

~~THE PRESENT PRACTICE~~  
OF *L. C. G. C.*  
MUSIC<sup>14</sup>  
VINDICATED

Against the *Exceptions* and *New Way* of  
Attaining MUSIC  
Lately Publish'd by *Thomas Salmon*, M. A. & c.

By *MATTHEW LOCKE*,  
Compofer in Ordinary to His Majesty, and Organift  
of Her Majesties Chappel.

To which is added  
*DUELIVM MUSICVM* — 25  
By *JOHN PHILLIPS*, Gent.

Together with  
A LETTER from *John Playford* to Mr. *T. Salmon* — 77  
by way of Confutation of his *Essay*, & c.

Martial Lib. 3. 67.  
*Iraſci noſtro non debes, Cerdo, libello,*  
*Ars tua, non vita, eſt carmine laſa meo.*  
*Innocuos permiſſe ſales. Cur ludere nobis*  
*Non liceat, licuit ſi jugulare tibi?*

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and *J. Playford* near the *Temple-Church*. 1673.

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*To the Reader.*

**T**Hough I may without scruple aver, that nothing has done Mr. *Salmon* more kindness, than that his Books have had the honour to be answered; yet have I been forc'd to afford him this favour, rather to chastize the Reproaches which he hath thrown upon the most Eminent Professors of Musick, than for any thing of Learning that I found in him. Those Gentlemen he accus'd of Ignorance, for not imbracing his illiterate Absurdities; for which it was necessary to bring him to the *Bar of Reason*, and to do him that Justice which his Follies merited. Though for the fame he gets by this I shall not much envy him; with whom it will fare, as with common Criminals, who are seldome talkt of above two or three days after Execution. The Gentleman might have slept in a whole skin, had he not challeng'd all the World; in which, how well he has behav'd himself, you may, if you please, in reading judge; and so farewell.

*M. L.*



To my FRIEND  
**Mr. MATTHEW LOCKE,**  
 On his ingenious Discovery of those  
**MUSICAL INNOVATIONS**  
 Held forth by the *Author* of  
*An Essay to the Advancement of Musick, &c.*

**A**S MARSYAS, *though by MINERVA taught,*  
*While with insipid Novelties he thought,*  
*Great PHOEBUS of his Lustre to deprive,*  
*Was for his bold presumption Flead alive:*  
*So while our LOCKE th' APOLLO of our Age,*  
*This MUSICAL PHANATICK doth engage;*  
*He both o'recomes and punishes his Pride;*  
*Though he Flea's not his Skin, he Tawes his Hide.*

J. Phillips.



[1]  
**A LETTER OF THANKS**  
**To Mr. THOMAS SALMON**  
*For the Vindication of his Essay, &c.*

SIR,  
**T**O the Favours formerly acknowledged by me, and since repeated by you, you have obligingly added in the *Vindication* of your *Essay* so many others (though of far different Nature to them, yet doubtless with the same, if not greater heartiness) that I was at a loss how to put my self into the least Capacity of manifesting the thankfulness they deserve, without looking back, and endeavouring (if possible) to find out their true Rise; wherein if I fail, I shall willingly acknowledge my fault, and beg your pardon.

Sir, In your *Essay* (pag. 10.) you are pleas'd to affirm, *That the dark and tedious Principles of Musick, the bugbear Terms and confused Cliffs, hindred the access to it.* Pag. 11. *That the long discourse of Gibberish, a fardle of hard Names and fictitious Words, call'd the Gam-ur, to be learn'd backwards and forwards by heart, as though a Man must*

be exact in the Art of Conjuring before he learn'd Musick, terrified the Beginner. Pag. 15. That you can't tell any thing that persuades Musick-Masters to trouble their Scholars with an impertinent difficulty, but a pernicious humour in some Men still to do what hath once been done, howsoever useles and unprofitable; and that though the Gam-ut be retain'd, they think it insufficient. Pag. 16. That they are to be blamed for not beginning the Naming of their Notes with Mi. Pag. 19. That intollerable perplexity which arose from the Alteration of the Cliffs, caus'd some charitable but lazy Wit, to invent Tablature, whereby the Notes are Mechanically clouded in Letters, and so darkly, that the most quick sighted Musick-Master can't tell what they mean, till he find out the Tuning, and the Scholar, so instructed, condemn'd ever to be ignorant of the rational part of his Musick, &c. for the Voyce and Instruments, not capable of that literal Expression, People learn by rote, and quickly forget what like Parrots they ignorantly prated. Pag. 22. A Musick-Master can't trust to the Observation of Intervals in passing from one Cliff to another. Pag. 24. Musick-Masters will be loath to consent to a Way, wherein every young Practitioner may rival them. Pag. 25, 26. Some Musick-Masters return'd me such Objections, as betray'd their misapprehension of my design, and their unwillingness it should come into practice; upon which account I have put my self to the trouble of writing these Papers, that they might the more clearly perceive the conveniency of our Hypothesis: And if afterwards they should remain peevish, and obstinate against the use of it, their  
Scholars

Scholars might be able to right themselves, and demand a remission of more than half their slavish Task, for to learn the Notes and con their places, is the very drudgery of Musick, &c. which, when once Men find it will save them half the trouble, they will embrace it as readily, as if I were Emperour of the World to command it. Pag. 27. But if after all this, Musick-Masters shall double the time in teaching their Scholars, in hopes of double Gain; or their Scholars be such Fools to undergo that expence of time and trouble; give me leave to laugh, and let them have their labour for their pains. Pag. 32. I will make a wild Comparison to shew how madly Custom persuades Musicians to reckon. Pag. 36. By how much Musicians have been wanton in their various Cliffs for Singing, they bring in Evidence of the Mischief it makes. Pag. 47, 48. I should think this unworthy my pains, unless the difficulty were so great which demands redress, and necessity required me to answer the perverse obstinacy of some, who would oppose even the justest Alterations; *Vitio malignitatis humanæ vetera semper in laude, præsentia in fastigio esse.* But if any shall contemn this because East and Natural, let them remember what a grave company of such Contemners were baffled in setting an Egg upright, till they were shew'd how. Pag. 74. If there be a nearer and an easier way (than the Old Scale) why should not those Guides be so honest to lead us in it? &c. Truly if Musick-Masters will continue obstinate, to maintain such needless difficulties; they may like some (Musicians) be left to play by themselves in Fidler's Island. Pag. 78. Pity me ye confounded Sons of Nimrod;

that I must still suffer the Curse of my old confus'd disorders. Pag. 88. *I have heard many Scholars in vain importune their Masters for some Directions to this purpose (viz. to Play or Compose an Air or Consort) whose Charity notwithstanding has been so straight, or else their Ignorance so obstinate, that their just intreaties were frustrated.* For which Pag. 90. *Now a Master is ranked in the same order with those Empyrical Traders, who have a parcel of Musical Receipts, but understand not one Note of their Composure.*

These, Sir, These bold and untrue Aspersions thrown on All Masters of Practical Musick, and All Gentlemen and others that have learn'd *their way*, as if your taking a Degree had authorized you to abuse Men; together with the perpetual magnifying your self, and the Brat your *Essay*, were the Motives of my inserting a Merry Proverb or Simily here and there in my *Observations*; and those if I mistake not of your doubty manner of Vindicating it.

Sir, I have been told, that Generosity is a constant Attendant on Noble and Heroick Spirits, and should have believ'd it, had I not heard of many Great Ones that abhor'd the sound of the very word; but you, Sir, by those showers of Bounty heap'd on me in the *Vindication* of your *Essay*, have made so absolute a Convert of me, that I hold it a Duty necessary to let the World know, how admirably your Tongue speaks your Heart. Sir, you have prevented a long Journey and much trouble for its discovery in your Title Page, by sily concealing the Titles of those real Favours their Ma-

jesties

jesties have been graciously pleas'd to confer on me in both their Services, that thereby you might take advantage to render me contemptible to all that know me not, and all other your tender-hearted Profelites, who believe you are already in possession of some Infallible Chair, and consequently can speak or write nothing but Truth: As fair an Introduction for your following Discourse as Heart could wish! In your Advice to the Reader, you tell him *Moorfields* and the *Bear-Garden* are Entertainments only for the Rabble, *your old Cronies*; to prevent therefore my being drawn into the Lists of their Active and Martial Atchievements, you, to render me impudent as well as ignorant, have plac'd me on the Grand Theatre of the World, bidding Defiance, first, to your Learned Patron Dr. *Wallis*; then, to the *Royal Society* and all *Mathematicians* that have been, are, or shall be; and lastly, to Modesty, Honesty, Piety, and whatever else relates to God or Good Men.

Behold, Sir, an Abbreviate of your transcendent additional Favours! Favours indeed! and when really considered, such as in all probability could not proceed from any but your self, your Epistoler, or that Great Prince who pretends Right to all that's donable in this World.

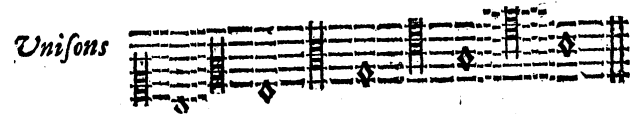
But of their Particulars hereafter. At present give me leave, if you please, to admire that so much Prodigality should be us'd to so little purpose, especially when I reflect on that great and extraordinary Call which necessitated you (as your self confess) to this Act of Reformation: for no sooner can I cast my Eye on the *Vindication*, but I lose the *Essay*; this proposing a nearer and easier

way to the attaining of Practical Musick; that running quite from it to what either we have already past, or to what is merely speculative, or at most insignificant to us: So that upon a true account, when your jingling with, and playing on my words, with your perpetual wresting or falsifying them, are laid aside, there's not one word in the *Vindication* makes good the Title and Contents of the *Essay*, but your own bare affirming you have demonstrated it; which how true it is, I appeal to all Masters of Practical Musick, who are, and ought to be Judges in this Case of Practice.

Yet, Sir, lest your *Whirligig Members* should think me too severe, and judge that I write rather out of spite and malice to your Person, than against your Opinion (which you and your Dearly Beloved have already proclam'd, though Heaven knows for what!) be pleas'd to remember, that from *Pag. 10. to Pag. 27.* in my *Observations*, I demonstrate, by the *Old Scale*, by the brief *Explanation of it*, and by the several *Examples there inserted*, the *Conveniency and Necessity of the Cliffs*, as they are universally received, *on the one side*; and the intricacy and perplexity which perpetually attends your *B M T's mutability* (without which you cannot advantageously write any thing according to your own Rule that has the extent of a well-design'd Composition) *on the other*. But what's your Answer to this? not one word, though it be the *Hinge on which the whole Discourse depends*, as to *Practical Musick*, and which was your *Task*; but (after a long Digression from it, intermix'd with all kind of abusive Language) an old  
stoln

stoln Cycle, to tell us, an *Octave* is an *Octave*, that *Musick* is part of the *Mathematicks*, which no Man yet ever doubted of that pretended to Musick; and an Argument (if any one will take it for such) back'd with such a Scheme, as being truly applied, undeniably destroys all you pretend to build, and confirms what so furiously you would destroy; notwithstanding your desperate threatening to pull down (Sampson-like) the *Observer in your ruin*, and crush him with five times the weight of his own *Objection*: For, those absurdities which you charge the *Old Scale* with, are really none, but evident Fortifiers of its certainty; being that wherever the *C sol fa ut Cliff* is placed, the second Space below is perpetually *G sol re ut*.

Example.



And that *one* absurdity; which you confess to be in your *New Way*, by the assistances of your *Lieger Line* and *Exoticks*, multiplies on every *Note* throughout your whole *Scale*.

Example.



Or thus:



This, Sir, is so evident in it self, that it needs neither Argument nor Scheme to maintain or demonstrate it to any Person indued with Common Sense. And truly, Sir, according to this Rate, this excellent Method of Proving, you may Write and Answer Books, with as much ease as you pretend you could Command the World; for nothing can come amiss to so great a Mind; the Examples of ruin'd Monarchs touch you not; the Infamy attending Libellous Scriblers holds not your hands; what you will, must be; what not, not: And this is that, and only that, which I can any way perceive the World is ever like to have from you, excepting your new invented *Wheel of Seven Spokes* for a Tyler or Carpenter to reach the top of a House with, instead of his old Ladder; your New Way of Account, to tell a Farmer *Paul's Fair* will be *D* in the fourth *Octave*, instead of the Twenty fifth of *January*; and the incomparable *BMT* for a fair Lady to Learn (with all Expedition) the singing of a *Base* in Confort: which Posterity may admire you for, though the present Age be not so good natur'd. But to proceed;

In

In my *Observations* (Pag. 33. & 34.) I mention the ridiculousness of confining the *Viol* to a Tuning, incapable of being used well in more than one Key, whereas the Old Way enjoy'd all; and particularly do manifest your contradicting your own Rule of *keeping every Octave and Part within the System of Four Lines*, by planting the first Note of an Example taken from Mr. *Simpson* in a Sixth Line, and putting the same Note that is to be Plaid on the same String and Fræt, here in the Line, there in the Space, then again in the Line, after that in the Space; and so forward to the End of the Lesson. This, Sir, to any Mans thinking might have deserv'd some Answer! but 'tis put off with a bare employing your *Conjuring Exoticks*, and telling the World I understand not the *Viol*; which how true 'tis, and how much to your pretended relieving the Hand, Eye, and Understanding, from those troublesome and needless perplexities you charge the Old Scale and Tuning with, I leave to your self to judge, being very much assured, that if you are insensible or the non-performance of what you have so boldly undertook, you are unfit to be taken farther notice of than as an *unskilful impertinent Wrangler*. But, Sir, whether I do or do not understand the *Viol*, it matters not; 'tis evident I did not abuse your Publisher in asserting *that he knew the impossibility of it*. And that you may do so to if you please, take for an Experiment the following Example, and when you have tried it the Old Tuning, apply it to your New call'd *Useful One*, as in the first Example in the following

Page

Example.

First Example for the Viol.

Tuning

Almana

An Entry. The Second Example for the Harpsicord.

This, Sir, though you are resolv'd not to be Confuted, may at long run Convince you, that I do understand the *Viol*; that 'tis impossible to perform it on your new confin'd Tuning; and that you have undertook what you understand not; nor are ever likely to bring to pass, the way you go to work. And indeed, no one that does understand Musick can expect other: For while we must be one while in the Line with a Note, another while in Space with the same Note; one while condemn the Monosyllables for Gibberish, Conjuring, and the learning of them the very drudgery of Musick; another while command the use of them, then eat them; here to fix *Mi* in one of two places only, there in any place; here obliged to the use of four Lines only, there to fourteen, or as many as you please; here tied to the use of Notes as the most easie and intelligible way, there to the lazy-witted Invention of Tablature; here to express Musick in the most familiar words, there to abandon the plain *English* of a great or lesser Third, Fourth, Fifth, &c. to imbrace the old Heathen *Greek Terms*, and what not? while I say we are brav'd from our own fixedness to those pitiful shilly-shally's, and altogether insignificant and impertinent pretences; what, Sir, can be expected? Truly nothing that I can any way imagin; except perhaps that thereby we might be made instrumental to proclame to the World, That a young Graduate had lately Published Two Books, as exactly agreeing with their Titles as a Pretended Gospel-Minister's Sermon in the late Civil Wars did to his Text (the one being *Fear God, Honour the King*; the other, an impudent *Per-swasion*



*swaſion to carry on the begun Schiſm and Rebellion: ) but not to ſo ill an End, though in all probability with as much Pride and Contempt. Proportionably you go on, trifling with the Harpſichord and Lute, as if the One were previouſly made for the ſole uſe of your unbarb'd Jews-Trump, the Cycle, and your Servants B M T; or the Other moſt eloquently Harmonious when untouch'd. For to what end the firſt is made a Phanatick; the laſt, when uſed, ſilent (for ſo, by a wilful miſtake both of my words and meaning, you have made them) except to keep up the laudable cuſtome of ſwelling your Book, and amuſing the Reader, I know not.*

I muſt confeſs, Sir, I have not the Practical Uſe of the Lute; yet have Compoſed ſeveral things for it; and from thence am ſufficiently convinced, that the way of Tablature is much eaſier and properer for that Inſtrument, and the expreſſion of its excellency, than the way of Notes; however I ſhall not judge, but refer it to thoſe to whom it properly belongs, *viz. ſuch Lute-Maſters as are qualified in both Capacities.* But as to the Harpſichord, I could ſmile at your idle Imagination, that a Man muſt have two Heads for the uſing two Staves of Lines, for his two Hands *our Clifſ-way*; and but one Head for the uſe of a like two Staves and two Hands your B M T way, did I not fear there might be a more than ordinary Myſtery in it; that is to ſay, One great Loggerhead with huge great Saucer-Eyes, like thoſe in the *Turkiſh Paradise*, to be Champion in the Cauſe; and then, *Woe and well-a-day!* but I hope better things. In confidence whereof, I ſhall boldly affirm, that among the many ways of Writing for that Inſtrument,

ment, the moſt intelligibleſt to the Underſtanding, and eaſieſt to the Eye, is that which divides the Staves of Lines, and Hands, on the middle Key thereof; and ſo gives occaſion to aſcend and deſcend (generally) without the leaſt alteration of Clifſs.

[See the ſecond Example in Pag. 10.]

This, Sir, your Four Line B M T way, is wholly incapable of; and ſo incapable of, that in the Example you took from Mr. *Thetcher*, and inſerted in your *Essay*, you were forced to acknowledge, by ſeveral times chopping and changing your *ſignifying Letters* in that ſhort Leſſon.

To object, ſome things may notwithstanding be done that way, is ſhort of your Glorious Pretences, where you undertake *All, Eaſier, and in half the Time*; the contrary whereof is ſo notoriously known, that, beſides the Maſters, ſeveral Lovers of Novelties, after a little experience, have with ſcorn laid it aſide. Among others, a Perſon of Honour, Educated in a School near this City, had your *Essay* preſented her piping hot, with ſuch Commendation as the Preſenter thought it really deſerved; the Lady, with as much thankfulneſs received it, thinking every Minute a Day till the preſence and aſſiſtance of her Maſter might make her happy in the enjoymēt of this new invented Benefit. The Hour came, and to work they went; but, *O the ſickle ſtate of Lovers!* Ere many days was expired, the heat was ſo abated, that there was not Charity enough left to keep it out o'th' fire, had not the Maſters earneſt intreaty preſerv'd it from that cruel Death: but all in vain! for the thing being heartleſs, after a ſhort time,

consum'd by that lingering Disease which Squire *Ralpho* long before Prophecied would be the end on't ; and so farewel it ; but not, Sir, to your *Vindication* of it : For there you promise such Advantages, as the World was ignorant of before ; there, the Reasons of what it Acted by ; and there, that All Compositions should with Ease be Transposed from one Key to another, &c. Very pretty ! if a Man would believe it. Sir, the Advantages you so perpetually boast of, are already sufficiently manifested and known to be Mistakes, onely to abuse the Masters and delude the Ignorant ; and consequently need no more taking notice of : Your assuring the Dr. of the *now* easiness of transposing Compositions from one Key to another, is a thing so frequent, that no one is esteem'd a Master who cannot do it *Proper* ; and he the contrary, that does it no better than you have done your *Aurelia* in your *Essay*. But, that Men should Act and Teach Rationally, and not understand the Reason of their so Acting and Teaching, till you peep'd into the World ; is to make them Beasts, and too too subtle for any-but your self to unriddle, who have flock enough to say any thing.

For my own part, Sir, I never pretended to more of the Mathematicks than what was practicable in Musick, and that I have so evidently demonstrated (if you can but give credit to your self) that I stand amazed at the confidence of Contradicting ~~no~~ one till now, ever being so mad ; after he had seen a Man do a thing ; to teach him how he should do it ; yet this is our Case ; and this no Person can be ignorant of, that is capable of apprehending,  
that

that all Creatures that have Ears are apprehensive of Sounds, but not of distinguishing them ; those, whose Ears Nature hath prepared for Practical Musick, by dividing and sub-dividing a String (for Example) come to experience their difference and distances ; and from thence, by comparing them, to Tones, which (the Ear having distinguished into Consonants and Dissonants) they Arithmetically divide to the greatest quantity Practicable (*viz.* 32.) and thence, by Harmonical Proportion of whole, half, and quarter Tones (altogether sufficient for use) advance to. That we call *Composition*, the Mother of all Vocal and Instrumental Musick. More of the Mathematicks than this, Sir, (excepting what belongs to the Mechanical Part thereof for the Making Instruments) signifies nothing to us ; *This*, and not the poring after idle and unpracticable Notions, being that which the Schools deservedly honour with the Degrees of *Batchelor* and *Doctor*, above or equal to all other Sciences. The rest therefore if you please (for you are infinitely free) you may bestow on your unprofitable Speculators ; who, so long as they can think of lengthening a *String*, or adding to *Number*, will never want employment. This I mention, not in the least to contradict those Honourable and Excellent Persons, whose very Recreations, by their diving into the Bowels of Nature for the Improvement of Art ; prove daily advantagious to the World ; or to prove that Musick has got the whip-hand of her Sister Sciences, and already arrived to the utmost of Practical Excellency ; and so needs none ; but to show, that after all your *Hectorish* Bravadoes, you

you have most manfully, like your self, quitted the Field of *Practical Musick*, and run for shelter to the *Nature and Causes of Sounds*, which properly belongs to Philosophy, and which you, in confidence perhaps that all Men would greedily swallow your imaginary Gudgeon the *Essay*, particularly waved in the last Page thereof.

And now, Sir, I might with very much reason finish my Letter; but lest many of your admiring Readers may be ignorant of the Subject you undertook to write on, it will not be amiss I think to give them an Example or two within their own Spheres, of the wild Consequences you draw from the plain Words in my *Observations*, as also, to make a particular inspection into some few (amongst many) of those obliging Favours, you, and your Goodman, *Mr. Sr. Min Heer, Monsieur, Senior Don, Dominus sine Nomine de Norwich* (that Grand Master of Grammatical Criticism and Cocorism) have so graciously Complemented me with, and so conclude:

Where, in my *Observations*, I give an account of the timely check I took, when I thought my self to be more than ordinarily knowing (a fault Youth is too subject to) you infer *All young Men must be Fools*.

When I instance the continued Ignorance of the Bear-Garden-Usher at the end of his Annual Profession, you come out with your, *Ergo, I turn all those venerable Ancestors <sup>we stay</sup> into Great Bears*.

When I wonder, that throughout your whole Discourse of Musicks Advantages over other Recreations, you mention nothing of the Divine Use thereof,

thereof, notwithstanding the many Commands and Examples recounted in Holy Writ to that purpose, you roundly conclude, *I am ignorant that God is a Scripture-Name*.

When I prove the *Old Scale* to be the most certain and easiest way, yet proposed, for the attainment of Musick, by the regular ballancing the extreme Parts thereof with removing the *C Cliff*, and the *imperinency* of yours, you cry out, *I'd build a Ladder to reach the Triple Tree of Preference*.

When I insert a Physicians probable  $\&$  for the Explanation of the super-abundant Excelencies of your *B M T*, you infer, *I deter all that understand or profess Physick, from the Study of Musick*.

These, and the like Patterns, your Northern Hector has been exactly careful to conclude by; for from the Exceptions I have made in some of my Writings against the ill performance of some, and needless Mathematical impositions of others, he stoutly avers, *I am the only Confounder of all Musick*; though almost in the same Breath, he commends me for my Ability in that Art, and seriously perswades me to continue my Studies therein. Which I'll assure you, Sir, I take for no small Favour, seeing that, by his Exception against *Mood, Time, and Prolation*, without which, no Musick ever was or can be made, he bountifully manifests his wilful or real ignorance of the Subject he pretends to vindicate.

But *Trim Tram*, 'tis all could be expected; the whole business being as it seems, rather to write, than what, or how? And truly, Sir, had I affected

such kind of Fooling (to speak no worse on't) I might with as much shew of reason conclude thus from your Discourse and manner of Writing :

*Guido lived in an ignorant Age ,  
But T. S. stands on Guido's Shoulders :  
Ergo, Those Venerable Ancestors  
T. S. has studied are Great Bears.*

And in all probability, might have given the World as much satisfaction in that profound way of Arguing, as either of you.

But, Sir, you are not contented to let me escape thus ; my *Heart* as well as *Opinion* you dissect, and there make such a discovery of Venome, if the *unblemished Fame and sacred Credit* your Epistoler gives you, prove true ; that I should wonder how I lived, did not Experience give a better account of my *Vitals*.

The first *Viper* you meet with, is *Malice*, which doubtless is a Grand Imp of Iniquity wherever found ; but, Sir, that a bare opposing an Opinion concerning Practice, should be that *Beast*, is a thing no ingenious Man can imagin, and for your pretty Person, I do assure you, I never saw any thing that could beget more than pity towards it, in pretending to so much Learning, and having so little Civility.

The second, is *Lying* ; wherein, bating Childish Excuses, and artificial Stories to pass the time with now and then, I never knew my self *formally* guilty of ; but truly, Sir, were the *Saddle* set on the right Horse, an Acquaintance of mine would have a great Burthen ; for he cannot be content to belye his Neighbors, but himself too. Who, but

but he, Sir, do you think would have affirmed, *That the Observer would have approv'd the Essay* (and render'd himself a Knave to Posterity) *for a good Fish-Dinner souc'd in Wine ?* Who, but he, would protest that he never required or used more than *one ascititious Line* over or under the five, when in the Plate of his Diagram he adds another, and both contrary to his first Principle, for *Four Lines only ?* Who, but he, *that the Observer was forced to quit, the Places of his Obligations at Hackney for his ill behaviour ?* (the contrary whereof will with Truth and Modesty, be testified by all the Persons, from the Mistresses to the Servants, during his Converse there.) And who, but he, or *Old Nick* for him, *That those excellent Young-men of His Majesties Chappel, did many of them perfectly understand the Rudiments of Musick, before His Majesties happy Return ?* The contrary being so evident, that for above a Year after the Opening of His Majesties Chappel, the Orderers of the Musick there, were necessitated to supply the superiour Parts of their Musick with *Cornets* and *Mens feigned Voices*, there being not one Lad, for all that time, capable of Singing his Part readily.

*Prophaneness* and *Immodesty* advance next : Concerning which, I have not as yet attain'd to that *Pharisaical Sanctity* (or rather *Hypocrisie*) to justify every Word or Action of my Life, I am more sensible of the Defects of Humane Nature, and hope, shall be more and more, till my happy Change come. But to write prophanely, is a thing I ever abhor'd, and in confidence I never was guilty of that Sin, I challenge you, and your Brother Trum-

peter, to produce one Word that any rational Man shall judge to be so. And for Immodesty, 'tis pleasant to see, how, after you, and your angry Admirer's detesting that *Paw Be* in my *Observation*, and crying out against it, 'tis such stuff as a Man would not touch with a pair of Tongs (as if you were of that *Sect* who pretend to have found an Art for Propagating Mankind without Females) that neither of you can keep it out of your Mouths, you are so in love with it: A cunning way to correct Vice, doubtless! and not much unlike those Brethren of iniquity, *who could quickly espy a Mole in their Brothers Eye, but not take the least notice of the Beam in their own*, planting themselves into the Row of the Just, with this misapplied *Salvo*, *To the clean all things are clean*. This is Prophaneness too, Sir, is it? If it be, 'tis only to those whose straight-laced Consciences will permit them to strain at a Gnat, and swallow a Camel; not to those who endeavour to walk by that great Law of *Doing as they would be done to*. And so farewell *Prophaneness*, and your never to be honoured *Apostrophal Beast*.

*Ignorance* succeeds, which I heartily acknowledge my self to be stored sufficiently with, especially in the *Scholastick way of Railing*, wherein you, and your Honourable Hand-man are excellent: But, that after the spending most part of my Studies in *Composing Divine Hymns and Psalms*, both in *Latin and English*, taken out of the *Holy Scripture*, either immediately as they lie, or collected as occasion requir'd, to remain ignorant that God is a *Scripture-Name*; this, Sir, is a Favour above all Favours,

Favours, and which through *my sides* darts at all the Lay Catholicks in the World, but I'll leave them to answer for themselves. The reason of this Charge was, because I said, *you mention'd not a word of the Divine Use of Musick in your Essay*; which under favour, Sir, I must say, and say again; for, for you to urge that God was the Author of it, is short of the purpose, *he being the Author of every good and perfect Gift*, whether used in or out of his *Divine Service*; or, to say that 'twas used as a means to allay *Saul's Anger*; for the care of his Courtiers, whether Priests, Prophets, or others, were to find a *Cunning Harper* to quiet him, not to procure an Act of Devotion in him; no more than what is done in the Case of one bitten by a *Tarantula*.

But the Case is thus: That as you begun your Book with the *Advantages of Musick above other Recreations*; so, after you had spun out your Discourse, and waded even Philosophy to mix with it, which you know, Sir, is but the Hand-maid to Divinity and Divine Worship; you conclude it, without so much as taking notice of either, thus: *But this is so far from our Practicall Proposal, that it may suffice to have given these hints, and so withdraw, lest while I plead for Musick, as a noble and lawful Divertisement, it should be found guilty of encroaching upon those more serious Studies, to which it is to be only a Recreation*.

By what hath hitherto been said, I hope, Sir, the indifferent Reader will be satisfied, that the *Malicious, Lying, Ignorant, Immodest, Prophan* Parts of your Charge against me, are not on my

side ; but have with as much Modesty as their nature would permit, return'd from whence they came ; though from your self, nothing is to be expected, being you have long since declared your resolution, never to be convinced. There remains now, one only little Favour, which you have been pleas'd to bestow upon my *Person*, that *Mind* and *Body* might be equally Habited, which is, your rendering me Squint-Eyed, and truly, Sir, 'tis of the same Tincture with the former.

Had I been *Purblind*, *Copper-Nos'd*, *Sparrow-Mouth'd*, *Goggle-Ey'd*, *Hunch-Back'd*, or the like, (Ornaments which the best of my Antagonists are adorn'd with) what work would there have been with me ? but, thanks be to Heaven, Nature has done her part, and so prevented your farther Liberality on this poor Body of mine, and consequently saved me the Labour of following your Tract into such unfrequented Paths, as you have been forc'd to run through, from the Subject you first undertook, *to Make a Book*, that whosoever shall put himself to the trouble of a serious perusal of, will not at all wonder, that Books are Published of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, when such as you, who have undertaken the Cure of Souls, should spend that Precious Time, in vilifying and detracting those Persons, especially *Musicians*, who have been so favourable in their frank Instructions and Assistances to your self ; the due reward whereof in many grave Mens Opinion, being rather a P— than a P—

And so, Sir, with the like Advice you were pleas'd to give me, from the good Example of  
Mr.

Mr. *Chr. Simpson* (referring the Piquant Part of your Book to the Man in Buff) I take my leave, remaining,

Sir,

Your very thankful Servant,

From my Lodgings  
in the Strand,  
July 24, 1672.

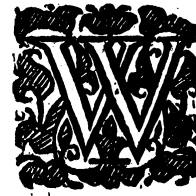
M. L.



*Duellum Musicum :*

OR THE

MUSICAL  
DUEL.



Hat a murrain is the matter here? that a Man cannot give his Friend half a dozen Lines, but he must be so hufft and bufft, and rebufft, and snufft and pufft at, by a half-witted *Trinitonian*? A *Universitie Chickens* that *peep-peeps* about the Town still, with his Shell upon his Head. What strange *Cimmerian* darknes have we liv'd in hitherto, that we must be beholding to this upstart *Ignis Fatuus* to light us into the right Paths of Musick? What a dismal obscurity does this quick-sighted *Argos* find our *Noble Science* wrapt in, that he so obsequiously

But I shall leave that Idol of *Bell* and the *Dragon*, to be altogether demolish'd by a Person, whom the *Vindicator* seems very much to slight, even Mr. *F. Playford* himself, whom I think an Antagonist deep enough in all Conscience for such a Master of Arts as he is: And that notwithstanding the *Vindicator* twits him with writing himself *Philo-Musica* (a Fault no Scholar would have taken notice of from such a Person) yet I cannot find, but that by his own sedulity he hath attained to more knowledge in Musick than ever the *Vindicator* is like to do; and that he has done more for the *Advancement of Musick* than ever that Bauble the *Essay* is like to produce. Such Novelties and Paper Projects as these, unless the Person be of a subtle Ingenuity, his Arguments very weighty, and the Use and Profit of the Invention be very apparent, are but *Volusi Annales*, meerly *Charta cacata*: And therefore for this bauling *Cordrus*, I am resolv'd to have a fling at his Jacket, though I lose by the bargain. As for the *Observer*, because I dare not presume, though the rash *Essayer* does, to be so Excellent in Musick as he is, I shall therefore leave him to his own Affair:  
Only

Only as the *Vindicator* has his touches at me by the by; so I am resolv'd to have my touches at him by the by.

In the first place I observe, He has been very kind to his Pamphlet, to commend it into the Hands of a Person who is reported to be very little affected with the Subject, either desiring his three *dumb Brats* might be taught to speak, or else relieving his *Infant Cogitations* from the Tragical Candle, or more dishonourable death of the Close-stool; which else must have been their certain Fate, had they fall'n into the Hands of any other Man, who (to use the Language of his own Sect) had understood the *empty Nothingness* thereof.

Page 2. He wonders *He should receive so little respect*, since he professes himself to be a Graduate of one of the most Noble Universities in the World. And truly I wonder how he durst profess himself one of the number. Surely he was either a very great Truant, or else of a very unperforable Pericranium; for he shews but a slender sign of his University-Education: Where he seems to have spent his time rather in the more laudable Exercises of Trap and Cricket,



Cricket, than in any sound Reading; having only leisure to adorn, and all to be deck his surreptitious Master-of-Art-ship with the flatulent, droffie, and unwholsome part of Mock-Learning. So that his *Alma Mater* has the least reason in the World to thank him for his taking notice of her. Much better had it been, since he would give himself the Title of *Master of Art*, to have wrote himself *ex Ambujarum Collegio*; a thing we should have much sooner believ'd, than his being of *Trinity College*.

He is very angry to be compar'd to the *Gentleman Usber of the Bears*, which he out of his great Experience in reading *Venerable Ancestors*, terms the *Metamorphosis* of himself into a *Jackanapes*. For my part, I confess, I can pick out no such Meaning out of the Words; however 'tis fitting the Gentleman should have the Liberty of his own Interpretation, since nobody knows what shape best becomes him, better than himself.

He goes on, *And all those Venerable Ancestors we read*— Pray, good Sir, let me entreat you to leave out the *We*: You read *Venerable Ancestors!* — *ridete mortales* —

Men

Men that read *Venerable Ancestors*, never want what is common to all Mortals, only some few *Masters of Art*, the thing call'd *Common Sense*; and when they take an Author to pieces to answer him, never mistake the plain and palpable Meaning of the Words. I am not so fond, to think the *Observer* so unwary, to compare such a dwindling *Vindicator* to *David*, in that sense which he assumes to himself, that is not able to conquer the little wrigling *Magots* he snaps at: Or to liken him to *Hercules*, otherwise than as the Proverb led the *Observer*, to shew, by his silly beginning, what a wise end he was like to make.

He now comes to an open Confession of his Inabilities: though afterwards, out of a most disingenious Repentance, he would fain put it off with an Ironie, by which, he endeavours to insinuate a larger Commendation of himself; but the Plot's discover'd, and, as the Devil would have it, by his own particular self; for he that a little before was aspiring to be a *Goliath*, a *David*, a *Hercules*, now condescends to be granted a *Sot*, a *Coxcomb*, nay *any thing*, rather than not have a Name in the World. Truly 'tis pity nobody will take the pains,

to

to make him the Subject of another *Moria Encomium*: I humbly conceive, it would be no *Paradox*, as the *Former* was. He makes a small attempt to be a kind of an *Oedipus* also, and to put forth a Riddle; talking, *numine Fanatico afflatus*; of *Burlesque upon Poetry*, and *Verse upon Burlesque*: pretty words indeed, however he had the good luck to come by 'um; but since they stand there without Rhyme or Reason, we are bound to believe, that he made use of 'um only to shew us his great skill and reading in *Venerable Ancestors*.

He goes on, with much meekness confessing himself to be what indeed he is, a very inconsiderable waster of clean Paper; rendering himself much more contemptible by that vain and ridiculous superbiety, that peeps through the Pillory of his own feigned *Humility*. Truly those notable Expressions of *Angur-hole*, and *behind the Wainscot*, do very well become him: A right worshipful *Master of Arts*, and of long standing, and a very great Ornament to one of the most Noble Universities in the World, that has hardly yet forgot his Childish Plays of *All Hid*, and *Fools Corner*.

But

But now, *Libera nos Domine*; there is a strange *Hobgoblin* stands in his way, which his foresaid *Humility* seems much to fear, but his foregoing *Pride* seems much to scorn; *A terrible Fellow in Buff*; to encounter whom, he seems to have put a great share of that little wit he has, upon the dry Grindstone of his empty Common place-Book; where after a long search, he finds *Mercury* to be in Conjunction with *Mars*; and therefore gives him the Title of *Epigrammatical Poetaster*. See how this *University Mushrome* begins to swell with the Poyson of his own conceited Imaginations. He that has as little judgment in Poetry, as he has in Musick, and understands an Epigram no more than a wild Inhabitant of *Nova Scotia*, will be nibbling at *Chara-Fers*, as little to be regarded as his *Ponderous Essay*, or his impertinent *Vindication* that follows.

*Nescis, crede mihi, quid sint Epigrammata ;  
Flacce.*

It might be expected perhaps the poor Worm should turn again, when trod upon; but 'twas expected withall, that his *Trinity*  
C  
*Loins*.

*Loins of Mutton* should have inspired his *Genius* with a more keen *Fancy*, especially against a *Man in Buff*; for I do not find that the most piercing of all his *Paper-Pellets* has made the least sign of a razure in any part of the *Buff-Coat* he so smartly shoots at. But ye cannot blame him for making so ill use of his weak *Artillery*, that appears to be so fetter'd and entangled in the application of a *Story*. Gentlemen, 'twas in short thus: *Marsyas* was a *Phrygian*, a party-per-pale *half Scholar, half Ignoramus*, who would needs propose to *Apollo* a Thing call'd an *Essay for the Advancement of Music*: *Apollo* laugh'd at it, but because he would not be his own *Judge*, he chose many others; and then returns an *Answer*. *Marsyas* replies, by way of *Vindication*. But the *Judges* found the *Essay* and the *Vindication* to be so extraordinary frivolous, that they order'd *Marsyas* to be flead alive for his presumption. This *Story* grates upon the *Ears* of the *Trinity Scholar* (as it behoves every *Man* to look to his own *Flesh*) and therefore to allay the fury of a certain *Spirit in Buff*, which his own *Guilt* has discovered, he has provided himself, from the *Hands* of some *South-*

*mark*

*mark Sorcerer*, as is conjectur'd, of a most powerful *Charm* or *Spell*, consisting of two *Tribemian Words*, *Epigrammatical* and *Poetaster*; for that you may be sure was his intention, seeing most *Charms* are commonly composed of insignificant *Words*. And to make it the stronger, he has found out another piece of *Witchcraft*, which he calls *Defunct*. A word, which I do assure him the *Man in Buff* never so much as dreamt of; being nothing but what his quaint cunning only did invent, to raise to himself the superstructure of a paltry *University Quibble*; and that with so much straining at wit, as easily discovers the costiveness of his *Brains*. They that will take the pains to read it, may thereby soon find out, what a *Great Master of Art* can do, if he be hard put to't. But had a *Man* prais'd him, it had been all one, for 'tis not the quality, but the quantity which he grumbles at. For now he seems not so mad that *Verses* were made upon him, but that there were no more of the same kind; as if he measur'd the goodness of *Lines*, by the length of the *Vicars Hour-glass*, or the tediousness of his own *Repetitions*. Gentlemen, I am but one, and therefore

C 2

let

Let me desire you to make a Collection among ye, that this our second honest *Tom Coryat* may not want the full desire of his heart. And so good Mr. *Sheepskin* the *Man in Buff* most kindly bids you Farewel.

Thus far the *Exordium*. Now enter *Vindicator in propria personâ*, yclad not in *Buff*, but in a colour something a kin to it, with a little mixture of *Red*. If you like him not in that shape, you may imagin him to be some Mountebank curvetting upon the Stage with a Remedy for Frenzies, or a sleepy Potion for Chyrurgeons to use while they cut off Gangren'd Limbs; for the following Pages are such Hum-drum, drowsie, heavy, impertinent stuff, that a Man can hardly read 'um over without putting himself to all the inconveniences of Opium: 'Tis like *Lethe* or the *Lotos Tree*. And one would swear that the Author had either drank the one, or eat of the Fruit of the other, for he presently falls into a fantastical Dream, and seems to sit talking idly to himself of a certain Arithmetical Mystery of the Beast, which he has compendiously reduc'd from the Numbers 666 to the Number 81. A subtle kind of trifle that might perhaps have

troubl'd

troubl'd the Brains of *Napier* or *Broughton*, or somebody else as mad as they, or himself, but never to be admitted within the Verge of a sensible Observation. His supposition of a Tavern-Invitation, is nothing but meer School-boys prattle, and favours onely of the Folly of a contemptible Scribler.

But now, guilty by his own confession of the drowsie *flatness* of his foregoing Lines, the Gentleman promises much Wit, an abundance of Wit, yea even a superfluity of Wit; but proves the arrant'st Cheat in Nature; there not appearing from him from this place to his very *Finis*, so much as one *University Punn*, to save his credit: Only a few undigested Ironies, ill-contriv'd Reproaches, scandalous Misquotations, and pitiful Vaunting of his own mighty Acts, with a *here I have him* and *there I have him*, *I'll pull him down*, and *I'll crush him*; all which are so far from Wit, that they only smell of the Lees and Grounds of the College-Butlers Tappings. They afford not discourse sublime enough for a Suburb Coffee-house.

He begins with a *Tale of a Tale*; but I dare say, had the *Scare-crow*, which he has

sick, with his Fardle of new-fangled *Gingombobs*, to think with an insipid *Nick-Name*, to sully the Skill of a *Person* so much above the reach of his Capacity. Had he produc'd as much Salt, as (if he had petition'd for it) the lowest Form in *Paul's School* could have lent him, he might have made some progress in his Attempt. 'Tis no wonder Men say the World is turn'd *arsie versie*, when the *Sign-Post* shall presume to undervalue the *Sign*. But presently as if the Gentleman had mistaken his Mark, he calls the *Observer* the Sun's *Rival Luminary*. Come, quoth he, see the *Circuit of thy Rival Luminary*, see the like *Circulation of the imitating Blood*. What a heavenly Rapture is the Gentleman now in? How his fond Soul skips and leaps, like a fat Heifer in the plentiful *Elysian Fields of Nonsense*? But whence all this joy? only to behold a *Conundrum* of his own Invention, stoln out of *Old Butler*, though to disguise the *Theft* he has periwigg'd the pretty *Engin* with about half a dozen small Lines of his own Trimming. There you find the thing that tickles his his Spleen; B M T riding Triumphant in a Chariot grac'd with one Wheel, while the

the *Vindicator* like *Biton*, or *Cleobis* draws about his three *Cybele's* to be ador'd in the pig-market, in hopes of some strange remuneration. An excellent *Gimcrack* for the Foot-boys in *Lincolns-Inn-Fields* to throw Dice upon: For to say truth, his pilfer'd Scheme, so admirable in his own Eyes, is but a meer toy, and shews you nothing, but what has been for many Years *lippis & tonsoribus notum*.

Therefore let him e'ne take his *Rota*, and present it to the grave Burghers of the Common-wealth of *Oceana*; for I find it is somewhat of the Nature of the Stork, 'twill hardly live under a Monarchy.

Now heav'n's preserve the three fair Goddesses, B M T, for their *Celestial Auriga* is just about to drive them through a most uncouth *Desart*, where they are like to meet with all the Incumbrances that can put them to the squeek, or stop the merry motion of their *single-wheel'd Chariot*. Here you shall find them joited by the stump of a *Hexacordon*; there half over-turned by a rude heap of *Pentachordons*; in another place ready to be tumbled down the precipice of a *Tetrachordon*. By and by he whirls through an enchanted Vale of *Fractions*

he *sinks* again, as he himself confesseth, into the tedious repetitions of his beloved *Essay*; as if he had undertaken to be a Champion rather for the *Cuckow* than the *Nightingale*. And his wonderful drift is to bring his *Dear First-born* into the favour of the World, which he would fain have ro cherish his *malapert Stripling*; and to believe that he writes man, before the poor Child can speak plain. By which he thinks to angle to himself a notable business: For, quoth he to himself, If I could but perswade the World, that all my *Fore-fathers* were *puppies to me*; and that there was nothing of *true Musick* upon the face of the Earth, before I came to be Two and Twenty Years of Age; then would all the ignorant race of Mortals be forc'd to come from the North, and the South, and the East, and the West; yea, from every point of the Compass, to learn *Musick of Me*: And I should be the only Teacher under the spreading Canopy of Heav'n. Now that this is the *Advancement of Musick*, which he so craftily designs, is as plain as his pretty picture before his Book, for why? He is come already from *proposing*, to *professing*; and to shew what high things he aims at, he invites  
all

all *His Majesties honourable Servants* to go to School to him at *Hackney*, Famous for the Seminaries of young Girls; but never famous that ever I heard of before for the Instruction of *His Majesties Honourable Servants*: They may take their Bottles and their Baskets, and go if they please; but I fear the blemish he has laid upon them of wanting the knowledge of the *Nature and reasons of Musick*, till furnish'd from such a *Bawble-stall* as his, has quite knock'd out the brains of his Infant project. And so Gentlemen, you may safely pass over to his 32 p. without the least detriment to your future knowledge: For I'll say that for him and a fig for him, that he is the most cautious person how he puts his Friends to the trouble or necessity of writing much, that ever I met with.

In his 32 p. you may find him simp'ring to himself, with a *sardonick* smile to see his *publisher*, (as he out of his copious stock of most ingenious and scurrilous Eloquence terms it) so *arrogantly* assaulted. See how this little fly upon the Coach-wheel, would vaunt and strut if it could! Good lack a-day! what a crime it was to assault his publisher? How the poor thing begs and  
scrapes

scrapes for applause! as if his deserts were such as could keep his publisher from being assaulted. Alas, we understood the worth of his *Publisher*, without the assistance of his lean Commendations: And we hope so well of him, that when he was pleased to countenance such a parcel of Thrums and Mop-rags, as was the worshipful *Essay*, 'twas only in compliance with *Horace*, a better Author than ever he will be; who tells ye, that sometimes it is — *Dulce desipere in loco* — which we are the more apt to believe, because it is very credibly affirmed that the Gentleman has since openly and candidly disclaim'd and deserted the Vindicator's forlorn cause as altogether unworthy of his Patronage, declaring, he never gave him countenance or Commission to write so many extravagant falsities and fopperies, or to sow his scandals and abuses within the verge of his protection.

His taxing the Observer with understanding nothing but *Morley*, *Simpson*, or *Gretings Instructions*, I only mention to compleat the number of his predantick Follies; but shall leave it to *impartiality* it self, to proclaim the difference between the *Vindicatours* green Extravagancies, and the *Observers* Experience.

As

As for his scandalous reproach thrown upon the *Observer*, as if he were ignorant of *the Names of God, Jubal, or Saul*, as it is a cavil founded upon a shallow surmise of his own; an unseemly reflection, without any ground, upon a man's Religion, so it betrayes him not only to a hard opinion of his Scholarship, but of his Gentility, and that he has convertt more with Kitts and Petticoats, than with men of Education.

But now the Scenealters, and enter *Vindicator*, like *Sampson*, between the two *Pillars of Dagon's Temple*, ready to pull down the *Observer* in his ruin. Truly for strength, I fear *Sampson* will out-do him; but for going blindly to work, 'tis a Cock-pit lay of the *Essayers* side.

Hoyday — What's here? More of his Learning? More *Blossommings* of his *Master of Artship*? Stop him there. He has robb'd the University of all her reason at once; and hid the *Promethean Theft* in an old rotten, dirty, mustie Thing, which as I suppose, he intended for a Syllgoism.

S'life quoth *Keckerman*! What abominable dunce made this? Sacrament! quoth *Burgerstadius*, In the name of the Lords of *Holland* and *West-Freesland*, What's here?

Bless

Bless me! quoth *Ramus*, I vow, quoth he, I never saw such a grisly, dismal, horrible spectacle in all the *Parisian Massacre*. And surely those great Logicians might well wonder: For such a mishapen, deformed, crump-shoulder'd, Baker-legg'd piece of Vanity, was never born of a Man's brain. Twenty Bears in Twenty Years cannot lick it into form: And to use the palmes of his own hands, and fasting spittle for the same purpose, would wast him into an Anatomy. With what face can he pretend to be a graduate of one of the most Noble Universities in the World, and produce such a what shall I call it, for a Syllogism. The Gentleman indeed had need cry p. 59, hold his sides, while he mocks at other folks, that has so ridiculously hamper'd his own reputation, in the snare of such a counterfeit piece of *St. Martins Ware*. Who can believe the *Essayer* knows fingers from toes, as he thinks he does, p. 59. that can no better distinguish between a *Syllogism* and a *Chimera*, or between *Logick* and *Canting*. He would do well to carry it to *Bartholomew Fair*, 'twould be as pretty a sight to a Scholar as the *Tall Woman*, or an *African Monster*. Now that you may behold this

Sign

*Sign of the Elephant and Castle*, turn to his 41 p. where you shall find the *Pageant* drest up in all its *Pontificalibus*.

*That way which requires an absurdity five times over is much more to be exploded than that which requires it but once.*

*But the Observers Old way does require the same (condemning) absurdity five times, which the Essayers New one requires but once.*

*Therefore the Observers Old way is much more to be exploded than the Essayers New one.*

My first Objection against this Sillogism (shame saw the lugs of our Master of Art) is, that though it consist of *English* words, yet that it is neither true sense, nor true *English*: A sad story, that a Master of Art cannot make *English* of *English*. *That way which requires an absurdity five times over, and that way which requires it but once.* Did ever any Master of Art so forget himself, as to grant that any Art or Science can require an *Absurdity*? For,

*Dato uno Absurdo sequuntur Mille.*

Behold here a *Trinity Fly* entangled in  
D the



the Cobwebs of his own Learning. Is this the bragging *Puller down* and *Crusher* that Rodomontado'd so but just now? View where the mighty *sampson* lies with the locks of his own ambitious strength quite cutt off by his own *Dalilabs* B M T. And now Master of Art, have a care, have a care, for the *Philistines* are upon thee. The Common Law of Sense and Reason which thou hast broken, Prosecutes thee. *Thomas Salmon*, M. A. of *Trin. Coll. Oxon*, hold up thy Hand; for thou standest indicted for the felonious murder of a Sillogism, contrary to the Statutes of Logick in that case made and provided; and more than that, for counterfeiting the Kings *English*, and the Stamp of Sovereign Reason; of all which thy Country hath found thee guilty: And now what hast thou to say why Sentence should not pass against thee according to Law? March to the Place of Execution; and so the Lord have mercy on thee, for a Poor Scholar.

Having objected against the *English*; I am in the next place to condemn the *form* of the *Sillogism*; For this is a certain Rule,

*Conclusio non differt a questione.*

But

But his *Major* and *Conclusio* are so far from agreeing, that the Conclusion which ought to be a part of the Argument, quite varies from it. His Major is,

*That way which requires an absurdity five times over, is much more to be exploded than that which requires is but once.*

His inference is,

*Therefore the Observers old way is much more to be exploded than the Essayers New one.*

Let them that are dim-sighted put on their Spectacles, and try if they can find the *Essayers New one* in the *Major*; which ought, as he intended his Sillogism, to have been the extream term of his first Proposition; which being left out in the *Major*, dashes his whole Sillogism in pieces against the known Maxim of Logick.

*Quòd non debet esse plus aut minus in conclusione, quam fuit in premissis.*

In the next place, there ought not in a Sillogism to be more than *three Terms*. But in the *Medium* of this Sillogism you shall find a *fourth Term* by the name of the *Same* Condemning shoulder'd in; to what purpose

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And thus much as concerning a thing call'd a Sillogism, the *Author* of which, being a certain young man, I advise to take the *Observers Horn-book*, and his *Accidence*, and two pieces of Bread and Butter clapp'd together, and get him to School again, and to leave off his Fooling with *Essayes* and *Vindications*, and diving into Arguments, till he have got more Wit and more Learning.

But because the Sillogism will not take, he is resolv'd to be-lye the *Observer*; telling ye an idle story, that the *Observer* makes the Sillable *Vt* to force the Tongue against the Roof of the Mouth. This is altogether false: He tells ye indeed, that there are Consonants which will do it, as most certainly there are; but ascribes no such efficacy to that particular Sillable, as he with his usual gift of mistaking, endeavours to demonstrate. And therefore his supposition that the *Observers Tongue hung the wrong way*, was but an effect of the wrong hanging of his own giddy Brains.

But this is common: Even in the next page, behold another piece of his wonted mis-quotation. The *Observer* cries out, *O Reformation! how amiable art thou in the Nostrils*

*Nostrils of them that cannot see! Was it ever heard, felt, or understood, that the Toning of the Voice must take its rise from a Semi-tone, &c.* This the *Vindicator* calls a resolution in the *Observer* to be for the future guided by his seeing, feeling, and understanding *Nostrils*, and terms it a most excellent expression to shew a further advancement of his Learning. A meaning he could never have pick'd out of the words, had not some *Jacob Behmen* enlightened his Pericranium, as indeed 'tis very fit that one *Heretick* should help another. But 'tis a strange thing, that he that so much scorns the *Horn-book*, should want a fescue for his own understanding. Is it not a miracle, that a *Vindicator* should so grope in the dark, and blunder through his adversaries text, that carries such a spiritual Lanthorn about him, besides the *Flambeaus* of his own Wit and Memory.

But so it is, that now again because he cannot Answer the Question proposed, (as no body did ever expect he should,) that therefore he gives his old preceptor *Misquotation* a Letter of Attorney to speak for him. Truly, my dear Friend, three false Quotations in less than two Pages, are

not so commendable a virtue as you may imagin. What will the World think of your Book, cramm'd with so many imperfect and insipid untruths? A most special *Vindicator*, who because he cannot answer Objections propos'd, will raise other stupid ones of his own, which he thinks himself to have a more facil way of confuting. For whereas the Observer thought it strange, that the *Toning of the Voice should take its rise from a Semi-tone*, He taxes the Observer of accusing him for beginning to learn the *Monosyllables from a Hemi-tone*, To which the *Vindicator* answers, p. 54, That those Sillables are not learnt for any airy pleasantness in themselves, but as rudiments to distinguish Notes and half Notes, &c, Gentlemen you hear his acute and pertinent reply, set off with a ridiculous *Though I have often told him*.

What a *Magnificent Bubble* is this, to talk of telling and answering, and at the same time to betray such a sottish dotage, as not to know what a true answer is. The thing is so plain, that 'twould be a *Vindicator's* folly to insist further on it.

The conceit of having so exquisitely answer'd that Objection, has set him a crow-  
ing

ing most violently upon his own dung-hill. His imagination is highly tickl'd with the Observers telling him that *Mistress Mi is rambled out of her Apartment and turn'd Quean*. But quoth he, *Let her ramble into all the Apartments about the Town, she shall never want a gentleman Usher, as long as he is able to man her*. And of this, he is as sure as that *four two pences make two groats*. How pleasant the Gentleman is, now he has got an oportunity to fancy himself in *Luteners-Lane*; for you may guess at his haunts, by his single Money. You see, as early day as it is, how expert he is: And would you have thought such a modest young man had been creeping into the Houses of Iniquity already? But the Devil oft-times carries youth to those places, out of his great zeal to make them detest their Vices. Come, come, ne're blush for't: As good abroad as at home; For if *Mistress Mi* be a Quean, she's one of his own making; (perhaps not the first has been made at a Boarding-School,) and so the Gentleman-Usher returns back to his Bed-Chamber, wholesomely to advise him, to look well to the Calves of his own Leggs, and not to be so vainly merry with his smutty and ungentle reflections

lections upon other mens Conversations.

He tells ye, *he honours Mr. Simpson*, and yet some Pages before, looks upon him so much beneath his *great reading*, that he only thinks him a Companion for the *Observers mean Capacity*. The best on't is, we look upon him as a *real Exception* to all true *Maxims*. For if *honour* were in *honorante*, while he is the bestower, sad were our Condition. But there is no such thing in him, or that can come from him; it is rather a blemish, than a praise, to be well spoken of by him; and therefore let him honour e<sup>n</sup> who he pleases.

He proceeds to a great Astonishment at the *Observers resentment*, against any propagating the knowledge of *Musick*, thereby *thinking* to raise to himself a vain ostentation of his own endeavours. He means doubtless, the famous *Essay*: A worshipful *Advancement of Musick* indeed, which the most ingenious Author durst not trust into the World, without the strong recommendation, and most notable blessing of a Publishers Preface. For which courtisie of helping a lame dog, *Ferunt & aiunt*, that some body or other had paid him in *pecuniis numeratis* four Pound ten Shillings, which

which render'd that some-body a wise man; and the Counterfeit Essayer a meer Musical Cully: And shews you how little Wit or Memory he had, to tax the Observer for being *Mr. Playfords hireling*. Alas! had the Gentleman found there had been any reputation to have been gotten by the *Essay*, He would soon have wrench'd it out of the *Vindicators* feeble hands, and assum'd it to himself.

And therefore I would have this idle contemner of the *Observer*, forbear those *Hackney-windy-Bottle - Ale - expressions* of *my Essay, my way, my Octaves, my Circulation*. 'Twere a modesty more becoming him, than the folly of an impertinent *Vindicator*, and more worth his while, for the fame he will get by his works. But amongst the rest of his *My's*, What think you of *My Stationer*? By my troth, he is well hope up with an *Author*. I pity the poor man's case, for in a short time the City will find him out, and then he must either fine or hold.

In his 70. p. he prosecutes the *Observer* for *spoiling his Marriage*, as he pretends, for declaring him to have a *rubical Complexion*. What a strange *Map of Modesty* this

this is, to be dash'd out of Countenance by his own Face? No, No, my dear Friend, 'tis not the Colour will injure you; but you are so bashful, so modest, so nice, so startled at the very sound of a bawdy word, that it makes the Women believe you have only a little heat in your Face, and none no where else. Otherwise a Masculine complexion would rather promote, than disappoint your *Conjugal attempts*. Nay, I dare affirm, (if it be not as I say) that the Ladies are so mild, so courteous, so meek, so endearing, so obliging, so tender-hearted, and merciful, that they will never reject a young mans suit for a pimple upon his Nose; nor consent to that wicked intention of the Observer; or rather, that wilful mistake of his, of throwing dust in a Squires Face, where he should have daub'd his *Pommatum*. But whence comes this red Face? not by Drinking, nor Smoaking. But as Dr. Lower learnedly tells ye, Ladies; *lib. de Sanguine*, a Book which ye have all read, *by the errancy of the Blood*, which causes a great confluence of *Spirits to the Brains*. A reason well urg'd to understanding Widows and Maids, but not to Illiterate men,

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For how can this be apply'd to a person that has neither *Brains* nor *Spirits*? 'Tis you, therefore, (Ladies) that are guilty, and not the *Observer*. 'Tis you that have kindled those fires in his Breast, that have so sadly scorch'd his Countenance; Disdain not therefore *your own Martyr*. What though you have tann'd his Face with the flaming beams of your Beauty; yet is his Mind as white as Snow, and his Thoughts as pure as *Lambs-Conduit-Water*. For surely no *Pharisee* did ever pretend to more Piety and Virtue, than he assumes to himself on every slight occasion. *Nihil est te sanctius uno* — Nay, this very redness of his Complexion forsooth, must be the Gentleman-Usher to his Godly life. He'l make ye believe shortly, that his Nose is the Sunshine of the Gospel. But all is not gold that glisters; for methinks, with a little crum of Riboldry, as he terms it, in the Observers Answer, (such as has been ever allowed in Satyrical replies) I thought at first the modest maidenly Gentleman would have fall'n into a Fit of the Mother; but when I found him chomping and chawing it so often in his Vindication, it was apparent then, that 'twas not Anger which had

had overcome him; but the sweetness, and Honey-combness of the expression, that had so ravish'd his palate, so that he could even have swallow'd it. He does so tongue it, and lick it, as if 'twere his dear Concubine B M T. So often and needlessly repeated, as if he took occasion to scold at the *Observer*, only that he might have an opportunity to dandle the delicious *sucket* upon the tip of his lascivious Instrument of tasting.

He endeavours now of his great gratitude, to the *Observer*, to shew you, that he has not been only at the University, but at School too, though where with most advantage to his Learning, will puzzle a good Casuist to judge. However, in Robbing *Peter* to pay *Paul*, he has made a hard shift to transcribe a certain Epigram out of *Val. Martial*, as he calls him; a way of citing *Martial* that I never knew a Scholar much guilty of; but perhaps he took *Val* for *Martials* Christen name, and then I cannot blame him for using that cunning mark of distinction. But what has *Martial* to do with the *Observer*? why, nothing that I know of; but only to tell ye, that the *Observer* wears a *Peruque* as many other men do, and

and that he has made use of a youthful expression, to put a deserved mockery upon the Harlotry *Dalilab's*, of such a young *Pragmaticus*. Who, if he had so pleas'd, might have observ'd, that the very Author whom he cites, makes use of far more ribaldry (as he calls it) when he meets with such an Impertinent, as the *Essayer*, and thinks it convenient to have his guils well rubb'd with his Satyrick Salt. For example, being to reprehend the folly of some trifling *Essayer* or other of his time, a great Braggard, though but a small performer, and Scandalously invective against his Seniors and Superiours; He handles him without Mittins, as you may perceive in the following lines presented the *Vindicator* in lieu of his own Transcription.

Lib. 10. Epist. 11.

*Nil aliud loquaris quam Thesea, Perithoumq;  
Teque putas Pyladi, Calliodore, Parem.  
Dispercam, si Tu Pyladi prestare matellam  
Dignus es, aut Porcos pascere Perithoi.*

Thou talk'st of *Theseus* and of *Perithous*,  
And cry'st, great *Pylades* is much below us.

Ne're

Ne're let me live, if such a bouncing soft  
 Be worthy but to scowr the Chamber-pot  
 Of *Pylades*, or for a brace of jugs  
 To cleanse the Sties of *Perithous* Hoggs.

This, in brief, since he is pleas'd to remit the *Observer* to my *Construction*, is all the Character that I can give of his Works. For what has *Green tail*, and *Onion-like Fornicator* to do with a difference about the *Gamut*. But the Gentleman must be *al a mode*; For now we can neither plead nor argue contrary, but the particular lives and conversations of men must be ravel'd into, to make slender arguments for weak Themes, and feeble Causes: A kind of unmannerly Oratory, that deserves to be convinc'd rather by Horse-Logick, than by replies of Pen and Ink.

Page 78. He says there is *one scrap of an Argument* behind yet. That *these Gentlemen*, meaning the Kings Servants, *attain'd* to their *eminence in Musick* by the Old Scale. What fairer Argument would this great Musitian have, than such a one, to prove that there is no need of his *Ledger du main*? If the Scale now in use be a sufficient *cause*, what need He, or any other such unskilful Busie-body trouble their brains

brains whether it be the *Causa sine qua non*, or no? 'Twere pity, quo he, but the Scale were cut in *Alabaster*, and shew'd among the *Tombs*. And 'twere pity, quo I, but His geugaw, B M T, were cut in Paper for Comfit-makers Boxes; or more seriously lay'd up among *John Tradescants* Bawbles. Surely since those Gentlemen he speaks of did not attain to their *Eminency* by inspiration, as no question but their own Mortality will confess the contrary; 'tis a very strange piece of over-weening rancour in the *Vindicatour*, to deprive the Poor Harmless *Gamut*, of that petty Honour, which is due to the rudiments of all Sciences: Just like the Mountebank *Padagogues* about the Town, that will be reviling the stanch Foundations of Ancient *Lilly*, to usher in their pedantical lucubrations, and to get themselves a silly credit in the World, by seeking to cajole the Parents of their Scholars with their own new-fangled Heresies. And all this while, where lyes the stress of so much *Trinitonian* fury, but only against the miserable *Ut*, and forlorn *Re*? For *Mi*, *Fa*, *Sol*, *La*, are his white Boys still, and admitted into the School-Room to converse with his young Gentlewomen.

B M T as formerly. Would ye know the reason; on my word 'tis a profound one: For, thinks he, now the *Gamut* is gelt, it may be trusted among Maiden Gentlewomen, which before was somewhat dangerous, when it had the two testicles of *Ut* and *Re*, annexed to it. Though I wonder how B M T themselves scape his lash, there being as much reason why *Base*, *Mean*, and *Treble*, damm'd obsolete Terms of Musick, should suffer the scourge of this Innovating Whipping *Tom*, as *Gam ut* and *A ré*.

Therefore might our worthy Vindicator have spar'd his frivolous conceit, that *Those Gentlemen came to be no more eminent for having read the Scale, than the Macedonian for conquering the World, because his name was Alexander.* An inference that has no more coherence with sense than *Bedlam* with any thing of *Trinity-College* but himself.

'Tis a *Janus-like* fanfie, that looks two ways at once; one part of his Argument rows one way, and the other looks another way; or to make it yet plainer, as if one Waterman should row one way at the head, and another the quite contrary way at the stern,

till they pull the Boat in pieces; which indeed is the true Character of all the Arguments in his Book. True reason would have kept him close to his text, and have told him there was as much likelihood of *Alexanders* learning the principles of War, as there was, that the other should be taught the Rudiments of Musick; so that if he will grant our Musicians to be eminent, It will be an easie thing, without his assistance, to prove that the first ground and source of their Eminency arose from their knowledge of the Scale, which is the first principle of Musick; as we may well believe the first rise of the *Macedonian's* greatness was from the great knowledge he had of the first Elements of War; which being the primary grounds of his Knowledge, were the primary cause of that greatness which he attain'd by his Knowledge. And thus I suppose, the *Horn-book* and *Primar* were the first Originals of that great learning to which our Vindicator imagins himself to have so sublimely clamber'd. But this is common sense, and therefore a thing too mean for him to take notice of, or else without the verge of his understanding.



Pamphlet; the beginning of which is nothing to the purpose, the middle a very nonsensical piece of Impertinency, and the latter part a parcel of undigested Nonsense, concluded with the grossest brand of Infamy that ever was fix'd upon the *sober* and *ingenuous* Part of the World, whom he so foully accuses to have *entertain'd* such kind *thoughts* of his obnoxious Raillery; a scandal, which if they forgive him, will bring them within the verge of a most desperate forfeiture: though never to his advantage; for it will but make the young unwary *Icarus* soar with the more boldness above his understanding, till he melt his Wings, and plunge himself into all the deepest Abysses of Absurdity.

Thus much for *Tobit*, now for his *Little Dog following him*. A certain kind of Letter-Monger, that with much Imprudence, nothing of Truth; much of Confidence, nothing of Learning; comes a day after the Fair, to set his *probatum est* to the Mountebankerries of his Master Quack. He was mightily overseen that he did not fix a Label of the Musical Cures wrought by his Benefactor, like a *Covent-Garden Charlatan*: Then might the worshipful Title

of the *Essay and Vindication* have been more happily exalted, as frequently they were, by the Industrious Stationer, jiggy by jowl, with *no Cure no Money*, or the *Three Infallible Medicines*, upon every post of the City, when back'd with so many Attestations as one of *Melpomene's* Knights of the Post, with a little labour could have easily brought him. You may know what part of the Creation he is, by his Braying. This is he that follows the Vindicator, as the Bell-man's Cur follows his Master. A kind of Beetle engender'd by the heat of a *Trinity* Meteor, who while the most radiant Luminary mov'd in our Hemisphere, slept all the time, but He being set in the Ocean of his own Fopperies, up comes this drowsie Insect, buzzing into your Ears the Vindicators Praises; like the Dor-flies, with which the Young Painter in *Boccace* so affrighted his Master *Busamacco*. This is he, who being perhaps as well pay'd for his Letter, as the other was for his Preface, stands ready like the Fool in the Play, to justify whatever mistakes the Vain glorious Squire shall be guilty of. I should have expected this Miserable *Tooter*, with his diminutive Trumpet to have

stood at the Dore of the *Monstrous Vindication* to draw in Customers, with a *step in Gentlemen*; and not to have come sneaking at the end of a Pamphlet, as if he were only the Vindicator's Excrement, and indeed that very Apocriphal Fart he speaks of, fizzled from the tayl of his own Musical Pedagogue, and fasten'd upon him, as my Lady puts her scapes upon *Button*. You may easily take the Height of his Knowledge without a *Jacobs Staff*; for he tells ye, he has *receiv'd considerable advantages from the Essayer*. This is just according to the Proverb *Asinus Asinum scabit*. But now —

*Cedite Romani — Cedite Graii —*

By'r leave, Gentlemen, for a *Hyperbole*, would make the very Hoops of the Tun of *Heidelberg* flie. *But your Credit*, quoth he, *is too Sacred* — Sure the Vindicator must be either a *Nazarite* from his Cradle, or some particular vow of separation to the Lord; else how ridiculously looks the grand and Royal Title of *Sacred* so undecently bestowed upon the low *Credit* of a bare Young *B M T-monger*, and more  
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indiscreetly suffer'd by an *Ostentatious Vindicator*. But let him write another Pamphlet, though ne're so simple, and Majesty shall hardly suffice him; let him but add a fourth, and you shall find *N. E.* will make him a God. Well Mr. *N. E.* I find you can part with your Commendations at a cheap rate: Though I had thought, men ought to have valu'd their Certificates at a higher price, then that of Herrings and Mackaril. But this it is, when inconsiderate start-ups will be scribbling, that know not how to guide their Pens. In my opinion we will allow the puff'd up Vindicator to take all *N. E.*'s petition'd-for Praises to himself, and make his best of them. Let him but wear them a little in the wind, and he'l soon discover the baseness of their Metal: For is there any person so mad, as to think *Sodom* the more commendable, beause a Cardinal once wrote in praise of it. However we find large Commendations given to the Nonsense and arrogance of an *Essay*, and a more unnecessary and loathsome *Vindication*. Which indeed renders the Commender the greater Impostor of the two. Thus they that will undertake to praise  
and

and sell their tinsel Wares for right Silver or Gold, are far greater Cheats than they who make them for such. Men, and Scholars especially, that intend their Encomiums should be believ'd, should consider whom and what they praise; and not with such an insipid Prodigality waste the Jewels of Commendation, as if they were casting Beans by peck-fulls to fat Boars. Such Magnifyings, rather become Discommendations, while the unwary Epistle-maker does but baffle his own good Intentions to his Friend. So that if any of the Two, be happy in the Famous Letter of N. E. 'tis the Observer, while his Reputation grows to be the more notorious, by the weak endeavour of a frivolous Author to load him with a heap of paltry Scandals, and empty Forgeries. A lewd extoller, and by consequence a more contemptible dispraiser. 'Tis well known that the soundness, if not profoundness of the Observers Judgement and Skill in Musick, and the Excellency of his performance favour'd by so great a Monarch and his Queen, both whom he serves in fair repute, are far above the envy of such a Momus as N. E. or the hairbrain'd Invention

tion of B M T. And therefore,

*Zoile, quid solium sublato podice perdis?  
Spurius ut fiat, Zoile, merge caput.*

Neither do I find this Letter-Missive-Gentleman, teasing only the Observer; but in his testy Choler, yerking also at *Hudibras*, *Rablaise*, and *Don Quixot*, Authors in their kind, whose Trenchers he is not worthy to scrape; not without a modicum of invective against those necessary assistances of Musick, *Mood*, *Time*, *Prolation*, and *Ligatures of long Notes*; which if Fidlers, and shallow Composers have laid aside, are yet such *strict Observances*, as render them of far greater Consequence to a Learned Musician, than his Epistolary ignorance is aware of.

If this be one of the *sober and ingenious* part of the World of which the Vindicator brags, He's a sad Mortal, God wot; A miserable Dogger-Boat for such a matchless Essayer to venture the Shipwreck of his *Sacred Credit* in. A doughty Squire to accompany the Invincible Champion of B M T. Let them e'ne go together with their Musical Hoop; which if it  
ever

ever bring them any advantage, besides that of Pence a piece, for tumbling through, like *Hocus Pocus's*, is past the belief of more of the sober part of the World than I am apt to believe either of them acquainted with.

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To

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T O  
**T H O M A S S A L M O N,**  
 M. A. of Trinity College, Oxon.

Author of the *Essay to the Advancement of Musick.*

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Sir,



Ince you have engaged me, as well as Mr. *Lock* and Mr. *Philips*, by putting my Name with theirs in your Book, and that in such abusive and scoffing Language; I conceive my self obliged to joyn with them in acknowledgment of that your kindness. If my Lines favour not of your Academical Learning, I hope you will excuse me; however, I shall do my endeavour to write more civilly than you, though in a more homely Style. The Thanks, Sir, which I intend to return, is only a brief accompt of those few Inspections which I have made into your new and elaborate *Essay to the Advancement of Musick, &c.* with some short Reply's in detence of the Old Scale of Musick. This being a Work of no great difficulty, I have the more readily and willingly undertaken it; and (for a return of your Favours) shall make bold to present you with these my Remarques.

First, Before your Title Page appears the Picture  
 of

of a Fine young Lady (of Musickal Education in Hackney School no doubt) Playing and Singing to her Lute. 'Twas excellent policy to fix such a fair Bait there, for it will most certainly catch both the Eyes and Hearts of all our new soft-headed Gallants; and undoubtedly draw more Spectators to your Book than ever Merry Andrew did to his Master Jacob Halls Stage.

Next is the Title, or a Description of what is held forth in your Book, in as many large promising Words and Truths, as there is in those Mountebank Doctors Bills, which are pasted up at every pissing Corner; (and it was ingeniously done of your Stationer Mr. Car to paste your Title also in the same places, since they do so well correspond;) 'tis in these words, *An Essay to the Advancement of Musick, by casting away the perplexity of different Cliffs, and uniting all sorts of Musick, Lute, Viol, Violin, Organ, Harpsichord, Voice, (with &c. to include all other kinds, as Bagpipes, Jews-trump, Drums, Trumpets, Tongs, &c.) in one Universal Character.* And that we might not think this Work designed by a mean or obscure Person, it follows, *By THOMAS SALMON, Master of Arts of Trinity College in Oxford.* But how well this is made out by you in your following Discourse, I leave to the judgment of all ingenious Musicians.

In the following Page is an Epistle by Mr. John Birchenha, your Publisher, no mean Person in the Science of Musick, witness his Learned *Templum Musicum*, and this his Epistle, or *Flambeau*, to Light all Musicians out of their *Egyptian Dark-*  
ness;

ness, to behold the *New Light* or *Musickal Elysium* held forth in your *Essay*: And this *Commentatory Epistle* is so subtly and plausibly done, to the Advancement of your new Reformation, that he deserves double the Reward he received for it. It begins thus: *There is not any Art, which at this day is more Rude, Unpolish'd, and Imperfect in the Writings of the Ancient and Modern Authors, than Musick; for the Elementary part thereof, is little better than an indigested Mass, and confused Chaos of impertinent Characters, and insignificant Signs. It is intricate and difficult to be understood; it afflicts the Memory, and consumeth much time, before the knowledge thereof can be attained: Because the Cliffs are divers; their Transpositions frequent; the Order and places of Notes very mutable; and their denominations alterable and unfix'd. These things being considered by the ingenious Author of this Book, (who endeavoureth only a reformation of the Regulative Principles of Practicall Musick,) he hath here presented thee with an Expedient, for the redress of these Obstacles, &c.*

Now, Sir, you being that ingenious Author here mentioned, which has by your elaborate Pains, great Learning, and subtle Invention, found out this new Expedient or Reformation, I shall leave the Publisher and Epistle, and proceed to examin the several Particulars and great Advantages proposed to us by your Book.

The first Chapter is nothing to the purpose of Reformation, but a bare Discourse of the Advantages of Musick, which is frequent in all Authors that have written of that Science.

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The second Chapter is intituled, *The Gamut Reformed*: Here the Axe is laid to the Root, and you begin your Reformation thereof in words of reproach and defamation, thus: *That which first of all terrifies a Beginner, is a long Discourse of Gibbrish, a fardle of hard Names and fictitious Words, called the Gamut, presented to him perfectly to be learned without Book, till he can readily repeat it backwards and forwards; as though a man must be exact in the Art of Conjuring before he might enter upon Musick, Are not these pretty Bugbear Words, to fright Boys and Girls ever from learning Musick by such a Gamut, that is compounded of hard insignificant Words to Conjure up Devils? This, Sir, shews, that because you understand not the excellent Use of that Gamut, and its Words or Names, you are therefore offended with it, and endeavour to persuade others to the same opinion with your self, which is ever the practice of Innovators. Certainly, Sir, Men of greater knowledge in the Science of Musick than you can pretend to, have declared them of better Use; who tell us, That they are Words or Names, by which Notes or Sounds are called and known in their distinct and proper places; and Notes or Sounds comprehend Musick, and Musick is known rather to expel Devils than raise them; it did out of Saul, but, Sir, what operation it may have upon you, I know not. You go on in these Words, *But I am certain if he can say, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, it will do to all intents and purposes [as well].* We thank you for this *as well*, but, Sir, will it do no better? then why do you propose it to us, when there's no advantage in it?*

Are

Are we not much beholding to you, Sir, to deprive us of our Old Scale, which is Universally approved, and by known experience found to be perfect and good. And impose upon us this New one of your own production; lame and deformed, a thin-gut Monster, which has neither Speech nor Language, whereby it may be understood; yet are you so in love with it, that you would fain lick it into some kind of form: But your Tongue (though well hung) is not long enough.

Your next words are these, *For the plain truth is, there are but seven Notes in all, only repeated over and over again in double and treble proportion.* You say very right, Sir; but this is demonstrated more plain in the Old Scale than in your New one, as thus it appears: In the Old Scale the seven Notes and their Names are repeated three times over in words at length, on their proper and assigned Rules and Spaces: In yours but once, and that in single Letters only; which you tell us is to be done over and over in double and treble proportions. Surely this needs must confound a Beginner, there being no plain demonstration to guide him, but only your Eight single Letters, and his own Imagination.

Page 14. your words are these, *Those aforesaid hard Names are nothing to the purpose, they can't declare a Note to be in a different Octave.* This declares again, that you do not, or wilfully will not understand the Old Scale, notwithstanding Mr. Locke lately sent you an excellent pair of Observing Spectacles for that purpose, with which if you view the Old Scale, you will see there are different names enough in each of the Octaves, to distinguish

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stinguish

stinguisa them in their proper places of *Bass*, *Mean*, and *Treble*. Is not the Octave to *Gam ut* in the *Bass* *G sol re ut* in the *Mean*? To *A re*, *A la mi re*; To *B mi*, *B fa b mi*; To *C fa ut*, *C sol fa ut*; To *D sol re*, *D la sol re*? Here are diversie Names sufficient to distinguish between the Octaves of the *Bass* and *Mean*. So in the *Treble*, or higher Octave there are different Names, as *C sol fa*, *D la sol*, *E la*; which Names are in neither of the lower Octaves of *Mean* and *Bass*. Therefore this Objection against the Old Scale is removed, and may be fixed more properly upon your New one, which consists only of Eight single Letters, set down in this Chap. Page 17. and there named The *New Gamut*: So that all a Beginner hath to distinguish your Octaves by, is to say *A* in the first, and *A* in the second, and *A* in the third, which is the whole design of your — what d'ye call't — Hypothesis, or circulation of Octaves; and probably might hold good, if all that learn'd your way, were taught to Sing by Letters, or Tablature; for by Notes they cannot: And this it was which made you scratch your head to the purpose. But what will not a man do, before he will scratch a hole in't: Alas, your *New Gamut* is so young, it can't speak, nor ever would, unless you seek out for help; wherefore, rather than it should continue speechless, you'll take confidence, and borrow out of the Old Scale those Gibbrish Words or Names of Notes, *Sol La Mi Fa*, &c. which but a little before you render so terrible to a Learner. He that shall read your Page 15. will have cause to smile to hear how ridiculously you quar-

quarrel against the Old Scale; yet in the four last Lines thereof your words are these — *Wherefore that We may know how to place Mi, They give us this Rule*, (not so, for you take it) *which alwayes holds good*, (a civil acknowledgment) viz. *before Mi ascending to name Fa Sol La, and after Mi descending La Sol Fa*.

Now Sir, you have gotten this Old Rule, I will insert your following words in the next Page, that it may appear to all Judicious persons what a pretty confusion you make about ordering them for the Mouth of your *New Gamut*.

*Now that which they are to be blamed for in this is, that when they have given their Scholars a Notional understanding of this direction, their practice is to take their rise from Sol, and sing Sol La Mi Fa Sol La Fa Sol; as though Sol was the syllable from whence they should take aim, by which means they never perfect their main rule, and so as Mi alters, are confounded in naming their Notes; whereas, if in their practice they begin with Mi, and so sing forwards, Mi Fa Sol La Fa Sol La Mi, they would at once learn to rise an Octave with their Voice, and gain a readiness in this Rule, which they are always to account by in whatsoever condition they find Mi.*

*It is to no purpose to plead that Sol is for the most part in the Cliff line, and therefore ready to begin with as they go upward; because these syllables are practiced only in order to other Singing; now Songs begin not with Sol, and go forward in that method, but upon any Note, and so skip about, that no Rule can be observed, but that which we contend for always to be practised.*

This is indeed the language of your whole Book, (as it will appear to such as shall read it) 'tis such a Babel of confusion, Fardle of contradictions, and Impossibilities: Such a Mathematical Rat-Trap of Non-sense, as the like was never made in *Crooked-Lane*. In the former Chapter you confine the Notes, here the Names, and set them in the Stocks together; as appears by these your next words, Page 18.

*We are sure, what we have undertook, is sufficiently proved, that G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, will do as well as the old hard Names; and for the placing of Mi, you must take the usual Monosyllables, so you order them in the most practicable method, viz. Mi Fa Sol la Fa Sol La Mi.*

So that here *Mi* is always in your first line *G*, *Fa* in *A*, *Sol* in *B*, and *La* in *C*; and so ascending in your first Octave, you begin *Mi* again in the second: All by way of Circulation.

And so again in the 20th Page of your *Vindication*, your words are these, *How happy would it be for the ease of Musick, and the exactness of Tuning, if the same proportions were ever fixed to the same places of the Septenary (or your Octaves) i. e. Mi alwayes in B. And again, in Page 49. And about the confinement of Mi with the avoiding regular flats and sharps, I have delivered my judgement in the Description of my Whirligig: (That is your Cart Wheel with Seven Spokes:)* The first beginning in *Mi*. and as it makes a turn round, it comes to *Mi* again. So that all you give us for a New Gamut, is your Whirligig, or Wheel of seven Spokes, marked with *G A B C D E F*, which you say

say is a speedier way to attain Musick then to take a long Journey on foot by the Old *Gamut*. And since your nearest way to it is the furthest about, let those that like it take it, and your second Chapter to boot: I have done with it. If this won't do, I have yet more in Vindication of the Old Scale of *Musick*.

I come next to your Third Chapter, (in which and the former is contained your whole Design) Entitled *The Cliffs reduced to one Universal Character*. The first Page of it is nothing to the purpose, but a fardle of words about *Tablature*, &c. But in the middle of your next page your words are these, *The present Practice (or Old Way) is to make three Cliffs, whose Notes, by which they are called, are a Fifth above one another; and according to the most conveniency in writing, are usually assigned to these places, as in the Scheme.*

And since you have done us the kindness to insert a Scheme of our three Cliffs, in your Book, (which you borrow'd out of Mr. *Simpson's Compendium*, Page 4. as you do all your other Examples from him and other men) I doubt not to prove that your new Invented Cliffs *B M T* will Be-eMpTy of any Invention you pretend to the Advancement of *Musick*.

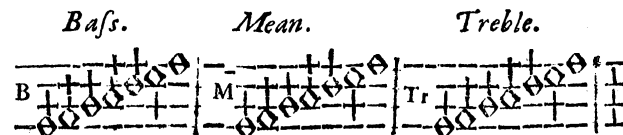
*An Example of the Three proper Cliffs assigned to each Part.*

Bass.	Mean.	Treble.
F 3		By



By these Three Cliffs, as they are thus planted in there usual and proper places, may be Prick'd any Song proper for that Part, and in the compass of the Voice, and without any transposition (except it be in the *C sol fa ut* Cliff) which is vniuersally proper to the inward or middle Parts, and is so transposed sometimes for conveniency of Pricking; especially in Cathedral Musick, where Anthems and Services of five and six Parts do require it: Nor doth the transposition of that Cliff create any confusion to a Beginner, as you vainly alledge; for Vocal Musick is seldom learn'd by men of Forty or Fifty Years old, but by those that are young, whose Voyces are proper to the *Treble*, and by that Cliff are only taught; nor is the *C sol fa ut* Cliff now much used (unless as I said before) in Cathedral Musick. If you cast your Eye upon those several Collections of Ayres and Songs, which I have lately published, you will find I have not made use of the *C sol fa ut* Cliff in all the second Part of the *Musical Companion*, which consists of Songs of Two, Three and Four Parts; but Printed them all in the *G*, or *Treble* Cliff, as proper to be Sung by Men or Boys. As to my *Psalms* in Four Parts, which are Printed in three *Tenor* Cliffs and a *Bass*; I could have Printed them as well in Three *Treble* Cliffs, had I thought all had been so ignorant in the use of our Cliffs as I am assured you are: It being usual and common for Men to Sing those Songs which are prick'd in a *Treble* an Eighth lower, where the Parts are so Composed, that they do not interfere with the *Bass*. And if Musick be made difficult (as you say) by the trans-

transposition of one of our Cliffs, I shall plainly demonstrate that you have made it ten times more difficult and confused, by the frequent transposition of your Three new invented Cliffs *B M T*, in your new whim-wham Circulation of Octaves; which according to your Hypothesis is thus set down in your Diagram.



In Page 38 and 39 you give us these following Rules and Directions, viz. 1. In any place, where the Notes rise or fall an Octave (which is usually the cause of greatest distress in this case) set the next Note in the same place, only changing the letter of the Octave, which will direct you to Sing it an eighth higher or lower; as you may see these three Notes, which required three different Places, in three different Cliffs, are here situated all upon the same Line, only with the letters of their Octaves prefix'd at first sight, palpably discovering what they stand for.

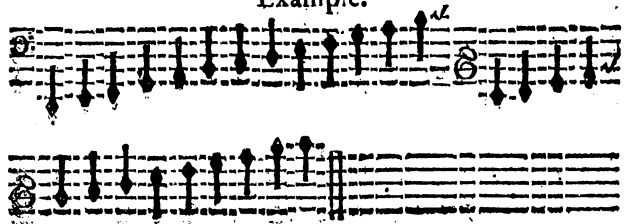
By which means the Octave only, not the Cliff is altered, neither is there the least shadow of the old confusion; for the *G*, which I instanced in, or any other Note in this case, will stand in every part in the same place. And certainly, one that has but very indifferent skill in Singing, can rise or fall an Octave, when the prefixed letter shall give him timely warning of it. 2. If the Notes ascend, or descend by degrees, and you have occasion to go far into another

Octave, when you come to an higher G, alter the Signal Letter, and it falls upon the lowermost Line; the like discretion also must be used in descending: By which means, and good fore-cast, no Song can be so spiteful and unlucky, but may be evidently and conveniently written in the compass of four Lines, which is the STATUTE OF OUR HYPOTHESIS, the lowermost beginning with G, the uppermost ending with F; and the higher and lower Notes than these, by the change of the Signal Letter, ought to be lodged in their own Octaves, to which they do belong.

Hitherto I hope, Sir, I have proceeded fairly; and because it shall appear so, I will here, according to this Statute of your Hypothesis, give one or two Examples of both together, and leave it to Judicious Judgements to determine where the confusion, or transposition of Cliffs is most frequent, and which is most pleasant to the Eye of the Learner.

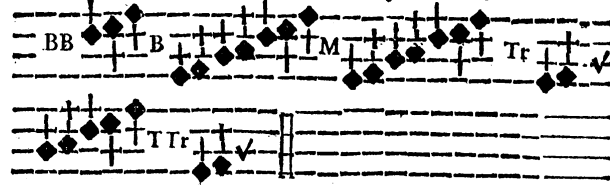
An Example according to the Rule of the Old Gamut, wherein the whole Scale is Prick'd down proper for Vocal Musick, in two Cliffs only, viz. the Bass and Treble; in which compass may be Prick'd any Song without any transposition.

Example.

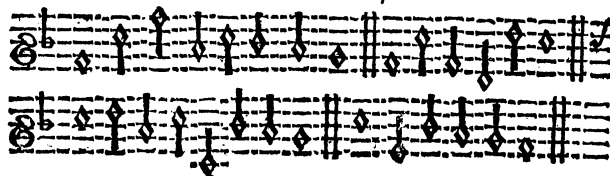


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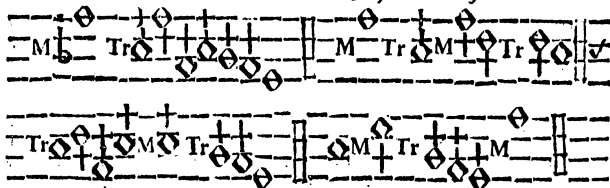
The same your New Way is thus,



A common Tune of a Psalm, pick'd according to the Old Rule or Scale of Musick.



The same Tune Prick'd your Way.



Now behold, good Sir, is not this Tune prick't according to the STATUTE of your Hypothesis or new Method you would impose upon us? I am sure it is. In our way there is no Transposition of Cliffs, but in yours, in this short Tune of Twenty eight Notes, your M T Cliffs are Transpos'd or Impos'd no less than Eleven times; and are not the Notes

Notes cunningly planted for a Beginner to *Sol-Fa*? 'Tis so retrograde to our old Rule, that when our Notes Rise your Notes Fall, and when ours Fall yours Rise, to the Eye. Had I not heard otherwise, I should have imagined you had been a *Quaker*, you so imitate them, who act all by contraries, against the established Rule both in Church and State; for because our Three Cliffs, *Bass*, *Mean*, and *Treble*, are distinguished by three known Characters out of the Old Scale, your Three Cliffs must be otherwise, *B* for *Bass*, *M* for *Mean*, and *Tr* for *Treble*: An excellent Reformation! and to as much purpose, as he that changed the Name *Kingdom* into *Commonwealthdom*.

But I cannot find, Sir, in all your new *Essay* any provision for *Tenors* and *Contratenors*; you never thought of Cathedral Men, which are the greatest number of Singers in the Land; sure your design is, that since you can't do as the late Reformers did, sequester them of their Means, you will sequester them of their Musical Cliffs, *Tenors* and *Contratenors*: For this, I remember Mr. *Lock* gave you a Check in his *Observations*, and wondred you could be so *uncivil*: To which (in the 49<sup>th</sup> Page of your *Vindication*) you answer, *If he still grumbles that Scholars can't tell which is a Contratenor, or lower Mean, or the like, for them that can't understand the nature of the thing, let there be writ over them, This is a Cock, and that is a Bull; which I take to be an easier remedy than to learn all the variety of old Cliffs.* From whence (according to your method) I may draw this Inference, That the Gentlemen of His Majesties Chappel, and all Cathedral Singing-men,

men, are presented by you (for the *Advancement* of their *Musick*.) with little better than a Story of a COCK and a BULL; for which I shall leave them to give you thanks, and proceed further in the Vindication of our Cliffs.

Since all your whole Design, Sir, is to have Musick confin'd, and kept to the *Statute Rule* of your *Hypothesis*, which is by three *Octaves* fix'd to constant Rules and Spaces, in the compass of Four Lines, for the Pricking of all Songs; why did you not give us some Examples thereof in your Book, but tell us, *That no Song can be so spiteful or unlucky, but it may be evidently and conveniently written in the compass of Four Lines, by the Rule of OUR Hypothesis*: Your omission in this case, gave me occasion to insert the foregoing Tune of a Psalm; I could have prick'd down many more (but this may suffice any ingenious person) to have shewed you the Beauty of the Mistress of your Invention; but I suppose you perceived by her limping and hopping what was her Distemper, which made you prescribe her a *Leiger-Line*, and if that would not perfect the Cure, then to add thereto an *ascitious Line*, which together would prove an *Infallible Remedy* for the Rickettiness of your dearly Beloved B M T, and no doubt enable her to walk in the same path and state with the *Old Scale*: For though in many places you plead hard for the keeping to the *Statute* of your *Hypothesis*, viz. Four Lines, as for instance, in pag. 73. your words are these, *But lest any one should still run droaming in his own way, I shall mind him of OURS, and tell him again, WE do not reckon upwards, as if the Lines were*

were continued together; neither make *WE* any Cliffs five Notes asunder, but *WE* compleat an Octave in the Systeme of Four Lines, which reaches to F fa ut, and then begin the Systeme of the next Four Lines in the Middle Part with G again; as after Saturday night comes Sunday morning: Or to explain your meaning, 'tis thus; after you have gone up seven Rounds of the Ladder, you must come down again to the first to go the eighth: Yet notwithstanding this, you tell us before in pag. 23. of certain Notes which you call *Pilgrim Notes*, that have higher and lower steps to go, and will not be fix'd in any constant dwellings (now for these in your next words are some Crums of Comfort, for you have provided them Lodgings let them ramble whether they please) but that the following Contrivance shews me it may, and is here already adcomplish'd Welcome Leiger-Line. Handy-pandy, now, shall we have a Leiger-Line, or no Leiger Line? You resolve this doubt in the aforesaid pag. 73. when you tell us, *If for conveniency of Pricking, WE allow the Systeme to be of [Five] or [Six] Lines, &c.* Rejoice O ye Musical Notes, here's a Gaol-delivery! you shall be no longer confin'd in the Prison of a Four-Line Hypothesis. But till this was done, Sir, your Mrs. *Aurelia*, with her Song of Four Parts, could not appear; which you tell us, pag. 82. Mr. *Theod. Steskens* transcribed for you; I wonder, since you were not capable of doing it your self, you did not require the assistance of your *Publisher* in that as well as in all the rest: In pag. 37. where this Song is fix'd as an Example, that it may be done your Five-line way, and not in your Four-line way, your words

words are these; *But that you may see how unnecessary those former various Cliffs are, how conveniently a Song will fall in the Systeme of Five Lines, for though an Octave is compleated in Four, yet you may take such a liberty, &c.* Therefore, Sir, that you may see we can present you with this Song in less various Cliffs than you have done, I have transcribed it in the same Key you have put it in, that when it is compared with yours, the World may judge wherein lies the Advantages you propose.

A. 4. Voc.

Mr. Pelham Humphryes.

When Aurelia, &c.

Musical notation for page 94, showing four systems of staves. Each system consists of two staves. The first system has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The second system has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The third system has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The fourth system has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat. The notation includes various note values, rests, and accidentals.

I have but one Example more, by which may be judged now you have got a Leger Line to make Five as well as we, whether you be not almost come back into our Old Way of Pricking, as well as you did before into the use of the Words of our *Gamus*.  
The

The Old way.

Musical notation for 'The Old way', showing two systems of staves. The first system has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, with notes on the first line of the staff. The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, with notes on the first line of the staff. Brackets under the notes in both systems are labeled 'Unifons in their proper places.'

Your New way.

Musical notation for 'Your New way', showing two systems of staves. The first system has a bass clef and a key signature of one flat, with notes on the first line of the staff. The second system has a treble clef and a key signature of one flat, with notes on the first line of the staff. Brackets under the notes in both systems are labeled 'Unifons out of their proper places.'

By this Example I prove your *Universal Character* of having *G* always on the First Line to be confused, whatever pretences and plausible words you give us to the contrary: For to make the same Note to be in two places at one time (in the Space in the *Bass* and on the Rule in the *Mean*) is to sit between two Stools, whereby the *A*— of your whole *Désign* will fall to the ground. If you could have kept to your first

first Rule of Four-line Octaves, you had committed that absurdity but once, and that in your Octave-Note only, but now by your Leiger-Lines you advance it in as many Notes as you please; whereas on the contrary, you may see our Unisons of the *Bass* when they come into the *Mean*, are, if in Space in Space, if on Rule on Rule, and the like 'twixt the *Mean* and *Treble*. By all which it will appear, that our *Gamut* is a perfect Rule, and so are our Cliffs in their use, without any difficulty or confusion, how ridiculously and ignorantly soever you have rendred them.

Thus far I have Vindicated the *Old Scale*; I could have enlarged much further, but as I turn'd over both your *Essay* and *Vindication*, I met with so many impertinent Impossibilities and Contradictions, especially about Instrumental Musick, so confusedly jumbled together; and not finding the *Gittar* (the only School-Instrument) so much as mentioned in all your Book, and your *Hypothesis* being so pertinent to it; I had not patience, but threw them aside, as unworthy the perusal of any Person skill'd in Musick.

Sir,

August 26.  
1672.

Your humble Servant in any thing

but your new Musical HYPOTHESIS,

*John Playford.*

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FINIS.

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