

bend to the deck as if they were salaaming the god of night and adversity. The bow slowly rounds into the stream, the wheel turns, and we puff quietly along.

Somewhere back yonder in the stern Dick is whistling. You should hear him! With the great aperture of his mouth and the rounding vibratory surfaces of his thick lips he gets out a mellow breadth of tone that almost entitles him to rank as an orchestral instrument. It is a genuine plagal cadence. The syncopations in the tune are characteristic of negro music. I have heard negroes change a well-known air by adroitly syncopating it in this way, so as to give it a barbaric effect scarcely imaginable; and nothing illustrates the negro's natural gifts in the way of keeping a difficult *tempo* more clearly than his perfect execution of airs thus transformed from simple to complex times and accentuations.

Dick has changed his tune: *allegro!* *Da capo*, of course, and *da capo* indefinitely: for it ends on the dominant. The dominant is a chord of progress: there is no such thing as stopping. It is like dividing ten by nine, and carrying out the decimal remainders: there is always one over.

Thus the negro shows that he does not like the ordinary accentuations nor the ordinary cadences of tunes: his ear is primitive. If you will follow the course of Dick's musical reverie—which he now thinks is solely a matter betwixt himself and the night as he sits back there in the stern alone—presently you will hear him sing a whole minor tune, without once using a semitone: the semitone is weak, it is a dilution, it is not vigorous and large like the whole tone: and I have heard a whole congregation of negroes at night, as they were worshipping in their church with some wild song or other, and swaying to and fro with the ecstasy and the glory of it, abandon as by one consent the semitone that *should* come, according to the civilized *modus*, and sing in its place a big lusty whole tone that would shake any man's soul. It is strange to observe that some of the most magnificent effects in advanced modern music are produced by this same method—notably in the works of Asger Hamerik of Baltimore, and of Edward Greig, Copenhagen. Any one who has heard Thomas's orchestra lately, will have no difficulty in remembering his deight at the beautiful *Nordische Suite* by the former writer and the piano *concerto* by the latter.

As I sat in the cabin to note down Dick's music by the single candle therein, through the door came a slim line of dragon-flies, of a small white species, out of the dark towards the candle-flame, and proceeded incontinently to fly into the same, to get singed and to fall on the table in all varieties of melancholy may-hem, crisp-winged, no-legged, blind, aimlessly-fluttering, dead. Now, it so happened that as I came down