Wesleyana

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witness the interesting scene below. The boys are quietly assembling in twos and threes. Each boy finds his way to his appointed seat in the Chapel according to the printed bill for the current "school-time." By the hour of service the whole of the 600 boys are met together in the place where prayer is wont to be made. The seventy Collegers are robed in surplices: the Oppidans are clad in usual Eton attire. In addition to the families of the masters, only a few privileged strangers are present. Sometimes a distinguished old Etonian is numbered amongst the great congregation, as on the present occasion, when Lord Rosebery, whose two sons are in the school, may be discovered amongst the worshippers. Dr. Lloyd plays a most delightful extempore voluntary, admirably in keeping with the surroundings of the noble edifice and suited to the occasion. At five o'clock the procession enters from under the organ screen. This is headed by the Sixth Form boys, in single file, walking with "measured tread" and *very* slowly, in a manner becoming their dignity. The choir immediately follow in pairs. All remain seated until the Head Master at the rear of the procession passes through the gateway, and then everyone rises. While the opening sentences are being intoned by one of the Conducts (corresponding to Minor Canons), various boys are seen to be making their way from different parts of the chapel to the Head Master in his stall and to the Masters "in desk," to whom they hand a document. The uninitiated might perhaps assume that these are specially polite boys who are thoughtfully supplying "The Head" with a copy of the anthem or service! But they are the Præpostors of each division, who are handing in the lists of attendances at this service.

It is a deeply impressive sight to look down upon that vast congregation of the flower of England's youth. Imagination wings its flight in such thoughts as these. May there not be amongst those many young fellows a future Prime Minister, one upon whom the destinies of this vast Empire may in the future largely depend? Who of them will become ambassadors, philanthropists, statesmen, and noblemen—not in name only, but through whose veins runs the blood of true nobility? Ay! and in the realm of music! Is there a future typical English composer amongst that youthful throng? another Thomas Augustine Arne or a Hubert Parry? Were they not both Eton boys?

But one is aroused from such reveries by the strains of the organ when Dr. Lloyd gives out Goss's fine double chant in E, to which the Psalm for the seventh evening of the month is chanted. The good training of the choir at the hands of Dr. Lloyd soon manifests itself, and a high tribute must be paid to his admirable accompaniments throughout this impressive

service. A foretaste of what is to come is furnished by the Gloria to the Psalm, which is heartily sung by that noble 600. The service is Dr. Basil Harwood's melodious Magnificat and Nunc dimittis in A flat, and the anthem is drawn from the riches of Dr. Lloyd's predecessor at Gloucester, in that it is S. S. Wesley's familiar, yet ever welcome "Blessed be the God and Father." The unique feature of this service comes at its close—the hymn sung by all the boys, and sung mainly in the lower octave. On this occasion it is a tune they simply revel in—Smart's setting of "Hark! hark! my soul, angelic songs are swelling." It is impossible to describe the thrilling—nay, more, the overwhelming, deep-toned utterance of this mighty unison. This soul-stirring service, at which there is no sermon, is worthily brought to a conclusion by a masterly rendering by Dr. Lloyd of Mozart's Fantasia in F minor.

In conclusion, there is no need to enlarge upon the attractive personality of Dr. Harford Lloyd. Even in this inadequate sketch of his career it has more than once shown itself, and much more may be read "between the lines." Everyone knows that the motto of Eton is *Floreat Etona*. Everyone—and this includes every Eton boy—who knows the Precentor of Eton will heartily join in saying: *Floreat Carolus Harford Lloyd, et hic noster Precentor esto perpetuus!*

WESLEYANA.

IN complying with the request to contribute some side-lights on the life of Dr. S. S. Wesley, I have pleasure in recording the following personal recollections of my old and distinguished master. This retrospect covers the latter part of his career—his later days at Winchester and the last six years of his life at Gloucester. I have ventured to include one or two incidents connected with his father, Samuel Wesley, with whom *my* father was intimately connected.

My father, the late organist of Bath Abbey, who held that appointment for fifty-three years, was a pupil of Samuel Wesley, as I was a pupil of his son, Samuel Sebastian Wesley. My father used to speak with great reverence of old Sam Wesley, and declared in many respects he was the most remarkable man he ever knew. He was an excellent Greek scholar, the finest performer, extempore and otherwise, of his day, and as a composer it is astounding that his reputation is not greater. His numerous motets, his Psalm "Confitebor Tibi," and his Cathedral Service in F, besides a quantity of other compositions, show him to have been one of our most learned contrapuntists and scholars in music.

My father used to tell two anecdotes concerning him. On one occasion Sam Wesley played the evening service at some fashionable

Episcopal chapel in London. The parson, a popular preacher, and as absent-minded as Wesley himself, was in the habit of letting himself into the chapel by the vestry door just in time to preach, the office being read by an assistant. Now it was the custom for the regular organist to perform a voluntary between the office and the sermon. Sam Wesley took a Gregorian subject as his theme, and worked it in his own inimitable way. The parson came in, put on his gown, and, being very musical, listened attentively (knowing that the great Sam Wesley was playing), and became so entranced in the music that he forgot all about his sermon! He lost himself in a reverie, took off his gown, left the church, and returned home, close by. Upon being asked by his wife why he was so early, he hastily returned to the chapel, let himself in, still heard the sounds of the organ, entered the pulpit, and preached. And yet such was the effect of the music that though the extemporization was greatly prolonged no one in the congregation had noticed that it was of greater length than usual.

Wesley and Crotch had quarrelled. Friends, however, made a reconciliation between them, and, to celebrate the occasion, a dinner was given by Wesley, who also, out of compliment to Crotch, and as a surprise, provided a choir to sing Crotch's motet "Methinks I hear the full celestial choir." The majority of the singers were stationed on the floor of the room, but the "Celestials" were placed upstairs in a small musicians' gallery, they being accompanied by a seraphine, an old-fashioned kind of harmonium. The motet was started delightfully by the choir below. Unfortunately, however, there had been no rehearsal, and the seraphine above was of a different pitch from the harpsichord below. When the "Celestials" entered in a different key the effect may be imagined. The whole company burst into laughter. Crotch, imagining that it was a studied insult to him, left the building in a rage and would not return.

Sam Wesley had a very pretty wit. On the occasion of Sir William Parsons, the Master of the Music, being knighted, S. Wesley remarked: "I suppose it was on the *score of his merit*, rather than on the *merit of his score*."

My father and Samuel Sebastian Wesley (to whom I shall hereafter refer as Wesley) were great friends as boys; but upon my father being appointed to Bath they, for some reason, did not meet for many years. When I was about ten years old my father went to open the organ at St. Thomas's Church, Winchester. I remember his returning home with great delight saying that in the streets of Winchester he had met his old friend Wesley. The meeting led to a revived friendship, and from that moment, several times a year, visits were exchanged between Bath and Winchester, and,

later on, Gloucester, that continued till the death of Wesley. It was at my father's house that Wesley wrote for his little godson, my brother Ernest (who was afterwards a Magdalen boy, and died some three years ago in America), his delightful tune so well known to children, to the popular words "There is a happy land."

I went on my first visit to Wesley at Winchester when I was twelve. The most apocryphal tales are told as to his eccentricities. I lived with him for some time and do not share in the view. He was moody, often absent-minded, nervous, and irritable; but not more than one would expect from an artist, who is usually not accustomed to hide his feelings. He had a keen sense of sly humour. He carried in very wet weather an enormous gig umbrella of a vivid green colour. Now after my being articulated to him, when I was about thirteen, he used to go to the afternoon service at Winchester College, held on Sundays after the Cathedral service. We waited in the ante-chapel until Dr. Moberley had finished his sermon, and then walked up between the boys to the organ, which hung over the sanctuary at the North-East end. He frequently used to make me carry this enormous green gingham through the rows of boys, to my great discomfiture, and I can see the sly twinkle in his eye as he turned round to me when we arrived at our destination at the East end.

The chapel in those days was a delight—wainscoted to a great height in oak, carved sumptuously in a Renaissance style (*circa* 1650), with seats of the same period arranged North and South in the collegiate fashion, and an old-fashioned "hanging" organ case, designed and carved in the same manner: the effect of the whole was unique. I saw it about three years ago, and was shocked to find the appearance of the fabric much altered and mutilated. The wainscoting, reredos, and fittings were gone; modern benches facing the altar had been introduced; and in lieu of the quaint old organ case, a modern one of a somewhat ordinary and feeble design had been substituted.

The organ, by Green, had, if I remember rightly, three manuals, GG Great and Choir, and Fiddle G Swell, but no pedal pipes! Yet what splendid effects Wesley used to produce from its limited means, and with what dexterity he accompanied such an anthem as "God is our hope" (Greene)! That now almost obsolete art of "score-playing" was certainly exemplified in him. He once told us, on a modern organ part being brought up to him by mistake, that such arrangements were an abomination to him, and that a true musician and artist should scorn to play the vocal score, but, from the figured bass and general disposition of voices, construct an *original* organ part. This, he said, gave the opportunity for the master; and, he added, "Any fool could perform from one of the modern arrangements of the anthems, they being only intended for novices."

Wesley was an ardent fisherman, and he used to take me with him on these expeditions, which I rather dreaded, as, on failing to catch anything, or such little accidents as getting his line and hook in a tree, he used to rate me as if I were the cause of his misfortunes.

There were two of those clerical musical functionaries called "precentors" at the Cathedral and College. The Cathedral precentor was an unusually zealous officer. In a moment of musical enthusiasm he had written an anthem, "Come unto Me," which composition interested us all very much. This gentleman had the temerity, in the presence of Wesley, to conduct the rehearsals. It was indeed a wonderful sight to see him directing affairs, Wesley grimly standing by his side. I am bound to say the precentor was *not* a favourite with the Winchester choir. There was a very obstreperous alto at the Cathedral. He had a very high, unnatural voice, and he slightly stuttered. The precentor, after preaching, sent for him one Sunday morning, and said: "Mr. C., I observed with great pain that during the whole of my discourse this morning you were sleeping." The alto indignantly replied: "Mr. Precentor, I was *not* sleeping, believe me. Would to Heaven I *could* have slept." The interview closed abruptly. I remember this precentor used to unearth music by composers like Porter, Vaughan, and other inane authors, which he insisted upon having performed. When one considers that this kind of relationship existed for many years everywhere, and that cathedral organists—professional musicians of high standing—were liable to be thwarted on every side by such people, one need not be surprised at reading some of Wesley's published views on such matters, as, for instance, his preface to the original edition of "Wesley in E." I think that he took such an "anachronism" too seriously, instead of seeing the somewhat comical side of the relationship as he might well have done. Hence the tinge of bitterness in his remarks is not to be wondered at.

The organist's residence at Winchester was one of four houses built by Charles II. for several of his suite whom the Dean of Winchester protested against receiving in his Deanery, when the Merry Monarch sojourned in Winchester. The particular house referred to was "Nell Gwynne's." It was a most venerable looking structure, oak panels in some of the rooms, and a grand staircase. Kent and Chard, I believe, both lived in it, and in Wesley's time there was an old pianoforte that once belonged to Chard. Dr. Chard must have been a wonderful man if he may be judged by the few manuscript compositions of his in the Choir Books. As compositions they would have been unworthy the youngest pupil in a musical academy, and yet at that time I used to hear old people say: "Ah! Dr. Wesley's music is all very well, but you should have heard Dr. Chard's."

It was while I was living with Wesley at Winchester that he composed and scored for full orchestra his "Ode to Labour," which was performed at the Agricultural Hall, Islington, on October 17, 1864. This work contains his celebrated song, "Silently, silently." While he was writing this the wife of a dignitary next door *would* play upon the pianoforte. Wesley stood it for some time, but at last his patience being exhausted, an *awful* message was sent in, which certainly had the desired effect, and he "silently" completed his task. On the occasion of the Prince of Wales's marriage a local committee was formed to conduct patriotic rejoicings in the city, and Wesley was approached with a view to his supplying a new composition for the occasion—£70 was hinted at as the honorarium. The anthem, "Give the King Thy judgments, O God," was written and performed; but I am sorry to say that the £70 was expended on a somewhat third-rate display of fireworks!

Wesley certainly did excellent work at Winchester, and was much respected by the citizens. A few years ago an admirer and former pupil of his, thinking that some memorial ought to be placed to his memory as at Exeter, collected subscriptions for placing a "Brass" in the Cathedral. It is scarcely to be believed, however, that the Chapter intimated that leave would be required to place it in the fabric *plus a large fee*; consequently the project fell through. A recumbent effigy of Bishop Wilberforce had been previously placed there, and one scarcely imagines that in this instance any fee was demanded. In any case, however, the episode is not a pleasant one to contemplate; for why should Wilberforce be so honoured and not Wesley? At Gloucester, however, a stained glass window has been placed in the Lady Chapel to his memory.

In the year 1863 Dr. Garnier was Dean of Winchester. He was of a great age, and had one peculiarity, a penchant for holding services which were understood to mean his retirement from all public duties—though *not* from the emoluments attendant upon his stall. I was present on one of these occasions. It was, indeed, a dismal affair—a mournful service, and an anthem by Capel Bond, arranged from Handel, in which the "Dead March" figured as a movement. Dr. Garnier, during the reading of one of the lessons, broke down in the middle and wept copiously. I too was much affected; but finding these proceedings were received with great equanimity by the congregation, and enquiring the cause, I was informed that "these services had occurred before, and had lost their effect."

Miss Marryat resided for a time at Winchester. She was welcomed by all, and lionized as an authoress and the daughter of a popular author. Enthusiasm for this gifted lady was slightly damped shortly afterwards when her new novel appeared, in which all the

notables of the city were apparently used by her as material for her characters. It was a kind of imitation of "Barchester Towers." The unkindest cut of all was her allusion to the apparent senility of the dear old Dean. Wesley in this book figured as a kind of cross between a "Machiavelli" and a "Walter Savage Landor."

When I was fourteen Wesley moved to Gloucester. It was stated at the time that the Gloucester Chapter had consulted him as to Amott's successor, when Wesley, to their great surprise, offered himself, and was instantly accepted. Here for some time he was much engaged in getting ready his house, to which a new top storey was being added. His garden, always very untidy, was called in the Close "Wesley's Wilderness." Two dogs, Rob and Gip, were the delight of his life. Rob was his great favourite—"the very apple of his eye"—and he used to accompany us on our long walks. Some three years after our arrival in Gloucester, Rob unfortunately died. I shall never forget his obsequies, which took place at night in "Wesley's Wilderness" under a yew tree. Poor Wesley was quite ill for days after. He had a habit of stopping occasionally in his walks and meditating in a most unexpected way. As the result of an accident many years before in Exeter, he slightly turned in one foot. "Rob" Wesley was so much with his master that *he* apparently turned in *his* foot and also stopped to indulge in canine reveries. Rob was an unmusical animal, but Gip, I think, really loved the gentle art. One tune Wesley used to perform especially for Gip's delectation, when his howlings were terrible to listen to; fortunately, any other melody would immediately stop these manifestations.

Wesley used to be dressed by an eminent London tailor, though his appearance would not always have indicated this. I have known him receive boxes full of clothes from London; these he would put by, no more to be worn. I have witnessed his garden at Winchester with an accumulation of garments being aired. I can safely say a small regiment could have been dressed with them. There was, in the choir of Gloucester, a pompous tenor (by trade a tailor), whom Wesley, having had a slight difference with, sought to propitiate by ordering a frock coat. My brother Minton was the ambassador and conducted the whole negotiations. After carrying to and fro many patterns of cloth, one was at last decided upon, and the solemn moment came for the measurements, which unfortunately had to take place in the tailor's shop. Wesley was so dissatisfied with the cut of the garments displayed there that he incontinently fled: the propitiation failed and the negotiations were never resumed.

We used to attend the Three Choir Festivals of course. I remember our going to Hereford the last time the old organ there was rebuilt.

It was Wesley's turn to preside at the instrument. One of the authorities came up to him afterwards and said apologetically: "I am afraid, Doctor, that the pneumatics are not quite regulated yet." "*Pneumatics!*" snorted Wesley; "*rheumatics*, I should call them."

Wesley had a strong aversion to ordinary musical degrees. It was the custom for one of the University professors to visit the Palace at Gloucester frequently. He was in the habit of sitting up in the loft during service, turning over for the officiating pupil, and giving little subjects for him to work out, and otherwise being very friendly and kind. One of the pupils was a favourite with him, and one day he said very kindly to him: "Mr. H—, I should be pleased for you to present yourself for a Bachelor's degree. I am holding an examination in three months. Will you offer yourself?" Now, as the process then was much shorter than it is now, and the pupil had just set some five-part music, and the professor had invited him, he was all agog for the distinction. He rushed to Wesley in a breathless manner to convey to him the tidings. Wesley nearly ordered him out of the house, and sarcastically talked about *his* pupils taking such degrees. Mr. H— plucked up courage to say, "But you, sir, are a Doctor," to which he replied: "I was a candidate for the Chair of Music at Edinburgh. It was then considered advisable for the candidate to be Doctored, and consequently I applied for the degree at Oxford. The affair was purely formal. I wrote an anthem for it which was performed, but I was not *examined*." He then added: "An ordinary academical degree is not to my fancy. I would have it only conferred upon men of position." He further narrated that one or more of the previous professors had declined to entertain candidates who were neither Cathedral or College organists nor performers or composers of renown. Mrs. Wesley assured me that for many years he refused to use his title, but at last, to prevent confusion between his father's initials and his own, he adopted it.

During his Gloucester period he frequently opened new and important organs throughout the country. I never knew him in his zenith as a solo player, but it was delightful to hear him perform Bach in a somewhat German fashion; but all his solo work paled before his extempore performances. On a certain Sunday afternoon at Gloucester, he was very irritable and certainly tantalized the solo singer in the anthem, so much so that he, Mr. Brandon, stopped, and the anthem was finished without him. The matter was obviously an unfortunate one; but in a short prelude before the sermon Wesley improvised in *such* a manner that no thought was possible for anything else. I trust in this case I shall not be accused of magnifying a little matter, but my remembrance of it is even now very vivid. The prelude I am sure did not exceed sixty bars; but I have

still in my mind a recollection of a series of remarkable syncopations. It resembled in some way a unique and somewhat similar sequential passage in the second movement, "I laid me down and slept," of the Winchester anthem, "Praise the Lord, O my soul," which many think has never been equalled. Another notable example of his extempore playing occurred shortly after. Attwood's anthem "Teach me, O Lord," was performed. The final movement, an extremely florid Fuga, did not go very well; but at the conclusion of the Service, as if to make amends, he took the subject *inverted*, and performed such a masterly movement as to completely put Attwood's music into the shade and to efface all memories of the misfortunes of the choir. It was, indeed, an exposition of improvisation such as probably we shall never hear again.

Wesley was rather a *bon vivant*. Everything in the way of food and drink had to be of the very best. He always chose the eatables himself, and if owing to business this personal choice was not possible, woe betide the luckless purveyor if the viands were not quite up to the mark. He was an inordinate tea drinker—morning, noon, and night—especially in the later years of his life; I venture to think his end was accelerated by this habit. He possessed a wonderful recipe for a salad, the virtues of which were incontestable. It was said to have been by the celebrated "Soyer."

Wesley had a love for attending sales and securing bargains. Vainly did we all hide auction announcements from him—he smelt them out, as an African witch doctor does the king's enemies. Consequently the house was full from top to bottom with old furniture, curiosities, &c. In the garrets, I believe, could be found almost any known article of commerce, from an Orrery to a tobacco chopping machine. He loved a bargain, but was tender-hearted withal. I used now and then to assist him in his acquisitions. On one occasion he was much fascinated with a pair of old Worcester vases. He dared not go himself to the shop, as the old dealer knew him. I was therefore the negotiator. Wesley fixed a decided and rigid money limit. After a most exhaustive and Jewlike struggle I triumphed, and brought home the vases in great glee. He received them with delight, said a few encouraging words to me of commendation, and then asked me "did the old man look very poor?" Upon my remarking that I thought there was no great appearance of wealth in his establishment, he petrified me by coolly asking: "How could you have had the heart to beat down such a poor old man?" and then he sent me back with the balance.

There was an officious minor canon in Gloucester, who was of an amiable but meddling disposition. One afternoon after service he came up to Wesley and said: "I think the anthem

went very badly to-day. I also consider that it was taken too fast." "Sir," said Wesley, drawing himself up; "I am at the head of my profession; *you*, Sir, are a nobody. I am *amazed* at your audacity. *Good afternoon, Sir.*"

To sum up my impressions of my old master, I must say he was refined in his tastes to a degree. He had a knowledge of the best literature of all periods, a love for pictures, and a most excellent judgment in regard to architecture, with an intense love of nature. He was kind-hearted, manly, and courageous, though somewhat Utopian in his views. He would have become eminent in *any* profession.

During the last few years of his life, Mr. Gladstone was very anxious to confer on Wesley the honour of knighthood. This he would not accept, and, independently of himself, Mrs. Wesley said she could not allow herself to be called "Lady" Wesley. Mr. Gladstone, however, wished him to receive *some* recognition at the hands of the Government, and so he was placed on the Civil List. At his (Wesley's) death Lord Beaconsfield, unsolicited, offered a continuance of the pension to Mrs. Wesley during her lifetime.

Wesley had the deepest veneration for John Sebastian Bach. He once told me that the "Forty-eight Preludes and Fugues" contained all that was necessary for "Musical Salvation," and that it was "the Alpha and Omega of the art." He aptly named two of the "Forty-eight" as "The Saints in Glory" and "The Kingdom of Heaven being opened to all believers." He also had a great penchant for Louis Spohr. He loved Handel, but, I grieve to say, was *not* a great admirer of Mendelssohn.

There are two points on which I fear not many of his admirers could agree with him—his views on the tuning and compass of the organ. Strange to say, he advocated unequal temperament tuning to the end of the chapter. One cannot pretend to offer any explanation of such a preference. Certainly in this respect he was not in touch with his idol, John Sebastian Bach. Of all men, Wesley is the last composer who could have afforded to perform his own compositions on an instrument so tuned. Again, how could the works of Bach be performed comfortably on an FF or GG organ? One cannot explain his attitude on two such important points. His arguments on the matter always appeared to me to be insufficient and not altogether worthy of him. I sometimes dared to think (may I be forgiven!) that he did not altogether believe in his own views himself.

It is very interesting to read the articles concerning him written at his death. One of the notices mentions the "European Psalmist," "The Wilderness," "Aurelia," and the "Chant Service" as being his notable works! "The Wilderness" obviously is the

most romantic and dramatic modern anthem ever written, but the other three items may not be so considered. The "European Psalmist" was the bane of his life. He had an idea that that overdone and, to a certain degree, uninteresting subject "Psalmody" was a great want in the Anglican Church, and certainly when he started, nearly forty years ago, to edit a collection it might have been so. But he procrastinated so fearfully, year after year, that when the book *was* completed it had not only become hopelessly old-fashioned and antiquated in form, but nearly all the subscribers had gone to "that bourne from whence no subscribers return." If the valuable time that he spent on Psalmody—and which almost anyone could have done equally well—had been given to original work, what might the music of our Church have not now possessed?

Though he did somewhat pander to the popular taste in "Aurelia"—which I well remember his writing in Winchester, and running up to the drawing-room to play over as an attempt at a *popular* psalm tune—yet we must not forget that he was the author of that choral, "Hampton," which is indeed a sturdy specimen of Anglican Psalmody. One notice, written in a somewhat elegiac strain, concerning him, said: "The race in this world is 'not always to the swift nor the battle to the strong.'" Still the author of such works—notably his twelve anthems—may be considered by his friends as not to have been altogether an unsuccessful man! Many regard him as the only name to be coupled with that of Henry Purcell in the English school, and possibly they are not far wrong. Considering that he never in any way advertised himself, as is now the custom of so many, we may presume he was successful from a pecuniary point of view, for he always lived in a dignified manner and exercised a most genial hospitality. He had great conceptions of what Church music *might* be, and often said that only *one* Cathedral in any way grappled with the subject in a reasonable way. He referred, of course, to St. Paul's. He had visions, I believe, of a "good time coming" for such music. These were not realised in *his* time, and possibly are still in the "very dim future."

One feels sorry that Wesley did not live to see the "Bride adorned in all her beauty," but I suppose he had consolations in the consideration of his own achievements; in any case, his old pupils and admirers can always remember his many qualities with veneration, and feel the better for having been in any humble way connected with such a personality. He rests in the old burying-place at Exeter. His last words were: "Let me see the sky." One's thoughts turn to his poetic setting of "The darkness is no darkness with Thee, but the night is as clear as the day, the darkness and the light to Thee are both alike."

J. KENDRICK PYNE.

SOME RECOLLECTIONS.

IX.—CRITICS I HAVE KNOWN.

In the April number of this periodical I gave an example of the calling of a musical critic to one of the most difficult and, perhaps, the most ungrateful tasks in journalism. The illustration, as readers may remember, was drawn from my own story, and now I wish to say some words regarding those who received me into their ranks as a comrade; holding out to the new-comer the right hand of fellowship.

By comparison with the army of critics who have sprung up to serve an ever-lengthening list of journals, those of the early sixties were but a little company. It was almost possible to count them on the fingers of one hand. Their numbers were much smaller even than the scanty array of dailies and weeklies within the province of which music had a place. Most of them served more than one journal—a circumstance brought about in part by small pay, in other part by the few pens that were considered good enough for art-work at one time regarded as of no particular importance. I may mention some examples. James W. Davison, as well as being the critic of *The Times*, regularly contributed to the *Pall Mall Gazette* and the *Saturday Review*, besides editing the *Musical World*. The busy pen of H. Sutherland Edwards served, at one period, the *Morning Post*; wrote articles on the opera for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, and in various ways ministered admirably blended humour and information to other journals. For myself, coming in as a new man, and equipped, at any rate, with ambition and industry, I became, before the sixties were out, the greatest pluralist of them all; writing for the *Pall Mall Gazette*, the *Graphic*, the *Sunday Times*, the *Musical Standard*, the *Pictorial Times*, and the *Musical World*. To these were added, in March, 1870, the *Daily Telegraph*. At that time I was prepared, not unnaturally perhaps, to stand up for such a multiplication of journalistic voices in one individual. Now I do not regard it as healthy. There are various reasons—I shall not discuss them here—why it is better to have many critics, each occupying a small space, than merely a few, each covering a large area. "In the multitude of councillors there is wisdom."

I have referred to the good feeling shown by the critics already in possession towards myself as a new-comer. It is true that I never made the acquaintance of one or two members of that small band. Henry F. Chorley belonged to the exceptions. Chorley stood entirely aloof from his journalistic colleagues. He aimed at being considered a Society man, and may have thought that his status would not be improved by association with the "common or garden" critic. Perhaps he was right. I do not judge him, and he was certainly entitled to select his own acquaintances and friends. So it came