

they are considered to belong to the refinement and polish, not the reality, of life. They are not therefore so generally important as some others. One of them, however, I should myself be inclined to move up to a higher class. Music is, I think, a refinement or accomplishment which is worthy of a higher place than it usually occupies in general estimation : it is often reckoned to be merely an ornament worthy only (or principally) of the weaker sex. I would not grudge them any right to it, which is not exclusive. But when we consider the power of music over the human mind, (a power which is almost universal, is natural, or implanted by the wisdom of the Infinite Mind, in all—the Savage no less than the refined and polished natives of the world—a power which is certainly very far greater than the power of any other of the fine arts,) I should be almost inclined to exalt Music to the side of Rhetoric, as one of the most powerful influences of the human mind. There is scarcely any one who has not felt its power himself, more or less. Look at the enthusiasm raised by the never wearying repetition of a national anthem—be it English, American, Austrian, Russian, or Spanish. Look at the wonderful power of such a strain as the well known Marseillaise hymn or *Mourir pour la Patrie* among the French, or the touching and inspiriting strains of Scotland, Ireland and Wales. There are two men of the last generation, whose names are cherished by all Englishmen, the clue to whose greatness was a quality peculiar (in their position) to those two and common to them both, stern sense of duty. I mean, of course, Wellington and Nelson. An Englishman's heart thrills as he thinks of the mounting of the flag to the mast head, which spoke forth the somewhat stern admonition, "England expects every man to do his duty." The name of Nelson is unknown to nobody ; but there is another man whose name, now, is nearly unknown to everybody : whose death, a few years ago, was marked by circumstances of poverty and indigence : who passed from life unnoticed and almost unknown. Yet the fleets which won Nelson's victories, were cheered from day to day, their sailors were kept in a temper of happy contentedness, and their spirit of valour and conquest was roused by the songs and music of Dibdin. And if the command went home to the honest tar's heart to do