

1981

The high-level fool as critic: Mark Twain and music

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<https://dx.doi.org/doi:10.21220/s2-tmt5-ga86>

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The High-Level Fool As Critic:

Mark Twain and Music

A Thesis

Presented to

The Faculty of the Department of English
The College of William and Mary in Virginia

In Partial Fulfillment

Of the Requirements for the Degree of
Master of Arts

by

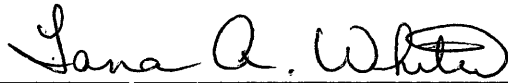
Lana Ann Whited

1981

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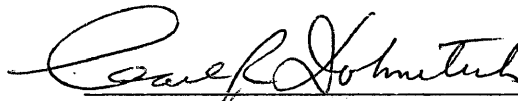
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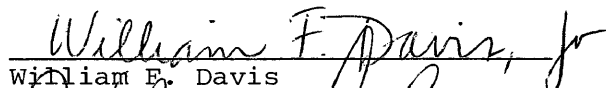


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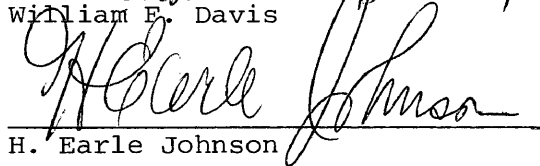
Approved, May, 1981



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ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

The writer wishes to express her profound appreciation to Professor Carl R. Dolmetsch, under whose patient guidance this investigation was conducted, for his helpful criticism, careful reading and rereading of manuscripts, and continued support. The writer is indebted to Professor William F. Davis, Jr. and Professor H. Earle Johnson for close scrutiny of manuscripts and helpful advice, to the members of the Mark Twain seminar (Spring 1981) for examination of the first draft and for helpful suggestions, to Franklin J. Hillson and Tammie L. Robinson for careful proofreading and constant encouragement, and to Kimberly Cross, for handling formalities with enviable ease. The writer wishes to express gratitude to her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Paul E. Whited, for endless support. Finally, the writer is copiously indebted to Cynthia M. Crouch, without whom she might not have finished this thesis before it finished her.

ABSTRACT

The purpose of this study is to determine the role of music in Samuel Langhorne Clemens's life and writing.

This investigation into Clemens's musicality examines the nature of music in America during his lifetime, the effects of the music of the slaves and of the Presbyterian church upon him, criticisms of and comments on music in both his private and published writing, the influence of classical music later in his life, his personal preferences and peeves, and the ways in which he uses music as a literary tool.

Incidents and important persons in Clemens's life provoked a gradual change in his appreciation of music. Throughout his life, his writing about music--critical and imaginative--shows a divergence between "mucker" and serious critic. This study aims to explain the causes of and Twain's own solution for that diversity, as well as how Albert Bigelow Paine, Twain's biographer, who had earlier found him wanting in "artistic" taste, could write that, at age 70, Mark Twain "had a passion for music."

THE HIGH-LEVEL FOOL AS CRITIC:
MARK TWAIN AND MUSIC

"We often feel sad in the presence of music without words; and often more than that in the presence of music without music."

More Maxims of Mark, p. 14.

Since Samuel Langhorne Clemens's death in 1910, scholars have undertaken the formidable task of studying various influences upon his life and writing. The importance of many of these factors has been evaluated to the point of critical saturation. The relevance of music in studying Twain has not been exhausted; indeed, it has yet to be examined adequately.

In the seventy years since Twain died, fewer than a dozen published essays have dealt with his appreciation of music. Of these, only three propose to be comprehensive. One of these three, "Mark Twain and Music," by Frank Morgan Flack, is a three-page summary of the author's M.A. thesis. George Hiram Brownell, editor of The Twainian (where the essay appeared, in October 1947) observed that "evidence of the vast amount of research work done by Mr. Flack in covering his subject is afforded by the Bibliography, in which 113 different books, magazines, and newspapers are listed as source material."¹ Despite Mr. Flack's voluminous examination of sources, his essay is poorly documented (to be more precise, he confuses sources) and much too general. Flack's essay is scarcely an improvement over two earlier ones: Ralph Holmes's "Mark Twain and Music," which appeared in The Century in

October 1922, and L.H. Swain's "Mark Twain as a Music Critic: A Case Study in Esthetic Growth," from Furman Studies (formerly the Furman Bulletin) in April, 1937. Other less-than-comprehensive essays are "Samuel Langhorne Clemens on 'Die Lorelei'," an essay edited from Twain's traveler's notebook, Georgia Review (1957); "Miss Emmeline Grangerford's Hymn Book," by John R. Byers, Jr., American Literature (May 1971); "Mark Twain's 'The War Prayer': Its Ties to Howells and Hymnology," by Allison Ensor in Modern Fiction Studies (Winter, 1970); "Mark Twain and Johann Strauss," by Otto Hietsch, Jahrbuch für Amerikastudien (1963); "Twain's Use of Music: A Note on Life on the Mississippi," by Arthur M. Kompass, American Quarterly (Winter, 1964); and "Music at Col. Grangerford's: A Footnote to Huckleberry Finn," by Joseph Slater, American Literature (March 1949). In 1938, Mary M. Bailey wrote a doctoral dissertation at the University of Pittsburgh entitled Mark Twain and the Fine Arts. It was never published, thus limiting its accessibility for those of us who are interested in Twain and music.

The point is that only two thorough examinations of Twain's interest in and indebtedness to music have ever been conducted. The results of the first (Bailey's dissertation, 1938) sit on a library shelf in Pittsburgh and the results of the second (Flack's thesis) have been inadequately shared. Thus, comprehensive information

about this aspect of Twain's life is difficult to obtain. The author himself has only two essay-length burlesques on the subject, which, combined with passing notices in his novels, stories, and letters leave a gap in Mark Twain scholarship. This essay proposes to fill that void.

Carl Dolmetsch has expressed the diversity of Mark Twain's experience:

Mark Twain's life is a story of education. One scale after another falls First it is the Mississippi Valley . . . then the Western frontier . . . which he abandons for Eastern 'editing' . . . and becomes an American in the fullest sense of the word. And then . . . he becomes a citizen of the world, losing his American provincialism. The world was Mark Twain's university.²

Certainly Twain's education in music was world-wide, for he acquired his knowledge and appreciation of it on riverbanks and in opera houses across the globe. From his boyhood in Hannibal to the last days in Bermuda, New York, and at "Stormfield" (Redding, Connecticut), there was always music in Mark Twain's life. He criticized, satirized, and burlesqued it, but he was deeply fond of it. It became a source for his writing and a solace in his tragic final years.

Mark Twain's music education is a study in the growth of esthetic appreciation. This study offers remarkable contrasts between "mucker" and serious critic. It is a process of evolution--a metamorphosis. Through careful examination of the nature of American musicality during Twain's life, the effect of various kinds of music upon his writing, and his own musical preferences and peculiarities, this essay will ascertain how his biographer, Albert Bigelow Paine, who had earlier found him wanting in "artistic" taste, could write that, at age 70, Mark Twain "had a passion for music"

As DeVoto points out in Mark Twain's America, music was an important part of American culture during the time Sam Clemens was growing up in Hannibal, Missouri. Americans moving westward were "incurably musical," carrying with them "fiddles and a folk art." They were bound together by their ballads, carrying along their musical instruments to accompany them in recreation: "A corn-shucking or a roof-raising would bring out the fiddlers from a day's riding." Their fiddling contests and camp meetings "were conduits for the music of the frontier."³ Perhaps Twain had these fiddlers in mind when he wrote in The Adventures of Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass: ". . . Then the fiddlers laid themselves out, and went at it like forty millions of wood-sawyers at two dollars and a half a cord."⁴

According to DeVoto, a rudimentary knowledge of music was as much a part of the frontier education as was basic astronomy:

While the frontier was still a boundary of exploration, the wayfarer expected to find a fiddle or a banjo hanging beside the rifle in the shanty when he sought hospitality. The Calvinist could tune his instrument as handily as he could make hinges for his door; when it was smashed, he could make another, one which would be no Guarnarius, truly, but served its end. He would make a graduated series for his children, whose education included a rule-of-thumb harmony as universal as the astronomy that permitted them to tell time by the seven stars.⁵

America was already a melting pot at the time of Sam Clemens's boyhood; this accounts for the diversity of the music he might have heard: the French songs that came down the Mississippi Valley from Canada, Spanish love songs from the South, "famine-redolent hoedowns from Ireland," the ballads of the Montana cowboy "singing for the amusement and the reassurance of his steers," the volkslieder that came over from Germany in the 1830s, or "the desire of Count Zinzendorf to wash in the Lamb's blood," the music of the Moravian immigrants, a great

deal of which was written by Zinzendorf, the German Lutheran Pietist, whose belief that "singing had above all to express Christian experience" greatly influenced Protestant hymnody.⁶ Young Sam Clemens heard ballads whose grammar was foreign to English conjugation associated with festivals or animals or personages with which he was not familiar. All of these songs would become "Americanized almost beyond identification," and although there is no specific evidence in Twain's writing, that he heard these ballads in his childhood, DeVoto (who is not given to speculation) feels that it is a conclusion "necessitated by available facts."⁷

As a boy, Sam Clemens was part of a world that held slaves, and he was thus affected by their music. Negroes took melodies from hymns and minstrel ballads and, with what DeVoto calls a "natural" rhythm and genius for harmony, produced "the most poignant American art." Sam's "shaping soul was to bear . . . impresses of that world. Fundamental among these was the singing of the slaves."⁸ The Negroes sang in the fields, on the riverbanks, and in the kitchens. Black mammies sang lullabies to their children and the children of their masters. A race was speaking, and young Sam Clemens listened well. A scene which takes place years later in Hartford demonstrates what he had heard. It was at a recital given by Mrs. Charles Dudley Warner, who was described by Clara

Clemens Gabrilowitsch as "the best amateur pianist in town." She gave three or four recitals each winter, allowing Twain's daughters to "pass the cakes"; when Clara was seven and had studied piano for a year, she played two Schumann pieces at one of Mrs. Warner's "'grand' affairs."⁹ One particular recital profoundly affected Mr. Clemens, and his reaction, described by Katy Leary, indicates his fondness for the Negro spirituals he first heard in Hannibal:

I I heard about one night when there was a company at the Warners' and Mr. Clemens was there, and it was a perfectly lovely night and there was a full moon outside and no lights in the house. They was just settin' there in the music room, looking out at the moonlight. And suddenly Mr. Clemens got right up without any warning and begun to sing one of them negro Spirituals. A lady that was there told me he just stood up with both his eyes shut and begun to sing kind of soft like--a faint sound, just as if there was wind in the trees, she said; and he kept on singin' and singin' and became kind of lost in it, and he was all lit-up--his face was. 'Twas somethin' from another world, she said, and when he got through, he put his two hands up to his head, just as though all the sorrow of the negroes was upon

him; and then he begun to sing, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I Got, Nobody Knows but Jesus." That was one of them negro spiritual songs, and when he come to the end, to the Glory Halleluiah, he gave a great shout--just like the negroes do--he shouted out the Glory, Glory, Halleluiah! They said it was wonderful and none of them would forget it as long as they lived.¹⁰

According to Clara, the Clemens children often found their father at the piano in their Hartford home, singing the spirituals which he loved so well.

When Twain and George Washington Cable toured together in 1884-85, they entertained themselves at night by singing the old spirituals which each had heard in his boyhood. DeVoto suggests that

What made George Cable's smug piety tolerable was his memory of the jubilees. They would sing them in cramped hotel rooms, in railway compartments, in deserted streets late at night--alone, or to Major Pond, who would secretly instruct the cab driver to take the longest way home, so that he could listen to a poetry that had welled up in lost and nameless singers, in Hannibal, before the war. . . .¹¹

Cable sang on stage during the tour. Audiences across the country were enthralled with the vivacity of his performances; perhaps his energy compensated for his voice, which, according to a mutual friend of Cable and Twain, left something to be desired: "He took the key as a kind Providence gave it to him. If it didn't happen to be the right one, he cheerfully announced the fact and made a new guess for the next verse. . . . Nigger from the ground up, and full of life."¹² He wasn't a Caruso or a DeReszke, but he sang Twain's kind of music.

Later, in a beer hall in Lucerne, at a performance of the Jubilee Singers, Twain saw the Germans and the Swiss affected by this same music, the music which always brought him home to Hannibal.¹³ He wrote to his minister, Joe Twichell, about it, saying that in his early days he had considered the Jubilees an inferior sort of music, but he had changed his mind: "I think that in the Jubilees, and their songs America has produced the perfectest flower of the ages; and I wish it were a foreign product, so that she could worship it and lavish money on it and go properly crazy over it."¹⁴

Twain also highly praised another Southern phenomenon, the minstrel or "nigger" show, as it was more commonly called. In Mark Twain in Eruption, writings by Twain posthumously published under the editorship of Bernard DeVoto, the author describes "the first Negro musical show

I ever saw," which was in the early 1840's. The minstrel show was new at that time, and played in Hannibal for a week. Church members like Twain's mother, Jane Clemens, and his Aunt Betsey Smith did not attend these performances, but the "wordlings" of the town went and took great pleasure in them. Ten or twelve years later, in St. Louis, Twain was finally able to persuade his mother and aunt to see their first negro show, under the pretense that the performers were African missionaries who had just returned from that Continent and would give a demonstration of native music. Only after his mother and Aunt Betsey had thoroughly enjoyed themselves did he admit that "the alleged missionaries were the Christy Minstrel troupe, in that day one of the most celebrated of such troupes and also one of the best." He happily reports that "Aunt Betsey and my mother achieved a brilliant success for the Christy minstrels that night." All the minstrels were a great success with Twain himself; his enjoyment of their performances led him to comment that "the minstrel troupes . . . were a delight It seems to me that to the elevated mind and the sensitive spirit the hand organ and the nigger show are a standard and a summit to whose rarefied altitude the other forms of musical art may not hope to reach."¹⁵

The hymns of the church played another important role in Twain's early music education. Since his mother was a

person of strict Presbyterian persuasion, young Sam, like his characters, Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn, was compelled to attend Sunday School with regularity. Allison Ensor's book Mark Twain and the Bible will support this hypothesis. He was affected by the charisma of Southern revivalism, for it manifests itself in his writing, so he must have attended religious services with frequency. The Mark Twain who describes the singing of the doxology in The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn was undoubtedly writing from first-hand experience:

And the minute the words was out of his mouth somebody over in the crowd struck up the doxolojer, and everybody joined in with all their might, and it just warmed you up and made you feel as good as church letting out. Music is a good thing; and after all that soul-butter and hogwash, I never see it freshen up things so, and sound so honest and bully.¹⁶

Twain also provides a hymn at the funeral of Peter Wilks, but the execution of it is so poor that the deceased is fortunate, according to Huck: "They had borrowed a melodeum--a sick one; and when everything was ready, a young woman set down and worked it, and it was pretty skreeky and colicky, and everybody joined in and sung, and Peter was the only one that had a good thing,

according to my notion."¹⁷

The hymns of the church must also have been in the back of Twain's mind when he created his most musical character, Emmeline Grangerford. Along with the Bible, The Pilgrim's Progress, "Henry Clay's Speeches," and "Dr. Gunn's Family Medicine," on the Grangerford living-room table, "there was a Hymn Book." Emmeline also took clippings from the Presbyterian Observer, with which Twain, as a Presbyterian, must have been familiar, so it does not seem speculative to suggest that the "Hymn Book" may have been a Presbyterian hymnal. The young folk artist who gave her crayon portraits such gloomy titles as "And Art Thou Gone Yes Thou Art Gone Alas" was renowned for her crude elegies. Whenever someone in the community died, Emmeline was on hand with her "tributes" "before he is cold. . . . The neighbors said it was the doctor first, then Emmeline, then the undertaker--the undertaker never got in ahead of Emmeline but once" ¹⁸

In his article "Miss Emmeline Grangerford's Hymn Book," John R. Byers, Jr. suggests remarkable similarities between Emmeline's "Ode to Stephen Dowling Bots, Dec'D." and Isaac Watts' well-known hymn "Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed," which was written in 1707, and which Twain would certainly have known. The two lyrics are included for comparison on page 15. Notice especially the similarities in rhyme and in length (six stanzas).

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!

Alas! and did my Saviour bleed!
And did my Sovereign die?
Would he devote that sacred head
For such a worm as I?

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, thine,
And bath'd in its own blood,
While, all expos'd to wrath divine
The glorious Sufferer stood!

Was it for crimes that I had done
He groan'd upon the tree?
Amazing pity! Grace unknown!
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide,
And shut his glories in,
When God, the mighty Maker, died
For man, the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face,
While his dear cross appears,
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
And melt mine eyes in tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay
The debt of love I owe;
Here, Lord, I give myself away;
'Tis all that I can do.

Ode to Stephen Dowling Bots,
Dec'd.

And did young Stephen sicken,
And did young Stephen die?
And did the sad hearts thicken,
And did the mourners cry?

No; such was not the fate of
Young Stephen Dowling Bots;
Though sad hearts round him thickened,
'Twas not from sickness' shots.

No whooping-cough did rack his frame,
Nor measles drear, with spots;
Not these impaired the sacred name
Of Stephen Dowling Bots.

Despised love struck not with woe
That head of curly knots,
Nor stomach troubles laid him low,
Young Stephen Dowling Bots.

O no. Then list with tearful eye,
Whilst I his fate do tell,
His soul did from this cold world fly,
By falling down a well.

They got him out and emptied him;
Alas it was too late;
His spirit was gone for to sport aloft
In the realms of the good and great.

While Emmeline's "tribute" is not necessarily a burlesque of Watts's hymn, the similarities are remarkable. A burlesque of this sort would not be out of character for Twain; around 1900, in protest of the Spanish-American War, he re-wrote "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," his version beginning "Mine eyes have seen the orgy of the launching of the Sword; / He is searching out the hoardings where the stranger's wealth is stored" ¹⁹ As Byers suggests, whether or not Twain intended "Ode to Stephen Dowling Bots, Dec.'D" as a burlesque of Watts's hymn, "The Watts-Bots relationship . . . adds a new dimension to Twain fun." ²⁰

Emmeline Grangerford was most likely modeled after Julia A. Moore (1847-1920), who was also the "Poet Lariat" of The Innocents Abroad. Moore, also known as the "Sweet Singer of Michigan," was "moved to verse by the deaths of little children, such perils as choking on roast beef One of her 'admirers,' Clemens said that she had 'the touch that makes an intentionally humorous episode pathetic and an intentionally pathetic one funny'." ²¹ There are strong resemblances between the sentiments of Emmeline's elegy for Stephen Bots and Moore's song "Little Andrew," which begins:

Andrew was a little infant,
And his life was two years old;

He was his parents' eldest boy,
 And he was drowned, I was told.
 His parents never more can see him
 In this world of grief and pain,
 And Oh! they will not forget him
 While on earth they do remain.²²

There was also a piano in the Grangerford house, and Huck remembers the young ladies playing and singing "The Last Link is Broken" and "The Battle of Prague." "The Last Link is Broken," a love song, was written by William Clifton in 1840. "The Battle of Prague" was written by Franz Kotzwara in 1788, and was an ancestor of music like Beethoven's "Battle Symphony" (Wellingtons Sieg Oder Die Schlacht bei Vittoria). Kotzwara's piece is a technical phenomenon, as various musical devices recreate the battle. For example, three staccato notes at the onset represent bullets flying, and a sobbing treble figure answers as the cry of the wounded. Other aspects of the battle are accordingly represented.²³ Twain earlier mentioned "The Battle of Prague" in A Tramp Abroad. This description stems from hearing the song played "by an

'Arkansaw' girl in the drawing-room of the Jungfrau Hotel in Interlaken. . . . Without any more preliminaries, she turned on all the horrors of the 'Battle of Prague,' that venerable shivaree, and waded chin deep in the blood of the slain."²⁴ According to Twain, few spectators remained until the conclusion of the song. One of those who did so must have given him this information, as Twain was the first to leave.

Twain's familiarity with hymnody is also exemplified in "The War Prayer" (1904-05). Describing the zealous patriotism in his country at the time of the essay, he writes "the drums were beating, the bands playing." For Mark Twain, "pomp and circumstance" almost always required music. During the Sunday morning service (the day before the volunteers are to leave for the war), after the reading of "a war chapter from the Old Testament" and a prayer, "an organ-burst . . . shook the building, and with one impulse the house rose, with glowing eyes and beating hearts and poured out that tremendous invocation--

God the all-terrible! Thou who ordainest,
Thunder thy clarion and lightning thy sword!"²⁵

The hymn, "God the Omnipotent" is strangely out of the mood of this service, as Allison Ensor points out in "Mark Twain and 'The War Prayer': Its Ties to Howells and Hymnology." Despite references to God as "All-terrible," the hymn which Twain uses here is not a militant one. Like many nineteenth century hymns, "God the Omnipotent" has a refrain; the most oft-repeated line of the hymn is "Give us peace in our time, O Lord." The words to a more representative stanza are:

God the All-Merciful! earth hath forsaken
 Thy ways all holy, and slighted thy word;
 Let not thy wrath in its terror awaken;
 Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.²⁶

The hymn was written by Henry F. Chorley in 1842 (so Twain could easily have known it) and called "In Time of War." Its intention was not to foster the spirit of war, but to quell it. It was imitated in 1870 by John Ellerton and called "Prayer for Peace."²⁷ For a congregation caught up in the spirit of sending heroes off to war to sing a hymn invoking peace is a nice irony indeed--much like the Grangerfords and Shepherdsons carrying guns to church together to hear a sermon on brotherly love on the day before they massacre each other. Twain's choice of this hymn is not accidental; he would have to be fully aware of its context in order for the irony to work. This incident

demonstrates that, as Ensor proposes, "Mark Twain had a thorough acquaintance with Protestant hymnology."²⁸

The use of another hymn achieves brilliant satire in Life on the Mississippi. In Chapter VI, "A Cub-Pilot's Experience," young Clemens thinks that he has gotten the best of Mr. Bixby, the experienced pilot. He says to himself, "I wish you joy of your job, Mr. Bixby; you'll have a good time finding Mr. Jones' plantation such a night as this . . .," and Bixby simply replies, "Upper end of the plantation, or the lower?" Just when Sam has begun to wonder if Bixby would really be "ass enough to really imagine he was going to find that plantation on a night when all plantations were exactly alike and all of the same color," Bixby begins to sing a hymn-- "Father, in heaven, the day is declining" ²⁹ The hymn is called "The Last Beam," and is an expression of innocence. Thus, as Arthur M. Kompass suggests in "Twain's Use of Music: A Note on Life on the Mississippi," Twain's selection of this hymn for Bixby is another example of his genius for satire. Bixby is proclaiming his own innocence, yet young Sam is the innocent one. ³⁰ Henry Nash Smith suggests that Twain may also be satirizing "genteel culture" with "The Last Beam." The range of the hymn is a tenth--two steps above the octave typical in songs written for untrained voices. The notion of Mr. Bixby (and countless congregations whose struggles

with the hymn Twain had probably witnessed) straining to reach the E and F of the final stanza is indeed comical.³¹

Twain's knowledge of hymnody affects another of his works, according to Ensor in his aforementioned article. In Letters from the Earth, Noah's family's "principal hymn" ("Constipation, O constipation, / The joyful sound proclaim / Till man's remotest entrail / Shall praise its Maker's name"³²), is indebted to "From Greenland's Icy Mountains" for textual similarities.³³ In Satan's second letter, he notes that in the heaven which man has conceived for himself everyone sings and plays a musical instrument. He is surprised that man places so much emphasis on the importance in eternity of an activity which is insignificant in his mortal life:

Most men do not sing, most men cannot sing,
most men will not stay where others are singing if
it be continued more than two hours. Note that.

Only about two men in a hundred can play upon
a musical instrument, and not four in a hundred
have any wish to learn how. Set that down.

. . .

In man's heaven everybody sings! The man who
did not sing on earth sings there; the man who could
not sing on earth is able to do it there. This
universal singing is not casual, not occasional,

not relieved by intervals of quiet; it goes on, all day long, and every day, during a stretch of twelve hours. And everybody stays; whereas in the earth the place would be empty in two hours. The singing is of hymns alone. Nay, it is of one hymn alone. The words are always the same, in number they are only about a dozen, there is no rhyme, there is no poetry; "Hosannah, hosannah, hosannah, Lord God of Sabaoth, 'rah! 'rah! 'rah! siss!--boom! . . . a-a-ah!"

Meantime, every person is playing on a harp-- those millions and millions!--whereas not more than twenty in the thousands of them could play an instrument in the earth, or ever wanted to.

. . . they make no practical preparation for the great change: you never see one of them with a harp, you never hear one of them sing.³⁴

Once again, Twain successfully exploits one of the paradoxes of "the damned human race." The music of the church is again the vehicle of his satire.

In making many other kinds of social comments, Twain uses music imaginatively to reaffirm or illustrate his point. In "The Man Who Corrupted Hadleyburg" he poked at the way in which an entire community can turn on a citizen or citizens hypocritically, emphasizing their corruption by having them sing their misfortunes with "booming

enthusiasm." "To the lovely 'Mikado' tune of 'When a man's afraid, a beautiful maid--'," the whole house begins to roar:

the happy house started in at the beginning and sang the four lines through twice, with immense swing and dash, and finished up with a crashing three-times-three and a tiger for "Hadleyburg the Incorruptible and all Symbols of it which we shall find worthy to receive the hall-mark to-night."³⁵

Gilbert and Sullivan's The Mikado has been a popular success since it opened in England in 1885. Twain obviously knew it well enough to fit the rhyme scheme of the Hadleyburgers' song with the original. Twain chides the people of Hadleyburg for their enthusiastic proclamation of "eternal celebrity." Perhaps eternal infamy is more appropriate.

Twain uses music again in A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court (1889) in order to illustrate his philosophy of work. It does not seem fair to him that a man makes more money doing "Intellectual" work than doing manual labor and reaps more personal satisfaction too:

The poorest paid architect, engineer, general, author, sculptor, painter, lecturer, advocate, legislator, actor, preacher, singer is constructive-

ly in heaven when he is at work; and as for the magician with the fiddle bow in his hand who sits in the midst of a great orchestra with the ebbing and flowing tides of divine sound washing over him-- why, certainly, he is at work, if you wish to call it that, but lord, it's a sarcasm just the same.³⁶

While he was growing in esthetic appreciation, Twain became more and more aware of shortcomings in the "artistic" tastes of his countrymen. In a passage replete with irony, he describes the Capello twins carrying on a "prodigious slam-banging" at the piano in the Cooper home in Pudd'nhead Wilson:

The young strangers were kept long at the piano. The villagers were astonished and enchanted with the magnificence of their performance, and could not bear to have them stop. All the music that they had ever heard before seemed spiritless prentice-work and barren of grace or charm when compared with these intoxicating floods or melodious sound. They realized that for once in their lives they were hearing masters.³⁷

Having been himself confronted with the music of the Europeans, Twain realized that most Americans did not know truly great music if they heard it. His fellows'

embracing of Luigi and Angello's piano music as mastery is perhaps embarrassing for Twain, whose irony here is as subtle as Pinocchio's nose.

Music became so much a part of Twain's life that he used it in nearly all of his novels. He did not often expound on it, but he almost always mentioned it. Sometimes the mention of music is an imaginative one, and occurs only in passing. In The Innocents Abroad, for example, Twain describes the beauty of a mountain lake early in the evening when the sun is setting and "the music of the vesper bells comes stealing over the water" ³⁸ Describing Virginia City, Nevada in Roughing It, Twain writes that "the setting sun would gild and flush and glorify this mighty expanse of scenery with a bewildering pomp of color that held the eye like a spell and moved the spirit like music." ³⁹ In Life on the Mississippi, Twain observed that "a southerner talks music," indicating his own sensitivity to rhythm. ⁴⁰ After all, Twain had, as DeVoto points out, "the most sensitive ear ever devoted to the study of American speech." ⁴¹

Besides the songs of the frontiersmen, the slaves, and the church, one other kind of music plays an important part in Twain's repertoire--classical music. Albert Bigelow Paine notes in his biography of Twain that neither his work nor his tastes were "artistic." This might

have been true in the early years of Twain's life, but it certainly cannot be made a generalization of Twain's interest in classical music. As he traveled around the world, Twain extended his appreciation of great music as he became more familiar with it. This growing fondness is, according to L. H. Swain, "A Case Study in Esthetic Growth."⁴²

Clemens attended his first opera long before he went to Europe. While he was in San Francisco and Virginia City, he wrote several reviews of plays, musicals, and operas. In San Francisco, according to Roughing It, he "infested the opera and learned to seem enraptured with music which oftener afflicted [his] ignorant ear than enchanted it" ⁴³ According to Sydney J. Krause in Mark Twain as Critic, Twain was not impressed with his fellow critics in the west. He found that they "tended to fall into two categories. They were either too mincing or too enthusiastic. . . . In order to attack them without seeming to do so, Twain was almost forced to play dumb." Like Jonathan in Royall Tyler's The Contrast, who believes himself to be looking into someone's living room during a performance of The School for Scandal, Twain often plays the "mucker," the ordinary dunce. Although it does enhance his satire ("On California Critics," Golden Era, February 25, 1866, for example), he has another reason for playing the

fool. At this point in his life, Twain knew very little about great music, and feigning expertise would have been a mistake. The success of his review of The Crown Diamonds "stems from his posing as a muggins who stupidly imitates the bloated style of the effusive critic. . . . Mark Twain puts on a show for the groundlings who want one of their own to give them the truth about operatic appreciation."⁴⁴ Deriding the pomposity of his fellow critics, Twain chooses in his review to exalt one "Signor Bellindo Alphonso Cellini, the accomplished basso-relievo furniture-scout and sofa-shifter," observing "with what studied care a venomous and profligate press have suppressed his name and suffered his sublimist efforts to pass unnoticed and unglorified." Twain goes on to describe his "star"'s stunning performance, admiring with what "solidity of expression" he ignores the "dismay and confusion" of the principal actors and actresses. But the high point of the show is the "sofa-shifter"'s expert placing of a chair for the Queen of Portugal:

. . . He did not grab the chair by the hind leg and shove it awkwardly at her Majesty; he did not seize it by the seat and thrust it ungracefully toward her; he did not handle it as though he was undecided about the strict line of his duty or ignorant of the proper manner of performing

it. He did none of these things. With a coolness and confidence that evinced the most perfect conception and the most consummate knowledge of his part, he came gently forward and laid hold of that chair from behind, set it in its proper place with a movement replete with grace, and then leaned upon the back of it, resting his chin upon his hand, and in this position smiled a smile of transfigured sweetness upon the audience over the Queen of Portugal's head. There shone the inspired actor! and the people saw and acknowledged him; they waited respectfully for Miss Richings to finish her song, and then with one impulse they poured forth upon him a sweeping tempest of applause.

Twain nearly snubs the established singers in the cast, mentioning in the end of his review that they "deserve a passing notice": "With study, perseverance and attention, I have no doubt these vocalists will in time achieve a gratifying success in their profession."⁴⁵

Twain is, obviously, not completely ignorant of operatic performance, but his limited knowledge is better suited to satirical reviews than to serious ones. Besides, at this point in his career, he could not have seriously praised an opera. He disliked opera greatly, and would continue to do so for many years: "the simple

truth is I detest it. Not mildly, but with all my heart."⁴⁶

Much of Twain's early dislike for opera can be explained in terms of his frustration at not being able to understand it. Confronted with the vastly superior opera of Europe, he was, as an American, incapable of fully appreciating it. He wrote in his traveler's notebook in 1878 at Hiedelberg:

I have attended opera, whenever I could not help it, for fourteen years now; I am sure I know of no agony comparable to the listening of an unfamiliar opera. I am enchanted with the airs of 'Trovatore' and other old operas which the hand-organ and the music-box have made entirely familiar to my ear. I am carried away with delighted enthusiasm when they are sung at the opera. But oh, how far between they are! And what long, arid, heartbreaking and headaching 'between-times' of that sort of intense but incoherent noise which always so reminds me of the time the orphan asylum burned down.

In his frustration at not being able to enjoy opera, Twain is reminiscent of Henrik Ibsen, who regretted that, to the end of his life, he could never appreciate Edvard Grieg's incidental music for his own play, Peer Gynt.⁴⁷

On the rare occasions when Twain was moved by an opera,

he presumed that it must be a very poor one:

Huge crowd out tonight to hear the band play the "Fremersberg." [Venisburg music from Tannhäuser]

I suppose the Fremersberg is very low-grade music; I know, indeed, that it must be low-grade music, because it so delighted me, warmed me, moved me, stirred me, uplifted me, enraptured me, that I was full of cry all the time, and mad with enthusiasm. My soul had never had such a scouring out since I was born . . . it seemed to me that nothing but the very lowest of low-grade music could be so divinely beautiful. The great crowd which the Fremersberg had called out was another evidence that it was low-grade music; for only the few are educated up to a point where high-grade music gives pleasure. I have never heard enough classic music to be able to enjoy it. I dislike the opera because I want to love it and can't.⁴⁸

He discovered while in Germany that "there is nothing the Germans like so much as opera."⁴⁹ While Twain came to enjoy much of the German opera, he hated Wagner's work (with one exception, to be discussed below):

We have the grand opera; and I have witnessed and greatly enjoyed the first act of everything which

Wagner created, but the effect on me has always been so powerful that one act was quite sufficient; whenever I have witnessed two acts I have gone away physically exhausted; and whenever I have ventured an entire opera the result has been the next thing to suicide.⁵⁰

(Whether or not Twain ever sat through a whole opera is itself debatable; according to Clara, the occasions were few. Of their residence in Vienna, she wrote: "Father joined in numerous social activities of such great variety that he did not tire of them. He even went sometimes to the Opera when the hostess was attractive, but he did not usually remain through to the end."⁵¹ Prompted by several Wagnerian operas presented in Bayreuth while he was there, Twain wrote "At the Shrine of St. Wagner," a series of jaundiced, prejudiced, and graphic descriptions of the performances. Some of his comments are not so kind:

. . . there isn't often anything in [a Wagner opera] that one would call by such a violent name as acting. As a rule all you would see would be a couple of . . . people, one of them standing still, the other catching flies.

He didn't care for the singing, either:

This present opera was "Parsifal."

The first act of the three occupied two hours, and I enjoyed that in spite of the singing.

. . . Singing! It does the wrong name to apply to it. Strictly described, it is a practising of difficult and unpleasant intervals, mainly. An ignorant person gets tired of listening to gymnastic intervals in the long run, no matter how pleasant they may be. In "Parsifal" there is a hermit named Gurnemanz who stands on the stage in one spot and practises by the hour, while first one and then another character of the cast endures what he can of it and then retires to die.

And Wagner was always too lengthy for Clemens. Some of the great composer's operas "bang along for six whole hours on a stretch!"⁵² Trying to learn to like Wagner, Twain felt, would be about as worthwhile as trying to learn to like a toothache.⁵³ He wrote in his autobiography, "I have been told that Wagner's music is better than it sounds," indicating once again his disdain for the work of the great German composer.⁵⁴

Despite this sharp criticism, however, one of Wagner's operas, Tannhäuser, became a favorite of Twain's: "Yesterday they played the only operatic favorite I have ever had--an opera which has always driven me mad with ignorant delight whenever I have heard it--'Tannhauser'." Twain liked Tannhäuser so much that he would "take scrip and staff

and beg . . . round the globe to hear it."⁵⁵

Twain often changed his mind about operas as he heard them more frequently. For example, in A Tramp Abroad, he describes a terrible production of "Lohengrin": "We went to Mannheim and attended a shivaree--otherwise known as an opera--the one called Lohengrin. The banging and crashing were something beyond belief. The racking and pitiless pain of it remains stored up in my memory with the time I had my teeth fixed. . . ." ⁵⁶ "Lohengrin" became a favorite later in Twain's life, however, and the music box which he bought at Clara's insistence and kept at Stormfield played "The Bridal Chorus" among its 200 airs.

"Mark Twain passed middle life without music meaning more to him than a pretty tune or a prodigious performance," notes Ralph Holmes.⁵⁷ Why, then, was music so important during the last ten years of Clemens' life? Primarily because of his family. Susy and Clara were both musically gifted, and taking them to Europe to study brought Twain closer to the sort of music he would later come to love. Even the classical music which he didn't understand earned his respect. Clara remembers:

My father was always ill at ease among the musical people, for they were concerned with a form of art that left him at that time wholly unmoved, and sometimes actually uncomfortable. The most that he got

out of his association with these people was a great admiration for their memories and the nimbleness of their fingers. He was sure that Leschetitzky [Clara's teacher in Vienna] was the greatest pianist who ever lived and he was never hesitant about expressing his amazement that human hands could do what his did, and the human mind remember how to do it.⁵⁸

In 1896, when Twain was 61, his daughter Suzy died. Eight years later, his beloved wife Livy, his sister, and another close relative died; the same summer a traffic accident fatally injured his daughter Jean. Clara broke under the strain of nursing Livy and was put into a sanatorium. At the turn of the century Twain had bought an orchestrelle, a sort of player-organ, and before Clara went away, she urged him to listen to it for consolation. Soon, Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Brahms, and even Wagner were his constant companions.⁵⁹ Albert Bigelow Paine played this orchestrelle at Jean's funeral, a scene which Clara included in her memoir. She allows Paine to narrate:

They were to start with Jean about six o'clock, and a little before that time Clemens (he was unable to make the journey) asked me what had been her favorite music. I said that she seemed always to care most for the Schubert Impromptu. Then he said:

"Play it when they get ready to leave with her,

and add the Intermezzo for Susy and the Largo for Mrs. Clemens. When I hear the music I shall know that they are starting. Tell them to set lanterns at the door, so I can look down and see them go."

So I sat at the organ and began playing as they lifted and bore her away. . . . I remained at the organ; but the little group at the door saw him come to the window above--the light on his white hair as he stood mournfully gazing down, watching Jean going away from him for the last time. He played steadily on as he had instructed, the Impromptu, the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria" and Handel's Largo.⁶⁰

Twain had discovered the power of music, of which he had written in Personal Recollections of Joan of Arc: "that shows you the power of music, that magician, who lifts his wand and says his mysterious word and all things real pass away" ⁶¹ He had written of the power of music long before Jean's death, but he had never felt it so strongly. "Tunes are good remembrancers" he had written to Livy in 1868. ⁶² He also found them to be good medicine.

Strangely, this passion of Twain for music excluded piano music. When Clara met her future husband, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, in Vienna and asked permission to bring him home for dinner, her father consented, provided that

Gabrilowitsch promise not to play the piano. Paine wrote that "Clemens's love for music did not include the piano, except for very gentle melodies." In Tom Sawyer Abroad, Twain wrote: "The early twilight of a Sunday evening in Hamilton, Bermuda, is an alluring time. There is just enough of whispering breeze, fragrance of flowers, and sense of repose to raise one's thoughts heavenward; and just enough amateur piano music to keep him reminded of the other place."⁶³ From Bermuda, late in his life, he wrote: "It is two thirty in the morning and I am writing because I can't sleep. I can't sleep because a professional pianist is coming tomorrow to play for me! My God! I wouldn't allow Paderewski or Gabrilowitsch to do that. I would rather have a leg amputated."⁶⁴

There are several possible explanations for Twain's intense dislike of this instrument. His sister, Pamela, was an "amateur" pianist, and she often had friends over to the Clemens home in Hannibal to practice duets. On January 30, 1830, Jane Clemens wrote to Sam's brother Orion: "Tomorrow evening the music schollars meet again. . . . the schollars are improving fast when you come I think they will play well."⁶⁵ It is possible that listening to these rehearsal sessions prejudiced Twain against the instrument. It is also likely that songs like "The Battle of Prague" and "Marching Through

Georgia" (note 66), which were always played on the piano, led to his annoyance. However, Franz Kotzwara and the Hannibal "schollars" may not have been solely to blame. The mechanics of the 19th century piano may have been an important factor. Because of the popularity of songs like "The Battle of Prague," "Marching Through Georgia," and of Turkish music, piano-makers of the early 1800's designed instruments with gadgets to produce all sorts of effects. By using extra pedals, the pianist could accompany himself with cymbals, drums, and bells. Strips of brass inside the body could be dropped on the bass strings, and a large hammer could be made to strike "like a peal of ordnance" against the soundboard.⁶⁷ If, as Twain seems to suggest (note 68), this is the sort of piano that Pamela and the Grangerford girls played, it is easier to understand why Twain described their performances as "booming and crashing."

Among the instruments which Twain did particularly like are the fiddle, previously discussed, and the flute. In Letters from the Sandwich Islands, Twain describes a flautist playing "Get Out of the Wilderness," skipping the first note in the second bar every time. Demonstrating his growing appreciation for music well-performed, Twain wrote: "Human nature cannot stand this sort of torture."⁶⁹ Another Twain character, George Ealer, plays the flute during the off-watches in Life on the Mississippi. In

The American Claimant, Twain compares George's singing to the same instrument:

Flute music is harsh to that boy's singin'!
Oh, he just gurgles it out so soft and sweet and low, there in the dark, that it makes you think you are in heaven. . . . I don't care what he sings, it goes plum straight home to you--it goes deep down to where you live--and it fetches you every time!⁷⁰

Another instrument which Twain seems to have liked, at least in his writing, is the guitar, especially the one in Life on the Mississippi which "could play the Spanish fandango by itself, if you give it a start."⁷¹

Twain had nearly the same aversion to amateur singing that he did to amateur piano-playing. In his Notebook, he wrote, "Congregational singing reminds me of nothing but the dental chair."⁷² He did not have much patience with church choirs, as a passage from The Adventures of Tom Sawyer illustrates: "the choir always tittered and whispered all through the service. There was once a church choir that was not ill-bred, but I have forgotten where it was, now."⁷³ Beside being ill-mannered, there is, again, the problem of poor vocal performance:

The choir hurled its soul into a "voluntary"--one of those things where the melodeon pumps, and strains, and groans and wails a bit, and then the

soprano pipes a reedy solo, the alto drops in a little after, then the bass bursts in, then the pealing tenor--then a wild chase, one trampling on the heels of the other--then a grand discordant confusion that sets one's teeth on edge--and finally a triumphant "Oh, praise the L-o-r-d!" in a unison of unutterable anguish--and the crime is consummated. It was Herod's slaughter set to music.⁷⁴

Another example is the singing of the National Anthem in The Innocents Abroad:

In the afternoon the ship's company assembled aft, on deck, under the awnings; the flute, the asthmatic melodeon, and the consumptive clarinet, crippled the Star Spangled Banner, the choir chased it to cover, and George came in with a peculiarly lacerating screech on the final note and slaughtered it. Nobody mourned.⁷⁵

It is noteworthy that, in every instance, Twain's remarks are critical of the performance of music, and not of the music itself.

Twain liked to sing. According to a Professor Isbell, a music teacher who lived in an apartment below Orion Clemens in Keokuk (where Sam and his brother Henry slept in Orion's third-floor printing office), Sam had a

pretty good voice. His biographer Paine says that he was a tenor.⁷⁶ Clara also remembers her father as a performer:

Father gave us performances of darky songs which he sang while he accompanied himself on the piano. He had a curious way of playing with his fingers stretched straight out over the keys, so that each time he played a chord it seemed as if a miracle had happened. He always cleared his throat many times before he began, and then sang quite loudly with his head thrown back and his eyes fixed on the ceiling. We thought he looked very "cute."⁷⁷

Traveling to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands with the Reverend Franklin Rising, the Rector of the Episcopal Church in Virginia City, Twain describes in a letter to Livy how he was the ship's soloist:

He [Rising] felt it his duty to preach, but of the fifteen passengers, none even pretended to sing, and he was so diffident that he hardly knew how he was to get along without a choir. I said "Go ahead-- I'll stand by you--I'll be your choir."--And he did go ahead--and I was his choir. But we could find only one hymn that I knew. It was, "Oh, refresh us."

Only one, and so for five Sundays in succession he stood in the midst of the assembled people on the quarter-deck and gave out that same hymn twice a day, and I stood up solitary and alone and sang it!⁷⁸

That Twain knew personally some of the leading composers of his day is a matter of record. Foremost among his acquaintances was Johann Strauss, whom Twain met in May of 1899, one month before the great composer died. Twain wrote a letter of condolence to Strauss's widow, expressing his shock at learning of the death of her "great and gifted" husband, whose company would remain "a gracious memory" for the famous American author.⁷⁹

In Germany, Twain fell in love with "Die Lorelei," a popular song by the Hungarian composer Franz Liszt and lyricist Henrich Heine. He said of it that it "had been a favorite" in that country for forty years, and would probably always be.⁸⁰ Twain's love of the music of another country--Scotland--is illustrated by Holmes in an account of how Clara, seeking to impress her father with her first Italian aria, met with chafing of spirit. ". . . he listened with ill concealed impatience, and when she had finished, asked her if she could not sing him an old Scotch song."⁸¹ He loved the Scottish ballads, three of which he asked Clara to sing for him on his

deathbed. His daughter reports that, in her bereavement, she could find strength to sing only in knowing that she was granting her father his final wish, and giving to him "a serene sense of comfort."⁸²

Among Twain's favorite spirituals were "Go Chain the Lion Down," "Swing Low, Sweet Chariot," and, of course, "Nobody Knows the Trouble I See." His favorite classical music includes: Beethoven's Symphonies, especially the Fifth; Chopin's Nocturnes, especially Opus 37, no. 2; Schubert's "Impromptu," Opus 142, no. 2; Handel's "Largo"; and "Intermezzo" from Mascagni's Cavalleria Rusticana. His favorite operas: Il Trovatore, which he burlesques in the Notebooks in much the same manner as the early review of The Crown Diamonds, and Wagner's Tannhauser. The Il Trovatore burlesque was written in Twain's notebook in 1866, right after his return to San Francisco from the Sandwich Islands. It was a busy time for Twain, but he did take time off on the evening of August 24, a Friday, to see Bianchi's Grand Italian Opera Company perform Il Trovatore at Maguire's Opera House. From the reviews--Twain's and those of other critics--it sounds as though he should have stayed busy. A brief notice in the Alta California of August 25 read "'Il Trovatore' was rendered last evening to a crowded house in an unexceptional manner. . . ." Twain apparently agreed, for his review burlesques the opera company's lethargy and

lack of skill. For example, this bit of reaction, taken from the review of Act I:

Principal one sang a long song then straddled around while they applauded and then came back and sang it over again.

3--Fence alone for 3 minutes and impressive music--

Then a queer looking bilk with a gorgeous doublet, plumed smoking cap and white opera cloak hanging to heels came solemnly forward from some where till he got to the centre and then began to yell.

But a fellow in the kitchen with a piano crowded him down.

Then the chief woman came back and grabbed the fellow round the neck--Same moment knight in complete armor and with sheet round him rushes in and just saves self from going into orchestra--sensation--hell to pay, in fact.

Knight takes the woman and the other fellow comes forward and just wakes up everything.

Then they take up his own tune and beat him at it.

This riles him and he draws his sword.

Free fight--woman trying to stop it--false alarm--after singing and flourishing swords they

rush off and the woman falls carefully down on the steps blowing the dust away from the spot where her elbow is going to touch first.

Again, Twain assumes the stance of an unsophisticated observer who can't deal with the demands placed on his imagination by the conventions of what he is experiencing. This same technique is used in the Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass letters and in Tyler's The Contrast (although Jonathan, at least, saw a commendable performance). According to Frank R. Rogers, the editor of Twain's Satires & Burlesques, the Il Trovatore burlesque is generally considered the beginning of Twain's career as a satirist.⁸³

In Twain's writing, his favorite song is "Old Hundredth," Huck's "doxolojer."⁸⁴

Twain's chief pleasure in music comes from melody, not polyphony. His primary concern is how the music makes him feel. In The Mysterious Stranger, he wrote that "one cannot tell about music so that another person can get the feeling of it."⁸⁵ In one of the most personal passages from "At the Shrine of St. Wagner," Twain writes:

. . . singing is one of the most entrancing . . .
 . and eloquent of all vehicles . . . for conveying . . .
 . . feeling, but it seems to me that the chief

virtue in song is melody, air, tune, rhythm, or what you please to call it, and that when this feature is absent what remains is a picture with the color left out.⁸⁶

Feeling is the effect of music that is universal, according to Twain. He believed that there was some music for every man, just as he thought that every man has a secret desire to play a musical instrument:

. . . there lies dormant in the souls of all men a penchant for some particular musical instrument, and an unsuspecting yearning to play on it, that are bound to wake up and demand attention someday. Therefore, you who rail at such as disturb your slumbers with unsuccessful and demoralizing attempts to subjugate a fiddle, beware! for sooner or later your own time will come. . . ."⁸⁷

In Mark Twain's world, there are two kinds of music. The first is music of the common folk--ballads, spirituals, and hymns. In Hannibal, young Sam Clemens was weaned on this music. He loved it first and best. The other kind of music is that of the grand operatic tradition of Europe. Twain recognized that this second sort of music isn't for everybody, and that some try to appreciate it without understanding it. He describes this pretension in A Tramp Abroad:

I suppose there are two kinds of music,--one kind which one feels, just as an oyster might, and another sort which requires a higher faculty which must be assisted and developed by teaching. Yet if base music gives certain of us wings, why should we want any other? But we do. We want it because the higher and better like it. But we want it without giving it the necessary time and trouble; so we climb into that upper tier, that dress circle, by a lie; we pretend we like it. I know several of that sort of people--and I propose to be one of them myself when I get home with my fine European education.⁸⁸

Needless to say, Mark Twain did not have to "pretend" to like classical music when he returned from Europe. He "came by it honestly," as the saying goes. Through years of attending the opera and listening to the orchestrelle, Twain came to understand and appreciate the music of the Old World. But, at the same time, he never lost his love for the music of America. Although it may seem inferior to some, it too has a purpose, which Twain described:

The critic has actually imposed upon the world the superstition that a painting by Raphael is more valuable to the civilizations of the earth

than is a chromo: and the august opera more than the hurdy-gurdy and the villagers' singing society. . . . The mass will never see the old masters--that sight is for the few; but the chromo-maker can lift them all one step upward toward appreciation of art; they cannot have the opera, but the hurdy-gurdy and the singing class lift them a little way toward that far height.⁸⁹

"Training is everything," wrote Mark Twain in A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court. "Training is all there is to a person."⁹⁰ Twain's whole life was a study of the diversity between formal training and the lack thereof, between "mucker" and serious critic, between the boy from Hannibal and the genteel tradition. His relationship with music epitomizes that diversity.

Notes

- ¹ Frank Morgan Flack, "Mark Twain and Music," in Twainian, 2: 1 (October 1942), p. 1.
- ² Carl Dolmetsch, Lecture at the College of William and Mary in Virginia, Williamsburg, Virginia, February 26, 1981.
- ³ Bernard DeVoto, Mark Twain's America, Sentry Edition (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company, 1967; 1932), p. 35.
- ⁴ Samuel Langhorne Clemens, The Adventures of Thomas Jefferson Snodgrass (Covici, 1928), p. 6.
- ⁵ DeVoto, p. 35.
- ⁶ Stanley Sadie, ed., The New Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, (London: Macmillan Publishers, Ltd., 1980), Vol. 20, p. 695.
- ⁷ DeVoto, pp. 35-40.
- ⁸ DeVoto, p. 38.
- ⁹ Clara Clemens Gabrilowitsch, My Father Mark Twain (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1931), pp. 188-189.
- ¹⁰ Edward C. Wagenknecht, Mark Twain: The Man and His Work (Norman, Oklahoma: University of Oklahoma Press, 1961; 1935), pp. 28-29.
- ¹¹ DeVoto, p. 39.

¹² Arlin Turner, Mark Twain and George W. Cable (East Lansing, Michigan: Michigan State University Press, 1960), pp. 66-67.

¹³ The Jubilee Singers were a group of Black American spiritual singers. They originated in the United States in Nashville, Tennessee in 1871, making fund-raising tours for Fisk University. Before they disbanded in 1880, the Singers toured Great Britain and Europe. It was during this tour that the incident described here occurred. The Jubilee Singers were the first group to introduce and popularize spirituals to white audiences, and, before they disbanded, they served as a model for later black singing groups at Fisk and other schools, such as at Hampton Institute in Virginia. (The New Grove's Dictionary of Music and Musicians, Vol. 9, p. 744.)

¹⁴ Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Mark Twain's Letters, ed. by Albert Bigelow Paine, (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1917), II., p. 646.

¹⁵ Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Mark Twain in Eruption, ed. by Bernard DeVoto (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1940), p. 110.

¹⁶ Samuel Langhorne Clemens, The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn, ed. by Donald Pizer, 2nd Critical Edition (New York: W.W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1977), p. 132.

¹⁷ Huck Finn, p. 144.

¹⁸ Huck Finn, pp. 84-86.

19 Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "Battle Hymn of the Republic (Brought Down to Date)," in A Pen Warmed-Up in Hell: Mark Twain in Protest, ed. by Frederick Anderson (New York: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1972), pp. 15-16.

20 John R. Byers, Jr., "Miss Emmeline Grangerford's Hymn Book," in American Literature, 43 (May 1971), p. 63.

21 "Backgrounds and Sources: The 'Poet Lariat' and the 'Sweet Singer of Michigan'," in Huck Finn, p. 264n.

22 "Backgrounds and Sources," p. 266.

23 Joseph Slater, "Music at Col. Grangerford's: A Footnote to Huckleberry Finn," in American Literature, 21 (March 1949), p. 109.

24 Samuel Langhorne Clemens, A Tramp Abroad (New York: Harper & Brothers Publishers, 1899), II., pp. 38-39.

25 Samuel Langhorne Clemens, "The War Prayer," in A Pen Warmed-Up in Hell, Etc., p. 108.

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64 Albert Bigelow Paine, Mark Twain: A Biography (New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, 1912), III., p. 1561.

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66 Of this song Twain wrote "If it had been all the same to General Sherman, I wish he had gone around by way

of the Gulf of Mexico instead of marching through Georgia" Letters, V. I., p. 112). Another possible reason for his dislike of the song which he called a "popular nuisance" involves an incident which took place during Twain's return from the Pacific in 1866. As Justin Kaplan points out, Twain was rejected by the ship's choir: "He liked to sing, but the choir group that sang 'Marching through Georgia' and 'When Johnny Comes Marching Home' would have none of him (Justin Kaplan, Mr. Clemens and Mark Twain, New York: Simon and Schuster, 1966, p. 17.).

⁶⁷ Swain, pp. 52-53.

⁶⁸ In Huckleberry Finn, Huck says of the Grangerford piano that it "had tin pans in it, I reckon" (p. 86).

⁶⁹ Samuel Langhorne Clemens, Letters from the Sandwich Islands (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1938), p. 86.

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