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Author(s): Joseph Bennett

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He was also very particular—and rightly so—about a clear enunciation of the words in singing. In order that he might hear the quartet from “The Voyage of Maeldune” (“The undersea isle”), the composer arranged for four amateurs to sing the music to the poet. When they had finished their performances, Tennyson complimented(?) them with the remark: “I couldn’t hear a word you said from beginning to end.” His appreciation of music was evidenced in the following remark he made to Professor Stanford in reference to the same quartet, he said: “I like the way your music *rippled* away at the end.”

Professor Stanford has so long held a distinguished and acknowledged place as a representative native composer that any re-statement of an accepted truism would be superfluous, if not, indeed, presumptuous at this time of day. But it is interesting to know that Tennyson also held this opinion, and the incident, with its gratifying sequel, may fitly conclude this biographical sketch of Charlie Stanford, to use the familiar designation of his intimate friends.

It was at Tennyson’s special, if not urgent request that Stanford should compose the music to his Ode “Carmen Sæculare,” written in 1887 to commemorate the Jubilee of Queen Victoria. This he did, and the Ode was duly performed, with great *éclat*, at Buckingham Palace, in the presence of Her Majesty the Queen, on May 11, 1887. Her admiration of the work found appreciative expression in a letter Her Majesty afterwards wrote to Lord Tennyson,* in which she said: “We greatly admired the music, which was very descriptive and well adapted to the words.”

SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

V.

MUSICIANS AT PLAY.

ONE day in almost the latest of the “sixties” three men—the Tenor, the Bass, and the Critic—might have been seen to meet in the large hall of Euston Station, and afterwards to take tickets for a point in North Wales. The object of their journey was not entirely unconnected with business. The Tenor and the Bass, for example, were under engagement to sing at a certain Eisteddfod; the Critic, on his part, hoped to make some “copy” out of the excursion in more ways than one. All were in high spirits; the London season had closed; there were fair autumn days ahead, and due leisure in which to enjoy them. Under such circumstances, although, according to the teaching of Mark Tapley, there was no credit in being jolly, the trio of travellers, credit or not, felt somewhat like boys just loosed from school, ripe for any extravagance. According

to some authorities, there is always a tendency in nature to revert to the original type. The cultivated rose, if left to itself, goes back to its pristine wildness, and I have heard that the primitive nigger, educated to teach his kind and to be among them a “pioneer of civilisation,” has been known to cast off the garments of the white man, assume the next-to-nothing of his old state, and worship the god of his people with the rest. However this may be, there are certainly conditions under which man relapses into boyhood, forgetting the gravity of years. Thus did Mr. Pickwick, at Dingley Dell, when he went down the slide prepared by Sam Weller and the Fat Boy, and was told by the inimitable Cockney servant to “keep the pot a-bilin’.” Wherefore, should it turn out in the course of this paper that the Tenor, the Bass, and the Critic followed Mr. Weller’s advice, though not on ice, they, or such of them as survive, can point to the universality of their experience, and be unashamed.

The whole significance of that laughing tour turned upon a question regarding the whereabouts of a certain Brass Tap, and the legend of the Brass Tap originated a year earlier at the Caermarthen Eisteddfod, as to which I have already had something to say in the course of these recollections. I regret that, at the meeting in question, a pretended candidate for Gorsedd honours sent in as an exercise some absurd doggerel, in which a brass tap figured. The lines, because of their ridiculous character, which was, moreover, not devoid of humour, “caught on,” remained in memory, and suddenly broke out again as the Tenor, the Bass, and the Critic journeyed onward. Exactly where they came to the top I do not recollect, nor does it matter. Enough that the process of evolution, to which every thought becomes subject in the human mind, resulted in an overwhelming desire to know where the Brass Tap could be found. The craving in question first took possession of the Tenor; then making itself evident in a mild form, as when, for example, he would put his head out of the carriage window and question railway officials, or any people on the platform. The Tenor had wonderful command of his features, the perfect gravity of which deceived the stranger and led to the most ludicrous scenes. Not that he succeeded everywhere. On one occasion the Tenor fixed upon a rustic standing opposite the carriage, and demanded, in what he thought to be the vernacular: “Th’ ’asnt seed a brass tap about here anywhere, ’ast?” The yokel was by no means taken in, though the Tenor’s head was as his country friend fiercely exclaimed: “I’ll brass tap thy yed if thee geest me any of thy jaw.” This incident led to a cessation of efforts in local dialect, which is apt to vary and to betray. But enquiry for the Tap only took safer forms, and the holiday fun went on. Here and there stationmasters were called for and anxiously required to say whether a brass

* “Alfred, Lord Tennyson: a Memoir by his Son.” London, Macmillan, 1897. Vol. II., p. 448.

tap had been picked up in or about the premises. No; they had not heard of such a thing being found, but they would enquire; while from the depths of the carriage the Bass and the Critic groaned in the agony of efforts to keep down an explosion of mirth.

In due course the three travellers reached the little town at which the Eisteddfod was to be held. The name of the place has escaped me at the moment of writing, but I know that it is near to Denbigh by token that when the Tenor went up to enquire about rooms, he returned to his waiting friends with news that sleeping accommodation could be had, but that, in each case, the bed would have to be shared with a Welsh bard. Promptly the three took train to Denbigh, and tried the "Bull," a hostelry famous for its old-fashioned comfort. There the Bass came to the front (he had been at the "Bull" before), and in deep, sonorous tones declared to Mrs. Jones, the more than worthy landlady, "We will take three rooms for the week." "I don't know as you will," was the retort, but Mrs. J., saying this, only made a harmless demonstration of independence. She received the would-be guests to the hospitality of her house, and lavished upon them so much care and attention that at least one of the three connects the "Bull" at Denbigh with all that is excellent in British hotels. From the county town the trio went forward and backward each day, discharging their respective duties. Was the Brass Tap forgotten under pressure of business? By no means. The fun became faster as the days went on. One morning an advertisement appeared in the local sheet announcing that such an implement had been lost, and adding that the finder, on taking it to the artists' room at the Eisteddfod pavilion, would receive a reward of ten shillings. Several brass taps, I need hardly state, were presented in the course of the day, but none of them turned out to be the right one, and the bringers, who had simply been "trying it on," went sorrowfully away. Meanwhile the advertisement excited immense interest in the artists' room, the curiosity of Edith Wynne being vivacious in the extreme. Why should anyone in the little company carry about a brass tap? Of what kind was it that the thing could not be replaced for less than ten shillings? Such were the questions that passed from one to another, the Tenor and the Bass being as much concerned as any to get at the facts. Of course, nothing was discovered, and interest began to decline, when the jocund plotters resorted to another device. The Eisteddfod town, like many others, boasted a public crier, whose duty and advantage it was to make known by ring of bell and voice of proclamation such facts or intentions as his employers wished to publish. Secretly approaching that functionary, the three friends engaged him to perambulate the thoroughfares,

especially those leading to or near the pavilion, and make known that still ten shillings awaited the fortunate finder of the missing implement. The crier did his duty like a man. His bell rang sonorously up and down the streets, and his voice announced, in Welsh and English, the pressing need for a brass tap in the artists' room. Curiosity flamed up again, stimulated by the anxious efforts of those at the bottom of the hoax to know what it all meant. But it could get nothing to feed upon. The Tenor's face was as impenetrable as that of a sphynx; the large eyes of the Bass expressed nothing but mild wonder; the Critic was to all appearance unconcerned. Then came the end of the Eisteddfod and, still unsatisfied, the singers and players went their several ways.

Yet the farce of the Brass Tap had not come to an end. The tour of the three friends comprehended a wide extent of country, and wherever they went enquiry was rife. Hotel waiters, the Boots, and even august proprietors and managers were anxiously consulted as to the missing treasure, but there were cases in which even the dramatic powers of the Tenor seemed to fail. Brass taps are common enough, thought some of the interlocutors, and if they were not, why should three tourists feel such a consuming desire to regain possession of a particular example? The Critic often watched, with restrained but deep amusement, the faces of those with whom the Tenor or the Bass held consultation, especially when a film of suspicion began to cloud the theretofore sympathetic eye. However, all passed off well. Those who thought they were being "had" acted upon Mr. Edmund Sparkler's admirable principle, "Why row?" Those who were free from doubt promised aid which they did not know could only be futile. In some cases, written placards were used to proclaim the loss of the three tourists, and I am not quite sure but that the Tenor affixed one of these to the shanty on the top of Snowdon, as though to advise an observant heaven that something was wanted down below. Why the present writer cannot be positive as to the point in question is that the entire party did not succeed in getting to the summit. Llanberis hotels in those days were not particularly obliging. They would not, for example, provide visitors with breakfast who wished to see sunrise from the top of the mountain. In this category were the Tenor, the Bass, and the Critic; each of whom heard with dismay that bread and water would be left for him, with which he must break his fast. Now bread and water, under conceivable circumstances, are a comfort and even a luxury, but they do not go far up a mountain side before sunrise. Anyhow, the climbers had reached no more than half way ere the Bass, who had most to carry as concerns the burden of the flesh, showed signs of giving up. He dropped farther and farther to the rear till, at length, the Critic, looking back,

beheld him seated, with that in his attitude which seemed to express an invincible resolve to go no higher. What, under such circumstances, could the Critic do (he was himself pretty well spent) but stand by a prostrate companion? All duty and inclination prompted to a course so consistent with the obligations of one human being to another. On the opposite hand, what was there in a sunrise that could not be seen later? The Critic, feeling the power of these considerations, descended to the level of his friend, and, in order that there might be no invidious comparisons, dropped down beside him. The Tenor, lithe and active, went on up the mountain, reached the top, and there, for anything I know, enquired for the lost Tap on the highest available spot of earth.

In process of time, it became the duty of the Tenor, the Bass, and the Critic to travel South, cross the Bristol Channel, and do duty in the West of England. Along this route the humour of the Brass Tap showed no signs of exhaustion. At Pontypool Road Station a bill announcing the usual reward was affixed to the platform wall, the Brass Tap, in that case, to be presented at the stationmaster's office, where the ten shillings would be paid. So on and on, with various devices, till the entire campaign closed with the display of another bill on the steamer plying between Swansea and Ilfracombe. Once on Devonian ground the whole stream of nonsense dried up. The Tenor and the Bass had to sing in an opera at Plymouth, and the gravity of men and of artists banished the sportiveness of boys. But, as Joe Gargery was wont to remark, "What larks!" Of the three friends two survive, and they are not ashamed of the recrudescence of long-lost juvenile spirits, which, for them, turned North Wales into a playground, made Mirth their constant companion, and Laughter holding both his sides. Should any serious reader reproach them as foolish and undignified, they beg to remind him, without applying the lines to themselves, that—

"A little nonsense now and then
Is relished by the best of men."

JOSEPH BENNETT.

THE CATHEDRAL ORGANIST AS HE WAS.

LINCOLN, like many of the cathedrals that are our proud boast and the envy of our American cousins, possesses old records of peculiarly quaint interest. In regard to the musical history of the stately fane, the Rev. Canon Maddison, one of the priest-vicars, has gathered much curious information from the Chapter Acts, which date from the twelfth century. We propose to give a few specimens of Canon Maddison's researches, which may appropriately form a supplement to the account (in another column) of the opening of the new organ in Lincoln Cathedral.

In 1311 occurs the first notice of an organ. A fee of 20 shillings was paid to Thomas de Ledenham, Vicar, for taking care of the organs, blowing and cleaning them. It is not quite clear whether he actually blew them in person,

or merely saw to the proper supply of wind being provided; most probably the latter was the case, as the blowing of the organ in later days is said to have devolved on the Poor Clerks, and a Vicar's more important duties would stand in the way of his being so employed.

It is quite evident that organs were cheaper 500 years ago than they are at present; they were probably very much smaller, as we learn that—

On April 24, 1428, the Chapter met and decided that nine pounds should be expended in purchasing new organs for the Chapel of St. John the Baptist, where the Mass of the Blessed Virgin was daily celebrated "*cum nota*" (*i.e.*, musically), and in repairing the great organs in the Choir.

Fourteen years later it is recorded that—

On the 10th September, 1442, the Dean and Chapter, after full consultation, unanimously agreed that organs of a better kind should be put up in the great Choir before the ensuing Christmas; and a bill was drawn up between the Chapter and one Arnald Organer, of Norwich, by which the latter covenanted to do it for five marks, which were to be paid him out of the Fabric Chest by the hands of Robert Patryngton and . . . Boston, Vicars.

Even allowing for the difference in the value of money at that time as compared with the present day, the salary of the organist of Lincoln Cathedral in 1536 cannot be deemed excessive, as Robert Dowffe, or Dove, received "£2 a year for playing the organ at the Mass of the Virgin, and £1 6s. 8d. for doing the same at the Mass of Jesus." But the Rev. Mr. Dove held other offices in the Cathedral, which brought up his annual emoluments to £15 8s. 5d., with rooms rent free. A side light on the manner of performing Divine service is furnished by the following extract:—

On the 29th September, 1570, an interesting Act of Chapter was passed, directing that the organist was to set the tune before the commencement of the *Te Deum*, and the Cantic of Zachary at morning prayer, and at evening prayer before the Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis; and to accompany the anthem. We may note here that the Psalms were then sung unaccompanied, and that the Benedictus was usually sung in place of the Jubilate.

The organists from time to time gave trouble, as the following sheweth:—

On the 30th March, 1611, Mr. Thomas Kingston was arraigned before the Chapter, "for beating the boys and calling Mr. Dye, the master of the Choristers, an Ass! He confessed all the misdemeanours charged against him, and submitted to the censure of the Chapter. Whereupon they gave him an admonition, and gave him order to amend upon pain of being turned out and deprived."

This "talking to" does not seem to have had any permanent effect, as Mr. Organist Kingston was again admonished in 1615 on this charge:—

"He ys verie often drunke, and by means thereof he hath by unorderly playing on the organs putt the quire out of time and disordered them."

It is not surprising to learn that this tipsy "unorderly" player was soon replaced by "a superior" organist, John Wanlesse. His salary was £20 per annum.

There are two curious entries relating to another inebriated organist, whose patronymic was Mudd. The Precentor, who was not above making a pun, thus wrote to the Dean about the organist, the date of his letter being March 14, 1662-3:—

Mr. Mudd hath been so debauched these Assizes, and hath so abused Mr. Derby [an organ builder], that he will hardly be persuaded to stay to finish his worke unlesse