

love: onward he careers, in zephyr and in tempest, and, rising into ecstasy himself, seems unconscious of the ecstasy he has created. Bohrer is earnest as well as Knoop; but he is earnest with more external grace. He is perfectly at his ease—looks blandly towards the audience, from time to time—evinces his consciousness of their sympathy—throws out his floods of rapture with a facility that almost appears indolent: in sprightly sallies, seems to cheer his instrument with smiles—and in pensive passages, hangs over it with a languid and indulgent fondness. I constantly see things in the way of analogy; and, after this fashion, regarding the instruments of these men as their wives, I will show in what aspect each artist was presented to my vagrant imagination. Knoop was an inspired rustic, that clasped his bride and kissed her, and cared not who was present. Bohrer was a polished and well-bred gentleman, whose affection was evident, but *comme il faut*—in fact, Bohrer, with his loved one, “behaved himself afore folk.” Yet, with all this apparent ease and self-possession, his soul was concentrated in his work—every touch, every movement, contributed to increase the excitement, or to deepen the impression, until the brain was giddy to sickness—until the heart was full to suffocation.

Glorious, however, as such music is, its effect is by no means universal. It is too highly artistic for instinctive appreciation. The tones to which the common heart responds are never elaborate or involved. The tones to which our most touching associations are linked, it does not require training to feel. Thence it is, that the music which longest holds its power on us—which earliest begins its influence, and loses its influence the latest—the music which delights our childhood and cheers our age—which the popular memory preserves, and which the popular affections cherish—this music is always simple. Thus it is with the music of love. Love, being the simplest of sentiments, rejects all but the simplest expression, be this expression in word or tone. The love-lyrics of Burns are among the finest that were ever written, and they are all adapted to old popular tunes, not only familiar, but even homely. Burns, with the instinct of a true poet, saw that whatever a nation preserves for successive generations is not conventional, but human. Guided by such an instinct, he took up the old airs of his country, and wed them to immortal verse. Carolan, the last of the Irish bards, a man of rare genius and of noble heart, was in melody what Burns was in verse—a production of nature’s finest moulding. Moore has given words to many of these airs; but there is small congruity between the words and the airs; the words seem written with the oil of roses, but

the airs are as the echoes in lonely caves, or as the breezes over mountain heather. The music of patriotism is simple. All national airs are simple. The power of such airs you do not need to be told. In father-land, these airs, as you know, can endow the heart with the bravery of a lion—in exile they subdue it to an infant’s weakness. The Swiss, in foreign armies, you are aware, cannot bear the “Ranz de Vaches.” The Swiss are not in this peculiar. What Briton does not feel his heart beat more quickly as the swell of his national anthem comes upon his ear? I have seen Irishmen aroused almost to madness by a local melody. I knew a blind harper, who, after years, recognized an early friend by the manner in which he danced to a certain tune. I have heard of a poor Irish girl, running into a parlour, convulsed in tears, when a lady was playing one of her native ballads: “O ma’am!” she exclaimed, “dear, dear ma’am! play that again, play that again! O, dear lady, play that! I love to hear it!” These sounds transported, over distance and years, the spirit of the poor home-sick girl. She was again in the scenes of her infancy, of her youth—the hut where she was born, was before her—the parents that reared and blessed her, started to her view—her kindred—her playmates—her passages of girl’s love and romance—the tragedy and comedy of her unsophisticated woman’s life—were all summoned in those pregnant tones. The music of piety, too, is simple. Simple were those strains which the early Christians murmured in dens and caves of the earth: simple are those Gregorian chaunts, which the church has since poured out in her triumph and glory: simple is that *Miserere*, which, if all Christendom could hear, all Christendom would weep: simple is that *Stabat Mater*, which describes the divinest of women, in the holiest of sorrows: simple were those psalms, and hymns, and godly songs, by which the Scotch raised, among their glens and mountains, in the hard days of persecution, the voice of an honest testimony. This allusion to Scotland, calls to mind a very remarkable effect of simple devotional music, to which I once was witness. The church in which I heard it was not in connexion with the Kirk, for it had the advantage of an organ. A young student of the university, on this occasion, played this organ. The first verses of the hymn were hopeful and aspiring, and the youthful artist adapted his modulation to the sentiment, with admirable skill. The last stanza was deeply plaintive: without changing the tune, by a rapid turn he altered the manner. The minister and his audience suddenly burst into tears. How many histories of the invisible Spirit—how many secret annals of the heart—