

it is in a supreme manner responsive to the emotional wants, the mixed aspirations, and the passionate self-consciousness of the age." This, we think, is also a reason why music, in its further development, advances through successive stages of prettiness, grandeur, quaintness, and too often lapses into unmeaning ugliness.

Naturally, the earliest emotions depicted in music must be those most excited—love of beauty, as shown in pleasing sounds and gracefully rounded forms; the mind elevated by the contemplation of the beautiful then seeks grandeur, the grand easily becomes the awful, the awful mingles with the weird, and presently the quaint and weird are more loud than the soft and sweet beauties which allured earlier. Of this, Beethoven is a fine example. At first he is recognised as the successful imitator of Mozart; then he enlarges and launches out into an originality and individuality which cannot be repressed, and, towards the end of his life, he appears to reach out into perfectly unknown worlds of wildness and grandeur.

And thus, we think, the more completely music seeks to analyze and represent mental emotion, the more complex in form does it become, until, as in Schumann, thought is piled on thought, and feeling on feeling, till it becomes to those who follow the real idea contained in it more and more beautiful, whilst to those who regard it merely in the light of sensuous pleasure it will be found in these days only a mass of meaningless and ugly progressions. It is hard to say whither this development is tending, and it is not our present object to enquire; undoubtedly, many frantic imitators of the "higher development" school rush into ugliness, pure and simple, from mere useless straining after originality, an impulse surely utterly inartistic, and which, sooner or later, must land its victims in a howling wilderness.

A better result is discoverable in the improved style of music which, comparatively lately, has taken the public ear. Exactly the same class of people who, a very few years ago, delighted in such vapid trash as the compositions of Blockley and Glover, and many others, more vulgar, if not so sentimental, honour and appreciate the thoroughly artistic and quaint, though often simple, productions of Arthur Sullivan, and Gounod, and many actually understand and love Schumann and Franz, two men who may be said to have done for songs what Wagner does for operas. That is to say, they employ both accompaniment and voice equally for the expression not merely of the words of the song but the whole feeling and mental picture of which the words become in these circumstances a less complete description than the music. Truly, this change which has lately come over the public taste is most remarkable; one often finds in songs which only rank among the Claribel class progressions and chords which are clearly Schumannic, and which, but for such as he, could never have entered the minds of these humble writers, for whom, however, some use is found, as here; possibly, they dilute the ideas of the master in their own watery intellects, until they are fit for the multitude who gradually acquire conception of a higher degree of art.

It is difficult to over-estimate the loss sustained by the musical world in the death of *Mdlle. Titjiens*. She alone could be considered as the successor of *Grisi* in the grand declamatory style of singing, and it is a great tribute to her powers to say that just when *Grisi* was becoming unable to sustain the