THE Musical Times

ESTABLISHED IN 1844

Hector Berlioz and His Critics (Concluded)

Author(s): Fr. Niecks

Source: *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*, Vol. 21, No. 449 (Jul. 1, 1880), pp. 326-329

Published by: [Musical Times Publications Ltd.](#)

Stable URL: <http://www.jstor.org/stable/3358465>

Accessed: 30/12/2014 08:17

Your use of the JSTOR archive indicates your acceptance of the Terms & Conditions of Use, available at <http://www.jstor.org/page/info/about/policies/terms.jsp>

JSTOR is a not-for-profit service that helps scholars, researchers, and students discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content in a trusted digital archive. We use information technology and tools to increase productivity and facilitate new forms of scholarship. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

Musical Times Publications Ltd. is collaborating with JSTOR to digitize, preserve and extend access to *The Musical Times and Singing Class Circular*.

<http://www.jstor.org>

which the Coffee Music Halls Company is established. A relatively small sum (£1,500) is now required to enable the company to commence operations; and only a few more weeks of labour in the cause must be rewarded by success. It argues something for the recognised power of the Association and for the prospects of its success that, according to a statement made by Dr. Norman Kerr, the mere rumour of the preliminary arrangements of the company has already induced an improved tone in the existing music halls. He informed the meeting that he had recently visited the principal music halls in the hope, or rather in the expectation, of hearing something objectionable, and was agreeably disappointed. The honorary secretary of the Coffee Music Halls Company is Miss Cons, 17, Grittleton Road, W. We gladly advertise the secretary's name and address because, apart from the enterprise as a form and branch of the temperance movement, we are convinced that well-regulated music halls are amongst the few means of public recreation adapted to our climate, and of more direct and immediate profit to music and, at all events, to musicians than music schools for the higher culture of the art, the effects of which will require a generation, perhaps a century, to reach the masses.

HECTOR BERLIOZ AND HIS CRITICS.

By FR. NIECKS.

(Concluded from page 274.)

THE Italian Scudo, who owed his influence in France, as a musical critic, rather to his literary ability than to critical insight, delivered himself with regard to the "Damnation de Faust" of the following sentiments, and in doing so re-echoed, no doubt, those of the great majority of French musicians and amateurs at that time: "This strange composition baffles analysis. . . . The 'Marche Hongroise' is a frightful wild outburst. . . . A monstrous jumble. . . . The Rat and Flea songs are wanting in roundness, spirit, and gaiety. . . . The melodic thought of the 'Danse des Sylphes' is borrowed from a chorus in 'Nina,' by Paisiello, 'Dormi, o cara.' . . . In the third part only a few bars of a minuet are in some measure supportable." In later times Berlioz has found more favourable critics in France. A. Pougin, for instance, speaks of his music thus: "Can there be anything sweeter and more touching than the admirable 'Enfance du Christ,' whose exquisite and impressive charm some vainly attempted to deny? Can there be anything more striking and pathetic than certain pages of 'Roméo et Juliette,' of 'Béatrice et Bénédicte,' and of 'La Symphonie fantastique'? Can there be anything more poetical, tender, and dreamy than certain *tableaux* of the 'Damnation de Faust'? Can there be anything more high-spirited, bold, brilliant, and chivalrous than the grand episodes of 'Harold,' 'Les Troyens'—than the fiery overtures of 'Roi Lear' and the 'Carnaval romain'?"

To the above might easily be added many critical utterances of French musical notabilities, for instance some of the composer and critic Ernest Reyer, an admirer and follower of Berlioz; but remembering Voltaire's saying, "Le moyen d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire," I shall confine myself to giving an account of the opinion of a writer who can be called neither a partisan nor an opponent of our composer. M. H. Lavoix fils devotes in his "Histoire de l'Instrumentation" a considerable space to Berlioz. He regrets the absence of the human voice in more than one page of the composer's works, and holds that Berlioz, who of all masters had the most thorough belief in the power of the instruments, was wrong in

thinking the unaided forces of the orchestra sufficient to translate into music the most sublime conceptions of the great poets which his ardent imagination emboldened him to take up. With Berlioz an instrument is often a personage ("Harold en Italie"); sometimes the personage is represented by a melody ("Symphonie fantastique") which subsequently transforms itself in a thousand ways. The system of the *phrase mère* is also employed in a most striking manner in numerous works of Berlioz, in "Roméo et Juliette," in "La Damnation de Faust." The phrase of Mephistopheles ("Voici les roses") is given out now by instruments, now by voices; now it is changed in rhythm, now in time, till finally it appears in its last metamorphosis in the "Danse des Sylphes." Beethoven employed this procedure, Berlioz made it his own, and Wagner borrowed it from the latter without acknowledgment. The wonderful suppleness of Berlioz's orchestra is evidenced by a comparison of his various compositions that comprise the powerful and terrible "Requiem," the brilliant march of the "Damnation," the amorous and overflowing passionate love-scene in "Roméo et Juliette," the fantastic and striking "Queen Mab" episode, the lovely, ingenuous "Enfance du Christ." "Every instrument has its rôle, every voice expresses a sentiment; and if sometimes Berlioz has gone astray in the pursuit of a too ambitious ideal, at least he has known how to make the orchestra, in numerous admirable pages he has left us, a faithful and sometimes sublime interpreter of his thought." We cannot here follow M. Lavoix in his appreciative comment on the poetically inspired love-scene of "Roméo et Juliette," on the tender, religious, pre-Raphaelite "Enfance du Christ," and on other compositions of Berlioz; still less can we follow him in his careful analysis of the master's instrumentation, and must therefore refer the student and the curious generally to pp. 429-443 of this gentleman's most instructive and interesting book. In passing I will advert to the most recent attempt at an estimate of Berlioz's genius, viz., Georges Noufflard's *brochure*, "La Symphonie fantastique de Hector Berlioz, Essai sur l'expression de la musique instrumentale." Although what is true in it is not always new, and what is new not always true, the reader will find in it, besides some doubtful matter, much that is worth remembering and even pondering over.

And now two opinions from nearer home. Professor G. A. Macfarren is reported to have said at one of the meetings of the Musical Association (see the Report of the Proceedings of this Society—Fifth Session, 1878-1879): "Berlioz had certainly musical genius, but it seemed more especially to have tended in the direction of musical colouring; and the attention he seemed to have given to this art of combining different qualities of sound had brought it to a more definite theory than perhaps any previous composer. . . . One rarely found in his music those remarkable compounds of melodic interest and that complete grasp of harmony which were the main charms in musical composition, and for contrapuntal ability he seemed, from the words quoted (in the paper read by Mr. Osborne), as much as from the absence of it in his works, to have had rather a dislike. So far as a small acquaintance with his productions enabled the speaker to guess at the groundwork of an opinion—for he could not be said to have formed one—he should suppose that his main thought in music was in the department of musical combination." In striking contrast with the cautious moderation of Professor Macfarren is the fearless incisiveness of Ed. Dannreuther. This critical Hotspur, who hesitates neither at a word nor an opinion when he thinks them to be the right ones, points out (in

Grove's "Dictionary of Music and Musicians," *voce* Berlioz) the phenomenal technical attainments of Berlioz, the surpassing perfection of his instrumentation, the originality and inexhaustible variety of rhythms, and the unparalleled "gigantic proportions, the grandiose style, the imposing weight of those long and broad harmonic and rhythmical progressions towards some end afar off, the exceptional means employed for exceptional ends—in a word, the colossal, cyclopean aspect of certain movements." Of a class of Berlioz's works, of which critics have said little, Dannreuther remarks: "French art can show nothing more tender and delicately graceful, more perfect in shape and diction, than certain of his songs and choral pieces." That the critic's attitude is not one of unrelieved admiration, the following passage will make clear: "But there is a portion of Berlioz's works from which many of his admirers, who are certainly not open to the charge of being musical milksops, recoil with instinctive aversion. One must draw the line somewhere, and the writer would draw it on the hitherside of such movements as the 'Orgies,' which form the finale of 'La Symphonie fantastique' and 'Harold en Italie,' or the 'Chorus of Devils' in the 'Damnation de Faust.'" But while protesting against the introduction of such "bloodthirsty delirious passion" into the realm of art, he admits that these "reprehensible pieces contain some of their author's most astonishing technical achievements."

Berlioz's music was in its earlier days a topic very fruitful of piquant sayings and *jeux d'esprits*. Some person remarked of it apologetically, "This is very beautiful, although it is not music." Another characterised the composer as a "Hellish Breughel with the colossal dimensions of a Michael Angelo." Of his instrumentation it was said that the harmonics of the violins and the tinkling of the small antique cymbals in the Queen Mab Scherzo resembled "the noise of badly greased syringes or the ringing of bells (*carillon de sonnettes*) at a tavern," and more comprehensively and if possible in stronger terms, that "Berlioz exacts from his orchestra quite peculiar howling, scratching, and rattling sounds." After the first performance of "Harold," a writer in one of the Paris journals began an article with the words, "Ha, ha, ha!—haro, haro! Harold!" At an Opéra-ball, Arnal exclaimed, "Yes, gentlemen, I shall let you hear a picturesque and imitative symphony, entitled 'Episode de la vie d'un joueur.' To make my thoughts understood I require neither words, nor singers, nor actors, nor scenes and costumes. All this, gentlemen, is in my orchestra. There you will see my personage act, there you will hear him speak, there I shall depict him from head to foot: on the second recurrence of the first allegro I will show you even *how he puts on his necktie*. O wonder of instrumental music! But I shall let you see still more remarkable things in my second *Symphony on the Civil Code*." Bad as this was, it was not the worst treatment Berlioz received, as is proved by an anonymous letter in which he was reproached with being wanting in courage for not blowing out his brains after his failures.

Wagner's grotesque exhibition of intolerant sectarianism, or rather individualism, in "Oper und Drama," where this superlatively great artist, creative in tone and word, shows his littleness in attempting to measure infinite art by his own finite self, may fitly be inserted in this part of my critical anthology, although my doing so will, no doubt, shock many. Wagner, who admits Berlioz's extraordinary musical intelligence, describes him as the most energetic offshoot of Beethoven in that direction from which the German master turned away. The amorous staring at the crabbed, hasty, bold, and glaring

strokes of the pen with which Beethoven drew quickly, and without weighing selection, his attempts at the discovery of new capabilities of expression, produced Berlioz's artistic enthusiasm. Terror and rapture seized him at the sight of those enigmatical magic signs, into which Beethoven had charmed at once rapture and terror, in order to make manifest by their means the secret that he never could express in music, and yet imagined could only be expressed in music. At this sight the staring Berlioz was seized with giddiness; a fantastic chaos danced wildly before his eyes, whose natural visual power gave way to a dimmed many-sightedness (*Vielsichtigkeit*), in which the dazzled artist thought he saw flesh-clad forms, whereas in reality only spectral bones and ribs haunted his imagination. The thus excited giddiness, however, was nothing else but Berlioz's enthusiasm; when he awoke from it he perceived, with the lassitude of one stupefied by opium, a frosty emptiness around him, which he endeavoured to animate by artificially recalling the fever of his dream. To limn the strange pictures of his cruelly heated imagination he required an immense apparatus of complicated machines; for what he had to say was so unusual, so unnatural, that it could not be said in plain simple words. An exquisitely articulated and most ingeniously constructed mechanism was, therefore, to manifest what the human voice could not utter, because it was something inhuman. To satisfy the burning, consuming, and at first genuinely artistic impulse that animated him, Berlioz was driven through the unhealthy and inhuman to the point where, as a supernatural, fantastical dreamer, he could not but sink into an all-absorbing materialism, and where now, still consumed by a truly artistic longing, he lies irrecoverably buried under the jumbled mass of his machines. This is a summary, almost entirely in his own words, of Wagner's view of Berlioz in 1851, as may be ascertained by consulting pp. 348, &c., vol. iii., of his "Gesammelte Schriften." Let the reader extricate the particle of truth that lies buried under the jumbled mass of extravagant figure; it is a laborious, but perhaps not profitless task.

Having hitherto taken notice only of the criticisms by men of high standing in the musical art, it may not be amiss to give now a few moments' attention to the observations of one not belonging to the craft.

In one of his accounts of Parisian matters Heine writes, "People expect something extraordinary [of Berlioz's "Benvenuto Cellini"], as this composer has already accomplished extraordinary things. The tendency of his mind is towards the fantastic, allied not with feeling, but with sentimentality; he strongly resembles Callot, Gozzi, and Hoffmann." We will stop short at the comical comments on the "Symphonie fantastique" and its composer, and pass on to another of Heine's musical reports from the Seine capital, in which he makes an attempt at a characterisation of our composer's style. Applying to Berlioz the flattering words "*à tout seigneur tout honneur*," he begins by saying that at a concert given by the composer even the most indolent minds had been carried away by the power of genius which manifests itself in the great master's works. Thus far nothing could be more decorous and gratifying. But Heine, like Mephistopheles, soon got tired of the dry tone, and must again play the devil. "Here is a flapping of wings," he goes on in a very different strain, "that announces no common singing-bird. This is a colossal nightingale, a philomel of the size of an eagle, such as it is said there have been in the primeval world. Yes, I find in Berlioz's music, on the whole, something primeval, if not antediluvian,—

it reminds me of extinct species of animals, of fabulous kingdoms and sins, of heaped-up impossibilities, of Babylon, of the hanging gardens of Semiramis, of Nineveh, of the wondrous works of Mizraim, such as we see in the pictures of the Englishman Martin. Indeed, if we look for an analogy in the pictorial art, we find the most congenial similarity between Berlioz and the mad Briton, the same predilection for the monstrous, the gigantic, for material boundlessness. With the one glaring lights and dark shadows, with the other screeching instrumentation; with the one little melody, with the other little colour; with both little beauty and no feeling (*Gemüth*) at all. Their works are neither antique nor romantic, they remind one neither of Greece nor of the Catholic Middle Ages, but point up much farther to the Assyrio-Babylonio-Egyptian period of architecture and the massive passion that reveals itself therein." With this extravaganza of the sarcastic poet, wherein mixed with, and almost completely lost in, the ludicrous there is discernible a modicum of truth and sense, I shall conclude my anthology of criticisms. Having given ear to the accusers, however, it would be unjust to impose silence on the accused. So, as the latter has something to say for himself and wishes to be heard, we will let him speak his mind as soon as we have settled a matter in connection with the above. In justice to Heine and Berlioz it must be stated that the critic who has made his friends so often pray to be preserved from their friend, repented of his merciless criticism when he learnt that "L'Enfance du Christ" was a "sheaf of melodious flowers and a masterpiece of *naïveté*." The day after the first performance he sent the composer a charming note, in which he tells him that he cannot forgive himself for having been so unjust towards a friend. Berlioz, who quotes a part of Heine's criticism in the "Mémoires," follows it up triumphantly with this note, and reports also the words he spoke when he called on the invalid poet: "But why were you so careless as to express, like a vulgar critic, an absolute opinion on an artist whose work is so far from being known to you? You think always of the 'Sabbat,' of the 'Marche au Supplice,' of my 'Symphonie fantastique,' of the 'Dies iræ' and the 'Lacrimosa' of my 'Requiem.' I believe, however, that I have done and can do things of quite another character." In the limited acquaintance with the composer's works lies indeed the weakness of all the criticisms he has to bear. Speaking generally one may say that the little the critics knew of Berlioz did not entitle them to make such sweeping judgments as they often indulged in. Mendelssohn's opinion was not publicly expressed, not deliberately formulated for printed publication, otherwise one might justly blame him for having without hesitation judged a pre-eminently orchestral composer by a pianoforte arrangement. Schumann and Brendel were honest enough to let us know how much they knew of Berlioz's works, but only too many either think in the pride of their imagined æsthetical and intellectual superiority that a glance is enough for their all-comprehending, all-penetrating minds, or, if humble enough to feel their finitude and fallibility, are prevented by a false shame from confessing their condition. In short, grandiloquent falsehood is preferred to modest truth, and the result is neither pleasing to God nor serviceable to man.

And now we will let Berlioz proceed with his defence. "Generally my style is very bold, but it has not the least tendency to destroy anything whatever of the constitutive elements of the art. On the contrary, I endeavour to increase the number of these elements. I never dreamt, as people in France foolishly pretended, of composing music *without*

melody. This school exists now in Germany, and I abhor it." *Et tu, Brute!* This poor new German school received some very severe cuts in its youthful days, but this from the man whom it cherished so much and honoured so highly, this was the most cruel cut of all. What Berlioz says of the nature of his melodies, namely, that they are of great dimension, often wedded to secondary melodies, and therefore not clearly distinguishable by short-sighted, infantine minds, that these melodies are unlike the little drolleries called by the low musical public melodies, reminds one somewhat of remarks made on the same topic by Wagner, of whom, however, Berlioz was at no time a very ardent admirer. By-the-by, do not forget to compare Fétis' and Schumann's contradictory opinions about Berlioz's melody. But I must not interrupt the speaker too long. "The dominant qualities of my music are passionate expression, inward ardour, rhythmical animation, the unlooked-for [*l'imprévu*]. When I say passionate expression I mean expression intent on reproducing the intimate sense of its subject, even when the subject is the contrary of passion, and where soft, tender sentiments and the most profound calm have to be expressed." These are irreproachable qualities, and well applied cannot fail to lead to excellent results. With regard to his "Requiem" Berlioz speaks thus: "It may be well to point out to you an order of ideas into which no modern composer except myself has penetrated, and of which the ancients did not even foresee the extent. I mean those enormous compositions designated by certain critics by the name of architectural or monumental music." Among which "certain critics" the reader will have no difficulty in recognising friend Heine. I may here parenthetically inform the reader that this defence of Berlioz consists of excerpts taken from a letter of his addressed with the MS. of his "Mémoires" to a gentleman who intended to write the composer's biography, and had asked for information from him. As the biography was not written, Berlioz added the letter, as a postscript, to his "Mémoires." "Those of my works described by the critics as architectural music are: my 'Symphonie funèbre et triomphale,' for two orchestras and chorus; the 'Te Deum,' of which the finale ('Judex crederis') is without doubt my grandest production; the Cantata for two choruses, 'L'Impériale,' executed at the concerts of the Palais de l'Industrie in 1855; and especially the 'Requiem.'" Berlioz remarks that those works in which he has made use of extraordinary means are exceptional. "In my 'Requiem,' for example, there are four orchestras of brass instruments, separated one from the other and dialoguing at a distance, placed around the grand orchestra and the mass of the voices. In the 'Te Deum' it is the organ which from one end of the church converses with the orchestra of two choirs placed at the other end, and with a third very numerous choir in unison, representing in the *ensemble* the people which takes part from time to time in the vast religious concert. But it is especially the form of these pieces, the largeness of the style and the formidable slowness of certain progressions, of which people do not divine the final aim, which give to these works their strangely gigantic physiognomy, their colossal aspect. The enormous size of this form is also the cause that people either understand nothing at all, or are overwhelmed by a terrible emotion. How often, at the performances of my 'Requiem,' was to be found by the side of a trembling hearer, moved to the very depths of his soul, another opening his ears as wide as he could without comprehending anything. The latter was in the position of those curious persons who ascend into the statue of San Carlo Borromeo

at Como, and who are very much surprised when one tells them that the *salon* where they have just sat down is the interior of the saint's head. . . . As to my compositions conceived in the ordinary proportions, and for which I had recourse to no exceptional means, it is precisely their internal ardour, their expression, and their rhythmical originality which have done them the most harm, because of the qualities of execution which they demand. In order to render them well the executants, and especially their conductor, must *feel* like me. An extreme precision, united with an irresistible *verve*, a regulated fire, a dreamy sensibility, a so to speak distempered melancholy are required, without which traits of my figures are altered or completely effaced. . . . The *maestria* in the art of instrumentation is accorded to me without contestation in France as elsewhere, especially since I have published on this matter a didactic treatise. But I am reproached with abusing Sax's instruments (without doubt because I often praise the talent of this clever maker). Now, I have hitherto employed them only in a scene of 'La Prise de Troie,' an opera of which nobody has as yet seen a page [this was written May 25, 1858]. I am also reproached with excess of noise, love of the bass-drum, which I brought into action in a small number of pieces where its employment is motivated, and I am the only one of the critics who has persisted for the last twenty years in protesting against the senseless use of the bass-drum, trombones, &c., in the small theatres, in the small orchestras, in the *chansonnettes*, where now they make use even of the side-drum. It was Rossini, in the 'Siege of Corinth,' who introduced the crashing instrumentation into France. . . . With regard to me, I believe that the comical error was caused by the festivals where people saw me often conduct immense orchestras." Enough, enough! Need I warn the reader not to accept the composer's asseverations too trustfully? If the declarations of the accusers and witnesses had to be received with caution, it ought not to be relaxed in listening to the defence of the accused. When I hear Berlioz deny his fondness for Sax's instruments, noisy instrumentation, &c., I cannot help remembering his enthusiastic account of a band of 320 wind instruments, conducted by Wieprecht, which he heard at Berlin. He mentions with a kind of voluptuous satisfaction the thundering rendering of the solo for brass instruments in the introduction of the overture "Les Francs-Juges," executed by fifteen great bass-trombones, eighteen or twenty tenor and alto trombones, twelve bass-tubas, and a swarm of trumpets. In the performance of Meyerbeer's "La Danse aux Flambeaux" by the same band he was particularly struck by the long trill on "d" executed by eighteen *trompettes à cylindres*. Again, after speaking in a laudatory manner of the Chorus of the Frankfurt Theatre, he remarks that in a chorus of only about forty voices there exists a harshness which is not to be found in larger masses. Very characteristic it is also that he considers the teaching of a *conservatoire* incomplete unless the *pizzicato* is taught to the violinists, and special classes are formed not only for the study of the tenor and basset-horn, but also for the saxophones, sax-horns, ophicleide, bass-tuba, and the various instruments of percussion. But the most striking remark in this respect is that about the desirability of a union of all the means at the disposal of the Conservatoire, the various theatres, and concert-societies of Paris, so that by the selection of the best elements "a magnificent *ensemble* of from 800 to 900 instrumentalists and vocalists may be formed." To realise this idea only two things are wanting, he says, a *local* to place the performers, and a little love

of art to bring them together. Thus we see that the fondness for great masses, although protested against by him so strongly, betrays itself often enough in unguarded moments. Indeed, this same fondness forms part of his love of the grand and sublime—one of the most characteristic traits of his nature. As, however, the task I have proposed to myself on this occasion is that of a reporter, not of a critic, I must stop here; but in conclusion I shall ask the reader to compare the various opinions laid before him, and to note how all the critics,—with the exception perhaps of Fétis, Scudo, and Lobe, who have either hardly anything to blame or to praise—agree quite wonderfully on certain points. Read thus this anthology may, if the individual bias of each speaker is kept in mind in some degree assist in forming a judgment on the too much abused and too much neglected Hector Berlioz, an artist not perfect, but of many perfections.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS, SKETCHED BY THEMSELVES.

By JOSEPH BENNETT.

No. VII.—SPOHR (*continued from page 280*).

ABOUT this time Spohr published his first work—a Violin Concerto—and had the rough experience which, at that period, every unknown man passed through in trying to gain the world's ear. "Full of impatience to see my work appear, I begged Herr Eck to write to Breitkopf and Härtel, of Leipzig, with whom he was in correspondence, to propose the publishing of the Concerto. The reply soon arrived, but was very discouraging to me. For the consolation of the young composer who can find no publisher for his first work, the conditions upon which the above-named firm consented to undertake its publication may be mentioned. I had myself given up all claim to payment, and only stipulated for some free copies. The firm required, however, that I should buy one hundred copies at half the selling price. At first my youthful artist-pride rebelled against such dishonourable conditions, as I deemed them. But the wish to see the publication of the Concerto so expedited that, upon our return to Brunswick, I might be able to present the Duke with a printed copy, joined to the hope that he would make me a present, assisted me to conquer my sensitiveness and agree to the conditions. The Concerto was finished in time, and, when I returned, the package was lying ready at a music-seller's in Brunswick; but it was not delivered to me before I had paid for the hundred copies." At St. Petersburg Spohr met with Clementi and Field, and made entries in his diary concerning both, which show a good deal of frank appreciation: "Clementi, a man in his best years, of an extremely lively disposition and very engaging manners, liked much to converse with me, and often invited me after dinner to play at billiards. In the evening, I sometimes accompanied him to his large pianoforte warehouse, where Field was often obliged to play for hours, to display the instruments to the best advantage to the purchasers." The diary speaks with great satisfaction of the technical perfection and dreamy melancholy of that young artist's execution. "I have still in recollection the figure of the pale, overgrown youth, whom I have never seen since. When Field, who had outgrown his clothes, placed himself at the piano, stretched out his arms over the keyboard, so that the sleeves shrunk up nearly to the elbows, his whole figure appeared awkward and stiff in the highest degree; but as soon as his touching instrumentation began everything else was forgotten, and one became all ear. Unhappily I could not express my emotion and thankfulness to the young man otherwise than by a silent pressure of the hand, for he spoke no language