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‘Bartholdy,’ for the abbreviation ‘Bart.’ The other sketch represents (on the right) the house in which he and his family were living when he was summoned to ‘perfect peace’ and rest in the ‘everlasting arms.’ This drawing is not of so marked a character as its companion, but the central portion is quite beautiful in its refined completion.”

We are greatly indebted to Mr. Felix Moscheles, son of the eminent pianist and the attached friend of Mendelssohn, Ignaz Moscheles, for kindly allowing us to reproduce in *fac-simile* the humorous and highly characteristic pen and ink sketch by Mendelssohn, the reproduction not only being practically the same size as the original, but also printed on paper the same colour as that used by the composer. We are further favoured by a description of this *jeu d’esprit* from the pen of Mr. Felix Moscheles himself, Mendelssohn’s godson, who writes as follows:

“One of the most delightful traits of Mendelssohn’s character was a certain brightness, it might be called *naïveté*, which enabled him to appreciate the humour of a situation and thoroughly to enjoy it with his friends. He would turn some trivial incident to the happiest account, and, in his own peculiarly genial way, make it the starting-point for a standing joke or a winged word to be handed down from generation to generation in the families of his friends. In his letters there is plenty of evidence of this bright side of his nature; there too we find many a happy thought taking the shape of a sketch or a finished drawing, or at times an illustration, such as the one which is the subject of these lines. It is taken from my mother’s album, and is but one of many treasured in our family, all bearing testimony to the facility with which he handled pen and pencil.

“To explain the origin of this drawing here reproduced, I cannot do better than transcribe what my mother wrote in the diary of my father (she often held the pen for him) on May 29, 1832:—

Mendelssohn dined with us. Unknown to Moscheles, I had invited the Haizingers, Schröder-Devrient, Hauser, and Klingemann to come in the evening and celebrate to-morrow’s birthday. Mendelssohn had composed a Canon which was to be sung by those German friends, and, as to-morrow’s performance of ‘Fidelio’ prevented their coming on the right day, we had to anticipate the celebration. Klingemann had written the words for the Canon; Mendelssohn wrote them out in pencil and Emily* traced them in ink. Then, genius as he is, Mendelssohn drew arabesques, framing the lines and illustrating Moscheles’s works; ‘The fall of Paris,’ for instance, he depicts literally, showing the falling city, etc. The drawing was brought in as a parcel just arrived, and when he (Moscheles) had had time to enjoy the surprise, Mrs. Haizinger recited a prologue written by Klingemann, and explaining why the birthday was kept on that evening. Directly afterwards followed the beautiful Canon, in which the theme of Moscheles’s first Concerto in C major persistently comes to the front. The rest of the evening was spent in the most delightful manner, for they all, together, or each in turn, played and sang most beautifully.

* Emily (Mrs. Roche), Moscheles’s eldest daughter, then five years old.

“Mendelssohn explains that: ‘The writing is the work of Emily Moscheles, the 29th of May, 1832. The poem is by Carl Klingemann, 37, Bury Street, St. James’s. The Arabesques are invented, and the ink blots executed by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy, for the time being in London.’ At the top of the page he inscribes the words: ‘Congratulations on the 30th of May, ’32.’ He begins his catalogue of my father’s works by the ‘Alexander March,’ or ‘Fall of Paris,’ the piece which first established his reputation in Vienna; the drawing shows the towers of Notre Dame, the Panthéon, and other monuments collapsing. Then come Variations on the popular air, ‘Au clair de la Lune,’ Mendelssohn showing the actors in the familiar scene, with the legend, ‘Pen, Moon, Candle.’ Next we see him at the pianoforte, trying to master the first of the three ‘Allegri di Bravura’ (Op. 51), by Moscheles, ‘dedicated to J. B. Cramer, in London.’ ‘How a young Berliner practises,’ he writes beneath. The musical quotation in E flat, headed ‘Respect,’ refers to an occasion when, at a rehearsal, my father had great difficulty in getting the drums tuned to his satisfaction. Next Mendelssohn quotes the opening bars of a piece composed for the ‘Album de Mons. Felix † † †.’ Then the subject of the G minor Concerto is marked ‘Malinconico’ and accompanied by a legion of ‘Blue devils’! The themes and illustrations of the ‘British Grenadiers’ and ‘The last rose of summer’ speak for themselves. The demons fighting with pitchforks illustrate the ‘Conflict of Dæmons,’ No. 23 of my father’s Pianoforte Studies (Op. 70). The orchestra is next shown playing his Symphony in C, first performed on May 8, 1829, during Mendelssohn’s first visit to London. The Scotchman, with his full-blown bagpipes, takes us, in conclusion, to the Scherzo alla Scozzese, from the trio dedicated to Cherubini (Op. 84). Mendelssohn’s birthday wishes culminate in the hope of my father’s writing his twentieth symphony and of his living to the beginning of the twentieth century!”

We also reproduce, on the opposite page, a *fac-simile* of a letter addressed to Mr. Felix Moscheles by Robert Browning, in which the poet gives an English version of the lines encircled by Mendelssohn’s design, as also of those which followed in 1844, as a continuation of the “friendly musical catalogue.”

VICTORIAN MUSIC.

VIII.—CHAMBER MUSIC.

As the year of Jubilee is nearly at an end, I close these papers, which have run through it, with a glance at the only great division of the art that remains for notice.

Not unnaturally, perhaps, many persons have an idea that the cult of chamber music began with the establishment of Mr. John

Ella's Musical Union and the foundation of Mr. Chappell's "Pops." Behind these important institutions few people take the trouble to look, and I want to show, in the first place, that when the Queen began to reign, quartet concerts, and the like, were not unknown in the metropolis. Indeed, having regard to the progress of musical education between then and now, those entertainments were, proportionately, almost, if not quite, as numerous as they are now. I turn to the record of the season 1837, and on one of the earliest pages read of a Quartet Concert given by Messrs. Blagrove, Gatti, Dando, and Lucas, in Hanover Square Rooms, "to a very full audience." "The principal feature in the bill," says the scribe, "was Beethoven's much-talked of posthumous Quartet. (Which?) With all its many phrases and passages of distinguished beauty, we must honestly confess that hitherto we have not been able to perceive any distinctness or continuity of design in this singular composition. The fault probably lies with ourselves, and most willingly would we prefer it should be so than that a great man should underwrite himself." The point is, not the critic's perplexity, but that one of the most abstruse works in music had a "very full audience" in unmusical London sixty years ago. On the same page I read that Litolff, Remy, and Richardson were delighting the members of the Marylebone Literary and Scientific Institution. Those were the young days of such societies, and they went the youthful pace, as may be supposed from the engagement of artists like Litolff and others. There were also Classical Chamber Concerts, so-called, in London, the managers of which gave a series of performances. At one of them a Rasoumowsky Quartet, Mozart's Quintet in D and Pianoforte Trio in B flat, together with a double Quartet by Spohr were played, the executants being Mori, Tolbeque, Lindley, Dragonetti, and other artists of eminence in their day. Moscheles was at that time giving *soirées* of chamber music, at one of which were performed a selection from Bach's Preludes and Fugues and Handel's Suites, a number of Scarlatti's "Lessons" (played on the harpsichord), and the "Kreutzer" Sonata. I read also of a series of Quartet Concerts, so-called, and find in the programme of one performance such works as Mozart's Quartet in D, Beethoven's Quartet in F (Op. 59), and the same master's Trio in G for strings. These were played by Blagrove, Gatti, Dando, and Lucas. In addition to the foregoing there were, during the season, a host of chamber concerts given by individual artists. "Benefits" were then in vogue, and such performers as Blagrove, Mori, and Mrs. Anderson regularly gathered their friends around them to share in a "feast of fat things"—good and improving music. Nothing can be clearer than that the

amateurs of chamber music in London were in particularly good circumstances sixty years ago. It is beyond question that they had nothing of which to complain. There was an abundance of concerts, the programmes were excellent, and the artists were to match.

So much activity, though more or less of a sporadic kind, could not but lay the foundations of some stable enterprise, and only seven years later—that is to say, in 1844—the Musical Union was established. It must certainly appear curious to those who now contemplate a past in which they did not share, that chamber music should owe so much to an impresario whose success was certainly not due to any artistic talent of his own. John Ella was known to the last generation of orchestral players as a somewhat indifferent violinist, who, as far as I can discover, never did anything notable in any branch of creative or executive art. But he was a very shrewd and clever man all the same. While yet playing a second violin at Covent Garden, he, so the story goes, begged Costa to give him a first, because the old Duke of Wellington faced him as he sat, and distracted his attention by making signs to him. It was neither shrewd nor clever, perhaps, thus to "try on" with Costa, who promptly declined to comply; but the alleged action of Mr. Ella was true to the nature of the man. He was resolved to succeed somehow, and transferred himself to the "cold shade of aristocracy," in which frigid region he prospered remarkably well. Whether the noblemen and gentlemen around whom he hovered with ready smiles and a flexible back saw through him or not, I cannot say. The truth is, however, that the second violinist's blandishments secured many titled patrons, whose names were by no means kept in the background. Exploiting a foible of the day, Mr. Ella professed the greatest contempt for English music and musicians. *Apropos*, Mrs. Diehl tells us, in her recently published reminiscences, that he said to her: "You cannot come out here (in London) without credentials. You must go to Paris." The hall-mark of French society was indispensable. Without it nothing in art could be considered genuine, and Ella fostered the notion. Mrs. Diehl adds: "But Ella was useful. Although he was the avowed enemy of British art. . . . he was an inducement to foreign *virtuosi* to visit England, and English audiences heard many great artists they might never otherwise have known of except by hearsay. For the Musical Union was a bait; a promise of further cheques."

Ella's concerts were first given in Willis's Rooms, and in their arrangement and carrying out the impresario emphatically asserted his cleverness. By placing his scarlet-covered and flower-decked platform in the middle of the hall, he was able to surround his artists with concentric rings of auditors, whose social importance, greatest near the performers, faded

off to the infinitesimal in the persons of a few critics. It was popularly supposed that the inmost circle consisted exclusively of dukes and duchesses, with, of course, Mr. Ella himself, who was "quite bridegroom-like in his dark blue frock coat, light tie, and spotless lavender kid gloves." "To see him at his best," writes Mrs. Diehl, "was to see him escorting some lady star from abroad to the piano, or seated airily conversing with some important dowager on the front bench, one of those ladies irreverently termed 'Ella's Duchesses' by youthful members of the Union less socially important; or, still better, when he was standing or sitting where he could be the observed of all observers during the performance, beating time, wagging his head, or glancing rapturously upward. Advertising his artists on the programme, he advertised their current performance by acting his admiration. With the exception of a few recusants in the back seats, Ella's auditors accepted Ella's artists at Ella's valuation." These, of course, were the tricks of a showman, but Ella did more worthy things. It has been claimed for him that he invented the analytical programme. That is not quite true, but the credit belongs to him of having established it as a useful companion to the hearing of classical music. His crowning grace is, however, that, never mind by what means, he invested chamber music and its concerts with the glamour of the "hupper suckles." Englishmen so dearly love a lord, and are so ready to imitate him, that this may be considered a very important achievement indeed. The Musical Union had, I believe, a library, but all I know about it comes from the testimony of Mr. Sutherland Edwards, who once said, in the *Pall Mall Gazette*, that members had the privilege of contributing thereto. After a fairly long and undoubtedly useful life, the Musical Union broke up and passed into limbo. Mr. Ella was getting old; music had become democratised, and the aristocracy less exclusive.

Quite as remarkable as the rise of the Musical Union from the ambition, social and other, of a "second fiddle," were the circumstances out of which sprang the Monday Popular Concerts—the institution which represents the next great step in the advance of chamber music during the present reign.

There was an old publisher, Chappell,
Who with cattle-show concerts would grapple,

sang the late "Charley" Kenney in nonsense verse. My memory is probably not accurate as to the remainder of the stanza—

But the hall didn't fill,
"We'll peg away still,"
And try with Beethoven," said Chappell.

In this rude rhyme the main facts as to the origin of the "Pops" are stated. The story is familiar, and I need only call to recollection that when concert-givers, with the strangely

conservative instincts of Englishmen, declined to patronise the new St. James's Hall, Messrs. Chappell and Co., who had an interest in the building, proceeded to give entertainments on their own account, and laid themselves out to do so in a special manner during the week of the Cattle Show. No great success resulting, it became a question what further steps should be taken. In reply, the late J. W. Davison boldly suggested a trial of classical chamber music, convinced, as he often told me in later years, that with cheap tickets, an audience, by-and-bye remunerative, could be got together. The experiment was made, without changing the name of the concerts from "Popular" to anything else, and, after some inevitable years of loss, the enterprise seemed established in public favour. Established it certainly was, seeing that the season now in progress is the fortieth and that more than 1,600 performances have been given. It was once said that, instead of changing the title of his concerts, Mr. Arthur Chappell changed public taste and made the classical popular. To a considerable extent that is true, and no higher service has ever been done to music in this country. Let us not forget, however, that the happy result flowed from an accidental cause which was not in the first intention of the promoters. Had concert-givers taken kindly to the new hall, instead of avoiding it, Messrs. Chappell would probably not have intervened. Had the firm's original concerts succeeded, there would have been no thought of an experiment so Quixotic as that which followed. So one may apparently trace a controlling hand—

There is a divinity which shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

The "Pops," as the new enterprise came affectionately to be called, caused a revolution in more than one important respect. They put an end to the exclusiveness of high prices and exploded the idea that chamber music belonged chiefly to dilettanti. Even Mr. Ella's select sheepfold was broken up by their influence, though only after a long struggle. The inner circle lay open to the public at large, even to the man with only a shilling in his pocket. What the "Pops" have done in their forty years of existence no amateur needs telling. One has only to think of the eminent artists who have been, and still are, heard in St. James's Hall; of the two concerts per week during nearly six months in every year, and of the great audiences which for the most part they command, in order to recognise a potent influence.

I would now direct the reader's attention to a matter not less satisfactory than the present devotion to chamber music. It lies in the nature of the music itself; its freedom from reckless changes, and, as a corollary, its general adhesion to the rules of the great masters who brought this branch of the art to its highest perfection. It would, of course, be absurd to say that chamber music has not felt the

influence of the modern spirit. Everyone knows that it has, but the fact nevertheless remains that the general form and character which the masters gave to it are substantially unchanged. The quartets of Mozart and Beethoven, of Mendelssohn and Schumann, are still the models of composers, even of those whose utterances are most individual. So the tide of change sweeps past chamber music, leaving it comparatively unaffected. If asked to give a reason for this I should point to the abstract nature of such music. The "programme" has not entered into it, as into orchestral compositions, where considerations extraneous to art control form and expression alike, often with disastrous results. It must be noted also that the limited resources of chamber music, as compared with those of the orchestra, tend to keep that branch of the art subject to purely artistic considerations, as distinct from mere physical effects. Hence the composer of a string quartet, for example, works under an obligation to observe some well-considered musical form, and to rely upon pure melody combined with musicianly skill in treatment and device. In short, the expressive qualities of chamber music are found in music alone and have nothing to do with what is extraneous. To this we owe the stability of its forms and its general freedom from violent changes of all kinds. The sensationalist can do little in the chamber. He must there be musicianly or nothing, and he is generally nothing.

To the extent in which chamber music keeps itself apart from influences not strictly musical should we set special store by it. It is a "city of refuge" for the art which, in other cities, encounters forces that tend to demoralisation. There the musician is free to be musical. No temptations whisper to him with siren voices. He finds no inducement to degrade his art in order to catch the applause of the ignorant and vulgar. "Programmes" are nothing to him there, for the region is far removed from the concerns and events of life. It is a region into which nothing extraneous rightfully intrudes, not even another art, and it remains abstract, infinite, isolated, like the soul which finds in it the highest of all delights.

JOSEPH BENNETT.

MUSICAL REFORMATORIES.

By the courtesy of a distinguished sociological philanthropist, who for the time being desires his name to be kept a secret, we are enabled to lay before our readers the outlines of an important and entirely novel scheme for accelerating the advent of the moral millennium.

This is nothing less than the establishment of what he describes as a Musical Reformatory, in which the obsolete and inhuman methods of the crank and treadmill, oakum picking and

solitary confinement will be replaced by an elaborately graded system of musical punishments.

It is a notorious fact that everyone, no matter how cultivated or uncultivated his musical instincts may be, can be made to suffer tortures by musical means. These of course vary in every individual case, and the procedure under the new penal code will involve the testing of the offender with a view to ascertaining his peculiar musical aversion, on the discovery of which, sentence will be passed in proportion to the gravity of the offence and the power of endurance of the culprit.

In some cases this preliminary investigation is obviously unnecessary. For example, it is notorious that burglars, bargees, and butchers are devoted to simple ballads, but that they experience incredible agony on listening to the posthumous quartets of Beethoven. Indeed, it is computed by Professor Vallombroso that more suffering can be inflicted on a healthy bandit by forcing him to listen to classical chamber music for two hours on end than by condemning him to six months' solitary confinement. On the other hand, it is equally notorious that the whole tribe of Wagnerolaters regard a ballad concert as *anathema maranatha*. Suppose then, to take a concrete example, that an unscrupulous financier has forged a cheque for £50,000, or been guilty of embezzlement on a Jabezian scale, and is known or proved to be a devout disciple of the Bayreuth master—let it never be forgotten by those who seek to discover an indissoluble bond between music and morality that Nero conclusively proved in his person the possibility of a complete divorce between virtue and virtuosity—then instead of being incarcerated for seven or fourteen years, he will be amply punished by being ordered to attend three ballad concerts a week for three months, *at which every number in the programme is encored*. Robbery with violence will no longer be punished with the lash. If the criminal can be shown to possess a refined and fastidious musical taste he will be sentenced to fifty *Intermezzi*—*i.e.*, to attend fifty consecutive performances of the *Intermezzo* from "Cavalleria Rusticana" straight off the reel. If, *per contra*, his musical tastes are of a Philistinish order, he will be ordered to attend rehearsals of the scenes in which the *Wanderer* figures, or a performance of Beethoven's Mass in D or of Brahms's Fourth Symphony. Or, take yet another case. Suppose a musical critic to have committed manslaughter—we say "suppose," for of course musical critics are, *ex hypothesi*, incapable of any deeds of violence—in that case the requirements of justice would probably be adequately satisfied by condemning the culprit to a six months' course of musical *soirées* in private houses, at every one of which the *Preislied* should be sung by an amateur