints in the mind of the hearer, and fills it with great conceptions; strengthening devotion, and advancing praise into rapture.

"Ye devotees to your adored employ,
Enthusiasts, drunk with an unreal joy,
Love makes the music of the blest above,
Heaven's harmony is universal love ;
And earthly sounds, tho' sweet and well combined,
And lenient as soft opiates to the mind,
Leave vice and folly unsubdued behind."

Delitzch asserts the existence in all Music, of not only an unspiritualized principle still remaining,

sirens to serve the purposes of vice, they would with more delight accompany their elder sisters, and add their grace- and attractive charms to what is most harmonious, muses like, and divine in human life."

of material *natural* origin, but also what he calls a Cainite element, of impure *sensual* origin, which makes it at once the most seemingly innocent and the most dangerously seductive of the Arts. "What pity base his song who so divinely sings!" exclaims the poet of the too fascinating minstrel in his Castle of Indolence. So Keble recognizes the liability to profanation of the sacred soul-enthral-ling strain—

"As in this bad world below
Noblest things find vilest using."

And that is a truly pregnant passage in Shakspeare where the most philosophical of his dukes (for he has more than one ducal philosopher) declares that

"Music oft hath such a charm,
To make bad, good,* and good provoke to harm."

A latter-day dramatist makes his Agolanti denounce the frivolous antechamber tinkling, that

"Attunes the pulse to levity ; puts folly
In mind of vice, as though the hint were needed."

* As a preservative, or conservative influence, Homer pays it a compliment more or less direct, when he ascribes to the bard devoted to Menelaus the immunity, for a time, of frail Helen from the dishonour which too soon overtook her :

"Atrides, parting for the Trojan war,
Consign'd his youthful consort to his care.
True to his charge, the bard preserved her long
In honour's limits ; such the power of song."

Mr. Landor's Panenos, the painter, with something of one-sided professional disparagement of a rival art, declares every clever composer he ever met with, or indeed ever heard of, to have been a child in levity and dissipation. "But, Panenos," urges his interlocutor, "surely we may be fond of music, and yet stand a little on this side of idiocy." The painter's reply, warming to his work, is, that he who loves not music is a beast of one species; he who overloves it is a beast of another, whose brain is smaller than a nightingale's, and his heart than a lizard's. "Record me one memorable saying, one witticism, one just remark, of any great musician, and I consent to undergo the punishment of Marsyas. Some among them are innocent and worthy men; not many, nor the first. Dissipation, and, what is strange, selfishness, and disregard to punctuality in engagements, are common and nearly general in the more distinguished of them.—O Music! how it grieves me, that imprudence, intemperance, gluttony, should open their channels into thy sacred stream!"* Again, in one of the

* *Pericles and Aspasia*, cviii.—In the best known of his poems, Landor makes the hero exclaim,

"O that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!
It always brings us enemies or love."

As to its faculty of making enemies, compare what one of our best essayists on social subjects has said of the *odium*

Imaginary Dialogues, that between Alfieri and Salomon the Florentine Jew, Walter Savage Landor is evidently propounding his own view of the matter, when he makes the former say of music, that it is both sunshine and irrigation to the mind ; but that when occupying and covering it too long, music debilitates and corrupts it. "Sometimes," the Italian poet proceeds to remark, "I have absorbed music so totally, that nothing was left of it in its own form : my ear detained none of the

musicum, that there is no hatred like that. Whereas nothing is held to excite so many uncharitable feelings among its promoters as a charity bazaar, he maintains that a charity concert excites them in far greater intensity. Even when there is no philanthropic object to be, as he says, a pungent satire on the proceedings, it is a rare thing, we are assured, to find much unanimity or mutual forbearance among amateur musicians. What, he asks, are the Christian graces to ladies whose voices compass two octaves, and gentlemen who can boast of an *ut de poitrine* ? The preliminaries to an amateur concert are described as one series of tiffs and huffs and sulks. And, the concert well over, the giver of it is pictured to our mind's eye resting his head upon his well-earned pillow, and dreamily speculating on the effect of music on the human character. "Does it do mankind more good or evil ? Why are those who devote themselves to the art so little-minded and self-seeking ? For one whom it refines and elevates, are there not twenty to whom it is morally injurious ?" And here, vaguely groping for the true answer to such suggestions—namely, that a thing is not bad because it is capable of abuse—the speculator is supposed to close his weary eyelids, and fall asleep.

notes, none of the melody; they went into the heart immediately, mingled with the spirit, and lost themselves among the operations of the fancy, whose finest and most recondite springs they put simultaneously and vigorously in motion."

Odysseus, forewarned, was forearmed against the Sirens, "whose song is death, and makes destruction please. Unblest the man whom music wins to stay nigh the cursed shore, and listen to the lay." *Sing sirens only? do not angels sing?* asks Young; but he is strenuous in his warnings against the strains of those who are more than a little lower than the angels, and whose degrading art can find for their hapless victims below the lowest depth a lower still. It is in the laureate's *Vision of Sin* that we hear "low voluptuous music winding tremble, woven in circles"—anon to storm in orbs of song, a growing gale, "as 'twere a hundred-throated nightingale." The strong tempestuous treble throbs, and palpitates; and we are lost in a giddy whirl of sound—

"Till, kill'd with some luxurious agony,
The nerve-dissolving melody
Flutter'd headlong from the sky."

Nerve-dissolving—there the offence lies, there the peril, there the penalty. Such the music of the "enchanter false" of the Castle of Indolence, with

whose siren melody its doomed denizens were
 "ymolten," while o'er the enfeebling lute his hand
 he flung.

"Each sound too here to languishment inclined,
 Lulled the weak bosom and inducèd ease ;
 such soul-dissolving airs
 As did, alas ! with soft perdition please :
 Entangled deep in these enchanting snares,
 The listening heart forgot all duties and all cares."

Plato's banishment of poets from his Republic, because they enervate the soul by pictures of immoderate desire, and overstep the limits of that moderation which alone can balance the soul,—is logically enough extended to musicians also ; to those, at least, who are plaintive and harmonious ; only the Dorian and the Phrygian* music being

* No tolerance in the Platonic Atlantis or Utopia for the soft music that Lydia taught, or that Ionia perfected ; such as Arbaces the Egyptian cultivated at Pompeii, and which came like a stream of sound, bathing the senses unawares ; enervating, subduing with delight. Modern echoes of which, with a difference, Pope's imitation of Horace may be taken to repeat, when he tells how

"The willing muses were debauched at Court :
 On each enervate string they taught the note
 To pant, or tremble through an eunuch's throat."

Pope wrote, however, at a time during which, and for long after which, music in general, and "fiddling" in particular, were voted effeminate and unmanly in England ; and when Britons were, as Mr. Thackeray says in *The Virginians*,

admissible—the one impetuous and warlike, the other calm. If the Spartans cultivated music and dancing, not without skill and success, it was always music or dancing of one kind ; on Plutarch's showing, it was a crime to vary an air or invent a measure. Adam Smith is treating of the republics

called upon by the patriotic prints to sneer at the frivolous accomplishments of your Squallinis, Monsieus, and the like. Great the contrast between that time and ours, when you so rarely meet with a man who likes to own that he is destitute of musical sensibility ; for nowadays, a *Saturday* Reviewer has remarked, persons who are incapable of being touched by the "concord of sweet sounds" are regarded as lacking something necessary to the completeness of their nature. "There is no more common source of lamentation among gentlemen than their want of technical and mechanical skill as performers. The old notions that a love of music indicates effeminacy, or leads to gross vice, are long since exploded in cultivated society." The salt of the sneer at fiddling has lost its savour.

It was in the last year of his life that Dr. Channing began to see what a large amount of pleasure in life he had lost by neglecting music. He describes himself as—now that he was beginning to grow old, and his ears losing their sensibility—"waking up more to the mysteries of harmony." But he is mindful to add to this record the memento : "There is one discouraging thought, that, in countries where music is most cultivated, force and freedom of soul seem wanting, and men acquiesce in servitude." This thought avails not, however, to prevent his rejoicing at the manifest breaking out of a musical spirit among his countrymen ; for, to a people so much "inclined to the positive and precise," good must come, he felt assured, from an infusion of this more ethereal influence.

of ancient Greece generally, when he states that every free citizen was instructed, under the direction of the public magistrate, in music as well as in gymnastic exercises,—the musical education being designed to humanize the intellect, to soften the temper, and to dispose it for performing all the social and moral duties of life. He takes note of there being nothing among the Romans to correspond to the musical education of the Greeks,—connecting this fact with that of the superiority of the public morals of the former. “It seems probable that the musical education of the Greeks had no great effect in mending their morals, since, without any such education, those of the Romans were upon the whole superior.” Sidonius, in his celebrated account of the character and habits of Theodoric, includes this notice of the royal Visigoth’s supper parties: “But female singers, and the soft effeminate modes of music, are severely banished, and such martial tunes as animate the soul to deeds of valour are alone grateful to the ear of Theodoric.”*

* Since the foregoing section, on MUSIC AND MORALS, was in type, I have seen advertized a forthcoming work, with the same title, by the Rev. H. R. Haweis, whose previous contributions to musical literature warrant the assurance of his treating the subject with an application of method, ethical and æsthetic, to which these piebald pages, on and off at a tangent, make not the slightest pretence.

XIV.

Is any Merry ?

Psalm lxxxii. 1 ; James v. 13.

IS any merry ? let him sing psalms,—the prescription is apostolical. “Sing we merrily unto God our strength,” is the Psalmist’s appeal ; “make a cheerful noise unto the God of Jacob. Take the psalm, bring hither the tabret : the merry harp with the lute.”

“I am never merry, when I hear sweet music,”

quoth Shakspeare’s Jessica. His Jaques confesses to a like constitutional bias. When that moody man of the woods prays for “more, more, I pr’ythee, more,” of such songs as Amiens* can

* The particular song in question, or rather in request, is *Under the greenwood tree*. Could Shakspeare have known how sweetly and spiritedly Dr. Arne would one day set to music that lyric of his,—and with what depth of sympathy the *Come away, death*,—not to cite other instances, he might well have pleaded, like his own Jaques, for “more, more, I

warble, under the shade of melancholy boughs (for now are we in Arden), the singer demurs, with the plea, or *argumentum ad hominem*, "It will make you melancholy, Monsieur Jaques,"—who at once disposes of the demur, with an "I thank it. More, I pr'ythee, more. I can suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel sucks eggs. More, I pr'ythee, more." Even that common tavern-music which made the commonalty merry, made Sir Thomas Browne devout and "deep-contemplative." All music, asserts Madame de Staël,* even if its occa-

pr'ythee, more." And these songs are nowadays practically shelved—clean forgotten, like a dead man out of mind; all alive though they be, every word of them, every note of them—while flabby stuff, "composed" for this or that vocalist, in the pay of this or that publisher, is presumably (judging by expenditure in advertisements) all the rage. But oh, the pity of it, ye Musical Worldlings,—but oh, the pity of it!

* See *Corinne*, l. vi. ch. i. In a later book, of the same work, occurs this passage: "Oswald, since his misfortunes, had never regained sufficient courage voluntarily to hear music. He dreaded those ravishing sounds, so agreeable to melancholy, but which prove so truly injurious while we are weighed down by real calamities. Music revives the recollections it would appease."—Again: "Music is so volatile a pleasure,—we are so sensible that it escapes from us even as we enjoy it,—that it always leaves a tender impression on the mind; yet when expressive of grief, it sheds gentleness even over despair." (l. ix., ch. ii.)

Oswald's shrinking from what would too deeply move him, has its parallel in Mr. Coventry Patmore's Frederick, lamenting a loss:

sion be a gay one, renders us pensive. Olimpia, in the *Legend of Florence*, has noted oft,—

“That eyes, that have kept dry their cups of tears,
The moment they were touch'd by music's fingers,
Trembled, brimful.”

And her companion expounds to her the philosophy of the problem, much as Shakspeare's Lorenzo does with Jessica's: “It is the meeting, love, of beauty so divine with earth so weak.”

Archdeacon Hare has even declared that, after listening to very fine music, it appears one of the hardest of problems, how the delights of heaven can be so attempered to our perceptions, as to become endurable for their pain.*

“And thus I dread the impatient spur
Of aught that speaks too plain of Her.
There's little here that story tells;
But music talks of nothing else.
Therefore, when music breathes, I say,
(And busier urge my task,) Away!
Thou art the voice of one I knew,
But what thou say'st is not yet true;
Thou art the voice of her I loved,
And I would not be vainly moved.”

* Here again Madame de Staël's words may be cited,—that the exquisite union of two voices perfectly in tune produces an ecstasy that cannot be prolonged without pain: she calls it a blessing too great for humanity, which vibrates like an instrument broken beneath too perfect a harmony.

The German transcendentalist in Galt's *Omen*, asserts that such persons as particularly delight in the delicacies of chromatic melodies, modulated in a flat key, whether they

But the author of the *Legend of Florence* had, long before, written a prose essay on the inquiry Why sweet music produces sadness ; and he takes exception to that "young and most elegant logician," Lorenzo's, explanation of it, as not sufficient ; for how does it account for our being moved, even to tears, by music which is not otherwise melancholy ? All attention, the essayist grants, may be said to imply a certain degree of earnestness, and all earnestness has a mixture of seriousness ; yet seriousness is not the prevailing character of attention in all instances, for we are attentive to fine music, whatever its character ; and sometimes it makes us cheerful, and even mirthful. "The giddier portions of Rossini's music do not make us sad ; Figaro does not make us sad ; nor is sadness the general consequence of hearing dances, or even marches." And yet, again, on the other hand, in the midst of any of this music, even of the most light and joyous, our eyes shall sometimes fill with tears. How is this ?

The reason surely is, as Leontius, not Lorenzo, takes it, that we have an instinctive sense of the

be composers, performers, or listeners, are seldom long-lived. For the most part, he maintains, they die before their forty-second year ; though a few, by reason of more strength, do sometimes reach to forty-nine. And here he professes to speak as an inductive philosopher.

fugitive and perishing nature of all sweet things,—of beauty, of youth, of life,—of all those fair shows of the world, of which music seems to be the voice, and of whose transitory nature it reminds us most when it is most beautiful, because it is then that we most regret our mortality.* Behind every scale in music, as one of New England's foremost writers pens it,—be that music the gayest and cheeriest, or the grandest, the most triumphant,—lies its dark relative minor; the notes are the same, but the change of a semitone changes all to gloom; "all our gayest hours are tunes that have a modulation into these dreary keys ever possible; at any moment the key-note may be struck." All sweet moods, to apply a line of Mr. Swinburne's,—

"Throw out such little shadows of themselves,"

leave such regrets behind.

It was with the music of the Miserere resounding in her ears, during the Holy Week in Rome, that Mrs. Shelley called it strange that grief, and laments, and the humble petition of repentance should fill us with delight—a delight that awakens

* "We do not, it is true, *say* this to ourselves. We are not conscious of the reason; that is to say, we do not feel it with *knowingness*; but we *do* feel it, for the tears are moved."—See the forty-sixth essay in the second series of *The Secr.* (A sibilant reference.)

those very emotions in the heart—and calls tears into the eyes, and yet which is dearer than any pleasure. It is, she considers, one of the mysteries of our nature, that the feelings which most torture and subdue, do yet, if idealized, elevated by the imagination, married harmoniously to sound or colour, turn those pains to happiness; inspiring agitation, and a tremulous but ardent aspiration after immortality.* Miss Yonge's Violet, in *Heartsease*, has often wondered why fine productions of art "should make one feel half sad and half thoughtful" when one bestows real attention on them. She is answered, "Perhaps because it is a straining after the only true beauty." Lamartine's description of the music of the sunny South, of Neapolitan dance music for instance, comprises the remark that gay though the instruments may be, and the attitudes those of joy, the airs are sad, the slow and long-drawn notes causing the hidden chords of the heart to vibrate to their depths. It is ever thus with music, he alleges, whenever it is not an empty amusement for the ear, but a harmonious vibration of the passions, which find an utterance in the voice. "All its accents are sighs,

* "Such seems the sentient link between our heavenly and terrestrial nature; and thus in Paradise, as Dante tells, glory beatifies the sight, and seraphic harmony wraps [*sic*] the saints in bliss."—*Rambles in Germany and Italy*, 1840-43.

all its notes blend tears with their sound. They can never strike forcibly upon the heart of man without his yielding them tears ; so full is nature, to her depths, of sadness, and so invariably does whatever moves her, raise the cup of bitterness to our lips, and veil our eyes with a robe of mourning." Prior avails himself of a like doctrine in his exposition of the experiences of King Solomon,—vanity of vanities, sorrow of heart and vexation of spirit. The monarch in his systematic pursuit of pleasure enlists the aid of the cheerful choir ; the lyre softens the timbrel's noise ; trumpet and Dorian flute commingle their notes, "both sweeter found when mixed ;" the fife refines the effect of the viol ; and for Solomon the symphony is repeated, or varied, at the opening and the closing of every day :

"Yet still in vain ; for music gathered thought ;
But how unequal the effects it brought !
The soft ideas of the cheerful note,
Lightly received, were easily forgot :
The solemn violence of the graver sound
Knew to strike deep, and leave a lasting wound."

Byron writes to Moore in 1813 that he has just heard one of his Irish Melodies* so well sung, that, "but for the appearance of affectation, I could

* In the *Life of Byron*, Moore incidentally remarks that he had known few persons more alive to the charms of simple music ; and that frequently had he seen the tears in Byron's eyes while listening to the Irish Melodies.

have cried." A few months later he tells him how his own singing of Moore's songs has caused so many tears, that a protest has been entered by one in authority, against his continuing the strain. Moore's own Diary is rife with examples to the purpose. He exults, at Lord Lansdowne's, in 1818, at making "the tears frequently stand in the eyes" of Dugald Stewart, his fellow-guest. "I never saw any *man* that seemed to feel my singing more deeply." "Miss Edgeworth, too, was much affected. This is a delightful triumph to touch these higher spirits!" In 1820 we have this entry: "Dined with the Fieldings: sung in the evening to him, her, Montgomery, and the governess,—all four weeping. This is the true tribute to my singing." In 1824 Moore has been dining at Lord Belhaven's, and writes: "Lady Tullamore so affected at 'Poor broken heart,' that she was obliged to leave the room, sobbing violently." Again, in 1828, at Colonel Bailey's: "Was in good voice, and with the 'Song of the Olden Time' drew tears from the young beauties around me." The next refers to Byron's once beloved Miss Chaworth, afterwards (and too soon for his peace) Mrs. Musters: "Sung a few songs, at some of which Mrs. M. cried." Another entry records how, at Mr. Hodgson's, Moore's singing of "And doth not a meeting like this" brought tears from both

singer and hearers. And once more, "more than once" the singer can speak to having "seen Jeffrey (though he professes rather to dislike music) with tears in his eyes" at the Song of the Olden Time.

Washington Irving loved to recall in his old age the emotions he felt as a child at his sister's singing of the old pathetic ballad, "The moon had climbed the highest hill that rises o'er the source of Dee." How it used to make him weep! he would exclaim; and yet how constantly he was begging her to sing it! So too would M. de Tocqueville recall the evenings at his father's chateau, when the servants were gone, and the family sat round the fire, and his mother, "whose voice was sweet and touching," would sing a royalist song on the death of Lewis XVI., "and when she ended, we were all in tears."

When at Alexander's Feast the sweet musician Timotheus, placed on high amid the tuneful choir, turned from the praise of Bacchus, and choosing "a mournful muse, soft pity to infuse," sang the fall of Darius, and that dismal end of his, exposed on the bare ground, with not a friend to close his eyes, with downcast looks sat and listened Philip's warlike son, "and now and then a sigh he stole, and tears began to flow."

Gibbon's account of Attila's royal feast omits

not due mention of the "vocal harmony" which moved the elder of the guests to tears. The dull idiot even, is, on Wordsworth's showing, susceptible to strangely stirred emotions by the same power. The Power of Sound is the name this poet has given to one of his poems, (a name by popular usage erroneously assigned to Spohr's great symphony, which professes to treat of, not the Power, but the Consecration of Sound;) in which poem the simile occurs, that as conscience smites, with irresistible pain, to the centre of being,

"So shall a solemn cadence, if it enter
 The mouldy vaults of the dull idiot's brain,
 Transmute him to a wretch from quiet hurled—
 Convulsed as by a jarring din;
 And then aghast, as at the world
 Of reason partially let in
 By concords winding with a sway
 Terrible for sense and soul!
 Or, awed *he weeps*, struggling to quell dismay.
 Point not these mysteries to an Art
 Lodged above the starry pole;
 Pure modulations flowing from the heart
 Of divine love, where wisdom, beauty, truth,
 With order dwell, in endless youth?"

Chaucer tells us how, "when that Arcite to Thebés comen was, full many a day he swell'd, and said, Alas! for see his lady shall he never mo;" and how, bereft of appetite, and unrelieved by sleep, he wasted to a shadow;

“And if he heardé song or instrument,
Then would he weep ; he mighté not be stent.”

Critics of taste have admired the touch about the music as exquisite ; and have favourably compared Chaucer with Dryden, who, in his modernization of the Knight's Tale, dare not let Arcite weep, when he hears music, but restricts him to a gentlemanly sigh. Praised by such a critical pen is the phrase John Keats uses, of “flattered to tears,” in the case of one whose was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve, but whom the spell of church melody moved to weeping :

“Northward he turneth through a little door,
And scarce three steps ere music's golden tongue
Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.”*

And just as Leigh Hunt relishes as a *bonne bouche*, or dainty bit, the quaint phrase “flattered,” in Keats, so does Sainte-Beuve smack his lips over an equally quaint phrase in Madame de Sévigné ; who, describing the tears shed by the quality at Lulli's *Cadmus*, continues, in her very own style, that she was not alone in her weeping *à de certains endroits* ; for “l'âme de M^{de}. de la Fayette en est toute

* Yes, comments the most genial, most congenial of Keats's contemporary critics,—“the poor old man was moved by the sweet music to think that so sweet a thing was intended for him as well as for others.”—See Leigh Hunt's review, among his collected essays, of *The Eve of St. Agnes*.

alarméc." The terminal word is the text for the master-critic's note of admiration: "Comme cette âme *alarmée* est bien la délicatesse même!" Jean Paul Richter bears record of himself that nothing so touched and exhausted him as fantasien on the pianoforte, himself the player, improvising impromptu after impromptu that Schubert might have loved to study, in that mood of dreamy reverie dear to them both; for between Schubert*

* Gradually this exquisite genius is becoming better known and valued in this country; and his chamber music, his symphonies, his overtures, are now and then to be heard, as well as his sonatas. For a while he was recognized amongst us as a song-writer only. But even in that capacity he was known by the general as the composer of only some half-dozen out of the centuries of songs he has left us. The *Wanderer*, and the *Erl-king*, an *Ave Maria*, and a *Hark, hark, the Lark!*—these, and some two or three others, made up the British repertory of his effects. Even now, though various lieder of the *Winterreise* and of *Die schöne Müllerin* series are becoming more or less familiar, besides such gems of purest ray and perfect setting as *Die junge Nonne*, yet there remains all but intact the bulk of Schubert's voluminous effects in vocal music. Few have made acquaintance with his singularly grand and expressive compositions on subjects from classical mythology and the like—often so impassioned, always so impressive—rich in imaginative power, infinitely varied in character, and many of them models of constructive art, fragmentary though they be. Noble examples of this kind are the *Orest auf Tauris* and *Der entsühnte Orest*; the agitated *Philoctet*, the fine *Fragment aus dem Æschylus*, the tuneful *Orpheus*, the forcible *Atys*, those highly dramatic

and Jean Paul there are clearly pronounced elective affinities ; and perhaps to appreciate the vague yet intense longings of some of Schubert's strains, there needs a sympathetic familiarity with Germany's prose-poet *der Einzig*. "I could thus kill myself," Richter says, of his fantasy-playing : "All buried feelings and spirits rise again. My hand and heart and eye know no limits. At last I close with an eternally recurrent but too powerful tone. One

scenas *Hektors Abschied* and *Antigone und Œdip*; the impetuous course of *Die zürnende Diana*, the energetic power of *An Schwager Kronos* and of *Gruppe aus dem Tartarus*, the melodious flow of *Aus Heliopolis* and of *Ganymed*, and the devout majesty of the *Lied eines Schiffers an die Dioskuren*. Then, again, what wealth of romantic invention and what felicity of narrative art in such pieces as the *Ritter Toggenburg*, and as *Ein Fräulein schaut vom hohen Thurm*; what resources of picturesque art in the *Ossian* series,—now of martial enthusiasm, now of stormy excitement, now of almost inexpressible pathos (as in that loveliest of Hebridean laments, welling over with tenderness, *Kolmas Klage*); what depth of feeling in the Mignon songs ; what a weird beauty in the wail of Thekla's ; what spirit in the hunting chansons ; what unsurpassable utterance of yearning desire, or of sombre solicitude, or of conflicting emotions, in such characteristic morceaux as *Drang in die Ferne*, and *Dass sie hier gewesen*, and *Du bist die Ruh*, and *Abendröthe!* But it seems invidious to particularize, when so many compositions equal in charm must be left unmentioned. The handy and moderately priced edition of Litolf, in some dozen volumes, will be a veritable treasure-trove to whoso would learn Schubert's wealth of song.

may be satisfied with hearing, but never can be with making* music; and every *true* musician could, like the nightingales, trill himself to death. When I have fantasied long, I break out into violent weeping, without thinking of anything decidedly melancholy. The tones cut deeper and clearer into ear and heart. Tears are my strongest, but most weakening intoxication." And in almost every song of that sweet singer, Schubert, we seem to detect *les larmes dans la voix*.

* How naturally would this assertion come from Schubert—as any one will probably agree who has studied the lingering linked sweetness, *so* long-drawn out, of his sonatas, and has marked his seeming reluctance to take leave of a beloved theme.

XV.

Songs of Pilgrimage.

Psalm cxix. 54.

TO the Psalmist the divine statutes were his songs in the house of his pilgrimage. The Pilgrim's Progress abounds with the voice of melody thus conceived, thus inspired, and thus expressed. Christian is cheered by the Interpreter, and goes on his way singing. Singing he goes up the hill Difficulty, after he has drank of the brook by the way; therefor he lifts up his voice. In the pilgrim's chamber called Peace, in the House Beautiful, he sleeps till break of day, and then he awakes and sings. After the dread duel with Apollyon, he gives thanks for victory in a pæan of praise. When he has safely passed the cave of the two giants, Pope and Pagan, he sings a song of deliverance. Faithful, as soon as he has shaken off that "bold villain" Shame, begins to sing. Immediately after Faithful's martyrdom, Christian goes on his way singing *in memoriam fratris* and

ad laudem Dei. When By-ends and his companions go over to Demas, Christian commemorates in song his own escape. In the pleasant meadow, beside the river of life, the pilgrims sing with one consent—

“Behold ye how these crystal streams do glide,
To comfort pilgrims by the highway side,” etc.

Such of them as escape Doubting Castle and Giant Despair, hymn forth a song of deliverance on their way to the Delectable Mountains. Through the glass of the Shepherds they see something like the gate of the Celestial City, and some even of the glory of the place; and as they go away, they sing. A Shining One chastises them sorely when He finds them astray, but they thank Him for all His kindness, and go softly along the right way, singing. In the Enchanted Ground Christian sings to Hopeful ere he will converse with him. And so again it is in the second part of the Progress. Mercy sings before coming to the Slough of Despond, and Christiana sings a blessing on the day that she “began a pilgrim for to be.” At the Interpreter’s house “there was also one that did sing, and a very fine voice he had. His song was this: ‘The Lord is only my support, and He that doth me feed,’” etc. Leaving the Interpreter’s house, the family of pilgrims “went on their way, and sang.”

Almost every incident of travel and adventure Mercy turns into a song. Prudence plays on "a pair of excellent virginals," and turns what she has showed the pilgrims into "an excellent song." When they are gone from the Shepherds they break forth into song, for that they, though pilgrims, joyful lives may live. Gladdened to the heart they are by overhearing in the grove "a most curious melodious note," with words of devout praise, while another answers it, hymning the goodness of God, whose mercy is for ever sure; gladdened, too, by overhearing in the fields the song of the shepherd boy in very mean clothes, but of a fresh and well-favoured countenance, who is tending his father's sheep; "and as he sat by himself he sang, . . . 'He that is down, need fear no fall, he that is low, no pride; he that is humble, ever shall have God to be his guide.'" Then again we have the song of Valiant, "Who would true valour see, let him come hither," with its refrain, "to be a pilgrim." And once more, and last of all, at Mr. Greatheart's discourse with Standfast there is a mixture of joy and trembling among the pilgrims; "but at length they broke out and sang," and after that they came into the land of Beulah, where the sun shineth night and day.

But a later poet, *not* wanting (as Bunyan did) the accomplishment of verse, has taught us that

“Light flashes in the gloomiest sky,
 And Music in the dullest plain,
 For there the lark is soaring high
 Over her flat and leafless reign,
 And chanting in so blithe a tone,
 It shames the weary heart to feel itself alone.”

And elsewhere he reminds us, wayfarers through
 city streets and slums, that

“There are in this loud stunning tide
 Of human care and crime,
 With whom the melodies abide
 Of th’ everlasting chime ;
 Who carry music in their heart
 Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
 Plying their daily task with busier feet,
 Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.”

In one stage of the Pilgrim’s Progress, where
 Christian sings, after he and Faithful have made a
 good riddance of Talkative, we are told of their
 colloquies, including the frequent snatches of song,
 that these “made the way easy, which would
 otherwise no doubt have been tedious to them, for
 now they went through a wilderness.” To apply
 the lines of a very different author,

“Voilà les pèlerins en route :
 A pied nous chantons * en marchant.”

* That is better than the resource adopted by La Fontaine’s
 two pilgrims, *le Chat et le Renard*, who, when they “s’en
 allaient en pèlerinage,” betook themselves to controversy, to
 beguile the way :

Cantantes ut eamus, says Virgil's shepherd,

"*Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet) eamus.*"

The aid and appliance is made available in *Evangeline* :

"Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their home and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and wayworn."

Says the Saracen to the Knight in Scott's *Talisman*, as together they traverse the desert,—“I cheer, to the best of my power, a gloomy road with a cheerful verse. What saith the poet,—‘Song is like the dews of Heaven on the bosom of the desert; it cools the path of the traveller.’” Wamba and the Black Knight in *Ivanhoe* shorten the sense of their long journey through the forest by part-singing,—the clown bearing a mellow burden to the better instructed cavalier. Mendelssohn describes himself, in one of his letters of travel, toiling his way quite alone through the Bavarian

“Le chemin étant long, et partant ennuyeux,
Pour l'accourir ils disputèrent.
La dispute est d'un grand secours :
Sans elle on dormirait toujours.”

Dante opens the twenty-fourth canto of his *Purgatory* with the pregnant lines,—

“Our journey was not slacken'd by our talk,
Nor yet our talk by journeying, still we spake,
And urged our travel stoutly.”

mountains, with Switzerland in view, unable to procure a guide, but gladdening himself with song : " I am now quite perfect in the Swiss *jodeln* and crowing, so I shouted lustily, and *jodelled* several airs at the pitch of my voice, and arrived at Tourgen in capital spirits." Many a less light-hearted, and infinitely less musical a wayfarer has found the like vocalization a capital resource for ensuring an effect the flat opposite of that announced by the ἄγγελος in Sophocles :

Σ' ὄντως ὀδὸς βραχῆια, γίγνεται μακρά.

Milton makes even his fallen angels

" Move on in silence to soft pipes, *that charm'd*
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil."

Dr. John Case is quoted in Mr. Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* as saying that every troublesome and laborious occupation useth music for a solace and recreation ; " and hence it is that wayfaring men solace themselves with songs, and ease the wearisomeness of their journey, considering that music, as a pleasant companion, is unto them instead of a waggon on the way."*

* And hence it is, he goes on to say, that manual labourers, and mechanical artificers of all sorts, keep such a chanting and singing in their shops : " the tailor on his bulk, the shoemaker at his last, the mason at his wall, the shipboy at his oar, the tinker at his pan, and the tiler on the housetop."

“While many a merry lay and many a song
Cheer'd the rough road, we wish'd the rough road
long,”—

is the testimony of the wayfarers in Johnson's poem.

M. Simonin, in his account of the miners in the mountains of the Tuscan Maremma singing at their work, and singing well, cannot resist, as one of his reviewers in this country said at the time, the temptation of a playful hit at our dull islanders. “In England,” he says, referring to the mining population, “the women and girls either do not sing, or, if they do, sing out of tune.” Good authority assures us that the Cornish people are, like all their allied races, strongly imbued with a taste for music, and that the women when engaged in similar tasks to those of the Italians, breaking up metallic ore at the surface, etc., are noted for singing choruses in parts with a correctness rarely exceeded, unless perhaps in Germany. Mr. Charles Reade tells us of the dredging-song of the fisherman of the Firth of Forth, that this old song is money to them. And thus he demonstrates his proposition:—dredging is practically very stiff rowing for ten hours; and the fishermen are agreed, alike those of Newhaven and their rivals, that this song lifts them through more work than untuned fishermen can manage. Mr. Reade, having heard the song, and seen the work done to it, inclines to think it helps the oar, not only by keeping the time true, and the spirit alive, but also by its favourable action on the lungs. “It is sung in a peculiar way: the sound is, as it were, expelled from the chest in a sort of musical ejaculations; and the like, we know, was done by the ancient gymnasts; and is done by French bakers, in lifting their enormous dough, and by our paviors.” Readers of *Great Expectations* will remember the song Joe Gargery used to hum fragments of at the forge, of which the burden was Old Clem, whom Mr. Dickens takes to have stood in the

During the military passage of St. Bernard in 1800, the ascent from the village of St. Pierre to

relation of a patron saint towards smiths ; the song imitated the measure of beating upon iron ; but Old Clem seems to have been in no sense identical with Handel's Harmonious Blacksmith. Readers of Goethe may recall Jetter the tailor, in *Egmont*, sitting at his work, humming a French psalm, thinking nothing about it, neither good nor bad, but singing it just because it is in his throat ; yet forthwith pounced upon as a heretic, and clapped into prison. Readers of *La Fontaine* will bethink them of the cobbler who sang from morning to night, while his rich neighbour had no heart for singing, and negotiated with him on the subject. Readers of the old dramatists may hold in lively remembrance the chatter of the citizen's wife in *Beaumont and Fletcher*, who so delights in old Merrythought's maxim, "Never trust a tailor that does not sing at his work ! his mind is on nothing but filching." "Mark this, George," the good woman bids her husband ; 'tis worth noting : Godfrey, my tailor, you know, never sings ; and he had fourteen yards to make this gown ; and I'll be sworn Mistress Penistone, the draper's wife, had one made with twelve." To quite another category as well as another age belongs the sweet Puritan girl of *The Minister's Wooing*, who, as she moves about at her household work, sings snatches of old psalm tunes, making the Doctor, as he listens, think about angels and the Millennium. "Solemnly and tenderly there floated in at his open study window, through the breezy lilacs, mixed with low of kine, and bleat of sheep, and hum of early wakening life, the little silvery ripples of that singing, somewhat mournful in its cadence, as if a gentle soul were striving to hush itself to rest." As charmed the Doctor is as we find Felix Mendelssohn to have been when he was extemporizing one day in his lodgings in Rome, and heard suddenly a splendid contralto voice repeat

the summit being painful and laborious in the extreme, the soldiers—a hundred of them harnessed to each gun, and relieved by their comrades every half mile—were inspirited to the toil by the music of each regiment playing at its head; and they animated each other by warlike songs, the solitudes of the Alps resounding with their strains. “I’ll sing to thee,” says one footsore exile to another, in a dramatic fragment of Mr. Procter’s,—

“I’ll sing to thee,
And cheer thee on our melancholy march.
’Tis said men fight the better when they hear

a theme out of his *Fantasia*. His friends too listened: it was a voice that had often entranced them; the young maid in the landlady’s service was in the habit of singing popular Italian airs while at her work. On that day, however, his biographer relates, Mendelssohn started up in surprise. Through the opened window the songstress was to be seen, packing all sorts of fruit into a large basket. “Oh, if I could only once hear her sing near!” exclaimed the maestro. “Call her in, then,” his companions urged. “But will she come?” The painters were bolder than the musician, and persuaded her to come in; and she sang, and Mendelssohn accompanied her extempore as she sang. But he may, after all, and in the long run, have liked best to hear her singing in her own way, and that was at work. Be that as it may, however, he provided for the musical education of this girl in the most self-sacrificing manner; and by the testimony of one of his most distinguished pupils, the simple maid of the *Piazza d’Espagna* became an excellent singer, renowned for the culture of her rare contralto voice.

Sweet music ; ay, endure fatigue and thirst,
Hunger and such poor wants."

Sorrowful is the speaker ; and sorrowing Cowper would have said, not after a godly sort, but rather one of those he describes as ignorant

" That Scripture is the only cure of woe.
That field of promise, how it flings abroad
Its odour o'er the Christian's thorny road !
The soul, reposing on assured belief,
Feels herself happy amidst all her grief,
Forgets her labour as she toils along,
Weeps tears of joy, and bursts into a song."

XVI.

Songs of Exile.

Psalm cxxxvii. 3, 4.

BY the waters of Babylon, there the Hebrew exiles sat down ; and there they wept, when they remembered Zion. Their harps they hanged upon the willows in the midst thereof. Weeping, they were required by their captors to sing ; those who wasted them required of them mirth : “ Sing us one of the songs of Zion.” “ How shall we sing the Lord’s song in a strange land ? ”

The Hebrew Melodies bid weep for those that wept by Babel’s stream, whose shrines are desolate, whose land a dream ; weep for the harp of Judah’s broken spell ; for,

“ When shall Sion’s songs again seem sweet ?
And Judah’s melody once more rejoice
The hearts that leap’d before its heavenly voice ? ”

They sat down and wept by the waters of Babel,
and thought of the day when their foe, in the hue

of his slaughters, made Salem's high places his prey. The stranger demanded the song, while sadly they gazed on the river which rolled on in freedom below ; but there was no singing the old songs to strangers, in a strange land. Least of all a song of mirth.

" 'Twas hard to sing by Babel's stream—
More hard in Babel's street,"

is Mrs. Browning's testimony. And, for one at least, the Leatherstocking of romance (to whose worth, by the way, she has paid printed homage) would heartily have echoed her assertion.* Hard enough, whether by stream or in street, to any one that realizes, in Schlegel's sense, the alienation of human nature from its true home. "When the soul," writes the elder Schlegel, "resting as it were under the willows of exile,† breathes out its

* Summoned by the convivial German major to pay his table-dues of song,—“Letter-stockint, vilt sing? say, olt poy, vilt sing ter song, as upout ter woots?” the hunter's reply, with a melancholy shake of the head, is, “No, no, Major ; I have lived to see what I thought eyes could never behold in these hills, and I have no heart left for singing.”—*The Pioneers*, ch. xiv.

† *Trauerweiden der Verbannen*, literally, the weeping willows of banishment ; the *Salices Babylonice*, as Linnæus termed them, by way of express reference to the 137th Psalm. Schlegel is defining melancholy to be the essence of northern poetry, and explaining why.

longing for its distant home, what else but melancholy can be the key-note of its songs?" The strains thus inspired may be likened to the murmur of the shell, which

"remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."*

* The famous lines from Landor's *Gebir*. A parallel passage in Wordsworth bred contention about priority and plagiarism of imagery. In *The Excursion* the Rydal poet speaks of having seen a child, who dwelt upon a tract of inland ground, applying to his ear

"The convolutions of a smooth-lipped shell ;
To which, in silence hushed, his very soul
Listened intensely ;—for from within were heard
*Murmurings whereby the monitor expressed
Mysterious union with its native sea.*"

Byron, in *The Island*, speaks of Ocean's mimic murmurer in the shell, "as, far divided from his parent deep, the sea-born infant cries and will not sleep, raising his little plaint in vain, to rave for the broad bosom of his nursing wave." So a later poet tells of the wide shore's hollow shells, vocal with music of the spirits of the foam,

"Which murmur, in the language of the deep,
Though haply far away, to one who keeps
Such ocean wealth to grace an inland home."

Dr. Holmes, describing that longing for the ocean breeze which those who have once breathed and salted their blood with it, never get over, and which makes the sweetest inland airs seem to them at last tame and tasteless, goes on to picture young Myrtle Hazard holding a tiger-shell to her ear, and listening to that low, sleepy murmur, whether in the sense or in the soul we hardly know, like that which had so often been her lullaby—a memory of the sea, as Landor

For, as a greater poet, in his great ode on Intimations of Immortality, has it, the soul cometh

and Wordsworth have sung. Of Landor's lines an enthusiastic critic (if enthusiasm and criticism be compatible) has said, that never, in remotest time, shall any one who has once heard or read them gaze into the white depth of the child of ocean, or apply his ear to its polished coolness, and hear, or seem to hear, the faint and far-off murmur of the main, without imagining these to be the words which the gentle oracle is uttering, and this the meaning of the spiritual and mysterious music.

The author of the *Chronicles of Clovernook* was fond of turning to didactic uses the sea-shell's message from the sea. His Hermit, of that ilk, waxes eloquent about the pinky shells upon the shore, "voiced with wondrous singing. Place one of them to your ear, and its voice will call up in your breast all the long mute music of your early days, when life dreamt not of hope, the present was so full of happiness. The shell will sing to you sweet familiar sounds of the past, blended with tones that harmonize, and yet are richer, deeper, sweeter than the air departed; as though some higher spirit caught the dying strain, continuing it in more melodious volume." So in the parable of the Sick Giant and the Doctor Dwarf, when Zim made the Giant place a shell to his ear, he listened and listened, and smiles crept over his face; and his eyes softened at the sound; and then he placed the shell at his heart, as though it spoke to that. "Why," says Lieutenant Tackle, in *Retired from Business*, "I can take one of those shells, clap it to my ear, and dream I am eighteen again—eighteen, and once more in Banana Bay." Hartley Coleridge brings us a freight of crimson shells, that mock the things of earth with semblance quaint,

"Imperial cradles of purpureal sheen,
And wreathèd trumpets, curiously convolved,

from afar—from God, who is our home; and in a season of calm weather, though *inland* far we be, our souls catch echoes of the immortal sea,

“And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.”

A trite experience in human life is the sadness of the player, or singer, who, outwardly smiling, with a smile lip-deep only, and expressive of nothing deeper, unless it be depth of sorrow, is constrained to play or sing. As with the glee-maiden in Scott's tale of Perth, whose gaiety was assumed, as a quality essentially necessary to her trade, of which it was one of the miseries that the professors were obliged frequently to cover an aching heart with a compelled smile.

Wherein the ocean's mighty harmonies
Serenely murmur in a humming slumber.”

And W. E. Aytoun, in his *Blind Old Milton*, has a simile about

“the low murmurs of the Indian shell
Taken from its coral bed beneath the wave,
Which, unforgetful of the ocean's swell,
Retains within its mystic urn, the hum
Heard in the sea-grots, where the Nereids dwell.”

The Sighing of the Shell is the subject of a little poem of Mr. George Macdonald's, with diverse interpretations of the burden of its undersong, all however suggestive and sweet. And the Delta of ancient *Maga*, David Macbeth Moir, has a tender sonnet, beginning,

“As speaks the sea-shell from the window-sill
Of cottage-home, far inland, to the soul
Of the bronzed veteran, till he hears the roll
Of ocean 'mid its islands chafing still.”

“Then who can ask for notes of pleasure,
My drooping harp, from chords like thine?
Alas, the lark's gay morning measure
As ill would suit the swan's decline.”

The trouble-tried widow Vincent, in *Salem Chapel*, constrains herself, with the heroism of a martyr, to add her soft voice, touched with age, yet still melodious and true, to the song of praise. The words choke her as she utters them, yet with a kind of desperate courage she keeps on. “Praise!—it happened to be a very effusive hymn that day, an utterance of unmitigated thanksgiving,” and wonderful is said to have been the “bitter difference between the thanks she was uttering and the position in which she stood.” Mechanically she sang on, “with her white face set in pale steadfastness,”—“her hands holding fast to the book; and over the ache of frightful suspense in her heart came the soft voice of her singing.” There is a song of slaves, in the most popular of slave stories, sung (at command) very boisterously, and with a forced attempt at merriment; but no wail of despair, the author insists, no word of impassioned prayer, could have had such a depth of woe in them as the wild notes of the chorus: “as if the poor, dumb heart, threatened—prisoned—took refuge in that inarticulate sanctuary of music, and found there a language in which to

breathe its prayer to God." So, after a sort, with the Caterina in George Eliot's first fiction, to whom, in her heartbreak of misery, it was always a relief to sing: the full deep notes she sent forth seemed to be lifting the pain from her heart, and to be carrying away the madness from her brain. In no sense applicable to her would be the opening couplet of Waller's verses *Of my Lady Isabella*,—

"Such moving sounds from such a careless touch!
So unconcern'd herself, and we so much!"

But in every sense applicable is that expressive fragment of Moore's—

"Ah, little they think who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking."

That old song of his childhood, the air of which was all he remembered, except just a few detached words, Rousseau could never recall without *un charme attendrissant*, never sing without *larmes dans la voix* as well as in the eyes. "Il m'est de toute impossibilité de la chanter jusqu'à la fin sans être arrêté par mes larmes." Thus writes Jean Jacques in his *Confessions*. The English Opium-eater, in *his*, avowed that "often when I walk, at this time, in Oxford Street, by dreamy lamplight, and hear those airs played . . . which years ago solaced me and my dear youthful companion, I shed tears, and muse with myself at the

mysterious dispensation which so suddenly and so critically separated us for ever." But the player in tears at his own playing, the singer hysterical over his own singing, is nothing preternatural, whether in books or in real life. Charles Wolfe, the author of the celebrated stanzas on the Burial of Sir John Moore, adapted a pathetic lyric to the Irish air *Grammachree*, after singing the air over and over till he burst into a flood of tears,—in which mood he composed the song in question, "If I had thought thou couldst have died." Thomas Moore writes in his diary, of an evening at Madame de Flahault's, in 1820, when he sang, as usual, but scarcely in his usual spirits: "If I had given way, should have burst out a-crying; as I remember doing many years ago at a large party at Lady Rothes'. No one believes how much I am sometimes affected in singing, partly from being touched myself, and partly from an anxiety to touch others." Elsewhere he tells how Miss Emmett one night burst into tears before she was half-way through singing his "Weep on, your hour is past," and started up from the pianoforte in a passion of sobs. In 1829, soon after the loss of one of his children, Moore records this experience of his at an evening with "the Fieldings. Attempted to sing . . . but just at the last line, when I had with difficulty restrained myself throughout, the violent burst

came ; and for near ten minutes (to the great alarm of the girls, who fled out of the room) I continued to sob as if my chest was coming asunder." A few weeks later we light on the following entry again—referring to his being forced to sing at Lord Anglesey's, where, the moment he sat down at the pianoforte, he felt that he should, in his own words, make a fool of himself: "The melancholy sound of my own voice [in 'Keep your tears for me'] quite overpowered me ; and had I not started up instantly, I should have burst into one of my violent sobbing fits, which, before strangers, would have been dreadful. I never was better pleased than to find myself in the street once more." It is of an evening at Bowood, nearly ten years later, that the diarist makes this mention: "I sat down, and began, unluckily, with 'There's a song of the olden time,' . . . and the melancholy, both of the song and of my own voice, affected me so much, that before I had sung the first two lines I broke out into one of those hysterical fits of sobbing which must be as painful to others as they are to myself, and was obliged to hurry away into the next room."

There is a fantasy-piece of Hawthorne's in which Burns is urged by a fellow-bard to sing his own song to Mary in Heaven ; but as soon as the feeling of those verses, "so profoundly true, and

so simply expressed, "touched him, "the tears immediately gushed into his eyes, and his voice broke into a tremulous cackle." Says dying Catarina to Camoens,—anticipating a day when the palace ladies, sitting round his gittern, shall have said, "Poet, sing those verses written for the lady who is dead,"—

"Will you tremble, yet dissemble,—
Or sing hoarse, with tears between,
'Sweetest eyes were ever seen'?"

On the occasion of the Klopstock Jubilee—held at Quedlinburg, in July 1824—Madame Funk sang "I know that my Redeemer liveth," with unusual power and fervour; insomuch that Weber, who had the direction of the musical festivities, and who had been wont to speak of this air as "an emanation of the greatest artistic inspiration, combining the most masterly scientific treatment with the noblest expression of Christian joy and love," was very deeply moved. No man, his biographer assures us, had a greater horror than Weber himself of any expression of strong emotion before the face of men. But on this occasion, though he struggled long and stoutly with the overpowering feelings, of religious reverence and artistic enthusiasm conjoined, which agitated him—the more so from the then shattered state of his nervous system

—he struggled in vain. “All on a sudden he let fall his baton, buried his face between his hands on his desk, and burst into a flood of tears.” And it was long before he could recover himself from the effect of this emotion.

The first time that Mendelssohn resumed the direction of the Leipzig concerts, after the death of his mother (in 1842), when the alto sang, *piano*, “Wie der Hirsch schreit,”* he was so overcome that he was obliged afterwards to go out of the room, to give free vent to his tears.

At the first performance of his masterpiece, the “Elijah,” at Birmingham, in the summer of 1846, “a young English tenor,” writes Mendelssohn to his brother, without however naming the singer, (it was that admirable vocalist Mr. Lockey—one whose finely cultivated voice, and pure, unaffected style, were lost too soon for the oratorio in England)—“a young English tenor sang the last air with such wonderful sweetness, that I was obliged to collect all my energies not to be affected, and to continue beating time steadily.”

Madame Polko's *Reminiscences of Mendelssohn* give us young Felix in his teens playing the E flat major Concerto of Moscheles, to the composer, with such power and spirit as to bring tears into

* From his own psalm, op. 42.

the composer's eyes. In a later section we have him one evening at Düsseldorf, when revisiting old friends there, himself now a father, and acquainted with grief, seated after supper at the piano, with his little son Karl on his knee ; playing at first as if in a dream, while the child sat motionless, his eyes fixed on his father's hands. " He then gently put him down, though the handsome boy continued to stand beside him, and Mendelssohn played on and on, every moment more beautifully, more touchingly, until all those around were in tears ; and when he ceased, sighs and low sobs alone betrayed the overwhelming impression he had made."*

Of his correspondent, the Baroness Dorothea Ertmann, and her relations with Beethoven, a characteristic story is told. Beethoven daily frequented her house in Vienna, and taught her his sonatas ; but his severe, gruff manner was predominant, and sometimes he would absent himself

* Again ; at an organ-concert in honour of Bach, Mendelssohn's own grand finale was an extemporized reverie, so to speak, on what his biographer calls "the most deeply touching choral melody in the world,"—*O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden!*—and no musician of the modern time, she assures us, was seated above in the organ-loft. "No ! it was the old and marvellous Sebastian Bach himself playing there. Sacred awe pervaded the souls of the listeners, and tears rushed to eyes that had long since ceased to weep."

for weeks together, "in a sulky humour, though he always came back, sooner or later." When the Baroness lost the last of her children, Beethoven's sorrow was right earnest; but his way of expressing it (and could there be, for him, a more excellent way?) was by coming and extemporizing at the piano as she sat beside him. Tears choked her utterance when he closed his improvisation pathetic; and he at once got up and left the room. Full heart, few words.

Very many will remember well Mr. Thackeray's mention, in one of his first set of lectures, of a French actor in whose company he dined once (once was presumably enough), and who began, at his own request, to sing French songs of the sort called *des chansons grivoises*, which he performed admirably, and to the dissatisfaction of most persons present; and who, having finished these, commenced a sentimental ballad, and sang it so charmingly that it touched all the company, and especially the singer himself, whose voice trembled, whose eyes filled with emotion, and who "was snivelling and weeping quite genuine tears by the time his own ditty was over." Fresh among the memories of *Bleak House* is Mr. Harold Skimpole playing snatches of pathetic airs, and sometimes singing to them, with great expression and feeling. His song about a peasant boy, "thrown on the

wide world, doom'd to wander and roam," which he warbled "quite exquisitely," always made him cry, he said.

It takes a Swiss ear to absorb the "plenary inspiration" of the *Ranz des Vaches*: at least others beside Wordsworth have owned themselves unable to detect the motive power* of that famous strain.

* The elder Disraeli, in his *magnum opus*, devotes a paragraph to the *Ranz des Vaches*, founded on Rousseau's article in his Dictionary of Music, and which, though without anything striking in the composition, has such a powerful influence over the Swiss, and has before now possessed them with so vehement a longing to return to their own country, that "it is forbidden to be played in the Swiss regiments in the French service on pain of death. There is also a Scotch tune which has the same effect on some of our North Britons."—*Cur. of Lit.*, First Series, § 87.

Boswell records himself satisfied that much of the effect of music is owing to the association of ideas: "That air which, instantly and irresistibly, excites in the Swiss, when in a foreign land, the *maladie du pays*, has, I am told, no intrinsic power of sound."—*Life of Johnson*, sub *anno* 1777.

Young Frederick Perthes had not been long in Leipzig when he wrote home letter after letter detailing how many "sweet recollections of Schwartzburg" were nestling in his heart of hearts. For example: "Here, in a neighbouring village called Gohlis, there is a cowherd who blows his horn as skilfully as the Schwartzburg trumpeter of yore. I can hear him in my bed, and you cannot imagine what a strange feeling comes over me, and the peculiar kind of sadness to which it gives rise."—*Life of Perthes*, ch. i.

Mrs. Schimmelpenninck expatiates on the delight with which

“I listén,” says Wordsworth—and the listening is surely from a favourable standpoint, on the top of the Pass of St. Gothard,—

“I listen—but no faculty of mine
Avails those modulations to detect,
Which, heard in foreign lands, the Swiss affect
With tenderest passion ; leaving him to pine
(So fame reports) and die,—his sweet-breathed kine,
Remembering, and green Alpine pastures decked
With vernal flowers. Yet may we not reject
The tale as fabulous.”

It not merely, as Hazlitt has said, recalls to the Swiss peasantry the image of their country, but has associated with it a thousand nameless ideas, numberless touches of private affection, of early hope, romantic adventure, and national pride, all which rush in (with mingled currents) to swell the tide of fond remembrance, and make them languish or die for home. “What a fine instrument the human heart is! Who shall touch it? Who shall

she used to hear her Swiss governess and Swiss *bonne*—both of them musical and passionately patriotic—sing in parts the *Ranz des Vaches*. “Never can I forget the deep pathos of that song ; every note thrilled through the soul ; and I think a Swiss could scarcely have felt it more than I ; whilst the mountains, clad in snow, or bright in varied light, the Lake of Geneva, with the Rhone gliding through it, the Jura, Lausanne, the rocks of Meillerie and Yverdun, seemed to rise before my mind almost with the vividness of sight.”—*Autobiogr.*, i. 25.

fathom it? Who shall 'sound it from its lowest note to the top of its compass'? Who shall put his hand among the strings, and explain their wayward music?" All the world knows that there is nothing which revives memories like music, says Dr. Croly; and he pictures effectively in one of his fictions a group of French *émigrés* overcome by the songs of France in a strange land: the airs which they had heard and sung from their infancy; the airs of their early companionships, hopes, and perhaps loves; sung in their gardens, their palaces, at their parents' knees, by the cradles of their children, at their firesides,—everywhere combining with the heart. "No power of poetry, nor even of the pencil, could have brought the past so deeply, so touchingly, with such living sensibility before them." Some are described as weeping silently and abundantly, while others buried their faces on their knees, and by the heaving of their bosoms alone showed how they felt; some sat with their large eyes fixed on heaven, and their lips moving as in silent prayer; others almost knelt, with hands clasped and eyes bent down, in palpable supplication.*

* See the seventh chapter of Croly's *Marston*. In an earlier one, the very mention among the *émigrés*, by a newly arrived exile from France, of Grétry's renowned, historically renowned air, *O Richard, O mon roi!* produces a similar

The Abbé Morellet relates of Franklin, from whom he heard the incident, that while travelling beyond the Alleghany Mountains, he chanced upon the sequestered home of a Scotchman, with whom he sojourned for a while, and whose wife, one fine evening, as she sat in front of their door, sang the Scotch air, "Sae merry as we hae a' been," in so soft and touching a manner, that the travelled American melted into tears, and the impression was still vivid in his mind after a lapse of thrice ten summers. If so cool-tempered, not to say cold-blooded, a personage as that most unsentimental Benjamin, could be thus moved to the centre of his being, by a melody not of his own native land, who shall wonder at the effect of Scotch airs on Scotch ears? *Delta* (Moir) commemorates the ancient melody of the green "Bush beyond Traquair," that from the steep o'erhangs the Tweed; hearing which, mayhap afar,

"In realms beyond the separating sea,
The plaided Exile, 'neath the evening star,
Thinking of Scotland, scarce forbears to weep."

effect. "The name was electric. All began that delicious air at the moment. Sobs and sighs stole in between the pauses of the harmony. Their rich and practised voices gave it the sweetness and solemnity of a hymn. Fine eyes were lifted to heaven; fine faces were buried in their clasped hands; and the whole finished like the closing of a prayer."
(ch. iv.)

So Byron tells us how "Auld lang syne" brought Scotland before him again,—Scotch plaids, Scotch snoods, the blue hills and clear streams—all his boy feelings, all his gentler dreams.* Another stanza of his sounds the praise of

"the home
Heart-ballads of Green Erin or Grey Highlands,

* Rambling with Scott among the pastoral regions of Tweedside, Washington Irving felt a thrill of pleasure when first he saw the broom-covered tops of the Cowden Knowes, and gazed on Ettrick Vale, Gala Water, and the Braes of Yarrow ; for at every turn there was brought to his mind some household air—some almost forgotten song of the nursery, by which he had been lulled to sleep in his childhood ; and with these the looks and voices of those who had sung them, and who were now no more. It is, he says, these melodies, chanted in our ears in the days of infancy, and connected with the memory of those we have loved, and who have passed away, that clothe Scottish landscape with such tender associations.

To the aged maiden aunt in Mr. Alexander Smith's household story, the slow monotonous music played by her niece brings back a melancholy past : the past blooms again as she listens, but blooms with the flowers and herbs of sorrow, —rue, the passion-flower, and love-lies-bleeding. With wistful eyes she looks back to the far-off brightness of girlhood, almost sunken now beneath the horizon of memory ; and her whole life seems filled with the sound of falling tears and the sighing of farewells.

To that charming old Grand'mère in Miss Tytler's Huguenot tale, the old ballads she loves to pipe, "in her sweet, cracked voice," over her lace-weaving, "were like drops of the nation's heart, that . . . now came to her, in green, misty England,

That bring Lochaber back to eyes that roam
O'er far Atlantic continents or islands,
The calentures of music which o'ercome
All mountaineers with dreams that they are nigh lands
No more to be beheld but in such visions."

with touches of the varied colours, and wafts of the sweet odours of the south." Play me, she would have said with the Irish Melodist, that well-known air once more, for thoughts of youth still haunt its strain, like dreams of some far, fairy shore we never shall see again.

"Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That shining o'er life's early track
Fill'd even its tears with light."

For, as the Melodist elsewhere says or sings, when through life unblest we rove, losing all that made life dear, should some notes we used to love in days of childhood meet our ear,

"Oh, how welcome breathes the strain !
Wakening thoughts that long have slept ;
Kindling former smiles again
In faded eyes that long have wept."

We recognize then, with a pang, if with a pleasure, the voices of the dead and songs of other years.

When Mrs. Crawley, in *Vanity Fair*, sings religious songs of Mozart, which had been early favourites of Lady Steyne, she does so with such sweetness and tenderness that the lady, lingering round the piano, sits down by its side, and listens until the tears roll down her cheeks. She is a child again, and has wandered back through a forty years' wilderness to her convent garden. "The chapel organ had pealed the same tunes ; the organist, the sister whom she loved best of the community, had taught them to her in those early happy days. She was a girl once more, and the brief period

Less than a thought, as Lady Eastlake says, the slightest breath of a hint, is sufficient to set the exquisitely sensitive strings of musical memory vibrating. "Pictures, poetry, thoughts, hatreds, loves, promises of course, are all more fleeting than *tunes*." These, she says, we may let lie buried for years, but they never moulder in the grave; they come back as fresh as ever, yet showing the depth at which they have lain by the secret associations of joy or sorrow they bring with them. There is no such pitiless invoker of the ghosts of the past, she adds, as one bar of a melody that has been connected with them; nor does any such sigh escape from the heart as that which follows in the train of some musical reminiscence.

There is, in Moore,—and where indeed is there not?—a song of the olden time, falling sad on the

of her happiness bloomed out again for an hour." Observe too the effect of Mercy's singing on Mr. Reade's Griffith Gaunt—(though Mercy has nothing of Becky Sharpe about her, but comes of an old Puritan stock, and even her songs are not giddy-paced, but solid, quaint, and tender; all the more do they reach the soul): "Griffith beat time with his hand awhile, and his own face softened and beautified as the melody curled about his heart. But soon it was too much for him; he knew the song; had sung it to Kate Peyton in their days of courtship. A thousand memories gushed in upon his soul and overpowered him. He burst out sobbing violently, and wept as if his heart must break."

ear, like the dream of some village chime, which in youth we loved to hear.

“ Give me that strain of mournful touch
 We used to love long, long ago,
 Before our hearts had known so much
 As now, alas ! they bleed to know.
 Sweet notes ! they tell of former peace,
 Of all that look'd so smiling then,
 Now vanish'd, lost—oh, pray thee, cease,
 I cannot bear those sounds again.”

As the Prince de Ligne used to say of *les souvenirs*, though so constantly called *doux et tendres*, there is a harsh bitter too often in the bitter-sweet, “ On se trouve si loin, si loin de ces beaux moments qui ont passé si vite, et qu'une chanson qu'on a entendue alors . . . rappelle en faisant fondre en larmes.” So again is Madame de Staël pathetic on “ ces derniers jours qui répètent d'une voix si rauques les airs brillants des premiers.”

Gustav Freytag declares of German emigrants, so many of whom lose the love for their fatherland, and even the power of speaking their mother-tongue fluently, that the melodies of home live with them longer than anything else ; and that many a fool who in a foreign country prides himself on being a naturalized foreigner, feels himself on a sudden a German again, on hearing a few measures sung that he had heard in his childhood.

XVII.

Songs in the Night.

Job xxxv. 10.

THE songs in the night of which Elihu speaks are by him said to be the gift of God. "In the night His song shall be with me," the Psalmist says; and elsewhere he calls to remembrance his song in the night. "Ye shall have a song as in the night," is part of the evangel of the prophet by distinction designated evangelic.

"Then feed on thoughts that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,
Tunes her nocturnal note."

Bishop Hall indites this among his *Occasional Meditations*: "How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the daytime it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear.* All har-

* In the Autobiography of the English Opium-eater, mention is made of a little incident that befell him in an obscure

monious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness. . . . O God, whose praise it is to give songs

Welsh inn, where, besides a smoky chimney and other inconveniences, the tourist had to put up with the noise of a public dance held there that night. The noise and uproar were almost insupportable, and sleep he could get none. But at three o'clock all became silent, the company having departed in a body. "Suddenly from the little parlour separated from my bedroom overhead by the slightest and most pervious of ceilings, arose with the rising dawn the very sweetest of female voices that ever I had heard, although for many years an *habitué* of the opera. She was a stranger; a visitor from some distance; and (I was told in the morning) a Methodist. What she sang, or at least sang last, were the beautiful verses of Shirley, ending—

'Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.'

This incident caused him to forgive the detrimental coincidents of the little inn; so sweet was the strain thus heard, at such a season, and with such a sense of relief by contrast.

Even the Waits o' Christmas nights, if at all tolerable, and not too near, are more than tolerable, are welcome, in their way, and once in a way, to waking listeners who might denounce the same players by daylight. The associations of memory tend to idealize the too probably coarse realism of these performers; and the listener perhaps essays to echo the poet's experience—

"At night the Waits mix'd with our dream
Their music sweet and low :
We children knew not, as we heard,
Each, listening, nestled like a bird,
Whether from Heaven the music came,
Or only over the snow."

Supernatural singing, the singing under the mill-house

in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful." Mendelssohn, in one of his letters from Italy, which describes an in every respect happy evening with Horace Vernet, and the close of it, when together they ascended the hill towards the "large dark villa," and all was so still and peaceful, adds this memento (and all his memories of Italy were memorabilia): "Fragments of music floated on the air, and its echoes in the dark night, mingled with the murmuring of fountains, were sweeter than I can describe." Corinne, the night before she quits Rome, unable to sleep, hears a troop of Romans singing in the moonlight, and is impelled to follow them in their rovings, singing as they go "to the silent night, when the happy ought to sleep;" "their pure and gentle melodies seemed designed to solace wakeful suffering." Drawn onwards by this resistless spell,

windows of Christmas carols, Maggie Tulliver always felt it to be, in spite of Tom's contemptuous insistence that the singers were old Patch, the parish clerk, and the rest of the church choir; she trembled with awe when the carolling broke in upon her dreams, and the image of men in fustian clothes was always thrust away by the "vision of angels resting on the parted cloud." Wordsworth is treating of the Christmas Waits in the Lake district, when he exclaims—

"How touching, when, at midnight, sweep
Snow-muffled winds, when all is dark,
To hear—and sink again to sleep!"

Corinne, insensible to fatigue, seems winging her way along ; and pauses to listen, now before the pillar of Antoninus, now at Trajan's column, and anon beside the obelisk of St. John Lateran. "The ideal language of music worthily mates the ideal expression of works like these: enthusiasm reigns alone, while vulgar interests slumber." If thou wouldst view fair Melrose right, go visit it by the pale moonlight ; and if good music be obtainable to grace the vision, and lap another sense in Elysian dreams, *tant mieux*, on Madame de Staël's showing.

In Thomson's Castle of Indolence,

"When sleep was coy, the bard, in waiting there,
Cheer'd the lone midnight with the muse's lore ;
Composing music bade his dreams be fair,
And music lent new gladness to the morning air."

It was, and may be still, a rule with the Herrnhuters for two men to keep watch nightly in the street of their chief settlement, their mission being to pray for those who slept, and to sing hymns which might excite feelings of devotion in those who were awake. A more likely means than good Bishop Burgess's resort to a musical box ; for that pious prelate habitually kept one of those rather finical instruments by his bedside ; nor, says his very congenial biographer, Dr. Harford, "were his Songs in the Night exclusively the Songs of Zion." From

David's harp of solemn sound, to the tinklings, however dulcet, of a musical box, the musical interval seems rather too abrupt. And yet the proverb measures for us, to a nicety, the exact interspace that separates the sublime from the ridiculous.

At midnight, in the prison at Philippi, Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises unto God; and the prisoners heard them—heard the hymns, if not the prayers. Heard, and probably wondered; for, was midnight the season for song? were bonds and imprisonment provocative of praise?

Mankind has ever listened with a sensation of surprise to songs at midnight, warbled by "spirits in prison;" above all when the darkness is the forecast shadow of the grave, and when the night gloom is the very shadow of death.

Celebrated in Northern literature is the *Krakamal*, the death-song of the pirate Ragnar Lodbrok, said to have been sung by him when, being taken prisoner by Ella, king of Northumberland, he was shut up in a barrel with snakes. It ends with the famous line, "Laughing will I die." If *that* reminds us, on the one hand, of Romeo's query,

"How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry?"

on the other, it reminds us of Prince Henry's words,

when Pembroke reports of the dying king that, *in extremis, in articulo mortis*, "even now he sung,"

"'Tis strange that death should sing.—
I am the cygnet to this pale faint swan,*
Who chants a doleful hymn to his own death ;
And, from the organ-pipe of frailty, sings
His soul and body to their lasting rest."

* The swan-song simile has ever been a favourite one with the poets. Shakspeare uses it of his Lucrece, employing too the same epithet, pale :

"And now this pale swan in her watery nest
Begins the sad dirge of her certain ending."

His dying Emilia, recalling Desdemona's *Willow song*, exclaims,

"What did thy song bode, lady?
Hark, canst thou hear me? I will play the swan,
And die in music ;—*Willow, willow, willow.*"

There duly figures amid Chaucer's *Assembly of Foules*,

"The jelous swan, ayenst his deth that singeth."

Olorum morte narratur flebilis cantus, writes Pliny ; but he takes occasion to add, *falsò ut arbitror aliquot experimentis*. Sir Thomas Browne enters this fallacy among his *Vulgar Errors*. And thus he sums up his view of the matter : "When, therefore, we consider the dissension of authors, the falsity of relations, the indisposition of the organs, and the immusical note of all we ever beheld or heard of, if generally taken, and comprehending all swans, or of all places, we cannot assent thereto. Surely he that is bit with a tarantula, shall never be cured by this music ; and with the same hopes we expect to hear the harmony of the spheres." His previous remarks recognize the great antiquity of the belief—the musical note of swans having found yet earlier commendation than the

Tenderly Desdemona, herself death-doomed, recalls the maid Barbara's moribund snatches of song :

“ she had a song of—willow,
An old thing 'twas, but it express'd her fortune,
And she died singing it. That song, to-night,

melody of Sirens. Orpheus became a swan after death. But here we are rather concerned with the moderns.

La Fontaine's *cuisinier*, in his cups, is about to make savoury meat of *le cygne*, when

“L'oiseau, prêt à mourir, se plaint en son ramage,”—

and the man intent on slaughter is overcome by the strain : a throat that sang like that ought to have other destiny than the stew-pan :

“Quoi ! je mettrais, dit-il, un tel chanteur en soupe !
Non, non, ne plaise aux dieux que jamais ma main coupe
La gorge à qui s'en sert si bien !”

Keats begins his notes of sweet music that has been heard in many places with “Some has been upstirred from out its crystal dwelling in a lake, by a swan's ebon bill ;” but he is not thinking, with Ovid, of

“The swans that on Cayster often tried
Their tuneful songs, now sung their last, and died.”

Suggested by the *Phædon* of Plato is that sonnet of Wordsworth's which tells how the poet heard (alas, 'twas only in a dream) strains—which, as sage Antiquity believed, by waking ears have sometimes been received wafted adown the wind from lake or stream ;

“A most melodious requiem, a supreme
And perfect harmony of notes, achieved
By a fair swan on drowsy billows heaved,
O'er which her pinions shed a silver gleam.

Will not go from my mind : I have much to do
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor Barbara."

For is she not the votary of Apollo?
And knows she not, singing as he inspires,
That bliss awaits her which the ungenial Hollow
Of the dull earth partakes not, nor desires?
Mount, tuneful bird, and join the immortal quires !
She soared—and I awoke, struggling in vain to follow."

The Dying Swan is one of Mr. Tennyson's earliest poems—telling how the wild swan's death-hymn took the soul of waste places with joy hidden in sorrow ; a low warble at first, but full and clear ;

"And floating about the under-sky,
Prevailing in weakness, the coronach stole
Sometimes afar, and sometimes anear ;
But anon her awful jubilant voice,
With a music strange and manifold,
Flow'd forth on a carol free and bold,"

which is likened to the rejoicing of a mighty people with shawms, and cymbals, and harps of gold, the tumult of whose acclaim is rolled through the open gates of the city afar, to the shepherd who watcheth the evening star. By the wild swan's death-hymn, the creeping mosses and clambering weeds and hoar dank willow branches, and the sougling reeds, and the silvery marish-flowers among desolate creeks and pools, "were flooded over with eddying song." And what is the ending of the king who hied him to the island-valley of Avilion,—what the *morte d'Arthur* ?

"So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,"

ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood with swarthy webs. Again, the Earl's old minstrel, in Owen Meredith's poems, whom, with his long white hair and golden harp,

There is another passage in Shakspeare on music for the moribund, which might do for motto to

they watch roving back to the burning halls of his master "chanting a lonely lay," is described as

"Chanting and changing it, o'er and o'er,
Like the mournful mad melodious breath
Of some wild swan singing himself to death,
As he floats down a strange land leagues away."

By poetical licence, consecrated by tradition, this melody is ever assumed to be of ravishing sweetness. The swan's is by prescription of Parnassus, emphatically a dulcet voice, a *douce voix* :

"Tel qu'au jour de sa mort, pour la dernière fois
Un beau cygne soupire, et de sa douce voix,
De sa voix qui bientôt lui doit être ravie,
Chante, avant de partir, ses adieux à la vie."

But even poets are constrained to become prosaic on the subject, when they merge poetics in matter-of-fact natural history. Walter Savage Landor could make as much melody out of a swan song as most of his contemporary bards, when *le chant du cygne* was his cue ; but in his Imaginary conversations Tersitza talks with Odysseus about the "low hoarse voices" of two swans, old friends of hers, on the lake, and goes on to quote Agatha's assertion "that their voices are not always low and hoarse," and that when they are about to die they sing delightfully. "I was glad," quoth Tersitza, "the poor creatures had many years to live, for they certainly had made no progress in their singing." So Lord Lytton somewhere takes note of that low hissing salutation, which, it is to be hoped, they change for something less sibilant in that famous song with which they depart this life. And in another place he refers to the half snort and half grunt, to which change of time or climate has reduced the vocal accomplishments of those classical birds, so pathetically

Mozart's *Requiem*, according to the story, be it myth or not, which asserts its composition to be the utterance of his own *Requiescam* :

“Cause the musicians play me that sad note
I named my knell,”

Katharine of Aragon bids her good Griffith,—the while she meditates on that celestial harmony she goes to. However it may have been with Mozart, Adolf Hasse, the once accepted rival of Handel, some years before his death composed a *Requiem* for his own funeral, which was duly applied to the intended purpose, and which is said to be a work affording evidence of unabated vigour at an advanced period of his life.

Mr. Hogarth, in his *History of Music*, after re-

melodious in the age of Moschus, and on the banks of Cayster. It is only by poetical licence the swan-song is supposed to be melodious or pathetic now; or by way, perhaps, of sarcastic similitude, as in the *Rape of the Lock* :

“Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.”

The swan songs of prose romance are typified in the story of the boy minstrel in Antonina, upon whose ear, at the close of his song to Glyco, the applause of the guests falls noiseless. His voice had changed as he sang to an almost unearthly tone, and those who turned to look at him saw a change in the face as well. A spasm, a fall, and all was over. “We have heard the note of the swan singing its own funeral hymn,” the patrician Placidus placidly remarks.

cording Haydn's composition of that national hymn of Austria which mainly constitutes the popularity of his Quartet in C, No. 77, and which he expressly composed for the Emperor Francis, to whom the old maestro was greatly attached, goes on to describe Papa Joseph's anxiety for the Kaiser's safe return to Vienna, in 1809; the French beginning to bombard the city on the 10th of May. Four bombs fell close to Haydn's dwelling, and their explosion filled his little household with terror. "He roused himself, and getting up from his chair, rebuked his servants with dignity for their want of firmness. But the effort was too much for him; he was seized with a convulsive shivering, and carried to bed. His strength continued to diminish; yet on the 26th of May he caused himself to be placed at the pianoforte, where he again sang the national hymn, *God preserve the Emperor*, three times over, with all his remaining energy. It was the song of the swan. While he sat at the pianoforte, he fell into a state of stupor, and at length expired, on the morning of the 31st of May," in his seventy-ninth year. Of Chopin's last hours the account, as elsewhere given, is, that feeling the approach of death, he was intent on bidding a last farewell to the instrument which had given utterance to his poetic inspirations, and had been musically and materially the making of him. So a piano was brought to his bedside, and

with icy hands and clouded vision he attempted to draw a few sounds from it. "A sweet and touching melody, deeply expressive of regret, was whispered forth; but the musician was unable to complete his pathetic improvisation. He fell back on his bed of suffering, and expired a few hours afterwards." Then again of the great basso—physically great, as well as artistically—Lablache, we read, that he attempted to sing upon his death-bed, that he might in death, as he had done in life, assert his devotion to his art. "Go to the piano," he bade one of his children, "and accompany me." The son, struggling to conceal his emotion, obeyed. Lablache then sang the first verse of our English *Home, sweet home*.* At the second verse the

* That is the tune to which a popular novelist makes his old fantoccini man "play himself out" of life when his time comes. "'Hick'ry,' says he, 'the performance is over; but I tell you what I should like to do,—just to play that old tune when the skeleton used to come up in the fantysceny before he tumbled to bits. 'Where's the pipes?' Now, you see the curious thing was we hadn't worked them dolls—not, not for years. Well, we gave him the pipes, and he began to play *Home, sweet home*, quite slow, as he used. And when he came to the part where the skeleton fell to pieces, down he went, all of a heap, just as the doll did; and never spoke again. Played himself out, regularly." The factor in Scott's Zetland story says of Claud Halcro and his fiddle, "whilk, I am apt to think, wad skirl at his father's death-bed, or at his ain, sae lang as his fingers could pinch the thairm."

singer's throat contracted, and not a note could issue from it. That night he died.

Of William Blake, the artist, who died (1827) in his seventieth year, we are told by Mr. Smith, that on the day of his death he "composed and uttered songs to his Maker, so sweetly to the ear of his Catherine [wife for forty-five years past], that when she stood to hear him, he, looking upon her most affectionately, said, 'My beloved! they are not mine. No! they are not mine!'" Or as his biographer* describes the scene,—in that plain back room, but a few yards' remove from the roaring Strand, "he lay chanting Songs to Melodies, both the inspiration of the moment, but no longer as of old to be noted down. To the pious songs followed, about six in the summer evening, a calm and painless withdrawal of breath; the exact moment almost unperceived by his wife, who sat by his side." Another account, by a "now distinguished painter," records of Blake, that, just before he died, his countenance became fair, his eyes brightened, and he "burst out into singing of the things he saw in heaven."

When the days of Thomas Moore were dwindled to a span, he would sing, or ask his wife to sing to him, the favourite airs of his past days. Even the

* Gilchrist, *Life of Blake*, vol. i., p. 361.

day before his death, as Earl Russell tells us, he (in his Bessie's phrase) "warbled." His Diary and his letters contain a plurality of instances of the same kind, mostly in his own family, as though it ran in the blood. In 1816 we find him writing to his fast friend and constant correspondent, Miss Godfrey,—“We have had a melancholy event among us lately: a lovely young girl of eighteen, left us a bride, and in six weeks afterwards was a corpse. During her last delirium she sang several of my sacred songs, of which the poor girl was a most enthusiastic admirer.” In 1829 the poet suffered the bitter loss of his darling child Anastasia, whom he describes essaying her voice in song again and again—especially on one occasion, his own “When in death I shall calm recline.” And when, fourteen years later, Moore was again bereaved of a beloved child,—this time his younger boy, Russell,—after recording with a thankful heart that the “poor little fellow suffers but little pain,” his father adds: “A night or two since he was singing over some of his favourite songs, and, indeed, sang himself to sleep.”

That Captain Hamilton, of the Abercorn family, whose portrait was one of the first painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds, lost his life at sea, while imprudently venturing in a boat from his ship to land at Plymouth, on a tempestuous day, all in his

impatience to rejoin his wife ashore. The boat turned keel upwards, and the captain, being a good swimmer, trusted to his skill, and would not accept of a place on the keel, but, that he might leave room there for others, clung merely to the edge of the boat. His great-coat was a hindrance to him, and this he attempted to throw off; but, in the words of Lord Eliot, whose too are the italics, "finding his strength fail, he told the men he must yield to his fate, and soon afterwards sank while *singing a psalm.*"*

The Confederate General J. E. B. Stuart, that "model of Virginian cavaliers and dashing chieftains," who received his death-wound in the early summer campaign of 1864, and whose loss occasioned more painful regret than that of any Southern leader since Stonewall Jackson, is said

* Mr. Carlyle may well call it a "characteristic trait" in his favourite Friedrich Wilhelm, as that "wild son of Nature" lay a-dying, that on a certain German hymn which he "much loved" being sung to him, or along with him,—when they came to the words, "Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go out,"—"No," said he, with vivacity, "not quite naked; I shall have my uniform on." After which the singing went on again.—With vivacity. Akin, say, to that with which the mother of Henri Quatre—not left the world, but brought her son into it; for historians, without romancing, tell us she had sung a gay Béarnese song as her brave boy was coming into the world at Pau.

to have turned to the Episcopal clergyman who attended him at the last, and asked him to sing the hymn, "Rock of ages, cleft for me, let me hide myself in Thee,"—and Stuart himself joined in the singing with all the voice and strength that remained to him.

On the memorable night, as Gibbon designates it, when the church of St. Theonas was invested by the troops of Syrianus, the archbishop, Athanasius, seated on his throne, expected, with calm and intrepid dignity, the approach of death. "While the public devotion was interrupted by shouts of rage and cries of terror, he animated his trembling congregation to express their religious confidence by chanting one of the psalms of David."*

* Gibbon, *Rom. Empire*, ch. xxi.

A deep impression was made on Wesley, during his outward passage to America with the Moravians, by the circumstance that, during imminent peril from a storm at sea, they calmly sang on,—with death, but not the fear of death, before their eyes. Having admired their meekness, and tranquillity, and freedom from every trace of resentment, during the earlier part of the voyage, Wesley was now curious, as Southey relates the incident, "to see whether they were equally delivered from the spirit of fear, and this he had an opportunity of ascertaining. In the midst of the psalm with which they began their service, the sea broke over, split the mainsail, covered the ship, and poured in between the decks, as if, he says, the great deep had already swallowed us up. A dreadful screaming was heard among the English colonists;

Jerome of Prague, bound naked to the stake, continued to sing hymns with his "deep untrembling voice"—that voice which was ever "clear, sweet, sonorous," and with "a certain dignity" in its accents. The Christian hero could emulate the Pagan braves of whom Strabo tells us they pealed forth the pæan of victory from the cross to which Roman cruelty had nailed them. So the old Germans would sing their death-song in the midst of torture. The Red Indians * would do that too.

the Moravians calmly sang on. Wesley afterwards asked one of them, if he was not afraid at that time. He replied, 'I thank God, no !' He was then asked if the women and children were not afraid. His answer was, 'No ; our women and children are not afraid to die.'—*Southey's Life of Wesley*, ch. iii.

* Fenimore Cooper's tales have familiarized us all with examples of this,—and not all his Red Indian fictions are devoid, or defiant, of fact. The Leatherstocking testifies to his knowledge of the redskins singing their death-songs, with their flesh torn with splinters, and cut with knives, the fire raging round their naked bodies, and death staring them in the face.—*The Pathfinder*, ch. ii. The aged Indian John, in another story, though past recognizing familiar faces,—his own blackening with the last shadow,—begins to sing, in low guttural tones, his notes rising with his theme till they swell to fulness ; and the priest inquires of Leatherstocking, with tender interest, what it is he sings, *whose* praise?—to be answered, His own ; the redskin's vaunt of victories achieved and of prowess once supreme.—*The Pioneers*, ch. xxxviii. In yet another of these tales we have David, the precentor, in the belief that his last hour is come, and with the war-whoop of the savages in his

It is very French, the marching of the Girondins to the guillotine, singing in full chorus *Allons, enfans de la patrie, Le jour de gloire est arrivé*; and still singing as the executions went on, one voice the less each time, the dwindling remnant never ceasing to *chanter** with firm voices, as their

ears, breaking forth in a loud and impassioned strain, for he essays to smooth his passage into the other world by singing the opening verse of a funeral anthem.—*The Last of the Mohicans*, ch. xxvii.

* There is a nice touch of discrimination in Father Prout's rendering into French the fate of the too notorious Larry in the Irish ballad. In the original, Larry meets his fate with unostentatious fortitude—not a syllable about singing; for

“Not one word did poor Larry say.”

Whereas, the French version runs—

“Le trajet *en chantant* il fit,
La chanson point ne fut un psaume”—

his ruling passion for theatrical display, *i. e.*, the French Larry's, being, as an English critic observes, strong in death.

When Latour was guillotined at Foix, in 1864, for the murder of a family in four persons, great was the throng in the streets, despite the heavy rain that fell; for, to ensure a good attendance, the condemned man had announced his intention to compose for the occasion a series of verses, which he would sing on his way (in the cart, *vis-à-vis* with messieurs the headsmen) from prison to scaffold. And sing them he did, all the way,—a matter of some three hundred and fifty yards. Lightly he tripped up the steps of the scaffold, and then, after a deliberate survey of the crowd below and all around, he thundered forth, *tonna*, the following lines—a

friends gone before were successively beheaded ; until one voice alone was left to *chanter* the Marseillaise—it was that of Vergniaud, who, as leader of the Girondins, was chosen to suffer last. “They all died,” writes one historian of those times, “with the resolution of Romans, chanting with their last breath the hymn of the Revolution.” A year later, a similar but more Christian-like scene occurred, when all the nuns of the Abbey of Montmartre, with the lady abbess, were executed together : they began to chant the *Salve Regina* as they left the doors of the Conciergerie, and continued singing the whole way through the streets to the scaffold ; nor did the devout strain end until the head of the last of the nuns—there were eighteen of them—had fallen beneath *Saint Guillotine*. There were spectators, and, in the French sense, assistants, who were capable of putting a

parody, or rather say a personal appropriation, of the Marseillaise :

“ Allons, pauvre victime,
 Ton jour de mort est arrivé :
 Contre toi de la tyrannie
 Le couteau sanglant est levé ! ”

Being then tied to the plank and flung into the usual horizontal position in order to be brought under the blade, he still went on—*Allons, pauvre victime, Ton jour de mort*—until a heavy sound was heard, the blade fell, something else fell with it, and all was over.

question as heartless as that of the rustic in the fable, already cited, who said to the roasting shell-fish, "Oh, ye Cockles! near to death, wherefore do ye sing?" It is a tradition in Corsica, that when St. Pantaleon was beheaded, the *caput mortuum*, as it might have been thought, rose from the block and sang.

Full as Joinville is of a touching *sensibilité* which gives emphasis and relief to his characteristic *gaieté*, and which finds expressions *en traits simples et rapides*, there are perhaps few examples of it more telling, not to say tear-compelling, than the incident of his chaplain singing mass for him, and dying as he sang. Joinville was ill of an epidemic, and so was his chaplain,—“pareillement l'étoit son pauvre prêtre. Un jour advint, ainsi qu'il chantoit messe devant le sénéchal couché dans son lit, quand le prêtre fut à l'endroit de son sacrement, Joinville l'aperçut si très-malade, que visiblement il le voyoit pâmer.” Joinville instantly scrambled out of bed, and, as well as he could, supported that fading form. “Et aussi acheva-t-il de célébrer sa messe, et onques puis ne chanta, et mourut. Dieu en ait l'âme.”

Malherbe is said to have died singing in a broken voice (*en mourant il chantait d'une voix cassée*), “Je suis à Rhodante, je veux mourir sien.”

If Lucan died not singing—as the blood ebbed gradually away and away from the veins he had

opened,—at least he died repeating some of his own verses, which described the death of a wounded soldier from loss of blood. Thomas Hood, when his mind was wandering, towards the last, though he sang not, repeated, in tones his children can never forget, “I’m wearin’ awa’, Jean, like snaw-wreaths in thaw, Jean,—I’m wearin’ awa’—to the land o’ the leal.” No one, testifies Mrs. Broderip, could listen to this without tears, coming from the frail form that was fading so fast; and the effect must have been the more touching from Jane being the name of the wife he was leaving. Sometimes the dying person will have others sing,—perhaps enjoin a song of praise after the last sigh is exhaled; as did John Wesley’s venerable mother, the widow of the good rector of Epworth. “We stood round the bed,” says the most renowned of her sons, “and fulfilled her last request, uttered a little before she lost her speech: ‘Children, as soon as I am released, sing a psalm of praise to God.’” Dr. Holmes somewhere utters a benediction on “dear good Dr. Watts,” for “those blessed hymns of his” that sing us into consciousness in our cradles, and come back to us in sweet, single verses, between the moments of wandering and of stupor, when we lie dying, and sound over us when we can no longer hear them, “bringing grateful tears to the hot aching eyes beneath the

thick black veils.” Blind Alice in *Mary Barton*, dying, sings at intervals, like the child she deems herself; with the dearly-loved ones around her, with the scent of the heather, and the song of the wild bird hovering about her in imagination—with old scraps of ballads, or old primitive versions of the Psalms (such as are sung in country churches half draped over with ivy, and where the running brook, or the murmuring wind among the trees, makes fit accompaniment to the chorus of human voices uttering praise and thanksgiving to their God). Zilia, in the *Surgeon's Daughter*,* seizes a harpsichord, and wanders over the keys, producing a wilderness of harmony, composed of passages recalled by memory, or combined by her own musical aptitude, until at length her voice and instrument unite in “one of those magnificent hymns in which her youth had praised her Maker, with voice and harp, like the royal Hebrew who composed it.” Her vocal tones, conjoined with those of the instrument, “rose to a pitch of brilliancy seldom attained by the most distinguished

* In a much earlier, and happier, fiction of Sir Walter's, *The Antiquary*, there is an aged woman whom, on her dying bed, Monkbarns is surprised to overhear, chanting with tremulous voice a wild and doleful ballad. Ochiltree calls it a sad thing “to see human nature sae far o'erta'en as to be skirling at auld sangs” after that sort.

performers, and then sank into a dying cadence, which fell, never again to rise,—for the songstress had died with her strain.” Anon her husband speaks of her as the angel who had escaped from earth in a flood of harmony. Mr. Nassau Senior, without condescending to details, pronounces the death of Zilia, her last breath poured out in song, to be a physical impossibility. He would probably have taken exception, on other grounds, to Madame de Charrière’s Caliste, “exhalant à Dieu sa belle âme en faisant exécuter le *Messiah* de Handel et le *Stabat* de Pergolèse.” But he might have borne with the death-song of poor Fantine in *Les Misérables*, who “all at once began singing in a voice faint as a sigh. It was an old cradle-song with which she had in former times lulled her little Cosette to sleep, and which had not once recurred to her during the five years since she had been parted from her child.”* The realism of the romancer

* “She sang with so sad a voice and to so soft an air that it was enough to make any one weep, even” [this is like M. Hugo] “a nun. The sister, who was accustomed to austere things, felt a tear in her eye.” (ch. liv.)—Mrs. Gore, in her tale of *Court and City*, puts into the mouth of an affectionate old nurse the graphic, homely description of her dead-and-gone young mistress’s last hours, and it comprises this incident: “And then, bursting out a-singing, all as one as she was in the organ-loft. Never did her poor voice sound finer nor more sweet than only half an hour before she died; and

has touched more hearts to the core than the classical eloquence of an earlier French poet, who pictures a *fille expirant sous le cyprès paternel* :

“Sa voix mourante à son luth solitaire
 Confie encore un chant délicieux,
 Mais ce doux chant, commencé sur la terre,
 Devait, hélas ! s’achever dans les cieux.”

master’s hand in hers, begging her to compose herself, and not sing so. . . . At last, another hymn, as clear and sweet as a nightingale !—Everybody present said ’twas the song of angels.” (ch. xxv.)

There is a strange impulse, observes the author of *Dread*, which sometimes comes in the restlessness and distress of dissolving nature, to sing. Accordingly the Nina of that book is described, as she lies with her eyes closed, apparently in a sort of trance, singing over and over again the verse of the song she was singing when the cholera struck her down.

Of old Jacques, in the story called *Hedged In*, from a pen which took so many notes of things seen, or guessed at, through *gates ajar*, this account is given by the rough help whose help he could almost as well have done without : “As fast as he grew worse, he took to singin’ ; and at the last,—at nine o’ the clock this day nicht, in a fearsome, still kind o’ nicht, a’ munelicht an’ stars, . . . he sang as you mought hear him across the street, an’ sang as he war bent on singin’ o’ himsel’ to sleep like ; . . . an’ sae singin’ an’ playin’ in the air wi’ his fingers on guitars as nae mon but himsel’ could see, he dropped off, plump ! wi’ the stroke o’ nine.” (ch. xviii.)

The Romance of War tells us of a Gordon Highlander in one of the Peninsular campaigns, who, in delirious agony, as he lay quivering in the grasp of death, chanted in low mur-

But Millevoye's lines had in their own day, and in his own land, an acceptance as cordial as, in ours, have had those of the laureate on her who, robed in snowy white, floated down to Camelot ; and as the boat-head wound along, the willowy hills and fields among, they heard her singing her last song, the Lady of Shalott.

“Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
 Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
 Till her blood was frozen slowly,
 And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot ;
 For ere she reach'd upon the tide
 The first house by the water-side,
 Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.”

When the time was come for Bunyan's last band of pilgrims to cross the swellings of Jordan, Mr. Despondency's daughter, Much-afraid, “went through the river singing, but none could understand what she said.”

muring tones a plaintive Gaelic dirge, probably the death-song of his race ; and how, as his voice sunk and died away, the spirit of that “son of the mist” seemed to pass with it. Tradition relates that Rob Roy was visited on his death-bed by a person with whom he was at enmity, and that as soon as the visitor, whom he treated with a cold, haughty civility during their short conference, had departed, the dying man said, “Now all is over—let the piper play *Ha til mi tulidh* (we return no more)”—and he is said to have expired before the dirge was finished.

And across the river, on the other side, they sing a new song. For as surely as if the soul of man is immortal, death hath no dominion over *it*, and effects no solution of continuity in its existence, so surely, if the Christian creed be true, and truly interpreted, the voice of praise shall renew its strength in other worlds than this.

“ I’ll praise my Maker with my breath ;
And when mine eyes are closed in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers :
My day of praise shall ne’er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or IMMORTALITY endures.”

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