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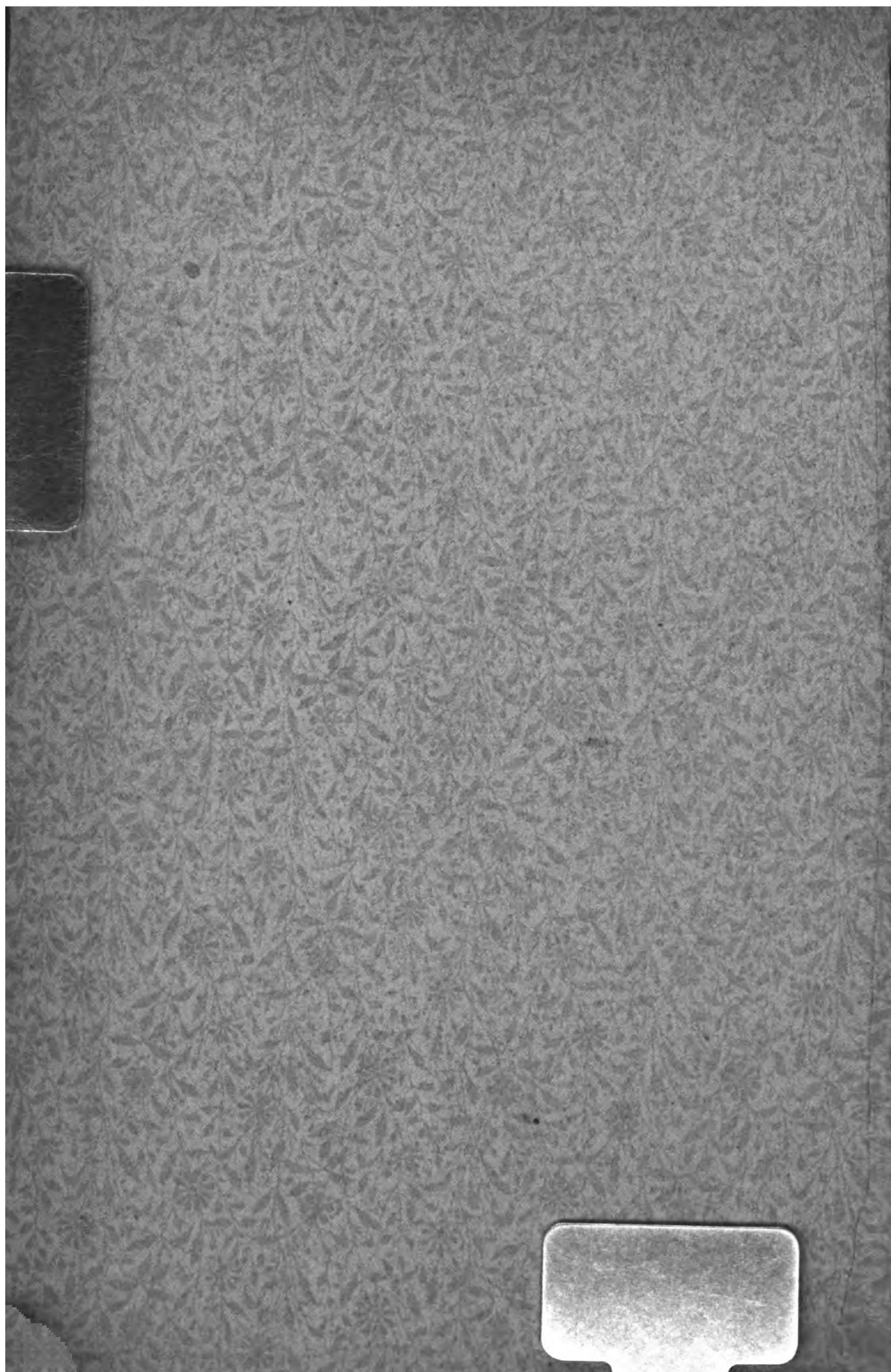
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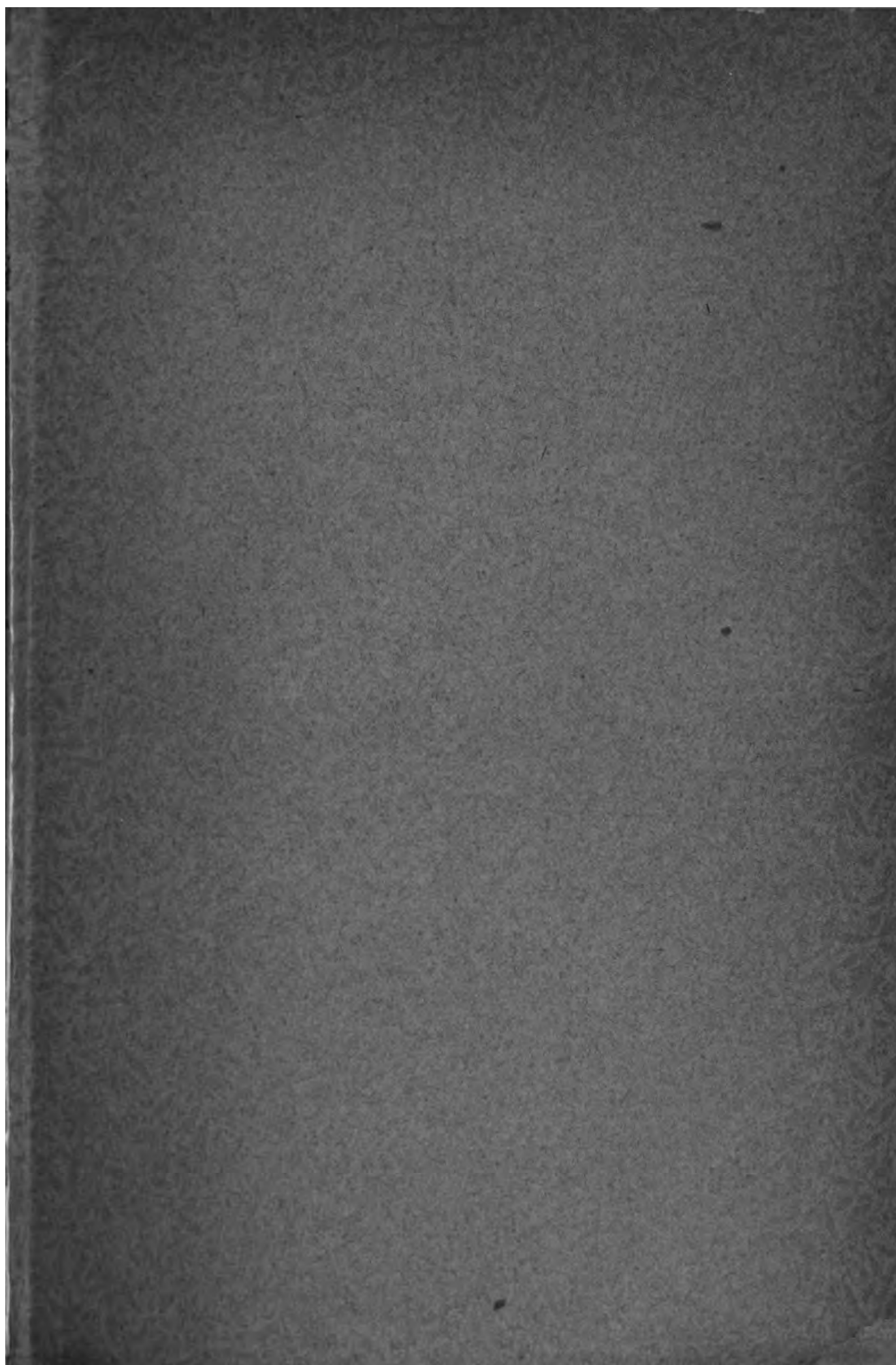


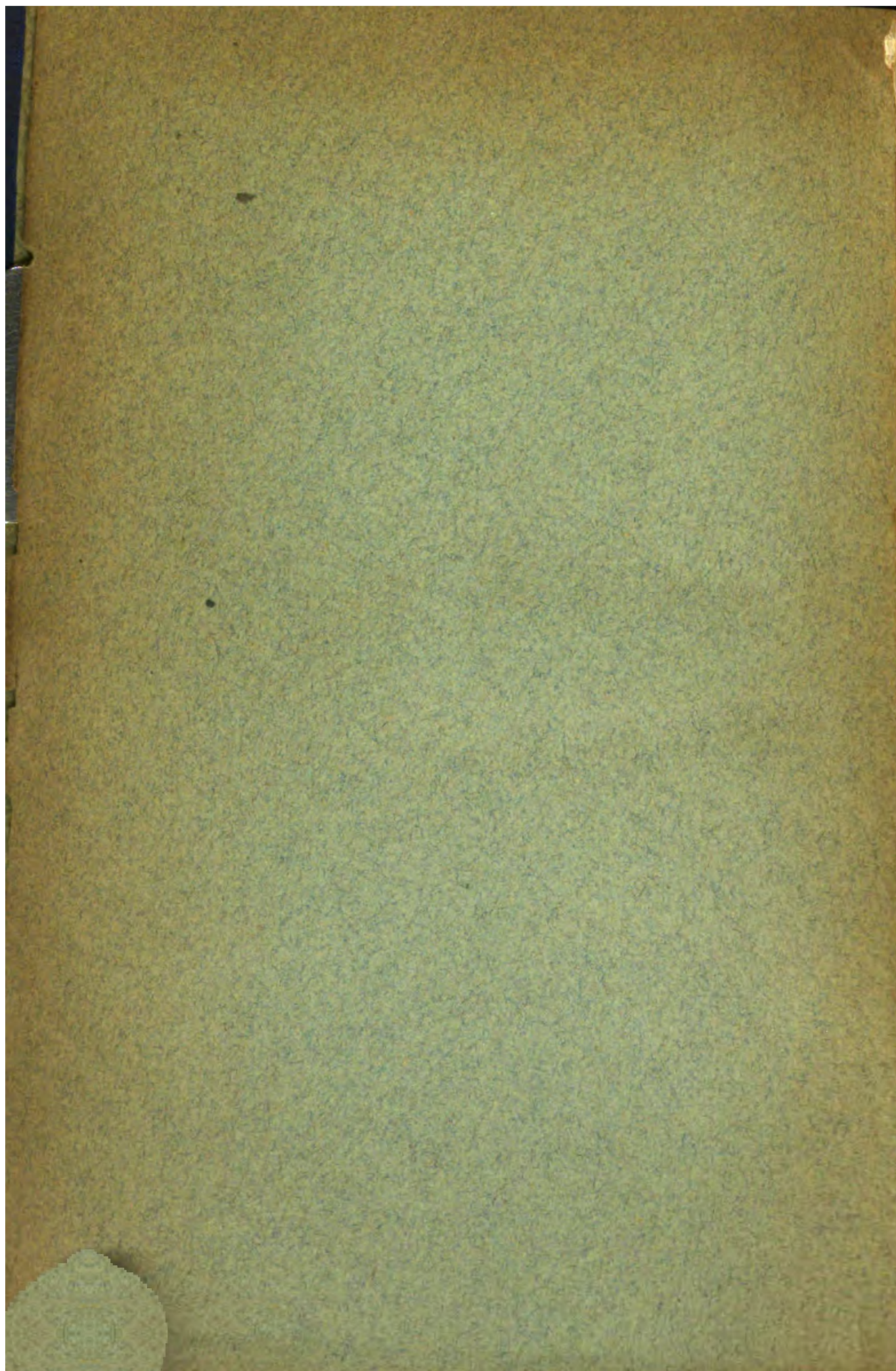
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FRANCIS HUEFFER







ITALIAN AND OTHER STUDIES.

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BY

FRANCIS HUEFFER,

AUTHOR OF "THE TROUBADOURS; A HISTORY OF PROVENÇAL LIFE AND
LITERATURE IN THE MIDDLE AGES," ETC.



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P R E F A C E.

IN the preface of a collection of essays mostly on musical subjects, published three years ago,* the present author wrote :

‘The character of this book is sufficiently explained by its title. It is, and pretends to be, nothing but a collection of articles on various literary and musical topics re-published from the newspapers and magazines in each case specified. In order to preserve their temporary character, alterations of the contents, and even of the form of the essays, have been with few exceptions purposely avoided. Whether their re-publication is warranted by the matter and manner of these essays, it is not my province to decide. But to those who object on principle to the perpetuation in book form of such fugitive pieces—and the author himself is not wholly free from such a prejudice—it may be answered that the present volume is part of an unmistakable movement in modern literature. The vast development of periodical publications within the last quarter of a century has drawn the best literary

* ‘Musical Studies ; a series of Contributions.’ Edinburgh : Adam and Charles Black.

and scientific writers into its vortex. Few authors nowadays can withstand the temptation of the immediate and vast publicity conferred by the prestige of a first-class review; fewer can materially afford to give years of, in most cases, ill-requited labour to the composition of a book. Books, in the proper sense of the word—that is, organisms developed from a central idea—are in consequence becoming rarer and rarer in our literature, and collections of essays take their place.'

The same remarks apply to, and, it must be hoped, will serve as an apology for this new collection of fugitive pieces, even where those pieces were originated by the appearance of a book or an event of the day, such as the first public exhibition of D. G. Rossetti's pictures. In the former case, it has been the author's endeavour to give a certain independent interest to his notice apart from mere critical considerations. With regard to the latter, it has not been thought undesirable to preserve a record of the impression produced by the works of one of the most original of modern artists on the appreciative spectator, as well as of the circumstances under which they saw the light.

The chapter on the literary aspect of Schopenhauer's work is the sequel of an essay on the great pessimist, which appeared in the collection above referred to, and endeavours to give a more scientific survey of his system.



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THE POETS OF YOUNG ITALY.

ONE of the first specimens I saw of the 'nuova scuola,' the realistic school of Italian poetry, happened to be Lorenzo Stecchetti's 'Postuma.' It came to me accompanied by a feeling complaint of the usual sad fate and early death of men of genius, and the little volume itself contained a short biography of the departed poet, telling how he was born in 1845, and was left an orphan at five years old; how he lived and studied and loved, and finally fell a victim to a lingering and painful chest disease at the early age of thirty-one. The final scene is described with graphic touches: to the suggestion of seeing a priest he stoutly answered 'No!' With his dying breath he asked that the window should be opened to let him see the sun once more, but there was no sun. *Fine*, 'the end,' was his last word. 'He is buried,' the account concludes, 'in the churchyard of his village (Fiumana), under the fifth cypress to the left as you enter. The tombstone bears simply the name and dates. He left all his property to charities.' The

account is signed by Dr. Olindo Guerini, a cousin of Stecchetti's; 'le nostre madri furono sorelle' is added for the sake of accuracy.

Some time after receiving the volume, I mentioned Stecchetti to my friend Signor Mazzucato, expressing my regret at the untimely extinction of his unmistakable, although as yet undeveloped, gift; whereupon Signor Mazzucato asked me with a smile to be comforted, for that the author of 'Postuma,' so far from being dead, was, on the contrary, in excellent health, and might be seen every evening in Bologna drinking beer and playing 'tresette' at the brasseria of the excellent Otto Hofmeister, to whom one of his volumes is affectionately dedicated. 'Stecchetti,' I was further informed, is a pseudonym, the poet's real name being Olindo Guerini, the name which stands at the end of his own obituary notice.

The reason for this elaborate hoax in the style of Edgar Poe seems to have been that Stecchetti, who had been savagely attacked by the critics, wished to see how they would modify their opinion of him when defunct. Moreover, he appears to have thought that a dead poet had a better chance in Italy than a living one, and in this he was evidently not mistaken; for 'Postuma' went through six editions in a little more than a year, and it has certainly contributed more to its author's reputation than anything he had done before.

A trick of this kind appears at first sight scarcely more accountable and dignified than the dedication of

a serious volume of poetry to a tavern-keeper. But all this and more is fully explained when we come to consider the peculiar position of Stecchetti and his literary companions. Their youthful eccentricities have been the object of most savage attacks on the part of 'respectable' critics. All the crimes in the Newgate Calendar of literature and morality were laid to their charge; they were compared to unclean animals (*vide* Professor Rizzi's 'Sonetti al Majale'), and generally handled in a style compared with which the treatment of the 'Satanic School' in England sixty years ago would appear the pink of courtesy. Their natural retort was the assumption of an exaggerated cynicism and Bohemianism, which, if in some measure it seemed to justify the attack of their adversaries, at the same time served to irritate them. This, at least, is the attitude assumed by Stecchetti in the elaborate essay in defence of the new school which he has prefixed to his 'Nova Polemica,' and which, in a convenient form, sums up the charges made against the movement, and, by inference, its own aim and *raison d'être*.

Stecchetti begins by crowing over his critics for having gone into the trap set them by the rumour of his death. 'When they thought me defunct,' he exclaims, 'they were willing to bury me in the Capitol with every honour; now that they see me sally forth from the hearse, they will no doubt continue to throw me from the Tarpeian rock.' To induce such a violent course his 'apologia' is indeed well adapted. 'Prima di tutto, dici, che non credo in Dio,' he addresses the

'malevolent reader' at the outset, and begins to discuss religious questions in a manner which shows that the forbidden charm of wickedness and Byronism still attaches to flippant unbelief in Italy. In England the days are fortunately over when Shelley thought it necessary to proclaim his atheism in the visitors' album at the Chartreuse at Montanvert; but young Italians evidently still love to pose in the interesting attitude of militant unbelievers, a circumstance scarcely less creditable to their own tact than to the wisdom of the orthodox critics whom they hope to irritate.

Stecchetti next turns to the charge of immorality raised against the new school, and again reveals a mind rather cynical than thoughtful. His glorification of the senses reminds one of the early writings of Heine, wherein he used to preach the doctrine of the 'third testament' of joy, which would be so true and so pleasant if youth and health and money would only last for ever. Stecchetti elsewhere proclaims Byron, Heine, and Alfred de Musset to be his poetic trinity, and he has evidently studied his models to some purpose. His plea in excuse of the cynical tendency of his poetry is singular enough. He simply declares that the public are tired of ideal women, that they want realities, and that these realities are anything but what moral and religious people might desire. This method is at least as good as that of painting, to use Schiller's words, 'vice and the devil by the side of it,' so as to please both the wicked and

the virtuous. Signor Stecchetti does not pretend to any great degree of virtue, neither does he attempt to cover his licentious pictures with the mantle of an ulterior moral and didactic purpose; all he says is that what he describes is true, and therefore a legitimate object of modern realistic as opposed to conventional 'ideal' poetry.

This plea, although it does not justify the tone of some of Stecchetti's poems, explains well the *raison d'être* of the new school. It does not materially differ from the *l'art pour l'art* principle, of which so much has been heard of late both in France and England; neither do the *veristi* show much originality in describing their programme as a 'return to nature.' That pliable term has been the battle-cry of every new movement in literature, and its significance is to a great extent determined by the double question whence that return is made and whither it leads. In Italy, however, some such movement was needed beyond a doubt. Her last great poet, Leopardi, died half a century ago, and he left no school. Only what was least individual in him, his sorrow for the fate of his country, found an echo in the patriotic songs which record the long strife for Italian unity. But even this motive has lost its meaning now that the goal is reached. This is well pointed out by Stecchetti, who, as soon as he forgets his cynicism and his grievances against the critics, becomes sensible and even eloquent. 'In 1860,' he says, 'there was the ideal of a united Italy. At present, when

that unity is no longer discussed or threatened, how can we have and sing the same ideal? Should we, perhaps, hold meetings for *l'Italia irredenta*? What would "*Il Pungolo*" and "*La Perseveranza*" say then? Realism, in short, is nothing but the effect of a social condition—a moment in a social evolution. . . . We cannot have an ideal, because we cannot find one in the present state of things, and the old ones would be no longer in their place in our state, our society, our family. Give us a new idea, at once elevated and in accordance with the demands of the epoch, and the singer of that idea will be forthcoming without delay; neither will there be wanting the confessors and martyrs, such as there were for other ideals.'

And here we touch upon the really important side of the new movement. The altered state of the political condition in Italy has brought about a commensurate change of public feeling. A long period of political and social lethargy is naturally followed by a powerful impulse at first in the practical direction, and, however archæologists and artists and poets may deplore the external changes involved in such a movement, it is impossible to deny its necessity in the natural order of things. Students of literature have at the same time been curious to see whether the revival of Italian unity would infuse new life into Italian poetry, whether the united nation would produce a great national poet. To answer that question in the affirmative would be, to say the least, pre-

mature. The *nuova scuola* has not at present brought forth a man worthy of being named by the side of Leopardi, but it has as undoubtedly paved his way if he should appear. This merit is beyond dispute; it may be proved by figures and statistics. 'A few years ago,' Stecchetti says, 'only French books were read in Italy, and our country was the drain into which third and fourth rate French novelists emptied their inanities. Pope Gregory—good old soul—was an enthusiastic admirer of Paul de Kock's novels. Italian books had no sale. How is it, then, that our little emancipation from the great Parisian market, our little revival of literature, came to pass exactly when our poets gave up swimming against the stream of the time with their tragedies, idyls, historic romances, and sacred hymns?'

The final sentence alludes to Manzoni and his school, against which the *veristi* wage incessant war, without, however, in their calm moments failing to acknowledge the genius of the author of 'I promessi Sposi.' But, although an *ex parte* statement, Stecchetti's remarks are true in most respects. Manzoni's poetry is sublime, dignified in expression, and strictly religious; modern Italians are practical, matter-of-fact in speech, and, amongst the intelligent classes, thoroughly sceptical, at least anti-Catholic. The consequence has been for a number of years a total want of *rapport* between the public and the Manzoniani, and a general decline of interest in any poetry whatever. Stecchetti's statement in this respect is fully

confirmed by independent testimony. Signor Enrico Panzacchi, for example, by no means a blind admirer of the new school, states that in former days 'even the most celebrated poets, Prati and Aleardi, had to bow to the indifference of the public spirit, and to wait for some event in order to justify in some measure the publication of a new poem.' All this is altered, and the pretty volumes in which the new poets love to appear before the world, and to which they owe their second nickname of 'Elzeviriani,' are found on every bookstall. To have revived the interest of Italians in their native poetry is, absolutely speaking, a feat well worthy of notice apart from the intrinsic merit of that poetry.

The fact is the more curious as the *nuova scuola* derives its poetic *cachet* distinctly from French sources. Those who remember the movement of the 'Parnassiens' in France, or have seen their eccentric organ *La République des Lettres*, will at once recognise a kind of elective affinity with the Italian poets. There is not, as in the case of some English writers, a direct imitation. Italian poetry is too rich in beautiful and varied forms to have to borrow rondeaux and rondels and triolets from Villon through the medium of M. Théodore de Banville. An innate feeling for beauty also has protected even Stecchetti and other extreme members of the school from the delight in filth and abomination which constitutes the higher morality of Zola. But the external features, the battle-cry of realism at any price, the revival of old verse forms,

the violent radicalism in religion and in politics, the indifference as to other people's prejudices—all this we find in Milan and Bologna as well as in Paris. For it should be noted that the new movement belongs exclusively to the north of Italy. It is in the two cities already named that most of the *veristi* reside, and here their works are published, and no doubt chiefly read. By birth also the leaders of the school belong to the north.

To return to the parallelism with the modern French school, it extends to the taste for certain congenial movements in the sister arts of painting and music. When Wagner's 'Tannhäuser' was hissed off the stage in Paris, Gautier and Baudelaire and Catulle Mendez became his champions; and the appearance of 'Lohengrin' at Bologna was received with poetic acclamations of the highest enthusiasm by the young bards of the ancient university city. I may mention in this connection that the most promising composer of modern Italy, Signor Arrigo Boito, the author of 'Mefistofele,' is at the same time a distinguished poet of the new school.

It is time that we should leave generalities for individual cases, and inquire into the merits of some of the leaders of the new movement. To begin with Stecchetti himself, he may be characterized in comparatively few words. There is nothing complex or occult in his poetical constitution, and the themes he has chosen are of the simplest, one may say most primitive, kind. Love, of course, stands at the head

of them; and as to the nature of that love the reader will be able to form an idea by what has been said before. To condemn obvious *juvenilia* of this kind with the stern mind of the moralist would be out of place. But even from the æsthetical point of view, which Stecchetti justly asks his critics to occupy, there is a great deal that is highly objectionable in the tone of his amorous raptures, in his frequent references to "la carne," and similar excrescences of a youthful imagination. That anything approaching to a direct appeal to the senses, whether in the way of pleasure or of horror, ceases to be art, is an axiom acknowledged by the best opinions of all ages. Stecchetti here has out-Musseted Musset and out-Heined the youthful Heine in a manner which does more credit to his powers of assimilation than to his discretion. Of Heine's 'Weltschmerz' also we have ample supply in such poems as 'Noia,' in which the poet regrets the happiness of his 'Cari vent' anni,' and looks upon the world in general through the black spectacles of his *ennui*. Again, we find him in other poems of the 'Postuma' develop that 'talent de chambre de malade,' which supplies a kind of poetic commentary to the story of his own death in the preface.

'Quanto amor, quanta gioia in questo mondo
Di pochi passi, che si desta al sole!
Oh quanta vita! Ed io son moribondo,'*

* 'What love, what joy in this world of a few paces (his garden) which wakens to the sun, oh what life, and I am doomed to die.'

he exclaims at the end of one of his most melodious sonnets, and the same sad note is faintly audible in many of his poems. In the outbursts of jealousy, and other troubles caused the poet by the fickleness of his various mistresses, the influence of Heine's early work gains prominence. Stecchetti is alternately cynical and sad; and by saying that he is influenced by Heine, I do not wish to deny that there is much that is fine and powerful in such lines as those which I subjoin in a literal translation :

‘ And since that night I never more saw thee,
And never knew thy fate or heard thy name.
At this hour, it may be,
Thou standest at the gate in sin and shame,
Expectant who would buy
Thy venal kisses. Maybe thou didst die.

‘ Perhaps—the thought is bitterer to my heart—
Thou hast forgotten thy departed life,
And now contented art
In the chaste duty of a happy wife ;
Tending with love divine
The children of a love which is not mine.’

But in spite of admirable detached passages, it must be owned that Stecchetti's love poetry, with its raptures and regrets, has about it a touch of the mechanical, which extends even to his descriptions of external appearance. He has the love of all southern poets for fair-haired beauties, and in Milan no doubt the type is by no means uncommon. At the same time, it is scarcely credible that the stereotyped phrases of ‘ testa bionda,’ ‘ capelli biondi,’ should apply

to all the numerous ladies whose charms the poet celebrates.

For this and other reasons one finds the poet most satisfactory where he forgets his Byronic attitudes, and gives utterance to simple, unsophisticated feeling. The subjoined lyric, in a metre which Stecchetti reserves for poems of this kind, may not contain much depth of thought or originality of diction, but it has the true ring of lyrical poetry—

‘Un organetto suona per la via
 La mia finestra è aperta e vien la sera,
 Sale dai campi alla stanzuccia mia
 Un alito gentil di primavera.
 ‘Non so perchè mi tremino i ginocchi
 Non so perchè mi salga il pianto agli occhi.
 ‘Ecco, io chino la testa in sulla mano
 E penso a te che sei così lontano.’*

Almost equally sweet is the sentiment of the stanzas beginning ‘Quando tu sarai vecchia,’ which he has borrowed from Beranger, Beranger from Ronsard, and Ronsard from Tibullus. Only in the last line there is a harsh dissonance peculiar to the Italian poet.

But Stecchetti is not always in the melting mood. He has a quiet humour of his own, and his attacks on his detractors are sometimes very quaint and pretty, as, for instance, where in a poem of anything

* ‘An organ sounds in the street ; my window is open, and evening is coming. From the fields comes to my chamber a gentle breath of spring. I do not know why my knees tremble; I do not know why tears rise to my eyes. Behold, I lean my head on my hand, and think of thee who art so far.’

but unimpeachable Latin and morality he comforts his muse by the sweeping assertion, 'Nesciunt critici latinum, quamvis macaronicum.' He has also admirably caught Heine's trick of throwing, as it were, cold water on the enthusiasm called forth by the passionate beginning of a love poem. Thus he describes with great intensity how, in a beautiful dream, he floats in a frail bark on the sea alone with his loved one, rocked by the waves and seen only by the stars: 'Suddenly she is silent, and, struck by a thought, she lifts her blonde head from my shoulder, and with her face strangely fixed on the deep darkness of the night, she whispers, "Be silent; yonder are the lights of Lissa."'

Take him all in all, Stecchetti is a literary phenomenon of no small interest. He is evidently young, and his work shows the sins and sillinesses of youth, but there is unmistakable power of a more or less undeveloped kind. Amongst the *veristi* he represents the Bohemian side of the movement; and his faults may be to a great extent explained from the false and exaggerated position in which he was placed by the injudicious attacks of his critics.

Another exponent of the same extreme principles, to whom we must now turn, is Emilio Praga, one of the most interesting poets of the new school. He is a kind of tragic pendant to Stecchetti. What the latter frequently pretends to be, the former is in sad earnest. There is in the first instance, unfortunately, no doubt as to Praga being dead. His premature end

made a painful sensation in Italy, and Domenico Milelli, another *verista*, has laid his volume of 'Odi Pagane' on 'the grave marked No. 10 in the cemetery of Porta Magenta (Milan),' where Praga is buried. His life is soon told; it is typical of a phase too common in the rapid transitions of modern existence: a man of high imaginative power, in search of new ideals, dissatisfied with established law and custom, and at the same time unable to keep his moral equilibrium without them.

Born in 1839, Emilio Praga started in life as a landscape-painter, it is said, of no ordinary power, and with the same tendency towards the sombre and melancholy which is observable in his poetry. But he soon seems to have discovered his vocation for literature, and published his first collection of verse at the age of twenty-three, under the title 'La Tavolazza' ('The Palette'). It was brought out against the advice of prudent friends, and with little hope of success. All the poet asks for is a stray flower or sprig of laurel; and he compares himself to a Savoyard boy going about the cafés playing his fiddle, too grateful if anyone has a kind word for him. Of kind words, or indeed of any words, he was not to have many. In those days the public interest was entirely taken up by the great political changes which had gone before and were impending, and Praga's volume fell dead from the press. But, nothing daunted, the poet continued to work, and two years after his first book he published a second of increased import and maturity. On this second effort, called

'Penombre' (1864), Praga's claim to immortality must mainly rest. He still published another volume of verse, consisting of 'Stories and Legends;' but narrative poetry was evidently not congenial to his intensely individual mind. Neither do his dramatic efforts seem to have been condemned without good reason, if one may judge by the specimen printed in a posthumous volume. It is called 'Fantasma,' and is, indeed, of a very shadowy character. Its motive is that constant wavering between sin and repentance, which is the keynote also of Praga's lyrical poetry; and the author has succeeded in cramming into a few scenes a number of painful incidents and some very beautiful lines of rhetorical poetry. The 'Fantasma' was played at Milan in 1870, and seems to have met with moderate success. Two pieces, 'Le Madri galanti' (written in collaboration with Arrigo Boito) and 'Il Capolavoro d'Orlando,' preceding it, had been hissed off the stage; a romantic drama, 'Altri Tempi,' written subsequently, was rehearsed at various theatres, but never performed. Praga's solitary dramatic success was his faithful and elegant translation of Coppée's 'Le Passant.' The detached lyrics of his latter years Praga intended to collect in a volume of 'Trasparenze;' but death overtook him in 1874, and the work was published posthumously. There is, unfortunately, little doubt that his end was accelerated by his own excesses, although Signor Molineri, his biographer, denies the assertions of charitable critics that Praga died of delirium tremens, and that his later poems

were written under the influence of absinthe. Of his private life it is ascertainable only that he was intensely fond of his little son; a fact, moreover, which is beautifully apparent from his poetry. From that son and from his wife he was separated shortly before his death; for what reason we are not told.

It would have been unnecessary to dwell on these common and melancholy incidents but for the curious reflex they find in Praga's poetry. Never has the interconnection between a man's life and a man's work been illustrated in a more striking manner. In the opening 'preludio' of 'Penombre' the poet exclaims,

'Giacchè canto una misera canzone
Ma canto il vero;'

and to this programme he has adhered throughout his poetical career. He is before all true, a *verista* in a sense more literal and more tragic than the more æsthetic realists of the school ever dreamed of. Hence the strong tone of individual suffering which gives to Praga's work its painful interest. For his is not a healthy attitude of life and mind. Like Alfred de Musset's 'Rolla,' 'il est venu trop tard dans un monde trop vieux;' and in that world of doubt and temptation and practical strife he is as one in a wilderness. Unlike Stecchetti, Praga is not a bold unbeliever or an open sensualist. He loves the good but does the evil; and at the gay banquet, amidst the clinking of glasses and the laughter of girls, he hears the distant bells, which remind him of childhood and pure love. 'Poor child,' he says in another poem,

‘what can you say of me? I am not a fool nor a coward! I have loved you in good days and evil, and love you still with a pure holy love. But there are days when my heart grows faint, when the mud threatens to choke me; pray, pray for a pure sky. For do you not know that man is also a brute? Fly, fly from me.’

That this frame of mind leads in its ultimate consequences to a morbid delight in the horrible will not surprise psychologists. This side of Praga’s poetry finds its climax in the lines addressed ‘A un feto,’ and is expressed in a less crude, though hardly less powerful, form in a poem on the death of Seraphina, the twin-sister of Heine’s ‘Königin Pomare.’ Fortunately there is a bright counterpart to this dark side of the picture. The happy childhood of Praga has left its echo in such charming creations as the poem called ‘Noli,’ after the fishing village of that name; and another, dedicated to the memory of the good village priest, to whom he owed his early education. The poet here is genuinely at home, quite as much, at least, as in the vicious atmosphere of a great city, and his regret of the past is entirely free from the affectation too common in such moral effusions. He is, moreover, a real lover of nature, which is not saying a little of an Italian poet: for the resplendent scenery of the South has curiously enough left slight traces in the poetry of Southern nations. The troubadours of Provence refer to blue skies and spring blossoms in the most conventional manner, and the great Italian

poets of the Middle Ages were not at least *par excellence* lovers of nature, any more than Raphael and Leonardo were landscape-painters. Praga's early artistic training may to some extent account for his genuine love of the country. At the same time he is not a minute observer of every little flower and every change of clouds in the sense, for instance, that Wordsworth is; neither does he ever attempt an actual pictorial effect. It would be easy to guess, if one did not know, that the hand which penned the descriptions of scenery in the 'Princess of Thule' must at one time have held the brush; but there is nothing in Praga to betray the old landscape-painter beyond the intense sympathy with nature already alluded to. The beautiful poems addressed by Praga to his child should finally be mentioned. The sentiment in these is as true as it is pure. They are not, as some readers might infer, specimens of Italian baby-worship. The poet looks upon his boy with the eyes of a thoughtful and even a sad man; but at the same time he sees in a child's smile at once the hope and the mystery of man's destiny:

'Un vagito di bimbo, ecco la fede,
Ecco il segreto dei destini umani.'

It would be idle to prophesy that Praga, had he lived, would have been a great poet. Of the attributes belonging to such he had at least two—intensity and truth of feeling; but two others seem as conspicuously wanting in the work he has left behind him. These

are balance of mind and beauty of form. With regard to the latter it may seem presumptuous for a foreigner to speak in an authoritative manner. But judged by the standard of Dante and Petrarch and Leopardi, and even of Carducci and Stecchetti, Praga seems to me to lack that perfect symmetry of strophic development and that harmonious rhythm of metre without which an Italian poet, albeit of the Realistic School, can scarcely be imagined.

Stecchetti and Praga, with many others, represent, as it were, the extreme left of the *veristi*. They are Bohemians by profession, and irreconcilable enemies to literary proprieties. Their works are published by a certain firm, and their readers, in all probability, limited to a certain—although, no doubt, a wide—circle of readers. All this is changed as soon as we come to speak of the acknowledged leader of the school, Giosuè Carducci. He is admitted by writers of all parties to be the greatest living poet of Italy; the most exalted and most beautiful lady of his country has paid tribute to his genius; and his literary respectability is confirmed by a handsome edition of his collected poems under the auspices of the celebrated firm of Barbèra in Florence. In short, he is on the straight road to classical dignity. And all this he has achieved without forfeiting the adoration of his own immediate followers. Domenico Milelli, a thorough-paced Bohemian, dedicates to him a poetical confession of faith, and Stecchetti calls him ‘nostro duce intanto e nostra forza.’ It may be surmised that a poet who

is thus able to please opposite parties must possess high qualities independent of all party considerations.

Giosuè Carducci's life is devoid of stirring incidents; with few interruptions it has been that of the poet and the scholar. He was born in 1836, at Val di Castello, near Pietrasanta, in the province of Pisa, the son of a physician of moderate means. His early youth was passed in a small village of the Maremma, where his father had an appointment as medical man to a French mining company. The dreary solitude of this fever-haunted region did not depress the spirit of the boy, who here received his earliest poetic impressions, and who, moreover, was at liberty to follow his studious inclinations under his father's guidance. The latter was by literary creed a member of that school of Manzoni-worshippers which his son was destined to destroy, or at least to throw into the background for a season. Like most intelligent men of his day Dr. Michele Carducci was a Carbonaro, and his Liberal views were developed by his son into the extreme forms of Radicalism. As early as 1849 the youthful Republican execrated the name of Charles Albert, and persuaded his friend the village tailor and a great politician to raise the cry of 'Abasso tutti i re: viva la repubblica!' To this creed the poet remained faithful in after-life, and it was on a Republican, although law-abiding, platform that he was in 1876 returned as member for Lugo di Romagna. On that occasion he made a very remarkable speech, which deserves brief notice were it only on account of its

fundamental difference from any electioneering address that could possibly be delivered in this country. His chief argument is the fitness of poets for a political career, which he tries to prove by both ancient and modern instances. Plato, he says, would not tolerate a poet in his Republic, but the Platonic Republic itself was more lyrical than an ode of Pindar. Solon, on the other hand, composed elegies; Milton penned the "Apologia del Popolo d'Inghilterra;" Uhland was a staunch advocate of liberty in the Frankfort Parliament, and Lamartine braved the fury of the mob for days together. 'Perhaps my adversaries may exclaim, "You are not a Milton or an Uhland or a Lamartine;" "Neither are you a Plato," I should reply.' Fancy anyone talking of Plato and Uhland and Lamartine to the enlightened electors of Gloucester or Boston, and being rewarded with 'Ilarità e applausi,' besides obtaining the seat.

It may be mentioned in this connection, that on one occasion Carducci is accused of having sunk his stern Republican principles. It appears that he was introduced to the Queen of Italy, who received him in the most gracious manner, and paid him the compliment dearest to the poet, of showing intimate acquaintance with his works. Soon afterwards, Carducci wrote the ode 'Alla Regina d'Italia,' of which an enthusiastic publisher's circular states, 'Una distintissima copia'—printed on parchment and bound in white silk—was presented to her Majesty, and which raised a shout of derision in the Conservative press. Carducci's

motive, and even the meaning of his verses, were misrepresented in the grossest manner, till at last he was compelled to publish an explanatory letter. To the outsider it seems natural enough that even a Republican poet need not be debarred from doing homage to a beautiful and distinguished lady because she happens to be a queen.

It is highly to the credit of the Italian Government—as, indeed, Carducci himself acknowledges—that a man of his extreme views should not in any way have suffered in his professional career. He was, on the contrary, from the first treated with the distinction no doubt fully deserved by his scholarly attainments. In 1859, at the early age of twenty-three, he was appointed Professor of Greek in the University of Pisa; and in the following year obtained the same distinguished position at Bologna, which he still holds. Only on one occasion, in 1867, he was with two of his colleagues suspended for a short time for signing an address to Mazzini, ‘a slight injury, quite excusable,’ Carducci himself remarks, ‘in those days of political contention.’

Carducci’s poetical work is comprised under the following titles, ‘Juvenilia,’ ‘Levia Gravia,’ ‘Decennalia,’ ‘Nuove Poesie,’ and ‘Odi Barbare,’ the first three published in a collected form as ‘Poesie’ (Florence), the last two belonging to the pretty Elzevir edition of modern poets appearing at Bologna. It must be owned that in the early poems there is little to betray the future *verista*, or to distinguish Carducci

from the school of literature then most in vogue. The stately march of his stanzas, the dignified grace of the diction, do not in any way differ from the style of Monti and Manzoni. And there is as little variation of manner in the treatment of the subjects; Venus and Bacchus are duly invoked when a love-song or a 'brindisi' is attempted, and the patriotic addresses to 'Liberty,' and the Italians are full of the classic magniloquence of Alfieri, to whom, indeed, the former is dedicated.

The phenomenon is easy of explanation. Carducci's father was, as we have seen, a staunch 'Manzoniano,' and the poet himself joined a society of young literary men who saw the only chance of Italian poetry in the strict adherence to the great models of the Mediæval and Renaissance periods, to the exclusion of all foreign and modern elements. It was in the literary organ of this movement, significantly called 'Angelo Poliziano,' that Carducci earned his first laurels, and his serious studies at this period enabled him subsequently to appear amongst the learned editors of the charming 'diamond' edition of Italian classics published by Barbèra. The poet himself is by no means ashamed of these antecedents. 'I started,' he writes, 'and I am proud of it, from Alfieri, Parini, Monti, Foscolo, Leopardi; through them and with them I went back to the ancients and imbued myself with Dante and Petrarch.' The same tone prevails essentially in the 'Levia Gravia,' and begins to disappear only in the 'Decennalia,' comprising the poems, mostly

political, which were written during the ten eventful years preceding the occupation of Rome by the Italians. The last-named collection contains one of the author's most famous, or, as some would say, most notorious poems, the 'Inno a Satana,' which, on its appearance in 1869, evoked all the thunders of a Conservative press, and in the eyes of pious persons still surrounds its author with a sort of lurid glow of unholiness. Adolfo Borgogni relates how one evening when walking with the poet at Bologna they were met by an old priest, who greeted Carducci in the most cordial manner. Turning to Borgogni, the kind old man added: 'A very good excellent person the professor, an excellent person! What a pity he should have written *quel demone!*' meaning the 'Hymn to Satan.' That such a title alone would be sufficient to frighten a simple-minded priest or a pious lady, is not a matter for surprise. Those, however, who had the courage to read, must have seen that Carducci's meaning is not quite as terrible as might appear at first sight. The Satan glorified by him is not the 'northern phantom' of the Middle Ages, justly despised by Mephistopheles, nor yet that spirit of negation himself; perhaps the interesting fiend in the 'Vision of Judgment' is the nearest approach to a principle which is at once the 'king of forms and phenomena in matter,' the spirit of noble resistance which lived in Huss and Savonarola and Luther, and finally, the 'ribellione e forza vindice della ragione.' It may be readily admitted that in this sense many

enlightened men are devil-worshippers, both in and out of Italy. It was no doubt this perfect *rappor*t with the spirit of modern progress which attracted Carducci's readers, and made him the idol of Italian, more especially of North Italian, youth.

The purely literary importance of Carducci's work belongs to a comparatively later period. In his career the process of sowing wild oats has been curiously delayed. Speaking of the 'Juvenilia,' Enrico Panzocchi, one of the leading Italian critics, remarks: 'If youth in art, as in life, signifies power and liberty, then the poems of Carducci at forty are more juvenile than those he wrote at twenty.' This process of regeneration is accounted for by the study of modern foreign literatures, especially those of France and Germany, Victor Hugo in the former and Heine in the latter being the poets to whom Carducci seems to think himself most indebted. Hence the accusation of hostile critics, that Carducci has been all his life and remains little more than a skilful and learned remodeller of other people's ideas, that he began by imitating Dante and Leopardi, and ended by mimicking Heine and the modern French School. There is a grain of truth to a whole heap of error in this sweeping assertion. If Carducci adopts his ideas from other poets, he knows at least how to remodel them in his own way so that hardly a trace of their origin remains. He has, for example, in common with Victor Hugo, a perfect horror of Cæsarism, as represented in modern times by the Bonapartes; and he thunders against the vices of royal Versailles

as if all philosophers and Republicans—Diderot, and Mirabeau, and Danton—had been models of virtue. But at these conclusions a staunch Republican might well arrive without the aid of the great French poet. And here, as far as I can see, Carducci's indebtedness ends, if one excepts a certain more personal and less conventional pathos which distinguishes his later from his earlier work.

It is very similar with the relations of the Italian poet to Heine. From him he is said to have borrowed his 'paganism.' Now Heine's paganism was never of a genuine or of a lasting kind. Even when he was in the full vigour of health, and when the golden ducats of his uncle Salamon jingled in his pockets, his enjoyment of life and beauty was mingled with the melancholy note of romanticism. When experience and illness had chastened him and developed the true greatness of his genius, the mask of Greek optimism fell from his face. For the old gods he has only a regretful farewell in 'Les Dieux en Exil;' and the finest of his poems is concerned with a true man of sorrow, the mediæval Jewish poet, Jehuda Ben Halevi. Of all this there is not a trace in Carducci. He is a genuine and healthy pagan in the style of Goethe, or perhaps still more in that of Platen, Heine's great enemy, whom Carducci quotes frequently, and with whom he shares the love of classical metres. The lesson he has learnt from Heine is of a negative rather than of a positive kind. In the 'Nuove Poesie' his style, without losing anything of its

sonorous breadth, is more simple, and therefore more intense, more personal. The imagery also has grown in boldness and colour, and the typical deities of Greek mythology are less frequently called upon. In addition to this, the subject-matter is more substantial, more tangible. Instead of vague addresses to Italy or Liberty, we have now a memorial poem on the battle of Mentana, and another 'On the Seventy-ninth Anniversary of the French Republic, 21st September, 1871.' To quote detached portions of these poems would give little idea of their continuity of thought and of their force of declamatory pathos. It will be better to give the final stanzas of the address to the 'wild courser,' his genius, with which the poet prefaces his 'New Songs':

'Corriam degli avversarii sovra le teste e i petti,
Dei mostri il sangue imporpori i tuoi ferrei garetti,
E a noi rida l'april !

'L'april dei colli italici, vaghi di messi e fiori,
L'april santo dell' anima piena di nuovi amori,
L'aprile del pensier.

'Voliam, sin che la folgore di Giove tra la rotta
Nube ci arda e purifichi, o che il torrente inghiotta
Cavallo e cavalier.

'O ch'io discenda placido dal tuo stellante arcione,
Con l'occhio ancora gravido di luce e visione,
Sul toscano mio suol.

'Ed al fraterno tumulto posi da la fatica,
Gustando tu il trifoglio da una bell' urna antica
Verso il morente sol.*

* 'Let us run over the heads and breasts of the enemies ; let the blood of the monsters dye purple thy iron knee-caps ; and

His climax of development Carducci has, according to some of his critics, reached in his last volume, the 'Odi Barbare.' The title immediately suggests Leconte de Lisle's 'Poèmes barbares;' but those would be entirely mistaken who, from a kindred name, would guess at a kindred spirit. Here, indeed, the different instincts of French and Italian literature are strikingly illustrated. The 'Parnassiens' and their great master and model, Victor Hugo, represent a kind of mediæval Renaissance. The Italian mind instinctively abhors the Middle Ages, and we see accordingly that the leader of the *veristi* chooses paganism for his battle-cry, and tries to revive Horatian metres. In these metres the 'Odi Barbare' are written, and on that account extolled to the skies by enthusiastic Italians, and not by them alone. At the risk of being classed amongst irresponsible, indolent reviewers, I must own that I cannot see the value of these metrical experiments in a language which has not only lost the sense of quantity, but even to a great extent that of rhetorical accent. The latter is the vital metrical principle in English and German, but the Romance

on us shall smile April—the April of Italian hills, rich with harvests and flowers; the holy April of the soul, full of new love; the April of thought. Let us fly till the lightning of Zeus from the scattered cloud burn and purify us, or till the torrent engulf horse and rider. Or till I descend calmly from your starry saddle with my eyes still heavy from the light and the vision, on my Tuscan soil, to rest from my fatigue on my brother's tomb, while you taste the trefoil from a beautiful antique urn, towards the dying sun.'

languages have abandoned even this last rhythmical stronghold, and measure their verses entirely by the number of syllables. That even on this principle fine rhythmical effects may be produced by great poets is a truism which need not be here insisted upon, but it is a very different thing where a certain rhythm is to be repeated in a certain part of each line. Here the impotence of the modern language becomes noticeable at every step. I doubt if an unwary reader would suspect Horatian metre in the following dainty stanza addressed to Lidia, the presiding deity of the 'Odi':

'O deviata verde solitudine
Lungi dal rumor degli uomini!
Qui due con noi divini amici vengono
Vino ed amore o Lidia.'

To me the most striking feature of this stanza is the absence of rhyme, which is, to say the least, of doubtful value. At the same time, it is very possible that an Italian ear may discover subtle beauties of rhythm and melody hidden from the foreigner. And the same reservation should be made in judging of Carducci's literary importance in its entirety. He is not a lyrical poet, and seldom touches the heart. His subjects are, indeed, seldom chosen with such a view, being in most instances suggested by the great events and the leading ideas of the present day. For all these he finds an expression fully satisfactory to the rising generation of Italians, who, moreover, admire the nobility of his thought and diction, the depth of his scholarship. This gives him a prominent place

in the modern development of his country; but it is of course different when his position in international literature comes to be examined. The latter, however, is of little importance for our present purpose. It was the aim of this essay to show that Italian poetry has entered upon a new phase, which, whithersoever it may ultimately lead, has at any rate the sympathy of the young and the intelligent amongst the nation. By the side of this fact the nice distinctions of more or less individual merit are of comparatively little significance.



*A LITERARY FRIENDSHIP OF THE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY.*

It would be easy to prove that the *genus irritabile vatum* is not as entirely void of the feeling of good fellowship as popular prejudice has frequently asserted. Byron and Shelley, Boileau and Racine, Schiller and Goethe, and many other combinations of illustrious names, might furnish materials for a book on the friendships of authors quite as voluminous and certainly quite as edifying as that which the elder Disraeli has devoted to their quarrels. The chief reason why such a book has not been written is perhaps that these friendships are too literary, too pre-vaillingly intellectual, in fact, to allow of a more broadly human treatment apart from the history of the efforts and aspirations on which such connections are usually founded. This remark does not apply to the beautiful intimacy between the two great men and great poets referred to in the heading of the present paper. It is true that the first connecting-link between Boccaccio and Petrarch was their common love of poetry, which indeed remained the key-note of their subsequent

intercourse. But it is equally true that if, instead of being amongst the brightest stars of Italian literature, and the prime leaders and movers of the glorious Renaissance of art and letters, these two men had been private individuals, with no particular claim to notice, yet the record of their friendship would be valuable, owing to the rare constancy of their affection, the remarkable circumstances by which it was tested, and the interesting and touching traits of individuality revealed on these occasions. It is all the more to be wondered at that as far as the present writer is aware, a monographic treatment of this interesting subject has never yet been attempted, either in Italy or in any of the countries where the names of the two poets are household words.

Boccaccio and Petrarch became acquainted at a comparatively advanced age, when men as a rule are little apt to indulge in sudden impulses of affection. Both held high places in the republic of letters, both had been employed on important diplomatic missions, and had breathed the chilling atmosphere of Italian courts ; both, in short, were men of the world, and of a world of subtlest statecraft and intrigue. Yet their friendship seems to have been instantaneous, a friendship at first sight, as warm and unselfish as was ever contracted by freshmen at college. Like schoolboys, also, they at once begin telling each other their secrets, and their correspondence, commenced soon after their first meeting and continued almost to the end of their lives, is not surpassed in literature as regards

the variety of topics touched upon, and the familiarity and perfect mutual confidence evinced in every turn of expression. Moreover, in spite of its almost impetuous beginning, this intimacy sustained the test of time surprisingly well. No thought of rivalry, but too easily accountable under the circumstances, seems to have crossed their minds; no difference of political opinion was able to disturb the harmony of their intercourse for a moment; they always remained the same staunch friends through good and evil report. Petrarch's last will contains an affectionate remembrance of his friend, and the short period by which the broken-hearted Boccaccio survived his loss was mainly employed in securing the departed poet's fame.

This beautiful and rare instance of immutable affection ceases to surprise us when we consider the characters of the two men a little more closely. They were destined to be friends; the concords and discords of their natures, their tastes and idiosyncrasies, their strengths and weaknesses, were complementary of each other, and made their union one of almost organic consistency. Their early years had been passed under somewhat analogous circumstances. Belonging both to the upper middle class, Petrarch being the son of a respected notary, Boccaccio the illegitimate offspring of a moderately wealthy merchant, they were brought up to their fathers' callings. But neither of them showed taste or talent for the practical pursuits of life. Boccaccio's master sent

back his idle clerk in despair after six years' apprenticeship, and an equal term spent by him in the study of the law the poet counts as an utter and irretrievable loss of time. With little more success was Petrarch sent to the most renowned professors of canon law in Montpellier and Bologna. The great poets and philosophers of ancient Rome engrossed his thoughts, and as soon as the death of his beloved father freed him from restraint, he threw off the hated yoke and wholly gave himself up to the same 'alma poesis' which Boccaccio in his epitaph names as the sole study of his own life.

Petrarch represents to us the highest type of an Italian gentleman of the early Renaissance period. His career was an uninterrupted series of brilliant and rapid successes. At the death of his father he entered the Church to secure for himself that moderate competence which enabled him to follow his literary pursuits, and also to meet his great patrons on terms of equality and independence. There was little of the Churchman about him. With much humour he reminds his brother, at a later date, 'How carefully and painfully we used to dress in the morning, and undress again in the evening; how much we were afraid of disarranging our hair, or of having it disturbed by the wind; how we used to avoid passengers in the street for fear of having our attire creased by their touch.' But this period of youthful foppishness was of short duration. On the 6th of April, 1327, a Monday in Holy Week (not Good Friday), Petrarch saw for the first time, at

the church of Sta. Chiara, in Avignon, the beautiful Laura, whose name was to become inseparably united with his own in the annals of literature. His passion, instantaneously conceived for her, transformed the whole being of Petrarch; it made him a poet. No reader of the 'Canzoniere' can doubt the truth and fervour of this passion. It was of a high ideal type, much purer, for instance, and perhaps for that reason less humanly tangible, than Boccaccio's love for Fiammetta. But its intense reality is proved by the shadow of melancholy it cast over Petrarch's life. For one and twenty years, till the death of Laura, he remained invariably attached to her. Thoughts of her followed him to the courts of Emperor and Pope, and in the solitude of Vacluse her image inspired him with rhymes of tenderest pathos. Neither the caprice and inexorable virtue of his lady, nor yet the bursts of more earthly passion by which Petrarch occasionally tried to divert his thoughts, were able to stifle the one great flame of his heart.

But although unrequited, his love for Laura was not fruitless to him. His sonnets written in praise of her soon gained a popularity unprecedented at that time, and hardly surpassed by later poets. They were repeated and lacerated, to use the fastidious poet's own expression, by popular reciters in taverns and at village fairs, and at least indirectly contributed to his obtaining the much-coveted laurel in the Roman Capitol, although this honour was nominally conferred upon him for his Latin poems. It was a proud moment in

his life when, in a meadow near Vauchuse, he received on one and the same day the messages from the Roman Senate and from the University of Paris, both offering him the highest honours they could confer, or he desire. But satisfied ambition could not give lasting happiness to a nature like Petrarch's. In the midst of his triumph anxious forebodings fill his mind; he apprehends the power of envy; his friends, he fears, may join his enemies and detractors, whose censures he vainly pretends to despise. This vague anxiety and unsettledness of mind is characteristic of Petrarch. Traceable, perhaps, to the deep impress of his early passion, or to his poetic nature generally, it sometimes strikes us with startling effect in the career of the renowned statesman and scholar. His early friendship with the Colonnas involved Petrarch in the many political transactions and interests which centred in various members of that powerful family. But the attachment to his patrons never took the form of servile partisanship. It is well known how the poet welcomed with enthusiasm the revolutionary efforts of Cola Rienzi against the oppressions of the Roman nobles, and especially of the Colonnas. In the same spirit of noble independence Petrarch rejected the repeated offers of splendid employment made to him by both Emperor and Pope. Hence the high esteem in which he was held by these potentates, and the indulgence with which his frequently very candid advice was listened to by ears wholly unaccustomed to such language.

But amidst the gayest bustle of court-life a sudden longing for solitude and quiet contemplation would come over Petrarch. '*Natura me solitudinis amatorem genuit,*' he says of himself; and the statement is borne out by his frequent retirements to Vacluse and Linterno near Milan—*L'inferno*, as he sometimes calls it, with a mild attempt at punning. For months he lived the life of a recluse, studying from morning till night, and 'battling for his liberty' from vain ambition and power, 'and from that dire flame which so long has consumed me.' But the same restlessness of nature which had driven him into solitude soon wearies him of its monotonous quiet. In vain he writes an apology of solitary life; no argument can cool his thirst for excitement and action.

Thus, the reader will perceive, Petrarch was not a contented or altogether happy man, in spite of his fame and influence. Neither, however, must we picture him to ourselves as the knight of the woeful countenance. His nature was too sensitive, too much in contact with the great ideas of his time to give way to continued moroseness. We find, indeed, in his correspondence sallies of humour and even of gaiety quite at variance with the popular notion of the sentimental singer of Laura. His enjoyment also of the friendly converse of many remarkable contemporaries was keen and salutary. From his earliest youth Petrarch was open to the influence of friendship. His schoolfellow at Carpentras, Guido Settimo, afterwards Archbishop of Genoa, he loved with the fervour

of youth, and his faithful attachment to Convenevoles, his tutor at the same place, is but too well known to lovers of ancient literature. Petrarch used to assist the indigent old man, and being on one occasion himself without money, sent him a rare and valuable manuscript of Cicero's work, 'De Gloria.' Instead of pawning it to meet his immediate wants, Convenevoles seems to have sold the codex, which has thus been irretrievably lost. The poet's intimacy with the Colonnas has already been touched upon; a similar connection he kept up for a long time with Giovanni and his nephew Galeazzo Visconti, the rulers of Milan, and with Andrea Dandolo, the great Doge of Venice.

But in spite of all this, there remained a want unsupplied in Petrarch's sentimental nature: a want of something to fill up the void which Laura's sudden death in 1348 had left in his heart; of a friend, in fact, different from his patrons and literary acquaintances, one he could love and fondle and scold and assist and patronize. This friend he found in Giovanni Boccaccio.

Born in 1313, Boccaccio was Petrarch's junior by nine years; his literary reputation also was of comparatively recent date, and although fairly established at the time of his acquaintance with Petrarch, rested on a lower basis than that of his first illustrious friend. It is vain to deny that many of the stories of the 'Decameron,' and even parts of the 'Teseide' and the 'Ameto,' appeal to a class of readers very different

from that moved to tears by Petrarch's strains of passion. Nobody was more painfully conscious of this fact than Boccaccio himself. 'Leave my tales,' he writes in a bitter pang of remorse, 'to the determined followers of vice, to those who pride themselves on being considered the corruptors of female virtue. Almost passionately he recognises and proclaims the superiority of his great friend. His own productions appear to him utterly despicable and worthy of the flames by the side of Petrarch's immortal sonnets. Even the name of poet he refuses to accept from the lips of one crowned with well-earned laurel. 'You are angry,' Petrarch writes to him, 'that in my letter I call you a poet. Because you have not received the laurel crown, you think you are unworthy of that name. Supposing no laurel had ever existed, do you think the muses would keep silence? Is it wrong to string verse to verse in the shady groves of beech or pine?'

It is beautiful to see how the nobler element of Boccaccio's nature clings to his friend for encouragement; how he looks to him for advice and assistance in all his troubles. This implicit confidence, this almost feminine dependence on his friend's support is the keynote of Boccaccio's character—a character full of inconsistencies and weaknesses, but lovable withal, and perhaps humanly nearer to us than Petrarch's more self-sustained nature. At the same time it would be unjust to say that the latter was unworthy or neglectful of the confidence placed in

him. He always acts as his friend's wise admonitor, warning him of excesses; but he never lapses into prudery or sermonizing morality. Of Boccaccio's literary eccentricities he is inclined to take a much more lenient view than the repentant author himself. 'If there are some lascivious liberties in your book,' he writes, alluding to the 'Decameron,' 'your youth when you wrote it must be an excuse; also your circumstances, your language,' meaning the vernacular Italian on which Petrarch, the famous Latin poet, was inclined to look down, 'the levity of the subjects treated by you, as well as that of your probable readers.' How, on one occasion, Boccaccio was saved by his friend's counsel from a fatal step resolved upon in a fit of morbid remorse, we shall see hereafter.

But Petrarch's friendship was not confined to cheap advice. When Boccaccio is repulsed by a great noble, whose hospitable proffers he had taken for genuine, it is Petrarch who offers him a home; when his substance is spent in the purchase of books, it is again Petrarch who bids him share his moderate competence; his roof, his board, his purse, are at his friend's service. Boccaccio, on the other hand, was not remiss in showing his active gratitude for kindnesses so generously offered. On one occasion, presently to be mentioned, he was able to use his political influence successfully on his friend's behalf; and even more welcome were the zeal and courage with which the detractors of Petrarch's literary fame were attacked by his fearless friend. Petrarch thought it unworthy of his position to take

notice of those arch-enemies of poets in the fourteenth as well as in the nineteenth century—the critics. He writhed under their attacks, but he covered his wounds with the mantle of dignified silence. But Boccaccio was under no such restraint; he returns hate with hate, scorn with scorn; and the powerful diatribe prefixed to the fourth day of the ‘Decameron’ fully deserves Petrarch’s compliment: ‘You have valiantly defended your book with cudgel and voice from the dogs that were tearing it to pieces.’ We may imagine the intensified rage excited in Boccaccio’s generous heart against the miscreants who dared to attack his friend’s most vulnerable point, his great Latin poem, ‘Africa,’ to which he owed his laurel crown, which he infinitely preferred to his immortal sonnets, which he loved, in fact, with all an author’s passion for his weakest work. We do not possess Boccaccio’s metacriticism, but we can infer its tone from the letter of thanks addressed to him by Petrarch on the occasion.

This letter is highly characteristic of its writer. He cannot conceal his extreme satisfaction at Boccaccio’s proceeding, but nevertheless contrives very soon to resume his attitude of quiet contempt. ‘The defence,’ he writes, ‘which, at the dictation of your noble wrath, ‘you have held up against my censors, has greatly pleased me; I am delighted with your impulse, your style, your judgment. I know that they (*i.e.*, the critics) have deserved this and worse, but do not let your generous mind be

incited to give them their due. They are not worthy of your thoughts or your indignation.'

So much about the general features of a friendship, the main incidents of which I now propose to relate in chronological order, supplementing the narrative by such extracts from letters and published writings as may serve to further elucidate the story. But, first of all, I must ask the reader to glance at an interesting scene of mediæval life which forms, as it were, the prologue to our actual drama.

At the beginning of March, 1341, Petrarch arrived at Naples, on his way to Rome, where the laurel crown, granted to him by the Senate, awaited him. The grounds on which this distinction was conferred appear somewhat slender. His Italian sonnets, on which his posthumous fame is mainly founded, are not cited amongst his claims. It was the classic scholar, the accomplished writer of Latin verse, not the vernacular poet, that the Romans wished to honour. But even of his Latin works comparatively few had been published at the time, and of his great epic, 'Africa,' in particular—which rumour placed on a level with the masterpieces of ancient Rome—little was written and less known. It need not therefore surprise us that the intercession of his great patrons with the Roman Senate was eagerly accepted by the ambitious poet. Amongst these, the most zealous and the most influential had been King Robert of Naples, a patron of science, and himself a deep scholar; and to show his gratitude, the polite poet now declared that

previously to accepting the laurel, he desired to undergo an examination by the learned monarch. The ceremony, which took place in the presence of the whole court and of a numerous audience, lasted two days, and ended, it need hardly be added, to the satisfaction of all concerned, the King finally presenting the poet with a beautiful robe, to be worn at the ensuing pageant in the Capitol.

Amongst the crowd assembled was a handsome young man of twenty-eight, with beautiful expressive eyes and finely-shaped, though somewhat full, lips. Eagerly he listened to the proceedings, and when Petrarch in impassioned words explained to the King the high mission and power of a poet, the young man's cheeks glowed with noble enthusiasm. This was Boccaccio, then living at Naples as a merchant's clerk, and totally unknown to fame, although well received amongst the *litterati* of the city. He did not become personally known to Petrarch on this occasion, but the impression received is said to have greatly contributed to his final resolution of abandoning his hateful profession for the freedom and poverty of a poet. This statement we may readily accept, unless we prefer to ascribe this magic effect to the 'blonde hair and indefinably beautiful eyes' of Maria, immortalized by Boccaccio as Fiammetta, whom he saw for the first time a few weeks after the scene just described, under circumstances so similar to those of the first meeting of Petrarch with Laura, as to make one almost suspicious of conscious imitation. But then

we must remember that, as Guerrazzi sententiously puts it, 'Italians fall in love at church;' and as to the genuineness of Boccaccio's passion there can be no doubt, although he may have slightly embellished the story of its commencement.

The first personal acquaintance of the two poets took place nine years after these events. Boccaccio had just settled down in Florence, by whose citizens he was highly esteemed, and employed on important diplomatic missions. 'Filocopo,' the 'Teseide,' 'Ameto,' and other works in prose and verse had established his literary reputation, and the stories of the 'Decameron,' although not yet published in their collected form, greatly tended to increase his popularity amongst fashionable readers of both sexes. Petrarch happened to pass through Florence on his way to the jubilee celebrated in Rome (1350); he did not love the city of his ancestors, which had expelled his father and confiscated his own heritage. During this, his first visit also, he complains of the cold reception he met with at the hands of the Florentines. All the more must he have been delighted with the kindness of Boccaccio, who, on receiving the news of his arrival, sent him a complimentary Latin poem, invited him to his house, and entertained him with great hospitality during his stay in Florence.

The friendly intercourse thus commenced soon gave rise to further acts of mutual kindness. After the example of several Italian cities, and especially of the rival Pisa, Florence resolved on founding a university,

and it may be considered a sign of the strong vitality of the Republic, that this plan was carried out immediately after the terrible plague of 1348, so graphically described by Boccaccio. The latter took a lively interest in the project, and, not without trouble, persuaded the authorities to secure for the university the lustre of Petrarch's name. He, moreover, undertook the personal delivery of a highly complimentary letter from the Senate to the poet offering him a chair in the university—the choice of a subject for his lectures being left to his own decision. A promise was added, on the part of the Senate, to repurchase, at the public expense, and restore to Petrarch his confiscated patrimony; 'a small gift in itself,' the official document says, 'but not unimportant, if you consider our laws and customs, and the fact that it has never been granted to any of our citizens.' Petrarch, highly flattered by the offer and perhaps still more by the complimentary terms in which it was couched, wrote an enthusiastic letter of acceptance to the Senate. The messenger, it need scarcely be added, was no less welcome than the good news he carried. Boccaccio remained with Petrarch for some time, and the account he has given of his visit conveys a pleasant idea of the genial unceremonious intercourse of the two friends. Even for such a guest Petrarch would not interrupt his studies, and Boccaccio himself began at once to copy the most important works of his friend, the possession of which had been the goal of his wishes for a long time. But

after their work in the evening, the two friends used to meet in a little orchard, beautiful with the blossoms of spring, and to communicate to each other the ideas nearest and dearest to their hearts. One of these conversations, or rather Petrarch's part of it, has been preserved to us, in which the poet deploras in impressive language the woes and wrongs of his country.

The friends parted with an *al rivederci* in Florence. But this wish was to remain unfulfilled; for Petrarch suddenly changed his mind, and writing a letter of excuse to the Florentines, started for his lonely retreat of Vacluse. Whether one of the poet's fits of misanthropy, or his old prejudice against Florence, never quite overcome, was the cause of this strange conduct cannot be ascertained. Another step he took two years afterwards seems to confirm the latter conjecture. I am alluding to his entering the service of Giovanni Visconti, the warlike Archbishop of Milan, and sworn enemy of the Republic, whose conduct Petrarch himself had severely reproved in his conversation with Boccaccio. The latter felt deeply aggrieved at his friend's inconsistency. 'How could you forget,' he writes, 'your own dignity, our conversation on the state of Italy, your hatred of the Archbishop, your love of solitude, and of the liberty so necessary for study, and imprison the Muses in that court? How was it that a Visconti could obtain what King Robert, the Pope, the Emperor, the King of France have vainly asked for? Perhaps you will say that you were induced to accept his offer by your indigna-

tion at your fellow-citizens, who after restoring your patrimony have again deprived you of it.* I do not disapprove of your just indignation at such a proceeding; but Heaven forbid that I should call it honest or justifiable in anyone to revenge private injury by a wrong done to his country.' One recognises Boccaccio's love in the warmth of his reproaches. He is grieved at seeing his friend and master act in a manner unworthy of his greatness. But there is no bitterness or animosity in his rebuke, only sorrow and anxious care for his friend's dignity and happiness.

The manly straightforwardness of his conduct cannot be commended too highly, but equally praiseworthy is the manner in which Petrarch received the advice so impetuously offered. He fully appreciates his friend's anxiety, but assures him at the same time that no political connection could ever withdraw him from the great purposes of his life—learning and poetry. The only thing in the letter amounting to a retort is Petrarch's remark, that 'talking of service, I do not see that it is worse to serve one man than a whole people of tyrants.' There the discussion seems to have ended, although Boccaccio occasionally mentions Petrarch's stay at Milan as a sore point. But their mutual affection remained unalterably the same.

The next meeting of the friends, of which we have authentic information, took place in 1359. Petrarch was staying at Milan, where Boccaccio paid him a visit

* It seems from this that the Florentines had punished the poet's fickleness by withdrawing their grant.

of considerable duration, it would seem. Political scruples, which might have made him hesitate at entering the city of the Visconti, had given way to higher considerations. About this time we have to date the beginning of a moral revolution in Boccaccio's nature, which soon was to lead to important results. Petrarch, as has been said before, had from the first been his guide and monitor, and to Petrarch he went again in the present crisis. Their conversation frequently turned upon moral topics, and in an eclogue, purporting to render one of their arguments, Boccaccio extols the new light of a higher ideal suddenly breaking upon him: 'If my friend's admonitions,' he adds, 'did not lead to an immediate triumph over myself, they at least kindled in me the desire of future victory.'

But their common interest in literary pursuits was not wholly lost sight of. Boccaccio, on this occasion, presented his friend with several valuable manuscripts of ancient authors, and also with a complete copy of the '*Divina Commedia*,' all copied with his own hand. The last-mentioned gift was one of peculiar significance, and indeed referred to a circumstance which might have been fatal to a friendship founded on a less secure basis.

Boccaccio's enthusiasm for the works of Dante is well known; he was one of his earliest biographers and commentators, and age and infirmity could not prevent him from accepting at a later period the chair created for the exegesis of the '*Commedia*,' in the University

of Florence. Petrarch, on the other hand, treated the works of his great predecessor with marked neglect, and his voluminous library did not contain a copy of modern Italy's most glorious poem. His enemies naturally suggested envy as the motive of this strange conduct. Boccaccio himself felt aggrieved and perplexed. Hence his present, accompanied by some Latin verses, in which he exhorts Petrarch to study the work with care, and after this to stop the slanderous rumours by a straightforward utterance of his opinion.

Petrarch's answer to this demand is long and elaborate. I will briefly sketch its contents, leaving it for the reader to form his own opinion as to the justice or injustice of the charge which it tries to refute. Any thought of envy on his part the poet indignantly denies. '*Crede mihi nihil a me longius, nulla mihi pestis ignotior invidia est.*' As to Dante, in particular, I have no reason to hate him who lived on terms of intimacy with my father and grandfather, and was banished with them by their political adversaries. I admire his steadfastness of purpose not to be bent by poverty or persecution.' His intentional ignorance of Dante's chief work he explains from the fear of unconsciously becoming an imitator; he now unhesitatingly admits Dante to be the first of vernacular authors. But here is the rub. Petrarch's whole pride lay in his reputation as a Latin poet, and we become painfully aware that the genial praise just quoted flows from a patronizing vein. He can afford to be generous in a case where competition with his own fame is out

of the question. 'How can I envy him who dedicated his whole life to that to which I gave only the flower and first-fruits of my youth?' After the impression which this cool statement has probably made on the reader, it is only fair to remind him that some of the best scholars and authors of the day shared with Petrarch a prejudice against the so-called *lingua volgare*, which the poet's own works were so largely instrumental in dispelling.

Boccaccio's visit was shortened by a circumstance which, intimately as it concerned both him and Petrarch, deserves our attention. It leads us naturally to that element in their friendship which connects it with the great current of intellectual progress. News reached the friends of the arrival at Venice of Leontio Pilato, the celebrated Greek scholar, then on his way to the Papal Court at Avignon. Boccaccio at once resolved to secure his services for Italy, and waylaying him he persuaded the learned man to go with him to Florence, where, soon afterwards, he induced the Senate to offer a Greek professorship to Leontio, the first chair of the kind founded in Western Europe since the destruction of the Roman Empire.

We in England are apt to connect the idea of classic Renaissance with the age of Raphael, Michel Angelo and the Medici, with the *Cinque Cento* in fact. With regard to the literary revival this is a mistake by more than a century. It has already been stated how both Petrarch and Boccaccio encouraged the study of the great Latin authors by word and example.

Both were zealous collectors of books, and to Boccaccio in particular belongs the honour of having saved many a valuable manuscript from the callous ignorance of lazy monks; and their interest was not confined to the writers of ancient Rome. At a time when the language of Hellas was ignored by the best scholars of Italy, Petrarch, at a comparatively advanced age, began a serious course of Greek grammar and literature under Barlaam, the ambassador from Constantinople. It is true that his progress was slow and limited, that he remained an *elementarius Graius*, an elementary Greek according to his own modest confession. But the example set by him acted as an incentive on others, Boccaccio, again, being amongst the first in this race of noble emulation. He now received Leontio Pilato in his house, and with his assistance soon was able to master and enjoy Homer in his original beauty. At his own expense he ordered MSS. of the 'Iliad' and 'Odyssey' from Greece, and by his advice Leontio began and finished in about two years a Latin translation of the two works. It is indeed not too much to say with Gibbon, 'that the popular writer who derives his reputation from the "Decameron"—an hundred novels of pleasantry and love—may aspire to the more serious praise of restoring in Italy the study of the Greek language.'

But this elegant and well-deserved tribute Boccaccio did not earn without much personal sacrifice. Leontio Pilato, great scholar as he was, must have been one of the least desirable companions that can well be

imagined. From the quiet annals of scholarship the eccentricities and strange adventures of this man stand out with graphic distinctness. He displays a combination of the highest scholarly attainments with the habits of a charlatan. One of his tricks was to conceal his Italian nationality, in which he succeeded with the good-natured Boccaccio. But Petrarch was of a less credulous disposition. 'Our friend Leo,' he writes, evidently in high glee at his discovery, 'hails from Calabria, although he wants to be a Thessalian—as if it were nobler to be a Greek than an Italian. I understand, however, that in Greece he is the Italian, so that in either country he enjoys the *prestige* of foreign origin.' Boccaccio himself has not much to say in favour of his guest and teacher. His whole aspect, we are told, inspired horror: he had a forbidding countenance, a long beard, and black hair, and always seemed absorbed in meditation. To this were added rude and overbearing manners, and a habit of grumbling at everyone and everything. It required, indeed, all Boccaccio's urbanity and all his love of study to tolerate such an inmate in his home for nearly three years.

At the end of that time Leontio grew restless, and persuaded his host to accompany him on a visit to Petrarch, then staying at Venice. There Boccaccio left him and returned to Florence, expecting to see him back again in due time. But instead of his truant guest a letter arrived from Petrarch, which is too amusing to be passed over in silence. 'This Leone,' he writes, 'is truly and

in all respects a perfect brute (*bestia*). In spite of my wish and prayer he left me shortly after your departure, being indeed more deaf and immovable than the rocks to which he is going. You know both him and me, and might find it difficult to decide which is greater, his moroseness or my good humour. Fearing at last that by living too much with him his temper might prove contagious, and seeing, moreover, that something stronger than prayers would be required to keep him back, I permitted him to depart, and gave him as travelling companion Terence, the comic poet, although I do not see what the melancholy Greek and the gay African can have in common. . . . He left me with many sallies of bitter invective against Italy and everything Latin. But, lo and behold, hardly can he have arrived in Greece when I get from him a letter longer and pricklier than his beard, in which, amongst other things, he extols Italy and curses Constantinople instead, which formerly he used to praise up to the skies. He also asks me for an invitation to come back to Italy with more fervour than that with which the drowning Peter prayed for his rescue from the waves.' 'But he will never have a letter or message from me,' Petrarch adds, writing again to Boccaccio, 'to call him back. Let him stay where he wanted to go; and live in misery where he went with insolence.'

But this is not the last we hear of the unfortunate Leontio Pilato. His death was as extraordinary as

his life had been. The learned Ravisius Textor, according to Horace Walpole, wrote a book about authors who died laughing. Is there one about such as died by lightning? or did many distinguished men of letters make their exit in that melodramatic manner? I know of one only—the one we have been speaking of. In spite of Petrarch's significant silence, Leontio Pilato resolved to return to Italy, and embarked for that purpose at Constantinople. At sea they were overtaken by a terrible storm, and the frightened scholar ascending the mast of the vessel was there killed in the manner alluded to. Petrarch, in telling Boccaccio the news of his death, cannot suppress a certain feeling of compassion and sorrow: 'for in spite of his unpleasant ways I know he was fond of me, and after all we have derived great benefit from him for our studies.'

We now come to an episode in Boccaccio's life exceedingly interesting from a psychological point of view, and illustrative at the same time of one important side of his intimacy with Petrarch. The moral standard of Boccaccio, both in his life and his writings, was not a very elevated one, even making allowance for the dissolute manners of his age. He was certainly not a confirmed debauchee; his refinement of taste, his enthusiasm in the cause of literature, preserved him from such debasement. At the same time these nobler feelings made him all the more sensible of his shortcomings. He was, in fact, one of those complex beings with high moral

aspirations, but without sufficient steadiness of purpose to come up to their own ideal. Hence his occasional fits of morbid remorse, intensified, at the period we have now reached, by the gloom of ill-health and approaching old age. The traces of this state of feeling we have already discovered in his conversations with Petrarch at Milan. We can therefore imagine the impression produced on his agitated mind, when not long after his return to Florence, a Carthusian monk called on him with the following startling message: 'The blessed Peter (another Carthusian monk lately deceased) unknown to thee, although he knew thee well, moved to pity at seeing thee on the straight road to perdition, has sent me to thee with a summons to change thy wicked habits. Repent thee and chastise thyself for the dangerous and immoral purport of thy vernacular writings, a danger which will increase and spread unless thou change thy principles. Thou hast abused the power . . .' and so forth, in the most improved style of monkish oratory, the climax being a threat of imminent death in case of disobedience. The revelation of a secret known only to Boccaccio himself is said to have given additional force to this posthumous admonition.

Boccaccio was deeply moved. His troubled conscience, fear of death, amazement at the supernatural agencies at work, all combined to upset his intellectual equipoise. His first natural impulse in such cases was to seek Petrarch's help. To him, therefore, he

wrote a letter, detailing the incidents alluded to, and expressing his firm resolve to sell his library, abandon all profane studies, and prepare himself for his approaching end by a life of repentance and religious seclusion.

Petrarch's reply is extant. It is a masterpiece of good sense, and amazingly free from the prejudices and superstitions of the time. But it ought to be remembered that Petrarch in matters of intellect was centuries in advance of his age. The much revered and wonderful science of astrology he treated with utter contempt, and a similar feeling of suspicion he, perhaps not unjustly, extended to medicine such as it was practised at the time. His wholesale ridicule of the profession of *unguentarii* (quacksalvers), as he collectively calls them, rivals Molière's satire in sweeping poignancy. A trick of monkish jugglery stood but small chance of success with such a critic. Probably he knew that most of Boccaccio's secrets were certain to be shared by, at least, one person—of a sex, too, not usually credited with much reticence. At any rate he seems inclined to treat the supernatural part of the story very lightly. 'It has frequently happened,' he writes, 'that fictitious and lying statements have been covered with the cloak of religion; before deciding as to your particular case I should like to see the messenger. But why,' he continues, 'do we despise things well known in order to be impressed by what is hidden from us? Did you not know without this monk that the time of your life was measured—a

thing that every child could tell? Do not saints and philosophers teach you the same? Ought not man to long for death every day so as to detach himself from material things, and to ascend a height beyond the foul breath of earthly desire? Of the advice you have received, retain what is good; divest your spirit of mundane cares, and reform your life and mind. But do not abandon, I implore you, your studies, the healthy food of a healthy mind, although distasteful and nauseous to the weak stomach.' Sooner than allow the library of so distinguished a man to be dispersed, he declares his own willingness to become its purchaser, but at the same time exhorts Boccaccio not to part with it. The letter ends with an affectionate invitation to his friend to live with him in his own house, 'sufficiently large to shelter two men of the same heart under the same roof.' The fact that Boccaccio continued his Homeric studies with Leontio Pilato (during whose stay at his house the just-related incident must have happened) proves his amenability to good advice; and it ought not to be forgotten that to Petrarch's salutary interference, the literary world owes the important historical and mythological works of Boccaccio's later years.

It remains to look at one more scene of this passionless drama—a scene full of tenderness and gentle melancholy. In 1368, after an absence from Italy, Boccaccio once more intended to visit his friend to thank him for some liberal assistance recently received. Petrarch at that time was living with his married

daughter in Venice, but on arriving Boccaccio found that both the father of the lady and her husband, Franceschino da Brossano, were absent from home. Tullia, however (this is the name given to Petrarch's daughter by Boccaccio, in the letter containing the incident), received him kindly, and placed her house and her father's library at his disposal, but with a delicacy hardly perhaps to be expected from the author of the 'Decameron,' Boccaccio declined the lady's hospitality in the absence of her husband, thinking that neither his grey hairs nor the considerable rotundity of his figure would sufficiently protect Tullia from the suspicions of the wicked. Soon afterwards Franceschino returned, and his offer the poet now gladly accepted, and stayed with the young couple for some time. Boccaccio then mentions Tullia's little daughter, who, he adds, in her face and in her pretty childish ways, reminded him of his own little girl dead long ago; and it is touching to read his confession to Petrarch, how with great difficulty he tried to hide his tears from the parents.

On the morning of July 19, 1374, Petrarch was found dead in his library, with his head resting on a book. A stroke of apoplexy had suddenly killed him. In his last will he left to Boccaccio, with a slight touch of humour one might almost think, 'fifty Florentine gold florins to buy a winter coat for his nightly studies and lucubrations.' The letter from Franceschino da Brossano announcing his father-in-law's death, reached Boccaccio at Certaldo, his native place, where he possessed some property. He was slowly recovering from

a severe illness, and this new shock completely prostrated him. In his answer to Franceschino he pours forth the fulness of his grief. He deplores Italy who has lost such a son, the surviving friends who are left without a pilot on the ocean of life. Only his extreme weakness prevents him from visiting a tomb enshrining a heart—‘the seat of the Muses, the sanctuary of philosophy, of eloquence, of artistic perfection.’

Life henceforth had no attraction for him, and he longed for death and reunion with his friend; but one duty remained unfulfilled, a duty to *his* memory. Petrarch’s Latin epic, ‘Africa,’ has already been mentioned in these pages. It was begun at an early age, and, like Goethe’s ‘Faust,’ it remained the object of its author’s love and care almost till his last day. He went on incessantly altering and correcting it with all the severity of his self-critical nature. “‘Africa” mea,’ he writes to Boccaccio at an advanced age, ‘quæ tunc juvenis notior jam famosiorque quam vellem, curis postea multis ac gravibus pressa consenuit.’ At one time he was so dissatisfied with his work that it narrowly escaped death by burning. But in spite of all this anxiety the *opus magnum* of Petrarch’s life remained unfinished at his death. A large portion, however, was known to be extant, and the learned world was eagerly looking forward to its speedy publication. A rumour reached Boccaccio, that owing to the negligence of Petrarch’s heirs, the manuscript had been tampered with by illiterate scribblers.

Immediately his energy was roused. A letter on the

subject, written by him to Petrarch's son-in-law, is full of the fire and energy of his early style. He entreats Franceschino to publish at once an authentic copy of the work. He deplores the carelessness of Petrarch's executors in not appointing a competent person as editor of his literary remains. He even seems to give credence to wild rumours of one or more of Petrarch's 'Trionfi' having been destroyed by envious persons, and points out the grave responsibility attaching to the possession of such invaluable treasures. In compliance with his wish Franceschino ordered an exact copy of the work to be made expressly for Boccaccio, who unfortunately died before it was finished. There is, however, little doubt that to his energetic interference the preservation of 'Africa' is mainly due; and however much we may differ from contemporary criticism as to the value of that work, we cannot refuse our admiration to a friendship outlasting death itself.

Boccaccio survived his friend one year and five months, dying in December, 1375. Shortly before his end he wrote a sonnet, in which the two great affections of his life—for Petrarch and Fiammetta—find pathetic utterance. I have attempted a literal translation, which may fitly close this article:

'Now hast thou left me, master dear; now art
At rest in that eternal house, where free
From earthly strife God-chosen souls shall be
When from this sinful world they do depart.
Now art thou where full many a time thy heart
Drew thee thy Laura once again to see;
Where with my beautiful Fiammetta she

In God's most blissful presence taketh part.
Cino, Senuccio, Dante, thee around,
Gazing on things our reason may not grasp,
Calmly abide in sempiternal rest.
If here thy trusty friend I have been found,
Draw me to thee, that I may see and clasp
Her who love's flame first kindled in my breast.'



*THE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY.**

MR. SYMONDS'S history of Italian Renaissance, the two final volumes of which have recently been published, will no doubt take a prominent place among the literary monuments of our age. Earnestness of thought, wide scope of learning, and, more than all, the author's intense love of his subject, raise it high above the ephemeral productions of the historic bookmaker. In the last-named respect Mr. Symonds vividly reflects at least one phase of modern culture, which carries the love of art and the worship of beauty in all its forms almost to the pitch of religious fervour. It need not be added that for a mind thus constituted a more congenial subject could not have been found than the period of antique revival, which, from an æsthetic point of view, marks, perhaps, the acme, as it does, no doubt, the origin of modern culture.

It is curious to note the radical difference with which two such writers as Gibbon and Mr. Symonds speak of some of the subjects which they have in

* 'Renaissance in Italy.' By John Addington Symonds
5 vols.

common. Gibbon is by no means without a touch of sentiment, and his immortal work, conceived in the Capitol 'while the barefooted friars were singing vespers in the Temple of Jupiter,' and finished twenty-two years later, on the memorable night in the garden at Lausanne, may in a sense be called one of the grandest monuments of the historic passion. At the same time that passion is controlled by the perfect self-command of the scholar and the elegant writer. He is always above his subject, and, therefore, distinctly discerns its absolute and its relative position in the course of events. Mr. Symonds, on the contrary, is right among those events; they each in their turn attract his entire attention, they obstruct his view of other phenomena, equally important, but at the moment more distant. Hence the want of perspective, the defectiveness of grouping, which are the most serious charges to be raised against his book. To give an instance, the claims of Boccaccio to a foremost place among the precursors and originators of the Renaissance are set forth by Gibbon in the one clear-cut sentence, 'That popular writer who derives his reputation from the "Decameron"—an hundred novels of pleasantry and love—may aspire to the more serious praise of restoring in Italy the study of the Greek language.'

Under Mr. Symonds's guidance we have to read page on page in one volume, and thence grope our way to further information in another, to arrive ultimately at the same fact. It is true that by this means we have also learnt the æsthetic significance of that

fact, its connection with contemporary currents of thought, and its psychological bearing, not to speak of the literary details which the plan of Mr. Symonds's work implies. In other words, we have gained in depth what we have lost in lucid exposition. And the difference is one which does not belong to these individual writers alone; it marks the chasm which divides a generation nurtured on Shelley, Carlyle, and Tennyson from one which looked upon Voltaire as a great poet and profound philosopher.

Mr. Symonds has divided his work into five volumes, the first of which, called 'The Age of the Despots,' is, strictly speaking, introductory. He begins by defining the term 'Renaissance'—and here we must at once join issue with him. It is quite true that, in a certain sense, we are still in mid-Renaissance—in the sense, namely, that our scientific and literary and even our commercial life has its starting-point in an age which, apart from recovering the treasures of antique learning and art, also invented printing, emancipated religious thought from the thralldom of Rome, and laid bare the secrets of the heavens and the earth by discovering the solar system and America,—

' Venient annis sæcula seris,
Quibus Oceanus vincula rerum
Laxet, et ingens pateat tellus,
Tethysque novos detegat orbes ;
Nec sit terris ultima Thule,'

as Seneca wrote with prophetic inspiration. At the same time, if we comprise all these events and currents

of development in the term Renaissance, that term becomes too vague and unmanageable to be of any scientific use. Moreover, these events have in most cases little or no connection with the new birth of learning proper. To say nothing of the discovery of an unknown continent, there is little in the spirit of the German reformers which can be called congenial with that of the Italian Cinquecentists, although the Humanists form a kind of connecting link. When Luther, at the time an obscure German monk, visited Rome, and saw the head of the Church surrounded by pagan splendour, his inmost soul revolted, and the idea of a radical reform grew strong in his simple mind. 'I would not take a thousand guilders, so that I had not seen Rome,' he wrote at a later date; and Tetzels, the monk, whose evil deeds lighted his hidden wrath to open flame, was himself in a certain sense an emissary of the Renaissance. The money he raised by the sale of indulgences to German peasants went to swell the building funds of one of the proudest monuments which the genius of Raphael and Michael Angelo and Bramante erected to the spirit of the Antique.

There were, indeed, in the early Middle Ages risings against the despotism of Rome, much more nearly akin to the subtleties of Greek philosophy than anything that Luther ever dreamt of. But of these Mr. Symonds takes no heed. He has all the love of a biographer for the period he deals with; outside of that charmed circle of light everything appears to him utter darkness. 'The mental condition of the Middle

Ages,' he writes, 'was one of ignorant prostration before the idols of the Church;' and again, 'We have, moreover, to remember the Cathari, the Paterini, the Fraticelli, the Albigenses, the Hussites—heretics in whom the new light dimly shone, and who were instantly exterminated by the Church.' The Cathari and Albigenses—by the way, two names for the same doctrinal movement—so far from being 'instantly exterminated,' were for years the most dangerous enemies of the Church, whose influence extended from Bulgaria and the Danubian Principalities to the South of France, and who, after a long struggle, had to be exterminated by a crusade of united orthodox Europe. If Leo X. or Alexander VI. had occupied the Papal throne instead of Innocent III., one of the most striking figures of the Middle Ages, the issue might have been different. If Mr. Symonds discovers a connection of the Renaissance with the revolt against Roman oppression, he ought consistently to have traced it back to this Reformation of the thirteenth century, which would, of course, be absurd.

We have dwelt upon this point at some length in order to show the danger of losing hold of a well-defined and generally recognised name, and of such historic landmarks as are furnished for the Renaissance period proper, by the recovery of Greek learning about the middle of the fourteenth century, and by the general decline of Italian art and scholarship about 250 years later. It is from this circumstance, moreover, that the two chief defects of Mr. Symonds's work

arise—viz., the want of distinct grouping on the one hand, and the tendency towards branching off into side issues on the other. That tendency is strikingly illustrated by the contents of his first volume. This is avowedly occupied with the history of what Mr. Symonds calls the Age of the Despots—that is, of the dynasties which certain powerful nobles and citizens founded on the ruins of Republican freedom in the various cities of Italy. Thus we hear in succession of the atrocious cruelties, the wiles, the systematic corruption which led to the establishment of the Visconti and Sforza at Milan, of the Medici at Florence, and of the Borgia in Rome—for even the sanctity of the Papal throne was not safe from the rapaciousness of the Italian nobles; and it is said that Cæsar Borgia, Alexander VI.'s terrible son, entertained a wild idea of secularizing the Papacy and making it hereditary in his family. That some account of all this should be given was no doubt necessary.

It was in such a soil as this that the first seeds of the Renaissance were sown, and germinated. This fact is an astounding proof of the elasticity and many-sidedness of the human mind. If one reads of entire populations of conquered cities being put to the sword, of tortures too horrible to bear description, of brother murdering brother, of cruelty combined with sensual vice of the grossest kind, one wonders how men brought up in such surroundings could have had the heart to think of science and culture and artistic development. Still more astonishing is it to find some

of the perpetrators of these atrocities among the enlightened patrons of art. All this Mr. Symonds might have pointed out in as many sentences as he devotes pages to details neither agreeable to read nor pertinent to the real subject of his book. One cannot help thinking that a separate appendix on 'Blood-madness' is no less unnecessary than the lengthy analysis given in a subsequent volume of a poem written by Jeronimo Fracastoro, a physician, on a loathsome disease not generally mentioned in polite society.

Mr. Symonds is more successful when he limits himself to his more immediate literary purpose. His chapters on the school of historians at Florence are full of interest. Here the difference of treatment from anything the Middle Ages have left us is strikingly illustrated. The monkish chroniclers, to whom the annals of the earlier times were entrusted, were no more than mechanical copyists of the events which came under their immediate notice. A calf with two heads born in their stables, or a storm which devastates their orchards, is recorded by them in the same breath with the fall of an empire. Giovanni Villani, Dino Compagni (the controversy as to whose genuineness Mr. Symonds leaves undecided), and most of all Machiavelli, are historians fully aware of the dignity and the task of history, without at the same time losing sight of the human impulses and passions of which actual events are merely the reflex.

A separate chapter is justly devoted to Machiavelli's famous, or infamous, 'Principe,' which, whatever ex-

planation of its personal motive and political purport one may accept, shows the moral depravity of those cruel times in its naked hideousness. Mr. Symonds does not entertain the conjecture that Machiavelli intended to rouse the dormant spirit of his fellow-citizens by showing the terrible consequences to which tyrannic statecraft must logically lead. According to him, Machiavelli looked upon crimes and horrors with the eye of the scientific investigator, judging of their morality by the amount of success by which they were accompanied. No wonder that, seen by this light, Cæsar Borgia appears a highly interesting if not altogether commendable phenomenon, and that Machiavelli is inclined to sneer at Gianpaolo Baglioni because he had not the courage to strangle his guest, Julius II. 'This book,' Mr. Symonds remarks, 'was really nothing more nor less than a critical compendium of facts respecting Italy, a highly condensed abstract of political experience.'

One may admit this without accepting to its full extent the charge of universal depravity which Mr. Symonds raises against the Italians of this period. He here seems to fall into a similar error of judgment as when, in another place, he says that the *onestà* or virtue of the woman of the Renaissance was 'compatible with secret infidelity, provided she did not expose herself to ridicule and censure by letting her amours be known.' On such points it is dangerous to accept implicitly the testimony of professional politicians or of immoral poets and *conteurs*, whose

interest it is and has been from time immemorial to deny the virtues they cannot claim for themselves or appreciate in others. *La donna* (or *il popolo*) è *mobile* was the burden of their song centuries before Verdi found music for the words. That among the people at least the sense of right and wrong was not extinct is proved by the irresistible moral force which supported Savonarola against the Pope and the Medici till he fell by his own weakness and insincerity; and history cannot point to a nobler woman—a faithful wife and inconsolable widow, a lover of all that was great in art and poetry, and herself a poetess of no mean order—than Vittoria Colonna. And such cases have a more than individual significance. They are as typical as are, on the other side, Alexander VI. and Lucrezia Borgia, who, by the way, also became a respectable wife and mother as soon as she was removed from the baneful influence of her father's court (*vide* Gregorovius).

In his second volume Mr. Symonds stands on his proper ground, which is, to repeat it once more, the literary and artistic revival of the Renaissance epoch, and on this ground he is at home. His reading here is comprehensive, and his sympathy with his subject perfect. Criticism, in consequence, is merged in admiration of an author who has reopened to us so many sources of forgotten knowledge. Especially praiseworthy is his general introduction to the Revival of Learning, in which the claims of the old Italian scholars to the gratitude of the world are set forth

in convincing terms. He justly remarks that the Renaissance has not produced a great poet of the stamp of Dante, or even of Petrarch. 'The Orlando Furioso,' he continues, 'is but a poor second to the "Divina Commedia;" and all those works of scholarship which seemed to our ancestors the *ne plus ultra* of refinement are now relegated to the lumber-room of erudition that has been superseded, or of literary ingenuity that has lost its point. Now that the boon of cultureso hardly won by the students of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries has become the common heritage of Europe, it is not always easy to explain the mental grandeur of the Italians in that age. Yet we should fail to recognise their merit if we did not comprehend that precisely by this absorption of their genius in the task of the Revival they conferred the most enduring benefit upon humanity. What the modern world would have been if the Italian nation had not devoted its energies to the restoration of liberal learning cannot even be imagined.'

Among the earliest enthusiasts in the cause of Greek learning, and, therefore, the harbingers of the Renaissance proper, the names of Petrarch and Boccaccio are prominent. In the friendship of those two great men their common love of antique poetry is one of the most interesting features. Petrarch himself never attained to a knowledge of Greek—according to his own confession, he always remained an *elementarius Graius*—but he admonished Boccaccio to persevere in the study of that

language; and it was partly to satisfy his friend's desire that the younger poet undertook the translation into Latin of 'Homer,' with the assistance of Leontio Pilato, one of the most curious figures in literary history, the true humour of which seems to have escaped Mr. Symonds. According to all accounts, Leontio seems to have been anything but an agreeable specimen of his class, and Petrarch, a great humourist as well as a great poet, gives the most amusing description of his long beard, his sombre countenance, his moroseness, and his vain attempts at scholarly dignity. Even Leontio's chief claim to the esteem of the *litterati*, his Greek origin, Petrarch discovered to be spurious.

Leontio Pilato was succeeded by a number of Greek scholars, better entitled to the name, who visited Italy generally on diplomatic missions and were invariably drawn to Florence, the real centre of intellectual life. Thus the Ambassador of the Emperor Palæologus, Manuel Chrysolaras, who enjoyed the fame of being the most eloquent and accomplished Hellenist of his day, was induced to accept the Greek chair in the University of Florence at a yearly stipend of 150 florins, afterwards raised to 250. The Council of Florence, attended by the Emperor John Palæologus, surrounded by his theologians and scribes, and ultimately the capture of Constantinople by the Turks, followed by a Greek exodus into Italy, further contributed towards the growth of Hellenism in

Western Europe. The love of antique culture thus revived was naturally accompanied by a general desire of rescuing from oblivion and collecting in public and private libraries such documents of classical learning as had survived the period of Mediæval darkness and indifference. The libraries of monasteries, frequently converted into lumber-rooms and covered by the dust of ages, were ransacked by adventurous scholars; the museums of Constantinople, the abbeys of Germany, Switzerland and France, were laid under contribution. Poggio Bracciolini, the Apostolic secretary at the Council of Constance, gives an interesting description of how he discovered the manuscript of Quintilian in the monastery of St. Gallen, 'lying in a most foul and obscure dungeon, at the very bottom of a tower, into which condemned criminals would hardly have been thrust; and I am firmly persuaded that if anyone would but explore these *ergastula* of the barbarians, wherein they incarcerate such men, we should meet with like good fortune in the case of many whose funeral orations have long ago been pronounced.'

Among those whose names are most prominent in the history of this noble endeavour the Medici should be mentioned first. Whatever may be thought of the means by which they acquired their power, it must at least be owned that they used that power for the benefit not only of Florence, but of mankind.

If one thinks of the semi-barbaric splendour with which other ruling families, for example the Doria at Genoa, surrounded themselves, the intellectual refinement of the Florentine merchant-princes is all the more worthy of praise. Thus Cosimo was the protector of learning and art in the noblest sense of the word. He collected gems, coins, manuscripts, and inscriptions, and the resources of his banking-house were largely employed in this work. His commercial agents all over the world thus became pioneers of learning, and with his assistance his friend Niccolo de' Niccoli succeeded in obtaining a complete codex of Pliny's 'Natural Histories' from the distant Lübeck. But the chief benefit conferred by Cosimo on learning was the accumulation and the housing of large public libraries. During his exile (1433-34) he built the Library of S. Giorgio Maggiore at Venice, and after his return to Florence he formed three separate collections of MSS. How his work was continued and completed by Lorenzo, the famous Laurentian Library still remains to show—a collection of books and manuscripts equalled in Italy only by the great library of the Vatican, founded by Nicholas V., the protector of the Humanists, at an expense of about 40,000 scudi.

To give a list of the brilliant scholars with whose names the history of Italian Humanism is identified, would be impossible. Although scattered all over Italy, and like most imaginative men, of migratory

habits, they generally gravitated towards Florence, and the palace of the Medici was seldom without a cluster of celebrated men of wit and learning. The reason for this predilection was obvious enough. 'The liberality of Lorenzo de Medici,' writes the famous Angelo Poliziano, 'that great and wise man, raised me from the obscure and humble position where my birth had placed me, to that degree of dignity and distinction I now enjoy, with no other recommendation than my literary abilities;' and his case was by no means singular. Of the life of these early scholars, of their position in society, of the brilliancy of their attainments, and of their shortcomings, a vivid picture may be derived from Mr. Symonds's pages. They were impulsive and full of intensity even in their vices, and their quarrels were conducted in a style compared with which the criticisms of the early Quarterly Reviewers were the milk of human kindness. Not unfrequently even the dagger, or, as in the case of Georgios Trapezuntios and Poggio, a more harmless box on the ear, was employed to settle a difference of opinion with regard to Diodorus and Xenophon. Mr. Symonds discovers the typical features of a scholar of the Renaissance in Leo Battista Alberti, and a brief description of his character may therefore fitly conclude this part of the subject :

'Alberti's name will always be coupled with that of Lionardo da Vinci, for though Lionardo, arriving at a happier moment, has eclipsed Alberti's fame, yet both of them were cast in the same mould. Alberti, indeed, might serve as the very type of those

many-sided, precocious, and comprehensive men of genius who only existed in the age of the Renaissance. Physical strength and dexterity were given to him at birth in measure equal to his mental faculties. It is recorded that he could jump standing over an upright man, pierce the strongest armour with his arrows, and so deftly fling a coin that it touched the highest point of a church or palace roof. The wildest horses are said to have trembled under him, as though brutes felt, like men, the magnetism of his personality. His insight into every branch of knowledge seemed intuitive, and his command of the arts was innate. At the age of twenty he composed the comedy of "Philodoxius," which passed for an antique and was published by the Aldi as the work of Lepidus Comicus in 1588. Of music, though he had not made it a special study, he was a thorough master, composing melodies that gave delight to scientific judges. He painted pictures, and wrote three books on painting, practised architecture, and compiled ten books on building. It is believed that he anticipated some modern discoveries in optics, and he certainly advanced the science of perspective. Like his compeer, Lionardo, he devoted attention to mechanics, and devised machinery for raising sunken ships. Like Lionardo, again, he was never tired of interrogating nature, conducting curious experiments and watching her more secret operations. As a physiognomist and diviner he acquired a reputation bordering on wizardry. It was as though his exquisite sensibilities and keenness of attention had gifted him with second sight. The depth of his sympathy with the outer world is proved by an assertion of his anonymous biographer that when he saw the cornfields and vineyards of autumn tears gathered to his eyes.'

Mr. Symonds's third volume is concerned with the Fine Arts proper, and, although an important and interesting part of the entire subject, it may be dismissed in comparatively few words. The history of painting, and sculpture, and architecture has been

cultivated by a succession of able men from the time of Vasari; and as regards the discovery of new facts, little remained to be done for Mr. Symonds. His task, indeed, was confined to the grouping of these facts in reference to his immediate subject. With this view he proceeds to trace the earliest evidences of re-awakened classicism in the various arts, commencing with architecture, which, according to him, is divided into three periods, beginning about the year 1420, and concluding with the last quarter of the sixteenth century. In the second of these periods, from 1500 to 1540, the most perfect buildings of the Italian Renaissance were produced.

In painting, a similar principle of gradual growth may be observed. Giotto and his immediate followers in the fourteenth century belong, intellectually speaking, entirely to the Middle Ages, the religious, philosophical, and social conceptions of which they embody in their paintings; but by their method and their spirit they anticipated the Renaissance. Foremost among the pioneers of the latter stands Masaccio, between whose style in the Brancacci Chapel and that of Raphael in the Vatican, there is, Mr. Symonds says, but a narrow gap, which might perchance have been passed over by this man but for his death at the early age of twenty-seven. In Raphael, Michel Angelo, Lionardo, and Correggio we are asked to acknowledge the consummation of the ideas and aspirations of the earlier Italian schools. 'To these

four men, each in his own degree and according to his own peculiar quality of mind, the fulness of the Renaissance in its power and freedom was revealed.' The appearance of Correggio, somewhat fancifully described as 'the Ariel or Faun, the lover and lightgiver,' in such exalted company, will no doubt startle many readers, whom we must refer to Mr. Symonds's pages for an explanation. In Benvenuto Cellini, sculptor, goldsmith, and delightful autobiographer, the spirit of the latter days of the Renaissance is embodied.

The two final volumes of Mr. Symonds's history of the Renaissance form, in a manner, a separate book. The author here confines himself exclusively to the literary side of his subject, and is therefore enabled to adopt a more detailed treatment than had previously been possible. The consistent and historic manner in which he proceeds, further adds to the value of this portion. The earlier volumes frequently have the appearance of a collection of essays; here we have a literary work of organic growth, and developed from a central idea. From this general praise the introductory chapters, however, must be excluded. Mr. Symonds, who has read every Italian book of importance, seems to be less at home in the collateral branches of Mediæval learning which occupy so important a place in the ante-Renaissance literature of Italy. His knowledge of Provençal poetry, for instance, seems to be somewhat vague, and he could not hope to find much enlightenment on the subject in the works of

the Italian authorities, to which, as he states in the preface, he has almost exclusively confined himself. With the exception of Musafia, there is no Italian writer of eminence who could be cited as a source for the literature of Provence or its influence on that of Italy. If Mr. Symonds had extended his researches to the standard books on the subject in French and German he would have avoided much vagueness of statement and a few distinct errors. He would not, for example, have mistaken '*joie*' for a Provençal form (Sterne's reapers singing, '*Viva la joya, fidon la tris-tessa*,' might have taught him better), or referred to Aimeric de Pegulhan, a troubadour of Toulouse, as Amerigo di Peguilhan, which has about as much, or perhaps not as much, sense as if we were to style the historian of the Renaissance '*Messer Giovanni Sismondi*.' Following, it would appear, the authority of Carducci, an able poet and accomplished scholar, but not a safe guide in philological matters, Mr. Symonds seems inclined to overrate the influence of the *langue d'oc* on the formation of the Italian idiom. In Lombardy, any more than in Sicily, Provençal was not at any time spoken 'to the exclusion of the mother tongue,' although a few Italian nobles chose to write poetry in it. In Italy, as indeed in France itself, the literary idiom used by the troubadours, as distinguished from local dialects, was essentially a language of courtiers and polite people.

This Mr. Symonds himself admits, but he says that

'a hybrid known as *franco-italian* sprang up for the common people who listened to the tales of Roland and Rinaldo on the market-place.' Mr. Symonds would probably have some difficulty in proving the literary existence or defining the grammatical structure of this mixed *patois*. On the other hand, he does not lay sufficient stress on the paramount influence of Provençal metre on the development of Italian verse-forms, not excluding even the sonnet and the ottava-rima, which, although of indigenous growth, are quite in conformity with the metrical code of the troubadours. In this respect the singers of Provence were the masters and models of Dante and Petrarch, as both poets amply acknowledged, both by explicit words and by the higher praise of imitation. Defects of this kind, however, are of little significance in a book so full of information as Mr. Symonds's volumes on Italian literature. To give an adequate idea of the contents of these volumes would by far exceed our present purpose. We must limit ourselves to a few of the most striking and least familiar points.

Mr. Symonds starts with the proposition that the spirit of Italian literature at the time of the Renaissance manifests itself under two apparently antagonistic forms—first, in the recovery of the classics by the scholars of the fifteenth century, secondly in the portraiture of Italian character and temperament by writers of romance and fiction. The latter form of art called into life by Boccaccio's 'Decameron' is represented by such men as Sacchetti, Masaccio, and, later

on, Bandello, whose treatment of the story of Romeo and Juliet is well known to Shakespearean scholars.

The poetic complement of the popular *novelle* is the song of the people in the *rispetti* and *stornelli* or *fiori*, called by the latter name because their first verse always consists of the name of a flower. One of these lyrical blossoms is cited by Mr. Symonds. Its last line reminds one strangely of the inscription placed on Keats's tombstone by desire of the poet :

' Fior di Granato,
Bella, lo nome tuo sta scritto in cielo,
Lo mio sta scritto sull' onda del mare.'

These simple lyrics are the very antipodes of the refined and scholarly poetry cultivated by the representatives of the Renaissance, drawing their inspiration avowedly from antique sources. A poetry thus inspired could not be without the dramatic element, and we find accordingly that Angelo Poliziano, Ariosto, and others, cultivated both tragedy and comedy after the manner of the ancients. With regard to the former, Mr. Symonds justly observes that it lacks genuine tragic feeling, although the political history of the time might well have inspired the poet with subjects of terror and pity. It was left to our own Elizabethan playwrights to show the true dramatic import of Italian crime and misfortune. In his elaborate and appreciative chapters on the narrative and humorous poets Pulci, Boiardo, and Ariosto, Mr. Symonds is on more familiar ground, to which we need not follow him. A few final words may be devoted to one of the most

grotesque phenomena of the epoch—at once the clown and the bravo of the Renaissance—Aretino. Without scholarly accomplishments or literary gifts of a superior kind, Aretino, a man of low origin and a notorious villain, managed to live in princely style, the *protégé* of Emperor and Pope, and what is still more wonderful, the friend of Titian, and even of the high-minded Michelangelo. So much was literary praise desired and literary satire dreaded by the great men of the cinquecento.



EXHIBITIONS OF ROSSETTI'S PICTURES.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

IN addition to the usual array of old masters, the fourteenth winter exhibition of the Royal Academy contains two special features of more than common interest—being selections from the works of John Linnell, the landscape painter, and of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. The juxtaposition of these two masters has a certain flavour of the Monmouth and Macedon principle about it. Both died lately, and both, during their lifetime, held aloof from the Royal Academy. There the analogy ends. In the case of Linnell, the secession from the official ranks was little more than a personal matter; in Rossetti's it amounted to a deep-seated, one may almost say organic, difference. Rossetti is, perhaps, among modern artists, the one in whom genius, properly so-called, manifested itself in the most striking manner. As a painter and as a poet he was distinctly creative, and the influence of his powerful individuality made itself felt in circles where,

perhaps, owing to his retired mode of life, even his name had never penetrated. Now, creative genius of the highest order is not, as a rule, an Academic virtue. We expect from the typical Academician correct draughtsmanship, sober colouring, perfect manipulation, orthodox æsthetic principles—qualities in which genius is too often deficient. Genius, in short, is not what Dr. Johnson calls ‘clubable.’ ‘The strong man is strongest alone,’ says Tell, in Schiller’s drama of that name. We are not, of course, referring to actual circumstances, but merely stating a general rule, which such exceptions as might be cited would only tend to confirm.

Rossetti, at any rate, stood alone. The walls of the Royal Academy knew him not, neither did those of the Grosvenor Gallery ; and to the public at large the first exhibition of his works in London will be little short of a revelation. That this revelation should be made under the auspices and in the place where it actually will be made on Monday, is, upon the whole, a matter for general satisfaction, and it was a graceful act on Sir Frederick Leighton’s part to make *amende* to the memory of a great artist whose early success, at least, might have been considerably advanced by a little official encouragement. It cannot, however, be conscientiously stated that Rossetti’s works will be seen at the Academy under such favourable circumstances as could and should have been secured. In the first instance, the number of those works exhibited here is scarcely sufficient to illustrate the artist’s activity in

all its branches. Mr. William Sharp, in a painstaking but ponderous and ill-constructed monograph of the artist, attempts to draw up a list of Rossetti's paintings and drawings. It is by no means complete, but no fewer than 395 works of various kinds are specified. The catalogue of the Academy comprises a little over 80, some of the most remarkable specimens—the Lady Lilith, for example—being conspicuously absent. So generally, indeed, has this incompleteness been felt, that a private club—the Burlington—has determined to start a supplementary exhibition which will be opened shortly, and promises to be of considerable interest. Here will be found, for example, some of the replicas, which, with very few exceptions, have been rigorously excluded from the Royal Academy; one of these exceptions being, for some inscrutable reason, the 'Venus Verticordia' (Nos. 305 and 312), not in itself a very important picture, and little varied in the two versions here represented. It would have been more interesting to see by the side of 'The Blessed Damozel' lent by Mr. Graham (313), that belonging to Mr. Leyland, in which the background is entirely different, or the reduced version of the painter's masterpiece, 'Dante's Dream' (318), with the additional *predella*.

However this may be, certain it is that for such pictures as were selected for exhibition sufficient space should have been found. This, unfortunately, has not been done. The very fact that two large rooms have been assigned to Linnell, while all the Rossettis have

been crowded into the comparatively small gallery No. V., seems to imply a glaring misapprehension of the relative importance of the two painters. But, apart from this, the effect of Rossetti's work is seriously impaired by this state of things. He himself always insisted upon his pictures being widely spaced whenever he lent them for exhibition in the provinces. Here they are placed closely together, and, in addition to this, the room is encumbered by two screens covered with water-colours, chalk-drawings, etc. When the public are admitted it will be impossible for them to view these pictures with that comfort and peace of mind which works of so thoughtful and poetic a character urgently demand.

The general type of Rossetti's genius and its development in the course of years can be distinctly traced, even in the limited number of his works here exhibited. We some time ago defined the nature of that development, to the effect that from a painter of character, in other words, from a dramatic painter, he had become a painter of beauty. The transition thus indicated is by no means rare in the history of art, and in modern England is traceable partly to very practical causes. There are few painters who can readily dispose of high-class subject pictures at such prices as the elaborate nature of historic or imaginative designs would seem to warrant. Mr. Tadema and Mr. Holman Hunt are the most conspicuous exceptions to an unfortunately too general rule. It may be doubted whether even Mr. Millais's supreme pictorial qualities would have conquered the indifference of the

public had he continued in the course of his early pre-Raphaelite enthusiasm. The painter of 'Isabella'—which, by the way, includes a capital likeness of young Rossetti—and of 'Autumn Leaves' became the painter of 'Little Mrs. Gamp,' and of portraits innumerable. Rossetti's highly imaginative nature shrank from the commonplaces of modern life. He refused to become a fashionable portrait painter, although the likenesses he drew of some of his friends show a remarkable gift of personal delineation. But he also, as years went on, abandoned more complicated designs for single figures invested with various poetic attributes, and identified with types of ancient mythology or of the Dante circle. In these types—Proserpine, Pandora, La Pia, or whatever their names might be—he developed an ideal of female beauty unsurpassed, and perhaps unequalled, by any modern painter. At the same time the high dramatic promise of his earlier years remained unfulfilled by his manhood—with one notable exception, as we shall presently see. We devote this notice to the dramatic side of Rossetti's genius, leaving the consideration of his pictures of 'beauty,' single figures and groups in repose, to a later occasion. This division according to subject-matter coincides essentially with the chronological order of production.

The earliest picture painted, or at least exhibited, by Rossetti, 'The Girlhood of Mary Virgin' (286), has been contributed by its present owner, Lady Louisa Feilding. The Virgin, clad in robes of gray, is seated

at a curiously shaped frame, occupied in embroidering, with gold thread on a red ground, a lily. The flower which she is copying stands before her in a vase, and an angel with rose-coloured wings is watering it. By the side of the Virgin is St. Anna—portraits, by the way, of the painter's sister and mother—and in the background St. Joachim is trimming a vine on a trellis, on which a dove, surrounded by a halo, is seated. Further back still a landscape opens to view, a round pool of water being seen in a green meadow. The colour of the picture, although cold if compared with the gorgeousness of Rossetti's later manner, is inoffensive. The drawing is angular and archaic to a degree, but this evidently was the intention of the artist, at that time twenty years of age. We, in fact, see here a picture with 'a purpose,' and a marked pre-Raphaelite purpose it is. The minuteness of realism affected by the 'brotherhood' is seen in every leaf of the vine, in every fold of the draperies. Mediævalism of the most unmitigated kind is, moreover, rampant throughout the picture. Latin inscriptions are seen on the backs of books, and a musical instrument placed behind the Virgin bears the inscription, 'Sis laus Deo.' Rossetti, of course, knew perfectly well that the native language of Mary was not Latin; but he delighted in incongruities and anachronisms, because they were characteristic of his mediæval models, even as he introduced a number of mottoes and legends to suggest the inscribed scrolls which the early masters naively place in the mouths of their saints and heroes.

No. 288, lent by Mr. Graham, is a kind of pendant to the picture just referred to. It is entitled 'The Annunciation,' and 'Ecce Ancilla Domini' is its motto. The style is, if possible, more severe than in the 'Girlhood,' and any attempt at colour-effect is conscientiously refrained from. There is, indeed, scarcely any colour in the picture, that element being mainly represented by a crude blue curtain, and the red piece of embroidery bodily transferred from the earlier work. Both the Virgin and the Angel Gabriel are clad in white. The merit of the picture lies in the attitude of intense humility in which Mary receives the heavenly message.

Between these works is placed a design as different from both in subject and sentiment as can well be imagined. It is named 'Found' (287), and was commenced at a very early period, although it remained unfinished at the painter's death. It belongs to the subjects of modern tragedy, by means of which the pre-Raphaelites loved to demonstrate their contact with actual life. The poetic motive was suggested by Mr. W. Bell Scott's beautiful ballad 'Mary Anne,' and has since been further explained by a sonnet in Rossetti's last volume. A countryman, going to market early in the morning, meets, near Blackfriars Bridge, his long-lost sweetheart in a state of degradation worse than death. As regards dramatic power, Rossetti has never painted anything finer than this picture. The utter desolation of the girl, who closes her eyes and presses her care-worn face against a brick wall; the sorrow of

her lover, who vainly tries to draw her towards him; the gaudy finery of her dress, contrasting with the homely gray of his smock—all this, seen in the cold light of early dawn, is pictorially as impressive as it is dramatically powerful.

The next picture (289) to which we turn illustrates a second powerful element in the art as well as the poetry of Rossetti—we mean the influence of Dante. Its name is 'Salutatio Beatricis,' and Mr. Leathart is the owner of this fine specimen of the painter's earlier manner. The new poetic motive brings with it gorgeousness of colour and sensuous beauty of the Italian type. The picture is divided into two compartments by a broad gold bar, on which is painted an angel holding a dial, with the date June 9, 1290, written above. The left panel represents the meeting of Dante and Beatrice in a street of Florence, as described in the 'Vita Nuova.' The poet is ascending a flight of steps, and gazes on Beatrice, who is accompanied by two ladies. At the top of the steps is seen a meadow, in which two groups of soldiers—perhaps rival factions—are marching towards each other. The city of Florence, with very red tiled roofs, appears in the background. In the right compartment is depicted the meeting of the lovers in Paradise. The figures of the poet and the lady, accompanied by two damsels, are less impressive than the glow of colour shed over the composition, which is painted on gold ground. Masses of the richest foliage, and birds of paradise floating in the air, are characteristic of

the 'Hortus Eden,' where the scene is laid. A water-colour, representing—also in two compartments—the love and the suffering of Francesca da Rimini and Paolo Malatesta (291), a powerful pen and ink drawing, 'Hesterna Rosa' (334), suggested by a lyric in Sir Henry Taylor's 'Philip van Artevelde,' a subject of a very different kind, 'Dr. Johnson and the Methodist Ladies at the Mitre,' both in pen and ink and in water-colour; and finally, the weird and beautiful design, 'How they met themselves,' previously described in the *Times*, are further illustrations of Rossetti's rich and varied dramatic gift.

The climax of his earlier manner may be discovered in the large altar-piece, entitled 'The Seed of David' (296), and lent by the Dean and Chapter of the cathedral of Llandaff, where the picture is placed. The work is a triptych, the first compartment of which represents David as a young shepherd, holding in his hand the sling from which he is about to throw the fatal stone at his enemy. The figure, naked to the waist, is gracefully posed, and the flesh painting is solid and powerful, although the drawing can scarcely claim anatomical accuracy. The opposite compartment shows David in advanced age as a king, clad in chain armour and with a crown on his head. He is playing with a hammer on a musical instrument, the exact definition of which would have puzzled the late Mr. Carl Engel, there being a combination of strings and bells. Altogether this panel is inferior to its companion, and still more to the centre piece, which

divides the two and represents the adoration of Christ by a shepherd and a king. The Virgin is seated on a humble couch, holding the infant Saviour in her arms, and is supported by an angel, other Heavenly messengers gazing on the group and singing '*Hosanna in excelsis.*' The gradations of colour, although less delicate than in the painter's later work, show the growing influence of the Venetian school, as compared with that of the early Florentine masters in the more juvenile works.

From this interesting, though in many respects imperfect, picture we pass to Rossetti's *magnum opus* in the branch of art at present under discussion, 'Dante's Dream' (318), a large canvas, 85 in. by 126½ in., painted in 1870, and recently purchased by the Corporation of Liverpool. The design of this noble composition dates back to a comparatively early period, but its execution was fortunately delayed till the artist's power was in its acme. 'The scene,' to quote the painter's own words, 'is a chamber of dreams, strewn with poppies, where Beatrice is lying on a couch, recessed in the wall, as if just fallen back in death. The winged figure of Love in red drapery (the pilgrim Love of the *Vita Nuova*, wearing the scallop shell on his shoulder) leads by the hand Dante, who walks conscious, but absorbed, as in sleep; in his other hand Love carries his arrow, pointed at the dreamer's heart; as he reaches the bier, Love bends for a moment over Beatrice with the kiss which her lover has never given her, while the two green-clad dream-

ladies hold the pall, full of may-bloom, suspended for an instant before it covers her face for ever.' The beauty of this large and elaborate composition—the grief in Dante's countenance, the loveliness of the dead Beatrice, the symbolic significance of the accessories—it would be impossible to render in words. One of the most striking features, as we previously pointed out, is the Italian atmosphere which impresses the observer of this and other pictures of the Dante cycle—all the more remarkable if one remembers that Rossetti never visited Italy. An avenue of trees, seen through the open window, was in reality suggested by the line of elms which shaded Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, before the embankment was made. The second group of Rossetti's pictures, consisting mainly of single figures, we must leave to a second notice.

SECOND NOTICE.

OUR readers are aware that, in accordance with our suggestion, the pictures of Mr. Rossetti have been distributed over two rooms (Galleries V. and VI.), and can now be seen to advantage. The immense change for the better will indeed be noticed by the most casual observer, and makes the original mistake on the part of the Hanging Committee all the more unaccountable. At the same time, the readiness with which that mistake has been corrected deserves every acknowledgment. Before passing from Rossetti's

subject pictures to those works which consist of single figures or groups in repose, it will be necessary to look back upon a few of the earlier paintings which have been brought into prominence by the new arrangement. Foremost among them is the impressive and elaborate composition 'Giotto painting the portrait of Dante' (365)—the same portrait which towards 1840 was rediscovered among the frescoes of the Bargello in Florence, and an engraving of which is prefixed to Fraticelli's edition of the 'Divine Comedy.' Of later date, but still belonging to Rossetti's first period, is another highly finished water-colour drawing, named 'A Christmas Carol' (366), chiefly noticeable for its powerful, not to say crude, colouring, which differs as widely as possible from the delicate and harmonious tints of the artist's maturer style. More distinctly dramatic than either of these designs is the nobly conceived 'Sir Tristram and Iseult drinking the Love-potion' (355), which, although dated 1867, was probably begun at a much earlier period. The lovers are represented on board the vessel which bears the unwilling bride to King Mark of Cornwall, much as they appear in the first act of Wagner's opera, and so intensely true is the expression on their faces, that one almost regrets the presence of a winged figure of Love, which removes the scene to the sphere of fancy and symbolism. 'Fazio's Mistress' (351), 'Borgia' (346), both lent by Mr. Boyce, the well-known landscape painter, and 'The Gate of Memory' (357), belonging to Mr. Conway, may finally

be mentioned as interesting specimens of Rossetti's earlier or dramatic period.

From a dramatic painter, the artist became a painter of beauty. He abandoned elaborate designs, and concentrated all his energy on the development of a type of female loveliness which in the history of art will remain identified with his name. Of the pictorial value and poetic significance of that type very different opinions are naturally entertained. It could not, indeed, be otherwise in a case where individual taste comes prominently into play. Admirers of the 'Keepsake' style of beauty object to the melancholy cast of features, darkened by wavy masses of hair, the fully developed lips, the gray eyes 'deeper than the depth of water stilled at even,' the long, slender throat, affected by Rossetti; others see in these attributes the very embodiment of ideal womanhood. Everyone, however, will admit that, whatever may be its worth, the artistic type thus produced is entirely the painter's own—is, in fact, a creation. The marked individuality of Rossetti's style has indeed given rise to the prejudice that he actually could paint but one face, and in consequence kept repeating himself with little change or modification. A similar charge has been brought against most of the great painters of the world, and against some of them with more show of justice than against Rossetti. To the superficial observer the Madonnas of Raphael, the ample charms of Rubens's nymphs, the stern grandeur of Michael Angelo's painted and sculptured heads—nay, the

faces of an entire period, although perpetuated by various artists, present a certain family likeness. The remark extends even to the landscapes of such men as Claude, Ruysdael, Linnell, Lawson, and, most of all, Turner.

Apart from such accidental circumstances as costumes, favourite models, etc., the reason is that each painter of any originality and each school of painters has a certain idea of beauty, and a certain method of realizing that idea, to which actual phenomena have to yield, to the extent at least that these phenomena are seen, as it were, through the medium of the artist's mind. There were, to quote a modern instance, some years ago three portraits of Mrs. Langtry in one and the same Academy Exhibition, all in their way good likenesses, and yet differing as widely as possible from each other, the reason being that each painter had assimilated the face actually before him to the ideal in his mind's eye. It is the result of this assimilating process, exceptionally developed in Rossetti, which blinds inexperienced spectators to the many varieties of feature and facial expression which he introduced in his heads—varieties more marked and more diversified than are to be found in the works of most other painters. It would not be difficult, even in this limited collection, to point to five or more distinct types depicted by the artist. There is, for example, the Virgin Mary of the pre-Raphaelite period, and in marked contrast with it the somewhat bold physio-

gnomy which appears in the 'Bocca Baciata' (309), and again much later in the picture called 'The Blue Bower' (303). A third facial variety much affected by Rossetti is seen in the Virgin of the Llandaff triptych, in the dead Beatrice in 'Dante's Dream,' in the symbolic figure of 'Silence' (326), one of the finest drawings by Rossetti, belonging to Mr. Rowley, of Manchester, and in many other works; a fourth is represented by Veronica Veronese (295) in the picture of that name. Quite different again, and of a distinctly individual kind, are the heads of the woman in 'Found,' already referred to, and of 'Monna Pomona' (308), the latter, by the way, a marvellous example of that powerful water-colour painting which it would be difficult to match out of England. To none of these types can the qualities of high intellect and deep passion be denied, if we except that named in the second place. The girl whose 'bocca baciata' (309) has lost nothing of its savour, fitly represents the frivolous boldness of the sonnet of Boccaccio from which the motto is taken, and the same quality appears in an almost exaggerated degree in 'The Blue Bower' (303), representing a lady with reddish hair and a very massive throat playing on a musical instrument. The only good feature of this unpleasant picture are the blue tiles in the background, painted in masterly style.

The picture to which most visitors of the Rossetti exhibition turn first is that numbered 313, and illustrative of one of the poet's earliest and best-known poems, 'The Blessed Damozel,' who

‘ leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven :
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.’

Rossetti did not originally intend to paint the subject, but eventually he embodied it in two of his most finished pictures, belonging to Mr. Graham and Mr. Leyland respectively. The earlier, more elaborate, and, we think, inferior treatment is that exhibited here. It comprises, besides the ‘Blessed Damsel’ and the angels who minister to her sadness, a background showing happy couples disporting themselves in the bowers of Eden, and, in a *predella*, her own lover dreaming of his dead bride. The last-named feature appears to us a decided mistake. The narrow rim of gilt frame which separates the picture from the *predella* involuntarily suggests ‘the gold bar of heaven,’ and although closer examination entirely relieves the artist from the suspicion of such an attempt at clumsy realism, the harmony of the design somehow remains impaired. Mr. Leyland’s picture, with a plain background, will be exhibited at the Burlington Club, when art-students will be able to compare the two compositions.

It seems a pity that so interesting a comparison should not be possible in these rooms. Space for the replica might easily have been found by the removal of some of the inferior designs, for example, of the two representations of the ‘Venus Verticordia’ (305, 312). The presence of these is the more surprising, as neither of them can be called the finest version of the subject,

which is in the possession of Mr. Mitchell, of Altrincham, Cheshire. They may pass muster, however, as examples of the nude, which Rossetti attempted very rarely, and generally without success. Facial expression, drapery, and gorgeous colour were the chief elements of his art. Of all these elements, no finer instance can be imagined than that of 'La Bella Mano' (307), contributed by Mr. Ellis. The subject, if subject it can be called, is of the simplest kind—a lady washing her hands in a bowl, with two red-winged angels attending her; but it would be impossible to convey an idea of the depth and beauty of colour here displayed, of the 'harmony' in all the various shades of red, from the rich purple of the lady's velvet-gown to the plum-coloured lining of her long turned-up sleeves, and thence to the scarlet of the angels' wings.

A similar gradation of colours, founded, however, upon a basis of two shades of green, obtains in the two works numbered 295 and 298, both belonging to Rossetti's best period. The former, if we remember rightly, was originally called 'Hushed Music,' and received its fanciful title 'Veronica Veronese,' with an equally fictitious inscription from the 'Lettres de Girolamo Ridolfi,' at a later period. The meaning of the picture would be clear enough without the motto. A lady in a rich green dress is seated in front of a suspended violin, from which with her left hand she elicits the first notes of a melody, a canary bird in a cage behind her supplying her with the tune for her

song. The idea is somewhat trifling, and would elicit a smile from a musician; but the manner in which it is carried out pictorially—the beauty of colour, the dreamy expression of the lady's face, the folds of the drapery—cannot fail to excite the admiration of the art student. The second 'harmony' in green, 'La Ghirlandata' (298), is, as far as colour is concerned, unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled, by anything else in these galleries. But almost finer than the colour is the type of the faces—a lady and two boy-angels—here represented. One of the latter, in the left corner of the large canvas, is as lovely as if Botticelli had conceived him. He might, by the way, pass for the twin brother of the boy who sings 'Take, oh take those lips away,' in the picture of 'Mariana in the Moated Grange' (301). To return to the 'Ghirlandata,' note especially the manner in which the flesh-tints of two of the faces are, as it were, linked together by means of a faded wreath of blossoms, and also the little speck of sky at the top, without which the picture would be heavy.

We have little space left to refer to many other interesting works in the exhibition; such as 'The Bride' (297), a perfect coronet of lovely faces set off by the woolly head of a negress; the dreamy self-absorption of 'La Donna della finestra' (321) and 'La Pia' (319); the intense sadness of the 'Roman Widow' (317); and the despair of 'Proserpine' (314), one of Rossetti's finest pictures, illustrative of his finest Italian sonnet. The value of 'Pandora' (320),

in itself a noble conception, is marred by the bad painting of the wrist and arm, which have the appearance of wood rather than of flesh. The chalk study for the work (327) is almost preferable to the finished picture. Among the portraits here shown, we only mention those of the poet's venerable mother and his sister Christina, the poetess—both faithful likenesses, drawn in black and white chalk, and enclosed by the same frame. It finally is necessary to refer to at least two works which show the weaknesses of the artist's style, and mark the direction which his decline and fall would have taken, had his creative faculty been permanently impaired. In both the favourite type of the artist appears deteriorated. The features remain, but the light of thought and passion no longer illumines them. The works we allude to are numbered 315 and 322. The former is unfinished, as is also the large picture of 'Beatrice' (323), suggested by Dante's famous sonnet '*Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare.*' It would have been a noble work had death allowed the painter to realize his idea. In its present state, it should not have been exhibited.

THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

THE exhibition of works by Rossetti arranged by the Burlington Fine Arts Club may in a sense be called the supplement of that at the Royal Academy. Not that the club has been satisfied with offering its hospitality to the outcasts of Burlington House. There are on these walls some of the finest speci-

mens of Rossetti's work, and those who desire to trace the painter's career through its various phases will find more ample material here than at the Academy. They can discover, for instance, the earliest pencil sketch (17) of the diptych representing 'Paolo and Francesca,' a water-colour (13) of the same subject, interesting, though less finished than that at the Academy, and finally a separate reproduction of the left compartment only (34), showing the lovers as they fold each other in a close embrace, the fatal volume—'Galeotto fù il libro e chi lo scrisse'—lying unheeded before them. Still more interesting from an historic point of view is the early treatment in water-colour of 'Dante's Dream' (32). By comparing this with the large oil-picture in the Academy, the reader will find our remarks on the various types of Rossetti's women strikingly illustrated. The dead Beatrice and the 'dream ladies' here show the ascetic cast of features, so widely different from the sensuous beauty of the artist's later style. A pen-and-ink drawing (1) of the picture 'Found,' previously described by us, may also be mentioned in this connexion. A personal interest, apart from their artistic significance, attaches to such works as the pen-and-ink drawing of 'The First Anniversary of the Death of Beatrice' (96) dated 1849, and inscribed in the right corner, 'Dante G. Rossetti to his P. R. Brother, John E. Millais,' and to the 'Head of Christ' (24), reproduced from the noble drawing 'Mary Magdalene at the Door of Simon the Pharisee' (33*a*), which is a portrait of Mr. Burne Jones.

On looking at the wealth of pictorial invention displayed in the numerous early works of this collection, one is more and more impressed with the fact that, in spite of his splendid achievements, Rossetti missed his real vocation as a dramatic painter of the first order. We have not sufficient space to give to these designs the attention which most of them deserve. Our views of Rossetti's art have been, moreover, so fully expressed, that further comment would inevitably lead to repetition. Of important oil pictures of Rossetti's mature period there are comparatively few in these rooms, most of them having gone to the Royal Academy. Some fine specimens should, however, be mentioned, such as the 'Sea Spell' (90), scarcely inferior in sensuous beauty to 'La Ghirlandata' or 'La Bella Mano'; also a very fine replica of the 'Proserpine' subject (86). The 'Lady Lilith' (47), a very interesting specimen, was retouched and not improved by the artist some time after it was painted. The head is, indeed, decidedly inferior to that in the water-colour drawing (55), and the colour, especially as regards flesh-tints, is wanting in the luminousness and brilliancy characteristic of the artist's best work. But in spite of this, Lilith, 'Adam's first wife,' with her long, dangerous hair, as described in Goethe's 'Faust,' will be generally admitted to be a very impressive picture. The replica of the 'Blessed Damozel' (72), previously referred to by us, occupies a place of honour in these rooms. The background is without the groups of lovers which

in Mr. Graham's picture weaken the impressiveness of the head.

One of the most remarkable features of this exhibition is the number of portraits, extending over the painter's entire career, from his boyhood almost to his death. The most finished among these, and one of the artist's masterpieces, is a three-quarter length likeness of Mrs. William Morris (53), in a blue dress, splendidly painted. The portrait is in oil, a material rarely used for that purpose by the artist. For it should be remembered that at no time of his career was he a portrait-painter in the ordinary sense of the word. When a face among his friends suggested a pictorial possibility, he would take up his coloured chalks and dash it off in one or two sittings. It was in this way that the excellent likenesses of Mrs. William Rossetti (58), Miss May Morris (a lovely child's head) (63), Mr. Theodore Watts (139), and Dr. Gordon Hake (140), were produced. Of a very different kind of workmanship, but none the less interesting, is the pen-and-ink sketch furtively drawn of Mr. Tennyson (120) while reading 'Maud' to a select circle of friends. It has been contributed by Mr. Robert Browning, at whose house the reading took place. A more elaborate sketch (121) of the same subject is lent by Mr. Cosmo Monkhouse. To a still earlier period belong three family portraits, of singular power when the age of the artist is considered. One of these is the likeness of Mr. William Rossetti (112), drawn in 1846; another that of the

painter himself as a slender youth of eighteen, with long flowing hair, the type of the head reminding one somewhat of Herr Joachim before he allowed his beard to grow. But even more interesting than these are the two portraits of the artist's father, Gabriele Rossetti, the Italian poet and commentator of Dante. In one, a pencil drawing (110), he is represented in his study with spectacles on nose and surrounded by books—a typical scholar, in fact; the other is an oil picture, and, perhaps, one of the most solid pieces of painting ever achieved by a youth of twenty. The massive features of the face are admirably emphasized; the treatment of the flesh tints reminds one of Mr. Watts's style. The picture is interesting in another respect. Rossetti at this time was a painter with 'a purpose;' he deliberately looked at things through mediæval spectacles. But here the painter's natural instinct has conquered his mannerism. There is nothing archaic or pre-Raphaelite in the picture. It is a matter-of-fact representation of an actual modern phenomenon, without any theoretical afterthought.

To sum up, the two Rossetti exhibitions now open will be remembered for a long time to come. They have dispelled more than one prejudice, and thrown a new light on the origin of a movement which has played an important part in the development of English art and of the external surroundings of English life.



TROUBADOURS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

THE good old-fashioned idea of the troubadour—as the minstrel of love going from land to land singing his song and twanging his guitar with no object in view but the praise of beauty, and no rule to entrammel his passionate effusion—has by this time been pretty generally abandoned. It is, or should be, known to all students of literature, that Provençal poets, so far from being wholly wrapt up in their love-thought, took on the contrary a keen and active interest in the affairs of their day ; that, indeed, their literary as well as their social importance depends quite as much on their slashing and bitter satire as on their always sweet but frequently monotonous and conventional love-songs. But still more mistaken is the notion that the troubadour as the singer of pure passion was unfettered by any rules and canons of art. It may, indeed, be said that he was the representative of art, or if the reader prefers it, artificiality, in its strictest and most highly developed sense. The metres invented and used with consummate skill by the poets of mediæval Provence remain a marvel of symmetry and technical perfection

in the history of literature, unequalled by the poets of other nations who successively tried to imitate them.

For it may truly be said that in matters metrical, the troubadours became the schoolmasters of Europe. In that capacity they were acknowledged and revered by the great poets of Italy, by Dante and Petrarch, while the singers of northern France, the *trouvères*, although submitting more or less consciously to the same influence, observed a discreet silence on the point. Through the medium of French, and in a more limited degree of Italian, literature, the metrical lore of Provence was transmitted to those singers of our own time and country, whom, in the heading of this essay, I have ventured to designate as modern troubadours. Amongst the latest school of English poetry the adoption of complicated foreign metres has become a passion and a creed. Rondeaux and roundels, vilanelles and triolets, have been naturalized, and, in a certain sense, acclimatized by our younger bards; and conservative critics have lamented over the degeneracy of modern days, ruefully pointing to the good old times when English poets would have scorned to borrow their metres from the foreigner. There, however, the critics were wrong—historically wrong, at least. There had been a previous invasion of the same foreign element infinitely more important than the one which we are witnessing at present, and in an age, too, which patriotic lovers of literature regard as the acme of English poetry—I mean, of course, the reign of Eliza-

beth. That great time not only gave us the romantic epic and the drama, but it also introduced us to the sonnet and many other Italian verse-forms: and through the same sources too. Spenser and Shakespeare, the two representative names of the time, also stand at the head of the revival of form inaugurated by the foreign movement above-mentioned. It is true that neither of them adopted the strange importation with slavish accuracy. They recast the beauty of Italian rhyme in accordance with the genius of the language and their own. In this manner we see the Spenserian stanza grow out of the ottava rima of Ariosto, and the Shakespearean sonnet out of that of Dante and of Petrarch. For that origin it does not belie, although it must be owned that Shakespeare, in his remodelling process, has used the utmost liberty, one might say license.

It is curious that Shakespeare and Shakespeare Societies have never thought it worth while to investigate, or, at least, have never succeeded in fathoming, the true relations between the so-called sonnet of Shakespeare and the Italian verse-form of the same name. To accomplish such a task one must understand the structural principle of the sonnet, and for that purpose it is necessary to study Dante's treatise 'De Vulgari Eloquentia,' which, apart from being very little known is, I must confess, anything but lively reading. At the same time it is the fountain-head from which alone a true insight into the metrical system of the Romance languages—which in most essential points

is also that of our own—can be derived. Dante, who was what every lyrical poet by rights should be—a musician—was fully aware of the identity of musical and metrical laws; and many of the expressions he uses with regard to the latter had, in his, and have even in our own time, a musical significance.

Dante divides a stanza, if it is divisible at all, into two sections, which again may be subdivided in various ways. The chief cæsura of the stanza, always coinciding with a pause in the sentence, is called the *volta*, and the subdivisions, before or after it, are created by the repetition of certain metrical and melodic forms. If these groups occur before the *volta*, they are called ‘*pedes*,’ if after, they are called ‘*versus*.’ On the other hand, if the opening part is not subdivided at all, it is called ‘*frons*,’ and if the final portion is sung to one continuous tune, it receives the name ‘*cauda*,’ which survives in our ‘*coda*.’ An example will best illustrate the meaning of these terms. Let us take a stanza from *Don Juan*, written, the reader is aware, in *ottava-rima* :

{ ‘How long in this damp trance young Juan lay
 { He knew not, for the earth was gone from him,
 { And Time had nothing more of night nor day
 { For his congealing blood and senses dim :
 { And how this heavy faintness passed away
 { He knew not till each painful pulse and limb,
 { And tingling vein seemed throbbing back to life,
 { For Death, though vanished, still retired with strife.’

The chief break or *volta* in this stanza occurs after the sixth verse, and, according to strict rule, it would require a stronger mark of punctuation than the

comma Byron has vouchsafed. The six verses before this volta are divided into three couplets exactly corresponding with each other as regards rhyme, and sung—as the old poems in similar metres no doubt were sung—to one and the same melodic phrase, ending most probably in the dominant key, so as to facilitate the repetition. The final couplet introduces a new rhyme, and, it may be concluded, a new melodic phrase, which serves by way of climax and conclusion. The stanza, therefore, consists, in Dante's terminology, of three pedes of two lines each, and of a cauda of the same number of lines.

Applying the same rule to the sonnet in its regular form, we find that its volta occurs after the eighth line, that it has two pedes of four lines each, and a cauda of six. Shakespeare, for reasons best known to himself, was not pleased with this correct form of the Italian sonnet, which he accordingly remodelled in his own autocratic fashion. In the first instance, he does not think it necessary to adhere to the number of rhymes which, in the orthodox sonnet, are limited to two in the pedes; the order of these rhymes, also, he changes with equal freedom. More than this, he has added one to the number of these pedes, and therefore transferred the volta, or chief pause, from the eighth to the twelfth line, leaving only the final couplet for the cauda. His sonnet, therefore, instead of two pedes of four lines each and a cauda of six, contains three pedes of four lines each, and a cauda of two. In other words, the structural

principle of the original sonnet has been entirely changed, only the number of lines of the Italian being retained. The reader will at once perceive the difference if he will compare any one of the immortal 154 with Milton's 'Avenge, O Lord, Thy slaughtered saints,' or the famous sonnet penned by Keats, 'On first looking into Chapman's Homer.' And the matter is of greater importance than would appear at first sight. It is too frequently said that Shakespeare* wrote 'irregular' sonnets—in other words, that he bungled—instead of which, he enriched poetic literature by a new form of his own creation, as capable of harmonious development as the original itself.

It is different with a great many other English sonneteers both before Shakespeare and after him. The original position of the rhyme in the first section has been changed, and one or even two new rhymes have been introduced into the second quatrain for no better reason than that consonant final syllables are more scarce in English than in Italian. Such an excuse appears extremely weak. There is no necessity for writing sonnets, and those who cannot find the

* I am, of course, aware that the form of the Shakespearean sonnet in its essential features had previously been used by the Earl of Surrey, who, most probably, was its inventor. At the same time, these early attempts are metrically so crude and inaccurate, that the establishment of the form and its permanent place in literature are undoubtedly due to Shakespeare, who, if not the earliest, is at least infinitely the greatest representative of the form of the sonnet generally called after him. Conscientious readers, however, may, if they prefer it, put the name of Surrey instead of Shakespeare in the above remarks.

necessary rhyme-words had infinitely better refrain. So, at least, one would think, but for the undeniable fact that some of the finest sonnets in the language show the defect alluded to. It would be easy to cite many cases in point from the works of modern poets, not excepting Keats, who, in the lines addressed to Reynolds, 'O thou whose face,' has actually accomplished a sonnet without any rhymes, and, *mirabile dictu*! D. G. Rossetti. But perhaps it will serve the reader's purpose better to listen to an earlier and less known, but by no means despicable, sonneteer, Drummond of Hawthornden. The following lines deviate in every respect from the orthodox form of the sonnet adhered to, for example, by Milton, who, besides being a mighty poet, was also a profound metrical scholar. At the same time it would be impossible to deny that they show the peculiarities of Drummond's style in a favourable light :

SONNET.

' With grief in heart, and tears in swooning eyes,
When I to her had giv'n a sad farewell,
Close sealèd with a kiss, and dew which fell
On my else-moistened face from beauty's skies,
So strange amazement did my mind surprise
That at each pace I fainting turned again,
Like one whom a torpedo stupefies,
Not feeling honour's bit, nor reason's rein.
But when fierce stars to part me did constrain,
With back-cast looks I envied both and bless'd
The happy walls and place did her contain,
Till that sight's shafts their flying object miss'd.
So wailing parted Ganymede the fair
When eagles' talons bare him through the air.'

Anything more misshapen than the construction of this stanza cannot well be imagined. It is a kind of cross between the Shakespearean and the Italian sonnet, indicating the principles of both only sufficiently to let us feel their collapse in a hopeless confusion of rhymes. It may be added, although by no means in excuse of Drummond's negligence, that when so minded he was quite capable of turning out a very fair specimen of the orthodox form.

The name of Drummond of Hawthornden suggests another foreign verse form, of which he also is amongst the earliest and most prominent representatives in this country. This is the *sestina*. The *sestina*, like the sonnet, comes to us from Italy, but, unlike the sonnet, it is not of Italian origin. Unlike the sonnet, also, it can trace its birth to a well-known poet, Arnaut Daniel, one of the most celebrated troubadours of the thirteenth century. Arnaut's fame rests on a far safer basis than his own works, as far as they have been preserved to us, could furnish. Dante has introduced him in the 'Purgatorio,' where the Italian poet Guido Guinicelli speaks of the Provençal troubadour in terms of highest praise, calling him a 'great smith of his mother tongue, unsurpassed in love-song or romance.' As very little of Arnaut Daniel is known in this country, a short account of his life, as transmitted by the old manuscripts, will probably be welcome to the reader, were it only as a brief respite from the technical disquisitions to which he has hitherto been treated.

‘Arnaut Daniel,’ his Provençal biographer says, ‘was born at Castle Ribeyrac, in the diocese of Perigord, and he was gentle born. He was a good student, and took delight in writing poetry, and he left his studies and became a joglar (wandering minstrel). And he acquired a certain manner of writing in difficult rhymes, for which reason his songs are by no means easy to understand or to learn by heart. And he loved a high-born lady of Gascony, the wife of Lord William of Boville; but it was thought that the lady never granted him any favour of love, for which reason he says, “I am Arnaut who loves the air, and I hunt the hare with the ox, and swim against the stream.”

‘And it happened that he was at the court of King Richard of England; and there being also at the court another joglar, the latter boasted that he could invent rhymes as scarce as could Arnaut. Arnaut thought this good fun, and each gave his horse as a pledge to the King in case he should lose the bet. And the King locked them up each in a room. And Sir Arnaut, being tired of the matter, was unable to string one word to another; the joglar made his song with ease and speedily. And they had only ten days allowed to them. And the King was to judge at the end of five days. When the joglar asked Sir Arnaut if he had finished, “Oh yes,” said Sir Arnaut, “three days ago.” But he had not given the matter a thought. And the joglar sang his song every night so as to know it well. And Arnaut thought how he could draw him into ridicule; so one night, while the

joglar was singing, Arnaut took care to remember the whole song and the tune. And when they were before the King, Arnaut declared that he wished to sing his song first, and began to sing in excellent style the song the joglar had made. And the joglar, when he heard this, stared him in the face and declared that he himself had made the song. And the King asked how that was possible: but the joglar implored him to inquire into the truth of the matter. The King then asked Sir Arnaut how it had happened, and Sir Arnaut told him the whole story. And the king had great joy at this, and thought it most excellent fun. And the pledges were returned, and to each he made rich presents.'

This amusing anecdote, which, in a modified way, and no doubt by mere coincidence, is part of the plot of Wagner's 'Meistersinger,' is little in accord with the general tenour of Arnaut's life, as far at least as it is reflected in his poetry. He has been called the Browning of Provençal literature; his train of thought is severe, his language purposely obscure, and his rhymes fully deserve the term 'cars'—scarce or unusual—which the old critics apply to them. Arnaut himself was fully aware of all this, and he gives an excellent reason for it. It is the unkindness of his lady, he says, which makes his speech harsh and his metre difficult. Should she incline her ear to him, he would soon sing the gayest love-song in the most harmonious measure.

However that may be, his peculiarity of style

brought him such literary fame as must, to some extent, have atoned for the cruelty of his mistress. The way in which he is mentioned by contemporary poets and satirists plainly shows the esteem in which he was held, and that esteem was not limited to his own time or country. Dante, as has already been mentioned, places him above all other troubadours, and moreover has paid him the practical compliment of imitating one of his favourite metres, viz. the *sestina*, or *sextain*, above referred to. Dante's example was followed by Petrarch, and it is no doubt through their means that the *sestina* reached this country. Sir Philip Sidney, one of the earliest representatives of the sonnet, is, as far as I am aware, responsible for the introduction of the *sestina*, of which there are several specimens in his works. He even improved on his models by writing what he called a 'dizain' (showing the principle of the *sestina* applied to stanzas of ten instead of six lines), also a double *sestina*, the difficulties of the achievement being of course considerably increased in this manner. Drummond of Hawthornden, as has already been indicated, is another early writer of *sestinas*, which he also modifies according to his own taste. After him the *sestina* seems to have sunk into neglect until the modern foreign revival, when it was restored to its old honours by Mr. Swinburne, and more recently still by Mr. E. W. Gosse. A form of poetry which has attracted so many writers in so many countries—for in France and Germany also it is naturalized—cannot be altogether without

merits, and therefore well deserves our passing attention.

The *sestina* is a dangerous experiment, on which only poets of the first class should venture. It is a man-trap well adapted to keep irresponsible intruders from the garden of poetry. Only in the first stanza is the poet a free agent; after that he is held by his own selection as in a vice: he has signed his bond, and by that he must abide. To speak without metaphor, the *sestina* is founded on the principle of what the French call *bouts-rimés*, or given rhymes, with the difference, however, that the poet is permitted in the first stanza to select his own rhymes, or rather ends of verse, which he has to repeat in all the subsequent stanzas according to a certain scheme. There are, as the name indicates, six lines to a stanza and six stanzas to a poem, not counting the *tornada* or *envoi* of three lines, in which all the six verse-ends of the preceding stanzas have to occur. To illustrate the order in which the repetition of the rhymes takes place, it will be advisable to quote at least two stanzas from what is most likely the first *sestina* in the English language. It is named 'Agelastus' Sestine,' and occurs in the Countess of Pembroke's 'Arcadia,' by Sir Philip Sidney:

' Since wayling is a bud of causefull sorrow,
Since sorrow is the follower of ill-fortune,
Since no ill-fortune equals publike damage ;
Now Prince's loss hath made our damage publike
Sorrow pay we to thee the rights of Nature,
And inward grief seal up with outward wayling.

' Why should we spare our voice from endlesse wayling,
 Who iustly make our hearts the seate of sorrow
 In such a case, where it appears that Nature
 Doth add her force unto the sting of Fortune !
 Choosing, alas ! this our theatre publike
 Where they would leave trophees of cruell damage.

The ends of the lines are, the reader will perceive, identical in the two stanzas, but their sequence is of course entirely different. On comparison we find that

Sorrow, the first verse-end in first stanza is second in second.

Fortune, the second	„	„	„	fourth	„
Damage, the third	„	„	„	sixth	„
Publike, the fourth	„	„	„	fifth	„
Nature, the fifth	„	„	„	third	„
Wayling, the sixth	„	„	„	first	„

By reducing the result of this comparison to a formula, we have the following :

1	first stanza	=	2	second stanza.
2	„	=	4	„
3	„	=	6	„
4	„	=	5	„
5	„	=	3	„
6	„	=	1	„

And this formula expresses exactly the relation of each stanza in the sestina to its predecessor, of the third to the second, of the fourth to the third, of the fifth to the fourth, and of the sixth to the fifth. The reader, therefore, has here a complete receipt for composing a sestina, to which he has only to add the slight ingredient of genius to make it a beautiful poem. That ingredient is by no means wanting in

some of the English specimens. Mr. Swinburne has written some lovely sestinas both in English and French, the latter, I have no doubt, being by far the finest and most melodious examples in that language. Unfortunately, however, I cannot but add that he has looked for his model, not in the works of Dante or the troubadours, but in some more modern source. The lines in the original sestina do, as the reader will have observed, not rhyme with each other in the same stanza. They have to wait for their consonance till the next following stanza, and in this continual playing at hide-and-seek of the rhyme-words, the charm of the sestina—the ‘humour of it’—consists. By matching them in each stanza, and thus making that stanza a whole in itself, you destroy the principle of reciprocity and interdependence, which is in this case simply indispensable. This course, however, has been followed by Mr. Swinburne, and not by him alone. Many years ago M. de Gramont, a learned French poet, published a sestina of this kind in the *Revue Parisienne*, edited by Balzac, who turned critic for the nonce, and expounded to his readers the beauties of the ancient form and of its modern adaptation. Théodore de Banville, in his ‘Petit Traité de la Poésie Française,’ quotes De Gramont’s poem, and adds that this particular treatment of the sestina is borrowed from Petrarch, thus proving that he has never read that poet. There was, however, another and a very good precedent, of whose existence neither Balzac nor De Banville ever dreamt. This is none other

than our friend Drummond of Hawthornden, who has left a very pretty sextain with rhyming verse-ends. One stanza at least may be quoted by way of illustration :

‘ The heaven doth not contain so many stars,
So many leaves not prostrate lie in woods,
When autumn’s old and Boreas sounds his wars,
So many waves have not the ocean floods,
As my rent heart hath torments all the night
And heart-spent sighs when Phœbus brings the light.’

Whether Mr. Swinburne in his treatment of the sestina has followed Drummond or Gramont, or has acted independently of either, certain it is that by introducing the rhyme into the single stanzas he has sacrificed structural consistency to beauty of sound. The only modern English poet who, as far as I am aware, has written a correct sestina after the manner of Arnaut Daniel is Mr. E. W. Gosse, who in his recent volume (‘ New Poems, ’) has given welcome proof that mastery of foreign form may coexist with genuine English feeling. To his sestina the honour of a quotation in full is justly due.

‘ In fair Provence, the land of lute and rose,
Arnaut, great master of the lore of love,
First wrought sestines to win his lady’s heart,
For she was deaf when simpler staves he sang,
And for her sake he broke the bonds of rhyme,
And in this subtler measure hid his woe.

“ Harsh be my lines,” cried Arnaut, “ harsh the woe
My lady, that enthroned and cruel rose,
Inflicts on him that made her live in rhyme.”
But through the metre spake the voice of Love,

And like a wild-wood nightingale he sang,
Who thought in crabbed lays to ease his heart.

‘ It is not told if her untoward heart
Was melted by her poet’s lyric woe,
Or if in vain so amorously he sang ;
Perchance through clouds of dark conceits he rose
To nobler heights of philosophic love,
And crowned his later years with sterner rhyme.

‘ This thing alone we know : the triple rhyme
Of him who bared his vast and passionate heart
To all the crossing flames of hate and love,
Wears in the midst of all its storm of woe—
As some loud morn of March may bear a rose,—
The impress of a song that Arnaut sang.

‘ “ Smith of his mother tongue,” the Frenchman sang
Of Lancelot and of Galahad, the rhyme
That beat so bloodlike at its core of rose,
It stirred the sweet Francesca’s gentle heart
To take that kiss that brought her so much woe,
And sealed in fire her martyrdom of love.

‘ And Dante, full of her immortal love,
Stayed his drear song, and softly, fondly sang
As though his voice broke with that weight of woe ;
And to this day we think of Arnaut’s rhyme
Whenever pity at the labouring heart
On fair Francesca’s memory drops the rose.

‘ Ah ! sovereign Love, forgive this weaker rhyme !
The men of old who sang were great at heart,
Yet have we too known woe, and worn thy rose.’

We have hitherto considered the three important verse-forms which English poetry owes to Italy, the ottava-rima, the sonnet, and the sestina ; for the latter also, although of Provençal origin, came to us, as we

have seen, through the medium of Italian genius. To make this essay complete, it would now be incumbent on me to speak of the metrical acquisitions we owe to the mediæval poets of northern France, the *trouvères*. Fortunately it is unnecessary to put the reader's patience to so severe a test. The triolet, the rondeau and rondel, the chant royal, and whatever their names may be, have been written about so much of late, that any one interested in the subject may easily inform himself of all that is needful. There is, for example—to mention only the most accessible sources—the very excellent 'Petit Traité' of Théodore de Banville already referred to, and, still more handy, an able article in the *Cornhill Magazine*, which contains in a concise form the substance of the French book, with the addition of some English examples. The short essay 'On Some Foreign Forms of Verse,' by Mr. Austin Dobson (himself an adept), printed in Mr. Davenport Adams's collection of 'Latter Day Lyrics,' will also be found useful.

The grace and neatness of these dainty metres I am the last to deny. They are useful, also, as a practical lesson of the value of strict form. Even an irregular sonnet, as we have seen, may be a fine poem; but every one will admit that a halting rondel or virelai is simply an abomination. Moreover, Villon and others have shown that even for the reception of pathos and sentiment these forms are by no means unadapted. It is further agreeable to mention that our English poets have not been surpassed by their

French rivals as regards both the accuracy and the consummate skill with which the metrical resources placed at their disposal have been turned to account. Such a poem as the following triolet, by Mr. Robert Bridges, is perfect of its kind. Note especially the subtle *nuance* which gives a slightly different meaning to each occurrence of the refrain :

‘ When first we met we did not guess
 That Love would prove so hard a master ;
 Of more than common friendliness
 When first we met we did not guess.
 Who could foretell this sore distress,
 This irretrievable disaster,
 When first we met ! We did not guess
 That Love would prove so hard a master.’

And this is by no means a solitary instance of skill. The names of some of the most skilful of our younger poets, Arthur O'Shaughnessy, John Payne, E. W. Gosse, T. Marzials, Andrew Lang, Austin Dobson, and Miss Mary Robinson, immediately suggest themselves in this connection. These and others may claim to be the worthy successors of Charles d'Orleans, who, centuries ago, beguiled the weary hours of his English captivity with rondels and rondeaux full of tender sweetness. Scarcely less quaint than the broken English of the French prince is the Scotch rondel in which Mr. Lang celebrates the good old-fashioned game of golf (XXII. Ballades in Blue China).

But admitting all this and more, it cannot be said that the gain to be derived from trifles of this kind

amounts to much. The stanzas of the troubadours, and of the great Italian poets, are organically developed; they are as rich and as varied as the musical ideas from which originally they were inseparable. The canzonieri of Dante, and Petrarch, and Boccaccio, reveal metrical ideas which in the hands of a modern poet might be still further developed and bear rich fruit. But no such development is possible where not rhythms but words are repeated, and where the principle is as monotonous as that prevailing in all the poems we are now speaking of. For it is easy to see, although M. de Banville and his disciples fail to see it, that the triolet, the rondeau, the rondel, and even the much-venerated chant royal, are but variations of one and the same metrical theme, namely, the refrain. The refrain—that is, the repetition of the same verse at the end of each stanza—is of great importance in mediæval French poetry, which owes some of its sweetest and simplest effects to it. In the late Middle Ages, when the poetry of France and the world generally had lost much of its raciness and freshness, artificialities began to take the place of inspiration; for it must be remembered that the verse-forms so popular in the time of Villon were unknown to the genuine *trouvères*.

The later poets soon discovered the resources of the refrain, and turned it to further account with much ingenuity. It will indeed be seen on closer investigation that in all these late French forms the repetition of a word or words, or entire lines, is a *sine quâ non*.

There is, besides this, also a certain rule as to the length of the stanza, the sequence of the rhymes, and so forth; but all that is more or less incidental. The essential and permanent principle remains the refrain; that is, the repetition of certain words in certain parts of the stanza, according to a given scheme. Now such a repetition may in certain circumstances be of excellent effect; but it may also prove a very serious impediment, and one for which there is no real organic necessity. In other words, the verse-forms here referred to are little more than playthings, which only the genius of certain poets has been able to lift to the sphere of serious literature. They rank at best with the *sestina*, certainly not with the *sonnet*, the *ottavarima*, or the beautiful stanzas which some of the troubadours have left us.



*MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.**

MR. GROVE'S musical encyclopædia, the first work in the English language which can lay claim to that title, appears somewhat late in the day. It is more than 400 years since Jean Tinctor, the Flemish musician, published his '*Terminorum Musicae Diffinitorium*,' and since then many musical dictionaries and compendiums of all kinds have been produced on the Continent. England alone remained behind in the race. There have been, it is true, one or two attempts in this direction, which we shall presently have to record, and a useful '*Dictionary of Musical Terms*,' edited by Dr. Stainer and Mr. W. A. Barrett, has recently been published ; but, as a complete account of the biographical as well as the technical materials relating to the Art of Music and its History, Mr. Grove's Dictionary is without precedent in England. The long delay of such a publication and its opportuneness

* '*A Dictionary of Music and Musicians*' (A.D. 1450—1880), by eminent writers, English and Foreign. With Illustrations and Woodcuts. Edited by GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L. In 2 Vols. Vol. I. London, 1879.

at the present moment are well explained in the editor's preface.

'Music,' he remarks, 'is now performed, studied, and listened to by a much larger number of persons, and in a more serious spirit, than was the case at any previous period of our history. It is rapidly becoming an essential branch of education; the newest works of continental musicians are eagerly welcomed here very soon after their appearance abroad, and a strong desire is felt, by a large, important, and increasing section of the public, to know something of the structure and peculiarities of the music which they hear and play, of the nature and history of the instruments on which it is performed, of the biographies and characteristics of its composers—in a word, of all such particulars as may throw light on the rise, progress, and present condition of an art which is at once so prominent and so eminently progressive.'

That the 'Dictionary of Music and Musicians,' the first volume of which is before us, fulfils these demands in a comprehensive, and at the same time attractive manner, it would be unjust to deny. A dictionary is not a book for specialists; and those, for instance, who wish to study the orchestra and its several components would have to refer to Berlioz or Lobe. In the meantime we have no doubt that the article on the subject in this Dictionary, when it appears, will not only direct the reader to these sources, but will also give a clear and useful *résumé* of their contents. This we may safely predict from the technical articles on orchestral and other instruments which have already appeared, and which form some of the most valuable features of the volume. It is the same with the historical and biographical departments of the

science. Mr. Grove's Dictionary does not profess to supersede Hawkins or Burney, or Brendel or Thayer's Beethoven, or Spitta's Bach. But, besides being informed of these works, we find here their main results collected and put ready to hand for practical purposes. It is, indeed, by the criterion of practical usefulness, rather than of scientific method and exhaustiveness, that a work of this class ought to be judged. For the same reason we must express full approval of the chronological limits—from 1450 to the present day—adopted for this Dictionary.

Music, of course, did not take its rise in the fifteenth century. It is as old as, if not older than, poetry itself; and the earliest representatives of civilization, the Chinese, the Hindoos, and the Egyptians, possessed elaborate tone-systems, which still survive in part, and which surpass our own as regards the precise measurement and classification of intervals. The important part played by music in the worship of Jehovah, and the high development of the Jewish choral service, is sufficiently proved by the Old Testament; and there is an abundance of treatises, both ancient and modern, on Greek scales or modes. But all this is of comparatively little importance to the musician and the student of modern music. It is true that some of the Greek scales—the Dorian, the Phrygian, the Lydian, and the Mixo-Lydian—are said to be identical with the four authentic modes attributed to St. Ambrose, and to be still surviving in the Gregorian chant; and on rare occasions modern

musicians have made use of them. Beethoven, for instance, heads a movement in his great quartet in A minor, 'canzona di ringraziamento in modo lidico offerta alla divinità da un guarito,' and Liszt and Rubinstein have borrowed the augmented intervals of the old Eastern scales, which have survived in the music of the Gipsies and of some Slavonic nations. The Gipsy heroine of Bizet's 'Carmen,' also, is well characterized by a theme containing the superfluous second. But these few survivals, introduced with the distinct purpose of gaining local colour, do not constitute a real organic connection between the ancient and the modern systems.

The origin of music in its modern significance is hidden in darkness, but there is no doubt as to the principle from which it derived its distinctive feature. Greek music seems to have depended entirely on intervals and rhythm—in fact, on melody or *cantus*. In modern music the simultaneous and harmonious progress, the *concentus* of two or three themes, becomes all-important. In addition to melody we have henceforth to deal with counterpoint and harmony generally. Accordingly we find that the great masters of the Low Country school in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were in the first instance contrapuntists. Josquin des Prés, Ockenheim's pupil, Loyset Compère, Alexander Agricola, and Jean Mouton, carried the new-found art to the chief centres of Europe, and Goudimel became the master of the divine Palestrina, the real father and founder of modern music. The

history of music from the days of Palestrina to those of Beethoven may be studied almost in its entirety in Mr. Grove's first volume. There is, indeed, a strange coincidence between the chronological and the alphabetical arrangement of musical knowledge. In this volume, which extends from 'A' to 'Impromptu,' almost all the great names of the earlier musicians are represented. Palestrina, it is true, is absent, but we have the names of his master Goudimel, and of the chief representatives of the Belgian school. Bach, the first and one of the greatest masters of modern German music, occupies an early place, followed by Beethoven, who, in a manner, marks the outgrowth and climax of the movement begun by the earlier master. Handel and Haydn occur in close juxtaposition; Gluck represents dramatic music; only Mozart is absent. On the other hand, the representative names of modern music proper—Schubert, Schumann, Mendelssohn, Liszt, and Wagner—are found in the second half of the alphabet, and therefore do not concern us here.

Before entering upon a more detailed analysis of one or two biographies in this volume, we may offer a few remarks as to the lives of musicians in general. It cannot be said that these present, as a rule, many striking or interesting features, as striking and interesting, for example, as those of statesmen, or even of poets. Musicians, especially in the eighteenth century, were, it must be owned, not a very intellectual class of people. Their culture was generally limited to the technicalities of their art. From the great

currents of thought and progress they stand aloof. Mozart had received an education rather below than above the average middle-class of his day, and Haydn can hardly be called an intellectual man in extra-musical matters. Even Beethoven, although a great thinker, laboured under the want of early training. Gluck alone had systematically thought on the principles of music in connection with the drama, and was able to discourse of them in suitable language. Rameau also was a theoretical writer, but his thoughts are not lucid, and his language is anything but polished. Modern musicians differ greatly from their brethren of the eighteenth century as regards literary ability; but their lives, too, with a few exceptions, are cast in certain grooves, allowing but of little variety. There are, of course, exceptions to this, as to all rules. Handel, for instance, was a man of the world, and his life was anything but quiet or monotonous. In his early Bohemian days he fought a duel with Mattheson, his colleague at the Hamburg opera-house, and it was only a brass button, turning aside the point of Mattheson's sword, that preserved to the world the future composer of the 'Messiah' and 'Israel in Egypt.' Handel's stay in England was full of incidents and vicissitudes, ranging from the friendship and admiration of the highest in the land, at the one extreme, to tedious squabbles with his Italian rivals, and the Bankruptcy Court, at the other. Handel was decidedly a man of character, and his independence in the intercourse he held with his noble and wealthy

protectors became proverbial. Even the presence of royalty was unable to check his irascible temper. The talk of the ladies at Court during the performance of his music especially inflamed his ire to a state of white heat. 'His rage,' we are told, 'was uncontrollable, and sometimes carried him to the length of swearing and calling names . . . whereupon the gentle Princess would say to the offenders "Hush, hush! Handel is angry."' The scene described by Beethoven in the celebrated letter to Bettina, when he walked with head covered through the midst of the imperial party at Töplitz, while his companion Goethe was standing on the side-walk bowing low, may be cited as a pendant to Handel's more reasonable and more dignified assertion of the artist's rights. But, apart from these and other exceptional cases, the career of the musician of the last century was neither very dignified nor very interesting; the favour of a noble protector or of the public being the cynosure of the artist's thoughts. Under such circumstances a biography is necessarily reduced to the chronological enumeration of successful operas and symphonies, or, it may be, of concert tours.

It is, perhaps, for a similar reason that the works of great musicians play a comparatively insignificant part in the political or intellectual history of mankind. The representative works of literature—the 'Divina Commedia,' 'Paradise Lost,' Goethe's 'Faust'—are inseparably connected with certain important phases of philosophy or of religious thought; but the same can

hardly be said of Beethoven's Symphonies, or even of Handel's Oratorios ; although in the former (especially in the Ninth, or Choral Symphony) the wider scope and greater depth of modern feeling is, no doubt, discernible. Neither are the great works of music connected with the events of history, in the sense, for instance, in which Rousseau's 'Contrat Social' is an essential component of the French Revolution.

It has always been amongst the official duties of Music to celebrate victories and other important events, and without her aid no state ceremony would be complete ; but occasions of this kind are not generally conducive to high aspiration ; and amongst the innumerable occasional pieces thus originated there are few, if any, destined to live. Even Beethoven's symphony entitled 'Wellington's Victory, or the Battle of Vittoria,' is an ordinary, and not very refined, specimen of 'programme-music,' and just oblivion covers it. It is of greater significance that the symphony now known as the 'Eroica' originally bore the title 'Napoleon Bonaparte.' It was completed in the early part of 1804, and the composer, no doubt, intended to dedicate it to the First Consul of the French Republic. On the 18th of May of that year Napoleon assumed the title of Emperor, and no sooner had the news reached Vienna than Beethoven, in a fury of disappointment, tore off the title page of his symphony and dashed it on the ground. A great work of musical art is thus distinctly traced to an historic, one may almost say a political, source. Of a converse relation

between history and music there are also one or two instances. It is well known that the riots in Brussels began after a performance of Auber's 'La Muette de Portici,' better known in this country by the name of 'Masaniello' (August 25th, 1830), which thus, in a manner, drove the Dutch out of the country. Considering the nature of Auber's piece, there is, indeed, little cause for surprise at its exciting effect in a revolutionary atmosphere.

'In it,' a writer in the Dictionary remarks, 'the most violent passions of excited popular fury have their fullest sway; in it the heroic feelings of self-surrendering love and devotion are expressed in a manner both grand and original; in it even the traditional forms of the opera seem to expand with the impetuous feeling embodied in them. Auber's style in "Masaniello" is indeed as different as can be imagined from his usual elegant but somewhat frigid mode of utterance, founded on Boieldieu with a strong admixture of Rossini. Wagner, who undoubtedly is a good judge in the matter, and certainly free from undue partiality in the French master's favour, acknowledges in this opera "the bold effect in the instrumentation, particularly in the treatment of the strings, the drastic grouping of the choral masses which here for the first time take an important part in the action, no less than original harmonies and happy strokes of dramatic characterization." Various conjectures have been propounded to account for this singular and never-again-attained flight of inspiration. It has been said, for instance, that the most stirring melodies of the opera are of popular Neapolitan origin, but this has been contradicted emphatically by the composer himself. The solution of the enigma seems to us to lie in the thoroughly revolutionized feeling of the time (1828), which two years afterwards overthrew the established governments of France and other countries.'

It was in a very different manner that another

operatic work—Grétry's 'Richard Cœur de Lion'—became an incentive of popular passion. In that opera there is a celebrated ballad, beginning 'O Richard, ô mon roi, si l'univers t'abandonne,' expressive of Blondel's feeling of loyalty for his captive king. This song was sung at the unfortunate banquet given by the body-guard to the officers of the Versailles garrison on October 3rd, 1789. 'Ça ira,' and a little later the 'Marseillaise,' were the answers to 'O Richard, ô mon roi.'

This leads us to say a few words upon the historical and popular songs, to which a good deal of attention is paid in the Dictionary. It is a fact worthy of notice, that the songs which have moved the people most have also proceeded from the people, or, at least, have been in very few instances the work of celebrated composers. Thus the tune of the 'Marseillaise' was adapted to his words, if not actually invented, by Rouget de l'Isle, while the 'Ça ira' was composed by a certain Bécour, a side-drum player at the opera, the words having been suggested to a street-singer named Ladré by General Lafayette, who remembered Franklin's saying at each forward step of the American insurrection. Of the numerous songs and cantatas written by the celebrated composers of the day for Revolutionary festivals and similar occasions, only Méhul's 'Chant du départ' now survives. It is the same with the national songs of other countries. Luther—if, indeed, he wrote the tune of his 'Ein feste Burg'—appealed to the people as a man of the people, not as a professional musician; and the 'Watch

on the Rhine,' which, together with Luther's grand hymn, served as a war-song during the Franco-German contest, owes its origin to an obscure composer of the name of Wilhelm.

The authorship of the words and music of our National Anthem remains an open and much-disputed question, although Mr. Grove is probably right in assigning the hymn in its present form to Henry Carey, who sang it as his own composition at a dinner given in 1740 to celebrate the taking of Portobello by Admiral Vernon (November 20th, 1739). It became popular five years later, when it was sung at both Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres as a 'loyal song or anthem' during the Scottish Rebellion. Carey's melody is in all essentials identical with that sung at the present day, but there are others of a much earlier date showing the same rhythm and similar melodic progressions. Amongst these Dr. John Bull's 'Ayre,' published in 1619, is the most remarkable. It consists, like our present 'God save the Queen,' of two strains, respectively six and eight bars in length, and some of the melodic phrases also are identical. But for its being written in a minor key, it might well claim to be the prototype of Carey's and of our modern hymn. It is curious that the most English of English songs, 'Home, sweet Home,' is described as a 'Sicilian air' in the score of Sir Henry Bishop's opera, 'Clari, or the Maid of Milan.' It was, however, probably composed by Bishop himself. Haydn's 'Gott erhalte Franz den Kaiser,' the national

hymn of Austria, is the most striking exception to the rule laid down in the foregoing remarks.

The most important biographical article in the volume before us is, as a matter of course, devoted to BEETHOVEN. It is written by the Editor. Beethoven's life was even more monotonous as regards external circumstances than those of most other musicians. In early youth he went from Bonn, his birthplace, to Vienna, and there he remained for the rest of his life, the migratory instinct of the musician being shown only in a continual change of lodgings. In his earlier days he was a favourite at Court and in the salons of the Austrian aristocracy, and during the Congress of Vienna he was much thrown together with the foreign celebrities assembled there. But his deafness and the bitterness of his naturally suspicious and wilful temper, increasing in proportion to each other, soon cut off his intercourse with his fellow-men, and in his later years the world saw little of Beethoven, and Beethoven less of the world. But his inner life grew more intense and important, the more he was compelled to retire into himself. A good account of Beethoven's life is, under such circumstances, one of the most difficult tasks of biographical history. The materials, it is true, are plentiful enough. There are the various collections of letters, the recollections of early friends, and, more important than these, the numerous note-books, in which the migration of themes and the gradual development of compositions can be traced. Another source of information springs

from that most tragic feature of his earthly existence—his deafness. In his later years, casual visitors or intimate friends had to address him in writing, and when the meeting happened to be at a public place Beethoven preferred the same medium, not being able to control his voice. Owing to this circumstance, we have authentic records of some of his important and intimate conversations: for instance, that in which the master revealed to Schindler the circumstances of the most serious passion of his life for Giulietta Guicciardi, who was afterwards married to Count Gallenberg.

But these excellent materials have not hitherto been turned to satisfactory account. Ludwig Nohl's '*Beethoven's Leben*,' in three volumes, is a rhapsody, and Mr. Alexander Wheelock Thayer's work on the same subject, written in English, but as yet published only in a German translation, although a perfect marvel of accurate research, is totally wanting in arrangement. Half of the first volume is taken up with details concerning the diocese of Cologne, its ecclesiastical rulers, and its general and artistic conditions, commencing long before Beethoven's birth; and the third volume, recently published, extends only to the year 1816. Schindler's biography, imperfect and unsatisfactory from a literary point of view though it be, is not superseded by these attempts. Schindler has been somewhat harshly treated by his critics, and Mr. Grove seems not sufficiently aware of the importance of his book. During the last years of the great master's life, Schindler acted as his devoted friend,

musical amanuensis, man of business—in short, factotum; and for this period his authority remains unequalled. That he knew little of Beethoven's early career, and that his judgments of contemporaries are tinged by narrow-mindedness and jealousy, no one can deny. It is also true that after Beethoven's death he was apt to pose as the infallible oracle with regard to Beethoven's personal and artistic significance. But this does not interfere with the interest and authenticity of his personal recollections. His reward has been all but unqualified abuse and derision. Heine, whose keen eye at once discovered the weak side of the solemn and bumptious musician, ridiculed his 'eternal white cravat,' and declared that Schindler on his visiting cards described himself as 'l'ami de Beethoven.' The general custom is to call Schindler summarily Beethoven's Boswell; but this idea is erroneous in more than one respect. Schindler has little of the Laird of Auchinleck's liveliness and power of graphic description: on the other hand, he was a serious and accomplished musician, fully able to appreciate the import of Beethoven's artistic creations. There was a singular intensity and dignity about his rendering of Beethoven's sonatas, especially those of the 'second period,' as the present writer can testify from personal experience. Schindler was also an able composer; so able, that when one of his masses was successfully performed at Cologne, critics immediately surmised that the work was, in reality, Beethoven's, purloined by Schindler and brought out as his own.

To return to Mr. Grove's article, we have no hesitation in calling it by far the most satisfactory account of Beethoven's life that has yet appeared. Within the narrow compass of forty-six pages, Mr. Grove has succeeded in giving us a portrait of the great master, vivid and accurate to a degree such as only the most loving and most careful study of the original sources could have made it. Mr. Grove's warm and genial admiration never betrays him into tedious or hyperbolical praise, and the chief characteristics of Beethoven's works are given with as perfect clearness and precision as are the incidents of his life. Without entering into details, we may say that Mr. Grove's article is a genuine and valuable addition to the literature of the subject.

In an English dictionary a little more prominence might perhaps have been given to Beethoven's relations with this country. Englishmen may be proud of the high esteem in which their nation was always held by the great master, and still more of the early appreciation which his works found amongst us. For a long time a visit to England was amongst the favourite plans of Beethoven, and more than once it seemed on the point of realization. As late as 1824, for instance, we find him carrying on a promising negotiation with Sir Charles Neate, who, in a letter of December 20th, 1823, had, on the part of the Philharmonic Society, offered him three hundred guineas, and a benefit guaranteed at five hundred pounds, for a visit to London with a symphony and a concerto. The terms had been accepted, and the

arrangements for the journey were in a forward state, when some domestic difficulty intervened, and Beethoven for the time abandoned his project.

The material reward for his compositions which Beethoven at various times received from England was by no means unwelcome. Sometimes, it is true, offers of this kind were made without sufficient tact, and only tended to irritate the master. In 1816, for instance, General Alexander Kyd called on Beethoven and offered to pay one hundred pounds for a new symphony, at the same time guaranteeing its performance at the Philharmonic Society in London, which, in all probability, would increase the composer's profit to something like one thousand pounds. Unfortunately the condition was added, that the work should be written in the simpler style of the first two symphonies. This restriction touched Beethoven to the quick, and in his wrath he inveighed against a nation which could attribute such mercenary considerations to a great artist. But this was only a temporary misunderstanding. His voluminous correspondence with Smart, Neate, his pupil Ries (settled in London), and Moscheles, extending over many years, is full of admiration for England and the English, and almost the last words he uttered on his deathbed had reference to a letter of thanks for a sum of money received from the Philharmonic Society. Another interesting correspondence between Beethoven and Mr. George Thomson, the Scotch publisher, carried on in truly extraordinary French, may be found in Thayer's

third volume. Still more gratifying was a transaction with another British firm, of which Mr. Grove gives the first complete account, including an unpublished letter of the master's, which is worth reproducing, were it only as a specimen of his French style :

'An incident of this date,' Mr. Grove writes, 'which gratified him much, was the arrival of a piano from Broadwoods. Mr. Thomas Broadwood, the then head of the house, had recently made his acquaintance in Vienna, and the piano seems to have been the result of the impression produced on him by Beethoven. The Philharmonic Society are sometimes credited with the gift, but no resolution or minute to that effect exists in their records. The books of the firm, however, show that on December 27, 1817, the grand piano, No. 7362, was forwarded to Beethoven's address. A letter appears to have been written to him at the same time by Mr. Broadwood, which was answered by Beethoven immediately on its receipt. His letter has never been printed, and is here given exactly in his own strange French.

" *A Monsieur, Monsieur Thomas Broadwood a Londres
(en Angleterre).*

"MON TRÈS CHER AMI BROADWOOD!—jamais je n'éprouvais pas un plus grand Plaisir de ce que me causa votre Annonce de l'arrivée de cette Piano, avec qui vous m'honorez de m'en faire présent; je regarderai comme un Autel, ou je déposerai les plus belles offrandes de mon esprit au divine Apollon. Aussitôt comme je recevrai votre Excellent instrument, je vous enverrai d'en abord les Fruits de l'inspiration des premiers moments, que j'y passerai, pour vous servir d'un souvenir de moi à vous mon très-cher B., et je ne souhaite ce que, qu'ils soient dignes de votre instrument.

"Mon cher Monsieur et Ami recevez ma plus grande considération de votre ami et très-humble serviteur Louis van Beethoven; Vienne le 3^{me} du mois Fevrier 1818."

'The instrument in course of time reached its destination,

was unpacked by Streicher, and first tried by Mr. Cipriani Potter, at that time studying in Vienna. What the result of Beethoven's own trial of it was is not known. At any rate, no further communication from him reached the Broadwoods.'

Her Majesty the Queen, we may add, is in possession of the fellow instrument to that presented to Beethoven by Messrs. Broadwood, which she prizes highly. In Beethoven's own days, however, English royalty did not show sufficient appreciation of the master's greatness. Soon after the completion of the Battle Symphony, written in commemoration of Wellington's victory, the composer forwarded a copy of the score to the Prince Regent, but no acknowledgment of any kind was vouchsafed, and Beethoven felt the neglect keenly. The work was produced at Drury Lane a year afterwards—February 10th, 1815—and had a great run, but this was through the exertions of Sir George Smart, who himself procured the copy from Vienna.

The biography next in importance to Beethoven's is that of HAYDN, by Herr C. F. Pohl, the author of the well-known work, 'Mozart and Haydn in London.' Many new and interesting facts are adduced, and a silhouette of Haydn, here engraved for the first time, forms a welcome addition. In connection with Haydn's second visit to London, in 1794, some amusing anecdotes are given, one of which may be quoted here, as illustrating the fellow-feeling of artists in those days. Felice de' Giardini was at the time living in London, highly esteemed as the *doyen* of the musical profession. Though nearly eighty years of age, he produced

an oratorio, 'Ruth,' at Ranelagh, and even played a concerto. His temper was frightful, and he showed a particular spite against Haydn, even remarking within his hearing, when urged to call upon him, 'I don't want to see the German dog.' Haydn retorted by writing in his diary, after hearing him play, 'Giardini played like a pig.' The intrinsic and permanent value of Haydn's work is well defined by Herr Pohl, and a passage like the following deserves quotation at a time when musicians are apt to assign Haydn's symphonies to the limbo of things justly forgotten, because Beethoven and other musicians have developed the form to a degree never dreamt of by the simple-minded Viennese composer :

'Haydn's position in the history of music,' Herr Pohl remarks, 'is of the first importance. When we consider the poor condition in which he found certain important departments of music, and, on the other hand, the vast fields which he opened to his successors, it is impossible to overrate his creative powers. Justly called the father of instrumental music, there is scarcely a department throughout its whole range in which he did not make his influence felt. Starting from Emmanuel Bach, he seems, if we may use the expression, forced in between Mozart and Beethoven. All his works are characterized by lucidity, perfect finish, studied moderation, avoidance of meaningless phrases, firmness of design, and richness of development. The subjects, principal and secondary, down to the smallest episodes, are thoroughly connected, and the whole conveys the impression of being cast in one mould. We admire his inexhaustible invention, as shown in the originality of his themes and melodies ; the life and spontaneity of the ideas ; the clearness which makes his compositions as interesting to the amateur as to the artist ; the childlike cheerfulness and drollery which charm away trouble and care.'

The article BACH, by Herr A. Maczewski, takes the form of a family chronicle. The heredity of genius has never been illustrated more strikingly than in his case. Like some of the Italian painters, Johann Sebastian Bach (born 1685) was the son of musical parents, and he in his turn had musical sons and grandsons, the last of whom, William Frederick Ernest, died as late as 1845, and, as the sole and last male representative of the family, was present with his wife and two daughters at the inauguration of the monument erected to his great ancestor at Leipzig in 1843, through the instrumentality of Mendelssohn. According to Herr Maczewski, he was a good player on the pianoforte and violin, but his modesty prevented him from often appearing, and, although he wrote much in many styles, very little of his music is published. Before him we know of no less than seven generations of Bachs more or less musical. One of these, Veit Bach, born about the middle of the sixteenth century, was one of the victims of the Jesuit reaction, which under the Emperor Rudolph II. drove many of the adherents of the new faith from Austria. He settled at Wechmar, near Gotha, as a baker and miller. He was a proficient performer on the zither, and the old family chronicler naïvely remarks that the notes of his instrument used to mingle sweetly with the clatter of the mill. His son Hans, the great-grandfather of Johann Sebastian, born about 1580, and generally surnamed 'der Spielmann,' the player, seems to have been the first professional musician in the family. From him the gift of music

was transmitted in uninterrupted succession to the man who was destined to give immortality to the name of Bach. Johann Sebastian himself considered his gift in the light of an inheritance, which he was bound to leave in his turn to his children; and the clannish feeling common to all the Bachs was more than usually strong in him. It was indeed he who began the genealogy of the Bach family, which contains the dates of birth and death, and the most important events in the lives, of no less than fifty-three Bachs.

Johann Sebastian stands forth in the history of music as a kind of patriarchal figure, and patriarchal indeed was the number of his children, there being no less than twenty, only five of whom survived their father. A deeply religious sentiment and moral force and rectitude, as well as artistic culture, were amongst the family traits most highly developed in the great master. His position in his art is thus defined by Schumann: 'To him music owes almost as great a debt as religion owes to its founder.' Schumann and Mendelssohn were amongst the first who succeeded in rescuing Bach's works from their long and undeserved oblivion. Schumann was also amongst the founders of the German Bach Society, started a hundred years after Bach's death, for the purpose of publishing a complete and critical edition of the master's works. Of this monumental edition there have as yet appeared twenty-two issues, containing no less than ninety-three numbers, many of them previously unpublished; but

even these do not by any means represent the entire result of Bach's incessant activity. Amongst those who have done most to diffuse a knowledge of Bach's works by rearranging his orchestral accompaniments in accordance with the requirements of the modern orchestra, Robert Franz, the celebrated lyrical composer, ought to be named.

To the biography of HANDEL, by Mr. Julian Marshall, short reference has already been made. Although not containing new facts of much importance, it is well written, and gives a clear and comprehensive picture of the man and his work. We can hardly say the same of the somewhat meagre account of Cherubini's life by Herr A. Maczewski. This is the more to be regretted, as CHERUBINI is amongst musicians perhaps the most perfect specimen of what in ordinary parlance is called a 'character.' The most marked trait of Cherubini's character was a morbid love of order. We have from his own hand a catalogue of his works, extending over almost seventy years, which is perhaps unique in the history of music for accuracy of detail. In the scores of some of the works used for the royal chapel at Paris, he has carefully noted the time which their performance occupied, to half and even a quarter of a minute. In an admirable article on Cherubini, founded on personal reminiscences, which appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* some years ago, Dr. Hiller gives an account of Cherubini's curious relations with the first Napoleon, which he had from the composer's own lips. At the time when Cherubini

was at the height of his fame, General Bonaparte returned to Paris from his Italian campaign, and made the acquaintance of the composer, whom at their first meeting he annoyed by his exaggerated admiration of such light masters as Paësiello and Zingarelli. Talking of Cherubini's operas a few days later, the General remarked, 'Your music is very fine, but the accompaniment is too prominent,—*'il y a trop d'accompagnement.'* 'Citoyen Général,' the composer replied, '*vous aimez la musique qui vous laisse penser à vos affaires d'État.*' After this there was little chance of promotion in Imperial France for Cherubini, who therefore accepted an invitation to write an opera for the Imperial Theatre at Vienna, where he arrived in the second half of July, 1805. He was received at Court and in the city with every mark of distinction; and a German musical paper, in a letter dated Vienna, August 5th, contains an enthusiastic account of Cherubini's '*Les deux journées*,' conducted by the composer himself. But here again his triumph was to be cut short by his imperial antagonist, who entered Vienna at the head of his victorious army before '*Faniska*,' the new opera, was finished. Napoleon took up his residence at Schönbrunn, and Cherubini was invited to conduct some concert performances at his Court. At the close of these concerts the Emperor was in the habit of having some conversation with the composer. 'Your last opera has had great success,' Napoleon said on one occasion. 'It would not please you, Sire,' answered Cherubini. 'Why not?' asked

the Emperor. '*Il y a trop d'accompagnement*,' was the answer, and it was the last which Cherubini ever had the opportunity of making, for the Emperor never spoke to him again.

It was not till after the fall of Napoleon that Cherubini received the reward due to his merits. Louis XVIII., for obvious reasons, loved to shower favours on the ill-used composer, and in 1821 Cherubini became Director of the Conservatoire. Much less creditable than his artistic pride shown towards the Emperor were his relations to his great fellow-composer, Beethoven. Beethoven had the highest admiration for Cherubini's works, and in the sketch of a letter printed by Schindler he says, '*Vous resterez toujours celui de mes contemporains, que je l'estime le plus.*' This was written with reference to a copy of his '*Missa Solemnis*' sent to the French Court, to solicit Cherubini's friendly recommendation of the work. A similar letter, by the way, was addressed to Goethe at Weimar; but in neither instance did the composer receive a reply. In 1841 Cherubini declared to Schindler that no letter of Beethoven's had ever been received by him. However this may be, it is well known that Cherubini's personal impression of Beethoven, whom he knew in 1805, was anything but favourable. '*Mais il était toujours brusque*' was the refrain of all his utterances on the subject. Neither did he conceal his limited appreciation of the great German master's work, and in this respect it is difficult to believe that his blindness was altogether

free from jealousy. As a composer, Cherubini continues the best traditions of the early Italian masters ; and his music, although frequently perhaps too severe, is always of a grand and noble structure. It proves the versatility of his genius, as well as the strong influence of the French national type, that in such works as 'Médée' and 'Les deux journées' he was able to enter fully into the spirit of the French school of music.

A still stronger instance of a similar amalgamation is offered by the career of GLUCK, whose biography has been entrusted to M. Gustave Chouquet, keeper of the Museum of the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris, and not without good reason ; for Gluck, although German by birth, was first and most permanently appreciated in Paris, and his operas are, as it were, the musical complement of Corneille's and Racine's tragedy. Some of the minor biographies also are well worth reading, as, for example, those of Bellini, Donizetti, and Madame Grisi, the celebrated singer, from the pen of Mr. H. Sutherland Edwards, who is also responsible for the articles on Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres. There are, it is true, some serious omissions in this department, but for these a remedy may be found in an appendix.

From the historical we naturally turn to the formal development of music. This is treated collectively under the heading 'Form,' by Mr. C. Hubert Parry. The importance of the purely formal principle in music is self-evident ; for music has no subject. The

poet and the painter borrow their imaginings from the concrete phenomena of the mind or the outer world ; they describe or depict ; in brief, they copy. But for the musician there is nothing to copy. The sounds in nature proffer no more than the most external and most occasional suggestion ; and even feelings and thoughts cannot be rendered in a definite and generally recognisable manner. Music, therefore (we are of course speaking of instrumental music), depends for its artistic realization entirely on form ; it is, in fact nothing but form. This has been perceived, and for the first time explained, by Schopenhauer.

Germany, it has been remarked, is the country of musicians and of philosophers, but the philosophy of music has been advanced very little by its thinkers. To Leibnitz music was no more than an '*exercitium arithmeticae occultum nescientis se numerare animi* ;' and the definitions which we might quote from other philosophers are, if less mechanical, certainly not more lucid. In Schopenhauer's system, on the other hand, the art of sound occupies an important and well-defined place. According to him, the universal principle of life, 'Will,' manifests itself in the so-called Platonic 'ideas,' or archetypal forms, of which the single phenomena are further subdivisions. These ideas, in Plato's sense, it is the aim of all arts to express. But, while the poet and painter approach them through visible or definable media, the musician, as it were, drinks at the pure and original source of nature. His harmonies and melodies are the

equivalent of the Platonic ideas themselves, 'as immediate and direct an objective rendering or copy of the will of the world as the world itself is, as the ideas are of which the universe of things is the phenomenon. Music is not, like the other arts, the copy of the ideas, but a representation of the cosmical Will co-ordinate with the ideas themselves.'

Whatever the reader may be inclined to think of Will and the Platonic ideas, there is here at least a theory consistent with Schopenhauer's own train of reasoning, which at the same time explains the absence from instrumental music of what can be called subject in the ordinary sense. The musical artist, according to Schopenhauer, perceives the causes or ideas of things by mere force of intuition, and the impression thus received he re-embodies in his art, being for the while in what, for want of a better name, has been called a state of clairvoyance. This may be true as to the first conception of a melody, and it has indeed been surmised that the first, and as yet inarticulate, impression of poets and artists is near akin to music. Schiller, although profoundly unmusical, stated the same fact from his own experience. But a first conception is as insufficient in music, as it is in other arts. The melody must be developed into a thousand shapes of beauty; it must find support in harmony, must mingle with other melodies of equal charm. It must, in fact, be treated artistically; and it is here that the question of musical form becomes apparent in its true importance.

Without dwelling further on these transcendental explanations, we may notice that Mr. Parry defines the first basis of musical form as 'repetition,' and in this he is no doubt right. Repetition of some sort is the fundamental principle, not only of an entire movement, but even of a single tune; although in the latter instance it need not be more prominent than are metre and rhyme in poetry. Mr. Parry is, further, correct in saying that the simplest and most elementary kind is the repetition of a phrase or bit of melody, with a short passage in the middle to connect the two statements. The result of this principle of statement, interlude, and repetition, is the rondo form in its most primitive state, and from this most of the developments of modern music may be derived. Mr. Parry's exposition of this theory is excellent in every way. He explains the harmonic relations existing between the melodic materials above indicated; he shows the infinite number of variations of which the original principle is capable; and he finally traces the growth of the various movements of symphony and sonata, from the simple beginnings of Couperin and Lully to the ultimate perfection of Beethoven. But Mr. Parry's theory, although correct, is limited. He attaches too much importance to the rondo form, or tripartite principle.

But there is another principle almost equally important, although much less frequently employed, that of bipartite division; and for the existence of this we can adduce so early and so important a witness as

Dante. In his little-known treatise, 'De Vulgari Eloquio,' Dante gives a complete system of the structure of a stanza or strophe, and this structure, as is generally known, depends to a great extent on the musical accompaniment, without which no lyrical poetry could be conceived in the middle ages. In consequence, we find that his terminology partakes largely of the musical element. 'Omnis stantia ad quandam odam recipiendam armonizata est' is his fundamental doctrine, and in this sentence *oda* has a musical as well as a metrical significance. The word *cauda* is also used by Dante in a sense not very different from that of our modern *coda*. In the system which Dante proceeds to expound, repetition plays at least as great a part as it does in Mr. Parry's article. With very few exceptions, all his stanzas contain a dieresis or volta, the point, that is, at which one melody ends and the other commences ('dieresim dicimus deductionem vergentem de una oda in aliam'), and this dieresis, he adds, cannot exist 'nisi reiteratio unius odæ fiat vel ante dieresim vel post vel utrimque.'

In the two first-named cases, the division of the stanza is no doubt tripartite; and this indeed was the fundamental principle of the Italian as well as of the old German strophe; but in the last case the alternate principle above alluded to is as distinctly apparent, the stanza being divided into two parts by the dieresis, and each of the two parts into two further subdivisions by a modulation corresponding, most probably, to the

chord of the dominant in a symphonic movement. The further exposition of Dante's system, and of its bearings on the theory of musical form, could not but be tedious to the non-professional reader, to whom we must apologize for having dwelt on the subject at some length: but it seemed important to call the attention of musical students to Dante's important treatise, which at the same time illustrates the intimate connection between the spoken word and the melody which accompanies it.

To the forms of vocal music Mr. Parry devotes little attention, and he is right so far as the aria, the finale, the duet, etc., as used by the earlier masters, are concerned; for these do not in any essential way differ from the forms of absolute music. But the song, as developed by the modern German masters, Schubert, Mendelssohn, Schumann, and others, ought not to have been neglected. Of dramatic music in the modern sense of the word, Mr. Parry disposes in a single sentence. 'Here,' he remarks, 'the order of distribution must vary with the development of the emotional crises, and in such cases it will be rather a distribution of culminations and gradations of intensity of passion and emotion, than the more obvious one of key and figure; though, if the relation between important figures of melody and the special circumstances to which they are appended be observed, the notion of form as defined by subjects will still continue to be perceptible.' This is well enough as far as it goes; but apart from such forms as the

recitative (*secco* and *obbligato*), the *arioso*, etc., belonging more especially to dramatic music, one would have liked to hear something of the manner in which even the most dramatic of dramatic composers has to conform his purpose to the demands of absolute musical beauty and symmetry. It is the same with that latest phase of modern art, generally known as 'programme music,' in which a story or an idea defined by words is the subject of instrumental music. Here the 'Platonic idea' of absolute music has given way to a tangible impulse, and Schopenhauer was right, from his own point of view, in decrying all such attempts at realism as a vile deterioration of the sublime art. Mr. Parry is more tolerant. He seems fully to acknowledge the greater intensity of emotion gained by such a process, and even admits that the composer, deeply impregnated with the spirit of his subject, is justified in seeking to create a form of his own which should be fully in consonance with the spirit of his programme, even as Beethoven did without programme in the first movement of the Sonata in E (op. 109), and other works of his last period.

But as to the nature of this new form, as we find it for instance in Liszt's so-called symphonic poems, we are completely left in the dark. The difficulty here is to find any connecting link between a story, or an abstract idea, and musical form as such. The most primitive element in music is rhythm, and to rhythm the tripartite principle insisted upon by Mr. Parry must in the last resource be traced. Take, for

instance, the so-called trio in a march or a minuet. It represents the time of comparative repose necessary for the dancer or marcher before resuming the livelier rhythm of the opening theme. Here, then, we have a distinct formal principle, which may be, and has been, developed in innumerable variations. But how can the abstract idea of Tasso's Lament, or of Harold in Italy, supply the composer with formal suggestions?

In connection with the article on 'Form,' those on 'Harmony,' also by Mr. Parry, and on 'Counterpoint,' by Sir Frederick Ouseley, ought to be studied. The latter, however, is of extreme brevity, as likewise is that on the 'Fugue,' by the same author, and neither can be said to have exhausted the subject.

Of special interest in this Dictionary are the technical articles on the various musical instruments, frequently illustrated by accurate drawings. Such an article as that by M. de Pontigny on the 'Drum,' its various species (kettle-drum, side-drum, tambourine, etc), its chief effects, and the uses to which these have been put in the scores of various composers, is in its way invaluable. The 'Horn,' the 'Bassoon,' and the 'Flute,' with its shrill relative the 'Flageolet,' are treated with equal care. The last was, according to Burney, invented by the Sieur Juvigny, who played it in the famous 'Ballet comique de la Royne' in 1581. It superseded the more ancient 'recorder,' so well known from 'Hamlet,' which is generally represented by a German flute, or *flûte traversière*, at our theatres. There were long bulky recorders reaching half-way

down to the player's knee, while others were of a diminutive size, and might, as an old authority puts it, 'be carried in the pocket, and so, without any trouble, be a companion by land and water.'

Dr. William Stone writes both on 'Flute' and 'Flageolet.' More important still is a series of articles on the 'Pianoforte' and its congeners, by Mr. A. J. Hipkins. The modern instrument is not comprised in the present volume but we have its predecessors, the 'Clavichord' and the, 'Harpsichord,' the latter of which held, in the sixteenth, seventeenth, and eighteenth centuries, a position analogous to that now occupied by the grand pianoforte. It was also in those days an orchestral instrument, used chiefly for the accompaniment of the recitativo secco. Mr. Hipkins derives the harpsichord from the psaltery. The earliest mention of the harpsichord occurs under the name of 'clavicymbolum.' The valuable collection in the South Kensington Museum includes instruments of this family dating from 1555 to 1786. In England it is for the first time mentioned in 1502, the name being corrupted into 'clavicymball.' The name of 'virginalls' also was frequently applied to it. Different from the harpsichord as regards the principle of 'the action,' but otherwise nearly related to it, is the 'clavichord.'

As a kind of predecessor to these keyed instruments, Mr. Hipkins also mentions the 'Dulcimer,' to which a separate article is devoted. The dulcimer, like the psaltery, seems to have come to us from the East—

most likely at the time of the Crusades. It had been known for centuries, in Persia, Arabia, and also in the Caucasus, under the name of *sautir*. Coleridge is therefore perfectly right in introducing it into his Vision of 'Kubla Khan.' The lines, it will be remembered, run :

' A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw :
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air.'

Unfortunately the poetic rapture of the last lines tallies little with Mr. Hipkins's matter-of-fact statement, according to which the tone of the dulcimer is 'harsh in the loud playing, and always confused, as there is no damping contrivance to stop the continuance of the sounds when not required.'

In connection with these articles should be read the short historical sketches of the great houses which have made the perfection of the pianoforte their speciality. At the head of these in England stands the firm of Broadwood and Sons, established at the sign of the 'Plume of Feathers,' in Great Pulteney Street, in the same house in which the business is still carried on. The founder of the firm was one Burkhard Tschudi, a Swiss, who had studied his craft

under Tabel, the Flemish harpsichord-maker settled in London. The life of John Broadwood, who gave its English name and character to the firm, reads like the story of 'The Industrious Apprentice.' He came from Scotland to London, as a journeyman cabinet-maker, found employment at Tschudi's, married Tschudi's daughter, became in due course his father-in-law's partner, and eventually the head of the firm. To him are due several important improvements of the pianoforte.

The house of Erard, founded by Sebastian Erard about 1777, is at the head of pianoforte makers in France. Bechstein, and Breitkopf and Härtel, are famous German firms, and recently the American house of Steinway has acquired celebrity by the brilliant tone of its instruments. But there is as yet little danger of any of these foreign importations superseding our home products.

The history of the violin, dating from a much earlier age, and therefore more interesting than that of the pianoforte, will, no doubt, be told by a competent writer in the second volume.

That a work of the character and the scope of this Dictionary should not be free from various sins of omission and commission, is a matter of course, and a goodly list of such might indeed be compiled. Even the tact and the command of his subject possessed by Mr. Grove were not able wholly to avoid the pitfalls which beset an editor's path. But, while admitting this, we are in justice bound to add that, in

comparison with other works of the same class, the number of errors is exceedingly small, especially if we consider the large amount of valuable and frequently entirely new information here collected. Instead of wearying the reader with the enumeration of misstatements more or less trifling, we prefer to point out the source to which most of them may be traced. This is the thoughtless copying from other dictionaries of music, especially as regards foreign information. In such a work as Fétis's celebrated '*Biographie*,' compiled virtually by one man, such a process is absolutely inevitable, and even a body of writers belonging to the same nation will scarcely be able to go in every instance to the original sources. Of this, Mr. Grove was well aware, and in consequence he has surrounded himself with a staff of contributors belonging to the chief musical nations of the world.

His Dictionary, indeed, is the first compiled on a truly international principle, and may, generally speaking, be consulted with equal confidence on French or Italian, as on English matters. This is especially the case with the longer articles, which are one and all far above the average level of works of this class. But it is different with the short biographical notices of twenty or thirty lines, and for a very obvious reason. To go for this kind of information to remote sources, such as old newspapers and other contemporary accounts, is a task few writers would like to undertake, and, in fact, generally impracticable. It is here, then, that the temptation to follow another diction-

ary becomes strong indeed, and in this manner the error of one man is repeated and perpetuated, spreading from one encyclopædia to another, and thence to magazines and other ephemeral publications.

The work of Fétis was formerly the fertile source of mistakes of this kind, but since the numerous errors of that arch-blunderer have been discovered, few writers would like to trust him implicitly. But another authority, almost equally dangerous, has taken his place. Some years ago, Herr Mendel, a laborious but by no means distinguished writer, started a 'Musikalisches Conversations-Lexikon,' the eleventh and last volume of which has just been published under the editorship of Dr. Reissmann, Herr Mendel having died in the meantime. There is in this work a large amount of solid and excellent information, and on German matters Herr Mendel may be consulted with tolerable confidence. But his contributors are, with few exceptions, Germans, and their information regarding other countries is, to say the least, limited. Some of the errors of this book have crept into Mr. Grove's Dictionary, but they are not of any great importance.

Mr. Grove has avoided another serious danger with all but unimpaired success. His book is almost entirely free from party spirit and this is saying not a little in these days, when the adherents of the classical models and of the Future stand facing each other in battle array. While the struggle between the Gluckists and Piccinists was at its hottest, the test question

in Paris society was no longer whether a man was a Molinist or a Jansenist, a Voltairian, or a staunch believer, but whether he admired the music of the German or of the Italian composer. A similar state of things becomes apparent in more than one London drawing-room, whenever the names of Mozart and Haydn, or of Wagner and Liszt are mentioned. But the noise of this battle has found no echo in Mr. Grove's pages; and although the names of prominent representatives of the two militant schools are in the list of contributors, they have sunk their spirit of combativeness for a season. It is true that the representative writers of the Future have not as yet been treated of; but we may trust to Mr. Grove's tact as an editor, that, whatever may be said in praise of Wagner or Liszt, the great masters of the past will be left undisturbed on their pedestals.

It is true that the spirit of general appreciation pervading the Dictionary is sometimes a little monotonous. If we are to believe all that is said, dull composers and incompetent virtuosi must have been rare—as rare as bad husbands and fathers in tombstone inscriptions. But a dictionary is not a work of criticism, and Mr. Grove, as a writer as well as an editor, deserves praise for not obtruding his personal likes and dislikes on the reader. Gratitude for his discretion will be especially felt by those who are acquainted with other musical dictionaries. Fétis's narrow-minded prejudices are at least as objectionable as his inaccuracies, of which they are in more than one

instance the cause, and he is by no means the only editor with a 'purpose.' This leads us to say a few words of the musical dictionaries which have preceded Mr. Grove's.

The number of these, as we said before, is legion, and the list given in the present volume by M. Chouquet, although by no means complete, fills several columns. Only a few of them need detain us here. Perhaps the most interesting, from a bibliographic point of view, is the first in date, Tinctor's 'Diffinitorium.' It has a history of its own, and many interesting questions arise in connection with it. Even the author's name is not established beyond dispute, any more than are the place and date of his birth. In his 'Catalogue of Illustrious Men,' the learned Trithemius mentions Johannes Tinctoris, born at Nivelles in Brabant, and canon of the chief church of the same town, moreover, a 'doctor utriusque juris,' and late cantor and chief chapel-master of King Ferdinand of Naples, also a great mathematician, an excellent musician, and generally a most learned man. A list of his books on music, including one in which Christ is proved to have been 'the greatest singer,' is also given by Trithemius, who adds, that at the time of writing (1495), Tinctoris was still alive in Italy, aged about sixty. With these statements the discoveries of M. Van der Straeten are considerably at variance. According to the latter, Tinctoris was born at Poperinghe in Flanders, about the year 1445, or ten years later than is stated by Trithemius. He became chaplain to King Ferdinand

in 1476, wrote his celebrated book, 'De Arte Contrapuncti,' in 1477, and died on October 12, 1511.

For Van der Straeten's authority the reader is referred to the fourth volume of Coussemaker's 'Scriptores de Musica,' where a complete list of Tinctoris's works, and a reprint of the 'Diffinitorium,' may also be found. But before we turn to the latter, a few words ought to be added with regard to the author's name. 'Tinctoris,' although adopted by both ancient and modern authors, is not an intrinsically probable form. It irresistibly suggests a genitive, and the surmise seems confirmed by the mention of a Johannes Tinctor, also living towards the end of the fifteenth century, also of Netherlandish extraction, and also an author on philosophic topics. The identity of the two men has therefore been conjectured, and in the catalogue of the British Museum both names are quoted.

The best manuscript of the 'Diffinitorium,' dating from the fifteenth century, is in the Bibliothèque Royale of Brussels. On it Coussemaker's edition is founded. One or two quotations will suffice to convey a general idea of the 'Diffinitorium.' 'Armonia,' we are told, 'est amœnitas quædam ex convenienti sono causata.' But other definitions are less primitive and abrupt. 'Contrapunctus' is well defined as 'cantus per positionem unius vocis contra aliam punctuatim effectus,' and a division is made into 'simple' and 'diminished' counterpoint. '*Contrapunctus simplex* est dum nota vocis, quæ contra aliam ponitur, est

ejusdem valoris cum illa—a definition which agrees with what modern theorists class as the first species of plain counterpoint, that called ‘note against note.’ Tinctore’s ‘*contrapunctus diminutus*’ is the equivalent of the modern ‘florid counterpoint,’ which name indeed is also known to him. Of ‘double counterpoint’ and its varieties, curiously enough, he makes no mention. It may be added, that Tinctore’s extremely learned treatise is politely dedicated ‘to the most illustrious’ Beatrice of Aragon.

From Tinctore we may pass to an infinitely more celebrated, although technically less valuable book, Jean Jacques Rousseau’s ‘*Dictionnaire de Musique*,’ Geneva, 1767. Of this M. Chouquet remarks, somewhat irrelevantly, that it is to Rousseau’s ‘literary ability rather than to his elevated views on æsthetics that the enormous success of his dictionary is due.’ M. Chouquet, if he had wanted to say anything in disparagement of Rousseau, ought to have placed himself on strictly technical grounds. As to Rousseau’s æsthetical views, they were in many respects in advance of his age. The following extract, for instance, concerning the growth of ‘tone melody’ from ‘word melody,’ contains in clear and brief language all that can be said on the subject, and is quoted with approval by the adherents of the most recent school of music :—

‘*Toute musique nationale,*’ Rousseau remarks, ‘*tire son principal caractère de la langue qui lui est propre, et je dois ajouter que c’est principalement la prosodie de la langue qui*

constitue ce caractère.' Comme la musique vocale a précédé de beaucoup l'instrumentale, celle-ci a toujours reçu de l'autre ses tours de chant et sa mesure ; et les diverses mesures de la musique vocale n'ont pu naître, que des diverses manières dont on pouvait scander le discours et placer les brèves et les longues, les unes à l'égard des autres : ce qui est très-évident dans la musique Grecque, dont toutes les mesures n'étaient que les formules d'autant de rythmes fournis par tous les arrangements des syllabes longues ou brèves, et des pieds dont la langue et la poésie étaient susceptibles.'

M. Chouquet's remarks seem to be a faint echo of the scepticism with which Rousseau's musical achievements were looked upon by his contemporaries. The world would not allow that one of the most celebrated writers of the age might be at the same time an able composer, and, in consequence, Rousseau's claims to the music of the 'Devin du Village' were called in question on the authority of an obscure journalist, whose absurd story on the subject implied a charge of something very like petty larceny against himself. But Rousseau's enemies did not stop here. His articles on music in the 'Encyclopédie' were made the subject of an abusive pamphlet, and the same attacks were repeated when the 'Musical Dictionary' was published. That the latter contains errors of a more or less grave kind, is a statement which may be repeated with truth of every musical dictionary, from Tincto to Grove. It may also be admitted that, for some of his technical information and terminology, Rousseau very naturally referred to Brossard's 'Dictionnaire de Musique,' published sixty-four years before his own. But in spite of this, it may be said

that Rousseau's dictionary, both as regards method and literary ability, is by far the most creditable work of the kind produced in the eighteenth century.

It may serve as a specimen of the class of musical dictionaries written with a 'purpose.' Rousseau held very decided views on the subject of music, and was apt to express them in more than decided language. Although himself the composer of a French opera, he abused the French school of music, and extolled the merits of its Italian rival, with a violence to be partly explained no doubt from personal motives. Rameau had passed severe censure on Rousseau's works, and by attacking French music in general Rousseau at the same time hit its representative master. But even this circumstance can scarcely account for the manner in which Rousseau inveighs against his own language in its musical character, and compares French singing to an '*aboie-ment continuel*.' In his dictionary he is much more moderate, and it is under such headings as *Goût* or *Onzième* that he introduces his subtle attacks on Rameau and the French school, even as Dr. Johnson used the word *oats* or *pension* for a similar purpose. It is curious to notice in the first-named article how a man so used to *à priori* reasoning as Rousseau candidly accepts the *consensus doctorum* as the last tribunal in æsthetical matters :—

'Mais il y a,' he remarks, 'aussi un *goût* général sur lequel tous les gens bien organisés s'accordent ; et c'est celui-ci seulement auquel on peut donner absolument le nom de *goût*. Faites

entendre un Concert à des oreilles suffisamment exercées et à des hommes suffisamment instruits, le plus grand nombre s'accordera, pour l'ordinaire, sur le jugement des morceaux, et sur l'ordre de préférence qui leur convient. Demandez à chacun raison de son jugement, il y a des choses sur lesquelles ils la rendront d'un avis presque unanime ; ces choses sont celles qui se trouvent soumises aux règles ; et ce jugement commun est alors celui de l'artiste ou du connoisseur.'

Beyond this collective taste there is, Rousseau remarks, an individual taste, founded on instinct rather than on reasoning, and belonging to the *homme de goût* proper. Where these men of taste differ, the only way is to count the votes and abide by the verdict of the majority. 'Voilà donc ce qui doit décider de la préférence entre la musique françoise et l'italienne,' he winds up triumphantly. This, it must be remembered, was written ten years before Gluck had become the champion of French music, and had entirely changed the views of the best French critics, including Rousseau's own.

The excellence of Rousseau's 'Dictionnaire' becomes most apparent when we compare it with a similar attempt made in this country towards the close of the century. Dr. Thomas Busby, the author of 'A Complete Dictionary of Music,' published in 1786, was a man of great industry and no doubt of excellent intentions, who wrote numerous books on the theory of music and similar matters. The aim of his dictionary is indeed of the most ambitious kind ; but its grandiloquent promises are sadly at variance with the appearance of the little volume in duodecimo, still

more with the unsatisfactory way in which the most important subjects are treated. For instance, all that Dr. Busby knows of 'barcarolles' is that they are 'certain songs composed by the Venetian gondoliers, and sung by them in their boats. The style of these airs is simple and natural, like the manners of the people who produce them.' In Mr. Grove's Dictionary the article on 'barcarole' fills over half a column, and contains, besides an account of its origin, and its rhythmical and melodic character, a list of the chief instances in which composers have made use of the gondoliers' song. It is true that these latter belong one and all to modern music, Mendelssohn being the most prominent representative of the barcarole in its artistic stage; but Auber, Schubert, Chopin, and Sterndale Bennett have also written beautiful barcaroles.

Of the efforts of German scholarship and thoroughness, to which some of the most valuable compendiums of musical knowledge are due, it would be impossible to give a complete list. The first amongst these appears to have been Walther's 'Alte und neue musikalische Bibliothek, oder Musikalisches Lexikon,' published early in the last century at Weimar. The best amongst technical dictionaries is Arrey von Dommer's revised edition of Koch's 'Lexicon' (Heidelberg, 1865). The first biographical dictionary of musicians also appears to have been of German origin, being Gerber's 'Historisch-biographisches Lexikon der Tonkünstler' (Leipzig, 1790-92, 2 vols.), followed twenty years later

by the 'Dictionnaire historique des Musiciens' of Choron and Fazolle (Paris, 1810-11). But by far the most important work of this class is Fétis's 'Biographie Universelle des Musiciens,' already alluded to. Of Mendel's 'Conversations-Lexikon,' combining the technical and the biographical elements, mention has also been made.

In conclusion, we think Mr. Grove has exercised a wise discretion in omitting from his valuable Dictionary a whole class of subjects, the nature of which is indicated by the following paragraph of the Preface:—

'The limits of the work have necessarily excluded disquisitions on acoustics, anatomy, mechanics, and other branches of science connected with the main subject, which, though highly important, are not absolutely requisite in a book concerned with practical music.'

It has of late become the custom to speak of a 'science of music,' and composers and virtuosi are often sternly reprov'd for being unacquainted with the scientific basis of their art. They may plead in excuse that the number of vibrations by which a tone is produced is a matter of total indifference to those who can string such tones together into a melody, or play them on the violin or the flute. Neither is the intonation of a singer improved by his minute knowledge of the larynx and its anatomical qualities. Moreover, the experiments with 'pure fifths,' and other attempts at meddling with our system of tuning the pianoforte, have hitherto led, and will probably

always lead, to miserable failures. It may indeed be broadly stated that the discoveries of Helmholtz and other scientific men, valuable and excellent though they undoubtedly are, have never been of the slightest use to the practical musician. The story is told of a scientific man who wrote a piece of music on strictly mathematical principles. It was a model of symmetry, and everything that could be desired from a scientific point of view, but extremely dull and uninteresting.

On the other hand, there is no evidence that Bach or Mozart knew anything whatever of the physical laws of their art. The two things are different, and ought not to be mixed up together. There is a science of acoustics, and an art of music.

*THE LITERARY ASPECTS OF SCHOPEN-
HAUER'S WORK.*

SOME months ago the present writer published a paper on Arthur Schopenhauer, the pessimist philosopher, in the *Fortnightly Review*, in which he endeavoured to give a summary of the German thinker's metaphysical system, as far as that could be done within the limits of a magazine article of ordinary, or indeed of any size. Another important side of Schopenhauer as a phenomenon in the history of literature, had to be all but totally neglected on that occasion. This is his splendid gift as a writer, which, quite apart from the merits or demerits of his philosophical speculations, places him on a par with the greatest stylists of his own and other countries. There is scattered about in Schopenhauer's writings an amount of wit, and observation, and pointed aphorism, sufficient to make the fortune of half-a-dozen able journalists.

A combination of these qualities with deep insight into the metaphysical causes of things, is all the more remarkable in Germany, where the mundane vision of

the philosopher is generally bounded by the walls of his study. The outward circumstances of Schopenhauer's life tend to explain the phenomenon. Born as the son of a wealthy merchant, and originally destined for the same calling, he, from his earliest youth, saw and studied the characters and idiosyncrasies of men and nations; and when he dashed away the cup of life's pleasure to live in intellectual solitude, he did so with a full knowledge of its sweetnesses and bitter-nesses. Traces of this knowledge, resulting, it is true, in hopeless disappointment, are found in his works, frequently side by side with the most abstruse metaphysical or logical problems, the elucidation of which is greatly enhanced by this contact with common sense and common language.

The dry atmosphere of the schoolroom was never congenial to Schopenhauer. Like another Diogenes, he sought for a man amongst men, and like another Socrates, he loved to clothe his deepest thought in the plain language of everyday life; hence, perhaps, the contempt in which his efforts were for a long time held by the sophists of modern schools and academies.

Schopenhauer's metaphysical doctrine—his system, to use the technical term—is worked out in his *opus magnum*, 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung.' It was finished before the author had completed his thirty-first year. The remainder of his existence, over forty years, he employed in further expanding and illustrating, by results gathered from the most

divergent branches of science and literature, the one great idea of his life. In this way an enormous amount of reading was added to the knowledge derived from experience of life and original thought, and the gleanings of these accumulated harvestings Schopenhauer afterwards collected in a book destined more than any other to carry his name beyond the circle of a few immediate disciples. The title of this book, 'Parerga und Paralipomena,' sufficiently indicates its character. In it Schopenhauer appeals, from the neglect of narrow-minded school philosophers, to the taste and candour of an unprejudiced public; he offers the fruits of his system as a test of its intrinsic value.

'Such,' he seems to say to his reader, 'is the aspect of life, and art, and nature seen through the medium of my system; look through it at the chaos of the world, and, may be, your vision will gain clearness, your thought consistency and order, albeit at the cost of many a cherished illusion.' Here also, for the first time untrammelled by the requirements of logical deduction, his style displays its light and bright qualities to greatest advantage; and for our present purpose of testing Schopenhauer's literary capacity, the 'Parerga und Paralipomena' will have to be chiefly relied upon. It must, however, not be thought that these *mixta opera*, as he himself calls the book occasionally, are nothing but a collection of remarks on things in general.

Schopenhauer possesses in an eminent degree what

may be called the centripetal power of original minds, the faculty, that is, of grouping round an idea the most variegated materials of thought and investigation, so as to establish an organic connection where nothing but *disjecta membra* appeared to be. To say that this connection is occasionally somewhat far-fetched, and that Schopenhauer loved to confirm personal whims and tastes by the great discoveries of his metaphysical research, is merely to repeat the truism that, amongst philosophic or unphilosophic writers, few have been more subjective than the Sage of Francfort.

An instance of such arbitrary interchange of subjective feeling and objective discovery is close at hand. Schopenhauer's chief claim to popularity lies in what is generally called his pessimism—a view of existence which chimes in but too well with certain phases of modern life and literature. In another place I have shown that this much-renowned pessimism has, in reality, little in common with Schopenhauer's great metaphysical discoveries. Here I will add that, as a creed or tenet, it is altogether not of philosophic, but of religious origin and nature. Philosophy can destroy and had destroyed, long before Schopenhauer or even Voltaire, the rose-tinted absurdity of 'the best of possible worlds,' designed for the happiness of the individual; it can prove that this happiness is utterly indifferent to Nature, who weaves her eternal woof to a pattern in which the human race itself, and the earth on which it dwells, are but spots hardly visible

to the naked eye. But after all this disillusion, human life remains with its joy and grief, and to determine the preponderance of one over the other, and sum up the credit and debit of happiness accordingly, rests with feeling and not with philosophy.

Where a nation performs this task collectively, the result will naturally take a religious form. In this manner we have to account for the pessimistic tendency of Buddhism, with its absolute identification of life and evil, and its only hope of salvation placed in Nirvana—a theory leading in its practical consequences to the various forms of asceticism, found again, with some modifications, in certain phases of Christianity. But such despondency did not tally with the fervent belief in its own destinies characteristic of the Hebrew race, or with the boundless faculty for the enjoyment of beauty which has left its impress on every Greek statue and column. Hence the belief of the former in a Deity watching over the fate of His chosen people in spite of temporal disaster; and hence, on the other hand, the defiance of death and sorrow and an uncertain future, with which Hellenic spirit revelled in the fleeting present. And yet it was a king of the nation whom Schopenhauer despised as the most optimistic race in history, who uttered the vanity-of-vanities cry with deepest resonance, and to a Greek poet it was reserved to sound the highest praise of non-existence—

‘Μὴ φῦναι τὸν ἅπαντα νικᾷ λόγον.’

But all this, as I said before, is a matter of sensation,

or, at best, contemplation—not of speculative thought, and in the former light, also, Schopenhauer's so-called philosophic pessimism must be mainly considered. His disappointments in life, the unjust neglect he experienced at the hands of brother-philosophers, his quarrel with his mother, are but too well known to the readers of his works or his biography. For more than thirty years after the appearance of his great work he remained utterly unnoticed by his countrymen, trying in vain to despise the meed of applause which seemed to be refused to him for ever; and when at last the ear of the public was opened, he was not the man to pass over in silence the injuries done to him. He is the typical 'man with a grievance' in literature, but, fortunately for his readers, that grievance does not vent itself in the usual tedious complaints. It broadens under his touch into passionate accusations of a Fate under whose cruel and clumsy buffetings mankind is smarting. The highest qualities of imagination and utterance enable Schopenhauer to express the miseries of man and brute, down to the very border of inanimate nature, with an intensity all but unequalled by the greatest tragic poets; but to believe that this deification of grief, this obstinate blindness to the brighter side of existence, are the results of purely intellectual reasoning, requires all the ingenuous faith of a disciple.

A glance at Schopenhauer's system will be sufficient to dispel such an illusion. The only real step in advance made by philosophy since the time of Kant

consists, in the present writer's opinion, in the identification of the human Will with the life and motion of the outer world—with the essence, indeed, of what is vaguely called Matter. Schopenhauer proves that nature, from the lowest stages of stone and plant to the perfect organism of the human form, is nothing but the manifestation of this universal Will, which at last obtains consciousness in man. He further argues that the very essence of this Will is continual struggle for a good which is no sooner obtained than it becomes worthless, and is replaced by another object of desire. Desire, therefore, unsatisfied and unsatisfiable, is the keynote of human life, and the cause of boundless and endless misery, which can be abated alone by the absolute negation and quiescence of the Will exemplified by certain religious forms of asceticism known in Buddhism and Christianity. The one-sidedness of this view is at once apparent. Schopenhauer overlooks the two great sources of human happiness—the delight, however temporary, at the successful achievement of a long-desired object, and the satisfaction which lies in the rational application of mental and physical energies, the pleasure of working, in fact, whatever the ultimate result of the work may be.

The mistake, as was said before, is caused by the mixing up of speculative deduction and personal feeling. Pessimism being the keynote of Schopenhauer's nature, he tried to make a metaphysical system of it, and failed—as a philosopher. But as a writer, as a poet in prose, as mighty and deep as Leopardi, and

Heine, and Byron, or whatever lyrist of the 'Weltschmerz' epoch may be named, he derived incalculable benefit from the intensity of a feeling caused by personal suffering. The chapter on the 'Nothingness and Misery of Human Life' in the second volume of 'Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung,' is a monody of pain as sadly impressive and as beautiful as poet ever penned. We here see Schopenhauer in his quiet mood; there is nothing of the Titanic resistance against a cruel fate, or of the scornful rejection of every gleam of hope; even his cynicism has disappeared; he calmly weighs the chances of happiness against the certainty of misery, and finds them light in the balance.

'Awakened from unconsciousness to life,' Schopenhauer begins, 'Will as an individual finds itself in an endless and limitless world, amongst innumerable individuals, all struggling, suffering, erring; and, as through an evil dream, it hurries back to its old unconsciousness. But up to that point its desires are endless, its demands inexhaustible, and every satisfied wish engenders another. No satisfaction in the world would suffice to soothe its desire, or fill the bottomless abyss of the heart. Regard, on the other hand, the amount of contentment commonly falling to the lot of man. In most cases it is no more than the bare continuation of existence, obtained by incessant pain and care, in a daily struggle with penury, and with death in prospect.'

'Everything in life shows that happiness in this world is destined to be frustrated, or recognized as an illusion. The germs of this fact lie in the deepest essence of things; hence, the short and deplorable life of most men. . . . Life is nothing but a continued deception in small and great matters. What it has promised it fails to keep, unless it be to show how little desirable the desired object was; thus we are deceived either by

hope or by what we hoped for. We receive only to be deprived again. The charm of distance shows us a paradise, which disappears like an optic illusion as soon as we have been allured towards it. Happiness, therefore, lies always in the future or in the past. The present may be likened to a small, dark cloud which the wind drives across a sunny plain ; behind it and before it, everything is bright, but itself always casts a shadow. The present, therefore, is always insufficient, the future uncertain, the past irretrievable.'

In this quietly mournful strain Schopenhauer continues for some time, his complaints of the futility of human life culminating in those beautiful lines which he is fond of quoting :—

‘ Then old age and experience, hand-in-hand,
Lead him to death, and make him understand,
After a search so painful and so long,
That all his life he has been in the wrong.’

The ultimate result of all this is the conclusion that life is not a gift given to us, but a debt contracted by us at our birth, the interest on which is paid in the shape of troubles and cares and wants, till with our death we return the principal. In the same sense he eagerly adopts, in another place, the idea of original sin—the sin, that is, committed by mankind collectively in desiring its own continuance. For, as Calderon has it, ‘ *El delito mayor del hombre es haber nacido* ’—the greatest crime of man is to have been born.

It is but natural that Schopenhauer should treat the shallow optimism of Leibnitz and his school with a contemptuous sarcasm hardly equalled by Voltaire himself.

‘This world,’ he exclaims, ‘this dwelling of tortured and frightened creatures who exist only by devouring one another, where each ferocious animal becomes the living grave of a thousand others, thus causing by its own subsistence a number of cruel deaths ; where knowledge increases the faculty of feeling pain, which, therefore, reaches its highest degree in man, the degree of pain being in accordance with his amount of intellect—this world has been made to fit into a system of optimism, it has been demonstrated to be the best amongst possible worlds. The absurdity is blatant.’

And here again the philosopher summons to his assistance all the sages and poets of Europe and Asia of ancient and modern times, and here again he meets the thesis of his antagonists with a terse axiom, to the effect that the existing universe, instead of being the best, is indeed the worst of all possible worlds.

‘For this world is of such a nature as just to be able to exist ; if it were a little worse it could not exist at all. A worse world could, therefore, not exist ; *ergo*, ours is the worst amongst possible worlds. For not only if the planets ran with their heads against each other, but even if the perturbations of their courses were not gradually and reciprocally rectified, the world would soon come to an end. Moreover, under the firm surface of the planet there are at work the tremendous powers of nature, which, as soon as a casual chance offers, may destroy that surface, with all the life upon it, as has happened to our earth at least three times, and most likely will happen again. The earthquakes of Lisbon and Haity, the destruction of Pompeii, are little humorous allusions to this possibility. . . . Animals have only just sufficient strength to provide for their sustenance and that of their offspring with the utmost struggle ; as soon as an animal loses the perfect use of one of its limbs, it must in most cases perish. Even of mankind, in spite of the powerful instruments of intellect and reason, nine-tenths live in continual struggle with absolute want, and on the verge of

destruction. The conditions, therefore, of the existence of the whole and of individual beings are barely extant and no more, and individual life passes in a continual struggle for existence, threatened at every step with destruction. The frequent realization of this threat made it necessary to prevent the extinction of the types themselves by an incredible surplus of germs. For types are the only thing that nature seriously cares about. The world, therefore, is as bad as it can possibly be in case it is to exist at all. *Quod erat demonstrandum.*

And with this triumphant demonstration of the world's misery the subject may be concluded for our purpose. The relative truth of the philosopher's propositions in many respects unfortunately requires little confirmation. But as to logical deduction, the veriest tyro in dialectics will surely perceive that on Schopenhauer's own grounds, and by his own chain of reasoning, a system of the most roseate optimism may be arrived at. Nothing is easier than persuading one's-self that the world is all black or all red; a few inches of coloured glass will suffice for the purpose but of course it is more difficult to make others believe in the illusions of one's colour-blindness. To do this he must indeed be

'. . . A mighty Poet—and
A subtle-souled Psychologist ;'

to both of which predicates Schopenhauer has an undeniable right.

A further glance at the philosopher's subjective peculiarities leads us to the category of whims and oddities. This is a large and comprehensive chapter in Schopenhauer's case. His early experience of the

world enabled him to form an opinion on most subjects, and this opinion a man of his keen habits of thought and utterance was not likely to hide under a bushel. The fear of hurting people's feelings or shocking their prejudices was unknown to one who lived in self-chosen solitude, and spoke over the heads of unappreciative contemporaries to future ages. As is the case with most solitary thinkers, his opinions frequently border on prejudice and idiosyncrasy, but they one and all partake of the charm of raciest originality.

What, for example, can be more amusing than the chapter 'On Noises,' in the second volume of the 'Parerga,' directed chiefly against the cracking of whips, heard from morning till nightfall in the streets of German mercantile cities. 'The clanking of hammers,' he exclaims, 'the barking of dogs, and the roaring of babies are terrible noises; but the true murderer of thoughts is the cracker of whips.' With the humour of despair he describes a fellow walking by the side of his cart, and 'enjoying the privilege of killing in the germ every thought that may happen to rise in ten thousand heads successively (half-an-hour's way through the city).' The most effective remedy, he adds, would be to establish in the heads of these carters a strong *nexus idearum* between the cracking of whips and the feeling of them on their backs.

We need not look far in the same chapter to come upon another of Schopenhauer's favourite prejudices, that regarding nationalities. Amongst these he looked

upon his own with little favour. 'The Fatherland has reared no patriot in me,' he once said; and according to Miss Zimmern, he often repeated, both to his own countrymen and to French and English friends, that he was ashamed of being a German; to which a Frenchman on one occasion made the appropriate reply, 'If I thought in that way of my nation, I would at least hold my tongue.'

But, with Schopenhauer this want of patriotic feeling was hereditary. His father was the typical 'citizen of the world' of the eighteenth century, who called his son Arthur because that name is identical in the French, German, and English languages, and who took his wife to this country during her pregnancy, in order to secure British citizenship to his offspring—an accident only preventing him from carrying out his plan.

Several years of his early youth the philosopher spent in France, and when he returned home his own language had become a foreign one to him. Subsequently, he lived for shorter periods in England and Italy, and to these visits he looked back through that illusory medium of the past, which he so exquisitely describes in the passage previously cited; while over his everyday life in Germany hung 'the dark cloud of the present.' Moreover, his countrymen were in the first instance to blame for neglecting the prophet in their midst, and amongst them were most of the obnoxious 'Professoren der Philosophie,' who, as Schopenhauer incessantly and not unjustly complained, refused to pay to his important discoveries

the amount of attention undoubtedly due to them. Returning to the subject of noises, and the repressive measures proposed against them, we find that here also the poor Germans come in for their full measure of blame. 'Let us hope,' Schopenhauer argues, 'that the more refined and intelligent nations will set the example, which may induce the Germans to follow in their wake. Of these, Thomas Hood has said, "For a musical people, they are the most noisy I ever met with." But the cause of their being this, is not their exceptional liking of noises, but the obtuseness and consequent indifference of those who have to listen to these noises. They, of course, are not disturbed in reading or thinking, for the simple reason that they do not think, but only smoke, which is their substitute of meditation.'

Ad vocem national predilections, it ought not to be left unmentioned that Schopenhauer's sympathies were all with England. As a boy he stayed for a short time at a boarding-school in Wimbledon, and the knowledge of our language thus acquired he carefully kept up by the constant perusal of English books and periodicals. At home and abroad he always sought the society of English people, and was delighted when they mistook him for a countryman. Of the nation collectively he speaks in terms of the highest praise, as one 'endowed with intelligence, *esprit*, judgment, and firmness of character above all others,' deploring only that the education of such a people should be in the hands of priests, whose influence, he says, results in 'monomaniacal bigotry,' amounting to 'partial

paralysis of the brain.' Amongst the 'refined and intellectual nations' destined to initiate the crusade against 'noises,' the English, of course, take a prominent place. A walk down some London thoroughfares on a Saturday night might have considerably modified the philosopher's illusions in that respect.

That a man so little satisfied with his local surroundings should have looked with a critical eye on the time in which he lived will surprise no one ; but it is certainly a startling phenomenon to see the philosopher of the nineteenth century, *par excellence*, in harsh and continual antagonism to the most cherished ideas and principles of that century. Schopenhauer, who counts the radical youth of Germany amongst his most devoted disciples, was a declared enemy to liberalism. The liberty of utterance by means of the press he compared to an unlimited licence for selling poison. 'King Mob,' of whose rule he had much personal experience at Frankfort, was amongst the chief bugbears of his excitable fancy, and the bulk of his property he left to the society founded for the support of Prussian soldiers disabled in the revolution of 1848. The indispensability of the monarchic system was one of the chief tenets of his political creed, although he looked with scorn on the 'divine right' theory. A king ought to say, instead of 'we by the grace of God,' 'we the least of two evils.'

The same aversion to contemporary currents of thought is observable in Schopenhauer's æsthetical views. 'The antique poets and Shakespeare' was in

the main his battle-cry, just as it had been that of Lessing half a century before. Amongst modern poets the classical grandeur of Goethe filled him with unbounded admiration, while in Byron and Leopardi he was moved sympathetically by the kindred feeling of despair and sadness. But on the romantic tendencies of the age he emptied the full measure of his wrath, holding up to general contempt the predilection for the 'Middle Ages—that millennium of coarseness and ignorance, the costume and architecture of which our noble moderns try to imitate.' Of Wagner, the representative musician of modern times, and one of Schopenhauer's staunchest adherents, the philosopher peremptorily declared, 'he does not know what music is;' and of his taste with regard to the fine arts, it may be cited as characteristic that beauty of design appealed to him more than truth and richness of colouring.

Schopenhauer, in short, although as an abstract philosopher infinitely in advance of his time, belonged in most other respects to the eighteenth century. His well-shaven chin, the studied neatness of his dress, and the aristocratic reserve of his personal bearing, recalled the manners of the *ancien régime*; and with regard to the first-mentioned point, Schopenhauer had a theory to which he clung with all the tenacity of his nature. A beard appeared to him the most atrocious excrescence of modern barbarism. He again and again returns to the point, growing more and more savage as he warms to his argument. 'An *ornament* they would

like to call the beard !' he exclaims indignantly. 'This ornament has for two hundred years been peculiar to Jews, Cossacks, Capuchins, prisoners, and highway-men. The ferocity and atrocity which a beard gives to the physiognomy are caused by a *lifeless* mass occupying one half of the face, and that half too which expresses moral feelings. Moreover, hairiness is brutish ; shaving is the sign and symbol of a higher civilization.'

Whatever may be thought of the philosopher's curious fancies in these and other respects, the significant fact remains, that the most faithful and most intelligent adherents of his philosophy are men whose views of art, literature, and politics he attacks with immoderate warmth.

But, perhaps, in no instance does the personal bias of Schopenhauer's brilliant deductions become more apparent, and in none it is more difficult for his disciples to excuse their master's prejudice, than in the strangely paradoxical view he takes of woman, and her place in the economy of nature. A few biographical data will be necessary to elucidate the point.

There was in Schopenhauer's nature, in spite of its apparent roughness, a craving for affection, which, if fostered by the love of a refined woman, might have modified the whole tenour of his thoughts. But this love was unfortunately absent from his career. His misunderstandings with his mother are but too notorious. It would be useless to argue as to their mutual responsibility for this sad estrangement. There was

a discord in their natures. The good-humoured, pleasure-seeking woman of society, and the thoughtful, proud, world-despising youth, had little in common, and could at best but live on terms of civility. A frequently quoted passage of a letter from mother to son is too characteristic of their relations to be omitted here.

‘It is necessary for my happiness,’ Madame Schopenhauer writes to Arthur, ‘to know that you are happy, but not to witness it. I have always told you how difficult it is to live with you, and the more I see you the more this difficulty seems to increase, at least as far as I am concerned. Indeed, I confess, as long as you are what you are, I would sooner make any sacrifice than bring my mind to it. I do not deny your good qualities, and what repels me does not lie in your heart, not in your internal but in your external being ; that is, your opinions, your utterances, your habits ; in short, our views of life totally disagree. Moreover, your moroseness, your complaints about inevitable things, your dark faces, your bizarre assertions resembling oracular utterances, against which one is not allowed to say anything—all this oppresses and disturbs my good humour without being of any use to yourself. Your unpleasant manner of discussion, your lamentations over this stupid world and the misery of mankind, give me bad nights and evil dreams.’

The task of softening these morbid symptoms of growing genius, thus declined by the mother, might have been accomplished by the influence of love. But here again fate was adverse to Schopenhauer. It seems doubtful whether the *affaire de cœur*, which detained him for some weeks at Venice, was of a very serious or exalted kind, and the only woman to whom he seems to have been passionately attached, Madame

Jagemann, the celebrated actress, was unfortunately the acknowledged mistress of Grandduke Carl August of Weimar, Goethe's friend. Another encounter with the softer sex was of a still less satisfactory nature. Dr. Gwinner, in his biography of Schopenhauer, tells the story how at Berlin, in 1821, the philosopher was much plagued by the loquaciousness of his landlady, who was in the habit of receiving in his antechamber the visits of two or three gossips equally eloquent. On one occasion the irate sage so far forgot himself as to forcibly eject his tormentor, who accidentally fell on her right arm, and immediately declared herself disabled for life. A civil action was brought and decided against Schopenhauer, who was compelled to pay a life rent to the plaintiff. Unfortunately, Dr. Gwinner adds, she possessed a tough constitution, and even the cholera, which, by the way, carried off another of Schopenhauer's great enemies, Hegel, vainly grappled with her. It was not till more than twenty years afterwards that he could write on her certificate of death the words, '*Obit anus, abit onus.*'

All this may seem of a trifling nature; but in sensitive minds like Schopenhauer's trifling circumstances gain undue proportions, and one is but too glad to find even such an excuse for the ungenerous, absurd, and sometimes coarsely cynical invectives contained in the celebrated chapter, '*Ueber die Weiber.*'

The true vocation and the highest merit of woman, Schopenhauer believes to be embodied in the words of

a French author—'Sans les femmes, le commencement de notre vie serait privé de secours, le milieu de plaisirs, et la fin de consolation.' 'The very appearance of the female form,' he continues, 'shows that woman is not destined for great intellectual or physical achievements. She pays the debt of life not by doing but by suffering, by the pains of childbearing, by the care for her infant, and the submission to her husband, to whom she ought to be a patient and cheering companion.' How much soever such an idea of woman's mission may clash with modern feeling, it gives but a mild foretaste of what is to follow. Here is a more racy specimen:—'Women are so eminently adapted to tend and educate our early infancy because they themselves are childish, silly, short-sighted—in fact, big children—all their lives. They form a kind of intermediate step between the child and the man, who is the representative of humanity proper.' We next come to a contribution to the philosophy of marriage worthy of Balzac himself. 'Nature,' Schopenhauer opines, 'intends girls for a startling effect in a melodramatic sense; for that reason she endows them with abundant beauty and charms, for a few years and at the cost of the remainder of their lives, in order that they may captivate the fancy of man to such a degree as to induce him to undertake the support of their existence; for calm deliberation would hardly be sufficient motive for such a step.'

'The more perfect a thing is,' we read in another

paragraph, 'the later and slower will be its maturity. Man attains the maturity of his intellectual faculty hardly before the twenty-eighth year: woman at her eighteenth; but then the latter is accordingly of the narrowest compass.' That an asserter of male superiority to this degree should scorn the idea of woman's rights and advocate her perpetual tutelage in matters of property, may seem natural. But here again we tread on personal ground. The improvidence of his mother, which lost her own and imminently endangered Schopenhauer's moderate competence, was one of his chief grievances against her, and when he speaks of the extravagance of the sex, the individual allusion is as obvious as in that other passage where he lays the greater proportion of judicial perjuries at woman's door, and suggests that the testimony of two men ought to be tantamount to that of double that number of females at least. Schopenhauer would, of course, be the last person to admit, or even realize to himself, this reminiscence of a fair though voluble plaintiff in a certain lawsuit. According to him, woman's want of veracity is founded on an eternal law of nature. What his teeth and claws are to the lion, his tusks to the elephant, his horns to the bull, his personal strength and his reason to man, that to woman is the gift of deception given to her by nature as her weapon of attack and defence. 'Hypocrisy, therefore, is natural to her, and at the command of stupid and clever women alike. . . . A wholly truthful and sincere woman is for that reason perhaps impossible.

‘The common relation amongst men is mutual indifference ; that amongst women, enmity. . . . Even on meeting in the street they look at each other like Guelphs and Ghibellines ; and on being introduced to each other, two women always behave with more visible stiffness and insincerity than two men, for which reason compliments between women sound much more ridiculous than between men.’

After this declamation, and much else that has been omitted, the philosopher might be supposed to have found a fair outlet for his spite. But no. He desires to attack the enemy in her last and most dangerous stronghold, and, adding insult to injury, he says :—

‘To give to the small, narrow-shouldered, short-legged sex the name of “fair” was possible to the dazzled instinct of man alone. A much more appropriate appellation would be the “unæsthetical sex.” Neither for music, nor poetry, nor the fine arts, do they show real sense and receptivity ; they are only shamming, with a view to please. Of a *purely objective* interest in anything they are wholly incapable. . . . Observe the direction and kind of their attention at concert, opera, or play ; for instance, the wonderful unconcernedness with which they continue their chattering during the most beautiful passages of the greatest masterpieces. If it is true that the Greeks did not admit women to their theatres, they were perfectly justified. In our time, it would be desirable to supplement the *taceat mulier in ecclesia* by a *taceat mulier in theatro*. . . . But what can one expect of women, seeing that the most eminent heads of the whole sex have never achieved a really great genuine and original work of art, or, indeed, any work of lasting value whatever ?’

The reader may be safely left to pick the few grains of truth from amongst this heap of amusing twaddle.

For Schopenhauer's diatribe against the 'lady-nuisance' of modern society, and his whimsical advocacy of polygamy, he is referred to the original source ('Parerga,' vol. ii., p. 267). Only the final paragraph of the chapter may follow here:—'The natural destination of women for obedience may be recognised by' the fact that as soon as one of them is placed in the unnatural position of total independence, she at once looks for a man to be guided and ruled by, for she requires a master. In her youth, this is a lover; at an advanced age, a father-confessor.'

One would have thought that a quarter of the arguments and suggestions here cited would have been sufficient to rouse the sex thus vilely assaulted to implacable vengeance, and no stronger refutation of many of Schopenhauer's charges can be adduced than the number of devotees his system has found, especially amongst women with literary and artistic aspirations, who naturally would feel most injured by his injustice. It might be called a kind of Nemesis that even part of his posthumous fame Schopenhauer owes to members of the maligned sex. By far the most successful portrait of him is the bust now in the Frankfort Library by Miss Elizabeth Ney, the beautiful sculptress of whom the surly philosopher himself had to confess, 'I never thought there could be such a charming girl;' and the first book written on his life and system in his favourite English is from the pen of another lady, Miss Helen Zimmern.

I have hitherto laid particular stress on the sarcastic

or cynical side of Schopenhauer's character, this being certainly one of the most striking features of his writings, and the one which can be most easily illustrated by cursory extracts. The reader who is inclined to smile or shrug his shoulders at such whims and eccentricities is, at the same time, asked to remember that these are but the human weaknesses of one who, in the opinion of many is undoubtedly and by far, the greatest thinker of the century. Abstract philosophy, of course, does not concern us here; but it must not be supposed that even as a writer on general subjects Schopenhauer is always in the truculent mood. His cynicism itself seems but a disguise of that deep sympathy with the sufferings of his fellow-men which he declares to be the most primitive and fundamental ethical motive. And this sympathy is not limited to human beings. His love of nature in general, and of animal nature in particular, is one of the pleasantest features of Schopenhauer's character. His favourite poodle called 'Atma,' the Sanscrit for 'Soul of the World,' is frequently mentioned in his correspondence, and not forgotten even in his last will. On the cruel treatment of animals, too common on the Continent, Schopenhauer looked with the utmost horror, and never tired in his praise of the protective measures initiated by this country. He points out the humane prescription of the great Eastern religions for the protection of our 'humbler brethren,' comparing them favourably with the callous indifference of Christian

countries. Even to the words 'merciful to his beast,' in the scriptural passage, he takes exception. 'Mercy,' he argues, 'applies to enemies and malefactors, not to a good and faithful animal, which is frequently the nourisher of its master. Not mercy, justice is due to the beast.' Schopenhauer's opinion with regard to vivisection is of especial interest at the present moment.

'When I studied at Gottingen,' he says, 'Blumenbach (the celebrated physiologist) in his lectures used to speak very seriously of the horror of vivisection, pointing out what a cruel and terrible thing it is; for that reason one ought to repair to it most rarely, and only in investigations promising important and immediate results. Even in such cases the operation ought to take place with full publicity in the large lecture-room, and after an invitation to all medical students, in order to derive the greatest possible benefit from this cruel sacrifice on the altar of science. Nowadays every quack thinks himself entitled to perpetrate in his torture-chamber the most revolting cruelty to animals, in order to decide problems, the solution of which may be read in books into which he is too lazy or ignorant to poke his nose. . . . Nobody is entitled to employ vivisection unless he knows perfectly what may be found in books on the subject of his investigation.'

It is now incumbent upon me to give a more sustained idea of Schopenhauer's authorship, not only as regards mere style, but also his mode of treating a subject. Here, again, the philosopher's affinity with the essayists of the last century becomes apparent. Making due allowance for individual peculiarities, the following specimen from a collection of 'Paränesen und Maximen' (Parerga, vol. i., p. 473) might have appeared in the *Rambler* or *Spectator*:

‘It is astonishing how easily and quickly the homogeneous or heterogeneous qualities of the heart and mind become apparent in conversation ; every trifle brings them to light. Supposing even the conversation to turn on the most indifferent and remote subjects, those essentially differing from each other will be more or less displeased, sometimes seriously annoyed, by every sentence that is uttered by the other party. Homogeneous people, on the other hand, at once discover a certain general agreement, which in case of more than usual accord soon develops into perfect harmony or even unison. From this it becomes first of all apparent why commonplace men are so sociable, and always find good company with little difficulty—excellent, honest, charming people ! With uncommon men the reverse is the case, to a degree increasing with the ratio of their excellence. To them in their separate position it sometimes is a cause of delight to discover in another person a single homogeneous fibre, be it ever so little. For no one can be more to another than the other is to him. Men of genius proper dwell on heights in solitude, like eagles.

‘It further is to be explained from this cause that those of the same cast of mind find each other quickly, as if they were magnetically drawn towards each other—kindred spirits greet one another from afar. The most frequent opportunities for observing this fact will of course be offered by low-minded or meanly gifted persons, but only because these are found by the million, while the better and excellent natures are, as the word indicates, rare. For example, in a large community formed for practical objects, two rogues will know each other as rapidly as if they wore a badge, and will associate accordingly with a view to mischief and treachery. In the same way, if, *per impossibile*, a large society were imagined of reasonable and clever people, with the exception of two blockheads only, these two would immediately feel sympathy for one another, and rejoice, each in his turn, at having found at least one sensible person. It is truly marvellous to see two persons, especially of low moral and intellectual capacities, recognising each other at first sight, approaching each other with friendly and joyful greetings as if they were old acquaintances—so marvellous that one is

tempted to believe according to the Buddhist doctrine of metempsychosis, that they must have been friends in a former existence.

'There is, however, one thing which divides even most congenial men, and frequently causes temporary disharmony between them. This is the difference of our moods, which almost continually are at variance with those of others, according to our present position, occupation, surroundings, state of health, or momentary train of thoughts, etc. In this manner dissonances between the most harmonious individualities frequently arise. The correction required to equalize these disturbances and restore an equal temperature is the task of the highest cultivation. How valuable this equality of mood is for social communion may be seen from the fact that even a numerous company is excited to lively communication and beneficially-pleasant sympathy by the occurrence of anything objective—a danger, a hope, a piece of news, or a rare spectacle, a dramatic performance, or music, or whatever else it may be, as long as all are simultaneously and equally impressed. For such occurrences, by means of overpowering private interests, create general unity of mood. For want of an objective cause a subjective one is frequently resorted to, such as the bottle, which is a common means of producing fellow feeling in society ; even tea or coffee serve the same purpose. From the temporary disharmony alluded to it may also be partly explained why the memory, freed from similar disturbing, though passing influences, depicts everyone in an ideal light, sometimes even with a halo around him. Memory acts like the mirror of a camera obscura ; it contracts everything, and thus produces an image much finer than the original. The advantage of being seen in this light accrues to us to some extent even from a short absence. For although the idealizing memory, to fully do its work, requires considerable time, yet its effect begins at once. It is, therefore, extremely wise to visit one's acquaintances and friends at considerable intervals ; on seeing them again, we at once perceive that memory has been at work.'

The extracts from these 'maxims' might be con-

tinued to any extent. They range over the most variegated topics, but the state of mind—the mood, as Schopenhauer would say—from which they proceed, is singularly equal and self-consistent. We again and again see the shrinking of a sensitive nature, gradually embittered and made callous by the ways of the world, and eager to suppress the yearning for love and social communing arising against its will. The extreme caution, for instance, which Schopenhauer counselled and practised in the intercourse with his friends proves, after all, only how anxious he was to keep those friends. ‘If we hold a friend very dear,’ he says, ‘we must hide it from him like a crime;’ which shows, at the same time, his careful observation of human nature, and the value he set upon friendship. The distinction, indeed, which he makes between hatred of men (misanthropy) and fear of men (cataphronanthropy)—the latter being the degree of worldly wisdom claimed by himself—fully describes his case. An all but insane suspicion of strangers and slight acquaintances was with him constitutional and partly hereditary. His father was subject to fits of sudden terror, bordering on madness; his sudden death was ascribed to suicide committed while under this evil spell, and the son tried in vain to overcome similar phenomena by dint of stoicism and philosophy. His systematized suspicion was, perhaps, little more than a disguised concession to this natural weakness. The habits of keeping his accounts in Greek, and leaving his money in ingeniously devised hiding-places, were

symptoms of the same disease. But Schopenhauer's nature was not devoid of love. Impartial witnesses attest that he had the true urbanity of the heart; and the passionate, not to say fanatic, attachment he inspired in such men as Lindner, Frauenstaedt, and Dr. Asher, is not to be explained on intellectual grounds alone. The ill-temper and want of consideration frequently displayed in his letters to them ought not to mislead us. There must have been a strange fascination about a man who could venture to put friendship to such a test; and that fascination is a matter of heart—not, at least, of mind alone. With this *granum salis* the following remarks on friendship should be taken:

‘Paper money,’ he says, ‘is accepted for silver: in the same way, external demonstrations and mimicry have currency instead of true esteem and true friendship. Of course, it may be asked, on the other side, whether there are people who merit the latter. At any rate, I believe in an honest dog wagging his tail more than in a hundred demonstrations and mimetic exercises.

‘True, genuine friendship presupposes a strong, purely objective and wholly unselfish interest in the fortune and misfortune of another, attainable only by perfect identification with him. The selfishness of human nature is so much opposed to this that true friendship must be counted amongst the things the real or fabulous nature of which, like that of the great sea-serpent, is a matter of doubt. There are, however, many relations between men which, although mainly founded on selfish motives in various disguises, yet contain a grain of true and genuine friendship, which ennobles them to such a degree as to merit for them, with some justice, the name of friendship in this world of imperfect things. They are infinitely above everyday *liaisons*, the latter being of such a kind that we certainly

should not exchange another word with our dear friends if we knew how they talk about us behind our backs.

'Besides cases where one requires real help and considerable sacrifice, there is no better opportunity of testing the sincerity of our friend than by telling him of some misfortune that has just befallen us. We then see in his features either true, sincere, and unmixed sympathy, or else they confirm, by the expression of undisturbed calmness or a slight touch of a still different feeling, the well-known saying of Rochefoucauld—" Dans l'adversité de nos meilleurs amis nous trouvons toujours quelque chose qui ne nous déplaît pas." The ordinary so-called friends are hardly able to suppress a complacent smile . . .

'Distance and long absence,' Schopenhauer continues, apparently forgetful of what he has been saying a few pages back, 'interfere with all friendship, how little one may like to confess it. People whom we do not see—even our dearest friends, in the course of years dry up into abstract notions, till our interest in them becomes more and more exclusively intellectual—nay, traditional; our vivid and deepest-felt sympathy is for those we see, were they but beloved animals. So sensual is human nature.'

Politeness is the supplement and complement of friendship. Without it society could no more exist than it could without law or religion. In many cases it assumes the place of true feeling; in a few, perhaps, it may mature into being what at first it assumes to be. No wonder that Schopenhauer, in accordance with the Chinese code of morality, counts it amongst cardinal virtues. But whether his conception of that virtue is altogether a satisfactory one, may seem doubtful.

'Politeness,' he says, 'is a silent understanding to mutually ignore and pass over one another's miserable moral and intellectual qualities. It is prudence, and therefore impoliteness is stupidity; to make enemies by unnecessary and deliberate in-

civility is just as mad as setting one's house on fire. Politeness, like counters, is avowedly a false coin, and to be sparing of it proves unreason ; liberality is a sign of wisdom.'

And here again an opportunity for a side-thrust at the unfortunate Germans offers itself, which the philosopher cannot let slip. 'All nations,' he asserts, 'close their letters with *votre très humble serviteur*—your most obedient servant—*suo devotissimo servo*; only the Germans economise their "*Diener*," because, forsooth, there is no truth in it.' In another passage he compares politeness to the warmth which makes wax soft and impressionable; it is to mankind, he argues, what warmth is to wax; the most obstinate and unsympathetic people can be made smooth and pleasant by a little civility. 'Politeness,' he continues, 'is undeniably a difficult task; for it demands that we should show the greatest esteem to all people, while very few deserve it; also that we should pretend to feel the liveliest interest in their affairs, while in reality they are and ought to be totally indifferent to us. To combine politeness with pride is a masterpiece.'

Further on we come upon some more prudential maxims, which ought to be read in connection with those already quoted ;

'Never combat a man's opinions, for if you were to set right all the absurdities in which he firmly believes, Methuselah's age would not suffice for the task. Abstain even from the best-intentioned correctional remarks in your conversation; to offend people is easy, to mend them difficult, if not impossible. If the absurdities of a conversation begin to irritate us, we ought to

imagine that we are listening to the dialogue of two fools in a comedy. *Probatum est*—He who undertakes the task to instruct the world seriously, and on important matters, may call himself lucky if he leaves it with a whole skin.'

It may be asked, did the philosopher act up to the standard of his doctrine—did he put in practice all the wisdom and caution he so glibly advocates? Upon the whole, yes. Considering the irritability of Schopenhauer's nature, the strong feeling he had of his own superiority, and of the injustice done to him, he seems to have been remarkably free from the ordinary symptoms of such a state of mind. The reserve and dignified politeness of his bearing have already been alluded to. All witnesses agree on the point; of any serious quarrel, excepting that with his mother, and a disagreement on national questions with his fellow-countrymen in Rome, there is no record or indication. Silence and tergiversation were his chief defensive weapons, repaired to in cases like the following. Talking to an officer of the Frankfort garrison, Schopenhauer remarked how he enjoyed a solitary walk without anyone to disturb his thoughts. 'So do I,' said the gallant soldier; 'therefore let us walk together.' The philosopher's face and feeling on receiving this reply may be imagined. But he kept his peace and went on his way.

In Schopenhauer's long career I know of but one instance of his having indulged in anything like personal invective. He was in the habit of dining at the table-d'hôte of the best hotel in Frankfort, much fre-

quented by the Austrian officers of the garrison. For some time he was observed to place a gold coin by his side on the tablecloth, and when asked as to the meaning of this singular proceeding, he bluntly confessed that the money was destined for the poor in case the conversation of the military gentlemen should turn on any topic but the regiment, horses, and ballet-girls. No offence seems to have been taken at the joke, and till his end Schopenhauer continued his daily visits to the hotel, where he became ultimately one of the sights of the city. Inquisitive Britons, asking if any princely personages were in the house, received the answer from mine host, 'None but Dr. Schopenhauer.' But even before he had become celebrated, the seat next to him was much coveted by intelligent guests; for Schopenhauer's conversation, although very different from ordinary small talk, was animated and attractive, ranging over an enormous variety of subjects, and treating one and all of them in his own original manner. With unsympathetic neighbours he would, on the other hand, relapse into persistent silence.

It is curious that a man so studiously polite in his personal intercourse as Schopenhauer, should have been one of the most uncompromising and plain-spoken authors that ever wielded pen. He indeed objects distinctly and on principle to the transference of civility from society to literature, the aim and vocation of the latter being, as he justly observes, much above personal considerations of any kind. But this plea would hardly

cover the amount of personal abuse lavished by him on the devoted heads of his brother philosophers, dead and alive. Cobbett himself would appear mild by the side of Schopenhauer's diatribes against Hegel and his school, such epithets as fool, arch humbug, impostor, Tartuffe, and mountebank being amongst the mildest ingredients of his vocabulary of abuse. The official philosophy taught at many of the German universities especially is a favourite butt of his satire, and the supposed motto of its representatives, '*primum vivere deinde philosophari*' is brandished in their faces with infinite gusto. Exaggerated though such sweeping accusations may appear, it must be borne in mind that the neglect with which Schopenhauer's own important works were treated is accountable only by a cliquism and professional camaraderie fully deserving some retributive justice.

Returning to the more innocent subject of worldly wisdom in general, it may be well to cite a few specimens of Schopenhauer's aphoristic power, much appreciated amongst his countrymen :

'Friends call themselves sincere—enemies are ; use their blame as a means of self-knowledge, as you would bitter medicine.'

'He is indeed a *homo novus* who mistakes the display of *esprit* and reason for a means of being agreeable in society. On the contrary, these qualities excite hatred and anger, which are the more bitter, as he who is annoyed must not admit the cause of his anger, or confess it even to himself.'

In one instance at least the border line between

epigrammatic terseness and actual punning is approached closely :

‘ A friend in need is a rare thing ? On the contrary ; for no sooner have we made a friend than he stands in need of a loan.’

The following aphorism may again be regarded as a kind of *oratio pro domo*. Schopenhauer was a passionate lover of the theatre, at which he spent most of his evenings during the winter months. Opera and drama he held in equal favour, and even to screaming farce he took as a last resource when his growing deafness made it impossible for him to follow the dialogue of refined comedy. Perhaps the stern philosopher thought it desirable to account for this last debility ; hence the axiom : ‘ He who does not frequent the theatre resembles a man who dresses without a looking-glass.’

To the playhouse, also, we are referred by the following parable, which may follow here, to illustrate Schopenhauer's gift of saying a very deep thing in a very simple manner :

‘ Two Chinamen visiting Europe, went for the first time to a theatre. One occupied himself with understanding the mechanism of the scenery, in which he succeeded ; the other, in spite of his ignorance of the language, tried to find out the meaning of the piece. The first resembles an astronomer, the second a metaphysician.’

One more parable to illustrate Schopenhauer's love of nature, and his peculiar mode of reading its features like those of the human countenance :

‘ Switzerland is like a genius, beautiful and sublime, but little adapted to bear nourishing fruit. Pomerania, on the other

hand, and the Holsatian marshes, are exceedingly fertile, but flat and dull, like the useful Philistine.'

Note the closing word of the sentence, which Schopenhauer was very fond of using, and which with his disciples stands for a synonym of one differing from the master's opinions. That there may be such a thing as philistinism of eccentricity never seems to strike them.

The interconnection in Schopenhauer's mind of abstract speculation and personal idiosyncrasy, and his ingenious way of shielding the latter by the former, have been frequently pointed out in the course of this essay. Seen in that light, the following remarks gain a sad significance of their own :

'A characteristic and continually observable difference between commonplace and thinking men lies in the fact, that the former, in estimating possible dangers, go exclusively by the analogy of what *has happened*, while the latter take into consideration what possibly *may happen*; for they know that, as the Spanish proverb puts it, *lo que acaece en un año acaece en un rato* (what does not happen within a year happens in a moment). The difference alluded to is, of course, quite natural, for to see what *may* happen requires sense, what *has* happened, only senses. Let our maxim be :—sacrifice to dæmons, that is, do not shun a certain outlay of trouble, time, discomfort, money, or privation, to shut the door to the possibility of misfortune.'

The 'foresight of what *may* happen,' which, after all, is but an apologetic equivalent of 'excitable imagination,' was one of the torments of Schopenhauer's life. His poetic fancy continually suggested dangers, which his acute reasoning faculty at once converted into possibilities and certainties. The germs of the

disease he inherited from his father, but the ingenious arguments of his self-torturing logic were emphatically his own. The loss of his property was a continual bugbear of his imagination; at Venice he believed that he had taken poisoned snuff, and the fear of cholera drove him in mad flight from one city to another, the collection of notes taken during that time, and labelled 'Cholera-book,' remaining as a kind of half-humorous memorial of the last-mentioned escapade.

But Schopenhauer was not a coward. His nervous constitution might for a time conquer his philosophy; but as the violence of the attack wore off, his true nature reappeared unimpaired, and ultimately he faced his approaching death with the calmness of an antique sage. The following passage is indicative of noble fortitude and brave endurance :

'In this world,' he says, 'where we "play with iron dice," our mind also ought to be of iron, shielded from fate, armed against men. For our whole life is a battle, every step must be fought for, and Voltaire says justly, *On ne réussit dans ce monde qu'à la pointe de l'épée et on meurt les armes à la main*. He therefore is a coward who, as soon as clouds gather, or even appear on the horizon, shrinks and trembles, and deplores. Let our motto be,

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audentior ito.

As long as the issue of a perilous cause is doubtful, as long as the possibility of success remains, no fear must be thought of, only resistance, in the same way as we ought not to despair of the weather while a blue speck of heaven is visible. Not our whole life, much less its goods, are worth a cowardly trembling and shrinking of the heart.'

And with the last sentence we are once more drifting

into the current of pessimism—a current but too recognisable in many phases and developments of our time, and of the existence of which Schopenhauer's daily increasing reputation at home and abroad is the most undeniable proof. The question is, how we are to stem the current, or at least divert its force from the hopeful germs of modern progress.

Schopenhauer himself is not without a panacea for the world's evil. It is the Will, the unceasing desire of man, that causes the misery of the race; but the individual has the power of conquering this desire, or at least of paralyzing its baneful effects. When man ceases to wish for the goods of this world, when he passively contemplates external things instead of identifying himself with them, he may obtain freedom from suffering, if not positive happiness. To this devoutly-to-be-wished-for state of quiescence two ways are open, the æsthetical and moral. In art we take cognizance of things without coveting them. Its phenomena are reflected on the surface of our mind unruffled by the storm of desire. Hence the eminent position art occupies in Schopenhauer's ethical system.

The other and more direct road to the most perfect beatitude within the reach of man leads through what Schopenhauer calls the 'Negation of the Will,' that is, the conscious and absolute deadening of desire. This coincides with the highest stage of human wisdom, which plainly sees the worthlessness of the world, averts its eyes from the ceaseless struggle of

life, waiting for death to sever its external connection with things earthly. Substantially this ideal is identical with the highest degree of sanctity in the early Christian Church, or, as Schopenhauer would prefer to emphasize, with Buddhistic asceticism. Whatever the reader may think of the moral and practical value of such a doctrine, he must acknowledge the passionless beauty of the tribute paid by Schopenhauer to a state of sanctity unattainable, he admits, by himself. The passage about to be quoted occurs towards the end of the first volume of the philosopher's chief work, and is in my opinion unequalled by anything from his pen. It may appropriately close this notice.

' If we turn our eyes from our own imperfection and narrowness towards those who have conquered the world, and in whom Will, after attaining its fullest consciousness, has recognised its own self in the universe, and denied itself, awaiting only its final dissolution, together with that of the body, we discern in them the peace which is higher than all reason, that absolute ocean-calmness of the mind, that deep quiescence, that indisturbable confidence and serenity, the mere reflex of which in the faces by Raphael and Correggio conveys the truest and surest message of Redemption. The ceaseless turmoil and struggle, the constant transition from desire to fear, from joy to pain, the never-fulfilled and never-dying hope which haunt the life-dream of man appear no longer; cognition only remains, Will has vanished. We look with deep and painful longing on this state, by the side of which the misery and hopelessness of our own existence appear in glaring contrast. And yet this contemplation is our only comfort, when on the one hand we recognise incurable suffering and endless pain as the essential concomitants of the realisation of Will in the world, and on the other, see how, with the suspension of this Will, the world itself dissolves into empty nothingness. It is rare, indeed, to

meet saints within our own experience, but history gives record of them, and art places them before our eyes with the mark of intrinsic truth. By contemplating them, the dark impression of that Nothing which lies behind all virtue and sanctity as their ultimate aim, and which we dread as children fear the dark, can alone be dispelled; and the circumvention of this idea by myths and meaningless words like the "reabsorption into Brahm," or the Nirvana of the Buddhists, becomes objectless. We confess it freely: what remains after the suspension of the Will for those who are still full of this Will is simply Nothing. But also: to those in whom Will has fully denied itself, our most real world, with all its suns and galaxies, is—Nothing.'

This is the last word of an idealism more radical and more comprehensive than that of Berkeley or Kant—a world more substantial than Holbach's or Huxley's, destroyed not by the extinction of the intellect in which it is reflected, but by the free action of conscious Will.



MUSICAL CRITICISM.

A Lecture Delivered at the Royal Institution.

IN addressing you on the subject of musical criticism, and in hoping to interest you in that subject, I take it for granted that we meet to some extent on common ground. We all know what a man is who hath not music in himself—fit for treasons, stratagems, and so forth—and, if a man, how infinitely worse a woman! No, I refuse to believe for a moment that a single person amongst you is not musical in the sense indicated by Shakespeare. I do not mean that you all play the piano or the violoncello, or even the German flute—in fact, I trust you do nothing of the sort, unless specially gifted that way—but I am equally certain that you are ‘moved with concord of sweet sounds;’ in short, that you take an intelligent, if moderate, interest in the divine art. I go further, and say that, in a certain sense, you are all musical critics. I do not say that you are all *good* musical critics. On the contrary, I do not believe you are, for if you were, there would be no need for those who make a pro-

fession of musical criticism, and in a manner take it upon themselves to tell you what you should and what you should not like. Your neglect of duty is all the more to be deplored, as there are a great many functions of criticism which you—I mean the public—are infinitely better able to perform than any writer in any newspaper, however powerful. Indeed, if the public would only have the courage of their opinion, and show what they think of a singer or a player, in spite of the reputation they may have established in foreign parts, and which daunts amateurs and critics in this country, in that case, I say, a great many things would be impossible which may now be witnessed every day. For singers, however much they may wish to be spoken well of in the newspapers, are still more anxious to be applauded; and, *vice versâ*, however much they may fear adverse criticism that appears the next morning in print, they are much more personally and more immediately hurt by a judiciously applied hiss, or by the significant silence which is more wounding to an artist's pride even than hisses.

The power of praise and of censure belongs in the first instance to the public, and in countries where people are more passionate and more demonstrative, it takes indeed a very substantial form. In our moderate clime enthusiasm seldom exceeds certain limits. The floral offerings which enliven the benefit night of our favourite *prime donne* hide, I believe, very rarely costly bracelets or diamonds of inestimable

value; on the other hand, tenors may sing flat or sharp, fearless of a shower of orange-peel or other missiles of a still more disagreeable nature. Foreign singers, when they come to this country, never fail to praise the kindness of the English public. As a matter of sentiment nothing can be more satisfactory. But art and genuine artists also have their rights and claims on us, and we ought to remember that every time we applaud incompetence we insult true merit by treating the two in the same manner, and putting them on the same level. Besides which, applause indiscriminately lavished becomes valueless, and foreign singers when they praise our kindness perhaps secretly laugh at our ignorance.

However, as long as mere incapacity of voice or of ear is concerned, I am the last to deprecate a certain amount of indulgence; it frequently encourages beginners, and makes that awful descent from fame and glory to old age and silence less painful. But it is different where undue self-assertion, vanity and such like debilities of noble minds are concerned. An actor or singer is liable to such weaknesses, perhaps, more than any man who woos public favour, because public favour in his case takes a more personal and more palpable form. Heine says that of air and of praise we can never have too much, and there are few authors or painters who would refuse to draw in a full breath of both. But to a singer praise—that is, applause—becomes absolutely the breath of life; it is not his picture or his book, but his own person and personal

qualities that he desires to have admired. Hence his craving for applause necessarily takes a more undisguised, one might say *naïve*, and therefore in itself more excusable, form. But for that very reason it is the duty of the public to repress it as soon as it is asserted at the expense of the work of art, of which the theatrical artist is after all only the interpreter. Unfortunately, the culpable leniency of the public, so far from discountenancing this tendency, has, on the contrary, fostered it, and several nuisances too well known to the frequenters of our concerts and opera-houses have been the result.

One of these is the *encore* nuisance. There are various degrees of acuteness to be distinguished in the *encore* nuisance. At a ballad concert, where detached pieces are given, there is no great harm in repeating a song, if it has particularly pleased the public, apart from the fact that most of these entertainments are intolerably long without such repetitions. Much less excusable is it to repeat a single movement of a symphony, or a quartet, or a sonata—a custom indulged in, I am sorry to say, by the greatest and most serious artists and conductors, at our very best concerts, not excluding the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts, the Richter Concerts, and the Popular Concerts at St. James's Hall.

Such a custom implies always a certain want of reverence for the composer's intention. A symphony or a sonata is an organism of which the single movements are the components, and it is necessary that these components should have certain proportions

not only of depth and import, but also of size. These proportions carefully balanced by the composer, and the harmonious impression resulting therefrom, are naturally disturbed if one of the movements is repeated, and therefore receives the length and importance of two. It is really as if a sculptor were to model a statue with three hands because the public greatly admire his hands.

Now, if you were to adopt my advice, and at the next classical concert you may happen to go to form yourselves into a nucleus of opposition, and put a determined stop to all attempts at *encores*, you would do good service to music, and teach a wholesome lesson to some very distinguished musicians, who shall be nameless here.

The *encore* nuisance becomes, of course, infinitely more intolerable in the musical drama, the opera. To ask a singer to die twice over, or two lovers to go a second time through the agonies of parting, or the bliss of return or reconciliation, implies on the part of the audience an amount of indifference to the continuity of the dramatic action which but for one's frequent and sad experience it would be almost impossible to credit. And yet this has become almost a tradition in certain operas—for instance, in the celebrated *Miserere* scene in Verdi's 'Trovatore,' where Manrico in his tower, if he has a tolerable voice, is obliged to sigh his adieus to Leonora twice over, while the lady has to renew her passionate exclamations in the front part of the stage. The 'Batti, batti,' in

'Don Giovanni' also never fails to receive what the newspapers call 'the accustomed rapturous encore' whenever Mdme. Patti is the Zerlina.

Now such a demand, besides being intrinsically absurd, is also unfair to the artists, who, if they knew their interest, would never comply with the clamorous requests of their indiscreet admirers. We all know as a matter of fact that a great actor or singer has to study beforehand every gesture and every movement, as well as every modulation of his voice. At the same time the dramatic illusion requires us to think, and a great dramatic artist really does make us think, that all this is the spontaneous action of the moment, called forth by immediate emotion. Without this illusion the effect of the drama immediately ceases, and it does so cease when every attitude, every smile, every sigh are repeated in the second rendering of the encored piece. We are let into the secret, and the actors appear no longer as free agents, but as marionettes pulled by invisible wires.

There is still a worse calamity which I must briefly touch upon before leaving this part of the subject. This is the *recall* nuisance. Instances of it are unfortunately as cheap as blackberries. You must all have witnessed, and I trust have suffered from it. I will give you only one example, not because it is worse than others, but because it happened not long ago at the Italian Opera, Covent Garden. The opera was Gounod's 'Romeo and Juliet,' with Mdme. Patti in the part of the heroine. After the duet in Juliet's

chamber—*duo de l'alouette*, as the French call it—there was much applause, whereat the Romeo of the evening, who had just descended by the rope-ladder and should have been well on his way to Mantua, emerged from the side scenes to bow his respects to the spectators and take his share in the applause. And the audience, instead of having recourse to some of those primitive means of reprobation which I have mentioned before, applauded all the more frantically. As long as such monstrosities are possible at the first London opera-house, I think our claim to being considered enlightened patrons of the musical drama must remain, to say the least, doubtful. And the remedy, as I said before, lies with you. Actors like applause at any price and of any kind. 'Well roared, lion; well run, Thisbe; well shone, moon;' is as sweet to modern ears as it was to those of Bottom the weaver and Flute the bellows-mender. The Press has thundered against encores and recalls for the last ten years, but singers continue to rise from the dead, or to sally forth from prison walls, in answer to your applause. Once convert that applause into hisses at any gross breach of dramatic propriety, and the nuisance will cease at once. It has indeed ceased in the case of Wagner's Operas at Covent Garden, in accordance with a tradition established on the first night of 'Tannhäuser' in this country, when a small but determined minority silenced all applause while the curtain was up. The singers received their due remuneration after each act, but

the play was and is never interrupted by discordant noises from the upper regions. This is as it should be, and it seems to me that other composers are equally entitled to this immunity from interruption. I have spoken of this subject at some length because it is one I am deeply and personally interested in; and speaking in this important and public place, I wish to protest verbally against a state of things which I have frequently combated with the pen.

Having shown in what point you signally fail to do your duty as non-professional musical critics, I shall have now to say something of your professional brethren. The musical critic, as indeed any other critic, holds two important, although not very agreeable, offices—those of an interpreter and of a censor. In the first-named capacity he is a kind of connecting link between the artist and the public—between the aspirations of the one and the receptivity of the other. Now, it might strike you that such an interpreter was not needed at all; that a work of art would impress the hearer, or the reader, or the spectator, with immediate primal force, and that those who do not take in its significance, would be none the wiser for a subtle critical disquisition of its absolute æsthetical merits. All this is perfectly true in the abstract; poetry and music in their primitive forms may be understood by the simplest mind, and without any previous intellectual preparation. The rhapsodists who recited Homeric poems, perhaps before Homer was thought of, and the popular *improvisatore* of Italy at the

present day, do not stand in need of interpreters, and the critic would be voted a nuisance by their unsophisticated audiences; but art, although no doubt in the first instance a personal emanation, is also, in a different sense, the collective expression of nations and the growth of centuries.

In this growth different stages may be detected, just as you can tell the age of a tree by the successive layers of bark. Each age has a representative master, who expresses in fullest measure its ideas and feelings; thus at least it appears to posterity. Haydn and Mozart are as fully identified with the middle and end of the last century as are Swift and Pope with the reign of Queen Anne. Beethoven, on the other hand, represents the struggle of modern thought; Schumann consciously reflects what in literature is called romanticism. Haydn and Mozart, great as they are, can no more be said to fully express what music in our days can express than Goldsmith could have written 'In Memoriam.' For music, although it does not render ideas as language does, yet it reflects them indirectly; in the sense, for instance, that Beethoven and the great modern composers generally have been nurtured on the strong food of modern thought, and their works have grown in depth and scope accordingly. All this appears, as I said before, to posterity when it writes the history of the past.

But contemporaries frequently take a very different view of their great men; they do not, at least not at first, recognise the kinship of ideas which exists be-

tween individual genius and the age of which, after all, it is but the ultimate result and outgrowth. These ideas, on the contrary, appear strange and new when cast in the mould of a great and original mind. It is almost comic to watch the unconscious repetition of accusations made against the great musicians of various times and countries by their stolid and obtuse audiences; how the same class of people who declared at Vienna that they would not give two florins to hear Gluck's lugubrious music, exclaimed fifty years later at Paris, when Beethoven's Fifth Symphony was first performed, '*Il est fou ! Il est fou !*'—'He is a madman!' Exactly the same charges of abstruseness, noisiness, and general abomination that are, or were till lately, preferred against Wagner, were raised a hundred years ago against that purest and clearest of musicians, Mozart, and with a little more show of reason against Beethoven: one touch of Philistinism makes the whole world kin.

It is in such circumstances that the real vocation of the critic begins—that he can interpret, explain, establish the necessary *rapport* between composer and audience; combat the natural and instinctive hatred of stupidity against talent; and, in short, herald the rising star of genius, and prepare its way. By doing this he becomes a very important motor in the progress of art—so important that without him that progress might be retarded for years, if not absolutely led into the wrong channel. No one, to borrow an example from a sister art, can, for instance, deny that

Mr. Ruskin has had a paramount influence on the development of modern taste and love of art in England—almost as great an influence as the leading artists of the modern school. And the same may be said of some musical critics, as we shall presently see.

The musical critic, however, it must be admitted, is in a more difficult position than any other. Not only has he to discover talent in the bud, but even after he has made that discovery, his office of interpreter is all but frustrated by the very medium of expression he has to deal with. For what music expresses is by its very nature withdrawn from the sphere of our logic-bound language, or else the musician would probably have written poetry instead of music; its essence is indeed of the most airy, most ethereal kind, and it evaporates and escapes your grasp as soon as you attempt to turn it into the clumsy prose of ordinary criticism. The art critic or the dramatic critic have a distinct subject or a story to deal with, which they can tell and make the basis of æsthetical speculation. But what story is there to tell of a symphony or a sonata? '*Sonate, que me veux tu?*' was the saying of the witty Frenchman, and the question is not easy to answer.

Several ways of overcoming the difficulty have been and may be attempted. One way is to strictly limit one's self to formal matters. It is, of course, easy to say how many movements there are to a piece of music, what keys they are in, how the various themes follow each other, and how the 'working out,' as the technical

phrase goes, has been managed. This is a very safe and a very dull kind of criticism. But the counting of bars and the enumerating of sharps and flats, after all, do not go a long way towards approaching the composer's intentions. Other critics accordingly proceed from the opposite extreme. They are of the 'poetic' order, and supply the composer with all manner of hidden meanings; they see a whole love-story, with all its incidents of parting, and quarrelling, and reconciliation, in every melodious *adagio*; and every *tremolo* of the fiddles suggests to them the despair of a soul writhing in the agonies of thought, and other unutterable things. Seeing, however, of how little avail even the suggestions given by Beethoven, Schumann, and the composers of what is called programme music, have frequently been, it is obvious that the conjectures of irresponsible outsiders are of still more doubtful value. The best way lies in this, as in most other cases, in the middle, between the two extremes referred to. A critic should not encumber his pages with needless technicalities, which make him appear wise but also extremely tedious, although the formal side should by no means be neglected; it is, indeed, the backbone of art, that which gives art its permanence and stability. On the other hand, it is no doubt the critic's duty to enter as much as possible into the composer's intention as reflected by his work; only this should be done in a modest, I may say reverential, spirit, without undue intrusion of personal fancies and whimsicalities.

To illustrate my meaning, I must refer you to the

writings of a musical critic who was also a great composer, and who solved the problem just referred to in a manner seldom equalled and perhaps never surpassed. I mean Robert Schumann, the founder, and for years the editor of the celebrated *Neue Zeitschrift für Musik*, a journal for ever identified with the rise of modern music. At the time when this remarkable publication was started, Schumann was not only unknown as a composer, but he had scarcely realized his creative power himself. He was a very young man at the time—only twenty-three—his career as a virtuoso had been made impossible by his own fault. He had disabled his third finger of the right hand by suspending it in a self-invented machine in order to gain a perfectly independent action of the fingers on the piano. So he had thrown himself into literature and set up as a musical critic; bent, as most young men are bent, upon reforming the age, which, it must be admitted, stood in sore need of reform. Nothing would serve him but a new musical journal of his own, which he accordingly started, and which still survives. The circumstances under which this remarkable birth took place are recorded by Schumann himself in the following remarks:

‘At the end of 1833, there met at Leipsic every evening a number of, for the greater part, young musicians, principally with a view to friendly intercourse, but also in order to exchange their thoughts about the art which had become the bread and wine of their life—music. It cannot be said that the

musical conditions of Germany were at that time of a very satisfactory nature. On the stage Rossini reigned supreme, while the piano was almost exclusively ruled by Herz and Hünten. And, nevertheless, only a few years had passed since Beethoven, Weber, and Schubert lived amongst us. It is true that Mendelssohn's star was rising, and of Chopin, the Pole, wonderful things were rumoured; but the lasting effect of these two came later. One day the idea struck the young enthusiasts, 'Let us not be idle lookers-on; let us work, in order that things may grow different and better, that the poetry of art may again receive its due honour!' In this way the first pages of a new *Journal for Music* saw the light.'

Schumann, as I said before, being a very young man, was naturally bent on remodelling the world—but it must not for that reason be concluded that his writings bore any signs of that combative nature which seems to be the character of all great reformers, from Luther and Knox down to Carlyle. Schumann is, on the contrary, of a decidedly affirmative nature. We find in him only few traces of all-denying satire, or of the sublime indignation of genius at the sight of mediocrity. It seems as if he proceeded in his writings on the principle that a single talent of tender nature, crushed by adverse criticism, would be an absolute loss of greater consequence than the harm that might possibly arise from a temporary success of well-intentioned inability. His accusations are, therefore, more directed against bad principles, like empty virtuosity and similar vices, than

against individual evil-doers. The only eminent men whom he has treated with decided, nay, harsh, antagonism are, to the best of my knowledge, Meyerbeer and Richard Wagner. On the other hand, the merits of the new critical organ in encouraging and introducing to public notice a number of aspiring talents are undeniable. The very first appearance of Schumann in the journalistic career, even before his own paper was started, consisted in a panegyric of Chopin, whose 'Opus II.' had, after many previous unsuccessful attempts, just then found a publisher. Berlioz, the eccentric apostle of French romanticism in music, was first acknowledged and defended against the attacks of German pseudo-patriotism by Schumann, who did the same service to the talented young Englishman, William Sterndale Bennett.

To give you an idea of Schumann's style, I will quote a few sentences from his criticism on the work of Chopin I have just mentioned, and a very extraordinary criticism it is, being, indeed Schumann's first attempt in that direction. By way of explanation I should add that Florestan and Eusebius, the two characters introduced in Schumann's article, are, as it were, the two sides of Schumann's own nature personified: Eusebius, the mild receptive dreamer; Florestan, the fiery enthusiast, wild and impulsive in his hatred and love, and armed with a divine recklessness with regard to other people's prejudices. They were the two leading members of a secret society, so secret, Schumann explained after-

wards, that it existed 'only in the head of its founder, and consisting of a variety of persons, with a variety of temperaments and artistic creeds. Schumann wished to indicate that sympathetic and comprehensive criticism is not a matter of abstract reasoning only, but quite as much of feeling, one may almost say of mood. To return to the criticism on Chopin's work—a fantasia on themes from *Don Giovanni*—it begins in the following abrupt and startling manner :

'An Opus II. Eusebius gently opened the door. You know the ironical smile on his pale face, which he puts on to make one curious. I was sitting at the piano with Florestan. Florestan, as you know, is one of those rare individuals who divine everything future, new, and extraordinary in advance. Still, to-day he was to be taken by surprise. Eusebius called out : 'Hats off, gentlemen ; here goes a genius !' and opened a piece of music before us. The title we were not allowed to see. I was glancing through the book half unconsciously ; this veiled enjoyment of music without sound has a particular charm for me. Besides, it seems to me as if each single composer had his own groupings of notes for the eye. Beethoven looks different on paper from Mozart, in the same way as the prose of Jean Paul Richter looks unlike that of Goethe. But now it was to me as if numbers of strange eyes were strangely looking at me, eyes of flowers, of basilisks, of butterflies, of girls. At other places it became lighter ; I thought I heard Mozart's "La ci darem" winding through hundreds of harmonies.

Leporello seemed to beckon, and Don Juan flew past me in his white cloak.'

The article goes on describing, in the same exalted strain, how the young enthusiasts play the piece with increasing delight, which is brought to a climax of admiring bewilderment when they find, on referring to the title-page, that the work is not by Beethoven or Schubert, but an Opus II., a *début* of an unknown composer, Frédéric Chopin. They forthwith repair to their adviser and friend, Master Raro, who smiles at their new idol with the cautious wisdom of his riper years, but promises a close scrutiny of the case. The final scene shows Florestan reclining on his sofa in a half dream, expounding the poetical inspirations found by him in Chopin's 'Variations,' intermixed with some excellent remarks of a more critical character on the structure of the new piece.

Now, if you ask me if I approve of this style of criticism for ordinary occasions, I should say decidedly not; and if you find anything like the above lucubration in to-morrow morning's newspapers, I should advise you to write to the editors and protest. But Schumann, when he wrote in that style, was young and enthusiastic, and those were the days when musical romanticism was sowing its wild oats. Afterwards he also toned down, and Florestan and Eusebius, although they still appear in his later criticisms, have dropped their wild habits and attitudes.

The article I have been quoting from contains, in spite of its eccentricity, the germs of true criticism.

Its mood, its intellectual atmosphere, if I may say so, is strikingly like that of Chopin's musical rhapsody ; and one cannot help thinking that Chopin, when he composed the piece, must have been in very much the same state of feeling as Schumann when he wrote the article. Moreover, the technical portions I have refrained from quoting are a model of excellent and close analysis ; and a combination of the technical with the poetical elements is, as I said before, the only palatable mixture of the black draught of criticism. From my setting up Schumann as the model of musical critics, you might perhaps conclude that in my opinion writers *of* music, as a rule, make the best writers *on* music ; but this is by no means the case. Even Schumann, when he had become a great composer and the leader of a school, lost much of his freshness and catholicity of judgment ; and the same phenomenon we find repeated in other great poets of sound. Beethoven spoke of Haydn, his master, in terms of contempt, and refused to call himself on the title-page of his first work Haydn's pupil, because, as he gruffly remarked, 'I never learnt anything from him.' Mendelssohn did not admire Schumann's music, and called Chopin by the nickname of Chopinetto, to denote his artistic littleness ; Wagner speaks in terms of unmeasured scorn of Meyerbeer. It would be a mistake to think that these curious misconceptions are all the outgrowth of mean jealousy and envy ; the fact is, that a great original creator is necessarily a man of very individual stamp, and one who is en-

grossed by his idea, and therefore little in sympathy with other individualities of an entirely different stamp and equally engrossed. Such an attitude of mind does not lead to largeness of view and catholicity of taste; and these two qualities are of course most essential to the critic.

There is still another quality in which I have to introduce the musical critic to you; it is, I am sorry to say, a very disagreeable one, that of a censor of musical manners and of a general monitor. Few people like to be admonished or to have their manners censured, least of all the irritable race of poets, and the, if possible, still more irritable one of musicians. We all know the smart sayings of offended authors about their unfavourable critics. Tennyson speaks of irresponsible indolent reviewers; Lord Beaconsfield suggests that there are critics who abstractedly do not approve of successful books, particularly if they have failed in the same style; and Goethe winds up a humorous poem with the words, 'Knock him on the head, the cur, he is a critic.' Of all the sweet things that have been said of the musical critic by Wagner and others, I prefer not to give you a specimen. Not only for our own sins are we held responsible, but even for those of our predecessors four or five generations back. If any one has uttered some absurdity in an obscure Viennese or Leipsic newspaper seventy years ago about Beethoven's symphonies, it is triumphantly quoted against us—'there you see what musical criticism is worth'—with a smile of exultation by the

indignant young composer, who means to infer that our obtuseness with regard to his own immortal works is about on a par with that of the Viennese penny-a-liner.

Well, of course there are good and bad musical critics, just as there are good and bad tailors; the person who failed to see the greatness of Beethoven was no doubt a very stupid person, unless we may charitably suppose that he was a very spiteful one. So at least one would think if it did not happen that one of the most violent antagonists of Beethoven was himself a man of undoubted genius—Weber, in fact, the composer of 'Der Freischütz.' When a young man, he, like Schumann, set up for a critic; but, less good-natured and less wise than Schumann, he determined to make an onslaught on a very prominent man, and in an evil hour chose Beethoven for the purpose. Like Schumann, again, he disguised his criticism in the form of a kind of story. You will find it quoted in one of those admirable pieces of musical analysis which Mr. George Grove has contributed to the programmes of the Crystal Palace concerts. As a curious pendant to Schumann's appreciative criticism, Weber's diatribe well deserves quotation:

It is supposed to be a dream, in which all the instruments of the orchestra are heard uttering their complaints after the rehearsal of the new work. They are in serious conclave round the principal violins, grave personages, whose early years had been spent under Pleyel and Gyrowetz. The contrabasso is speak-

ing. 'I have just come from the rehearsal of a symphony by one of our newest composers (Beethoven's No. 4 in B flat), and though, as you know, I have a tolerably strong constitution, I could only just hold out, and five minutes more would have shattered my frame and burst the sinews of my life. I have been made to caper about like a wild goat, and to turn myself into a mere fiddle to execute the no-ideas of Mr. Composer. I'd sooner be a dancing-master's kit at once, and earn my bread with Müller and Kauer' (the Strausses of the day). The first violoncello (bathed in perspiration) says that for his part he is too tired to speak, and can recollect nothing like the warming he has had *since he played in Cherubini's last opera*. The second violoncello is of opinion that the symphony is a musical monstrosity, revolting alike to the nature of the instruments and the expression of thought, and with no intention whatever but that of mere show-off. After this the orchestra attendant enters, and threatens them with the Sinfonia Eroica if they are not quiet, and makes a speech in which he tells them that the time has gone by for clearness and force, spirit and fancy, 'Like the old masters, Gluck, Handel, and Mozart,' and that the following (evidently an intentional caricature of the B flat Symphony) is the last Vienna receipt for a symphony: First, a slow movement full of short disjointed unconnected ideas, at the rate of three or four notes per quarter of an hour; then a mysterious roll of the drum and passage of the violas, seasoned with the proper

quantities of pauses and ritardandos; and to end all, a furious *finale*, in which the only requisite is that there shall be no idea for the hearer to make out, but plenty of transitions from one key to another—on to the new note at once! never mind modulating!—above all things, throw rules to the winds, for they only hamper a genius. ‘At this point,’ says Weber in his own person, ‘I woke in a dreadful fright, lest I might be on the road to become either a great composer or—a lunatic.’

I need hardly tell you that Weber in later life saw the error of his ways, and was amongst Beethoven's warmest admirers. The moral of all this is obvious. Critics do not write, or pretend to write, under direct divine inspiration; they are children of their own time, blinded by the prejudices of that time, and frequently only repeating its watchwords. Those who march in advance of their age, who have the judgment to discern rising genius, and the courage to proclaim it, are almost as rare as that genius itself. That there have been such men at all times is sufficiently proved by the fact that the great composers, although frequently maligned, have invariably become famous during their lifetime, or at least very soon after their decease, and not only amongst their immediate surroundings, but in places far distant from their homes, and where, in modern times at least, the Press alone could carry their fame. Such a man in Beethoven's case was Rochlitz, whom the great composer himself appointed as his biographer. But of course

the good is soon forgotten where the evil is remembered; and, all things considered, it is not a matter for surprise that the popular notion of a musical critic is that of a dangerous monster, as incompetent as he is malignant, seeking what innocent rising singer or player he may devour.

Of the competence of English musical critics, for they alone concern us here, it is not my province to speak; but I may say that as a race we are not ill-natured; we are, on the contrary, as a rule, much too indulgent, just as you, the non-professional musical critics, are. A well-known writer in that branch of literature once said that he would give anything for a sufficient number of synonyms of the word charming, so often did he think it necessary to employ it. The epithet detestable was apparently not in his dictionary at all, although for that also there might have been some legitimate occasions in the course of a season. Another writer, equally good-natured, prided himself on his ability of writing an entire column without committing himself to any opinion whatsoever. This is no doubt a great gift; very good musicians, grown old perhaps in the service of art, sometimes slumber, even as good Homer slumbered, and in such cases it is no doubt very painful to have to awaken them to the consciousness of their shortcomings. It is equally disagreeable to tell fair ladies that they are wholly incompetent to take a certain part, or that they sing terribly out of tune. In such cases it is necessary to remember that there is another lady still fairer, I mean

Polyhymnia, the muse, to whom we all owe allegiance, and in whose interest it is that the truth should be spoken: in any case I think it is one's duty to avoid the vague style of the art critic in Goldsmith, who said that the picture would be even better if the artist had taken more pains. Let it be distinctly understood whether a thing is good or bad; if the latter, disapproval of course should be expressed—with as little injury to personal feeling as possible, but still it should be expressed. This, of course, is only saying in other words that a critic should be a gentleman. That he should also be an honest man, speaking the truth, or what he thinks to be the truth, without fear or favour, is a truism on which I need not insist here.

Ladies and Gentlemen,—There is, according to the Roman historian, a certain circle in all human things, and there is in this lecture. At the beginning I told you that the true musical critics are yourselves. It is you also who alone can criticize the critics. If an artist thinks himself ill-used by the critics, he can appeal to your supreme tribunal, and it is you who should right him by applauding him in spite of what you may have read in the newspapers—that is, if you think he has been unjustly treated. The great rise of public taste in musical matters that has of late years taken place in England, caused, perhaps, as it originally was, by the efforts of competent and conscientious writers, has favourably reacted on the tone in which musical matters are generally treated in the Press. It is not so very long ago that musical criticism,

even in first-class journals, was little more than general reporting of a more or less irresponsible kind. Such a thing would be impossible nowadays. To improve matters still further, and to eradicate the evils which continue to exist, lies, as I said before, with you. Look upon art as a serious matter; study it earnestly, and insist that those who undertake to speak to you publicly on the subject should speak conscientiously and competently. In that case English musical criticism will soon be what the English political Press is now—the first in the world.

MR. PEPYS THE MUSICIAN.

It is proposed in the present paper to consider our dear old friend Mr. Pepys in a somewhat new capacity. We all know him as the most delightful gossip that ever put pen to paper in this or any other language. The value of his information as regards manners, morals, and politics of the Restoration epoch is also generally acknowledged; and students of the history of the drama are apt to look with much leniency on his naïve admiration for Nell Gwyn and other frail heroines of the stage. His relations to the art of music, on the other hand, have hitherto been strangely disregarded, especially by musicians themselves. It is known in a general way that Pepys was fond of singing and playing on various instruments; also that he invented a new method of musical notation, which he, like all inventors of similar systems before and after, considered to be perfect. But as to the almost inexhaustible fund of valuable facts and dates relating to an important period of English musical history that may be found in his pages, considerable ignorance seems to prevail, to judge at least by the all but total

neglect with which the 'Diary' has been treated by some of our latest historians of the art. It, therefore, may not be an altogether ungrateful task to point out the wealth of this mine of information. To work it thoroughly and systematically would require more leisure than I have at present at my disposal.

Music with Mr. Pepys was a passion—one amongst several, it is true, but nevertheless all-engrossing at times. He loved it and he dreaded it. 'Played on the viall,' he writes, February 17, 1663, evidently after an interval of virtuous abstention, 'which I have not done this long time before upon any instrument, being fearful of being too much taken with musique for fear of returning to my old dotage thereon, and so neglect my business as I used to do.'

Never was vow more seriously meant and more frequently broken. Here is another specimen of remorseful confession, as quaint and as 'like human nature' as, perhaps, only Mr. Pepys could have penned. This time the entry is dated March 9, '66, and the reader will perceive that the moral progress made during the three intervening years is of the slenderest description. 'Mrs. Knipp coming,' he writes, 'we spent the noon together very merry. She and I singing, and God forgive me! I do still see that my nature is not to be quite conquered, but will esteem pleasure of all things; though yet in the middle of it, it has reluctance after my business, which is neglected by my following my pleasure. However, musique and women I cannot but give way to, whatever my business is.' 'Wine,'

Mr. Pepys might have justly added to complete Luther's celebrated triad of 'Wein, Weib, und Gesang,' to which he also was unflinchingly attached. It must, however, by no means be thought that to him the art was merely the solace of a leisure hour, or a welcome pretext for a quiet flirtation. Music, as I said before, was his passion. Under its influence the innermost fibres of his heart were shaken to harmonious vibrations. It acted on him even with physical force, and to this influence he confesses with a naïve simplicity which belongs to his age, no less than to his individuality. What clerk to the Admiralty would nowadays venture to commit, even to the most secret pages of his diary, such a passage as the following?—

'Feb. 27, 1668. With my wife to the King's House to see "The Virgin Martyr,"* the first time it hath been acted a great while, and it is mighty pleasant; not that the play is worth much, but it is finely acted by Beck Marshall. But that which did please me beyond anything in the whole world was the wind musique when the angel comes down; which it is so sweet that it ravished me, and indeed, in a word, did wrap up my soul so that it made me really sick, just as I have formerly been when in love with my wife; that neither then nor all the evening, going home nor at home, I was able to think of anything, but remained all night transported, so as I could not believe that ever any musique hath that real command over the soul of a man as this did upon me; and makes me

* Massinger's tragedy of that name.

resolve to practice wind musique, and to make my wife do the like.'

The passage is strikingly illustrative of the man's nature; a curious mixture of unsophisticated, not to say coarse, realism and of the most refined sensibility to the beauties of art and literature. For, be it said parenthetically, in literature also Mr. Pepys was a sound judge of genuine merit, who, to name but one instance, in an age of studied politeness was able to appreciate the racy force of the old popular ballads of England and Scotland. It was, indeed, on his extensive collection of such treasures that Bishop Percy drew when he published his famous 'Reliques,' and thus prepared a healthy revolution in English literature against the stiltedness and pompousness of eighteenth century poets.

But, to return to our immediate subject, Mr. Pepys was not only an enthusiastic amateur of the ordinary kind. The collector's turn, developed in him to a degree little short of genius, stood him in good stead in musical as in other matters; and with it he combined that marvellous sense of order which enabled him to put some system into the disgracefully muddled navy accounts of Charles II.'s reign. The impression of perfect order and neatness is forcibly conveyed to one's mind as he enters the room of Magdalen College, Cambridge, where the Pepysian collection is kept. Here the cases are filled with rows of ancient tomes solidly bound and carefully arranged; and so as to make reference to each volume a matter of perfect

ease, Mr. Pepys has catalogued, and at a later period recatalogued, his books and music; the different entries being distinguished by the colours of the ink. On the tables there are various curious-looking instruments, some evidently of a musical kind, the nature and uses of which a better mechanical genius than the present writer can boast of might perhaps still discover. Here also is the most precious of Mr. Pepys' treasures, his 'Diary,' containing over three thousand pages, carefully written in Rich's system of shorthand, and extending over the first ten years of the Restoration, from January, 1660, to May 31, 1670. On that day the 'Diary' closes for the melancholy reason which Mr. Pepys had better state in his own words:

'Had another meeting with the Duke of York at Whitehall on yesterday's work, and made a good advance; and so being called by my wife, we to the Park, Mary Batelier and a Dutch gentleman, a friend of hers, being with us. Thence to "The World's End," a drinking-house by the Park, and there merry, and so home late. And thus ends all that I doubt I shall ever be able to do with my own eyes in the keeping of my Journal, I being not able to do it any longer, having done now so long as to undo my eyes almost every time that I take my pen in hand; and therefore whatever comes of it I must forbear; and therefore resolve from this time forward to have it kept by my people in longhand, and must be contented to set down no more than is fit for them and all the world to know, or if there be anything, I must endeavour to

keep a margin in my book open to add here and there a note in shorthand with my own hand. And so I betake myself to that course, which is almost as much as to see myself go into my grave, for which, and all the discomforts that will accompany my being blind, the good God prepare me !

In spite of the ominous name of the drinking-house and the lugubrious tone of the entry, the 'world's end' had not yet come for Mr. Pepys. From a humble retainer of the Earl of Sandwich, he rose by his own industry and integrity to be Secretary of the Admiralty and one of the Barons of the Cinque Ports, in which capacity he assisted at the coronation of James II. Although at heart a sincere admirer of Cromwell's genius, he was by political opinions and bent of mind a Royalist, and the last two Stuarts held him in high honour. It is said that James was sitting to Sir Godfrey Kneller for a portrait intended as a present to Mr. Pepys, when the news of William's landing in England reached Whitehall. The Revolution deprived Mr. Pepys of his office, but his busy mind found congenial occupation nevertheless. He continued his collections, dabbled in science, and lived to be President of the Royal Society. Neither did he lose that keen eyesight of his, although, unfortunately for us, he was never again able to commit his thoughts and observations, and little peccadilloes, to that trusty confidant of many years, his 'Diary.'

To that 'Diary' we must now refer for the immediate purpose of this article, such reference being

fortunately made possible by the careful and, as far as the nature of the materials would allow, complete edition which the Rev. Mynors Bright has recently published. Looking at these volumes, one is almost embarrassed by the wealth of valuable historic fact and amusing anecdote which they offer to the musical historian. One does not know where to commence—where to stop. As a beginning, however, has to be made, it will be best, before coming to personal matters, to look for such information on the general state of music in England as Mr. Pepys vouchsafes. Here we meet at once with a complaint which most likely had been made long before the seventeenth century, and will no doubt be made in the twentieth, the neglect of English music in favour of the foreign article. The old saying of the prophet despised in his own country applies to the musician perhaps more than to any other public man — painter, poet, statesman, or preacher; and it is comforting to find that some of the leading musical nations in the world showed at first the same disbelief in their own art-production of which English musicians so justly complain at present. More especially the upper classes seem everywhere determined to ignore as long as possible any independent movement in the music of their own country.

The battle of French music was fought in the Paris of the *ancien régime* by two foreigners—Lulli, an Italian, and Gluck, a German; and perhaps the latter would never have had his operas accepted but for the protection of the royal lady who had been his pupil as

the Archduchess Marie-Antoinette. In the struggle between French and Italian music, Rousseau, an aristocrat in taste, although the founder of modern democracy, ardently espoused the cause of the latter. He demonstrated that French music not only did not exist, but never by any chance could exist, the language itself being wholly unfit for the purposes of the singer. 'Le chant françois,' he winds up his violent diatribe, 'n'est qu'un aboyement continuel, insupportable à toute oreille non prévenue; l'harmonie en est brute, sans expression et sentant uniquement son remplissage d'écolier, les airs françois ne sont point des airs, le récitatif françois n'est point du récitatif.' A similar contempt of national music, although never expressed with equal force of language, runs through the history of the rise of the art in Germany. The petty princes had each their court theatre and their court concert, at which Italian singers sang Italian airs, accompanied by French or Italian instrumentalists; the native element, if tolerated at all, being looked at with more or less open contempt. How Mozart, how even Weber, had to suffer from this condition of things is too well known; and it was not till the voice of the people became supreme in matters of art that the great German composers gained the acknowledgment justly due to them.

Under such circumstances, it is not a matter for surprise that in the early days of the Restoration English music was not the art the King delighted to honour. Charles II., when he came to his own again,

was to all intents and purposes a foreigner. His tastes, his politics, his vices, and even his virtues and graces, were foreign. Moreover, he had that dangerous 'little knowledge' of music which enabled him to beat the time correctly during the anthem at church, and to find unreasonable fault with imperfections too fully accounted for by the circumstances. No wonder, therefore, that he seems to have taken an actual delight in humbling English musicians at the expense of their foreign competitors. One of the earliest entries in the 'Diary' (October 14, 1660) refers to a visit of Mr. Pepys to Whitehall Chapel, 'where one Dr. Croft made an indifferent sermon, and after it an anthem, ill sung, which made the King laugh.' Neither did profane music of English growth find favour with Charles II. For a little more than a month after the last entry (November 20), we find that 'at a play the King did put a great affront upon Singleton's musique in bidding them stop, and made the French musique play, which, my Lord (Sandwich) says, do much outdo all ours.' That the example set by the Court and followed in other classes of society was countenanced by the English musicians returning from abroad, and that Mr. Pepys had sense enough to have his own opinions on the subject, is proved by the following extract, dated six years after those last quoted:

'June 18, 1666. To my Lord Bellassis, by invitation; . . . and at dinner there played to us a young boy, lately come from France, where he had been learning a year or two on the viallin, and plays finely.

But impartially I do not find any goodnesse in their ayres (though very good) beyond ours, when played by the same; I observed in several of Baptiste's (the great composer) and our Bannister's. But it was pretty to see my Lord's daughter loves musique the most that I ever saw creature in my life.'

The 'Bannister,' whom Pepys here compares with Lulli—for he evidently is meant by Baptiste—is John Bannister, well known in the history of English art as the composer of 'Choice Ayres and Songs,' and of the incidental music to several 'masques,' tragedies, and plays, including Shakespeare's 'Tempest.' He was, in 1663, appointed first violin to the King, which post he is said to have lost owing to his upholding, within the hearing of his Majesty, the superiority of English over French players. A few months after the above entry, Pepys mentions a rumour that 'the King's viallin, Bannister, is mad, that the King hath a Frenchman come to be chief of some part of the King's musique.' Fortunately the first part of this information taken in its literal meaning proved incorrect, or, if true, Bannister must soon have recovered from his insanity, for he lived to start successful concerts in London, 'over against the George Tavern, in Whitefriars,' and died in 1679, at the age of forty-nine, leaving a son the inheritor of his name and his talent.

There were, it is true, many things to drive a King's fiddler out of his senses in the time of the Merry Monarch, who had not even the good grace to pay his musicians after having insulted them. In a private

chat 'of the King's family with Mr. Hingston the organist (December 19, 1666),' Mr. Pepys ascertained that 'many of the musique are ready to starve, they being five years behindhand for their wages; nay, Evans, the famous man upon the harp, having not his equal in the world, did the other day die for mere want, and was fain to be buried at the almes of the parish, and carried to his grave in the dark at night without one link, and that Mr. Hingston met it by chance, and did give 12d. to buy two or three linkes.' On the other hand, Tom Killigrew could boast that 'he hath gathered our Italians from several courts in Christendom for the King, which he do give £200 a year a-piece to,' an amount which, considering the value of money in those days, would not be despised by many modern players.

To do King Charles justice, English music at the beginning of his reign was not at its best, not in a condition, for instance, to rival the art as practised in Italy and France. There had been a time when this country could compare favourably with the two just named, when music was known to and practised by King and peasant; and it is a significant fact that the period when this was the case marked also the acme of English literature. That Shakespeare wrote for a public thoroughly imbued with the love of music, one could tell, if there were no other sources to attest the fact. There are, indeed, many such sources. Queen Elizabeth, whom we may consider as the representative English lady of the period, was, as every

one knows, a zealous and accomplished votary of the divine art, and proud of her musical talent no less than of her beauty. An ambassador of Queen Mary to her court has left it on record how he flattered Elizabeth by acknowledging her superiority on the virginals over her Scotch rival, his conscientious opinion in this respect for once coinciding with his diplomatic convenience; and it need not be said that the example of the great Queen was followed by her people, and more especially by her courtiers, with more or less vocation. Music towards the end of her reign had become a fad, even as the passion for Japanese fans and blue china is at the present day; the very desirable tendency towards beautifying human life being in both cases frequently made all but unrecognisable by the pranks of fashionable taste. When M. d'Olive (in Chapman's comedy of that name, printed in 1606), a fop of the period, intends to furnish his lodging in the proper style, this is how he goes to work: 'Here shall stand my court cupboard, with its furniture of plate; here shall hang my base viol, here my theorbo, and here will I hang myself.'

Unfortunately the early spring flowers of English song had been nipped in the bud by the political troubles which soon ensued. Music was on the losing side; it inspired the Royalists with heart-stirring cavalier songs, and smelt evil in the nostrils of preaching Ironsides and canting Puritan parsons. For a quarter of a century its public action was con-

fined to the nasal piety of psalm-singing; and when at last Cromwell, more enlightened than his followers, wished to grant a license for a kind of Italian Opera, he had to lay stress on the foreign language which made at least any corruption by gentle words of love impossible. But although artistic music was in exile with the King over the water, religious and political fanaticism had not been able to extinguish the innate love of song amongst the English people. King Charles might have some reason to abuse English fiddlers and choristers, but it would have been difficult to find on the Continent a match to one of the examples of untutored musical skill which Mr. Pepys describes in the following idyllic picture. The incident belongs to one of the diarist's pleasant trips to Epsom Wells, where, in his usual fashion, he has an eye and ear for everything, 'riding through Epsom the whole town over, seeing the various companies that were there walking, which was very pleasant to see how they are there without knowing what to do, but only in the morning to drink waters. But, Lord, to see how many I met there of citizens that I could not have thought to have seen there; that they had ever had it in their heads or purses to go down thither.' After having observed and moralized his fill, Mr. Pepys goes to have a breath of fresh air on the common, and there was 'at a distance, under one of the trees, a company got together that sang. I at a distance took them for the Waytes, so I rode up to them and found them only voices, some citizens

met by chance, that sung four or five parts excellently. I have not been more pleased with a snapp of musique, considering the circumstances of the time and place, in all my life anything so pleasant.' This happened on July 27, 1663. One is inclined to ask what company of Englishmen, *met by chance* under the trees at Epsom on that or any day of the year 1881, would be able to perform four or five part songs—or, for that matter, one—in excellent tune and time?

As to how this knowledge was acquired by the middle classes, Mr. Pepys also affords us ample information. With his accustomed unconscious skill, he describes how he, Mr. Hill ('my friend the merchant'), and two other gentlemen, used to meet and discourse all varieties of sweet music in a quiet, unassuming manner. There was no display, no audience, merely the four men worshipping the divine art in their simple way, and doing no doubt excellent work of its kind. By the special desire of Pepys the professional element was strictly excluded. At one time his friends had engaged an Italian master, one Signor Pedro, 'a slovenly and ugly fellow,' to superintend their studies once a week; but Mr. Pepys, with true tact, observed at once that this innovation would materially impair the character of the meetings. 'I fear,' he writes, 'it will grow a trouble to me if we once come to bid judges to meet us, especially idle masters, which do a little displease me to consider. . . . It spoils, methinks, the ingenuity of our practice.' The slovenly Pedro accordingly received

his *congé*, and the four gentlemen went on as before, singing and playing being agreeably varied by discussion of artistic topics. On one occasion, Mr. Pepys, after supper, falls 'into the rarest discourse with Mr. Hill about Rome and Italy,' which that gentleman had visited probably in his commercial pursuits; on another the conversation touches upon a technical point all the more interesting to us as the graceful old dance form in question was at the time a living thing. 'Then all to my house,' Mr. Pepys writes on April 23 (Lord's Day), 1665, 'where comes Hill, Andrews, and Captain Taylor, and good musique; but at supper to hear the arguments we had against Taylor concerning a Corant, he saying that the law of a dancing Corant is to have every barr to end in a pricked crochet and quaver, which I denied, was very strange.' If one may at this day decide such a question, it would appear that Mr. Pepys had decidedly the best of the argument. We all know that the Courante is a lively dance in 3-4 or 3-2 time, beginning with a short note at the end of the bar, and expressing, as Mattheson, writing a good many years after Pepys, discovered, 'sweet hope, and in fact a combination of confidence, desire, and joy.' But neither the Italian Corrente of Corelli nor yet the French Courante as developed by Couperin and the great Bach seems to bear out the law laid down by Captain Taylor. It is true that the works of all these masters are of a later type than that discussed at Mr. Pepys's house; moreover, a 'dancing Corant' as performed by military

gentlemen of the seventeenth century may have had rules of its own. But of that it is at present impossible to judge.

The knowledge acquired at these gatherings and elsewhere Mr. Pepys was constitutionally prone to impart to others; and, as was natural in so well regulated a mind, his charity in this respect began at home. Mrs. Pepys was naturally the first person to be practised upon, and we have already seen how, after the drastic effect produced on her husband by some wind music, the lady was expected to learn that difficult branch of art. Unfortunately Mrs. Pepys's musical gift seems to have been of a limited kind, and her want of talent and remissness in practising gave rise to frequent conjugal troubles, as the Diary shows in more than one place. Nothing daunted, however, Mr. Pepys transferred his educational zeal to humbler objects, and in this direction fortune was more propitious to him. His boy (*i.e.*, his page-boy), being possessed of a fine treble voice, was allowed to take part with the gentlemen before named in Ravenscroft's Psalms and other concerted music; and Mr. Pepys being a devoted admirer of the sex in every condition of life, the maids were not denied the privilege granted to the youth. One of these, of the name of Mary Ashwell, seems to have been a very promising pupil. She could, amongst other things, play on the triangle, a favourite instrument with Mr. Pepys. 'Up to my tryangle,' that gentleman writes *de dato* April 2, 1663, 'where I found that, above my expectations,

Ashwell has very good principles of musique, and can take out a lesson herself with very little pains.' Such talent required encouragement even at the expense of a little money, not as a rule easily parted with by the provident although by no means stingy official. 'March 16, 1663.—To my wife, at my Lord's (Sandwich) lodgings, where I heard Ashwell play first upon the harpsicon, and I find she do play pretty well, which pleaseth me. Thence home by coach, buying at the Temple the printed virginall book for her.'

A still more interesting pupil seems to have been another of Mrs. Pepys's handmaidens, so well-known to the readers of the Diary as Mercer. Ladies of the present day will perhaps think it natural that the attention paid to the musical education of this girl by her indulgent master was for various reasons not altogether pleasing to the lady of the house, and, at least on one occasion, led to a 'scene' thus philosophically referred to by the diarist: 'Thence home; and to sing with my wife and Mercer in the garden; and coming in I find my wife plainly dissatisfied with me, that I can spend so much time with Mercer, teaching her to sing, and could never take the pains with her. Which I acknowledge; but it is because the girl do take musick mighty readily, and she do not, and musick is the thing of the world that I love most, and all the pleasure almost that I can now take; so to bed in some little discontent, but no words from me.'

These facts, trifling in themselves, are of importance to us, showing as they do how far musical culture

seems to have extended to the lower strata of English life in those days. Mr. Pepys's household was too modest to admit of superior or ornamental servants, and his spouse too practical a housewife to set great store by artistic accomplishments. Ashwell and Mercer were servants-girls pure and simple; they had to bake, and baste, and scrub to an extent at which the modern maid-of-all-work would stand aghast; and received a sound thrashing into the bargain when found wanting in their domestic duties. And yet their musical capabilities seem to have been of a kind which might put many a lady of the nineteenth century to the blush.

Even as Dante was led by his trusty guide from Inferno to Paradise, so we ascend with Mr. Pepys the social stair from kitchen and scullery to the exalted regions of an aristocratic drawing-room, to see how music fared there in the early days of the Restoration. We have already witnessed the musical accomplishments of the daughter of Lord Bellasis, and may here passingly notice a musical nobleman, the seventh Lord Chandos, apparently of puritanic tendencies; for he would go on singing psalms by the hour, 'but so dully that I was weary of it,' worldly Mr. Pepys adds. The musical aristocrat, however, who is most prominent in the Diary, is Sir Edward Montague, created, by Charles II., Earl of Sandwich, to whom Pepys was distantly related, and to whom also he owed his first professional preferment, showing his gratitude by unflinching adherence to his patron

through good and evil report. The Earl of Sandwich, as became an aristocratic amateur, was very decided in his opinions, and those opinions changing at times, Mr. Pepys's patience is occasionally tried by the vagaries of his friend.

'And so followed my Lord Sandwich,' he writes, November 16, 1665, 'who was gone a little before me on board the *Royal James*, and there spent an hour, my lord playing upon the gitarr, which he now commends above all musique in the world;" and on another occasion 'after dinner (Mr. Gibbons being come in also before dinner done) to musique, they played a good Fancy to which my lord is fallen again, and says he cannot endure a merry tune, which is a strange turn of his humour, after he has for two years flung off the practice of Fancies and played only fiddler's tunes.'

The passage, it may be parenthetically remarked, throws some welcome light on an old musical term, the exact meaning of which is not very plain, and cannot be ascertained from the sources to which one naturally looks for information. In Grove's Dictionary, the term 'Fancy,' is altogether wanting, and Messrs. Stainer and Barrett, in their 'Dictionary of Musical Terms' (abridged edition), somewhat vaguely state that it signifies 'short pieces of music without words.' This applies to a vast number of musical pieces, that referred to by Pepys amongst others. But how about another passage which, although sufficiently familiar, may once more be

quoted in this connection. Speaking of Justice Shallow, in 'Henry IV.' (Part II., act iii., scene 2), Sir John Falstaff remarks, 'A came ever in the rearward of the fashion, and sung those tunes to the overscutched huswives that he heard the carmen whistle, and sware they were his *fancies* or his good nights.' Here Fancy evidently refers to a tune to be sung or whistled as occasion required; certainly not to a concerted piece played by instruments. In the technical sense in which Pepys uses the word, one might feel inclined to identify it with what Hawkins calls the Fantazia (*sic*), and which, according to him, came into practice after the decline of the vocal madrigal:—

'When gentlemen and others began to excel in their performance on the viol, the musicians of the time conceived the thought of substituting instrumental music in the place of vocal; and for this purpose some of the most excellent masters of that instrument, namely, Douland, the younger Ferabosco, Carperario, Jenkins, Dr. Wilson, and many others, betook themselves to the framing compositions called Fantazias, which were generally in six parts, answering to the number of viols in a set or chest, as it is called in the advertisement in the preceding note, and abounded in fugues, little responsive passages, and all those other elegancies observable in the structure and contrivance of the madrigal.'

But then again, how could a composition for strings, abounding in little responsive passages and other elegancies, be mentioned as something the reverse of

merry, and placed in contrast with fiddler's tunes? Mr. Pepys, although he does not explain the term, gives at least a hint as to its general meaning.

To return to our immediate subject, the general tenor of the Diary leads one to infer that the knowledge of music amongst the aristocracy, although less general than in Queen Elizabeth's reign, was at least more in vogue than later on, when Lord Chesterfield warned his son against the practice of the art as altogether unworthy the character of a gentleman. There was, moreover, in the time of the Restoration, amongst the better class of citizens, an enormous amount of that well-intentioned but extremely trying kind of amateur music with which we moderns are unfortunately too familiar. Mr. Pepys's sufferings from this social plague are expressed in the most amusing manner, and his terms of reprobation in the Diary are all the more emphatic as in real life he was too much of a diplomatist to give vent to his anger. 'Went to hear Mrs. Turner's daughter play on the harpsicon,' he writes, May 1, 1663; 'but, Lord! it was enough to make any man sick; yet I was forced to commend her highly.'

The no doubt excellent reason for which Mr. Pepys thought it necessary to be civil to Mrs. Turner and her daughter is not supplied, as it is in another case, referred to in the following passage, which, besides being very amusing, is also instructive, in so far as it illustrates the practices and antics of a French singing-master two hundred years ago: 'July 24, 1663.—They

(Mr. and Mrs. Bland) had a kinswoman they call daughter, in the house, a short, ugly, red-haired slut, that plays upon the virginalls and sings, but after such a country manner, I was weary of it, but yet could not but commend it. So by-and-by, after dinner, comes in Monsieur Gotier, who is beginning to teach her: but, Lord! what a droll fellow it is to make her hold her mouth, and telling this and that so drolly would make a man burst; but himself, I perceive, sings very well. Anon we sat down again to a collation of cheesecakes; tarts, custards, and such-like, very handsome.' Cheesecakes, and custards, and tarts, following, it should be added, upon a dinner got up 'very finely and great plenty,' no doubt atoned for much that was faulty in the performance of Mr. Bland's adopted daughter, ugly and red-haired slut though she might be.

So much about the practice of music in the early days of the Restoration.

The art, as we have seen, was with Mr. Pepys a matter of sentiment, a passion, but a passion not wholly irrational, not altogether in the clouds, but founded on a sound basis of fact. To facts, as connected with the music of his time, we must now turn; opinions may be left till a later occasion. Not that these latter are, in this particular instance, of no value, or even of less value than the bare record of things existing. On the contrary, Mr. Pepys was a man of great taste and a judicious critic, if ever there existed one. There are critics who have acquired a

world-wide reputation by being always wrong, by abusing genius before the world has acknowledged it, and by mistaking for giants the pigmies who manage to strut and fret their hour upon the contemporary stage in a cleverly demonstrative manner. Time is the test of opinions, and Mr. Pepys's utterances about the composers of his age have stood that test remarkably well—as we shall see by-and-by. But first of all as to facts. There are in the Diary a number of curious entries referring to the mechanical appliances of the art, the various musical instruments from which our ancestors elicited sweet sounds in the days of the Restoration. To appreciate the historical or practical value of these pieces of information, the present writer knows himself to be peculiarly incompetent. All he can do is to quote the words as they stand for the benefit of Mr. Hipkins, and other learned men interested in these matters.

To begin with the king of instruments, the organ, here is a statement relating to the history of its vicissitudes in England. The following extract, dated November 4, 1660, will at the same time illustrate the havoc the Commonwealth had made in the service—musical and otherwise—of the Church :

‘Lord’s Day. In the morn to our own church, where Mr. Mills did begin to nibble at the Common Prayer by saying “Glory be to the Father,” etc., after he had read the two psalms ; but the people had been so little used to it that they could not tell what to answer. This declaration of the King’s do give the

Presbyterians some satisfaction, and a pretence to read the Common Prayer, which they would not do before, because of their former preaching against it. After dinner to Westminster, where I went to my Lord's, and having spake with him I went to the Abbey, where the first time that ever I heard the organs in a cathedral.'

The explanation of the last sentence is too obvious. The ordinance passed by the Lords and Commons on May 9, 1644, 'for the further demolishing of monuments of idolatry and superstition,' contains a special paragraph to the effect 'that all organs and the frames and cases wherein they stand, in all churches and chapels aforesaid, shall be taken away and utterly defaced, and none others hereafter set up in their places'; and Mr. Hopkins, who reprints the ordinance in his exhaustive article on the 'Organ' in Grove's 'Dictionary,' adds a description of how, 'at Westminster Abbey, the solders brake down the organs and pawned the pipes at several alehouses for pots of ale.'

Immediately after the Restoration a new organ was erected in the Abbey, being, like that in the Chapel Royal—also mentioned by Pepys (July 8, 1660)—the work of Father Smith. It was a small instrument, having cost only £120, and stood on 'the north side of the choir.' These and other details may be found in that mine of valuable information, 'The Organ; its History and Construction,' by Mr. Hopkins and Dr. Rimbault. The following facts relating to the instrument on which Purcell played, and which Mr. Pepys heard, are contained in the same work. According to one

account it was removed from the Abbey in 1730, when the present organ by Schreider and Jordan was built. It was given or sold to the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, and the remains of it, lying for many years in the tower, were disposed of by the churchwardens about forty or fifty years ago. Another account states that it was removed to Vauxhall Gardens, and was the instrument in the orchestra of the Royal Gardens when they ceased to exist.

It seems strange that Mr. Pepys, who was born in 1632 and passed his early youth in or near London, should, as he states in the passage last referred to, not 'remember to have heard the organs and singing-men in surplices in my life.' The explanation is probably that the boy was a staunch Roundhead, although the man conformed to the more congenial tenets of the loyal Church. Mr. Pepys's early Republican tendencies troubled him a good deal in later years, and there is an amusing account in the *Diary* of how he meets a Mr. Christmas, an old schoolfellow, and is much afraid 'that he would have remembered the words that I said the day the King was beheaded (that were I to preach upon him my text should be, "The memory of the wicked shall rot"), but I found afterwards that he did go away from school before that time.'

After a passing reference to a 'pair of Virginalls' saved in a boat from the Great Fire of London, we pass to the description of a fearful and wonderful instrument which, with its congeners, the learned men

aforesaid must identify. 'Thence to the musique meeting at the Post-office, where I was once before. And thither anon came all the Gresham College, and a great deal of noble company, and a new instrument was brought called the Arched Viall, where being tuned with lute strings and played on with keys like an organ, a piece of parchment is always kept moving; and the strings which by the keys are pressed down upon it are grated in imitation of a bow by the parchment; and so it is intended to resemble several vyalls played on with one bow, but so basely and harshly that it will never do. But after three hours' stay it could not be fixed in tune, and so they were fain to go on with some other musique of instruments.'

There seems to be a curious fate reigning over the instruments which have the word 'arch' prefixed to their name. They have no vitality, and somehow or other come to grief. Even the famous archlute, which was still a living thing in the time of Handel, has now disappeared from the concert-room and joined Mr. Pepys's 'Arched Viall' in the limbo of things forgotten. Whether the latter twanged again on any subsequent occasion, and with less unharmonious results, the Diary does not say. Mr. Pepys's verdict, that it would never do, at any rate, has been fully confirmed by the event, as his predictions usually were, being, indeed, always founded on calm judgment and close observation. For the latter he had, with regard to this particular subject, a good opportunity in his own collection of musical instruments, the remnants of

which are still in existence. It was not without good reason that, as early as August 21, 1663, when his prosperous days had scarcely yet begun, he could write : 'This evening I paid Mr. Hunt £3 for my viall, and he tells me that I may without flattery say, I have as good a Theorbo viall and viallin as is in England.'

How, more than four years later (February 24, 1668), Mr. Pepys was on the point of adding an organ to his collection, and how reasons of space and prudence prevented him from doing so, the following extract may tell: 'At my bookseller's, and did buy 'L'illustre Bassa'* in four volumes for my wife. Meeting Dr. Gibbons,† he and I to see an organ at the Dean of Westminster's lodgings at the Abbey, the Bishop of Rochester's; where he lives like a great prelate, his lodgings being very good; though at present under great disgrace at Court, being put by his Clerk of the Closet's place. I saw his lady, of whom the *Terræ Filius*‡ at Oxford was once so merry; and two children, whereof one a very pretty little boy, like him, so fat and so black. Here I saw the organ, but it is too big

* 'Ibrahim, ou l'illustre Bassa.' It was the first of that almost interminable series of 'Twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt,' published by Magdaleine de Scudéri. It was printed in 1641.—M. B.

† Christopher Gibbons, the second son of the great Orlando. Born in 1615; appointed organist of Westminster Abbey, 1660; Doctor of Music, Oxon, 1664; died, 1676. He is buried in the cloisters of the abbey.

‡ A scholar appointed to make a satirical and jesting speech at an Act in the University of Oxford. The custom was discontinued about the beginning of the last century.—M. B.

for my house and the fashion do not please me enough ; and therefore I will not have it.'

Readers may care to know that the 'fat and black' boy, so unceremoniously introduced, grew up to be an Irish judge, and a baronet of Queen Anne's creation.

We next come to a short excursion on scientific ground, which, although it does not refer to the art of music, may be interesting to the pupils of Helmholtz and others, as a landmark in the history of acoustics. Mr. Pepys, it should be added, although a man of science, and later on the President of the Royal Society, was too reasonable a man to believe in the monstrous idea propounded by some people nowadays, that composers, as composers, would be benefited by a knowledge of acoustics, or of what is absurdly called the *science* of music. In a passage, which will be quoted by-and-by, he classes music with 'the other parts of mathematical knowledge,' but this has reference to a more systematic and, therefore, more scientific method of teaching musical theory, which he justly advocates against the barbarous jargon of his contemporaries. As for acoustical science, he regarded it as being on the same footing with other branches of knowledge in which he took an interest, not as a musician or musical amateur, but merely as a man of wide culture and catholic intelligence. In explanation of the following passage, it should be stated that the Mr. Hooke referred to is Robert Hooke, a great scientific authority of the period, who

frequently turns up in the Diary as a lecturer on the Comet of 1664, and on feltmaking, and as the author of a book 'of the Microscope, which is so pretty that I presently bespoke it, and away home.' This is Mr. Hooke's theory of vibrations, as connected with musical sounds :

'August 8th, 1666. Discoursed with Mr. Hooke, whom I met in the streete, about the nature of sounds, and he did make me understand the nature of musically sounds made by strings mighty prettily ; and told me that, having come to a certain number of vibrations proper to make any tone, he is able to tell how many strokes a fly makes with his wings (those flies that hum in their flying) by the note it answers to during their flying. That, I suppose, is a little too much refined ; but his discourse in general was mighty fine.'

Speaking of acoustics, it will be well to mention one of the most curious passages in the Diary, curious in so far as it illustrates in the most striking manner the saying of Tacitus, '*Rebus humanis inest quidam circulus.*' Here, at a very primitive period of dramatic music in England, we find foreshadowed the idea carried out at the Wagner Theatre at Bayreuth, the idea of the invisible orchestra. The Theatre Royal, at which this idea was first tried, was one of the predecessors of 'Old Drury,' being situated near Drury Lane, although not yet called by the name of its local habitation.

'May 8th, 1663. Thence to my brother's, and there

took up my wife and Ashwell to the Theatre Royal, being the second day of its being opened. The house is made with extraordinary good contrivance, and yet hath some faults, as the narrowness of the passages in and out of the pitt, and the distance from the stage to the boxes, which I am confident cannot hear; but for all other things it is well, only, above all, the musique being below, and most of it sounding under the very stage, there is no hearing of the basses at all, nor very well of the trebles, which sure must be mended.'

Mr. Pepys's censure, it should be remembered, applies to a time when 'musique,' both orchestral and choral, was executed on a small scale; had he known the gigantic bands of modern days, perhaps he would have judged differently.

To conclude, we must hear a little of one of Mr. Pepys's favourite hobbies, the reform of musical theory, which in those days of scholastic nomenclature, with a very vague meaning at the back of it, was, indeed, urgently needed. The new scheme, including, as we have seen, a remodelled system of notation, was as eagerly sought by Mr. Pepys as if it had been the philosopher's stone. More than once the secret seems within his reach. 'All the evening,' he writes, 20th of March, 1668—after a day's hard work at the Office 'to enable us to set out 27 ships'—'pricking down some things and trying some conclusions upon my viall, in order to the inventing of a better theory of musick than hath yet been abroad;

and I think verily I shall do it.' Whether he ever 'did it,' and what was the result, is more than the present writer professes to know. Some light on the general bearings of Mr. Pepys's theory is thrown by a passage in one of his letters, written many years after the close of his Diary, and not long before the close of his life. But his love of music never left Mr. Pepys, and well might he have promised to be faithful to Polyhymnia 'till death do us part.' The letter is dated Clapham, November 5, 1700; it is addressed to Dr. Charlett of Oxford, and refers to a scheme of teaching the 'Mathematical Sciences' propounded by another learned man, Dr. Gregory, and submitted to Mr. Pepys by the first-named divine. Music, it appears, had no place in Dr. Gregory's scheme, and after a few introductory remarks, Mr. Pepys begins accordingly:

'To which, what I would now recommend to your giving the same regard to, with the particulars therein named, is first Music—a science peculiarly productive of a pleasure that no state of life, public or private, secular or sacred, no difference of age or season, no temper of mind or condition of health, exempt from present anguish, nor, lastly, distinction of quality, renders either improper, untimely, or unentertaining. Witness the universal *gusto* we see it followed with, wherever to be found, by all whose leisure and purse can bear it; while the same might, to much better effect, both for variety and delight to themselves and friends, be ever to be had within their own walls, and

of their own composures too, as well as others—were the doctrine of it brought within the simplicity, perspicuity, and certainty, common to all other parts of mathematical knowledge, and of which I take this to be equally capable with any of them, in lieu of that fruitless jargon of obsolete terms, and other unnecessary perplexities and obscurities, wherewith it has been ever hitherto delivered, and from which, as I know of nothing eminent, or even tolerable, left us by the ancients, so neither have I met with one modern master (foreign or domestic) owning the least obligation to it, for any of their own nobler compositions; but, on the contrary, charging all (and justly too) upon the happiness of their own genius only, joined with the drudgery of a long and unassisted practice.'

The passage is well worth serious contemplation. It is interesting also from a literary point, showing as it does the different style of Mr. Pepys's learned correspondence from that of the Diary. Instead of felicitous, albeit unconscious, grace of expression, we have here long and involved sentences, and a train of thought not always easy to follow. But through all shines a true and earnest love of art.

Before passing on to more important matters, it is necessary to mention one or two more instruments which formed part of the Pepysian collection, or of which he had at least personal cognisance. We have already seen that his intended purchase of an organ came to nothing. A similar fate and for similar reasons frustrated his transactions for the acquisition

of a harpsicon, of which an account is given in the following passage :

‘ March 23, 1668. To the taverne and there bespoke wine for dinner, and so to Bishopsgate Streete, thinking to have found a Harpsicon maker, but he is gone, and I have a mind forthwith to have a little Harpsicon made me, to confirm and help me in my musique notions, which my head is now-a-days full of, and I do believe will come to something very good.’

Unfortunately Mr. Pepys does not record the name of the instrument-maker in Bishopsgate Street. He, on the other hand, mentions that of another manufacturer sufficiently familiar to those interested in the subject. ‘To Whitehall,’ he writes less than a fortnight later. ‘Took Aldgate Street in my way, and there called upon one Haywood, that makes virginalls, and there did like of a little espinette, and will have him finish it for me; for I had a mind to a small harpsichon, but this takes up less room.’

Mr. Pepys, however, was not a man to be hurried into a bargain. Several months afterwards we still find him haggling over the same spinet. ‘I to buy my espinette,’ he writes, July 13 of the same year, ‘which I did now agree for, and did at Haward’s meet with Mr. Thacker, and heard him play on the Harpsichon so as I never heard man before, I think;’ and two days later we hear that the instrument has been brought home, and that its price is five pounds. The list of seventeenth century instrument-makers may

be enriched by another harmonious name, that of Mr. Drumbleby, whose speciality seems to have been the flute. 'To Drumbleby's, the pipe-maker,' Mr. Pepys writes, January 20, 1668, 'there to advise about the making of a flageolet to go low and soft; and he do show me a way which do do, and also a fashion of having two pipes of the same note fastened together, so as I can play on one and then echo it upon the other, which is mighty pretty.'

The same Drumbleby soon after supplies a recorder 'which I do intend to learn to play on, the sound of it being, of all sounds in the world, most pleasing to me.' It will be seen that the instruments of the Pepysian collection which have already been mentioned, and to which the lute ('Up before 4 o'clock and so to my lute') may be added, included most of the components of the orchestra as it existed in those days.

To bring this part of the subject to a dramatic climax, it will be well to mention the tremendous instrument which went by the still more tremendous name of trump-marine.

'October 24, 1667. To Charing Cross, there to see Polichinelli, but it being begun, we in to see a Frenchman, at the house where my wife's father last lodged, one Monsieur Prin, play on the trump-marine, which he do beyond belief; and, the truth is, it do so far outdo a trumpet as nothing more, and he do play anything very true, and it is most admirable, and at first was a mystery to me that I should hear a whole

concert of chords together at the end of a pause, but he showed me that it was only when the last notes were 5ths or 3rds one to another, and then their sounds like an Echo did last so as they seemed to sound all together. The instrument is open at the end, I discovered; but he would not let me look into it.'

The trump, or more correctly, the trumpet marine, is referred to at considerable length by Hawkins (Novello, Ewer and Co.'s edition, pages 329, 605, 763), who in the last-named place quotes an extract from the *London Gazette* (February 4, 1674) giving an account of 'a concert of four Trumpets Marine, never heard of before in England;' a statement which is rectified by the passage above quoted. Glareanus, in his 'Dodecachordon,' states that the instrument was much in vogue amongst the Germans, French, and Netherlanders. Virdung, Agricola, and other writers of the sixteenth century, also give descriptions of it, but no satisfactory etymology of the name has as yet been supplied.

From the relation of facts we proceed to the record of opinions expressed in the Diary, and our respect for the author increases as we go on. Mr. Pepys, as everyone knows, was not a professional musician, and the time which he could spare from his office-work was occupied by numerous interests, artistic, literary, and scientific. It is almost a truism to say that such variety of tastes leads as a rule to superficiality. The most catholic mind is not always the

most profound. It is said of Hegel the philosopher that his pupils collectively used to proclaim him the most learned man in Europe; the philologists calling him the greatest historian, the artists the profoundest natural scholar; only in his own individual branch, each would add, the master was slightly deficient. With Mr. Pepys the reverse is the case, as far at least as the present writer can judge. Much has been made of the fact that he speaks of some of the plays of Shakespeare in a slighting manner; but it should be remembered that his remarks always are based on performances of those plays; and who can tell what those performances were like, or how much of Shakespeare's original was preserved in the acting version? The Restoration epoch was the anticlimax of the great dramatic age preceding it; and the worst that can be said against Mr. Pepys is that in a few instances he was misled by the depraved taste of his time. At any rate, it should be remembered in his favour that against the opinion of the fashionable *litterati* he upheld the beauty of our popular ballads, many of which he preserved from destruction.

In musical matters his judgment was singularly correct, and perhaps in no other art is it more difficult to predict the permanent value of contemporary phenomena. Let the candid musical critic open an old newspaper and see in how many cases his opinions will bear the test of a ten years' interval. Mr. Pepys's criticisms have stood that of two centuries, and, with few exceptions, have been verified by posterity.

The soundness of Mr. Pepys's judgment is accounted for, amongst others, by the fact that he has that virtue rarest amongst critics—modesty. He did not immediately fall to abusing a thing merely because he did not understand it. Scotch music was such a thing. Ordinary Londoners in the seventeenth century knew less of Scotland than they now do of New Zealand. Even in the days of Goldsmith, the Highlands were to the average Englishman a wild, undiscovered country, from whose bourne few Southern travellers returned, because few went thither. Scotch (*i.e.*, Celtic) manners, and morals, and music, were equally unknown, and accordingly looked upon with suspicion. No wonder therefore that Mr. Pepys is a little startled when, for the first time, not on the other side of a big hill, but at a civilized supper-party, he hears one of those weird strains of which Mr. Gilbert sings:

‘It was wild, it was fitful, as wild as the breeze,
It wandered about into several keys ;
It was jerky, spasmodic, and harsh, I'm aware,
And yet it distinctly suggested an air.’

Yet even in this extremely trying situation Mr. Pepys's critical equilibrium is not upset. He feels that here he has to deal with a new phenomenon, which cannot be judged of at first sight. So, instead of having recourse to abuse, and talking of barbarians and the like—as most of his contemporaries, and some of our contemporaries, would have done—he merely expresses his surprise in perhaps the most adequate terms that could have been used in the circumstances:

‘the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast.’ But the entire passage is well worth quoting :

‘July 28, 1666. Being come thither (*i.e.*, to Highgate, where Lord Lauderdale’s residence still stands) we went to Lord Lauderdale’s house to speake with him . . . we find him and his Lady and some Scotch people at supper. Pretty odd company, though my Lord Brouncker tells me Lord Lauderdale is a man of mighty good reason and judgment. But at supper there played one of their servants upon the viallin some Scotch tunes only ; several and the best of their country, as they seemed to esteem them by their praising and admiring them ; but, Lord ! the strangest ayre that ever I heard in my life, and all of one cast. But strange to hear my Lord Lauderdale say himself that he had rather hear a cat mew, than the best musique in the world ;* and the better the musique the more sicke it makes him, and that of all the instruments he hates the lute most, and next to that the bagpipe.’

The Earl, afterwards Duke of Lauderdale, was a bold, cruel man, as readers of ‘Old Mortality’ and of history are aware. He must have needed all his courage to talk such heresy about bagpipes before a company of Scotch enthusiasts.

A single and not very instructive sentence contains

* I had rather be a kitten and cry mew,
Than one of these same metre ballad-mongers.

Lord Lauderdale is evidently quoting Shakespeare more or less consciously.

all that Mr. Pepys has to say of Irish national tunes ; it is in substantial and all but verbal agreement with his opinion of the Celtic music of the North. ' Among other things,' he writes, ' Harris sang his Irish song, the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him that ever I heard.'

The Mr. Harris here referred to is an interesting character who frequently appears in the Diary. He was an actor, and originally belonged to Sir William Davenant's company, but growing, as Mr. Pepys says in another place, very proud, he demanded twenty pounds for himself more than Betterton or anybody else upon every new play, and ten pounds upon every revival, which Sir William refusing to give, he swore he would never act there more, in expectation of being received in the other house. Pepys was fond of him, and had his portrait painted by Hales. At the time when he sang the Irish song, he was an actor of the Duke's playhouse, and evidently a man of great and varied culture. ' I find him a very curious and understanding person in all pictures and other things, and a man of fine conversation.' The entry from which the last extract is quoted, describes a musical party at Mr. Pepys's house, and is so merry and pleasing in tone that it deserves quotation, although not immediately connected with the subject. The Mrs. Knipp, to be presently mentioned, was an actress of whom more will be said anon ; Mercer, who sings the Italian song, is the musical handmaiden of Mrs. Pepys, already known to the reader.

‘ So away with all my company down to the office, and there fell to dancing, and continued at it an hour or two, there coming Mrs. Anne Jones, a merchant’s daughter hard by, who dances well, and all in mighty good humour, and danced with great pleasure, and then sung and then danced, and then sung many things of three voices—both Harris and Rolt singing their parts excellently. Among other things Harris sang his Irish song, the strangest in itself, and the prettiest sung by him that ever I heard. Then to supper in the office, a cold good supper, and wondrous merry. Here was Mrs. Turner, also, and Mrs. Markham. After supper to dancing again, and singing, and so continued till almost three in the morning, and then with extraordinary pleasure broke up. Only towards morning Knipp fell a little ill, and so my wife home with her to put her to bed, and we continued dancing and singing; and among other things our Mercer unexpectedly did happen to sing an Italian song I know not, of which they two sung the other two parts too, that did almost ravish me and made me in love with her more than ever with her singing. As late as it was, yet Rolt and Harris would go home to-night, and walked it, though I had a bed for them. And it proved dark and a misty night, and very windy. The company being all gone to their homes, I up with Mrs. Pierce to Knipp, who was in bed, and we waked her and sung a song, and then left my wife to see Mrs. Pierce in bed to her, in our best chamber, and so to bed myself, my mind mightily satisfied with all this

evening's work, and thinking it to be one of the merriest enjoyments I must look for in the world, and did content myself therefore with the thoughts of it, and so to bed; only the musique did not please me, they not being contented with less than 30s.'

Fancy Mr. W. H. Smith taking actors and actresses to the Admiralty, and dancing and singing with them till three o'clock in the morning!

We have seen how Mr. Pepys in the above extract is 'almost ravished' by an Italian song. His position towards the art of that country was, however, not that of unbounded admiration. In the common opinion of his age, which despised English art compared with the foreign article, he was by no means prepared to acquiesce, and it is just possible that patriotic indignation made him somewhat reluctant to acknowledge the real merits of Italian music. Another reason why that music did not at first appeal to him is too characteristic of the man to be omitted. It shows his attitude as a critic of vocal music in the most striking light: 'Went with Knipp to Mrs. Manuel's,* where Mrs. Pierce was, and her boy and girl; and here I did hear Mrs. Manuel, and one of the Italians, her gallant, sing well. But yet I confess I am not delighted so much with it as to admire it; for not understanding the words I lose the benefit of the vocalitys of the musick and it proves only instrumental; and therefor^e

* Mrs. Manuel, in August, 1667, 'the Jew's widow, formerly a player,' and in March, 1668, 'the Jew's wife, and a mighty discreet, sober-carriaged woman.'

was more pleased to hear Knipp sing two or three little English things that I understood, though the composition of the other, and performance, was very fine.' It will be seen that to Mr. Pepys words and music in a song were inseparable, and could not be enjoyed apart from each other. To the real merits of Italian art he was, however, by no means blind, and a few months after the last entry (March 22, 1668), we hear him speak in this exalted strain :

' Here I met with Brisband, and after hearing the service at the King's Chapel, where I heard the Bishop of Norwich, Dr. Reynolds, the old presbyterian, begin a very plain sermon, he and I to the Queen's Chapel, and there did hear the Italians sing; and indeed their musick did appear most admirable to me beyond anything of ours; I was never so well satisfied in my life with it.'

' Beyond anything of ours ' may not be flattering to one's national pride, but it would be difficult to deny the justice of the criticism. Italy in those days was the heart and root of musical life, just as Germany is now. There were in various countries branches with more or less indigenous fruit, but they all drew their nourishment from the common principle of life. Of this Mr. Pepys was well aware.

The list of contemporary composers mentioned in the Diary is headed by two of the most famous names in the history of English music—Lock and Purcell. In one of the earliest entries (February 21, 1660), before even the King had returned, one reads : ' Here I met

with Mr. Lock and Pursell, Masters of Musique, and with them to the Coffee House, into a room next the water by ourselves, where we spent an hour or two till Captain Taylor came and told us that the House had voted the gates of the City to be made up again, and the members of the City that are in prison to be set at liberty; and that Sir J. Booth's case be brought into the House to-morrow. Then we had a variety of brave Italian and Spanish songs, and a canon for eight voices, which Mr. Lock had lately made, on these words, 'Domine salvum fac Regem,' an admirable thing. Here out of the window it was a most pleasant sight to see the City from one end to another with a glory about it, so high was the light of the bonfires, and so thick round the City, and the bells rang everywhere.' The passage well illustrates the excited feeling of the time immediately preceding the Restoration. England, although nominally still a Commonwealth, was expecting the re-entry of the Stuarts, and Mr. Lock and other musicians were preparing hymns of triumph for the event. The connection between the divine art and the politics of the day was, however, not to be more fruitful of permanent results than it has been in other cases since. The history of the French Revolution, for example, may be followed step by step in the works of Cherubini, Méhul, and other contemporary composers, who sometimes had difficulty in keeping pace with the rapid changes of government. The same Grétry, whose 'Richard, oh, mon roi, si l'univers t'abandonne' became the watchword of the Royalists, composed 'Dénys le

'Tyran' and 'La Fête de la Raison' to suit Republican tastes, was made a Knight of the Legion of Honour by Napoleon, and would, no doubt, have celebrated the restoration of the Bourbons had he lived a few months longer. And yet the most important, and, with the exception of Méhul's 'Chant du Départ,' perhaps, only permanent addition to the national music of France was due to the amateur who wrote or, it may be, 'adapted' the tune of the Marseillaise to his great hymn of liberty. Again, during the late Franco-German war, the far-famed composers of the most musical people in the world were unable to supply their armies with a better war-song than the trivial and hackneyed 'Wacht am Rhein,' written many years before. Musicians ought to profit by the lesson, and keep aloof from the turmoil and strife of politics. The songs wanted by the people have been, with few exceptions, supplied by the people. But this by the way.

To return to the Coffee House in the City, the first of the two English masters mentioned by Pepys is, of course, the famous Matthew Lock, of whom it would be superfluous in this place to say more than that he was rewarded for his loyal effusions—including some music 'for ye King's sagbutts and cornets,' played during Charles's progress to Whitehall—by being made Composer in Ordinary to His Majesty. He appears frequently in the Diary, and seems to have been well-versed in the affairs of State. It is, for example, from him that Mr. Pepys receives the first information of

the substance of the letter 'that went from Monk to the Parliament' in February, 1660, 'denouncing Lambert and Vane, and many members now in the House, that were of the late tyrannical Committee of Safety.'

The Purcell who made up the musical trio at the Coffee House is, in the notes of Lord Braybrooke's edition of the Diary, associated with Lock as 'both celebrated composers'; the obvious inference being that Henry Purcell the younger, in fact, *the* Purcell, is intended; and one is sorry to see that the Rev. Mynors Bright mechanically reprints the implied misunderstanding. For it need scarcely be added that the great English master was in 1660 two years of age, and that the 'Pursell' of the Diary is obviously his father, who, although a clever musician, and subsequently one of the Gentlemen of the Chapel Royal, can scarcely be called a 'celebrated composer.' The real Purcell Pepys does not seem to have known; he is at least not mentioned in the Diary. This is the more strange as Pepys was intimately acquainted with both Captain Cocke and Pelham Humfrey, the successive masters of Purcell. The Captain is continually turning up in the Diary, and Humfrey is the subject of several more or less complimentary passages which all belong to the year 1667, and may be cited in their chronological order. It should be remembered that Humfrey, who seems to have been a particular favourite of Charles II., had been sent by him on an artistic tour to France and Italy, for which purpose he drew from the Secret

Service fund sums to the amount of £450. He stayed abroad for three years, living mostly in Paris, where he studied under Lully. He had just returned home when he was introduced to Mr. Pepys, and disgusted that gentleman by his foreign ways and vanities. As Humfrey was at the time twenty years old, the epithet 'little fellow' applied to him must refer to his stature.

'To Chapel,' Mr. Pepys writes, November 1, 1667, 'it being All-Hallows day, and heard a fine anthem made by Pelham, who is come over' (*i.e.* from Paris; he had returned in the previous October).

A fortnight afterwards we find that Mr. Pepys, the patron of art and artists, has asked the young musician to a dinner-party, at which the reader, if he likes, may be present.

'November 15, 1667.—Home, and then find, as I expected, Mr. Caesar and little Pelham Humphreys, lately returned from France, and is an absolute Monsieur, as full of form, and confidence, and vanity, and disparages everything and everybody's skill but his own. But to hear how he laughs at all the King's musick here, at Blagrove and others, that they cannot keep time, nor tune, nor understand anything; and that Grebus, the Frenchman, the King's master of the musick, how he understands nothing, nor can play on any instrument, and so cannot compose; and that he will give him a lift out of his place; and that he and the King are mighty great! I had a good dinner for them, as a venison pasty and some fowl; and after dinner we did play, he on the theorbo, Mr.

Caesar on his French lute, and I on the viol, and I see that this Frenchman do so much wonders on the theorbo that without question he is a good musician, but his vanity do offend me."

Whether Humfrey succeeded in lifting Grebus out of his place is more than the present writer has thought it necessary to find out. Certain it is that the pushing young man made his way in the world. From a gentleman in the Chapel Royal he rose to the post of Master of the Children, succeeding his master, Captain Cocke, who, according to one account, 'died of discontent at his pupil's excelling him.'

The day after the dinner Mr. Pepys goes 'to White Hall, where there is to be a performance of musick of Pelham's before the King. The company not come; but I did go into the musick-room, where Captain Cocke and many others, and here did I hear the best and the smallest organ that ever I saw in my life, and such a one as, by the grace of God, I will have next year if I continue in this condition, whatever it cost me.' Being tired of waiting, Mr. Pepys takes a walk with his old friend Mr. Gregory; from whom, *more suo*, he gathers all manner of information and court scandal. After an hour he returns, just in time to see and draw a picture for us of Humfrey conducting his own music before the Court: 'Got into the theatre room and there heard both the vocall and instrumentall musick, where the little fellow stood keeping time; but, for my part, I see no great matter in both sorts of music.'

The honoured name of Gibbons does not gain in the Diary the prominence one might expect to see it assigned there. Orlando had passed away long before Pepys began to write, but his son, Dr. Christopher, seems to have been well known to the diarist. In the early part of the work he is once or twice briefly referred to amongst the friends of Lord Sandwich as 'Mr. Gibbons.' Later on his degree obtained in 1664 is duly given him. We have previously met him where Mr. Pepys inspects an organ at Westminster Abbey. Once again we catch a passing glimpse of him being carried to the 'Sun Taverne' in King Street, 'and there I made him and some friends of him drink.' And this is all we hear of Gibbons.*

The name of Thomas Ravenscroft does not occupy a very prominent position in the history of art. At the same time, readers interested in early Church music may like to know what Mr. Pepys thought of him. There are two references to him in the diary. On November 27, 1664 (a Sunday), we learn that 'in the evening came Mr. Andrews and Hill, and we sung with my boy, Ravenscroft's 4-part psalms, most admirable musique.' A few Sundays afterwards we find the same good company assembled, the place of the boy being this time supplied by a 'tolerable pretty woman'; again the psalms of Ravenscroft are

* The supposition of the Rev. Mynors Bright that the 'Mr.' Gibbons is Orlando is, of course, a mistake; neither does it appear why he should be a different person from the subsequent 'Dr.'

the object of their musical efforts, the result arrived at being less favourable to the composer than on the previous occasion. And here, again, the moderation of Pepys's critical language deserves honourable mention. But, perhaps, it will be better to quote the entire passage, which at the same time will convey to the reader an idea of how Mr. Pepys and other good people used to spend their Sundays, combining decorous enjoyment with the fulfilment of religious duty, and feasting their eyes on pretty women and gorgeous footmen, while their ears listened to edifying discourses.

'Dec. 11, 1664. (Lord's Day.) To church alone in the morning. In the afternoon to the French Church, where much pleased with the three sisters of the parson, very handsome, especially in their noses, and sing prettily. I hear a good sermon of the old man, touching duty to parents. Here was Sir Samuel Morland* and his lady, very fine, with two footmen in new liverys (the church taking much notice of them), and going into their coach after sermon with great gazing. So I home, and my cozen, Mary Pepys's

* Samuel Morland, successively scholar and fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, and Mr. Pepys's tutor there, became afterwards one of Thurloe's under-secretaries, and was employed in several embassies by Cromwell (*e.g.*, to the Duke of Savoy to protest against the cruelties inflicted on the Vaudois), whose interests he betrayed by secretly communicating with Charles II. In consideration of these services he was created a baronet after the Restoration. He was an ingenious mechanic, supposed by some persons to have invented the steam-engine, and lived to an advanced age.

husband, comes after me, and told me that out of the money he received some months since he did receive 18d. too much, and did now come and give it me, which was very pretty. So home, and there found Mr. Andrews and his lady, a well-bred and a tolerable pretty woman, and by and by Mr. Hill, and to singing, and then to supper and to sing again, and so good night. It is a little strange how these Psalms of Ravenscroft, after two or three times singing, prove but the same again, though good. No diversity appearing at all almost.' Ravenscroft belonged to an earlier generation of musicians, and Mr. Pepys might well find his style a trifle monotonous, compared with the Italian and French songs he was wont to listen to. But apart from this, and looking upon Ravenscroft, in connection with the writers of his own time, the modest censure of the diarist will not be found without some show of reason. Thomas Ravenscroft was a theorist and pedant of the deepest dye, as the very title of his absurd attempt at reviving obsolete practices of bygone days is sufficient to show. Here it is: 'A Briefe Discourse of the True (but neglected) use of charact'ring the Degrees by their Perfection, Imperfection, and Diminution in Mensurable Musicke against the Common Practise and Custome of these times; Examples whereof are exprest in the Harmony of 4 Voyces concerning the Pleasure of 5 usuall Recreations: 1, Hunting; 2, Hawking; 3, Dancing; 4, Drinking; 5, Enamouring.'

More important is the part played in the Diary by

another minor English musician, Thomas Blagrave, the same whom, as we have seen, Pelham Humfrey abused in unmeasured terms. He was an intimate friend and gossip of Mr. Pepys's, who esteemed him as a 'sober, politique man.' The relations of the two were indeed of old standing, and included some monetary obligations, incurred at a period when Mr. Pepys's fortunes had not as yet emerged from under the cloud of adversity. As early as March, 1660, we read the entry: 'From thence homewards, and called at Mr. Blagrave's, where I took up my note that he had of mine for 40s., which he two years ago did give me as a pawn while he had my lute.' Again, in June of the same year, Mr. Blagrave 'went home with me, and did give me a lesson upon the flageolet, and handselled my silver can with my wife and me.' After this Mr. Blagrave disappears for some time from the Diary, till April, 1662, when he is discovered in company with 'a pretty kinswoman that sings,' who, after another interval of two years, 'is to come and live with my wife.' Times and the respective positions of the two men had changed since the day when Pepys was glad to borrow forty shillings on good security. Thomas Blagrave, it may be added, was a Gentleman of the Royal Chapel and a cornet-player of repute. He also was a composer of some merit.

The name of Lawes occurs altogether six times in the Diary, and in one instance Mr. Pepys has further specified the man he means by adding the Christian

name, 'Will.' The editor of the Diary accordingly comes to the conclusion that the other five entries refer to the same person—another instance of how carelessly the subject of music has been treated in the notes. A very moderate acquaintance with the history of English art would have sufficed to distinguish William Lawes, the psalm composer, from his greater and more famous brother, Henry, the friend of Milton. To begin with the lesser light, we find that on November 7, 1660, Lord Sandwich, after a long and confidential talk with his humble kinsman and retainer, 'called for the fiddles and books, and we two and W. Howe and Mr. Childe did sing some psalmes of Will. Lawes's and some songs, and so I went away.' The same William Lawes, no doubt, is meant when Pepys describes another musical gathering at Lord Sandwich's house, December 14, 1662, 'where Mr. Howe and Pagett the counsellor; we sang some psalms of Mr. Lawes, and played some symphonys between till night;' and again a year and some months later, where the Diarist, after a 'very merry dinner,' repairs with Mr. Blagrove 'to his chamber, and there we sang a Psalm or two of Lawes's.' This William Lawes, it is perhaps desirable to add, was Henry's elder brother and a pupil of the John Cooper who Italianized his good English name into Coperario, and acquired a certain reputation as a composer, and performer on the lute. William Lawes being, like most musicians of the time, a staunch Royalist, fought for his King, and was killed at the siege of Chester, fifteen years before the be-

ginning of the Diary. But his music was evidently still popular when Pepys wrote.

Henry Lawes, who survived his brother by many years, is of course of infinitely greater importance, and we find this fact reflected in the references made to him in the Diary. Not that these are more numerous than those referring to his brother, but their nature sufficiently shows the deep interest taken in his work by Pepys, who in this, as in other instances, displays his critical acumen. Whether he was personally acquainted with the composer, does not appear; there is every possibility that he was, for Henry Lawes survived the evil days of the Commonwealth, regained all his honours at Court, and lived to set for the coronation of Charles II. the anthem 'Zadok the priest,' so famous in English church history. He died in 1662.

The first notice of him in the Diary occurs as early as May 31, 1660, and is to this effect: 'All the morning making orders. After dinner a great while below in the great cabin, trying with W. Howe some of Mr. Law's songs, particularly that of "What is a Kiss?" with which we had a great deal of pleasure; after that to making of orders again.'

I confess that I have not been able to trace a song with the beginning above quoted amongst the works of any of the Laweses; and Mr. R. Lane Poole, of the musical department of the British Museum, informs me that he has in vain searched for it amongst the MS. and printed collections of the Museum. From

internal evidence, however, it seems to me most probable that Henry Lawes is the composer, for the reason, amongst others, that a few months afterwards Mr. Pepys refers again to some songs by Mr. Lawes—this time undoubtedly Henry. The passage is this :

‘So home, and there had a fire in my closet, and fell to entering these two good songs of Mr. Lawes, “Helpe, helpe, O helpe,” and “O God of Heaven and Hell,” in my song-book, to which I have got Mr. Childe to set the base to the Theorbo, and that done, to bed.’

Here we are on safe ground. Both songs occur in that interesting collection, ‘The second book of Ayres and Dialogues for one, two, and three voyces, by Henry Lawes, servant to his late Ma^{tie} in his publick and private musick. (London: Playford, 1655.)

The song first mentioned by Pepys is entitled ‘A Storme,’ and bears the character of a monologue. Chloris at sea, near the land, is surprised by a storm. Amintor on the shore, expecting her arrival, thus complains :

‘Help, help, O help, Divinity of Love,
Or Neptune will commit a rape upon my Cloris,
She’s on his bosom,’ etc.

The music is of a declamatory character, and depicts the situation of the unfortunate Amintor with considerable force.

More dramatic, however, and infinitely more interesting, is the second song referred to in the Diary, which occurs at page 47 of the same volume. It is entitled ‘Orpheus’ Hymn to God,’ and bears the

Greek motto, *Αἰθέρος ἦδ' αἰδου*. The first stanza may be quoted here :

' King of Heav'n and Hell, of Sea and Earth,
Who shak'st the world when thou shout'st thunder forth,
Whom Devils dread, and Hosts of Heaven prayse ;
Eternal cause who on the winds doth ride :
Whom Fate (which masters all things else) obeys ;
And Nature's face with thick dark clouds dost hide !'

The musical treatment is highly characteristic of Lawes, and of the school to which he belongs. Again, the declamatory element prevails over the melodious, and very quaint, amongst other things, is the long roll of semiquavers to the word thunder, which Purcell seems to have imitated in a famous passage. Altogether the two songs are very interesting, and few modern critics will differ from Mr. Pepys's statement that they are good.

There is yet another reference to Lawes, occurring in a passage which is amusingly characteristic of the Diarist and his surroundings. As the end of our converse with Mr. Pepys is drawing nigh, the reader will probably not object to spending another Sunday in that worthy's company.

' Nov. 19, 1665. (Lord's Day.) Up, and after being trimmed, alone by water to Erith, all the way with my song-book, singing of Mr. Lawes's long recitative song in the beginning of his book. Being come there, on board my Lord Brouncker, I find Captain Cocke and other company, the lady not well, and mighty merry we were ; Sir Edmond Pooley being very merry and a right English gentleman, and one of the dis-

contented cavaliers, that think their loyalty is not considered. After dinner, all on shore to my Lady Williams, and there drank and talked ; but, Lord ! the most impertinent bold woman with my Lord that ever I did see. I did give her an account again of my business with my lord touching W. Howe, and she did give me some more information about it and examination taken about it, and so we parted and took boat, and to Woolwich, where we found my wife not well, and I out of humour begun to dislike her paynting, the last things not pleasing me so well as the former, but I blame myself for my being so little complaisant. So without eating or drinking, there being no wine (which vexed me too), we walked with a lanthorne to Greenwich and eat something at his house, and so home to bed.'

The 'long recitative song' which cheered Mr. Pepys's long row to Erith, although not named by him, may be easily identified. It is evidently the one given to 'Ariadne sitting upon a rock in the Island of Naxos, deserted by Theseus,' opening the first book of the 'Ayres and Dialogues' before quoted. And here again Pepys shows his keen perception of the characteristics belonging, not only to a single piece, but to a whole school of music. Lawes's songs, even those of the most lyrical type, partake of the nature of the recitative in the sense that the declamatory element is never lost sight of. His treatment of the words is always most careful and refined, as careful as in Liszt, or Wagner, or Robert Franz.

As in these modern composers, his poetry and his music are always wedded together inseparably; the one growing out of the other with almost organic consistency. How this can be done without any loss of lyrical impulse or melodic beauty, is shown most eminently by such a song as 'When I listen to Thy Voice,' to beautiful words by Waller. For in those days English composers loved to draw their inspiration from the leading English poets, justly avoiding the inane sentimentalities which nowadays pass as the most appropriate 'words for music.' It was to this quality that Lawes owed the tribute of his great friend Milton, embodied in the lines frequently, but not too frequently, quoted:

' Harry, whose tuneful and well-measured song
First taught our English music how to span
Words with just note and accent, not to scan
With Midas' ears, committing short and long.'

Milton, in his just admiration of his friend, is, however, led into slightly overstating his case. English composers before Lawes knew that in vocal music the just and harmonious emphasis of the words is of paramount importance; and the greatest English poet had already insisted upon the fact that

'. . . Music and sweet poetry agree,
As they must needs, the sister and the brother.
* * * * *
One God is God of both, as poets feign.'

In brief, the English school of music, when there was an English school, was essentially of a declama-

tory, and would have been, had it lived, of an essentially dramatic kind. The fact cannot be stated too emphatically in these days, when it has become the custom to call that hideous excrescence of modern times, the drawing-room ballad—with its mechanical repetition of one tune through all the stanzas, in spite of divergences of text, its common-place harmonies, its religious avoidance of anything like decent poetry—the ‘English song’ or ballad *par excellence*. The name is a misnomer in every sense, excepting perhaps the one that in any country but England composers and singers of repute would refuse to descend to this style of composition. Apart from this, the modern ballad of the kind alluded to has nothing English about it; neither with English folk-song nor with English art-song has it anything in common. Its model, on the contrary, must be discovered in fifth and sixth rate German composers, Abt, and Kücken, and Gumbert, *et hoc genus omne*.

It is perhaps hardly necessary to add that these remarks are not intended to condemn at one fell swoop the entire song-literature of modern England. Such a masterpiece as Mr. Hatton’s ‘To Anthea,’ and all his settings of Herrick, would be alone sufficient to show that the spirit of Lawes and Purcell is still alive amongst us, and he is fortunately not alone in his endeavours to revive the purer spirit of English lyrical music.

But to return to Pepys. His remarks on the subject of English musicians should be supplemented

by a few references to foreign schools of art, or rather, to that one foreign school which in those days had real and international importance—the Italian. And here again we observe the same justness of view, the same catholicity of taste. The name which is foremost in one's mind, if one speaks of Italian music in the second half of the seventeenth century, is Carissimi, the last great representative of the Roman School, and himself the precursor and model of a number of great musicians in his own country, of Lulli in France, and through him of Humphreys and Purcell in England. One accordingly finds that a leading place in the Diary is granted to Carissimi. 'Baptista,' writes Pepys (February 12, 1667), 'tells me that Giacomo Charissimi is still alive at Rome, who was master to Vinnecotio, who is one of the Italians that the King hath here, and the chief composer of them,' and we have already witnessed his modest admiration of the 'best piece of musique counted of all hands in the world made by Signor Charissimi.'

To conclude, let us say a few words of the Italian musicians in London with whom Mr. Pepys came into contact. The Baptista just referred to, who supplied Mr. Pepys with foreign information, is Giovanni Baptista Draghi, a fertile composer frequently and admiringly referred to in the Diary, *e.g.*: 'Feb. 12, 1667. With my Lord Brouncker by coach to his house, there to hear some Italian musique; and there we met Tom Killigrew, Sir Robert Murray, and the

Italian, Signor Baptista, who hath composed a play in Italian for the Opera, which T. Killigrew do intend to have up; and here he did sing one of the acts. He himself is the poet as well as the musician, which is very much; and did sing the whole from the words without any musique prickt, and played all along upon a harpsicon most admirably, and the composition most excellent. The words I did not understand, and so knew not how they are fitted, but believe very well, and all in the recitativo very fine. But I perceive there is a proper accent in every country's discourse, and that do reach in their setting of notes to words, which therefore cannot be natural to any body else but them; so that I am not so much smitten with it as I should be if I were acquainted with their accent. But the whole composition is certainly most excellent; and the poetry T. Killigrew and Sir R. Murray, who understood the words, did say was excellent. I confess I was mightily pleased with the musique. He pretends not to voice, though it be good, but not excellent.'

Draghi subsequently learnt to write to English words, and composed, amongst other things, part of the music to D'Urfey's comic opera, 'Wonders in the Sun.'

Another Italian musician, Cesare Morelli, stood to Mr. Pepys in the relation of teacher and humble friend. A letter from him, written in curious French, shows what Mr. Pepys's kindness and helpfulness were believed to be by his acquaintances:—

Bruxelles, ce 23 Novembre, stile de Flandre, 1686. 1

Monsieur et mon unique Bienfaicteur,

Je vous demande mille pardons de ce que je vous n'ay pas escrit plustôt ; mais la cause fut, que ayant trouvé ma mere et ma sœur mort, j'ay esté obligé d'aller au pays d'Hainault pour voir l'estat des peu d'heritage qui estoit resté ; mais ayant veue, je les ay trouvé tout ruiné et les maisons abattues par les dernieres guerres de l'Espagne avec la France, tellement qu'il n'est resté que les semples terres, et ces la encor en mauvais état ; je les ay voulu vendre, mais on m'at offert si peu que rien. Si j'aurois seu avant mon depart de Londres le mechant de mes affaires en Flandre, je n'aurois pas m'esloigné de vostre protection.

Le bruit s'etende par tout que Sa Majeste Britannique va former sa Chapelle de Musiciens ; vous m'avez fait esperer par vostre puissant appuy que j'en serois un du nombre, si vous avez encor les mesmes bontez pour vostre creature (Je vous supplie de me faire scavoir par cet mien Amy Le Sieur Hustin, porteur de la presente lettre), je me transporteray avec joye pour jouir les effects de voz graces, et en mesme temps vous donner des preuves et marque de ma gratitude par mes continuelles soins de vous plaire en ce que vous m'honorerez de vos commandement ; entretemps Je prie Dieu pour la prosperité de vostre tres chere personne, estant eternellement,

Monsieur et mon unique Bienfaicteur vostre tres humble
et tres oblige

Serviteur

CESARE MORELLI.

It remains to say a few final words of a composer who, although little known in the annals of music, is of more than ordinary interest to the Diarist, and, it may be hoped, to the readers of these extracts. It is perhaps scarcely necessary to add that the excellent Mr. Pepys is the composer in question. Mr. Pepys was not a conceited person in the vulgar sense, and considering how much he did for the furtherance of

art and science—not to speak of his official work—he said remarkably little of his own virtues. At the same time he was not without a last debility, and his pride in his musical achievements may perhaps be considered as such. Of his grand ideas for the improvement of musical notation and theory generally we have already heard something. We have also seen him at work busily ‘pricking’ music of his own composition. The question now arises, of what kind were these compositions?

Neither the number nor the scope of Mr. Pepys’s musical efforts is very imposing. They are, indeed, as far as one can ascertain, essentially limited to three or, at most, four songs, all with very quaint words. The first, and the quaintest as far as its poetry is concerned, is that beginning ‘Gaze not on swans.’ As to the chronology of its origin we are well informed. It was on February 11, 1662, that Mr. Pepys went ‘Home to musique, my mind being full of our alteracons in the garden. At night begun to compose songs, and begin with “Gaze not on Swans.”’ But the course of composition with Mr. Pepys did not run as smooth as might have been desired, and friendly aid had accordingly to be called in. At this time Pepys was the pupil of Mr. Berkenshaw, and according to his own showing an anything but pliable disciple. Mr. Berkenshaw had his own ideas of the theory of music, and Mr. Pepys being in the same predicament, an occasional clash of opinions was inevitable. Here is an amusing scene of contest between master and pupil:

‘Feb. 27th, 1662. This morning came Mr. Berkenshaw to me, and in our discourse I, finding that he cries up his rules for most perfect (though I do grant them to be very good, and the best I believe that ever yet were made), and that I could not persuade him to grant wherein they were somewhat lame, we fell to angry words, so that in a pet he flung out of my chamber, and I never stopped him, having intended to put him off for to-day, whether this had happened or no, because I think I have all the rules that he hath to give.’

Little squabbles of this kind could, however, not permanently shake Mr. Pepys’s esteem for Mr. Berkenshaw or his theory; and as late as 1665 we find the Diarist trying to compose (‘While I staid for the barber’) ‘a duo of counterpoint, and I think it will do very well, it being by Mr. Berkenshaw’s rule.’

How seriously Mr. Pepys took the task of learning music generally, and composing the aforesaid song in particular, is apparent from the following amusing extract, dated three days before the formidable battle already referred to:

‘Long with Mr. Berkenshaw in the morning at my musique practice, finishing my song of ‘Gaze not on Swans,’ in two parts, which pleases me well, and I did give him £5 for this month or five weeks that he hath taught me, which is a great deal of money, and troubled me to part with it. Thence to the Paynter’s and set again for my picture in little, and thence over the water to Southwarke to Mr. Berken-

shaw's house, and there sat with him all the afternoon, he showing me his great card of the body of musique, which he cries up for a rare thing, and I do believe it cost him much pains, but it is not so useful as he would have it. Then we sat down and set "Nulla, nulla sit formido," and he has set it very finely.'

From a subsequent statement in the Diary it would appear as if Mr. Berkenshaw's assistance in the composition of the song had been very considerable; for on March 14 in the same year we find Mr. Pepys 'trying over the two songs of "Nulla, nulla," etc., and "Gaze not on Swans," which Mr. Berkenshaw set for me a little while ago. I find them most incomparable songs as he has set them, of which I am not a little proud, because I am sure none in the world has them but myself, not so much as he himself that set them.'

Whether this setting of the words by Berkenshaw was altogether independent of Mr. Pepys's, or only a corrected and developed version of it, is not sufficiently clear.

Another song, and one of more importance, is that commencing 'It is decreed.' In composing it, Mr. Pepys again went to work with the utmost deliberation. The first reference to it is a statement entered on April 5, 1666, to the effect: 'I to the office all the afternoon till late, and so home and late putting notes to "It is decreed, nor shall thy fate," etc., and then to bed.' But even before putting pen to paper, Mr. Pepys had been for some days pondering over the tune, or, as he himself puts it (April 18, 1666): 'In all

my ridings in the coach and intervals my mind has been full these three weeks of setting in musique "It is decreed." But in spite of these strenuous efforts the work proceeded slowly; more important business, perhaps, intervened, and we find that as late as August 22 the song still remains unfinished. At last, however, the great task is accomplished, the egg is perfect, and Mr. Pepys immediately raises a triumphant cackle: 'Anon to church,' he writes, November 12, 1666, 'and after church I to my chamber, and there did finish the putting time to my song of "It is decreed," and do please myself at last, and think it will be thought a good song.'

No sooner has this happy consummation been arrived at than Mr. Pepys, like other composers, is anxious to hear his new work, and he accordingly hurries to the house of Mrs. Knipp, the pretty actress, gets rid of her objectionable husband in as polite a manner as he can, and takes her home 'to some good victuals that we could not put off, that was intended for the great dinner of my Lord Hinchinbroke's if he had come. After dinner I to teach her my new recitative of "It is decreed," of which she learnt a good part, and I do well like it, and believe shall be well pleased when she has it all, and that it will be found an agreeable thing.'

Mrs. Knipp's professional engagements having probably prevented her doing such justice to 'It is decreed' as the composer thought was due to its merits, Mr. Pepys looked for a humbler exponent of his inspiration, and we find him accordingly 'teaching my girle

Barker part of my song, "It is decreed," which she will sing prettily.' It seems, indeed, to have been amongst the duties of Mrs. Pepys's maids to learn the famous song, for as late as January, 1668, we find Mercer engaged in studying the same ditty, 'and she will do it well.' But in spite of this hopeful prognostication, Mr. Pepys seems to have at last despaired of finding a worthy interpreter amongst the sex, and he accordingly, a few months later, retires 'to my chamber to prick out my song, "It is decreed," intending to have it ready to give Mr. Harris on Thursday when we meet, for him to sing, believing that he will do it more right than a woman that sings better, unless it were Knipp, which I cannot have opportunity to teach it to.' And this is the last we hear of 'It is decreed.'

But even the glories of this wonderful production must fade before the splendour of another song, Mr. Pepys's *opus magnum*, 'Beauty, retire.' To this he recurs again and again with paternal fondness; and in his portrait, by Hales, where he is represented in a gown ('which I hired to be drawn in'), he holds in his hand a roll of music, which by the initiated will be recognised as 'Beauty, retire.' A photograph of it appears in the third volume of Mr. Mynor Bright's edition. According to the editor's statement it was bought by Mr. Peter Cunningham at the sale of the Pepys-Cockerell collection in 1848, and was purchased by the trustees of the National Portrait Gallery in 1866. The words are taken from the fourth act of Sir W. Davenant's 'Siege of Rhodes,' and are to this effect, *Solyman* being the speaker, and *Roxalana* the 'beauty' addressed:

'Beauty, retire ; thou dost my pity move ;
Believe my pity, and then trust my love.
Att first I thought her by our prophet sent
As a reward for valour's toiles,
More worth than all my Fa-ther's spoiles ;
But now she is become my punishment.
But thou art just, O Pow'r di-vine ;
With niew and painfull arts
Of studied warr, I break the hearts
Of half the world, and she breakes mine,
And shee, and shee, and shee breakes mine.'

A few remarks as to the genesis of the song may follow here. Like all Mr. Pepys's works, 'Beauty, retire' was the result of mature consideration. He carried it in his mind, carefully wrote and rewrote it, and discussed its merits with congenial friends ; thus Mr. Hill, whose name the reader will remember, 'likes the whole very well, but excepts again two notes in the base.' Mr. Pepys's female admirers, Mrs. Colman and Mrs. Knipp, were immediately set to practise it. Mrs. Knipp more especially 'sings and makes it go most rarely, and a very fine song it seems to be.' The lady indeed seems to have proved a true friend on this occasion ; she 'spread abroad' the song wherever she went, and soon was able to tell the delighted author that 'it is mightily cried up, which I not a little proud of.' Equally complacent references to the song might be multiplied, but perhaps by this time the reader has grown weary of Mr. Pepys's harmless prattle, and the best he can do is, like Beauty, to retire.

