

## ROYAL MUSICIANS.

## PART I.

DAVID, THE SWEET SINGER OF ISRAEL.



"Does she play well?" asked Elizabeth.

"For a queen, very well," was the answer.

With one exception, a similar answer would have to be given were the same question put with regard to any of the kings and queens who will form the subject of these papers.

Were they good musicians?

For monarchs—very good.

It is not as executive musicians, however, that they claim our attention, but rather as musical amateurs, in the true sense of the word—which is lovers, not dabblers.

The man who has music in his soul is not necessarily the man who has music in his fingers, or even, to any great extent, in his head; but given the genuine love for music, unaccompanied by personal ambition, the opportunities enjoyed by king or queen of encouraging and fostering this most beautiful and most popular of the arts, are greater than those which can be enjoyed by any other person; and it is principally as patrons that these six sovereigns have left their mark upon the history of music.

With one exception: King David is the greatest musician of whom we have any record in ancient history; but it is true that he was a musician long before he was a king, or before he had any idea that he would ever be called to a ruler's exalted position.

It is as a shepherd lad, and directly afterwards as a musician, that we first meet him.

Saul, the king, has fits of melancholy, and his servants discuss among themselves some means of curing him. The soothing effect of music is known to them, and they beg their master to allow them to seek out a man who is "a cunning player on an harp" adding: "And it shall come to pass when the evil spirit from God is upon thee that he shall play with his hand and thou shalt be well."

The idea commends itself to Saul and he bids his servants provide him a man who can play well and bring him before him.

Where is this man to be found?

One of the king's body-guard bethinks him of David, the son of Jesse the Bethlehemite, and Saul listens to the recital of the young shepherd's deeds of valour and skill as a musician.

David is sent for, and appears before the sick man. He is a youth of about fifteen years of age, slight and agile, and somewhat short of stature; his complexion is ruddy, his hair red gold, and his eyes are very bright; he is withal of a beautiful countenance and goodly to look to. He is in his shepherd's

dress and wears a wallet round his neck to hold his food when he is out in the pastures. In his hand he carries a scrip or wand, wherewith to punish an unruly dog or straggling sheep, and over his shoulder is slung his harp.

This harp is not at all the sort of instrument that we know. In the Hebrew Bible it is called "kinnor," and already in Genesis iv. we read that "Jubal was the father of all such as handle the harp (kinnor) and organ." The kinnor is therefore the first musical instrument of which we have any knowledge, and we may be sure that its construction was very simple.

Unfortunately we have no representations of ancient Hebrew instruments, but antiquarians are agreed that the Egyptian and Assyrian instruments, of which we have ample evidence on sculptures and frescoes discovered by travellers, must be almost, if not exactly, identical with those instruments of which we have only verbal descriptions scattered through the pages of the Bible.

The harp in ancient times was as variable an instrument as is the pianoforte to-day, and surely there could scarcely be a greater difference between two instruments bearing the same name than that which exists between our tiny cottage pianos, which are little more than toys, and the monster grands which we see and hear in our concert-rooms.

In David's time, and still earlier, there were harps which stood over six feet high, and these were often richly ornamented and inlaid with ivory and tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl. Then there were harps of medium size, which stood on tables or stools, and finally there were the small harps which could be carried in the hand, and which were hung up when not in use. It is said that David suspended his harp over his bed facing the north, and when at midnight the north wind touched the strings it emitted musical sounds.

This small instrument (the kinnor) is also mentioned in Psalm cxxxvii., where we read that the captive Israelites, wailing by the rivers of Babylon, had hung their harps on the willows, saying, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?"

All ancient harps had one feature in common, in which they differed from the modern instrument. They had no front pillar. The frame consisted generally of one piece of wood—or probably, in the larger ones, of metal—bent somewhat in the shape of a large C. The small harps were frequently made of two pieces of wood < and this species was the most common. At South Kensington Museum there is a little harp of this kind, which is said to be chiefly of interest on account of its resemblance to some instruments of this class represented on monuments of Eastern nations, dating from about one thousand years before the Christian era—which would be the time of David. This little harp is still in use among the Ossetes, an Indo-Germanic race living in Central Caucasus. The upper portion of the frame is curved, which gives more strength and greater elegance, but this will have been an improvement on the simple form with straight bars, which, as will at once be seen, would be easily made, and the delight of making which would commend itself to many a boy who had not in him the soul of a poet as had David, who said himself, "My hand made a harp and my fingers fitted a psaltery."

In the lonely hours as he wandered through the rich pastures of Bethlehem, we can picture the shepherd boy whittling at the sticks of which his loved instrument was to be fashioned, then with patient care measuring the lengths

of catgut, or of fibrous roots, for the strings. This was not so easy a task, and, if the music were to be in good tune, needed to be done with the utmost nicety. He probably discovered very soon that if a string of, say, six inches produced a given tone, a string of twelve inches would produce the lower octave of that tone, and every other tone that was desired would have to be calculated on the same basis.

He will have begun with the longest strings because these would hold his frame in position, and we can imagine how the artist soul in him must have burned to try the music long before the whole stringing was complete.

Perhaps with his first four or five strings he began to play; then, impatient of the restrictions put upon his fancy by so limited a scale, he will have gone on adding more strings, and still more, till the little harp was complete.

Then, weary with work, or overcome by the heat of the day, he may have hung his kinnor on a tree, and lain down to sleep, and, waking refreshed, may have heard the evening wind playing softly among the strings. Then, seizing his new treasure, he will have poured out all his full heart in music, and the servants of King Saul riding by and hearing the sweet tones, will have listened with delight to the simple shepherd boy who, far from the strife and heart-burnings of a Court, had no care but to guard well his sheep, and save them from occasional attacks of lion or bear.

When, therefore, the summons came to play before King Saul, the young minstrel was ready, and, taking his harp, he played cunningly with his hand, "so Saul was refreshed and was well, and the evil spirit departed from him."

Before his introduction to King Saul, David had been chosen from among the eight sons of Jesse, and had been anointed as the future King of Israel by Samuel, but though Jesse seems to have learnt the high honour which was in store for his house, it is not quite clear that young David realised the full import of the solemn ceremony.

After his successful performance before the King, he was appointed armour-bearer to Saul, but apparently life at a Court little suited him, for the green pastures of Bethlehem soon claimed him again.

He was twenty years old when he next came before the King—this time not as a musician but as a warrior, ready to do battle with the terrible giant, Goliath. Though still but a stripling, a great change must have taken place in his appearance, for Saul, not remembering him, asked—

"Who is this young man?"

The same answer was given as before—

"David, the son of Jesse, the Bethlehemite," but the information seems to have awakened no chord of remembrance in the mind of the anxious King.

Having slain the giant, David was taken into the service of Saul, who now "let him go no more home to his father's house." He was set over the men of war and behaved himself wisely, so that soon he had won the hearts of all the people.

After one of the great battles with the Philistines the women came out of all the cities of Israel, singing and dancing, to meet King Saul, with tabrets, with joy, and with stringed instruments of music. And as the glad procession marched along, the women sang in turns, "Saul has killed his thousands, and David his ten thousands."

This comparison by no means pleased the proud King who, head and shoulders taller than any of his subjects, had gloried in his strength and prowess, and now saw his fame

eclipsed by that of a mere boy. The evil spirit again came upon him, and David, as of old, played upon his harp, but either his hand had lost its cunning since he no more practised in the lonely pastures, or else the heart of Saul was too much hardened against him. The soft strains no longer soothed the angry spirit, and the player barely escaped with his life from the javelin thrown at him by his jealous master.

Though married to Michal, the younger daughter of the king, David was obliged to flee from the Court, and, aided by his wife, he managed to escape through a window and went to Ramah, where Samuel dwelt with a company of prophets. The prophets were always accompanied by music, and players on the psaltery and the tabret and the pipe and the harp went before them. The power of music must have been very great in those days; it was required not only to soothe the sick, as in the case of Saul, but to elevate the spirit, as when Elisha, having been desired by Jehoshaphat to prophesy, answered, "Now bring me a minstrel," and "when the minstrel played, the hand of the Lord came upon him" and he prophesied.

David was not long left to enjoy the peace and safety of Ramah, for Saul, having learnt his place of refuge, sent out messengers to take him. Yet such was the effect of the place, and of the sweet music of the prophets, that the messengers forgot their wicked purpose and stayed to prophesy with the rest. In vain the king sent other messengers, and at last he came himself, but, overpowered by the holy influence, he succumbed like the others, and lay upon his face on the ground a day and a night.

Meanwhile David escaped, and for several years he led a vagrant life, surrounded by a few hundreds of faithful followers, with whose aid he fought the Lord's battles, but regarding the person of the King as sacred—he being the Lord's anointed—he availed himself of none of the opportunities that presented themselves of slaying his implacable enemy.

His loyalty to the King is most beautifully expressed in the wonderful Psalm which he wrote upon the death of Saul and Jonathan. "How are the mighty fallen!" is the refrain which occurs again and again, and which, doubtless, was repeated at intervals after the manner of a chorus. But remembering the triumphal songs of the women of old, when he and Saul had returned from the battle with the Philistines, he says, "Tell it not in Gath, nor publish it in the streets of Askelon, lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice."

That the Israelites had set rules for their musical performances is quite clear from the headings of many of the Psalms, where definite directions as to their manner of accompaniment are given. In Luther's translation these headings are in German, and, therefore, understandable by every reader, but the English translators appear to have been uncertain about the meanings of many Hebrew words used to designate musical instruments, and therefore left the difficult words untranslated. According to the researches of later scholars it seems that Luther's translations were correct, and in most cases similar ones are now given in the marginal references to our Bible. The heading to Psalm iv., for instance, is "To the Chief Musician on Neginoth," which means, on stringed instruments. Sometimes a more limited direction is given, as in the heading to Psalm lxi., "To the Chief Musician upon Neginah" (a stringed instrument). Several

Psalms are inscribed "To the Chief Musician on Neginoth upon Sheminith," and this refers to instruments with eight strings. Psalm v. is headed "To the Chief Musician upon Nehiloth," meaning a wind instrument, probably a flute, while Gittith and Machalath, which also occur, are supposed to be stringed instruments.

As soon as David had been made King over all Israel, he bethought him of the Ark, which had remained in the care of Abinadab at Kirjath-jearim, and having called together all the people, he went down thither to fetch it up. They put the Ark upon a new cart drawn by oxen, which were led by the two sons of Abinadab—Ahio and Uzza. "And David and all Israel played before God with all their might, and with singing and with harps, and with psalteries, and with timbrels, and with cymbals, and with trumpets."

But their mission was not blessed, for they



THE DAMSELS PLAYING WITH TIMBRELS.

had done wrongly in placing the holy Ark in a cart, and when, the oxen having stumbled, Uzza put out his hand to steady the Ark, he was struck dead.

David, overcome with fear, would now proceed no further, but going aside, he left his precious charge in the house of Obed-edom, the Gittite, where it remained three months.

Meanwhile he built for himself houses at Jerusalem, and pitched a tent for the reception of the Ark. And now he determined to bring it up according to the law of Moses, which commanded that it must be carried on staves on the shoulders of the Levites, and calling the people together, David went down to the house of Obed-edom where the Ark had remained.

It was a grand and triumphal procession that now entered Jerusalem. The three chief musicians—Heman, Asaph and Ethan—were appointed to sound with cymbals of brass; eight more of the Levites followed with

psalteries and six with harps. "And Chenaniah, chief of the Levites, was for song; he instructed about the song, because he was skilful." Next came seven priests who blew with trumpets before the Ark. All of these were dressed in robes of fine white linen, and David put off his royal habit, and, clothed like the others in white linen, with an ephod of white linen round his waist, "he danced before the Lord with all his might."

Michal, his wife, Saul's daughter, looking out from a window, saw him thus "dancing and leaping, and she despised him in her heart." Afterwards, when—having offered his burnt offerings upon the altar, and having rewarded all his people, the women as well as the men, by giving to each a loaf of bread, a good piece of flesh and a flagon of wine—David returned to his house, he was taunted by Michal for his unkingly behaviour; but he reproved her pride, saying, this day he had not been the King, but had made himself lowly before God, the King of all Israel.

This great event was recorded by David in a Psalm (lxviii.) where we read—

"The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after; among them were the damsels playing with timbrels."

Soon after this David was struck by the idea that it was unseemly for him to be living in a house of cedars, while the Ark of the Lord was beneath curtains; but, having communicated his misgivings to Nathan the Prophet, he was told that God did not desire him to build Him a house, since he had been a man of war, but that his son, who should be a man of peace, should build the temple of the Lord. But David began at once to make preparations for the building of the Temple, and when he was old he gave directions as to how everything was to be done, special rules being laid down by him for the music in the house of God. All the musicians were to be Levites, as Moses had commanded, and three of these were the chief musicians. Their names occur very frequently in the headings of the Psalms, most of which were written by David, though some were by others, amongst these being occasionally the chief musicians themselves.

Asaph, whose name we find most prominent, had four sons, and Jeduthun had six sons. All of these prophesied with a harp. Heman, the third, had fourteen sons and three daughters: the sons lifted up the horn, but the daughters were under their father for song in the house of the Lord, with cymbals, psalteries and harps. The number of all the masters of music in the Temple, namely, "all that were cunning," was 288, but with the scholars the whole company amounted to 4,000.

The last days of David were entirely filled with these great preparations, and very beautiful are his directions to Solomon to carry out all his wishes. He gave him "the pattern of the porch and of the houses thereof," and he weighed out the gold and silver for the candlesticks, and for the lamps, and for the instruments of every kind of service. And all this, said David, "the Lord made me understand in writing by His hand upon me, even all the works of this pattern."

And he said to Solomon, "Be strong and do it; fear not, nor be dismayed, for the Lord God, even my God, will be with thee."

His directions were faithfully carried out, with even greater magnificence than David had contemplated. The musical instruments that were of wood in David's time had been made of fir-wood, but Solomon made them of almug wood, which had been sent to him from

Ophir, and the like of which had never before been seen in Judah. It was formerly believed that the almag tree was a cypress, and as such it is mentioned by Josephus, but it is now generally taken to be a sort of sandal-wood—the *Santalum Album*, which is found in India. The Israelites are said to have had about thirty-six musical instruments; not more than eighteen, however, are mentioned in the Bible. Of these, the most popular were the harp and psaltery. The latter was a small, square instrument, with ten strings, which was played with a plektrum—a piece of bone, metal or wood, pointed at both ends—with which the strings were plucked.

The timbrel or tabret, which is so often mentioned, was much like our tambourine, and it is mostly found in the hands of girls.

Naumann, in his *History of Music*, points out that women undoubtedly took part in the musical service of the Temple, as is indicated in many of the Psalms, but, he says, they are mostly found associated with instruments of percussion, and as these were far more primitive than the stringed instruments, it is evident that the musical education of the women was considerably behind that of the men.

Of the wind instruments in use in the Temple the most common were the flute (which originally was made of a shin bone) and the various kinds of trumpets, horns and cornets, some of which were made of silver.

One of these—the shophar—still survives in

the service of the Jewish synagogue where it is blown at the Jewish New Year's Festival. It is made of a ram's or cow's horn and varies considerably in size.

The Jews in Germany have also a "Penitential Hymn," the melody of which, according to an ancient tradition, is ascribed to David. I give the melody here as it was noted down by Herr Carl Engel on hearing it in the synagogue at Hamburg.

#### DAVID'S HYMN.



David's authorship of this hymn is less doubtful when we remember that the priests, who were a numerous class, all of one race, regarded it as their special privilege to maintain the musical service as it was given to them, and the melodies in use in the Temple were handed down by them from father to son through long generations.

Three hundred years after David's time we read that Hezekiah "set the Levites in the house of the Lord with the instruments ordained by David, King of Israel"; and, further, Hezekiah commanded the Levites "to

sing praise unto the Lord with the words of David and of Asaph the seer." (This Asaph, it will be remembered, was one of the chief musicians to whom David sent many of his Psalms with directions for their performance on stringed or wind instruments.)

Still two hundred years later, when the Israelites returned to Jerusalem after their captivity, we read that the whole congregation was forty-two thousand, three hundred and sixty, besides their men-servants and their maid-servants, and they had two hundred and forty-five singing men and singing women. "And the singers over the business of the house of God were of the house of Asaph."

Then at the dedication of the wall of Jerusalem the Levites were sought out "to keep the dedication with gladness, both with thanksgivings and with singing, with cymbals, psalteries and harps. And they offered great sacrifices and rejoiced, for God had made them rejoice with great joy: the wives also and the children rejoiced, so that the joy of Jerusalem was heard afar off. And both the singers and the porters kept the ward of their God, and the ward of the purification, according to the commandment of David and of Solomon his son."

Thus through the ages the influence of the first royal musician has spread, and in our own church to-day the most beautiful words that we sing are those that have come down to us from the Sweet Singer of Israel.

ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

## LIFE'S TRIVIAL ROUND.

By ROSA NOUCHETTE CAREY, Author of "Nellie's Memories," "Mollie's Prince," etc.

### CHAPTER V.

#### MUSIC AND MOONLIGHT.

"But I know in the glad hereafter  
I shall hear the angelic throng,  
In the golden streets of Heaven,  
Continue that grand sweet song."

*Helen Marion Burnside.*



THE little incident of the pearl necklace had profoundly touched me. Miss Faith, in one of her unhappy moods, had once accused me of undue partiality in everything that concerned Hope. "You care more for her little finger, Berrie, than you

do for the rest of us put together," she said a little bitterly; but, though I let this pass in silence, I am afraid there was an element of truth in Miss Faith's speech. Hope had been only a toddling mite of a child when I came to Wildcroft, for the boys came before her, but I remember that first day as she put her little hand in mine and held up her face to be kissed, that my heart went out to her, and that "my girlie," as her mother always called her, had been my darling and pride ever

since. She was always very good to me, but I am sure that she had no idea how much I loved her. Though her nature was affectionate, she was somewhat undemonstrative, and I know Miss Faith often complained to me that Hope was so cold and unresponsive, but I always contradicted this. Hope was by no means cold, but any effusiveness bored her. She would have opened her eyes in simple amazement if anyone had told her how the sound of her girlish step about the house and the music of her ringing laugh seemed to rejoice my heart, how, in my humble way, I strove to do her service and to give her little pleasures, how I missed her when she was absent, and how sad and empty the house seemed to me. It would have been difficult to make her believe this, and yet it was the truth.

I quite loved Miss Faith that night for giving the child pleasure. So many elderly people cling to their possessions and hoard them secretly, instead of making some young creature happy with them. Miss Faith would never wear her pearls again. And then I went off into one of my odd reveries. I thought about the New Jerusalem and the foundations of precious stones and the gates of pearl, and I wondered if the blessed people who were to inhabit that city would wear sparkling jewels on their shining robes, and then I laughed at my own fancies, "for the fair white linen of the saints needed no adornment." It was enough that their robes were washed white from earthly defile-

ment, and that their faces shone with reflected beauty and beamed with heavenly love.

I roused from these thoughts as the sound of music reached me. Miss Ashton was playing. She was a fine musician, and few amateurs played better than she. Music was her passion, and no one could listen to her without emotion. There was so much expression, such deep sympathy and tenderness in her touch, the notes seemed to vibrate under her strong lissom fingers with new and subtle meaning. Mrs. Marland told me once that her sister would have liked to have taken up music as a profession. "She would have been a great artiste. Everyone says so," she continued. "But my father needed her, and so she gave up the idea. I know at one time she was sorely tempted, poor dear Brenda—that winter she spent at Rome. 'I have had my fight with Apollyon,' she wrote to me. 'He came to me as an angel of light, and made me the fairest promises; and, do you know, his voice reminded me of Signor Luardi. It was so honey-sweet and so persuasive that I put my fingers in my ears and said, "Avaunt, Satanus!" And I actually refused to go to another concert until I was in a more Christian state of mind.' You see, Berrie," for I was a little bewildered by this, "Signor Luardi had been making her a splendid offer, and my dear old Brenda dared not accept it. She is a martyr to duty," went on the little woman with a flush of sisterly pride, "and one day, bless

## ROYAL MUSICIANS.

By ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

## PART II.

## ALFRED THE GREAT.

TOWARDS the close of a spring day in the year 878 a young man, clad in the garb of a wandering minstrel, with his harp suspended across his shoulder, toiled up the steep and rugged side of Bratton Hill, which lay above the village of Ethandun, not far from the town of Westbury in Wiltshire.

A white horse—formed by cutting away the turf and thus exposing the chalk beneath—now marks this hillside, but on that fine May evening the event which the white horse commemorates had not yet taken place, and the grass upon the steep incline was flattened and worn by the tramp of many feet constantly descending and ascending between the Danish camp upon its summit and the plain below.

Some time had elapsed since Alfred, the Anglo-Saxon king, had been utterly routed by the Danish invaders, and no news of his whereabouts having reached the ears of friend or foe, his name had soon been forgotten. The Danes, now regarding themselves as masters of the situation, deemed it unnecessary to confine themselves exclusively within the narrow precincts of their camp on Bratton Hill, and had dispersed over the neighbouring country, leaving their king, Guthrum, surrounded only by a small number of retainers. From the commanding position which he occupied the approach of an enemy would be quickly observed, and at his signal the scattered army would immediately rally to his standard.

Unmolested, the Saxon harper climbed the hill, and, entering the camp, begged rest and refreshment, which were readily promised him, a place being found for him among the servants and dogs congregated about the lower end of the rude hall, which served as dining-room to the King, his family, and followers. As the evening meal was just then being served, no further notice was taken of the newcomer, and he bided his time with the menials till their masters were satisfied.

At a table, upon a raised dais at the other end of the hall, sat the King, his Queen beside him, and round them other ladies and knights. The King wore a robe of silk reaching about to his knees, which was embroidered in gold round the hem. He had shoes fastened to his feet by thongs, and coloured bandages were twisted about his legs in place of stockings. An ample cloak was thrown across his shoulders, where it

was held at the right side by a magnificent brooch. Round his neck was a heavy collar of gold set with precious stones; several golden bracelets covered his arms nearly to the elbow, and one massive ring was conspicuous on the third finger of his right hand. His fair hair was parted in the centre, and hung down at each side in waving curls, which mingled with his beard.

The dress of the Queen consisted of a long, loose robe, the trailing folds of which completely concealed the outline of her figure; a

before each person in turn, presented with one hand a plate, with the other a joint of meat very slightly cooked, and held on a spit. From this the King and the nobles cut slices with their swords, the ladies using knives for the same purpose. As there were no forks in those days, knives and fingers had to do the rest, but on the completion of the meal other servants, likewise on bended knees, handed round bowls of water and towels for the necessary process of hand-washing.

The table was then removed and the horns were filled with mead, while the servants at the lower end proceeded to feast on the remnants of the repast. The harper should now have joined in the general scramble for the best bits which ensued, but his hosts were far too busily engaged in attending to their own wants to observe the ill-concealed disgust with which the Saxon contemplated their half-raw meat, which the more civilised custom of his race had proscribed as unfit for human food. In some other respects, too, the Anglo-Saxons were in advance of their Danish contemporaries. They had, for instance, their rules of etiquette for carving, one of them being the quaint formula, "Set never on fish, flesh, beast nor fowl more than two fingers and a thumb." The violation of this precept added something to the discomfort of the harper, but he was too wise—or perhaps too well bred—to express his repugnance.

Throwing himself back against the wall, he let his fingers wander softly through the chords of his harp; then, as the sweet sounds gained possession of his soul, he played with fire and enthusiasm, and the rude timbers of the hall, catching up the melody, threw back the tones round and full, until the whole space seemed filled with music.

Unmindful of their guest, the hungry Danes ate on, and from them nothing was heard except the occasional snarl of an angry hound deprived of some toothsome bone. The presence of a musician was so common an occurrence at the daily feasts of these people—Danes and Saxons alike—that at first the playing of the harper excited neither surprise nor curiosity; but before long it became evident to the King and his nobles that this was a minstrel of no ordinary ability, and presently they summoned him to the upper hall.

Fearlessly the Saxon approached. The position of men of his class in those days was a curious one. Accorded none of the benefits of the law, they might be robbed or wounded and could claim no compensation, no redress



ALFRED THE GREAT.

kind of hood or veil covered the back of her head, and her front hair was elaborately dressed in curls, bearing evident traces of the curling-irons. Her shapely arms were well displayed by open sleeves, and, like the King's, were covered with bracelets, hers being, however, less handsome than his.

The costume of the other ladies and of the knights was similar in shape and design, differing only in that it was less costly. The company was seated at one side of the table—a plain board laid on trestles—which was covered with a linen cloth exquisitely embroidered, and upon it were placed a platter with fish, some cakes of bread, a bowl, a couple of horns, and a few knives.

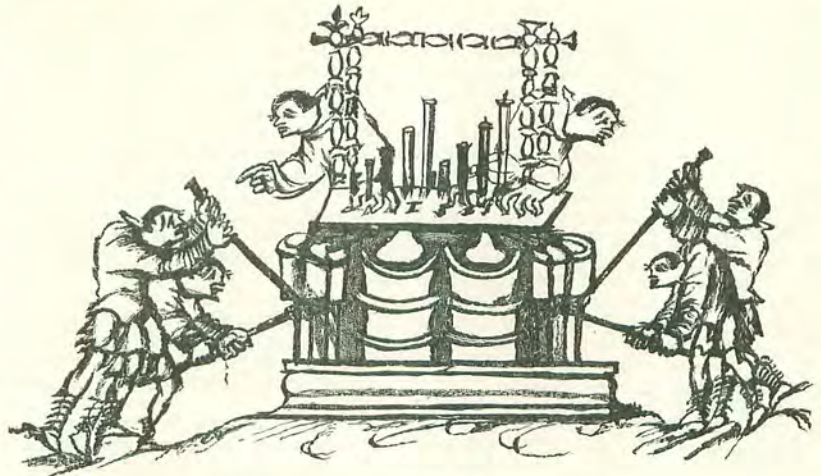
A servant now approached, and kneeling

and, when they died, they were deemed unworthy of Christian burial. Yet they suffered perhaps less at the hands of their fellow-men than any other members of society, for each one of them was a law unto himself. Traveling as they did from one town or province to another, they served our ancestors as our newspapers serve us, and certain it is that no mean or cowardly action lost anything in the telling with which they regaled the ears of their next auditors. On the other hand, noble and generous deeds formed the themes of their finest songs, and many a hero owes his fame to the lays of these humble laureates.

King Guthrum and his friends were well pleased with their entertainment. It never entered their heads to question the harper as to his history; they rewarded him liberally for his pains, treated him to the mead with which their own horns were constantly replenished, and gave him plenty of time to refresh himself between each song, for, half savages though they were, they listened in absolute silence while music was to be heard, keeping their conversation for the pauses between the pieces.

During these intervals they talked quite openly about their plans and movements, and, had they been less unconcerned by the presence of a mere minstrel, they might have noticed a strange light in the harper's eyes, though he strove to conceal his interest in their words beneath an appearance of intense relish of the excellent drink with which his horn was replenished—a relish which was not altogether feigned.

“Two warrior's eyes in the leper's head is



TENTH CENTURY ORGAN AT WINCHESTER.

what I see!” said once an Irish king, when a person, disguised in the terrible garb associated with the direst of diseases, entered his tent and begged for bread. No such suspicion troubled the brain of the Danish king; the harper played on long after the Queen and her ladies had retired to their chamber, and deep silence lay over the scene when at last he left his hosts, all overcome by sleep and drink, and so little did he count among them, that not even a dog raised its nose when he passed out into the night.

With head erect and swinging gait the Saxon descended the hill, and passing through the sleeping village he speedily gained the wood, where he was met by a swineherd leading two horses. A look of glad recognition lighted up the half-sleepy, half-anxious face of the humble servant, to whom this strange harper handed his instrument; then, vaulting lightly to his horse's back, he rode off at a gallop, followed by his faithful companion.

No word was spoken between them as they sped through the dark forest, the silence only broken by the distant howling of wolves, and morning was dawning when they reached a deep, dark morass, over which a rude bridge, fortified by two clumsy stone towers, led to an island barely two acres in extent, which, overgrown by trees and shrubs, showed no sign of human habitation.

The quondam harper, lifting a horn which hung from his belt, blew a merry blast. It was answered from within.

The doors of the towers flew open, and in less time than I can write the words, Alfred, of the West Saxons King, was clasped in the loving arms of his noble wife, the Lady Alswitha, and surrounded by some score of faithful friends who pressed round him, eager to learn the news which he had gained by his courage and self-reliance, no less than by his skill in the sweet art of music.

What a wonderful morning that was! The gentle Alswitha, as she took her husband's harp from the trusty swineherd who had been his first friend, and hung it on its accustomed peg, assuredly did not forget the kind words of grateful recognition which had been so well earned, and will have sent the poor man off with a happy heart to his hut close by. In this hut the King himself, unknown and alone, had craved a shelter some few months before, and there, sitting sadly and hopelessly before the fire, mending his bows and arrows, he had one day been rated by the angry housewife for letting the cakes burn which, as she told him, he would be ready enough



THE HARP OF BRIAN BORU (THE “ALFRED OF THE WESTERN LAND”).



KING EDGAR (GREAT-GRANDSON OF ALFRED THE GREAT) ADORING CHRIST.

to eat. The goodman had taken his part that day, having recognised intuitively with that fine feeling often inherent in the humblest tillers of the soil that some cloud was resting on this strange visitor, whose very movements were so different from his own.

But Alfred kept his secret well, and his kindly host only learnt by accident many weeks later, when a party of Saxon noblemen out hunting happened to pass that way, that the stranger within his gate was no less a personage than the long lost king. The remote home in Ethelinge was found to be a safe hiding-place for the loyal Saxons, several nobles came to join their sovereign, and before long the island was transformed into a regular Saxon camp. The fortifications on the bridge were put up, and then the Lady Alswitha was restored to her devoted husband.

News of the careless habits in the Danish camp had reached Alfred's ears, but he would not risk the lives of his few faithful followers until he had made quite sure of the correctness of these rumours.

The device by which he acquainted himself with the movements of the Danes has been described, and now to his delighted auditors he gave a full and detailed account of the whole position, and plans were made which, should they prove successful, would restore him to his throne.

Again the swineherd's island was deserted. In all directions the nobles rode to summon the faithful; the meeting-place was to be at Selwood Forest, and so swiftly and silently were their operations carried out, that before the Danes had any suspicion of what was going on, the Saxon army had gained the foot of Bratton Hill. The camp thus cut off from the surrounding plain, Ethandun was easily taken, and after a fortnight's blockade, the Danish king was forced to capitulate. This victory turned the fortunes of the Saxons. The Danes pledged themselves by their bracelets, which were their most precious possessions, to observe the treaty made with the Saxon king, and Guthrum consented to become a Christian.

The rest of Alfred's history I must leave others to tell. It is only as a musician that he here occupies a place, and as a musician, unfortunately, we know little about him, for his life was too busy a one to allow of much time being devoted to the pursuit of an art which chiefly aims at amusement. This one episode, however, suffices to show us how great his musical skill must have been, since by it we learn that he was able to pass as a professional musician.

One thousand years have passed since Alfred the Great was buried in the New Monastery which he founded at Winchester, and preparations are already being made to keep the millenary of England's most popular royal hero. Historians and chroniclers are divided as to whether his death occurred in 900 or 901, but musicians need not mind if they are the first to pay tribute to the memory of a king who won a crown with his harp.

It is said that Alfred, as a child, was induced to learn to read by being shown a volume of Anglo-Saxon poems, which his mother promised to give to that one of her children who could first read it. The youngest won the prize, and many happy hours little Alfred spent singing these songs to his harp, for his ideal of a minstrel seems always to have been a harper. He was nearly forty when he began to learn Latin, and among his translations from Boethius into his own language we find the story of Orpheus, whom he describes thus quaintly—

"It happened formerly that there was an harper in that nation which is called Thracia. Men began to say of that harper that he could harp so that the woods danced and the stones moved from its sound."

After some further description of the scene, he adds—

"When he [Orpheus] had long and long harped, the king of the citizens of hell called him and said, 'Let us give this slave his wife, for he hath earned her with his harping.'"

It does not appear from other translations that Boethius mentions Orpheus as a harper at all, and in most versions of the myth he is said to have won his Eurydice by his singing. But to Shakespeare he was "Orpheus with his lute," and in Shakespeare's day the lute had taken the place of the harp of Alfred's day.

What this old harp was like, and what Alfred was like, may very fairly be surmised from existing illustrations, which represents King David as he was pictured by the Anglo-Saxons of the beginning of the eleventh century.

Mediæval painters nearly always clothed their characters in the costume of their own time and country, a peculiarity which is noticeable on many canvases of the most celebrated masters of the Italian Renaissance. Paul Veronese's great picture, "The Marriage at Cana," is a case in point. In it the painter has not only depicted Cana "in all the worldly splendour of his native Venice as it existed in his time," but the principal figures are portraits of his own contemporaries, the bridegroom being a certain Marchese del Vasto, and the musicians who are entertaining the company being Paul Veronese himself, his brother, Titian, Tintoretto, Bassano, and others, all of them clothed after their usual fashion.

In like manner an illustration of King David, which is taken from an old MS. in the British Museum, represents an Anglo-Saxon king of the time of Alfred the Great, the costume there shown according in every particular with the written descriptions left us by the ancient chroniclers. From these old manuscripts my account of the Danish king and his surroundings was taken, and from them we learn that the Danes and the Anglo-Saxons dressed after the same fashion, their customs, too, being very similar, with such exceptions as I have indicated.

The wife of the Danish king was called queen. This honour was denied to the wife of the Anglo-Saxon king, who received only the title of lady, in consequence of the wickedness of a certain Queen Eadburga, who, in the year 827, had poisoned her husband. The father of Alfred the Great, King Ethelwulf, tried to restore the lost dignity, and on marrying his second wife, Judith, the daughter of Charles the Bald, King of France, he conferred upon her the regal crown.

But so angry were the Anglo-Saxons at this breach of their law that they revolted, and with difficulty were pacified, and Alfred was far too wise a king to incur the danger of similar resentment. Alfred's daughter, Ethelfleda, was almost as celebrated as her father. She was married to Ethelred, the King of Mercia, and after her husband's death she governed the kingdom herself; but she was always called the Lady of the Mercians, and by this pretty title her name has been handed down to posterity. Mercia and Wessex, the two most powerful kingdoms of Britain, were thus united in Alfred's family, and on the death of the brave and wise Lady of the Mercians in 918, both kingdoms were inherited by Alfred's son, Edward the Elder, the first prince to assume the title King of England.

Alfred resided during his reign at Winchester, for the musical progress of which town he did much. The first abbot of his new monastery was Grimbold, a monk famous not only for his learning, but for his skill in vocal music. There were organs in the

churches in those days, but my readers will not be surprised to learn that these were as different from our present day organs as were the harps of the ninth from those of the nineteenth century.

An illustration of a tenth century organ at Winchester is given here. It belongs to the reign of Edgar, the great-grandson of Alfred, whose portrait, painted by one of his own monks, is also reproduced. This last picture is taken from a book of grants given by King Edgar himself to Winchester Cathedral, and dated 966. It represents the King in the act of adoring Christ, who is pictured above. One of the two attendant monks will probably be Dunstan, who was a worker in metals and a great musician. He made a great many organs for different churches, and under his superintendance the great cathedral at Winchester was built. This cathedral contained the most wonderful organ that had ever been heard. According to the account of an old poet, "it was furnished with twelve bellows above and fourteen below; the windchest, which was connected with 400 pipes, being filled by seventy strong men as blowers, working like galley-slaves in full swing, with noise of shouting as they cheered one another on. Below, at two keyboards, sat two brethren, in unity of spirit ruling each his own alphabet, for on every key was cut or painted a letter indicating the note. All through the city the melody could be heard, for there was no glass in any window, and the fame and the echo of it spread through all the land."

Fortunately for our ancestors, the music to be played on this organ was of the simplest description, and the two brethren ruling their keyboards in unity of spirit had as little notion of modern execution as they had of modern instruments.

Our old poet's use of the word keys is incorrect, for there were no keys to the organ till nearly the end of the eleventh century. The Winchester organ was furnished with slides, which ran in side grooves like the lid of a box. If the note to be played was C, the organist pushed in the slide on which that letter was carved or painted. Perhaps then he wanted the note D. Well, while pushing in the slide to produce that tone with one hand, he had to use the other hand to stop C by pulling its slide out again. Thus it was obviously impossible for him to play two notes together, and hence the necessity for two brethren to work in unity of spirit in order to play the simplest treble and bass.

The magnificent Saxon cathedral at Winchester and its remarkable organ have long since vanished to make room for the imposing Norman structure which we know to-day, and the oldest musical instrument still in existence is probably the harp of Brian Boru, which is preserved in the museum of Dublin University, and a cast of which may be seen at South Kensington Museum. A reproduction of it is given here, for Brian Boru lived only 100 years later than Alfred the Great, and he is called by historians the "Alfred of the Western Land," for which reason, and because his harp must have strongly resembled that of the English king, some account of him may not be out of place at the end of this paper.

Brian Boru was High King of Ireland from 976 to 1014, and it was his ambition to do for the small sister island what the Saxon King had done for England. Alfred had freed his country from the Danes, had built ships, encouraged learning, and made such excellent laws that golden bracelets, it was said, were often hung up by the roadside during his reign (these were probably the Danish pledges), and no one attempted to remove them. If a man dropped his purse, we read that he found it in exactly the same place whenever he passed that way again—it might be on the next day, or several weeks later.

Of Brian Boru much the same stories are told. He also fought the Danes, whom he finally conquered at the Battle of Clontarf, in which he lost his life, and during his reign Ireland is described as containing "twelve cities, most ample bishoprics, and abundant wealth." The effects of his good laws are apparent from the statement of the chroniclers that a beautiful damsel, richly dressed, and carrying a ring of great value on a wand, travelled alone from one end of the country to the other unharmed and unmolested. This story will be familiar to all my readers through Moore's poem beginning—

"Rich and rare were the gems she wore,  
And a bright gold ring on her wand she bore,"

but many of Moore's readers will probably not know that Tara's walls, on which the lonely harp hung mute, sheltered the home of the High King of Ireland, all the minor rulers

being subject to the King of Tara, or High King of Ireland, as this monarch was called.

It was not Brian Boru's harp, however, that was left to tell its tale of ruin in the lone watches of the night, for after the hero's death his harp, along with his crown and regalia, was carried by his son Donchad to Rome, where this pious son laid them all at the feet of the Pope.

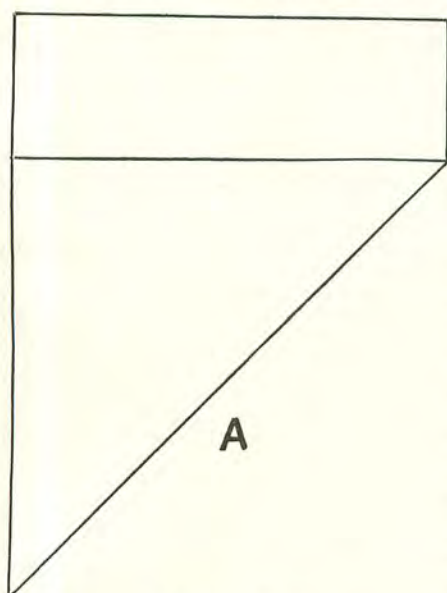
Five centuries later the Pope sent the harp (but kept the crown, which was of pure gold) to Henry VIII., with the title Defender of the Faith. Henry, placing no value on the instrument, gave it to the first Earl of Clanrickard, in whose family it remained until the beginning of last century, when it came into the family of MacMahon of Clenagh, in the county Clare. In 1782 it was presented to the Right Hon. W. Conyngham, who deposited it in Trinity College Museum, where it has since remained, one of the most valuable links between ourselves and ages long past,

and the original of the harp which appears on the English Royal coat of arms.

The frame of Brian Boru's harp is very beautifully carved in Celtic circles, the Irish cross and the shamrock being specially remarkable on the front of the sounding-board. It had twenty-nine strings of brass, and the graceful bend in the upper part was called the harmonic curve. This curve is absent from the Anglo-Saxon harp in our illustration, but as the Irish sent harpers to teach their art all over the world, it is probable that Alfred, who had many Irish scholars in his service, had a better instrument in his possession, though he would not have been likely to take such an one with him when he went disguised as a minstrel into the Danish camp.

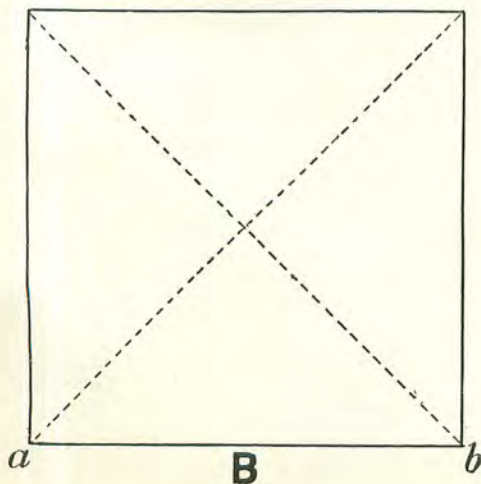
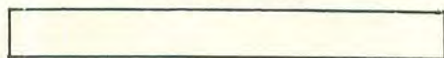
The Italians are said by one of their own foremost musicians, Galilei, to have got their harp from Ireland, and in South Kensington Museum the three most ancient harps (the oldest of which is Brian Boru's) are from "the Western land."

HOW TO MAKE PAPER BASKETS FOR CARRYING FLOWERS.



A

Handle.



B

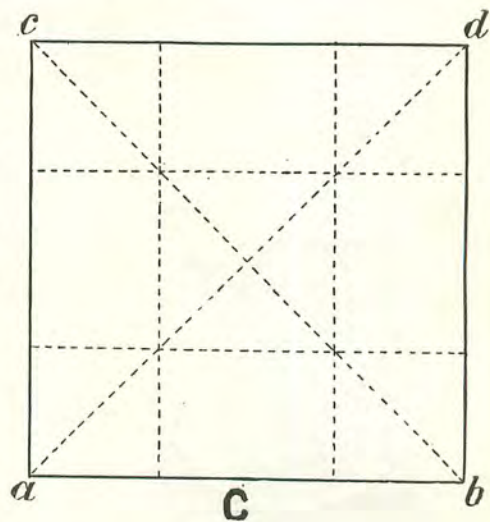
DWELLERS in the country who are in the habit of giving away flowers and fruit to their town visitors will, I think, be glad to know of a simple kind of paper basket to contain these gifts.

Although made only of newspaper it answers admirably for the purpose, and saves the recipients of the gifts the trouble of returning lent baskets.

One sheet of any kind of newspaper can be used, but the *Times*, being of firm stout paper, is to be preferred: this sheet, with four pins, will enable anyone to make a basket in two minutes.

The newspaper is folded in half, and then again diagonally, which, as the paper is not square, leaves a piece projecting as in Fig. A; this must be cut off and laid aside, as when it is folded in three it serves for the handle. Now open the triangular piece and fold it on the other diagonal, then open it and you have a square, as in Fig. B, with both creases showing.

Take the edge *a, b*, and fold it over to a little beyond the centre, and do the same with the other sides, then you have the paper marked as in Fig. C. The edges *a, b*, and *c, d*, are now to be turned up, as are also those marked *a, c* and *b, d*, and the basket begins to take shape as in Fig. D. Fold in the corners *a, c*, towards each other, and fasten the handle on inside with two pins. Do the same with the two remaining corners and the other end of the handle, and

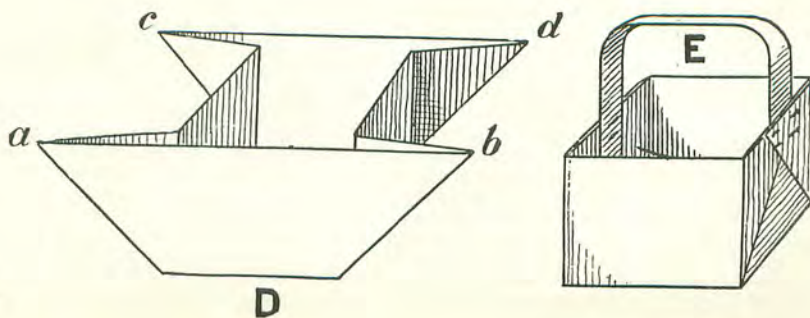


C

the basket will be complete, presenting the appearance of Fig. E.

These directions may seem rather complicated, but if carefully followed with reference to the diagrams the process will be found extremely simple, and the homely little baskets will probably be adopted in many households since they are adaptable to many purposes. When made of brown paper and tied with a piece of string, fruit as well as flowers can safely be carried in these paper baskets.

ELIZA BRIGHTWEN.



D

E

## ROYAL MUSICIANS.

BY ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

## PART III.

## QUEEN ELIZABETH.

QUEEN ELIZABETH sat in her palace and played. Her finely-tapered fingers, in spite of her sixty-eight years, were still beautiful, and they were seen to the best advantage on the ivory keys of her virginal. Sir Walter Raleigh, bending over the instrument, spoke softly, as he praised the music and musician, and his fulsome flattery—satiated though she must have been through constant iteration—still gave pleasure to the vain woman who was so great a Queen.

At the further end of the chamber a group of courtiers talked gravely, and they eyed their mistress narrowly when, the door opening suddenly, a messenger entered to announce that the royal will had been obeyed, and that the head of the brave Earl of Essex had just fallen beneath the executioner's knife.

No sign of emotion betrayed the woman or the Queen who had expected momentarily—instead of this dread news—to receive from her former favourite the ring which, in happier days, she had given him as a token of undying friendship. That ring had not been sent, the proud Earl had not pleaded for his life, and Elizabeth played on, the monotonous tinkle of the virginal's sharp-pointed tones continuing without interruption.

Well was it for this royal musician that day

that the piano had not yet been invented, for the piano answers to every thrill of the player, and on it the most absolute self-control would be powerless to force a smooth, even performance under such agitating circumstances.

Twang, twang, went the virginal—fingers might tremble, or become stiff, without affecting the music, and though a false note might betray the anguish of mind which possessed the player, this lady had practised far too much, and knew her pieces too well, for such an accident to be possible.

The Earl of Oxford spoke :—

“When jacks jump up, then heads fall down!”

The remark was made, as it were, in pleasant allusion to the nimble leap of the jacks which accompanied the fall of the keys beneath the player's touch, but a look of contempt levelled at the present favourite, Raleigh, gave point to the words more sharp than the spine which plucked the string, as the jack crossed it in its upward bound.

That the movements thus described were given an inverted form is an error which we may forgive to the good old Earl, whose heart was filled with misgivings, as he contemplated the probable consequences of his royal lady's despotism and capricious action.

On the virginal the jacks jump up when heads (or keys) fall down—not *vice versa*—but their action seems to have been very vaguely understood in those days.

Shakespeare's beautiful sonnet will recur to many of my readers :—

“How oft, when thou, my music, music play'st,  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou gently sway'st  
The wiry concord that mine ear confounds,  
Do I envy those jacks that nimble leap  
To kiss the tender inward of thy hand!”

Here the greatest of Elizabethan poets manifestly refers to the keys, which might indeed be said to kiss the tender inward of the hand that caressed them, for in those days people did not play with the tips of their fingers as they do now, but with a hand held nearly flat, the thumb hanging down outside the key-board, with an aristocratically languid air. Only the fingers 1, 2, 3, 4 were used, for, as anyone can prove

for herself, it would have been very awkward to play with the thumb, while the hand was held in the position here described. Still, at times it was necessary to press even this inconveniently short member into the service, as, for instance, when chords were to be played, and on these occasions its use was indicated by  $\times$  as it is still, in most music printed in England, in spite of the fact that the thumb plays quite as important a part in modern music as any other finger—a circumstance which has long since been recognised all over the Continent, where the fingering accordingly is 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

The reign of Queen Elizabeth was the golden era of English music. Princes and nobles in France, Germany and Holland employed English musicians, the greatest of whom travelled about from court to court, while the less excellent ones obtained permanent employment in the private orchestras of rich amateurs.

This patronage of English musicians is the more remarkable when we remember that this period also witnessed the performances of that famous band of poet-musicians, known as the Meistersinger (or Master-Singers) of Nürnberg, of whom the most celebrated was the cobbler, Hans Sachs.

The instruments then most in use were the virginal, lute, viol, and viol da gamba. The last-named was the ancestor of our violoncello, and the viol preceded the violin, of which it was a clumsy prototype. Both the viol and the lute were played by England's Elizabeth, of whom we read that “when in the forenoons her brother—afterwards Edward VI.—was called out to his more active exercises in the open air, she betook herself to her lute and viol.”

Her famous Latin master—Roger Ascham—wrote later: “In music she is very skillful, but does not greatly delight,” a statement which—read by the light of history—proves that this royal lady was pleased to delude her people with the idea that she cared only for those things which it would most gratify their individual tastes to know preferred by her. At every period of her life music occupied much of her time, and amongst the presents that were showered upon her during her Royal progresses through the country, “a faire paire of virginals” figures most frequently. This expression does not imply two instruments, as might be surmised, any more than a pair of scissors means two implements.

The virginal was, in form, like a small square piano, and it was generally decorated with beautiful paintings, or inlaid with precious stones. It had no legs and no pedals, and it was sometimes placed on a highly ornamental stand, and sometimes on an ordinary table.

The spinet seems to have been a sort of poor relation of the virginal; it was so called from the spines, or sharp points of crow-quills, which projected from the jacks, and which, by plucking the strings, produced the tone which has been described as “a scratch with a sound at the end of it.”

There are several very fine virginals in South Kensington Museum, one of which, with a painted lid, belonged to our Queen Elizabeth, while another, superbly decorated with daintily-carved ivory figures and a profusion of gems, was the property of the unfortunate Queen Elizabeth of Bohemia, a daughter of James I. of England.

It was at one time supposed that the virginal received its name in honour of the Virgin Queen; but this cannot have been the case, because we find the name already



ELIZABETH AS PRINCESS.

(From a painting by Holbein at Hampton Court.)



mentioned in the reign of Henry VIII., when Erasmus wrote of the English that they "challenged the prerogative of having the handsomest women, of keeping the best table, and of being the most accomplished in music of any people."

Queen Elizabeth inherited her musical talents from both her parents, for Anne Boleyn was an expert musician, a circumstance which Miss Agnes Strickland censures somewhat needlessly in the words: "Our modern taste could dispense with her skill on the flute and fiddle." The wheel of fashion has taken another turn since the days of the Queens' historian, and still more modern taste than hers sees nothing unseemly in the performance of the lady violinist.

During the reign of Queen Elizabeth the love of music was extraordinarily wide-spread. In Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* we read:

"Not only was it a necessary qualification for ladies and gentlemen, but even the city of London advertised the musical abilities of boys educated in Bridewell and Christ's Hospital as a mode of recommending them as servants, apprentices or husbandmen. In Delaney's *History of the Gentle Craft*, 1598, one who tried to pass as a shoemaker, was detected as an impostor because he could neither 'sing, sound the trumpet, play upon the flute, nor reckon up his tools in rhyme.' Tinkers sang catches, milkmaids sang ballads, cadgers whistled; each trade, and even the beggars, had their special songs. The bass viol hung in the drawing-room for the amusement of waiting visitors; and the lute, cithern, and virginals, for the amusement of waiting customers, were the necessary furniture of a barber's shop. They had music at dinner; music at supper; music at weddings; music at funerals; music at dawn; music at night; music at work; and music at play."

What was the style of music thus universally practised? Virginal music was not printed until 1611—eight years after Queen Elizabeth's death; but there are still extant several collections of MS. pieces, amongst which the most notable is that known as *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*. This interesting relic is preserved at the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge; but it has now been ascertained that it could never have belonged to the Maiden Queen, though from its title and from a great part of its contents it is obvious that it includes much of the music which she played.

The pieces in this book are mainly popular tunes written for the ballads which commemorated every passing event, and it is a curious fact that of these only one tune owed its origin to a scholarly musician, this tune being the one known as "The Frog Galliard," by Dowland, the lutenist, whose name, coupled with that of Spenser, has been made immortal in a sonnet often attributed to Shakespeare, but in reality by his less celebrated contemporary, Richard Barnfield:—

"If music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs (the sister and the brother),  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear, whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense;  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit is such,  
As, passing all conceit, needs no defence."

With this one exception, the great musicians of Elizabeth's day were content to take their tunes ready made, theirs being the task to clothe them with elaborate harmonies. *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* is almost made up

of such tunes. Thus we find "Walsingham," with thirty variations, by Dr. John Bull. Walsingham was a famous priory in Norfolk, to which pilgrimages were begun about the year 1241, when Henry III. visited the shrine. As it was dissolved in 1538 the tune must belong to a reign prior to that of Elizabeth. Another air in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* is called the "Carman's Whistle." As it is very short and very pretty I will transcribe it here, in order that my readers may have some idea of the sort of music played by this royal lady. The tune was arranged by the famous William Byrd, who wrote elaborate variations to follow it.

"THE CARMAN'S WHISTLE."

ARRANGED BY WILLIAM BYRD.

"From *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*."

Gracefully.



The carmen of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries were as famous for their whistling as are the Irish car-drivers of to-day for their wit. Taylor, the poet-boatman who plied his oars on the Thames, and who indignantly witnessed the innovation of that "strange monster out of Holland"—the coach—which he foresaw would injure his trade as a waterman, wrote in praise of the carman: "If his horse be melancholy or dull, with hard and heavy labour, then will he, like a kind piper, whistle him a fit of mirth to any tune."

In addition to "The Carman's Whistle" we find a number of other popular tunes arranged by Byrd in *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book*. But it must not be imagined that this excellent musician composed nothing more serious than drawing-room pieces for Court ladies. His were the first English madrigals, and his sacred music won for him fame all over the world, his canon "Non Nobis, Domine" being, as it is still, greatly admired. His song called "Lullaby" was a particular favourite with the Queen, and so earnest was he in praise of the art which he practised, that he prefixed to his *Psalms, Sonnets and Songs* the following "Eight reasons why every one should learn to sing":—

- 1st.—"It is a knowledge easily taught, and quickly learned, where there is a good master and an apt scholar."
- 2nd.—"The exercise of singing is delightful to Nature and good to preserve the health of man."
- 3rd.—"It doth strengthen all parts of the breast, and doth open the pipes."

4th.—"It is a singular good remedy for a stutting and stammering in the speech."

5th.—"It is the best means to procure a perfect pronunciation, and to make a good orator."



DR. JOHN BULL.

(Composer of the air, "God Save the Queen.")

6th.—"It is the only way to know where Nature hath bestowed a good voice; . . . and in many that excellent gift is lost, because they want Art to express Nature."

7th.—"There is not any music of instruments whatsoever, comparable to that which is made of the voices of men; where the voices are good and the same well sorted and ordered."

8th.—"The better the voice is, the meeter it is to honour and serve God therewith; and the voice of man is chiefly to be employed to that end."

The good old musician completed his rules with the couplet—

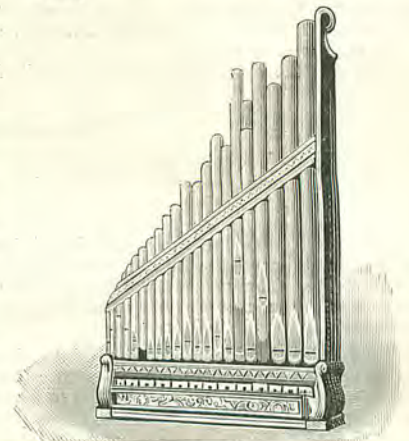
"Since singing is so good a thing,  
I wish all men would learn to sing."

The songs introduced into the plays of this time—those of Shakespeare, Ben Jonson, and others—were set to tunes already familiar to everyone; in many cases the original words of the ballad being retained, as, for instance, in *Othello*, where Desdemona preludes her singing of

"The poor soul sat sighing by a sycamore tree,  
Sing willow, willow, willow!"

by the pathetic words—

"My mother had a maid call'd Barbara;  
She was in love; and he she lov'd prov'd mad,



THE REGAL.

And did forsake her: 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  
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."

Sometimes the air was made to do duty for several songs, as, for instance, the tune called "Well-a-day," which was sung to words descriptive of the death of Walter Devereux, Earl of Essex, in Dublin, in 1576. It was also called "Essex's Last Good-night." We find this air again attached to "A lamentable ditty, composed upon the death of Robert, Lord Devereux, late Earl of Essex, who was beheaded in the Tower of London, upon Ash Wednesday, in the morning, 1601. To the tune of Well-a-day."

The words of this song begin—

"Sweet England's prize is gone!  
Well-a-day, well-a-day,  
Which makes her sigh and groan  
Evermore still.  
He did her fame advance  
In Ireland, Spain and France,  
And by a sad mischance  
Is from us ta'en."

It seems the irony of fate to find this same tune used for "Sir Walter Rauleigh his Lamentation."

Though Queen Elizabeth does not seem to have greatly favoured Shakespeare, she had a stage erected at Windsor Castle for the regular performance of drama; her musicians were trumpeters, luterers, harpers, singers, minstrels, and players on the bagpipes, rebecks and flutes—in truth, a very medley orchestra!

The rebeck was a curious and very ancient form of violin; another instrument that, like it, has completely vanished, is the picturesque regal, which has charmed so many painters. This was a kind of small organ, with pipes and keys; it could be easily carried, and was much used in processions. The regal was played by young girls at several places along the route when Elizabeth made her first public appearance on horseback, as sovereign, in the streets of London.

An account of the music of Queen Elizabeth's time would be incomplete without some mention of the dances then in vogue. Throughout her life, even in her old age, the Queen was fond of dancing, and when she was unable to take part in the exercise herself, she still took pleasure in seeing others thus disporting themselves.

"We are frolic here at court; much dancing in the privy chamber of country dances. Irish tunes are at this time most liked, but in winter 'Lullaby,' an old tune of Mr. Byrd's, will be more in request as I think."

This was the opinion of the good Earl of

Worcester, says Miss Strickland, and she adds gravely: "He thought that a refreshing nap, lulled by Mr. Byrd's exquisite melody would better suit his mistress than the after-dinner frisking to some of the spirit-stirring Irish tunes lately imported into the English court."

Bohun, a much earlier historian, tells us, "Six or seven galliards in the morning, besides music and singing, is her ordinary exercise," and as the galliard was destined to receive a very high honour, a few words descriptive of it will not be out of place here.

It was a lively dance in triple time, originally consisting of two parts, each part being divided into eight bars. In *Queen Elizabeth's Virginal Book* there are several galliards of this description, among them a few by Dr. John Bull, of whom I have already spoken. John Bull was the foremost musician of Elizabeth's time, and when Sir Thomas Gresham founded his college in London, Bull was appointed first Professor of Music there. The position was conferred on him by the Queen, who, in his favour, set aside the necessary qualification of being able to lecture in Latin on his subject.

The Doctor, however, had a roving spirit, and was disinclined to any form of regular work. Some time after Elizabeth's death he gave up his appointment to travel on the Continent. Eventually he settled down at Antwerp as organist, and there he died in 1628. Amongst his musical MSS. was found a collection of pieces for the virginal, transcribed about the year 1622; and one of these pieces is a galliard in the modified form which was fashionable after the year 1600 for about a quarter of a century, and which consists of two parts—the former having six bars and the latter eight bars. This long-forgotten galliard was unearthed by Henry Carey in 1742. He put to it the words of "God Save the King," and having begged a more learned musician to correct his bass, he gave it out as his own. No particular notice was taken of the song as thus published in a collection of pieces called *Harmonia Anglicana*, but, three years later, Arne introduced the song at Covent Garden and Drury Lane theatres, where it was sung with unbounded enthusiasm. Since that time its popularity has never waned, and the greatest of the world's musicians—Haydn and Beethoven—have envied us the possession of the finest national song (for an anthem it is not) possessed by any nation.

Carey's son tried to obtain a pension from Government on the strength of being the son of the composer, but though his claim was not allowed, the fraud was not discovered until Richard Clark, deputy organist at Westminster Abbey, published the results of his eight years' studies among old MSS. at the British Museum.

Unfortunately, Clark was not satisfied to leave Bull's MS. as he found it, and it is said that he endeavoured to make the likeness between the original galliard and our national song more complete by adding sharps which

were not in the manuscript. This, for a time, threw discredit on the whole discovery, but the most modern investigation has proved that even without the sharps the likeness is too striking to be accidental, while the peculiar form of the composition which, as I have said, was that of the galliard during the first quarter of the seventeenth century, is an additional proof of Bull's authorship. The galliard, in any form, was completely obsolete long before the year 1700, and Carey died in 1743, one year after he had published his song of "God Save the King."

As it will interest many of my readers to see the germ of the song which is better known to them than is any other in the world, I will now transcribe the galliard from Bull's MS. as it was published in the *Musical Times* in 1878. The harmonies will strike strangely on ears accustomed to our modern progressions, and some differences will be found in the tune itself; but these are quite unessential divergences, such as might occur in writing down any tune from memory.

#### GALLIARD.

BY DR. JOHN BULL.

The air of "God Save the Queen."

Fast.

#### HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

A HAMPER, wooden box or sack should be kept at hand for putting into it waste paper, corks or rags. These should not be put in the dustbin with the ashes, as they can be used for many purposes if kept clean.

BEEF suet shredded very finely into the frying-pan and brought to boiling-point is far nicer than butter or dripping in which to fry a beef or rump steak.

A RESOURCEFUL person is better than a clever one.

DUSTERS and basin cloths should be washed out every day, ready for next day's use.

A GAS jet fixed close to the cold water pipe which supplies the house is valuable in frosty weather if lighted and left close under it all night.

MILK should never be kept in a jug with a narrow mouth, but one into which the hand or a brush can be inserted for a thorough cleansing every day. Any stale milk left in a jug will spoil what is put next into it.

IF fresh air, boiled water, boiled milk, early hours, a purpose in life, a due proportion of fruit and vegetable diet, and simple living be the rule of a house, the doctor can be kept a good way off.

WHEN cleaning a room, do not forget the ledges of wardrobes and cupboards, the tops of picture frames and bookshelves. It is not enough to clean the floor.

BOXES should never be kept under beds; they are only dust traps and unhealthy.



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## ROYAL MUSICIANS.

By ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.



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FREDERICK THE GREAT ENTERTAINING HIS FRIENDS.

## PART IV.

## FREDERICK THE GREAT.



ONE morning of the year 1715, in the King's palace at Berlin, two children were playing. The elder was a girl of about six; the younger, a three-year-old boy, who strutted round the room, beating a small drum with martial vigour. A lady, sitting embroidering near the window, watched the pair with that interest which only a mother feels, and a smile crossed her face when, the little girl crying petulantly, "Do stop, Fritz; come and play with my toys and flowers," Fritz looked at her reproachfully with his big, serious

eyes, and answered severely—

"To beat the drum well is better than playing, and nicer than flowers."

A message was quickly despatched to the boy's father, and so pleased was he with his son's sentiment that he ordered the Court painter, Pesne, to be summoned, and, without telling the children his purpose, he desired the little scene to be repeated before the artist, who made it the subject of a picture.

The lady was Queen Sophie Dorothea of Prussia, daughter of the Elector of Hanover, afterwards George I. of England. The little girl was Princess Wilhelmine, known later as the brilliant and witty Margravine of Bayreuth, and the boy's name has come down to posterity as Frederick the Great, the most powerful monarch of his time; Frederick the Only, the friend and patron of Arts and Letters; Fritz, the soldier's idol.

The story here told of the great King's childhood is significant. We find in it the germ of the two ruling passions of his life—music and militarism; but, though music at all periods occupied much of his mind, it was not till he was fully arrived at man's estate that any further taste or talent for soldiering gave indication of existence.

For a time the musical pursuits of the youthful drummer were inoffensive to his father, who even countenanced them so far as to engage the chief organist of Berlin to give him lessons on the harpsichord. But such music as pleased the King was of the grandiose kind. Händel was his favourite musician, while Fritz loved soft, gentle melodies, and in later life was profoundly touched by the reflective music of Sebastian Bach.

As Crown Prince he was perverse; the rude pleasures with which his father tried to surround him in his youth repelled him, and though a royal cadet company was formed in 1717, when he was but five years old, with a view of fostering his military tastes, he gave no sign of that martial ability which afterwards so remarkably distinguished him.

This cadet company was soon increased to a battalion, and Fritz was placed under the guidance of a young subaltern named De Wrenzel, with whom he formed a close friendship, but not of the kind desired by the king.

De Wrenzel was a good performer on the flute, and Fritz now practised this instrument with enthusiasm. Many happy hours he spent in the company of his young military tutor, discoursing not tactics but music, and though at fourteen he was made captain, at sixteen major, and at seventeen lieutenant-colonel, and had to discharge all the duties of those offices,

his thoughts were almost entirely absorbed in music and literature.

"Fritz is a pipe and a poet, and thinks nothing of soldiering; he will spoil all my labour!" exclaimed the angry King, and his anger was not without cause.

The Queen, who had lost two sons prior to the birth of Fritz, adored the wayward and delicate boy, whose dreamy and poetical face gave no promise of the stern warrior that he was destined to become.

During a visit to Dresden the royal party heard the great flutist Quantz, and the young prince was seized with a burning desire to gain this master for Berlin. The Queen did all in her power to secure the fulfilment of his wishes, but the King of Saxony was not disposed to part with his favourite, and all Queen Sophie could obtain was permission for Quantz to visit Berlin once a year, in order to instruct the Crown Prince—as an old historian puts it—"in the higher essentials of a finished performance."

Even these visits had to be kept a profound secret from the King, but Fritz had many friends in the palace who held willing guard for him while the lessons were proceeding.

On one of these occasions, the royal pupil, habited, as he loved to be, in a befowered French dressing-gown, his luxuriant hair released from the stiff military peruke and merely confined in a loose bag, was playing with his Dresden master, who wore the red coat which distinguished the musician of the day. Suddenly one of the young scouts rushed in, and announced the immediate approach of the King.

With lightning speed the unlucky flutist was hustled into a small adjoining cupboard, used for storing coats; the instruments and the music were concealed, along with the forbidden articles of wearing apparel, in a press in the wall, and Fritz had just resumed his military uniform when the King entered.

His Majesty seems to have noted a disturbance in the air, and his suspicions were increased on noting the objectionable hair-bag, which lay on the table. Throwing it into the fire, he made a close survey of the room, and before long detected the press in the wall. Tearing it open, what was his fury to see the elegant French robes, the music, and the instruments!

In uncontrollable rage he tore down the dressing-gowns and stuffed them into the stove, where they burnt right merrily; the flutes and the music were confiscated, but fortunately for Quantz his hiding-place remained unmolested, and when the indignant sovereign at last retired, the poor musician was able to come out, trembling in every limb. He never again appeared in the hated red coat in the rooms of his young pupil.

For many years a fierce antagonism raged between the self-willed King and his no less self-willed son, whom he treated with such Spartan severity that even the Queen and the courtiers were sometimes obliged to remonstrate. Finally a reconciliation was effected, which had been brought about in rather an amusing manner.

Fritz was now twenty-one, and it was considered time for him to marry. His father had chosen for his bride the Princess Elizabeth Christine of Brunswick, a niece of the Empress, and merely announced his decision to the young Prince, who was in no wise consulted in the matter. Fritz had never seen the lady, but report described her as ugly and stupid, and he, with his passionate love of beauty, of wit, of intellect, was expected to accept without demur a life-long bondage with a partner so little suited to his tastes.

Grimly the preparations for the betrothal took place, and on the appointed day the unwilling bridegroom, with anger and despair in his heart, was dragged rather than led into

the presence of his future bride. What, then, was his surprise and joy to see a most charming and graceful young lady, who looked at him imploringly from soft and lovely eyes.

Further, he had not been long in her company before he found out that the supposed stupidity was, in reality, nothing but maidenly shyness, and he trusted to his own powers to overcome or modify this quality.

To obey his father's order was now no heavy duty, but young Fritz was not disposed to lose any advantages which might accrue to him from the sacrifice that he was supposed to be making; so, skilfully hiding the change in his feelings, he went through the ceremonies with the same martyred expression as had distinguished him before his meeting with the Princess. It is to be hoped that he contrived to let her know that he was acting a part, for, even thus, the day can have been none too pleasant for the bride.

The King, well pleased with his son's obedience to his wishes, now prepared to make concessions on his part. A suitable residence for the young people was chosen at Ruppin, and here, at Castle Rheinsberg, the first happy years of Frederick's married life were spent.

By close application to his military duties he tried to gratify his father, his leisure hours being spent in congenial pursuits surrounded by friends of his own choosing. Every evening he gave a concert in his private salon, and to these concerts a special invitation was necessary. These invitations were highly prized, for not only was the music excellent, but all the restrictions of Court etiquette were laid aside. The Prince, who was also a fairly good composer, played on the flute, and as he loved concerted music most, he was generally accompanied on the piano, violin and violoncello.

When, on his father's death, he succeeded to the throne of Prussia, he still continued his musical evenings. He rose early and spent the entire forenoon attending to State affairs, but his afternoons were given to society and study.

When thinking out some of the great schemes which were to make his kingdom the vast power which, under his rule, it became, he would walk up and down his room, improvising on the flute and, quite unconscious of the tones that he was producing, he would often, in these moments, conceive his most brilliant inspirations. This is not at all remarkable, for the practice of music has an extraordinary power of concentrating the forces of the mind on one object, and the performer who has gained enough facility to be able to play without effort will find that he has, when thus occupied, raised a barrier between himself and the outer world such as nothing else can equal.

A curious instance of Frederick's musical communion with himself is connected with an episode in his military career.

After the second Silesian campaign the venerable Field-Marshal Schwerin had retired from service, not having been able to agree with the policy of his royal master. But the Seven Years' War was not yet nearly ended, and Frederick was anxious to effect a reconciliation with a soldier whom, in spite of some differences of opinion, he had good cause to value highly. An invitation was accordingly sent to Schwerin, and in due course the old warrior arrived at the palace. His name was announced to the King, who, however, instead of giving any answer to the officer in waiting, took up his flute and walked up and down the room for a quarter of an hour, playing all the time, reflecting on the course which he should pursue. At the end of that time he laid down the instrument, girt on his sword, and gave the order for Schwerin to be admitted.

No one was present at the interview, and what then took place has never transpired;

angry voices were heard in altercation, but gradually these subsided, and when at length the door opened, the King dismissed the Field-Marshal with gracious smiles and the words, "Your Excellency dines with me to-night."

Frederick's reflections, with flute obligato, had been of the happiest. Schwerin led the next campaign.

Wherever the King went, the flute accompanied him. After a battle the soldiers would hear its tones floating on the night air, and then they knew that their Fritz was planning new victories.

On Frederick's accession, he had at once engaged Quantz, his old master on the flute, as Court musician, and at the concerts which were given in the royal palace, no other person ventured to applaud the royal musician. Even Quantz did not dare to censure the King's performance, but occasionally he contrived, by withholding his approbation to convey a remonstrance to his pupil. It happened one day, when Frederick was playing one of his own compositions, that he made a great many mistakes. At each of these Quantz coughed loudly, but the King, taking no notice, continued his performance. Next day he consulted another musician, who had also been present, as to the questionable passages, and corrected them, saying, "We must not give Quantz another cold!"

Music was not Frederick's only relaxation. He wrote volumes of poetry, and he was devoted to pictures. With a view to establishing a picture gallery at Sans Souci, he made a journey into Holland, intending to inspect the art treasures to be seen there. He travelled *incognito*, dressed in a plain brown suit with gold buttons, and wearing a black wig which, in those days of powder, was not at all aristocratic. He was accompanied by Colonel Balbi, an art connoisseur, and attended by a page. Arrived at Amsterdam, the party put up at an inn and ordered for supper a pasty which was considered a rare delicacy, and only fit for such as possessed well-lined purses. The landlady surveyed her guests with misgiving, and turning to the Colonel, asked if they were prepared to pay for so expensive a dish. The officer, hoping to allay her fears without betraying his master's identity, answered that his companion was a great virtuoso, who could easily earn the price of ten such pasties by his playing. The landlady's curiosity was so much excited by this announcement that she left Frederick no peace till he consented to give her a proof of his skill. As soon, however, as she had heard one piece, she exclaimed rapturously—

"That'll do, sir, that'll do. You can indeed pipe beautifully, and I daresay you can earn something by it. I'll make ready the pasty." Was ever king treated less ceremoniously?

Leaving Amsterdam, the little party proceeded by the common passenger boat on the canal to Utrecht, and here they made the acquaintance of a young Swiss named Le Catt, who was acting as tutor to a Dutch lad. Much struck by Le Catt's intelligence and information, Frederick asked for his name and address, telling him he might possibly have cause not to regret the meeting. Three months later the Swiss received an invitation to go to Berlin as the King's private secretary. Ill-health prevented his accepting the offer, but on its being renewed, three years later, he went, and for twenty years he served Frederick faithfully, with no small profit to himself.

The greatest musicians of Frederick's time were Bach and Händel. Händel, however, had no influence upon him, for he was settled in London, enjoying the favours of Frederick's uncle, King George II.

Bach's best years were spent at Leipzig, but his second son, Philip Emanuel Bach, was Court pianist to the Prussian King and was his accompanist on all occasions. Philip Emanuel

is an important figure in musical history, for he was the first pianist of note, and his book, *Some Attempt to Shew the Right Manner of Playing on the Pianoforte*, laid the foundation of that school which was developed by Clementi, Cramer, Field and Hummel into the pianoforte playing of to-day.

The invention of the pianoforte was cotemporary with the birth of Frederick the Great, the first instrument of this kind having been made by an Italian, named Christofori, in the year 1700. Naturally, the piano was very imperfect at first, and we can scarcely wonder that Sebastian Bach never considered it comparable with the highly-finished clavichord which preceded it, and which required an entirely different method of playing. But musicians of the next generation were not slow to recognise the possibilities of the piano. Frederick the Great was much interested in it, and he made a collection of these instruments which had been constructed by the German maker, Silbermann.

It had long been the King's wish to submit this collection to the approval of the great Sebastian Bach, but every time that he mentioned the subject to Philip Emanuel, the son was obliged to make excuses for his father, whose position in Leipzig was so onerous that it would have been difficult for him to obtain leave of absence. At length the King, accustomed to having his way in all things, lost patience, and summoning Philip Emanuel to his presence, he desired that leave should be promptly obtained for the old man, saying that if he did not come at once, he would send a troop of Hussars to fetch him.

The threat had the desired effect. Leave of absence was immediately granted by the Leipzig authorities, and eventually Sebastian, accompanied by his eldest and favourite son, the scapegrace Friedemann, appeared.

They were received by the King without the least ceremony, for so great was Frederick's impatience, that he did not even allow the travellers time to change their dusty clothes. Taking the shabby old musician by the arm, the royal amateur led him through the rooms of his palace, and wherever one of the Silbermann pianos was found, Sebastian had to seat himself forthwith and try it. When the best instrument had been selected, the whole company was assembled, and all prepared to hear the greatest contrapuntist of the day, or of any day.

Marvellous were the feats performed by the Leipzig cantor. He improvised a fugue in six parts, so elaborate in its working out, yet so clear and masterly in its construction, that Frederick, in amazement, cried, "There is indeed but one Bach!" The musician now begged the King for a subject, and, inspired by the moment, Frederick played a theme so excellent that Sebastian, after improvising upon it to the delight, not only of the melodist, but of all present, begged leave to make it the basis of a composition which he could work out at his leisure. "So royal a subject," said Sebastian gracefully, "is worthy of deeper thought."

On his return to Leipzig the task was immediately taken in hand, and the composition, when finished, was called "Musical Offering." It is in six parts, the last two of which are trios for flute, violin, and bass, and in sending it to the King, Bach accompanied it with the following letter, which is not without interest for us, since it shows us how Frederick was regarded by musicians of his time.

"MOST GRACIOUS KING,—To your Majesty is proffered herewith in humblest obedience a musical offering, the most excellent portion of which originates from your noble hand. I recall with respectful pleasure the peculiarly royal favour with which, during my visit to Potsdam, your Majesty was pleased to play to

me a fugue theme, and to require me immediately to work it out in your presence. Obedience to your Majesty's command was my duty. I, however, soon remarked that, for want of proper preparation, the working out was not so good as so excellent a theme required. I therefore resolved to work out this most royal theme properly, and to make it known to the world. This project is now fulfilled to the best of my ability, and it has no other object than in some small way to do honour to the fame of a monarch, whose greatness and power, both in the arts of peace and war, and especially in that of music, are acknowledged and admired by all. I make bold to add this humble request, that your Majesty will accord a gracious reception to this small work, and, by so doing, still further extend your royal condescension.

"Your Majesty's  
"Most humble and obedient servant,  
Leipzig, July 7, 1747. "THE AUTHOR."

Three years after this, Sebastian Bach died. His royal patron was twenty-six years his junior; but for a considerable time before Frederick's death he was obliged to restrict his performances on the flute, owing to the prejudicial effect which they began to have upon his lungs. His playing was not only technically very remarkable—the emotional element in it was striking. One time, in playing a recitative, he produced so exactly the idea of weeping that his audience was considerably moved. Noting this circumstance, he said simply, "I pictured to myself the mother of Coriolanus as on her knees she implored her son to spare and protect Rome."

This power of portraying individual emotions is very rare, even among the most expert musicians. It is only attained by those having highly-strung nervous temperaments, combined with intense poetical feeling and large sympathies. Added to these qualities the player must have complete command over his technical resources, for, in a manner, the playing must go of itself, the player giving himself up entirely to the feeling of the moment.

Of all the anecdotes that are told of the great King, this Coriolanus one, I think, best illustrates his character, showing, as it does, how completely absorbed he was in his idea, and how little self-glorification entered into his thoughts. He was "Fritz" to his men, and they followed him in the face of death without misgiving. "Your Majesty" was a title seldom given him by these rough soldiers who loved him as a comrade. A messenger from the enemy, brought before him one day, had a wounded hand.

"Your hand bleeds, man; take this to bind it," said the King, giving him his handkerchief.

"No wonder the Prussians win, who fight under such a master!" was the man's answer.

In whatever society Frederick found himself he placed himself on its level. With his soldiers he was a soldier, with literary men he was a man of letters, with musicians a musician. As already pointed out, no one applauded when he played. This does not mean that no remark might be made about the music played, but all praise was for the music, none for the performer, unless indeed the performer, as in the case of Sebastian Bach, was quite outside all ordinary rules. For himself, he did not play to show off his executive skill, but to express the thoughts which dominated him at the moment. And when he succeeded in conveying his own feelings to those present, he would tell them what had occasioned the emotion that had mastered him.

Frederick the Great had no children, and the heir to his throne was his nephew, Friedrich Wilhelm. Already as quite a young lad this Prince had accompanied his

uncle to the war, and had pleased the old warrior by the courage and presence of mind which he displayed on the battlefield. His musical tastes were also a source of pleasure to the king, and in the evening concerts at the palace he often took part, playing on the violoncello.

The last entertainment of this kind, of which we have any account, was given at Sans Souci in September, 1770. The Dowager Electoral Princess of Saxony had

come on a visit to the Prussian Court, and as she was extremely musical, Frederick was, of course, specially desirous of gaining her good opinion.

The Princess sang and played the piano—probably that excellent Silbermann that had been picked out by old Sebastian Bach—Frederick, accompanied by old Quantz, played on the flute, the first violin was taken by the Hereditary Prince of Brunswick, and the violoncello by the Crown Prince.

But the great King's days as a musician were already numbered. His beloved master Quantz died three years after this, and, having lost his front teeth, he too was then obliged to lay aside the flute which had been his guide, counsellor and friend through sixty years. Sometimes he would still listen to the playing of the younger people about him, but his absorbing love of music was dead some years before he was himself laid to rest on August 17, 1786.

## CYNTHIA'S BROTHER.

By LESLIE KEITH, Author of "A Little Exile," "Lisbeth," "The Mischief-Maker," etc.

### CHAPTER X.

RANK'S friend and fellow "intermediate" at the R.M.C., having proved himself a general favourite, before long became a frequent visitor at Ford-edge.

"He's a right gert man, wi' a rare singleness o' purpose," was the village verdict, and Sir

James echoed it with a smothered sigh. A strong grip, a steady aim, were indeed the main characteristics of Colquhoun's character, but if he had a fair share or the Scotch dourness which never loses hold of a cherished goal, his ideals were at least all lifted above life's lower levels.

"I am glad my son should have such a friend," Sir James said more than once in the company of others, and oftentimes to himself in the solitude of his study, where his face might relax and, unrebuked, fall into lines of a rather dreary sadness. Perhaps it was not for the father, wilfully blind to all but hope, to tell himself that friendship rarely meets its exact equivalent in generosity, but if—as Colquhoun would have said—faithfulness is a matter of temperament, charm is a no less potent gift. From those who possess it how little is exacted! How much the little that they give is prized! What a debt of waywardness, pique, offence, may be wiped out by the sudden magic of a smile!

Very soon it was "the boys" of whom Cynthia and Kitty talked, for whose return they prepared; and by those imperceptible degrees with which acquaintance shades into intimacy, they woke one day to leave formality behind them, and adopt the new-comer as "Archie." The boys had a ten days' break at Easter, and enlivened the summer, coming in time for the first meet of the otter hounds, and for such small open-air festivities as Lady

Considine permitted to an unemancipated granddaughter, and staying till the coverts were ready to be shot over. But Cynthia did not yearn for grown-up gaieties; she was a capital walker, as well as a good horsewoman, and preferred strong boots and scrambles, or a race across the moors on her sturdy Exmoor pony, to any garden or tennis party the county had to offer. She lived almost entirely in the open air in summer, and was growing tall, and straight, and comely; perhaps it was this last circumstance that silenced remonstrance on grandmamma's part, since that Cynthia should grow good-looking was an unexpected grace. In winter she and her father—for he was rather indolent, and disliked unnecessary exertion—curled themselves like two squirrels in a hollow oak, and cracked the nuts of knowledge to their hearts' content.

"I don't suppose I've been educated like other girls," she said to Archie, "and I daresay they know heaps that I don't, but there isn't any girl that has a nicer kind of life, or a dearer father, or a prettier home."

"I'm sure there isn't," he agreed, "except that I think you should go out more in the winter, Cynthia; it must feel so stuffy in the hot rooms, and here, where the climate is so mild, you might begin that bark collection."

"I'd like to, but I can't." She shook her head. "It's our hibernating time, only we don't sleep, you know; we just curl up in our chairs and read, and read, and read! It's lovely on the wet days when nobody comes bothering to call, and then, when it gets too dark to see the page even by firelight, we have such talks! This winter we're to have a box from Mudie's; father is to choose eleven of the books and I'm to choose the twelfth, and I've bargained that it's to be a novel. Father says all the novels have been written, but I tell him as he read the authors of his generation it's only fair I should know something about those of mine. Kitty, who has worked steadily through two circulating libraries since she went to town, says she finds herself quite out of touch with Miss Austen!"

"Well, I never read anything she wrote," said Colquhoun simply. "I

like Sir Walter, or a good adventure story, but somehow when you're swotting for an exam., you've no time for much more. I was wondering, Cynthia, whether, on a wet day—it does rain an awful lot in Devon, and you can't read from morning till night—you couldn't spare five or ten minutes now and then to write a bit—"

"Write—what?"

"A letter. I meant"—he stammered—"a note."

"Why," she said, with a laugh of wonder, "I'm always writing! I write reams to Francie, though I daresay he skips the half! You should hear Mrs. Terry—she declares I can't help meddling with everything that belongs to him, from his collars to his morals!"

"But it was my collars and morals I was thinking of," said Colquhoun, with twinkling eyes, "and I shouldn't call it 'meddling.'"

"You want me to write to you?" she asked frankly. "Of course I will! But I fancied Francie told you everything, and I'm sure I send you lots of messages."

"I'd rather have them direct!"

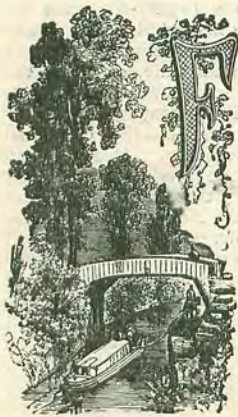
"Oh, well," she said, with a laugh, "you'll have an envelope all to yourself; I suppose, like the children, you wouldn't consider it a letter at all if I put a special bit inside Francie's?"

"No," he laughed too. "I like to be considered worthy of a postage stamp, perhaps because I have so few correspondents. Scarcely anybody but my old guardian, and his letters are mostly medicinal—without the jam."

So it came about that Cynthia had a new confidant. She had a ready pen, and never found any difficulty in filling up a sheet to the friend as well as three or four to the brother. They were, upon both sides, the most innocent communications in the world, and Sir James might have read them every word, though, with his fine scrupulosity, he declined, at Lady Considine's suggestion, to do so.

"If I couldn't trust them," he said, "nothing that I might say or do would be likely to influence them."

"You have brought Cynthia up very oddly, James; when Mrs. Talbot heard that she and young Colquhoun were



## OLD LINES.

By SARAH DOUDNEY.

OUT of old days I see sweet fancies rise,  
Old hopes and dreams, some beautiful and wise,  
Touched with that holy light that never dies.

Here are the words I traced so long ago,  
When life was lovely in its morning glow,  
Before the sunlit streams had ceased to flow.

Why is my world so changed? It seems to me  
Familiar glories rest on field and tree  
In those dear scenes where I was wont to be.

In your kind eyes I read the secret plain—  
Come back, you say, and be yourself again,  
Forget the days of weariness and pain.

Come to the valley where we loved to stay  
Where lilies grow, and tender voices say,  
Here we have waited for you many a day.



## ROYAL MUSICIANS.

By ELEONORE D'ESTERRE-KEELING.

## PART V.

## QUEEN HORTENSE.

In the year 1809 a woman composed a song which became more famous than any song ever written by woman before or since. It was sung all over Europe; by warriors in Russia, by court ladies in Paris, London and the Hague; in the cottage homes of England, Italy and France. The gipsy organ-grinder played it in the streets and parks, the children sang or whistled it on their way to school.

The song is nearly forgotten now, but some there are, whose memories reach back to the first half of the nineteenth century, who smile when you speak of *Partant pour la Syrie*, and they will lift the air in a tone that tells—

“How painfully sweet are the echoes that start,  
When Memory plays an old tune on the heart.”

Old songs thus sung are very sweet to hear; they seem to bring the shadowy past vaguely before us, and we see, as in a dim glass, the lives that have gone before.

It is a strange and wonderful page of history on which is written the story of this woman-composer—a queen, the daughter of an empress, the mother of an emperor. Her life is past, like a tune that is played, and nothing remains of Hortense or her song but the slumbering echoes awakened now and then by memory. Hortense was not born to a throne; she was one of those who have

greatness thrust upon them. Her father was the Viscount de Beauharnais, her mother, the beautiful Creole, Josephine de la Pagerie. These two were married very young, when neither was very wise. They quarrelled constantly, and one day, in a fit of anger, the young Viscountess Josephine took her infant daughter and fled to Martinique, where her mother was living alone. But revolution was seething, and not only in France; it had reached the island home of Madame de la Pagerie, and one night the young mother awoke with horror to find the house a blazing mass of fire.

Seizing her baby in her arms, she fled, and fighting her way through the mad, shrieking mob, she succeeded in reaching the shore, where a boat was just putting off to join a ship bound for France. The fugitives were taken on board, and in time they reached the home of the Beauharnais, where, however, they received no welcome, the Viscount being too angry with his wife for her desertion of him to consent to a reunion.

It was little Hortense who brought them together at last. One day the three met at a friend's house, and the child rushed forward to embrace the father, whom, though he was unknown to her, she had been taught to love.

“Now kiss mamma too,” she said, when the Viscount had held her in his arms some moments. The stern husband relented, and peace was restored.

But happiness was not long granted them. During the Reign of Terror the Viscount, like

so many other members of the French aristocracy, was executed, and Josephine narrowly escaped sharing his fate.

That happened in 1794, when Hortense was eleven. Her brother Eugene was two years older, and they lived with their mother in Paris, Eugene going out every day in a workman's blouse, with a basket slung across his shoulder, for, like everyone else, he had to learn a trade, and he had elected to be a carpenter.

Thus two years passed, and then all Paris was ringing with the praises of the young general, Napoleon Bonaparte. Eugene felt his heart beating beneath his carpenter's blouse with an uncontrollable longing for military glory, and one day, taking his courage in both hands, he presented himself before Napoleon, and told him all his story. The lad's gallant bearing pleased the great soldier, and he agreed to take him into his service. A few days later, at an entertainment given by an influential friend, Eugene had the pleasure of presenting the general to his beautiful mother, and not long afterwards Josephine and Napoleon were married.

The lawyer, who had been working to obtain for Josephine the restoration of her property, thought this a poor marriage for the Viscountess de Beauharnais, and reproached her with lowering herself to a man, who, as he said, had nothing but his hat and his sword.

“He has his future,” said Josephine proudly, “and I love him.”

## THE VAIN LAMENT.

By HORTENSE, QUEEN OF HOLLAND.

VOICE. *S:*

Co - lin se plaint de ma ri - gueur, Suis - je donc  
Co - lin com - plains of my hard heart, Can he be

PIANO. *S:*

trop sé - vè - - re? Quand il m'ex - pri - me son ar - deur, Ai - je un air de co - lè - - re? Il  
right, I won - - der? When he as - sumes the lov - er's part, Seek I our hands to sun - - der? I

faut bien ca - cher mal - gré soi . . . Un in - té - rêt trop ten - dre. Hé - las! est - ce ma faute à  
do but let a mai - den shame . . . In all my acts com - mand me. A - las! A - las! am I to

*Majeur.*

moi . . . S'il ne veut pas m'en - ten - dre? Est - ce ma faute à moi?  
blame . . . If he won't un - der - stand me? A - las, am I to blame?

*Mineur.*

Lorsque d'un air embarrassé  
Il s'agite, il soupire,  
Le regard à demi baissé  
J'arrange un doux sourire.  
Un sourire suffit, je crois  
Pour se faire comprendre,  
Hélas! est-ce ma faute à moi,  
S'il ne veut pas m'entendre?

L'autre jour il me dit tout bas,  
"Ma douleur est extrême."  
En soupirant, je dis, "Hélas,  
Quel tourment quand on aime!"  
"Cruelle," reprit-il, "je vois  
Ce que je dois attendre."  
Hélas! est-ce ma faute à moi  
S'il ne veut pas m'entendre?

When he, with all a lover's dread,  
Falls silent, falls to sighing,  
With sidelong look I bend my head  
Him with a soft smile eying.  
A smile may go with maiden shame,  
Which always must command me;  
Alas, alas, am I to blame  
If he won't understand me?

The other day he whispered low,  
"My pain is past, all bearing."  
I sighed and said, "Alas, I know  
That love's sweet pain is wearing."  
"Cruel," said he, "for shame, for shame!  
For sport you have unmanned me."  
Alas, alas, am I to blame  
If he won't understand me?

English by Elsa D'Esterre-Keeling.



There was no more to be said.

The newly-married couple occupied a small house, and Hortense was sent to a good school. Here she developed her great talent and love for music. She learnt the harp and singing with the best masters, and when in a few years she had finished her education and came to live in Paris, where Napoleon had become first Consul, she was the joy and pride of both parents, her step-father loving her as tenderly as if she had been his own daughter.

When she was nineteen, she married Louis Bonaparte, Napoleon's third brother, who soon afterwards was made King of Holland, and thus she became the Queen Hortense.

At the Hague she was the centre of artistic life, and everyone who could do something beautiful—sing, play, paint or compose—was sure of a welcome at her court. It was here that most of her songs were composed. Sometimes she wrote the words, but this was not usual. "When I have a good idea," she would say, "I find it too difficult to search for a rhyme. The music comes easily, but I like to make up the poem at my round table."

This "round table" was the assembly of her particular friends, and mostly the poems were made by first one suggesting a line, and then another completing the couplet.

The young Queen was also very fond of painting, and many of her happiest thoughts were inspired by pictures. Amongst her friends of the round table was a Count Alexandre de Laborde. One day Hortense laid before this gentleman a picture representing a knight in armour, writing with the point of his sword on a stone.

"Tell us the story of this scene," said the Queen, smiling.

The story which the Count evolved on the spot pleased her so much that she begged him to write it in verse. These verses she set to music and called it "*Partant pour la Syrie*." It became the national song of France both under the great Napoleon, and under Napoleon III., who was Hortense's son. The following translation of it is by Sir Walter Scott.

"It was Dunois, the young and brave, was bound for Palestine,  
But first he made his orisons before  
St. Mary's shrine:  
'And grant, immortal Queen of Heaven,'  
was still the soldier's prayer,  
'That I may prove the bravest knight,  
and love the fairest fair.'

His oath of honour on the shrine he  
graved it with his sword,  
And follow'd to the Holy Land the  
banner of his Lord;  
Where, faithful to his noble vow, his  
war-cry fill'd the air,  
'Be honoured aye the bravest knight,  
beloved the fairest fair.'

They owed the conquest to his arm, and  
then his Liege-Lord said,  
'The heart that has for honour beat, by  
bliss must be repaid.  
My daughter Isabel and thou shall be a  
wedded pair,  
For thou art bravest of the brave, she  
fairest of the fair.'

And then they bound the holy knot  
before St. Mary's shrine,  
That makes a paradise on earth, if  
hearts and hands combine;  
And every lord and lady bright, that  
were in chapel there,  
Cried, 'Honoured be the bravest knight,  
beloved the fairest fair!'"

Every moment of Hortense's time was fully occupied. She composed and studied in the

mornings, in the afternoons she performed her duties as Queen, in the evenings her new songs were sung and freely discussed, and criticised. She was devoted to her children, and in all odd moments she had them with her. After her return to Paris, where her duties as the Emperor's daughter were even more numerous than at the Hague, the children loved to be with her when she was being dressed for some great occasion. The hairdresser was distracted because she would only allow him five minutes in which to display all the resources of his art, and he often exclaimed in despair, "What will the Emperor think, what will he say of me?" His task must indeed have been a difficult one, for while he was disentangling the fair hair, which was so long that he had to stand at a considerable distance from the Queen's chair, her little-sons would run in and out beneath the golden meshes, laughing gleefully as they looked up at its shining glory.

The toilet completed, they would follow this beautiful mother to her carriage, one carrying her gloves, another her fan, or even a corner of her shawl. The flower hortensia, which we call hydrangea, was a particular favourite of the Queen's. Her court dresses were embroidered with bunches of the blossom, and the diamond ornaments, which she wore in her hair, were fashioned in its likeness.

But Hortense's glories were no more lasting than those of her bright name-flower. Napoleon's sun set on the field of Waterloo, and with his fall she became an outcast. As Duchesse de St. Leu, she settled at Arenberg in Switzerland, and devoted herself to her two sons. She travelled from time to time, and she still occupied herself with painting and music. It was she who first introduced the fashion of illustrated song-books, and these pictures and songs bound together formed a gift which was highly prized by those favoured ones on whom she bestowed it.

One of these books, which she presented to Count de la Garde, was published by him in London in 1832. This nobleman had written several poems which Hortense had put to music, and hearing that she was at Augsburg, where he happened to be staying for a few days, he ventured to send the royal composer some more verses. He received in return a charming letter of thanks, and an invitation to present himself at the Queen's villa next evening. This he did, and, in his introduction to the book, he describes the charm of his accomplished hostess, her beautiful singing to her own exquisite accompaniment, and the treasures which she had collected about her.

She had just completed the series of pictures which she gave him, each of them representing the scene of the little romance which followed. The first in the book is "*Partant pour la Syrie*," and to this is prefixed a picture of the marriage of the brave Dunois and his beautiful Isabel, surrounded by all the valiant knights and fair ladies who have come to wish him the joy that he has so well deserved. Then we have "*The Lament of Heloise*," prefaced by the picture of a dark-robed nun praying. Another is called "*Happy Solitude*," and the sketch shows us a lad lying under the green-wood tree, piping to the birds.

"*Melancholy*" is represented by a damsel playing on a little harp, and in another picture we find a guitar; but here the maiden has dropped her instrument on a bench, and is busy scratching on the bark of a tree, "I will love thee, I will adore thy chains, as long as the rose has sweetness, as long as Heaven has fire, as long as the earth has fountains, the Oude its course and the woods their fragrance." This song and its story are called, "*Pledges of Love*."

The last song in the book is one of the prettiest. It is called the "*Vain Lament*," and I have copied it from the old book, which

is very rare, thinking that many of my girl readers would like to sing it.

It is supposed to be sung by a peasant girl who has sent off her lover simply to tease him, and between the lines we read the wish that he will soon come back.

While Hortense was living at Arenberg with her books and her music, her two sons were growing up. The elder one died in 1831, and then she was left alone with the younger, Charles Louis Napoleon, who some years after her death became Emperor of the French.

The Queen's many gifts of heart and mind had endeared her to nearly everyone, and she had good friends in every European country; but the Bourbons, when restored to the French throne, feared her influence, believing that if she were allowed to remain in Paris she would plot against them in the hope of securing the crown for her son. It was therefore only in disguise that she could enter the French capital, but her longings for Paris at last became so great that she determined to incur some risk, and take her son to see the scenes of her former triumphs.

Dressed with studied simplicity, and accompanied by young Napoleon, she started on her sad journey. In Paris they wandered through the streets, looking from the outside at the homes which she had once called hers, but at Malmaison, where the Empress Josephine had lived in retirement till her death, they rang the bell, and asked to be allowed to go over the loved house.

The man in charge curtly refused their prayer, saying that it was necessary to have cards of admission, and these Hortense could not procure without betraying her identity. Bitterly disappointed the Queen and her son turned away. It was a hot summer afternoon, and when they regained their hotel they seated themselves for a moment to rest on a bench outside the door.

A window behind them was open, and they could hear voices within.

"Sing me a song, my daughter," said one.

"What shall I sing?"

"Sing the touching song, by Delphine Gay, to which Monsieur de Beauplan made the music."

"You mean the song of Queen Hortense who comes to Paris as a pilgrim," said the young girl; then played a short prelude on the piano, and sang—

"Soldiers who o'er France keep guard,  
You who shield her night and day,  
Slacken now awhile your ward,  
Let the Pilgrim go her way.

Borne along on echo's wings  
Sweetly sound her accents low;  
The song of Dunois still she sings,  
As she on her way doth go.

You shall know her by this sign;  
In a dream she seems to roam;  
In her eyes the bright tears shine  
At the loved names France and Home.

Veiled in white, no crown is seen  
On the brow she meekly lifts;  
Would you know she was a Queen,  
Mark how royal are her gifts.

She no claim brings from afar,  
She here comes no war to wage;  
Memories her treasures are,  
Glory is her heritage.

All her wish is flowers a few  
On her mother's grave to lay;  
She is jealous that we strew  
Tears on that beloved clay."

It was a simple song, and the young girl sang it with simple expression. Little she knew that within touch of her hand sat the white-veiled pilgrim with the boy who would one day be Emperor of France.