JOHN HAYWOOD
1973.

INTERLUDES

Frontispiece.]

MADAME JENNY LIND-GOLDSCHMIDT.

(*From a portrait by Magnus.*)

INTERLUDES

RECORDS AND REFLECTIONS

BY

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WITH PORTRAITS

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NOTE

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C. V. S.

PREFATORY LETTER

To SIR ALEXANDER CAMPBELL MACKENZIE, Mus.D., etc.

My dear Mackenzie,

You will forgive me for dedicating this little book (without your permission) to you. You have, throughout your happily long life, been a consistent supporter of all that is best. You have never bowed the knee to Baal. Scot you are, and canny you may be, as your birth-land proverbially expects. But your canniness has always been exercised to benefit others rather than yourself, and therefore I prefer to call it a wise humanity. You have strong dislikes, and cordial likings; but you have never lost the respect of those whose methods you dislike, and have ever preserved the affection of those whom you like, amongst whom may, I trust (regardless of this book), be reckoned,

Your old friend,

CHARLES V. STANFORD.

Oct. 1921.

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RECORDS AND REFLECTIONS

I

SOME NOTES UPON MUSICAL EDUCATION

A MINIMUM of humanity is tone-deaf. A large number have undeveloped ears. The number of persons who can distinguish between a high and a low voice is very large. They are not tone-deaf. The number who can fix the accurate difference in pitch between a high and a low voice is comparatively small, but not so small as the number of those who cannot distinguish any difference at all. Blind people are comparatively few; short sight is common, very acute sight is rarer, but out of all proportion less rare than total blindness. As it is with sight, so it is with hearing. The undeveloped ear can be trained, as painters, microscopists, and sailors can train the undeveloped eye. The ear which can distinguish between a higher and a lower voice in ordinary speech only needs training to specify the notes upon which speech is based. It is only defining the pitch of which the ear is already conscious. It has been amply proved, by actual experiment, that a class of children, some of whom have musical and others unmusical ears, can be divided into these two

parts, the so-called unmusical becoming listeners, the musical performers. The result eventually being that the unmusical become musical. In other words, their ears have awoke to the acuter sense of sound, and have developed themselves in the process.

Rhythm is practically obvious to anybody: and rhythm is very nearly half the battle. The pitch of rhythm leads to melody and to music, and it is to this end that the undeveloped ear must be trained. A child is taught its letters before it can read words. It should be taught rhythm before it can appreciate melody; and melodic rhythms will be easier for its ear to grasp at first, than melody without defined or with occult rhythm. For this reason the best musical education for children is to be found in a combination of action with sound—in a word, in the use of folk-dances before folk-songs. The dances are full of rhythm, obvious and necessarily hidebound. The songs are more melodic and therefore more difficult for the undeveloped ear to understand and to retain. Often the only adjunct to rhythmical spirit in them lies in the lilt of the words; but through the help of the fixed square rhythm of dance-forms, the grasp of the more recondite rhythm of song-forms will be attained.

Even at the earliest age, it is of the highest importance to keep in view the training of listeners more than the training of performers. As life proceeds, the listeners are in immensely greater numbers than the performers. Without audiences we should have no performances; without intelligence in audiences we should have inferiority of

performance; with an insufficiency of audiences we should have a minimum of performances.

It is scarcely necessary to point out the stress laid by the earliest nations, such as the Greeks, upon music as a training; not, as too often in later times, as a luxury. Music teaches many things beside itself. To name only one of its essentials, the power, the prosody, and the due accent of poetry is largely enhanced and clarified by the rhythmical influence of music; its variety of expression by the melodic influence. All children should be trained from the first to sing the true untempered scale. This is not so difficult a matter as it sounds. The French bring up their children to sing intervals to the violin (the real scale) and not to the piano (where every interval save the octave is out of tune). Tonic Sol-fa methods have often succeeded in this direction, even without the help of a violin. That it is not a proposition to be feared even by the insufficiently trained is proved by the fact that, in the writer's personal experience, an Eton boy learned the true scale in an hour so thoroughly as to be able to sing it against the false scale of the organ, to the annoyance of his neighbours, who wrongly thought that they were in tune and that he was not! The voice naturally sings the true intervals, and it can be encouraged to do so by avoiding false scale instruments to accompany it, such as the pianoforte. Children will learn to adapt themselves to the compromise, known as equal temperament, without sacrificing the principles of pure intonation which is inherent in that natural instrument they possess (in common with all instruments save the pianoforte,

harp, and organ), the human voice. In this way the preservation of pitch, so often the bugbear of unaccompanied singing, will be natural to them from the very beginning. By this method they will, in later days, more fully appreciate the compromise known as equal temperament, with which Sebastian Bach endowed the world of keyed instruments, and discover its necessity, as well as its true value. Even the perfect tuning of a violin in pure fifths, without the help of a single finger, will be enough to show the careful listener, by comparing the notes with the pianoforte, the vast difference between the true and the artificial scale. This in itself is a training, as it (gradually perhaps) accustoms the ear to small differences in intonation. The pure fifth of the violin is so unmistakable that no moderately sensitive ear can fail to note the difference: a very little simple explanation will make that difference clear. The writer has frequently shown a tyro at the violin the difference, by making him tune by nature, and afterwards playing (as is unfortunately too common) the chord of D minor on the pianoforte, and by watching the *frisson* which ensues when the violinist hears the untrue fifth of the keyed instrument quarrelling with the true fifth of his own instrument.

But before all things, it is important that in music, as in other branches of education, the teaching should be on the lines of interest and of charm, and not on those of mechanism: mechanism revolts; interest and charm never. As the musical history of a nation—one might even say the history of a nation—is primarily built up upon a foundation of folk-song, it is imperative

that this musical nutriment should be the chief diet of its children. It reflects all the characteristics of a people, in every industrial capacity. The sea, the land, the plough, the workshop, the home, are all sharers in this possession. In Great Britain we have an infinite variety, and the variety is gained by the difference of temperament in the races of which it consists. The English, Welsh, Scotch, and Irish are all different in expression, and British children have all this immense conglomeration of idiom ready to their hand, as no other nation has. To ensure acquaintance with them all is the task of the teacher. To make certain that the knowledge should be an intimate, and not a passing, one, he can " mix his colours " by mixing nationalities ; making children acquainted with the poetry and imagination of the Celt as well as the direct virility of the Saxon ; interesting them by the great power of contrast, of which he will easily find even a plethora.

When we come to higher school education, we are facing a far more difficult problem. Boys' schools have, as a rule, had far less incentive to musical attainment than girls'. An evil influence has too often subverted any effort to instil musical knowledge into boys. They have imbibed the horrible idea that music is not a part of life, but a luxury, associated by them with femininity and long hair. Any one who has been in contact with boys will know the enormous difficulty of eliminating *idées fixes*. Recent efforts, both from within and without, have often combated them successfully. Eton found to its astonishment that a Hubert Parry could not only write music, but also

be "keeper of the field" and a great football player. He could help to build an organ, as well as swipe a cricket ball. The influence of such boys as he from within has had its effect far outside the walls of any one school. What they have done, teachers have improved upon, and the outlook of the Public School, in a musical capacity, is far different from what it was half a century ago. The proof of this is to be found in the very simple fact that a promising boy musician is now a hero, instead of a byword, among his fellows. At Parry's funeral in St. Paul's, the pall-bearers were all Eton boys; it is impossible to imagine such a sight even forty years ago. But boys' schools can go further, and fare better. Music is still an extra, from the teacher's standpoint. This should cease. It should be as essentially a part of the curriculum as Latin or Greek, or mathematics; it would often be more attractive, more sympathetic, and more humanising than they: it would most certainly be a most helpful concomitant. Many would appreciate the help of music in the rhythm of a Greek-play chorus: now more often hated for its syntax than appreciated for its sound and for its stage suitability. Mathematics and music often interweave—Mozart was a remarkable mathematician. Beethoven and Wagner would help Æschylus, and would make him live, rather than be a hunting ground for doubtful readings. The two are mutually helpful.

With girls' schools it is a far more difficult matter. Music always was a kind of "accomplishment" to be encouraged and developed in the education of women. But it has, only too often, been used in the wrong way. There is a tendency

to try and make performers rather than listeners. The disproportion of these two classes is as marked in girls as in boys. All should be encouraged to listen, few (and those only the specially gifted) to perform beyond the point of appreciating the performances of others. There is now an assumption that all girls must be musical, and their education is carried out on this principle. Temperament is left out of account. Sifting (and this is not an easy matter) is essential. What is to blame? I fear too often certificate (or cup) hunting. Long experience has proved that the vast majority of those who enter for examinations for certificates are girls. These are often educated up to a certain mechanical point, seldom to a musical one; but they all demand, not mastery of the craft, but examinations in the craft. Therefore examinations must be given and means are necessarily devised to make them as comprehensive as possible.

Authorities began by an insistence upon a standard of excellence in the music chosen. Exigencies limited the amount chosen. The standard had a salutary effect, but the result now is that the pieces of music are of necessity limited in number, and the tendency of examinees is to devote all their energies to the small number of pieces named, to the inevitable exclusion of a wide view of musical literature. For example, one movement of a Beethoven sonata will represent to the candidate's mind the whole varied range of his many sonatas, will exclude all other movements, cramp the style, and import all the faults of a fixed limitation. The musician will become a mechanician. The mechanician will have no incentive to become a

musician. A scheme which was primarily meant to direct the tendency of general study will be smothered by being driven into narrow limits. Moreover, human nature, which, often without knowing it, hates examinations, will tend to dislike and to be revolted at the very specimens of the better music which have to be prepared for it. The very excellence of the music chosen will be in the end the undoing of all taste for that excellence. Bach and Beethoven will become to the young and unthinking mind the musical equivalents of Czerny and Bertini. The born musician will see through this, the uncultured musician—and he is largely in the majority—never ; at all events as long as a narrow scheme of examination is the only incentive. A quick examiner will usually differentiate between the mechanician specially trained for examination and the musician of wider outlook ; but he is trammelled at every turn by a system of marks, and can only give his judgment upon general impression, so far as marks allow him to do so. A candidate may even play scales correctly but without any proportional sense of their value in music, but it is difficult for the examiner to do more than gain an impression by them, and practically impossible to allow marks to be interfered with. And yet there are even musical, as well as unmusical, scales. Examinees, and those who prepare them, would divide them into the correct and the incorrect. The laws of supply and demand have made examinations a necessity.

If only examinees, and those who teach them, would look upon examinations as a means (however humanly imperfect) of testing knowledge in its width as well as its limitations, they would

grasp that the wider the general outlook, the more effective its influence upon limitations (and eventually upon examinations themselves) would be! Those who control the systems of examinations may be trusted, if they are wise and farseeing, to alter and adapt those systems to suit the exigencies of the present and future times.

All examinations are necessarily but partial tests, unless a wide and discerning eye presides over them, which can judge the whole from the consideration of the part. This faculty is on the increase; the days when an original Kelvin was second Wrangler to a bookwork Parkinson are gone, let us hope never to return. It is the function of examiners to see that they cannot. It is that of examinees to cultivate general knowledge as well as to qualify for individual pieces. It is true that some candidates, if they had not specific lists to work for, would never work at all, and many think that this system should be preserved in consequence. It should; but for listeners, not for performers. It cannot too often be insisted that the standard of examinations depends, not on the pieces and questions set, but on the appraisement of the performance of pieces and of the answers given to questions. Fine feathers will not make fine birds. The easiest questions are often the best test of efficiency. Examinations are meant to discover what candidates know, not what they do not know. The ideal examination would include the testing of taste, of taste in choice as well as of taste in performance. But to cry for that is, I fear, to cry for the millennium. It can only be very partially done, and, in addition, it is unfortunately

true that tastes differ, that no examination can be conducted by one and the same examiner, and that no two examiners are exactly alike in any respect, nor is it advisable that they should be.

The general outlook upon the results of music training in boys' and girls' schools is curiously varied and instructive. The status of the music master in boys' schools has been, of recent years, vastly improved. From an outsider, he has become an insider. His general influence is greater and his pupils far nore numerous than of old. But it is still not an uncommon experience to meet grown-up men who lament that their musical taste was damped down at school, and that their natural proclivities in that direction have only emerged when technical education has ceased, and individual taste has begun to assert itself. To this personal initiative we owe the listeners we have; but it is an accident, not an inevitable sequel of education. If it were, the listeners would increase in number beyond measure. The case of girls' schools is different. Examinations have cramped them, and have driven their energies into channels of details rather than of comprehensive knowledge. The teachers, on the other hand, are forced to concentrate themselves upon their pupils qualifying for certificates, rather than upon inculcating musical knowledge into them. They are made to see that the greater the number of passes their pupils achieve, the more successful they are considered by the unknowing and short-sighted chiefs who control them. Some fall into this rut, others—all honour to them—do not. As a fact, they are for the most part out to

train listeners, not virtuosi. They know, or ought to know, that examinations are only meant to be a gauge of progress, not an assurance of efficiency. If they really believe in the latter, they are on wrong lines ; if in the former, on sound ground. They will get less thanks, but do better work.

In the days when school has become a memory, the tendency is to apply the same worship of detail to music in general. Music is not so much worshipped as a performer of music. A Paderewski is an object of adoration, rather than the Chopin which he plays. A singer is popular for his, or her, voice, rather than for the song sung. Carry these principles to their logical conclusion, and we can understand how the nation has, up to now, measured the value of its opera, not by the operas given, but by the singers who perform them. It went to hear Patti in Mozart, not Mozart in Patti. Those days are happily departing. Will they depart as quickly as they ought to ?

The more modern movement in boys' schools, as evidenced by the improved treatment of music teachers—it would be far more comprehensive if applied to the taught as well as the teacher—is becoming more and more evident in its effect on our Universities. Fifty years ago music was there, but it was dormant. The volcano was occasionally in eruption, but only fitfully. The movement in the schools began to show itself both in the number and the quality of those they sent up. Universities removed their ban on, or discouragement of, the stage, and were mildly tolerant of music. They cannot be said to have encouraged it, as they ought to have done. Still, in spite of rather than because

of them, various musical efforts gradually developed themselves, mostly from individual effort. Oxford cultivated chamber music, and founded a club for its encouragement; Cambridge, vocal and orchestral music (as far back as the 'eighties it possessed a local orchestra of seventy-five members), founding a society as far back as 1843, under the influence of Kelvin, and devoting itself also to chamber work. It had the benefit of a most instructive collection of older music, left by Lord Fitzwilliam, of newer music given by Pendlebury, and of contemporary work left by Allon to the Union Society. The University itself did little for the art, beyond making music one of the subjects for an ordinary degree, and restricting musical degrees to those who had qualified for them by residence. What work was done was the result of individual effort, which far outstripped the academic. It is impossible to minimise its influence, and it would be unfair to exclude the Public Schools from the share which they took in making this effort possible. A company of University students which produced Brahms' Requiem as far back as 1876 in a most businesslike and creditable fashion is educationally a force to be reckoned with. Its influence in the world of music after University days are passed must be equally great. But it went to create audiences rather than performers, and it was in this wholesome direction that the Universities worked. They had not to pass an examination in Brahms' Requiem, but to perform it. They had not to analyse the 9th Symphony of Beethoven, but to sing and play it. If the University authorities want to help music as they should, they should

lend a hand to the only method whereby musical knowledge can be gained, the adequate performing of musical works. They would find it impossible to get men to appreciate painting without hanging pictures to be seen; they will find it equally impossible to get men to appreciate music, unless it has facilities to be heard. Scores are interesting and instructive to those who can read them. The great majority cannot do so; but they are not tone-deaf—they must hear, or music is a closed book to them.

The faculty of reading music from paper—of hearing it with the eyes—is ingrained in some but must be cultivated in others. It is not a very difficult matter, but it may take time. To read a book without hearing it read out is an easy matter to the great mass of mankind. To adapt the same course to music is not at all a far cry. No performer can translate a composition on paper into sound upon an instrument without in some measure possessing this qualification; and the step from this accomplishment to reading the score of a string quartet in an armchair is not so great as it seems. It needs practice, which is often gained by following a performance, score in hand. It means work, sometimes ungrateful work, but the reward is great enough to justify the work. It will be of vast help to the intelligent listener, and will be of all-round value to everybody who has musical proclivities, especially to those who are too far away to hear what they read. No composer, naturally enough, is without this faculty. No performer ought to be. The real difficulty comes in when the eye has to read not the notes merely, but the quality of the notes. This is a step further than appreciating the

pitch, and it becomes a matter of necessity when orchestral music is read, where exigencies of colour come in. This is, however, a pure matter of experience. It will come quickly to quick eyes and to sensitive ears, more slowly to the less receptive. But it is a mistake to call it a gift; it is only an acquirement, however long a time mastery of its intricacies may take.

Art is a necessity for mankind; it is a truism to say that all refinement largely depends upon it. As a matter of history, the better the art, the greater the nation. Art, as a matter of curriculum, is in a backwater at our Universities, as far as their collective constitution goes. It is kept alive by individual initiative. We have plenty of advanced schools for classics, mathematics, physics, law, chemistry, and the rest; none whatever for painting, sculpture, architecture, or music. Who can deny that this is a most damnable omission?

We are, in music, training children, improving boys, and doing nothing for young men. In our music schools we are going ahead in improving the education and the taste of a comparatively few, and assuring the still fewer, the highly gifted, that there is nothing whatever to do after they are educated. Our neighbours, the French, in their wisdom saw long ago that institutions must exist first, and schools to train for them must follow. To give only one instance, the Opéra in Paris was founded a century or more before the Conservatoire to supply it. They provided the incentive before they applied themselves to a training ground for it. Therefore men and women, having a career to look forward to, stinted themselves to qualify for it.

We have begun at the other, and at the wrong end of the stick. We provide a mass of free scholarships, the emoluments of which end when their holders retire, and we have no posts, or very few posts, to give them a livelihood at the outset of their careers, which begin when education ceases. Small wonder that these endowments by the public are too often underestimated, and their value either discounted in advance, or doomed to a disappointment in the harder days to come. The greater the number of scholarships, the more far-reaching the disillusion, as coming generations will note, and will, also, thereby be guided. So long as the principle of Examination is the guiding factor, so long the Art itself must be the sufferer. It is obvious that no really great artist will gain by examination or be benefited by it. No person, who thinks the passing a test is the main object, will be encouraged to see that excellence in his Art is a far larger proposition. The greater includes the less, not the less the greater. Difficulty is a great incentive. Smooth over the rough places, and incentive goes ; and too often thorough efficiency with it. The broad and enticing gate, which scholarships and endowments throw open, leads to hell : the narrow and unpromising entrance for personal initiative and unassisted energy, to heaven. The way of the former is easy enough, but ends in disaster : that of the latter is uncompromisingly difficult at first, but its end is an ample reward for any initial struggle.

It cannot be too often insisted upon, that education is not one-sided. It does not depend at its best on a teacher only, but a pupil divides the

responsibility with his educator. The teacher provides the incentive : it is for the pupil to adopt it. Incentive is a matter of suggestion, not of compulsion. Compulsion means revolt, active or passive. Regulation of the tendencies of incentive is the function of the teacher : submission to that regulation the duty of the pupil. He will learn from the teacher, but the teacher will as often learn from him, if wisdom and breadth of view dominate his system of teaching. The pupil will not always agree with his master, but he should be trained as to the reason for disagreement, as well as the bare facts of it. He must cultivate respect for an experience greater than his own, and for Age, which gives the experience. If the pupil can produce sound reasons, he will often convince the master, and the benefit will be twofold. If he cannot do so, experience will be the ruler. Two qualities (both now too often to seek), veneration and respect, must be the pupil's possession ; two (somewhat less rare), insight and human sympathy, the teacher's. The less of dogmatism, the more of progress. Dogmatism is the enemy of reason, sympathetic insight is the friend of thought. Thought will be guided into deeper channels by sympathy, but it will be throttled by dogmatic and unexplained " rules." Of " rules " in such an intangible art as music there are none : of " tastes " there are many. The danger now is that insistence upon " rule " may drive " taste " into extravagance, if only as a revolt against arbitrary and unexplained theory. The only brake upon this wayward vehicle is a complete cultivation of the highest and best taste. This is not gained by devotion to

examination, by a cultivation of mechanism, but by a wealth of comparison, a width of knowledge, and an allegiance to all that was best in the old and promises best in the new. Examinations, as a means to an end, have their uses; as *the* end of *the* means, they are intolerable.

II

ENGLISH ORCHESTRAS

HANS RICHTER used to say that his first test of a good orchestra was the excellence of the second bassoon, the drums, and the first oboe. In ordinary language, it depended upon the security and sufficiency of the bass, the rhythmical decision of the percussion, and the poetry of the phrasing; not but that all these qualities are to be found—and to be expected—individually in the three instrumentalists whom he named. He was accustomed to all-round excellence, and had little or nothing to do with inferior material. He would have known how to adapt large scores to fewer numbers as well as any one, but such devices as are known as "cueing" did not come in his way. The ordinary orchestra in Germany, even at a watering-place, is from forty to fifty upwards strong, and it is also complete. Here, conductors are lucky if they have twenty or a few more, and have to legislate accordingly. I shall say more of this later.

If we start at the year 1870, half a century ago, we may reckon that at that time England possessed two symphony orchestras only: one in Manchester, which was organised by Charles Hallé, and one in London, under various conductors, competent and incompetent. That there were ample materials for

more is obvious, if only from the fact that two Italian Operas, one at Covent Garden, and one at Her Majesty's, were in full swing during the Season. One of these orchestras was largely supplemented from Manchester. But of symphonic bodies in the winter months, there was but one, the Philharmonic, which, at all events in the wind department, sent its members to help in other ventures of a like sort—chief amongst them, and in most ways superior to them, the Saturday Concerts at the Crystal Palace. The Philharmonic had lasted for long, and its policy had got crusted and rusty from age; it had been under the control of different conductors, none of them, except Wagner for one season, remarkable for mastery of their craft. Costa's heart was never in real sympathy with symphonic work, Sterndale Bennett was more of a musician and a pianoforte player than a wielder of the stick. Cusins was somewhat wickedly summed up by J. Davison of the *Times* as "a young gentleman, who plays the piano as well as he plays the violin."

The best conductor of the time was August Manns. He began by restricted efforts, and trained a small but complete orchestra of about thirty-eight every weekday, commanding on Saturdays a full complement of about seventy-five. With this band he produced works like the Symphonies of Schubert and of Schumann, which were never dreamed of in London. The London players of the time of Mendelssohn were so conservative and so difficult, that they jeered at the great C Major Symphony of Schubert when Mendelssohn brought it over in manuscript; whereat Mendelssohn took the parts away, and refused to conduct a new

overture of his own (" Ruy Blas ") as a protest against their attitude. Under Manns this species of unreasoning criticism disappeared (it had already been scotched with varying success by Wagner and by Berlioz) and the players performed what they were told and learnt better manners and wider views. Manns trained a number of wind-instrument players in his smaller band, which were independent of the Old Guard of the Opera-houses, and they became the ancestors of some of our finest modern instrumentalists. Some few of the older generation were as good as could be found : Lazarus the clarinetist (of whom a ribald listener once said, " it would take a clever dog to lick that beggar "), Paquis (a Frenchman) the horn, and Harper the trumpet ; but Manns had his younger men to boast of : Crozier the oboist, Clinton the clarinetist, and greatest artist of all, even to the founding of a school, W. B. Wotton the bassoonist, and his brother, who was also a gifted water-colour painter.

In one department Manns had failed, and every one had failed : an adequate player for the horn. The discovery of the best type of horn player was made by a man who himself began as a horn player, Richter. He found that the principle of round, as against brassy tone, was sound ; that the fault, lack of certainty, was due to the tubing of the mouthpiece. He found out Paersch and Borsdorf, and it is not too much to say that these two men have revolutionised horn playing in England. They adapted English tone principles to German methods, and achieved a perfect result. With the German type of oboe and bassoon, we happily never sympathised, at all events in post-Handelian days. The thick,

coarse quality of the German oboe was discarded for the gentler and more poetical French instrument, and we followed the same lead in bassoon playing, to its great advantage. The valve-trombone, so largely used on the Continent, is never used here; the great superiority which we possess in trombone tone is largely due to the absence of valves. They weaken the quality and alter the flavour.

So many of the Young Guard of wind-instrument players have been mentioned, that it is only right to name many of the Old Guard, to whose training and example the excellence of the Young Guard was so largely due. Amongst flutes, Pratten, Radcliffe, Nicholson, and Barrett; amongst oboes, Lavigne, Barret, and others; clarinets, Lazarus and Maycock; bassoons, Winterbottom, Hutchins, and Anderson; horns, Paquis and Wendland; trumpets, Harper and Morrow.

Of material there was ample, and for several orchestras; conductors of ability were few, and the organising faculty was far to seek. The Royal Academy of Music had, against great odds, done much, single-handed, to keep orchestral music alive. The advent of the Royal College accentuated its growth. The large sums contributed for scholarships were used with wisdom in largely providing the means of educating orchestral players: of this policy full advantage was taken, and the services of older men were trained to spread their knowledge and experience amongst the coming generation. The number of players is increasing fivefold and we now have five or six orchestras in London, all of a quality so good as to equal and even surpass the best foreign combinations of the sort.

Of the string department, I have said but little. It was always excellent, and our younger men have been trained in the best possible way. In one department, the double bass, we have ever been *facile princeps*. The violins mostly came from Sainton; the violoncellos from Lindley, Piatti, or Howells; the double-basses from Dragonetti. The instruments upon which they played were often first-rate, at one time Hallé told me that his violins numbered at least ten Stradivarius fiddles. On these instruments they played, and the tone was commensurate to their value. In foreign orchestras players too often use inferior instruments, leaving their best at home, and the quality suffers accordingly. I noticed this great mistake in Berlin, Amsterdam, Brussels, and Paris. No player, however good, can wring proper tone out of an inferior instrument: to have a number of inferior instruments halves the tone of each, leaving out of account the loss of combined quality. In some respects the advance in certain instruments has been marked.

I have already spoken of the strides made in the horn department. A similar improvement is noticeable in the harp. The chromatic use of that instrument by Wagner used to be anathema to our harpists, trained in the Parish Alvars and Bochsa schools. Here again Richter came to the rescue, and pointed out how Tombo (of Munich) had largely used enharmonic changes to circumvent these difficulties. His success was so great, that the harp has become almost a new instrument orchestrally. John Thomas, who was an admirable player of solo music in old days, could not adapt

himself to modern work ; but his many pupils have learnt how to tackle difficulties which he scarcely could have anticipated. It is true that the instrument is often misused nowadays. A broomstick and an ignoramus to wield it will often suffice, for real passages in the character of the instrument are to seek ; but such music as Wagner's requires a very special knowledge and versatility, to twist them into practicability.

The players we have, the instruments we have, the conductors we have and in goodly number. What are we going to do with them ? At present our best players are congregated in London and in Manchester, as they were fifty years ago. Efforts at decentralisation have been made : with the examples of Scotland, and of Bournemouth, before our eyes, we cannot deny their existence ; but these praiseworthy movements are few and far between ; they are fewer than they were, when we ought to expect an increase rather than a decrease. If the municipalities of England could only grasp the fact that music is a part, and a very important part, of education, as the Greeks knew centuries ago, as the best side of modern Germany has always upheld, as most foreign nations are actively supporting, the state of the art throughout our shores would be far more thriving. Our seaside and watering-places do boast a small orchestra, in summer. Where the Germans have sixty or seventy players, we have about twenty—not for lack of men, but of enterprise. The whole policy will have to be one of give and take, all the more so in these days of necessary economy.

Modern orchestral players, like other workmen,

have their Union. If the Union asks more for each player than the engager can afford, the player loses his engagement. In bygone days the number of orchestras in modern Germany, to give only one instance, was largely owing to the lowness of the expenses. To give an orchestral concert in Berlin cost very little more than to give a chamber concert in London. The standard of life was, of course, cheaper ; but there can be no question that if Berlin orchestral fees had been raised, orchestral concerts would have diminished. Players would have suffered in their pockets, the public in their ears. The average man thinks that his pocket is more important than his ear. The whole matter then comes back to the old theory of supply and demand. The modern player gets more, or as much, money for less work. The public and music get fewer opportunities, and general taste suffers accordingly, until the player gets still less work, and less pay than ever. The raising of our orchestral fees are all in the players' interest, but the question is whether the country will produce the money for them, and can afford to produce it, and will not carry out the principle, easy enough in itself, of dropping orchestral music altogether. In that sad event, both the Art and the exponents will be the eventual losers. A player may stipulate for three guineas for an orchestral arrangement, but if he does not get it when he would have got two guineas, he loses the whole sum. Is this wise ? If we kill the hen, can we expect the eggs ? Too many people are indifferent as to whether the hen is killed or not, foolishly looking on all music as a luxury. Is it not our policy to see that they are taught better,

and not to encourage them in killing the hen? I have known myself of striking cases where extra charges have resulted in actual loss to the players, where more expense has resulted in fewer numbers (and therefore loss to some), where amateurs have been encouraged to fill the ranks of orchestras "to save expense," in other words, to avoid payments to professionals. This last may be a good move towards encouraging general interest and local enterprise, but it is for the professional player commercially unsound. It is not as if people had the money to spend but would not spend it; we are up against the fact that people have not got the money, and that they cannot spend what they have not got. This unfortunate fact is affecting even choral societies in the North—and the local chorus is their breath of life,—how much more will it affect them, if they find that the accompaniment of an orchestra costs them so much more than formerly? They will drop the orchestra (and with it efficiency and completeness); they and their audience will lose in their ears; the orchestral players will lose in their pockets.

It is interesting to consider the case of the amateur player. From whom did he learn? From the professional. From whom did he get his orchestral experience? From the professional. Eliminate the professional, and the amateur goes. Moreover, conductors of knowledge are perfectly aware that a string mass of sixteen to twenty amateur violinists will not play with the tone, certainty, or courage of five or six professionals, that they will require ten times as many practices, and that therefore festivals and such performances

as must be content with a few rapid preliminary rehearsals will be a closed book to them, for any efficient result.

The result to a society is easy to see. We will take round figures. It has ten guineas to spend on first violins ; for this they used to get, say, a leader and seven *ripieni*. Now they get a leader and three or four *ripieni*. Each player gets more, but three or four players who would have earned fees get nothing at all. The same numbers as before cannot be engaged, for the money is not there to engage them with. Take the question all round, and it will be a loss upon the whole, though a few will gain. It must be remembered that music is not, like bread and firing, a necessity of life. It is only a necessity for the soul and higher intelligence. Therefore necessities of life will come first. The other necessity must be met by increasing the opportunities, and increasing the amount of work. By decreasing the work and raising individual pay, the opportunities are diminished, and if we do not " grasp the nettle " in time they will disappear altogether. Higher pay is a laudable and desirable thing in itself, especially for great craftsmen ; but if it results in lack of opportunity to earn it, for the simple reason that the higher pay is not forthcoming, its apparent advantages become a drawback. A theatre with ever so good a *repertoire* must shut if it does not pay ; if it shuts because one department is being paid more than the resources allow, the responsibility of that department is as great or greater than that of the theatre. It is better, and wiser, to take less, work more, and " to keep the flag flying."

But I will give one more concrete instance of a positive loss incurred by the imposition of a fixed fee. A. has two rehearsals a week of two hours each, for which A. was prepared to pay a fee to the professionals required of 7*s.* 6*d.* each, or 15*s.* in all. The rehearsals had perforce to be for two hours only. The Union required 10*s.* 6*d.* for each rehearsal, or a guinea in all, for two rehearsals of three hours each. Very reasonable in principle, but what is the result? It refuses to divide the three hours into two on one day and one on the other. Result, the second rehearsal is dropped altogether, by *force majeure*, and the professionals engaged only receive 10*s.* 6*d.* instead of the old 15*s.*—loss per man 4*s.* 6*d.* It is often forgotten that the professional also gains in knowledge and experience by rehearsing, and that the favour in such matter is by no means one-sided. But the loss to art, and to efficiency is far greater. Engagements will be fewer, and will tend to get into the most gifted hands—the rank and file will by degrees find that they are left out in the cold. Societies will (without their aid in completion) tend to lose initiative, new works will rarely be attempted, without skilled and quick hands in the orchestra to back them, and the art will surely be in a retrogressive state, especially in those country parts where light is most needed. The fact is that no Union of Musicians to improve fees compulsorily can ensure the excellence of the work done. Rehearsals, which are so fixed by rules as to encourage the examination of wrist-watches rather than the necessity of good work, will become as mechanical as the rules themselves. An orchestra can stop the rehearsal of a symphony

sixteen bars before the end, regardless of the necessities of the work or of the satisfaction of the audience. Pelf will rule instead of art.

It recalls an incident which I witnessed, and grieved at, even before the days of rules, when custom was almost as tyrannical. Richter, then new to England, was conducting a fine rehearsal of Weber's "Euryanthe," at Drury Lane. The Hunting Chorus required the best instrumentalists to play upon the stage behind the scenes. The orchestra refused to go, and threatened the whole fabric of the act by their refusal. Richter appealed to them to put the art of great music before such small matters as walking up a few steps on to another platform. They refused. He could not understand it, neither could I. I confess that it made me ashamed of my country. I would have swept the stage with a broom myself, if it would have helped the performance.

III

ON SOME CONDUCTORS AND THEIR METHODS

RICHARD WAGNER once stated that perfection in orchestral performances—probably of his own works—would be obtained at its best by rehearsals under Hans von Bülow, and performances under Hans Richter. With all deference to an opinion, which at all events included the names of the two greatest conductors of his, and probably of any other, time, I venture to think that the position of these artists should have been reversed; they would have been, if the verdict had been given later. For von Bülow was the more impatient, the more universal both in education and in sympathy, and the more full of temperament than Richter. The latter was and remained a species of ideal band-master; the former was more of a virtuoso, greater in insight, and more magnetic both for orchestra and for audience. Any one who has heard the "Tannhäuser" overture under both men, would know in an instant the gulf between them. Richter, always careful, was far less affected by moods, which were at once the weakness and the strength of his contemporary, or rather of his senior. It is possible for one, who has had the opportunity of hearing rehearsals or performances by both, to appraise the value of each. Richter was master of

the actual instruments : he even played passages on the tuba to show the player how to produce certain notes. His training as a horn player stood him in good stead. Von Bülow approached the orchestra rather as a general interpreter of music, a mastery which he gained as a pianist and pupil of Liszt ; but this interpretation was an inborn gift, and it was as marked in his reading of Italian and French, as in that of German music ; Richter's was not. For him, all music which was not German was foreign. For von Bülow all good music was equally devoid of frontiers : there was no dividing line of countries. This he owed to an all-round training (he began by studying law !) which Richter had not undergone. He was as great a master of Berlioz as a Frenchman, and more appreciative of that composer than many Frenchmen of his time.

When Richter conducted the " Damnation de Faust," in London, von Bülow was present, was angry at the reading, and placed Charles Hallé in a higher grade as interpreter of the Frenchman. In a word, Richter was often stiff in his reading of an unfamiliar score ; von Bülow, never. A curious instance of this was a rendering of the slow movement of the First Symphony of Brahms, at the Vienna Gesellschaft. So metronomic was it, that Brahms, who was listening in a box with a friend, suddenly seized him by the shoulder, and said, " Heraus ! " hurrying him away. The friend himself told me of his impetuous wrath. When Richter knew a score, he usually got the best out of it. Von Bülow got the best out of it whether it was familiar or not.

Both had amazing memories, but here again von Bülow's was the more extraordinary ; I could only call it a chess memory. He could learn a piano piece by heart and play it, without even seeing a piano in the process.

Von Bülow was often extravagant, Richter, never ; but the extravagance was of his nature, not of his calculation. It had like himself, a certain amount of natural spice. As he put it to me, the most striking piece of orchestral instruction he had heard came from an American conductor, whose comment was, " A little more ginger, please, gentlemen." He rejoiced in such condiments. A rehearsal of the overture to " Oberon " was a case in point. In the opening he played all sorts of tricks, some of them somewhat strong : importing quick passages for the theme of the fairies, and arranging with the orchestra to give their loudest *fortissimo* at the close, while he indicated it by an almost invisible flick of the fingers. At the performance he turned partly round to see the audience jump. But all these eccentricities had an underlying theory, which was quite sound ; he wished to train the orchestra to play freely, and with all possible elasticity.

Von Bülow and Richter may be said to be the architypes, from whom modern conducting has descended. Unfortunately, more have followed the first than the second. Von Bülow was sometimes bizarre ; many copied his bizarrerie, without possessing his musicianship. He did things himself which he would scarify others for attempting. He did by force of nature what others copy by a kind of rule. He probably played twenty different scores in twenty different ways ; his copyists have

stereotyped the most extravagant of them. To hear a second-rate conductor plough solemnly through the introduction to "Oberon" in von Bülow's most unorthodox manner, is pain and grief to a musician. To hear the original may have offended, but the impulse which controlled it softened the blow.

Richter was all for straightforwardness. He hated extravagance, and even took the *diablerie* out of Berlioz; but his mastery of the orchestra was as great as von Bülow's, and he had authority and instrumental knowledge to back it. He took everything from the standpoint of common sense: for this reason, he was strongest in what he best knew—Beethoven, Weber, and the Meistersinger. He was not often electric, von Bülow was. He had magnetism, but not so much as von Bülow. He had an even temper, which von Bülow had not. His is the safer ground to follow, but also the less alluring. The perfect conductor will possess a combination of the best qualities of both men: if we cannot have this ideal, we must learn from each, separately. But there can be no question that modern conducting sprang from the stock of these two men.

When the death of Costa left Birmingham free to fill the post which he had held for so long, the choice fell upon Richter. The appointment was severely attacked at the time by Sullivan and others, on the score that England should guard its own interests. Some of us thought that England would best guard them by getting a strong, independent man with a powerful broom to sweep out the Augean stable. England had been for long in a condition of *mezzoforte* in orchestral playing.

Everything was in an irritating *laissez-faire* mood. The best material was there, but performances were only pretty good. To make them as super-excellent as the players was the work of an authoritative man such as Richter. He swept away the ridiculous hash of everlasting items from operas—good, bad, and indifferent—of which the evening programmes of Festival Concerts consisted. He restored the orchestra to its proper balance. He had already grasped the weak point of our orchestral armoury, the method and manner of horn playing, and improved it beyond all knowledge. He had insisted upon all *pp's* and *ff's* in the performances—the effect of the *pp* in the slow movement of Beethoven's Seventh Symphony had thrilled St. James's Hall. He had eliminated mediocrity and incompetence, even when backed by that most difficult of all arguments, length of service. He abolished many absurdities, such as the *pp* opening of " For unto us " in the " Messiah," and restored many *tempi*, such as the " Alla Siciliana " movements in the same work. With chorus and solo singing he had not much sympathy ; he had had little to do with the choral training peculiar to this country, and his attitude towards solo singers was always that of the opera conductor—" Niederza-schiessen," was the expression which he used to me in Vienna. But he knew a great artist when he heard him, and appreciated fully the best type of training and accomplishment. He signalised his tenure at Birmingham by securing Joachim to play. He knew his value, and the personal effect the great violinist would have upon all the players who came into contact with him. With that

Festival, mediocrity disappeared. The standard became as high as it should reach, and it was attained elsewhere, in a manner that would have been impossible without his initiative. With certain composers, such as Beethoven and Wagner, Richter was always a success ; with others, such as Schubert and more especially Schumann, he was comparatively a failure. I imagine that he had little personal sympathy with the romantic side of these composers. The best conductor of them was Manns. Though by nature more of a bandmaster than an orchestral virtuoso, Manns had genuine sympathy with the romantic element ; and he took a just pride in having been the first in this country to make its music familiar. In this he was largely aided by the help of George Grove. Manns was at the time the only conductor in England of real merit. His very gifted predecessor, Alfred Mellon, had died before the new *régime* began.

Costa was too grandiose to excite sympathy of a deep kind. His methods were autocratic, his tastes were bound up with the opera of *bel canto*, and he preferred choral masses such as he found ready to his hand at the Handel Festival. Costa was, however, for all his tyranny, a true friend of the orchestral player. He raised his status and fought battles to do so. He was by nature full of kindness, but the kindness was concealed under a cloak of apparent reserve. He had Corsican vendetta in him, but he seldom forgot a friend. He ordered Meyerbeer out of the theatre for interfering at a rehearsal ; he cashiered Arthur Sullivan for being late at the organ ; he sent the librarian of

the Sacred Harmonic Society about his business, because Manns had restored his cuts in the Mass in D ; he carried his quarrel with Sterndale Bennett even beyond the grave ; but many were the great kindnesses which he did in secret to a young musician or a struggling artist.

The English of the three German conductors, von Bülow, Richter, and Manns, while easy for their orchestras to follow, was often peculiar in its style. Von Bülow was not good at conversation ; on paper he was often cryptic and learned even to the point of difficulty. His words were technically correct, but often required the Oxford Dictionary to elucidate and to confirm. He asked me to forgive his English, " Do not shoot the organist, he is doing his best," and " I lack leisure to consult the Antibarbarus," and he prayed me to forgive " the involuntary laconisms of this line." When his London harpist could not phrase a passage as he wished, his leader asked him to show his intentions on the pianoforte, but he (a born pianist) said, " the piano was no instrument at all." Great as he was in pianoforte technique, he was far greater as a conductor.

Richter's efforts were, as is well known, too closely translated from the German ; such as " play with the meat and not with the horns " for *pizzicato* playing. " As " for " A flat," which sounded " ass," and caused the player, until it was explained, to pack up his instrument. " Do not hurry with the syncopes " (dissyllable), and other useful but ultra-Teutonic maxims. He always wound up, both to chorus and orchestra, by exhorting them to perform " with all entoosiasm." Manns was better in

expression, but weaker in pronunciation. Arriving one day for rehearsal, the tympanist was not at his post.

Manns (to the leader) : " There is no drummer."

The Leader : " Mr. Schmidt has not yet arrived."

Manns (sadly) : " Mr. Jung, you have been in England all these years, and do not know that his name is *Smiss*."

But with all these drawbacks, humorous and otherwise, these three men were the leaders of the craft, and were all three broad-minded enough to see that England would soon be master in her own house, and that they would help her to become so. Their successors are innumerable, but mostly copyists. Able as some of them are, we are now growing men just as good and—if the English public will believe it, which always exalts the bearer of a foreign name over a native one—better as well.

The proportion of able conductors has increased in this country out of all knowledge. Insularity has its faults, but they have triumphed over them, and the best orchestras to be found have now secured masters worthy of their steel. The orchestras of half a century ago needed training also. Manns did much of this; Crozier (oboist) and the Wottons (unapproachable bassoon players), came from his daily band. The weakest spot, which Manns always complained of but did little to improve, was the horn playing. This task was reserved for Richter, who succeeded in attaining the perfection and certainty in this department which it lacked. He accomplished this by a blend of the German, brassy, school, with the purer quality of English instrumentalists. To the French type

of oboe-playing, which was universal in this country, he was entirely converted. The thick, coarse qualities of German players he disliked as much as we. He was astonished at our powers of sight-reading, powers which in old days often led to carelessness in performance. These he relegated to their proper purpose.

It would be unfair and unjust to exclude Charles Hallé from the list of those who helped on orchestral playing. His activities were centred in Manchester, and London had few opportunities of appraising them. But his band was, in its way, perfect, and his strings were magnificent. His performance of Cherubini's overture to "Anacreon," always a test of accurate detail and of brilliant execution, was an event to be marked with a white stone. He also was more inspired by the stick than by the pianoforte, on which he was always correct, but (like von Bülow) a little cold.

With this short résumé of the four pioneers of orchestral conducting in this country, these notes must now close. The true test of conducting is the result it attains, not the amount of arm-wielding and pose which the public sees. The best judgment of a conductor is formed by sitting in front of him, not at his back. It cannot be too often insisted that the master conducts more with his eye than with his arm. Richter and von Bülow often stopped conducting altogether, and left the orchestra alone ; but all the time they watched, and looked. An organist under Richter—I speak from personal experience, for I played the Mass in D twice for him—felt his eye through his spine without looking round for the beat.

It is now too often the fashion to go and hear, not the music, but conductors. They are at best only interpreters, not creators. As Wagner truly said, the greatest test they had was to hit upon the real *tempo*, by nature not by instruction. In this gift von Bülow was the greatest of them all. In his pamphlet upon conducting, Wagner has laid down many wise theses. He has, unfortunately, as usual mixed them up with irrelevant, and sometimes ill-natured, personalities. If he had only omitted these, his book would have been a still more valuable contribution to musical education. Von Bülow more succinctly divided the genus of conductors into those who had their heads in the score, and those who had the score in their heads.

IV

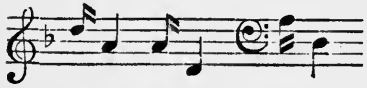
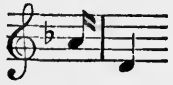
BEETHOVEN'S NINTH (CHORAL) SYMPHONY AND SOME COMMON MISREADINGS OF ITS PACE

In a letter written to Charlotte Schiller, the sister of the poet, on January 26, 1793, by a Bonn friend (when Beethoven was twenty-three years old), occurs the first mention of his intention to set Schiller's Ode to Joy to music. "He (Beethoven) intends to compose Schiller's *Freude*, and that verse by verse. I expect something perfect; for, as far as I know him, he 'is all for the grand and sublime.'" This was no less than thirty years before the Symphony took shape and blossomed out as we now know it; and he was at that time studying with Haydn in Vienna. The first sketch of an attempt upon paper, the composer's chief means of working out and improving his ideas, occurs in 1811, when he was contemplating the composition of a Schiller Overture. The symphonic form seems to have occurred to him in 1812, when he was preparing to write three symphonies (Nos. 7, 8, and 9). The first sketches for the opening movement of the Symphony are to be found in 1817. The great tune of the choral finale went through many changes both of time and of note, beginning with an almost bare (not

to say trivial) theme in three-four time, and going through countless forms until it took the immortal shape in which we know it. The Symphony is obviously in two parts. The first three movements in the usual, but more extended, form ; the last movement, a series of variations on a theme in a vocal and instrumental form, and on the largest possible lines.

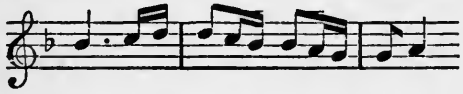
The junction of these two parts was a great trouble and worry to the composer. He knew it was inevitable (as indeed is obvious from previous passages), but to find the way for welding the whole into a homogeneous mass gave him much work, and even misery. But he found it : the first link was to be forged by the baritone singing, " Let us sing the song of the immortal Schiller,"—here was his cue ; after his manner, he improved upon it and strengthened the link. He changed these rather obvious words to " O friends, not such sounds as these " (*i.e.* the first orchestral movements and the strident discords of the opening bars of the finale), " but let us sing something more sympathetic (pleasant) and joyful." Then follows the vocal portion, but not until the orchestra has given a foretaste of the theme, and of the composer's idea.

We must first turn to the opening movements. The whole plan is centred in one phrase, Tonic to Dominant, Dominant to Tonic, Dominant to Tonic :

 and the main portion of it is  . This appears at the beginning of each one of the two opening movements. In the

first movement in full ; in the Scherzo a little fuller (for the third is added on the drums), and in the slow movement, the first two notes. In the slow movement the Tonic precedes the Dominant. In the opening of the Finale it will be found hammered in by the brass (an effect which he meant, but which is obliterated by modern " improvements " [*sic*] and alterations of the brass passages for the avowed object of bringing the brass instruments into conformity with modern valved notions), and at the very close of the Symphony these two notes finish the work.

The second subject of the Symphony,

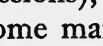


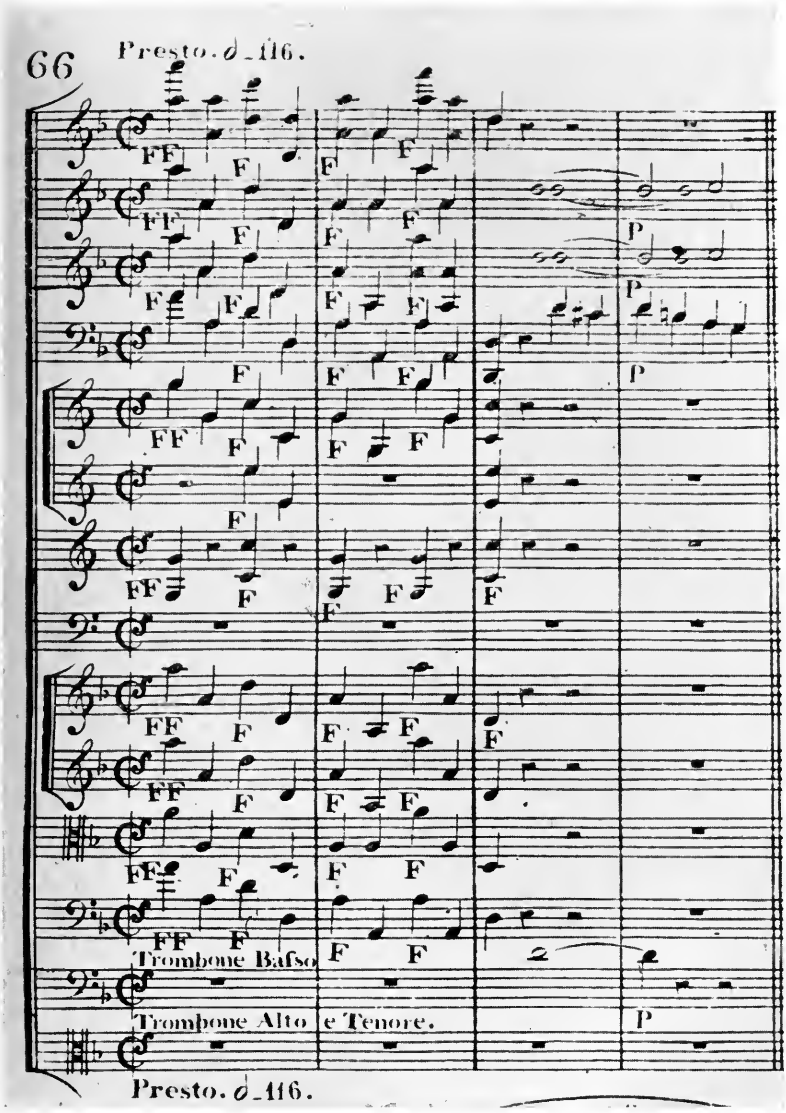
if it is looked at closely, will disclose the Joy theme of the Finale. The whole is on an enormous scale, the longest he ever imagined, but the balance is so perfect that there is no feeling of length. The same is true of the Scherzo, which is partly fugal in treatment, and is very free in the phrasing (an alteration from 4-bar to 3-bar rhythm being specially marked by the composer), and the trio being in $\frac{2}{2}$ time, entering with the first appearance of the trombone, and based upon the Theme of Joy.

It would have been thought that the powerful battle which was fought by the late Sir George Grove some half a century or more ago, would have had the effect of making the false readings of the Ninth Symphony which are current in the present day impossible. We are scrupulously careful about the preservation of accuracy of detail in old music Why should we not apply the same touchstone to

that which is modern, where intentions can be verified? Why should we not abstain from distorting it against all reason, and against the composer's expressed wish, apparently for the sole reason of giving rise to "new readings," or of exploiting new (and, I fear, often unthinking) conductors?

The proofs of the misreading of the Scherzo and Trio of the Ninth Symphony are manifest to all. In Grove's day, they were ample enough, but at the present time they are still more complete, can be verified by any inquiring mind, and even added to by personal research. We should not tolerate an actor who played a tragic part in Shakespeare as a comic one; but we sit mute and hypnotised when a conductor plays a movement of Beethoven at twice the speed which the composer intended.

In Beethoven's time the metronome was invented by Maelzel. He even wrote ribald ditties to celebrate it, which are in print. He marked every movement of the Ninth Symphony with Maelzel's machine. When a complete manuscript copy of the full score was sent by him to the Philharmonic Society of London (it is still one of their possessions), it was supplemented by a number of metronome marks, which the composer himself dictated to Moscheles, and requested him to send. Among these is the all-important one for the Scherzo and Trio, which are marked respectively  and  . It may be truly said that individual temperament may modify the pace at which a metronome is marked, either in separate passages or as a whole. A friend of mine, who was present on two occasions when Brahms conducted



PHOTOGRAPH OF THE ORIGINAL FULL SCORE, 9TH SYMPHONY.

(*By kind permission of the Royal College of Music.*)

See note on page 49.

his Requiem, told me that the time of one performance differed by fifteen minutes from the time of the other. But considerations of this sort will never affect the balance between two movements; to alter the balance will be to damage the intention. In the present case, the composer has clearly laid it down that the ♩ of the Trio should be the same as the ♩. of the Scherzo. The 116 may be changeable with mood, the fact that the whole bar of the Scherzo (that is ♩.) shall be the same as the half bar of the Trio (that is ♩) must be a fixture.

Then arose a controversy, or rather a bald misstatement, for it had no research to back it. Its origin was due to the ridiculous fact that the workman, who engraved the metronome mark, put the ♩ of the Trio so close to the edge of the plate that most of its original tail disappeared into the plate-mark. Breitkopf and Härtel reprinted this carelessly (and most modern editions followed them without verification) a semibreve 𝅝. They ignored the fact that the shape of a minim is different from that of a semibreve, and that the remnant of a minim's tail was still there. This can be seen in two copies of the original full score at present in the Library of the Royal College of Music.* I well remember the angry pencil addition of a tail, with which Grove used to decorate modern reprints of this corruption of the text. But give this misprint a start, and it is as difficult to catch as a lie, and it becomes at once profitable ground for the seeker of mares' nests. The hunting ground had not long to wait. Von Bülow was probably the

* See the photograph.

first to try (neither he nor any one else could succeed in the effort) to play the Trio twice too fast. Modern Germany was quick to follow in the false path. None of its conductors, not even Richter, would listen to reason. The wrong influence grew there, and was transplanted to England. Every practical musician knows the consummate difficulty of reducing a quick pace to a slower one. In the quick pace of the Trio the musical world had "tasted blood." Now it is a task to tame them, for the playing of the Trio at the doubled speed of 𝅗𝅥 = 116 is a practical impossibility. The horn, for which, as Manns emphasised, Beethoven "wrote many difficulties but not one impossibility," becomes blurred and incompetent. The oboe part, so expressive in the composer's thought, is tortured into an unnecessary rush; all poetry is eliminated from it. Joachim, who told me that he had never heard it played except at the original time of 𝅗𝅥 = 116, especially commented on the manner in which the quick *tempo* would destroy the meaning and phrasing of the passage. The same was true of the violoncellos. In fact, everything was sacrificed to a pace which, at its quickest possible, cannot reach the standard of 𝅗𝅥 = 116.

But we have now, owing to a careful study of the manuscript, an additional proof of the composer's intention. For Beethoven originally emphasised the balance of Scherzo and Trio by writing the Trio in $\frac{2}{4}$ time, a minim to the bar. He changed the *tempo* from $\frac{2}{4}$ to $\frac{2}{2}$ by striking out the alternative bar lines, obviously to facilitate the reading by instrumentalists: it did not change the *tempo*. The erasure is there, in the Library at Berlin; the

printed full score, with its ♩=116, is, of course, subsequent to the original manuscript.

Stress has been laid on the *accelerando* which precedes the entry of the Trio, but it is possible and common (as all conductors know) to hurry the time exactly to the point of equality between ♩. and ♩; and this will give immense gain to its effect in performance. The expedient is often used. The calculation of 116 to the dotted minim, whole bar, of the Scherzo, may vary; the balance of the whole bar of the Scherzo being the same as the half bar of the Trio remains; the only effect of modern Germany's mare's nest is the disastrous one of trying to play the Trio twice as fast as the composer intended, a vandalism which would be justly resented in modern music.

Tradition, as applied to Beethoven, is an absurd term. The Symphony is barely a century old. It has affected the ears of many who have personally related their experiences. Frau Ungher, who sang at the first performance, and who herself turned Beethoven round to see the applause of the audience which he could not hear, visited Grove at the Crystal Palace within my own memory. The most complete and careful preservation of these so-called traditions is perhaps in the hands of that supremely conservative body, the Concerts of the Paris Conservatoire. When the Symphony was given with the Leeds Chorus, and the London Symphony Orchestra in Paris, I pointed out to one of its leading musicians that the Trio would be taken at its marked speed, his answer was that Paris had never heard it taken at any other. Boïto came to hear it, he had never heard any other version. No more had such artists, nearer the composer's time,

as Joachim, Berlioz, Manns, Hallé, Piatti, and many others.

We in England have too often heard it recently in the wrong way; some conductors from having imbibed too carelessly the new method, made in Germany; others being too nervous or anxious to break with it, and to assert their own convictions. If such liberties were taken with Beethoven's Pianoforte Sonatas or Quartets, the perpetrators would get a bad mark at once; unfortunately, conductors do not suffer, for they are always on the search for " new readings " (too often not intended by the creator of the music), and a succession of these has stereotyped this particularly " new " and very false one. After all, it was made in modern Germany, which is not so faithful to its great men as old Germany invariably was.

This flagrant mis-reading must be stamped out, if the Scherzo of the Ninth Symphony is to be preserved in the form which the composer intended. Conductors of the new stamp must remember that it is easy enough to play a slow passage quicker, but very difficult indeed to play a passage which they have been accustomed to as quick, slower. This is true of all music. Beethoven's standard was  and  = 116, regardless of slight and natural modification in special passages. In the slow movement, the influence of his beloved horn predominated; the part was given, curiously enough, to a fourth-horn player, usually the inferior of the other three, and its difficulty (but not impossibility) suggests that the fourth hornist in the orchestra at Vienna was the best of the four. The last movement begins with the discordant *fanfare*, above alluded to, in

which the brass accentuates the main theme, and is followed by a protracted conversation between the violoncellos and double basses and the rest of the band. This is in recitative form, and there exists in writing the exact words which Beethoven meant them to express (*see* "Beethoveniana" of Nottebohm), cavilling at certain quotations from the earlier movements and rejoicing when the orchestra hints at the theme of Joy, which they then play in full.

Another minor omission has crept into the Ninth Symphony from lack of careful study. In the variation of the final theme—in the Finale—which is distinguished by a remarkable bassoon solo, the bass part is supported apparently by the double basses alone. So unusual is this procedure that the passage is quoted, in music-type, by Gevaert in his treatise on Instrumentation. He took his cue from Breitkopf and Härtel, who, again, had misprinted it. In the original MS. is written "2^{ter} Fagott sempre coi Bassi," and this is accentuated by lines drawn in each bar. In the copy made for and sent to King Frederick William (also in the Berlin Library), Beethoven has marked this addition in his own hand. The same has been added to the Philharmonic manuscript. The sooner it is put in all printed scores, the better for the composer's intentions—it is a great addition—and the safer for the printers, and for the editors, who apparently never trouble to consult headquarters before they pass their proofs.

In this manner have anomalies in the presentation of the Symphony arisen. The first by an accident of the workman, and a misreading of his work. The second (and also in large measure the

first) by careless editing and inaccurate publishing. The Ninth Symphony is one of the great conceptions of all time. Its presentation should be as pure as it can be made. We clamour for perfect editions of Bach's forty-eight Preludes and Fugues, and of all such standard classics. Why do we allow mistakes, so easily corrected, and yet so persistently acted upon, to be perpetuated in one of the world's greatest possessions ?

The discordant *fanfare* then returns, interrupted this time by the expostulation of the solo voice, and the rest of the Finale is a series of variations on the main Joy theme and a counter-theme, " Be embraced in love, ye millions," which occurs in its course, and is combined with it as the movement proceeds. At the close, Beethoven uses every means in his power of reinforcing the orchestra with brass and percussion, the last of which he uses simply and in the most ordinary rhythm. The Symphony closes with the theme which opened it.

The high notation of the chorus, and, it may be added, of the soloists, are and always will be a drawback to the performance. It is well known that Sontag, the first soprano to sing in the Symphony, spent a long time with the composer, begging him to bring the voice parts down to normal heights, but without avail. She was right, and Beethoven was deaf. He saw what he wanted, but never knew that it was to ask for trouble to insist upon it in practice. So deaf was he that Frau Ungher, who sang the alto solo in the quartet at the first performance, told Sir George Grove (who told me) that at the end of the performance she had to turn Beethoven round to see the applause

of the public, which he could not hear. Such a shock was this to the audience, who grasped that the composer had not heard a note of his own work, that many of them there and then cried. For the first performance of this and other great works Beethoven received but forty pounds. It was a blow to him, but no deterrent to go on his way. The Ninth Symphony was not intended to be the last or to be a final capitulation to the human voice, as some theorists (including Wagner) imagined. He was contemplating a tenth symphony, and he even said that he had it fully sketched upon his desk. But these sketches have at any rate not seen the light, as many have owing to the diligence and care of Nottebohm. The Ninth Symphony has, however, in no small measure revolutionised thought, and showed how, without being extravagant, the most deep feelings of human nature can be made to express themselves in music; but on the lines of the noble *dictum* of Diderot, "Quand on désespère de faire une chose belle, naturelle et simple, on en tente une bizarre."

NOTE:—It will be seen from the illustration of a page of the Ninth Symphony, facing page 42, that:—

1. The tail of the minim in the top metronome mark is very faint.

2. That ♩ = 116 complete is engraved at the foot of the score (an unusual place). Grove did not see this, which is a sure proof in itself.

3. That the shape of the note in the upper metronome mark is that of a minim, not of a semibreve; the former being always slightly tilted, the latter straight and square.

V

THE COMPOSITION OF MUSIC

THE whole of music depends for its existence on the composition, past and present, of music. It is upon the composition of past years that it is built up, and through that of present and future days that it survives and grows. Like all other arts, it relies upon two faculties which are inherent to its value—invention and technique. Without invention there is no music at all, without the technique to control the invention, there can be no well-ordered music. Without a horse no vehicle will move; unless the horse is bitted, bridled, and reined, the danger of movement will be too great, and the course of the movement will be as erratic as it is uncontrolled. Technique is as necessary to the art as invention, but it is useless without invention, therefore we must consider as the main basis of all composition, (1) Invention, and (2) Technique, with their respective and numerous subdivisions.

In some ways music differs from the other arts, and the difference is at once obvious, and, at times, advantageous. It is intangible, and therefore more free in its experimentalism. It can suggest, but not define; and the suggestion itself is generally dependent upon the accompaniment of words or action for any definition of its purpose. For example, painting can violate the canons of decency;

music cannot, and it can only illustrate them by the assistance of another art. It is therefore the only art which is inherently pure, and cannot be otherwise than pure in itself. It is perfectly true that music puts a magnifying glass over actions and words which it is called in to illustrate ; but those actions and words are not of its own making, and are the inventions of arts other than itself. For example, the torture scene in " Tosca " is horrifying in itself, but it becomes ten times more so when music illustrates it ; the music itself without the action or the word will not horrify to the same extent, and it might even suggest a wholly different kind of idea, if it were not associated with that particular scene. Music, in fact, exactly fulfils the *dictum* of Tennyson about poetry, that it is like shot silk with varying colours. The " finale " of Schubert's C Major Symphony suggested to Grove the myth of Phaethon and the horses of the sun ; it may suggest a hundred different stories to a hundred different minds.

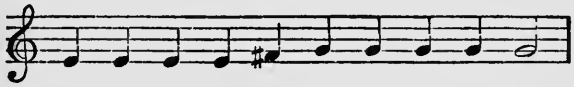
Music, happily, as often idealises and beautifies the ideas and words to which it is set. Many poems of doubtful value in themselves have gained life and charm from musical illustrations. Songs have often survived by the added beauty and illustration of them by notes. Some poetry, such as Walt Whitman's, has gained by the rhythmical order imported into it by musical sounds. In this respect intangibility is strength. On the other hand, it has its disadvantages. Paintings can be shown and seen at any moment. The same is true of sculpture and of architecture. But music requires machinery, human or artificial, to be

heard at all. Much of it requires a great deal of such adventitious assistance, such as an orchestra, a chorus, or a combination of both in the concert-room or the theatre; and when it has had such help, intangibility asserts itself, and until its repetition it is a dead letter save to those who can hear with their eyes, and can imagine sounds by reading their symbols. In a word, music tends far more to the ideal than to the real. It appeals to the ear, and not to that more concrete organ, the eye. It cannot hurt life, as deficiency in architectural technique can; it can by its shortcomings only damage the mind and not the body: and to define these shortcomings requires a singularly experienced and analytical mind.

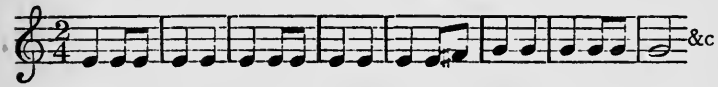
(1) Invention

It is upon the creative power that the structure of music is built. Without the creative power, it is a thing of nought, unredeemed by deftness of juggling, or by vividness of colour. The first essential is to be able to follow notes by other notes which, when they are consecutively heard, produce what is termed melody. Melody is the first essential element of invention, but it is not the only one. Rhythm, and the power of producing rhythm, is the next essential element. In old-time history, rhythm was the elder brother of melody, it is now almost co-equal with it: for rhythm without melody is barren, and melody without rhythm can be vapid even to the point of futility. Some melodies, especially folk-music, will be so critical and strong in themselves that little rhythm is wanted in them, though much to develop and speak with value.

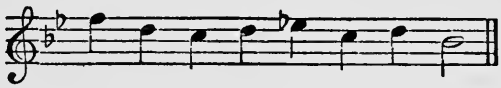
Others will scarcely boast a tune at all, until rhythm is brought to bear upon them, as in *e.g.* the slow movement of the Seventh Symphony of Beethoven. Here the actual tune is almost negligible as its subject proves,



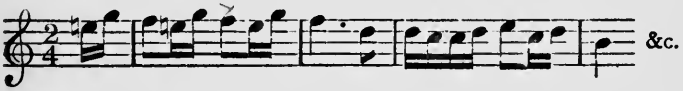
It lives through the help of rhythm,



So also with the Allegretto of the Eighth Symphony, where the melody is only



and rhythm makes it become



Melody and rhythm have often sprung together from the brain of the inventor, notably the tunes of Mozart and of Schubert. We have only one instance among the old masters of a brain which worked upon paper—Beethoven. His tunes grew thereon as he worked at them, fortunately for us, in a visible form. The great melody in the Finale of the Ninth Symphony began in a hopelessly banal shape, and more than a quarter of a century of labour, manual and cerebral, brought it to its present form ; all its permutations and developments can be read in printer's ink. The intermediate sketches

are often far away, and the later ones assimilate to the earlier. In music written to words, the invention is most probably immediate. In absolute music, it may be immediate, but is often more slowly developed. It is more often worked out in the brain than upon music-paper, but first ideas are seldom, save in exceptional cases, in their final shape. Invention, therefore, includes rhythm as its chief assistant.

The other factor is, in a lesser degree, colour. But of what use is colour if the drawing be bad? It may conceal deficiency, but it will not hide it from the keen eye; such an art as sculpture cannot depend upon it for a single detail. Wealth of language cannot hide the fault of a poor poem. Magnificence of decoration cannot glorify any ill-constructed building. Colour, the god of modern music, is in itself the inferior of melodic and rhythmic invention, although it will always remain one of its most important servants. Fine clothes will not make a bad figure good.

When Rembrandt painted the unfinished portrait of Burgomaster Six drawing on an uncompleted glove, he even drew the hand and the thumbnail underneath before he put the glove on. Invention also comprises the utilisation of knowledge of design. In this it must call in the help of technique, but when technique is known and forgotten—as it should be—there still remain the countless changes and modifications which it has helped to inspire, and which are the outcome of invention itself.

In the construction of a melody, much depends upon a sense of climax at the right moment. This will be found, probably by the light of nature, in all first-rate folk-songs. The sense of the "right

curve " will prevail. Intuition of the right moment and place for a climax will come almost of itself. An unduly prolonged phrase after a climax may give a sense of monotony and dullness. The usual curve of such a melody will be  . It is only a supreme knowledge of design which will enable an anti-climax to be in its way as impressive as the climax. The quiet which follows the storm has its charm, but only in relation, as regards length, with the storm which precedes it. Invention is primarily monophonic, and not polyphonic. Polyphony has grown upon it, but on the foundation of monophony. Polyphony is in itself the result of technique bearing upon the invention ; but invention became eventually necessary to its salvation.

The effects of harmony as a study infallibly affect and control it, but for new effects and combinations of the harmony, invention is responsible. Invention is therefore the *fons et origo* of music, without which beauty cannot exist, at all events can only live for a brief space. To it belongs exclusively the gift known as Inspiration. Without it, we may weave pleasant sounds, but no more. Invention in design is also a necessity—though not such a pressing one as what I may term the " Melodic Line." When longer movements or larger plans are contemplated, most of their appeal lies in the due ordering of them.

All pictures have primarily a frame ; this is either round, oval, or square. It limits in a concrete way the scope of the subject which the picture illustrates. The painting itself, if it is not to be too diffuse to con-

centrate the attention, depends upon the subordination of all figures and objects to one central figure or object. To any student of painting, this principle is obvious in every great picture. In a portrait, the face is the climax. In a subject matter the chief figure, as for example the Child's Head in the Sistine Madonna, where all the other noble figures on each side and at the foot are subordinate to it, and even gaze at or point to it. This subordination is also secured by the use of " lower values " of colour, which accentuate the principle. In the perfection of this theory the Italian masters excel. To a lesser extent the Dutch School, who, in their collective portraits of men, often lost sight of this principle and were, as painters, often diffuse in their results. Their greatest artists, such as Rembrandt and Van Dyck, adhered closely to Italian models. The greatest buildings in the world depend for their effect upon the design of the whole, not of a part. Those who examine the Campanile of Giotto will be first attracted by the whole structure, and examination of its details will be a subsequent and less important work. In the Laocoön, the central figure is the chief object. In the Discus-thrower it is the man, and not the arm holding the discus—masterly though it be—which first meets and holds the eye. As it is with other arts, so it is with (the more intangible) music. Design is imperative for it. Otherwise we shall know what it is to meander, and to wonder why a work should ever end, or, for that matter, ever begin. Sense of rhythm rebels at it, sense of design revolts at it. All the great composers of the last five centuries have begun, and fostered, and

developed the idea of design as the most potent factor in making music intelligible and compact. Even when Schubert's genius sacrifices design for wealth of idea, it had to be excused as his " heavenly lengths." Ecclesiastical exigencies limited Palestrina and his contemporaries. Choregraphic exigencies limited the writers of absolute music. Bach had design in his bones, Haydn developed it to an incalculable extent. Mozart, Beethoven, Schumann, and Brahms adhered to and strengthened it. Even Wagner—in those days reckoned as a great heresiarch—has made it clear that in extra-theatrical matters, musical design is an imperative necessity. " When a man loses sight of tonality he is lost," was one of his *dicta ;* in absolute music he was with them and of them. No student of Wagner's operas will fail to note the presence of design in every one of them, even when prolonged to the proportion of a Tetralogy. For composition, then, the first necessity is Invention. All else is subordinate to it. Much else is necessary for it. Mainly—

(2) Technique

This, the all-important adjunct of invention, has many subdivisions ; in many places even overlaps its functions and requires its intervention for reaching its full limits. These subdivisions are roughly—

(*a*) Counterpoint, Harmony, Canon, and Fugue.

(*b*) The simple and complex treatment of melodies.

(*c*) Treatment of voices.

(*d*) Combinations of single instruments for concerted music.

(*e*) Instrumentation.

(*f*) The combination of instruments and voices.

(*a*) *Counterpoint and Harmony*.—This in later times is usually styled Harmony and Counterpoint; but to do so is to put the cart before the horse. Harmony is the natural sequence of Counterpoint, not Counterpoint of Harmony. The first step is a mastery of the true scale, in which all music should be written, and the modification imposed by the compromise known as " equal temperament " accepted only as modifications, not as essentials. The true scale has for centuries been fixed, some of it (such as the octave being one-half of the whole) by the physical laws of Nature. To divide a string at its half is to obtain (even in the harmonic form) its octave. Similarly, the fifth is pure if the finger on a string is one-third of the length of the gut. A pure fifth, obtained by tuning two strings simultaneously, is at once obvious to the ear. The violin should be tuned to the pianoforte by striking the note A alone, as the addition of a fifth on the keyed instrument (as is common) means that the fifth struck is impure, and that of the violin must be pure. The real scale consists of three ingredients, a greater tone, a lesser tone, and a diatonic semitone; the order of the tones is alternative, the semitone is a fixture. The scale of C major, therefore, will be in the following order: greater tone, lesser tone, diatonic semitone, greater tone, lesser tone, greater tone, diatonic semitone. These values have been acoustically and mathematically fixed, as follows (they are stated fractionally instead of in ratios, and are thus easier to calculate): $\frac{8}{9}$, $\frac{9}{10}$, $\frac{15}{16}$, $\frac{8}{9}$, $\frac{9}{10}$, $\frac{8}{9}$, $\frac{15}{16}$. The intervals (third, fourth, fifth, etc.)

from the bass are obtained by multiplying these fractions together. A major 3rd, *e.g.* $=\frac{8}{9}\times\frac{9}{10}=\frac{4}{5}$.

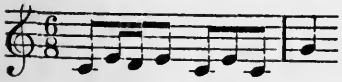
By multiplying these fractions together we get $\frac{1}{2}$, or the octave. No other succession of seven notes, which is tolerable or satisfying to the ear, will arrive at $\frac{1}{2}$, the physical and true octave. In the equal temperament, which is applied only to the pianoforte, organ and harp, every single interval except the octave is fractionally out of tune, as can be proved by testing the piano scale with a perfectly played violin scale. No sequence of whole tones will—save on the equal or falsely-tuned method—arrive at the true octave. Therefore, except on the instruments we have mentioned, the whole-tone scale is a physical impossibility, even upon them it should be termed the scale of false tones. The compromise known as equal temperament was adopted to facilitate modulation upon a fixed seven-note scale. What was lost in purity of intonation was very small (save to the very sensitive ear) compared with the gain in freedom. Therefore it was adopted for the three instruments I have named; for strings and for orchestra it is *anathema*. The violinist who played in equal temperament would be at once found guilty of bad intonation. It is absolutely necessary for a composer to forget the pianoforte, to get this scale into his being and to write in it, as did his forbears since Palestrina. It will be found an essential to the true understanding of music from Palestrina to Wagner.

The counterpoint which has been written on these lines is the common possession of all the great masters. What then is counterpoint, and the use of counterpoint as a study? Simply the art of

making one melody, or more, run along the side of and in satisfactory combination with another melody. Easy to read, but difficult to do. The difficulty is the *ars celare artem*. It is no great feat in itself to combine two or three melodies, but it becomes one to combine them without any feeling of strain. To obviate this strain by the evolving of such methods as " Free Counterpoint " and the like, is to minimise the effort which is necessary to the overcoming of difficulty. It is, in fact, to facilitate dumb-bell practice by removing the weight of the dumb-bell. The composer who faces his hardships without trying to circumvent them will always be the winner in the end. To find the melodies is the function of Invention, to combine them with ease that of Technique. Harmony is but the result of a contrapuntal combination of melodies. It is the result of this combination, not the maker of it.

It has become almost a fashion to work Harmony exercises purely by notes, which do not in any way represent the sounds given by an instrument or voice. This is of no use, it is even mischievous. It has its origin in the assumption of old times that all such music is written for voices. This assumption resulted at the time in really vocal writing. Notes in harmony exercises are now amorphous symbols, which convey no sound-meaning to those who write them and are neither " fish, flesh, nor fowl." If harmony is written for voices, well and good ; if for instruments, well and good ; if for neither, useless rubbish. The true study of Harmony will be based upon the experience of its melodic father, Counterpoint ; its parts will run

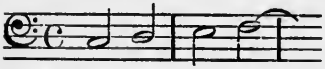
well and smoothly, its tenors and altos will be interesting, its basses sound and varied, and it is essential that the bass be especially noted as at once the foundation of the whole and the prime mover in modulation. Modulation is part of the developments of Harmony. The avoidance of root-basses is the life and soul of modulation. The ability of going from key to key will never be easy in its transition, unless the foundation notes show and facilitate the way. Modulation is, however, largely the domain of Invention. I have, in my book on composition,* given two epithets to counterpoint, Concurrent and Cross-current, which exactly express to my mind the difference between the simple study and the complicated study, which includes imitation, canon, and fugue. The very words canon and fugue seem to carry an atmosphere of mechanical mathematics with them ; but to the man who grapples with them and comes out on the other side they will be not only interesting in themselves, but stimulating to Invention, and necessitating frequent reliance upon it. To write a canon is not in itself a very hard task ; to write one, which is so musical as to elude at first the eye and the ear alike, is a very difficult undertaking. Unless a canon sounds well, it is useless even as a study. The same is true of fugue ; although its developments and its demand upon Invention are even greater than those of canon. In fugue also comes Rhythm into play. A rhythmical fugue, such as that of Bach's Toccata in C :



is a much more satisfying

* "A Treatise on Composition," Stainer & Bell and Macmillan & Co.

medium to work in, than one founded upon a consecutive theme such as the Organ fugue in C:

 &c. It will be easier to tackle the style of the latter, after that of the former, precisely because Rhythm comes to the assistance of Melody. All these points, pure scale, concurrent and cross-current counterpoint, harmony, modulation, canon, and fugue, have to be mastered so completely as to be a part of the composer's armoury, but they must be known so well as to become forgotten. Not really forgotten, but consciously forgotten; in such a way the composer's music will be that of a master of his craft, and it will only rest with Invention to redeem his work from any suspicion of dry and barren calculation—in a word, from the great catalogue of "Unnecessary Music"! The studies of Beethoven with Haydn will be found most useful and interesting as examples.

(*b*) *The Simple and Complex Treatment of Melodies.*—This comprises not only the harmonic treatment of the melodies themselves, but also the development and alteration of them, in other words the variation of them. Of variations, which are the most useful form of developing both substance and matter, quantities of examples are to be found in all masters from Purcell and Bach to our own day. Their value exists not merely in varying the theme itself, but also portions of the theme; in preserving the balance while enlarging or diminishing its scope; in using the power provided by the knowledge of Double Counterpoint and Imitation (even possibly of fugue); in enriching modulation. For variation

purposes, it is important that the theme should usually be stated in its most simple form, care should be taken that it does not itself imply a variation, and it is necessary that the theme should be reduced to what I may call its " Least Common Multiple." The variations can use to the full the suggestions of Rhythm, which will always be their chief asset. The use of chromatics as ornaments upon diatonics will also be a great help in variety, and if they are treated as decorations upon a basis of diatonic simplicity, they will keep their true value, and remain, as they should, unessential to the scheme, and therefore, purely ornamental in their tendency.

(*c*) *The Treatment of Voices*.—This is a matter far too often neglected, and too often considered as a foregone conclusion by writers. Composers are at pains to know the scope and quality of orchestral instruments, but take no trouble to investigate the limitation and the capabilities of a far more subtle instrument, the human voice. They often forget that there are (to speak roughly) four varieties of the voice, two in each sex ; and that it is impossible to write music which combines all four, or even two of them. For unless endowed with very exceptional powers, a contralto will not sing high notes, nor a soprano deep ones, and all music for the respective voices has to revolve round the few notes in the middle of their registers, called by the Italians the *Tessitura*, with the notes above and below that *Tessitura* in relation to it. Songs, written as they too often are for a nondescript combination of such voices, will always be a closed book for singers. In singing, too,

comes in the vital importance of knowing the true scale. The voice, like the violin, can adapt itself to any key and be in perfect tune in all. Mozart, who is, perhaps, the most vocal writer that ever lived, could be exceptional, as in the "Queen of Night," when he had exceptional voices to cater for; but his great songs were written within the reach of every singer and suited to every canon of the style.

Composers sometimes forget that notes upon the voice have no machinery, such as a key-note, to start them. Most singers have to get their notes by hearing what others do.* They can, or ought to, make intervals from that note, but if the intervals are difficult, the path to them has to be smoothened, or the result is disaster. It is to vocal limitations that most of the so-called rules of Counterpoint apply. "Right and Wrong"—are not words in the musical vocabulary, for them should be substituted "Beautiful and Ugly" or "Practical and Unpractical." Make the vocal music "practical" and it will sound well; make it "unpractical" and every one, including the singer, will suffer thereby. A singer has to make the notes in his head, before he can produce them with his voice. It is the duty of the composer to do all in his power to facilitate rather than to thwart this endeavour. Some composers have written for the voice music which will ruthlessly destroy that most delicate of organs. Singers are quick to discern the danger and to avoid the temptation. The composer is the sufferer, and the singer is not.

* Some few possess the gift of absolute pitch. But it will not do to rely upon this rare attribute.

A most important factor is the due and accurate declamation of the words when they are set to music; for this principle there is no better master than Henry Purcell. Milton even wrote a well-known sonnet to Henry Lawes especially referring to his care and accuracy in this respect. It is not sufficient that accurate declamation should be confined to the principal part in choral writing; it should permeate the whole. The careful writer will make special note of the difference between Quantity and Stress, and accentuate accordingly. Quantity is often misleading, stress or accent never. The latter is the guide.

In songs, the important part next to the voice is the bass. In the voice part the necessities of vowels as regards pitch must be considered. An O on a high note can never for "vocal reasons" be effective. The accompaniment, that is everything which includes the bass, should be in most cases texture and suggestiveness, and not fixed detail of sufficient importance to interfere with the voice. Over-elaboration will kill the main theme, or at best, quarrel with it in a way sufficient to hide its purport. Support is what is needed, and support only. Accompaniment is only a secondary matter, however important it may be. In a few songs, the main idea is in the accompaniment and the comment in the voice. In most, the main idea is in the voice and the comment, or what is called "atmosphere," in the accompaniment. A comparison of these two types is to be found respectively in the "Leiermann" or the "Junge Nonne" of Schubert. In song-writing, it is imperative to remember that the chief exponent is the singer; that it is he who holds his public,

and not his accompanist; therefore, an unduly long instrumental passage intervening will tend to break the singer's contact with his hearers. Song-writing is as miniature-painting. The scale is small, and everything must conform to that scale.

The best guide to pure song-writing is recitative where declamation is paramount, though not melodically uninteresting in its best examples, such as are to be found in Bach's "Passion Music," and the accompaniment nothing more than a support of chords. The "arioso" is mid-way between the song and the recitative. Lastly, let the singer have time to breathe, he must have time to fill his lungs (human bellows) in order to produce any sound at all; and he must be given a period, usually short, to do it in. The ordinary literary method of putting in commas, semi-colons, and full stops can be applied here with advantage, as it can for that matter in all music. It is especially necessary in unaccompanied choral work. "Let the air in," was von Bülow's comment. In choral-writing the rule of thumb will prevail, that high notes produce the loudest tone, and low notes the softest. The best examples of this can be found in Handel. In "Israel in Egypt," for example, the "thick darkness" is set to the low notes of the voice, the "hail-stones" to the higher.

(*d*) *Combination of Single Instruments for Concerted Music.*—This is a very different study from that of Instrumentation. It relies upon the number of parts used, and the instruments employed. While the best orchestral instrumentation is written on the basis of three parts, and multiples of three, a string trio will be in three parts, a string quartet

in four, a quintet in five, and so on, according to the instruments employed. It is not absolutely necessary for a composer to be himself an adequate string-performer, though an ingrained knowledge of the style and a second-hand acquaintance with the technique of the instrument is very needful, to write well for bowed instruments.

It will be far easier for him that he have some practical acquaintance with it, even in its embryo state; but it is possible for him to write string music from close study, from careful listening, and from good advice. The ear can often assimilate a string style from living in it as well as from practice of it. There is no evidence that Bach or Beethoven were violoncellists, but their sonatas might have been written by a practised player as far as their technique is concerned. Bach was not known as a violinist, but he writes sonatas for the violin alone, in which not a single note or chord (*teste* Joachim) is unplayable.

We will take as a chief example of chamber-music combinations the string quartet. This, after many experiments by early masters, crystallised itself in the hands of Haydn, developed itself in those of Mozart, and came to its highest point in the hands of Beethoven. Since him, it has not much advanced (perhaps on such a quartet as the C sharp minor—Op 131,—no advance is humanly possible), but it has found many variations of detail and fluctuation of ideas and aims in later time. It will become evident, with experience, that the chords of a string quartet, even when apparently thin upon paper, have a richness denied to keyed instruments, owing to their purity of intonation and their resonant

over-tones; that every note, however small and short, has a significance which cannot be neglected without danger; that contrast, within limits, is procurable; that four parts can be and ought to be interesting in themselves, both individually and collectively, both for players and for hearers. The range is collectively enormous, and even individually as great as any composer can wish.

The contrast of string qualities in the various instruments and their range, which facilitates the crossing of parts, gives variety of colour. Quartet-writing will minimise undue doubling of the parts and will help in the crossing of them. A very important adjunct will be the appropriate marking of *each* part, with its dynamic values. In a string trio the parts should be only three in number, and the composition should be so made out as not to necessitate a fourth (see the string trios of Beethoven). When the pianoforte is an ingredient, as in the trio, the two string parts should be as far as possible complete and self-supporting; for the difference in timbre between the keyed and the bowed instruments will prevent incompletion in any department being otherwise than self-evident in practice. Any unison passage between piano and strings is to be avoided, if only for the reason that the strings are in tune and the pianoforte is not. If there is a quarrel it is as well, publicly, to conceal it and not to accentuate it.

Combinations of stringed instruments alone, and of wind and strings, are also to be found in the great masters. The principles are the same as in the case of strings alone. In the case of wind

instruments, they have to be treated as soloists as well as in combination; thus far they differ from their *rôle* in the orchestra. They require often more characteristic individualisation. Many admirable instances are to be found in Mozart, notably in the Serenades, and the quintet for wind and piano; in Beethoven, in a similar quintet, a trio for oboes and a *cor anglais*, and a sonata for piano and horn; in Brahms, a quintet for clarinet and strings, trios for piano, violin, and horn, and for piano, clarinet, and violoncello, and clarinet sonatas, all of which are remarkable not only for the beauty of their music, but also for the characteristic treatment of the instruments employed. In respect of wind, and wind and strings combinations, the French have made a considerable contribution to musical literature in the works of St. Saëns, Chausson, Debussy, Ravel, and others. In this department of music, there must always be clarity of style and perfection of detail, if the results are to justify the means.

(*e*) *Instrumentation.*—The science of writing for instruments for all sorts in combination. This necessitates a study of every machine used and of the best ways of employing them. It requires a treatise to itself, and it has had many. Berlioz has been picturesque and romantic rather than practical, though his suggestions are often pregnant, but his inner knowledge of the instruments is often very slight. Gevaert has been more practical but less imaginative. Forsyth is both, and his "Orchestration" is so far by a long way the best which has been written on the subject. It explains the working of the machines, as well

as the effect they produce; for that consummation the world of composers has for long waited in vain. The present generation has brought orchestration to its perfection. As the late Hans Richter said: "It is no longer a virtue to score well; it is only a vice to score badly." It may, however, be questioned whether the mastery of combinations has not a little lost sight of simplicity and economy in the richness of decoration which it induces. We can see Bach viewing the orchestra in blocks of sound, Haydn struggling to get combinations of sound, Mozart succeeding in getting the very best results of all by the simplest possible means, Beethoven following Mozart's methods with added instruments, but not with an effect really bigger in proportion to those means; Schumann always mistrusting every solo instrument and doubling it until his writing is blurred and his orchestra thick and indistinct, out of all proportion with the beauty of his conceptions, but still often (as in the introduction to the Witch's Kitchen in "Genoveva") new and brilliant. Brahms beginning through the thick influence of Schumann, but working through it by the help of Mozart and Beethoven to an expression of his own, at once massive and convincing. Two masters of the same period, of vitally differing nations, each developing his own style, but both affecting the whole style of orchestra writing in a way which must affect all future generations, Wagner and the later Verdi. The former invoking masses, the latter producing his effect by lesser means. The former careless of the voice, the latter relying upon and helping it. The former as capable

of economy (see the " Siegfried Idyll ") as the latter, but in his most strenuous moments lacking his sonority and brilliancy. The former necessarily the more compelling (inasmuch as his full scores were earlier obtainable), the latter the more practical and the more perfect in relegating the orchestra to its proper place at the proper time. It is difficult to imagine the later developments of instrumentation better exemplified than in the comparison of the scores of Wagner, Berlioz, and Verdi. The Frenchman is in many ways the most imaginative in combination, the other two the most attractive in the results they achieve. All modern orchestration is founded upon their method, most of it on those of Wagner ; but though R. Strauss and others have gone as far as any, they have not intrinsically (save in practical difficulty) exceeded them. The tendency is to rely upon masses and to extinguish individuality. The " conversations " between the wind instruments, as in Schubert, have almost ceased to exist. There is an orgy of conglomerate sound, in itself often beautiful, but apt to pall as the continuous playing of an organist upon his full swell. Economy, of which Mozart was the greatest example, is relegated to the winds. It often does not matter what is played (in one case the wind played " Malbrook " in the middle of Strauss' " Heldenleben " without being discovered), or what is playable. One instrument is trusted to make up for the shortcomings of another, as in the " Walkueren Ritt," where a superlative violinist would fail in reproducing the passages as written. Horns are used as the " crutches " to support the harmony,

and not for their own human sakes as in the Eroica Symphony. The *batteries de cuisine* are employed as necessities and not as adjuncts. The trombones, " those most sacred of instruments " as Mendelssohn rightly termed them, are used whether their tone-colour is wanted or not, even as acrobats, to add to the general din. Whether this all tends to advance or not, is indeed questionable. The suppression of individuality may not in the end be the best thing for humanity or for Art.

There is, however, in the study of instrumentation, one factor which no composer can afford to ignore. He cannot in this study, any more than in any other, begin where others left off. As he cannot write quartets by starting on the lines of Beethoven's C sharp Minor quartet, so he cannot begin writing for the orchestra on the lines of Strauss. He can arrive at it (it is not difficult when he does) ; but he must begin as all have begun by being able to write for his small and limited orchestra of the Mozart type, before he ventures upon a thickly-populated one. A human being must learn to command a squad before he tackles millions of men in a campaign. Hans Richter also once said, in contemplating a new score, " the greater the number of staves, the fewer the number of ideas." This criticism is valuable inasmuch as it shows how much instrumentation is the servant of Invention. More than any other technical art, it will conceal (temporarily) the absence of Invention, but " murder will out," and in the end the most seductive of colouring will not conceal inferiority of drawing or absence of creative power. It is a servant, as all technique

is, and not a master. A monochrome photograph will show the lines of a painting, and a pianoforte arrangement those of a composition. It is the notes which will matter in the end, and not the colour-quality of the notes. The spirit giveth life, the letter killeth.

(*f*) *The Combination of Instruments and Voices.* —The system of instrumentation remains much the same as before, but it has in many ways to be modified for purposes of combination. The use of voices usually implies the use of words as well, for voices are seldom used as a sound-medium, without words to back them. It is of the highest importance that these words should be audible and should tell their story ; therefore, in a measure the sonority of the orchestra must be reduced to permit of their clear enunciation. In music for soloists this is a sheer necessity, which is now too often neglected. In choral music it is none the less important, except at moments of climax when the meaning is clear. Mozart is the best guide to the instrumentation with the voice; Verdi is not far behind him. The sestet " Sola, sola " in " Don Juan " is an admirable model for the style. The " Stabat Mater " of Verdi is a striking instance of volcanic sound and energy in the orchestra, without any interference with the choral body. In solo work (such as Iago in " Othello ") where orchestral force is a necessity for characterisation, it is remarkable to note how it alternates with, rather than accompanies, the vocal portion, and so the effect of strident sound is obtained without any undue forcing of the vocal organs. Similar instances are common in the Italian master ;

he seems to have a *flair* for it, like Mozart before him. Wagner had to sink his orchestra below the floor to keep their energies in control. Verdi need not. A curious instance of miscalculation is the great Pizarro aria in " Fidelio," where the orchestra is marked *forte* and must drown the singer, even if he be of phenomenal force ; and where this drawback can only be rectified by the substitution of *sfp* for *f* on the important chords. This miscalculation can be readily traced to the deafness of the composer.

The whole question of instrumentation for the stage is on a different footing from that for the concert-room. The theatre swallows more sound. There is in its nature less resonance in the auditorium than in the concert-room. Height, a strong helper of sonority, is mostly to be found on the stage rather than in the house, and what height there is in the auditorium is to a great extent discounted by the presence of an audience close to the roof, which in itself dulls resonance. The orchestra is in front of the singers instead of, as in the concert-room, behind them. Singers have to perform through sound, instead of being backed by sound. At the same time, the lack of sonority necessitates more accentuation both of details and of massed quality than the concert-room does. Care will be necessary to make it easier for soloists and chorus alike to hear the pitch of the notes they have to sing. It should be remembered that a singer, while singing, does not hear his accompaniments or surroundings as the audience does ; and therefore his entries must be made as simple as it is possible to make them with certainty, and to call for the

least apparent effort. It is supremely useful for a stage-singer to be gifted with natural absolute pitch, but composers have no right to predicate this rare endowment. It is possible, as Wagner says, to write for the stage with a freer harmonic and melodic hand than it is possible to do in the concert-room. Much depends upon the acting, and the action must, in stage matters, rule the roast. Any application of stage principles to concert uses is dangerous in the extreme. While the dramatic element is all-powerful everywhere, it must always be remembered that in the concert-room there is no action possible, and dramatic effects must appeal by their own inevitability and not by extraneous help. It was on this ground that Wagner was so severe upon the methods of Berlioz, whose "Romeo and Juliet" (in the love scene) he spoke of as neither "fish, flesh, nor fowl," and as trying to produce theatrical effects which in the concert-room were not realisable. Why he was so critical of this master, and so tolerant of Liszt (who did not scruple to try the effect of a sword duel in his "Tasso," and many similar effects elsewhere) will always be a mystery, only to be solved by personal and pecuniary considerations.

Having dealt with Invention and Technique as the most important ingredients of composition, the one essential as an impelling power, the other essential as a controlling and directing force, we must consider two other factors which are of the highest value; the one *primary* and in close connection with Invention, the other *secondary* but necessary to what I shall term the decorative side of music—Design and Colour.

(1) Design

All art work has a shape, as every human being has. It has also an inherent desire for symmetry, as the human being has. Polyphemus, with one eye in the centre of his forehead instead of one on each side of his nose, will always be a monstrosity. It is a law of nature that no art can be formless without being also monstrous. What is true of nature will always be true of its idealisation, Art. Moreover, in nature we have illimitable modifications. No two faces are exactly alike, although their general aspect is the same. No two landscapes in nature are exactly similar, though the combination of mountain, valley, torrent, and stream is in its different ways alike. When a painter creates a picture, he puts it in a frame, round or square. A frame, square on one side and round on the other, would seem as monstrous to him as to the onlooker. So it is with a painting, which is conceived inside a frame. It is not the whole of a landscape which is portrayed, but a portion of it which will give a sense of balance to the eye. In a figure-picture there will be a centre of interest to which the rest is subordinate ; if he made all figures of equal value, he would cease to interest because he would subdivide it, until the eye could fix upon no particular point. This is Design : the central point relies upon Invention, the subordination of all else in its proper proportion is Design. In painting and in other plastic arts, design will be self-evident. In music, it will be more elusive and elastic, but none the less (rather all the more) necessary. In other arts lack of

design will mean diffuseness, in music it will mean meandering. In both it will be monotonous and innately uninteresting. Design in music in Palestrina's time was defined by words and by liturgical exigencies. Similarly folk-songs gained their shape by the suggestion of the poetry to which they were sung. Later masters began by following the example of the dance, which compelled proportion ; and went on to enlarge upon it and eventually to create a shape of their own, known as sonata-form, which has been, since the date of Haydn, a fixture for all.

It is not necessary to go into the various modifications of this form, or its attendants, rondo-form and aria-form. It is enough to say that they have been accepted in all recent ages as the primary feature of design, and it would be necessary to find another incentive, like the dance, and another past-master with the tradition and initiative of Haydn to discover and to perfect a better. Upon these principles have been built all the great compositions of the past and present : the modifications of them are illimitable, but the ground-basis is the same. Even in opera, where form is often concealed by the exigencies of action, there has to be design in the action, and the music has to conform to that design, often assuming, in very extended shape, the same principle which governed absolute music ; the form has to be computed on a far larger scale, but the whole—to use a colloquialism—hangs together partly by the design of the action, partly by the balance and proportion of the music. If a comparison with the human body is allowable, Form, or Design, is the skeleton, the notes are the flesh and blood covering

the skeleton, and colour, the clothes which cover the body. The first two exist without further assistance, the third as a decorative adjunct. There have been numerous treatises on Form, and it is best to refer readers to them. Our business is but to accentuate its vital importance in the art, an importance not to be neglected because the art is intangible, but rather to be emphasised because of that intangibility. Elastic it can, and should be; abolished it cannot be. The shape determined upon will always be the province of Invention.

(2) Colour

We have put this attribute of music last, because in its essence it is of the least importance. But if its inherent importance is small, its fascinations are great. No painter can be great without being a masterly draughtsman. A fine colourist does not predicate a fine artist, but colour is none the less a gift very necessary in itself, if perfected to the point of suiting and improving upon good drawing. Many a painter has lived by his powers of design and drawing when his colours have faded, and the decorative side of his painting is minimised thereby. None which rely upon colour alone have survived the test of time. For fashions vary, and colours are, after all, a fashion. What one generation may love, another may loathe; and all that survives a passing criticism is nature itself. But the mastery of colour is a distinct necessity, and as such, it should be defined in its powers and possibilities. Certain instruments have a small, some a considerable endowment, a

combination of all have a maximum of colour. The least coloured instrument is the pianoforte, which can only rely upon *pianos* and *fortes* and the soft pedal. The most varied probably are the strings and the clarinet; most of all individual instruments, the human voice, which is capable by its inflections and mediums of production of a great range of colour. The term, however, is usually applied in its maximum sense to the full orchestra, with its rich combination of all sorts and kinds of instruments, string, brass, wood, and percussion. The art of colour in painting is, after its first technique is grasped, practically spontaneous. No painter thinks how he is mixing his tints, or of how he is producing his effects. So it is with tone-colour. The technique of instrumentation once thoroughly learned, colour will come of itself; and when this stage is reached (and not before) Invention will have its share in the accomplishment. The mastery of colour is in all painting a necessity. Characterisation of personalities will often depend upon it, more especially in modern times. That the "sound" of the "Meistersinger," is distinct from that of "The Flying Dutchman," is due far more to colour than to any other factor. Just as the atmosphere of Nuremburg is suggested by the one, and that of the sea and a ship by the other. The principles of music and design are alike—as far as tragedy and comedy permit; the characterisation and flavour are different, owing to the colour which permeates them.

It is, perhaps, best to sum up the conclusions of this article, always having in view that *ars longa*, and that permutations and commutations

are as illimitable as the creative natures which control them are variable. The chief factors will always be, not "right and wrong," but "beauty and ugliness." Individual conceptions of what is beautiful and what is ugly may vary. An average computation and time itself will decide; and it must not be forgotten that all ugly things can, by frequent repetition, lose to the less analytical mind, the ugliness which is in them: that the first necessity is Invention, the power of creation and of recording that creation; the next, mastery of technique, design, and colour. In all matters the sense of economy is the most valuable. How to do enough, but not too much; how to concentrate, but not to the point of obscurity; how to write without monotony and with a maximum of variety. To every one who knows what the symbols of music upon paper represent, the actual writing of music is as easy as to write words. Without the gift of Invention, writing down notes is a futile occupation; with that gift it becomes at once valuable, but not appreciably more difficult. To order and to balance the results of that gift, in other words, to bring technique and routine to bear upon it, is consummately difficult. Hence, the supreme importance of the mastery of technique and all its resources, and the especial need of economy and judgment in the application of it.

VI

A SKETCH OF THE SYMPHONY

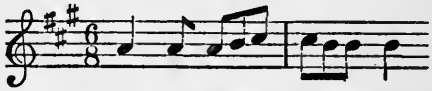
THE Symphony, as a medium for the exhibition of ideas in a special form for orchestras, may be said to have had its beginnings in Philip Emmanuel Bach, the third son of John Sebastian Bach. He wrote several on the lines which were developed in plan and in treatment by Joseph Haydn. They are small in shape, but contain the kernel of the great advance in sonata-form which Haydn was the first to perfect, mostly in his early quartets and afterwards in orchestral and instrumental form. He was largely assisted by the increase in the number of players which he had at his disposal. The difference of instrumental plan was largely due to the transition of the system in *blocks* (which was always adopted before this time by Sebastian Bach and others), to the system of using the various instruments for the individual, and even solo, treatment, which began at that time and grew to the dimensions to which it has in the present day attained, and to the illimitable combinations and effects of which it is capable. The first and most important Symphonic writer may be said to have been Joseph Haydn. So great did his fame become, that it spread to England, where, by the intervention, first of W. Cramer, the violinist,

and afterwards by the more powerful aid of Salomon, he arrived in 1791, and found an orchestra of some forty players to produce his works. He had already written some eighty symphonies. This was the former of two visits to the English capital, at both of which he gained an affection, a name, and a fame which eclipsed his Austrian reminiscences, and to which he always alluded in words of the deepest appreciation. His symphonic works, in all, were no less than one hundred and twenty-five in number. He began before Mozart, and overlapped him ; but Mozart, though much shorter in life, was not behind him in the matter of his symphonic works, and went further than these in the development of them. His early symphonies were on the Haydn model, but in the Prague Symphony, and in the last three great works (the C Major, called the "Jupiter," the E Flat ancestor of the Eroica Symphony, and the G Minor Symphonies) he undoubtedly went far to eclipse his great contemporary, at all events in the poetry which permeates every phrase of the G Minor work. His symphonies were forty-one in number.

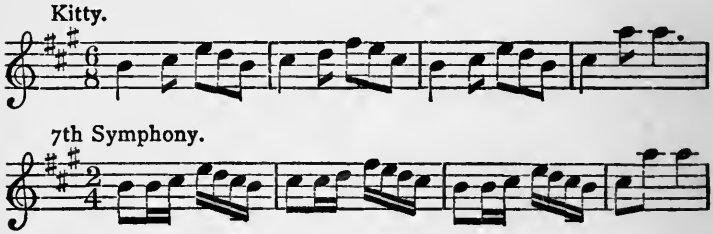
When we come to the next great name we find works far fewer in number, but far larger in conception. Beethoven was wise, and quick to appreciate what his predecessors had done, but he saw far greater possibilities in the symphonic form than they did. His symphonies were nine in number (the "Nine Muses" they have been happily termed), and the very first of them was as advanced, and in its way as impressive and new, as those of others who preceded it. Nos. 1 and 2 were mainly Mozartean and

Haydnesque in shape and in style (he conformed rather more to Haydn than to Mozart), but in No. 3 he became a prophet. The "Eroica" was openly written as a tribute to the genius of Napoleon —a name which he tore off the title-page when the Frenchman assumed the Imperial purple—and most of it afterwards became rather a memory than a commemoration of a "Great Man." The Symphony is as great as the man it illustrated, and greater than that man's principles. It is difficult not to look upon the slow movement, with its enigmatic title, as other than a lament over fallen greatness, in Beethoven's estimation. He was always an ardent Republican. In the Finale of this work, he first introduced the variation form into the Symphony, which was afterwards used and developed in the Ninth Symphony. The fourth (called by a great musician the "Cinderella" of the Symphonies) was delightful in itself but evidently a "réculer pour mieux sauter," and the great C Minor, No. 5, squeezed it, a little unfairly, out of the position which by its great inherent value it deserves. In the C Minor, No. 5, Beethoven brought rhythm into a powerful position which it had not previously occupied. He also interwove the Scherzo and the Finale, a tendency to unity which had not previously been tried. He had already practically invented the Scherzo (as a development of the Minuet and Trio, a form which he did not disdain to use in No. 8). In this Symphony he used more instruments, *e.g.* trombones, a piccolo, and a double bassoon. He had previously added a third horn in No. 3. In No. 6 he betook himself to the countryside, and illustrated

it in countless pictorial and humorous ways. He took care, however, to emphasise in print the fact that it was only "an Expression of the Impressions," and not an essay in programme-music, or, as he termed it, "tone-painting." Pastoral it is called, but it carries its character on its face, and does not need such a title. Beethoven once said, in memorable words, that he always worked to a picture, but never said what that picture was. No. 7 was a reversion to the big rhythmical style of No. 5. It was written about the same time as his arrangements of Scotch and Irish melodies for Thomson of Edinburgh. It carries upon the face of it the impression made upon him by Irish music. Some of the themes are essentially Irish, *e.g.* the close of the first subject

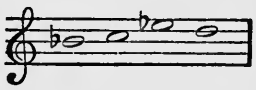


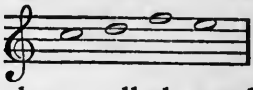
with its characteristic threefold repetition of notes at the close; and the last movement is identical in notes with the incidental passage in "Kitty of Coleraine."



Moreover, the first movement is in jig-time, and the Finale in reel-time, which accentuates the relationship. In No. 8 he seems to have determined to show that the old symphonic form was

still very much alive, and not in the least killed by his more modern innovations. It is short in shape (except perhaps the Finale), and full of wit and humour. The Ninth Symphony, the culminating point of his life-work, was on the largest scale of all (though always on the same lines), and included in the last movement the assistance of the human voice. He had intended to write a tenth symphony without the addition of the voice, but life ceased, and the sketch, of which he wrote as " Complete upon his desk," has never seen the light.

After Beethoven there was a short gap. Mendelssohn had written, as exercises only, twelve of them, before he produced his printed number one. The symphonies by which he is best remembered are the Scotch and the Italian : both picturesque as he always was (Wagner called him a perfect landscape-painter), both somewhat more showy and effective in performance, than deep and impressive in thought. The " Hymn of Praise " is more a sacred cantata with a symphonic introduction than a Symphony. His Reformation Symphony was a posthumous publication, to which he probably, with his very critical mind, would not have agreed. His great contemporary, Robert Schumann, was less striking as a symphonist in his own day than he afterwards, in the lapse of years, became. He wrote four, all of them large, deep, and, in many respects, new. Their order of key was that of the theme of Mozart's Fugue in the C Major Symphony  an order, curiously enough (if we raise it by a tone and

put it in its original form), to be found in the four symphonies of Brahms  . Of these the first, in B flat, has been called, not by the composer, the Spring Symphony; the second is perhaps the biggest in conception; the third in E flat he termed "The Rhenish." This work was first heard at a *Gewandhaus* concert, in Leipzig, and was warmly and interestingly reviewed by the late William Mason, who was at Leipzig at the time of its production. It contains an extra slow movement, inspired by a ceremony in Cologne Cathedral. The fourth, in D Minor, was written in its first shape before the other three, but is numbered fourth in its final form. It is in one movement, but broken up by the usual four subdivisions, with one main theme. On the final draft of this Symphony (which was in the possession of Joachim) was written the following dedication: "When you were small, this Symphony also was small; but now it has grown and so have you, so I dedicate it to you, dear Joachim." The first draft contained a part for the guitar. None of these symphonies were well-instrumented, and they suffered thereby in colour. Schumann had an innate fear of trusting any members of his orchestra to play unsupported, and he doubled their parts, until he shrouded them in fog and in thickness of expression. But the life given by melody was there all the time, and is patent to all who have ears to hear.

After Schumann came another gap, partially filled by second-rate men, and second-rate works which have been forgotten. The next great move came from Brahms, who, after feeling his way

with Serenades of symphonic mould, wrote four. The first, in C, was the result of years of thought, as the autograph shows ; the second, in D, followed it quickly, but a close friend of Brahms told me that the composer had had it in his desk for ten years before its production. The third was in F major, and the fourth in E minor. This last has a series of variations in Chaconne shape, which form an interesting parallel to Beethoven's experiments in the same direction, but are different in style. It is interesting to note that von Bülow called the first Symphony in C "the Tenth Symphony." This Symphony Theodore Thomas produced in America, and finding at its first performance that the reception was cool, told the audience that they did not understand it, and that he would repeat it at the subsequent concert. This he did, with the result which he expected. A praiseworthy courage and an excellent example.

Brahms' symphonies roused the feelings of the Wagner party to such an extent, that they set out to find a symphonist of their own. They thought that they had discovered one in Brückner, but they were doomed, in the light of subsequent experience, to disappointment. Mahler wrote many, which have evoked very opposite opinions ; Raff several, with some picturesque points, but no one succeeded in satisfying the tastes of all, until the appearance, long delayed, of the Russian School. It came like a flash, and was as unexpected as it was dazzling. It dazzled a little too much, as in the hands of Tschaikovski, whose symphonic works, striking as they were, did not stand the amount of repetition which they received. The greatest symphonists

Russia produced were brought into public view by the publications of Belaieff. The most striking were Glazounow (notably his No. 6). Borodin, and Rachmaninoff, whose melodic power was compelling, and whose workmanship was immaculate. Strauss' powers in the direction of absolute music are too much tinged in the direction of the stage and the programme to come strictly within the category of the Symphony.

In France, symphonies took a dramatic form in the hands of Berlioz, who relied mainly upon story for the basis of his illustrations, and who cannot therefore be treated as a purely absolute musician ; it found its pure form in the hands of César Franck, whose one Symphony is a highly valuable contribution to the series of great masters. Camille St. Saëns has also added Symphonies to his large output of musical works. Of the English School we shall, naturally, not speak, but it is far from being destitute of symphonic works on the largest lines. We shall leave it and the rest of the world of music to show by works the faith and ability which is in them, a faith which is unfailing, and an ability which is undoubted.

VII

ON SOME RECENT TENDENCIES IN COMPOSITION

(*A paper read before the Musical Association*, 1920)

In a most interesting reprint of Brahms' Commonplace Book, where will be found many of the most striking passages of all sorts and kinds of literature from the Bible to Macaulay and many modern authors of all nationalities, there occurs at the end a quotation from Diderot which very aptly comments on certain tendencies of the present day, "Quand on désespère de faire une chose belle, naturelle et simple, on en tente une bizarre."

I often advise young composers to put this quotation on their looking-glasses, and it is the best text I could choose for anything which I have to say. We are not living in the age of beauty, of nature, or of simplicity, but in the days of extravagance. We had better face this fact and though it is bound to pass as it came (it is not improbably accentuated by war weariness), we had better consider what those facts are and where they rebel against beauty, nature, and simplicity.

Let me begin by saying that I am, and always have been, essentially a Progressist, and welcome every innovation, however unfamiliar, provided that

it makes for the enhancement of beauty, as I consider it. I am not in the modern, perverted, sense of the word, now usually used as a term of opprobrium, " academic," but I hope that I am " academic " in the true sense, which cannot be too much insisted upon, of one who knows his business. Some of these facts jump to the eyes.

1. We see an inordinate love of writing fifths consecutively; this is not progress but retrogression; it is going back to the old Diaphony, when men discovered that two parts were more interesting than one, and that a fifth was in tune and therefore easier to sing. Regardless of their effect in sequence, they were tried for their own sakes, but only to be tabooed as ugly by later writers, and especially by Palestrina and those of his time. Ugly because the insistence upon root basses was invariable, and accentuated by the fifth above; and their consecutive use involved a clashing of keys which had no possible connection with each other and were destructive of tonality. An interesting discussion of the case is to be found in Helmholtz' great work on sound. I am convinced that there is an acoustical reason at the back of the " prohibition " (so-called) of consecutive fifths, and it ought to be investigated and made clear to all. The masters having decided that they were inherently and naturally ugly, the avoidance of consecutive fifths grew into a so-called " rule."

At the present day when all rules are *anathema*, whether founded on nature and common-sense or not, the use of consecutive fifths, if even only as a protest against " rule," became more and more common. One recent writer has said, and with

truth, that they represent in the twentieth century what the Alberti bass did in the eighteenth. But they are rather more than this, for the Alberti bass did not offend against the law as laid down, and the indiscriminate use of the consecutive fifths did. Not that I or any sensible man dislike fifths, and there are such. Klengel, brother of the author of "The Canons," once told me that Moritz Hauptmann (that most strict of countrapuntists) once woke him up at six o'clock in the morning to tell him that he had written a really beautiful pair of fifths. But of all things in Music, fifths are the most difficult to handle without discretion and without intimate knowledge; and I fear that many, too many, write them indiscriminately, mainly for the reason that they were "told not": one more of the educational blunders of our ancestors in enforcing home-truths without giving any adequate or approximate reason for them; one more argument for allowing personal initiative to have its scope and to be its own critic, with wisely applied discretion to help it, rather than to shackle it with cast-iron and unexplained "rule."

Fifths were prohibited because they were ugly, and they are as ugly now as they ever have been, and as they ever will be, world without end; because their ugliness most probably depends upon natural laws and not upon individual taste. In physical matters I am an ignoramus, and it would be highly instructive to us all, if the Society were to discover an acoustical reason for the old barring of consecutive fifths. I am sure that there must be one, but not so sure that it has been definitely formulated. Taste is very difficult to

analyse, and purity of taste most difficult to ensure. If we play an ugly passage frequently enough we can often twist our ears into liking it. This is equally true of the human palate. A friend of mine, sitting next a well-known musician at breakfast at an hotel in the North, heard him send away an egg because it was too fresh, and he preferred one with more flavour. I have known cases of children, who liked the taste of cod liver oil. But in both these instances the truly pure palate rejects such a distortion as to prefer a bad oyster or a bad strawberry; and the average palate agrees that the distortion savours of abnormality—of disease if you like, for disease it is. The return of Diaphony is the return of a relic of barbarism; or rather an attempt to advance music upon lines which later genius found to be as impossible for beauty, as it is disagreeable acoustically. If it prevails, goodbye to beauty.

2. The second tendency is to worship and to enlarge upon the idea of the whole-tone scale. I wonder how many of those who write the whole-tone scale know what it really means. It is only applicable to the piano, the organ, and the harp. For the stringed instruments it is a physical impossibility. If it were not that it relied upon every note in the scale except the octave being out of tune, it would not exist at all. Every one here knows that for the diatonic scale to find its true octave in the ratio of two to one (and that is fixed by Nature as is proved by half the string giving the harmonic first octave), it must consist of three greater tones and two lesser tones and two diatonic semi-tones. It is physically impossible for a scale of whole tones

to reach a half ($\frac{1}{2}$) at the octave ; a scale of whole greater tones would arrive at an octave which is too sharp ; a scale of lesser tones would arrive at an octave which is too flat ; and any combination of the greater and the lesser tones will be found equally impossible at the octave. The only way to reach the octave by whole tones is to make each and every one of the intervening intervals out of tune as the pianoforte is. Anybody who has been trained to learn the scale at the tempered piano will find that he is incapable, on the basis of that instrument, of judging whether a violinist or singer has pure intonation or not. He will have accustomed himself to hear every interval save the octave out of tune. Chords and progressions which sound all right upon strings will sound horrible on the pianoforte to the acute and sensitive ear, and *vice versâ*. Strings will have to adopt all the false intonation of the pianoforte to play the whole-tone scale at all, or else, as I know from experience, a note will have to be altered to admit of the scale being played. I tried the whole-tone scale in the " Ode to Discord," and found that in one which proceeded from G to G and A, the C♯ had to be tied to D♭ in its progress, and the double basses actually could be seen to change the note at the tie.

To rely then upon the whole-tone scale is to emphasise all the worse features of the compromise which is known as equal temperament. It may be said that much of the difficulty which is experienced in preventing choral singing from flattening is due to the ascendancy of pianoforte tuning. The leading note is always trying to be too flat because the greater tone in the last tonal interval is not

observed. But let me insist upon the fact that all the great masters from Palestrina to Brahms and Wagner were trained upon the true scale. From Bach onwards they accepted the equal temperament for such instruments as were essential for its existence; but they wrote for the true scale and not for the compromise. It may not be generally known that Wagner first wrote the ascending Thirds in the introduction to the third act of "Tristan" in whole tones, which he scratched out subsequently. The tendency then of the whole-tone scale is to make for impurity of intonation; and therefore I hold that it is not progress but retrogression. If it prevails, good-bye to Nature!

3. The tendency to over-crowding Modulation. I suggest that the physical ear is by nature incapable of assimilating too rapid and too closely textured modulation. When a composer sits down to write music, he does not sufficiently weigh the importance of keeping the centre of his picture, or what we call the "climax," in view, and he writes quantities of notes without considering the effect that they will have in performance. If modulations, which look on paper to him to be perfectly feasible and workable, are too rapid, it is impossible for the ear to differentiate them and to give to each of them its proper value. The result upon the listener will be fog. A glance even at the very latest of Beethoven's works, such as the posthumous Quartets, will show how supremely careful he was upon this point. Even the opening of the early E♭ Sonata Op. 31, which when it was written began with a very modern progression, is spread out over

six bars: our latter-day writers would compress them into one or two. He gave time; they do not. The ear wants time now just as much as it did then. Music may have become more complicated; but the human ear is now as it ever has been. If it evolves, it evolves very slowly. For extra complication, it wants extra time. It is as incapable of rapid assimilation as ever it was, and what is the use of music which taxes its powers beyond its natural ability? Others may love a conglomerate of sound; but it cannot analyse it in the time which is given for its assimilation. The palate may be temporarily tickled, but the body will not gain sustenance. True, some ears are more experienced and quicker than others. I know that I can hear the real meaning of many progressions which a less tutored listener cannot. But it is no use to write music solely for the highly cultivated ear. It is not by such procedure that the great Masters made their appeal and ensured immortality.

There is also a dislike to the use of the common chord. All sorts of devices are invoked to avoid it. The most usual is to insert an extraneous note, most commonly the sixth, to conceal what it is unnecessary to hide, the key chord. This is no new progressiveness. It is retrogression. Half a century ago, the seventh was similarly employed, and old-time organists used to add the major seventh to the common chord to get, as they said, a fine rolling effect. This heresy was abolished mainly by the efforts of Sir Robert Stewart, of Dublin, who, as I remember, once asked what Beethoven would have thought if the seventh was inserted in every common chord of the Finale of the Fifth Symphony,

and if that seventh was played by the trombones. The sixth is put in by a similar heresy, and is only one degree less obnoxious. The richness given by overtones is enough, without an undue insistence upon them, whereby purity of tonality becomes impossible. The opening of the Rheingold depends upon pages and pages of the common chord. Imagine the intrusion of the sixth, and how it would have muddied the waters of the Rhine!

4. Another modern tendency is to neglect Diatonics and to rely upon Chromatics. Chromatics, as their name implies, were the colour upon primary and simpler sounds; as such they were the only alternatives to diatonics. But if chromatics are made the basis where are we to turn for, shall I say, superchromatics? East is East and West is West; and we are, as yet at all events, incapable of grasping a third or a quarter tone as the Persians and Indians are supposed to; nor do I suppose that we can arrive at that pitch without countless centuries of evolution, if we ever do arrive at it. When Wagner wants to accentuate his great moments he returns (chromatic though he is by nature) to diatonics; as witness the coming of the ship in "Tristan" the Valhalla motif in "The Ring," the chief theme in "Lohengrin," and the end of "Parsifal." The influence of Spohr has had a great deal to do with the worship of chromatics, and, for music which relies upon colour rather than upon drawing, it may have its fascinations; but as all pictures which have done so have failed to hold the field, so chromatic music will. They attract, but only temporarily. They excite, but often unwholesomely. They are useful as servants, but dangerous

as masters. Even Post-Impressionists and Cubists have found it necessary to enclose their pictures in a square or a round frame to accentuate form ; and not even they, perhaps unfortunately, have taken to exhibiting their palettes as their pictures. If chromatics prevail, good-bye to simplicity.

What then is the test, the best and truest test, of musical composition ? It has always appeared to me to be that the one and only touchstone of greatness is the unconscious and inexplicable feeling which the French call *frisson*, and the less poetical Britisher " water down the spine." Your worst enemy may produce it in spite of all your personal prejudice : your greatest friend may fail to touch the nerve that sets it going.

Music springs of two essential elements—Rhythm and Melody. Without rhythm melody is usually vapid. Without melody rhythm is but barbaric. The best is of both. Melody is harder to write than a complicated score, for it is both natural and simple ; it is written, as all things should be, straight along ; and a complicated score is not. Melody is essential to all work if it is to be of value. I was once rebuked for not getting the " melodic line " into one of my pupils, and my reply was that only God and himself could put it there. I fear that melody is nowadays *anathema*. Why ? Not because it has been there and is rejected, but because it has never been there at all. No one, who has ever written a good melody, rejects it. He may improve upon it, but he will not turn his back upon it.

Many can concoct a well-sounding score ; but very few can write a melody. History has shown

that without it as a basis, no music, however attractively coloured, can last. Too many are trusting to fine clothes to conceal a poor body, instead of trusting to a good figure to carry off poor clothes, and to deserve good ones. To this paucity of invention is largely due the prevalent seeking after programme music. The story is often relied upon to supply the lack of form and of theme. Writers forget that such compositions must rely on themselves and not on their analyses or their titles. Neither may be available some day, and then what will the music mean? So it is with music which relies upon instrumentation and colour for its acceptance. I remember sitting next a great admirer of Strauss when an amazing transcription for the pianoforte of Till Engenspiegel was played by a masterly pianist. He turned round to me at the end and said: "I did not think it was possible for this to sound so horrible"—*schaüslich* was his word. The explanation was clear. The picture was fascinating, but it did not stand photography. The true stuff does, and the well-drawn picture does. No really great music has ever relied upon its story to produce its effect upon the ears of the absolute musician. Anybody who knows the overtures of Weber or Wagner, knows that. The very last man to build upon such a flimsy foundation was Wagner. He has made it clear in his conversations and writings that absolute music had to be pure to be self-reliant. Berlioz did not so rely upon absolute music and he is suffering from it already, despite his clever and deft juggling with sound. He represents more than any other composer of recent times the influence of the "bizarre," the

ascendancy of colour over drawing, the concealment of lack of invention by a torrent of unexpected and often extravagant sounds, seldom relieved by beauty.

One of the most curious and inexplicable signs of our times has been the hero-worship of the disciples of so-called modernity for Mozart; of all the composers of the past they have chosen the very one who represents the complete antithesis of all their theories. He is always clear, always simple in all his work. He writes plenty of notes but never a note too much, or in the wrong place. He is a master of all technique, but a greater master of concealing it. He is before all things the great economist, reaching all his effects by the slightest possible means. This admiration for him cannot but be on the lines of an absolute opposition to his principles. *Lucus a non lucendo*. His quickest movements are so perfect in detail, that they could be played at any speed without showing a flaw. Nowadays a clumsy progression is excused on the ground of the rapidity with which it passes. He fitted his mosaics to the hundredth part of an inch. Now they are hammered together whether they fit or not, and are even chipped to make them combine. If work is done as it is now, in Heaven's name let it be done without invoking the patronage of the cleanest composer the world ever saw. We live in the days of Monteverde, not of those of Palestrina. Experiment is worshipped. It is not without its uses, nor was the music of Monteverde. But Palestrina lives; Monteverde is no more. The chief use of the modern development of orchestration has been to advance the technique of orchestral

players, who now face difficulties, even impossibilities, with a courage which was lacking half a century ago. And they have profited thereby. What we want to see is if under this gorgeous panoply of colour, there lies the real invention of beautiful music without which all is vanity. I for one am always searching for it. I keep hoping that many mines will turn out to be goldfields, even if their first output is not promising and the assays not at first encouraging. I have even mistaken, I confess it, some propositions for gold-mines which have turned out in process of time to be unworthy of the promise. It is better to make mistakes in the optimistic direction than to guard against them by an over-cautious pessimism. But of one thing after an experience of many years I am quite sure. The most naturally gifted composer will never progress unless he knows his technique so completely that he has reached the point of forgetting it. So it is with painters—to name only perspective which they must know and forget. So it is with sculptors and anatomy, or the portrayal of the living form will be condemned by the first young student from "Bart's." So it is with architects and the laws of strain and stress, or human life will be sacrificed. Music will not endanger life, but it can fatally corrupt that most delicate part of our organisation, the ear. It was once truly said: "We cannot write any more with such beauty as Mozart, but let us try to write with such cleanliness," unmoved by the allurements of Vanity Fair and Society on the one hand, or of brutality and barbarism on the other. We cannot all be Palestrinas and Bachs, but there is no cream

without plenty of milk, and the milk must, more often than not, be content to produce the cream without complaining of its lot. We cannot do better than write as we sincerely feel, which means that we are trying to attain beauty, nature, and simplicity, and not for effect, which will lead into unhealthy extravagance. If we cannot attain to the former, we can at least eschew the " bizarre."

VIII

MUSIC AND THE WAR

(1916)

THE unmistakable influence which national convulsions and international wars have had at all times in awakening the highest forces of musical art is one of the most interesting problems of the historian and the psychologist. The evidence is convincing and cumulative. At no time has a great country failed to produce great composers when its resources have been put to the supreme test of war, provided (and the exception is one of the highest importance from the point of view of human nature) that the ideals of the nation are high, that its principles of action are just, and that it possesses a sound incentive to call forth a genuinely patriotic effort. Hence it is as common to find a great artistic movement rising at moments of gravest peril, and even of disaster, as at a period of triumphant success. The individual expressions of the greatest composers, when called upon to celebrate the concrete successes of their countries, have generally been on a level of excellence inferior, often far inferior, to that of their best work. Where Beethoven failed, others of less calibre and inventive force could scarcely hope to succeed. When their thoughts turned upon the realisation of a general

conception of greatness, or of the agony of reverses, their highest powers did not fail them. The masterful personality of Napoleon, and his influence for good or evil upon Europe, found a musical expression in the " Eroica " Symphony, superior in its intensity of emotion and its grasp of the big things in life to any literary biography, however accurate or eloquent. The gathering of Emperors and Kings at Vienna in 1814 only resulted in two compositions by that greatest composer of his age—the " Battle of Vittoria " and the " Glorreiche Augenblick "—neither of which can be classed higher than *pièces d'occasion.* The genius, which flashes out almost in spite of itself in everything Beethoven touched, scarcely showed itself for more than an " Augenblick " in either of them. But the Spirit which moved upon the face of the waters inspired in full measure the pages of the Mass in D. In the last movement of that mighty work, the " Agnus Dei," the whole tragedy of war finds its most sublime expression called forth by the prayer for peace.

It is interesting to note the coincidence of the appearance of great composers of various countries with the time of great national danger. The conquest of the Netherlands by Spain and the worst days of the Inquisition in that country, far from stifling music, gave it a strong impetus ; it is only necessary to name three composers of renown, Josquin des Près, Willaert and Roland de Lattre (Orlando di Lasso), out of a bevy of glittering talent. The same period of stress saw the rise of Palestrina and Gabrieli in Italy, and of Goudimel in France. The Spanish wars and the Armada peril resulted

in an equally strong outburst of artistic life in England. Tallis, Byrd, Morley, Orlando Gibbons, and the Elizabethan madrigalists gave England the right to its title of a " Nest of singing birds " ; just as in the older and less chronicled days of Henry V., the name of Dunstable, the father of modern choral music, still shines through the fog of obscure records, and a setting of the " Song of Agincourt " still lives in its original manuscript to prove its title to fame. The Civil War and the period ending in the Revolution of 1688 saw the zenith of the career of Henry Purcell. The sufferings and interminable struggles of Germany during the reign of Louis Quatorze in France and of Frederic the Great were coincident with the appearance of Sebastian Bach in Thuringia and of Handel in Saxony. The international turmoil which extended over Central Europe with little cessation down to 1815 saw a succession of musical giants, Couperin and Rameau in France, Gluck in Vienna, Haydn in Croatia, Mozart in Tirol, Beethoven (a Netherlander) in the Rhineland, Schubert in Vienna, Weber in Dresden, Cherubini (a Florentine) in Paris, Rossini in Italy. In later times the Revolutions of 1848 and the fermentations which surrounded them found their musical expression in Wagner and Brahms to the east of the Rhine, and in Berlioz and Bizet to the west ; and Chopin appeared at the moment of Poland's greatest trials. The struggle for Italian unity is even symbolised in the very name of Verdi. The renaissance of Russia and its manifold successes and reverses are marked by the name of Glinka, and an ever-increasing roll of remarkable creators of a national school, Tschaikowsky, Rimsky-

Korsakoff, Moussorgsky, Glazounow, and many more of consistently high aim and sparkling vitality.

Psychologists will, however, not fail to note that the greatest men arose precisely in those countries which had the highest ideals and which fought to maintain them. Invention was not stimulated by aggression or by greed, while it reached its highest level where the incentive for action was founded upon justice, patriotism, and the maintenance of freedom. As soon as Beethoven saw that Napoleon's aims were guided by personal ambition, he tore the dedication off the score of the " Eroica," and trampled on it. With tragic satire he changed the superscription to the words " per festeggiare il sovvenire d'un gran uomo." The " gran uomo " was very much alive (1804); and the memory Beethoven celebrated was that of the greatness which was shattered, for the composer, by Napoleon's assumption of the Imperial title. France had no equivalent to show. Aggression did not stimulate the artistic brain. The only composer of great merit whom she possessed was not of her nation; Cherubini was an Italian to his finger-tips. The stimulus of the Revolution had produced one immortal melody, the " Marseillaise "; its excesses temporarily throttled the music of the nation. As it recovered from them, the national inventiveness began to reassert itself. The stars of Berlioz, Bizet, and Auber arose, to be followed in recent years, as the influence of old aggressiveness faded away and the higher principle of the defence of freedom and of country became irresistibly stronger, by a remarkable outburst of artistic life;

not so powerful, perhaps, as the similar manifestation in Russia, but arising from the same incentive.

The appearance of a school of American music dates, as might be expected, from the Civil War of the Sixties. The North fought for a great cause, and from the North that movement has come. In poetry a new note was sounded by Walt Whitman in the West, answering the trumpet call of Tolstoi in the East. In music the beginning was made, although a nation of such recent growth, and consisting of so many still unamalgamated elements, could not be expected to strike out a new and individual path. Nations have to grow old with a folk-music of centuries behind them before they express themselves in unmistakable terms of their own nationality. The ingredients have to be mixed and boiled before the dish is served. Upon this point von Bülow and Dvořák were equally positive ; both agreed in the prophecy that with patience the day of American music would come.

The remarkable rehabilitation of Britain as a music-producing country dates from the same period. Our insular position has to some extent militated against foreign recognition of the enormous stride which this country has made in the last thirty-five years ; but the chief stumbling-block in the way of appreciation has been the attitude of Germany. Europe has long looked up to Germany as the best judge as well as the best producer of music, whereas she has for the last two decades been living solely on the reputation of her past ; and her stubborn denial of value to any British productions has hypnotised the rest of Europe. The facts, however, are alike distinctive of the value of her

judgment, and proof positive of the cause which underlies it. " There are none so blind as those who will not see " ; and Germany has refused to see. The tendency, growing year by year since 1870, and with amazing acceleration since 1896, to admit no rivalry, however friendly, to build up frontiers against art, even to use her all-powerful Press Bureau to stamp out any sign of appreciation of good foreign work, has been patent to all who have come into close contact with them. Treated with respect, courtesy, and admiration when they come to this country as our guests, the Germans persistently made it clear that in none of these qualities will they show the least approach to reciprocity.

The reason is not far to seek. The ideals which alone can nourish art have faded away, and aggression pure and simple has taken their place. The creators of great musical work have vanished from their midst, and they are critical and clever enough to know it. Hence the decision, " If we cannot do these things ourselves, we shall take good care not to admit that other nations can, and more especially that Great Britain can." So they bang and bolt their own door, while expecting that the doors of other nations will stand wide for them. The better judgment and broader views of a section of Germans, and that no small one, are hectored into quiescence by an all-powerful clique. The German masses never protest, and take everything, as the saying is, " lying down." Not the least suggestive sign of the general submissiveness is the absence of printed correspondence in their multitudinous daily papers. So long ago as 1887, Hans von Bülow lamented the attitude of the " compositeurs indigènes, lesquels

profitent de la très regrettable tendance actuelle du chauvinisme pour protester contre mes principes cosmopolitiques en matière d'art." What was but a " tendency " then, has crystallised in recent times into a creed. When the German Press brings its ammunition to bear upon foreign music—even such as is accepted and acclaimed by its public—it rarely fails to interlard its columns with political innuendoes, even to the point of rebuking for unpatriotic temerity, such promoters of performances as are broad-minded enough to look beyond their own frontier. Against this brick wall of insulated prejudice Art runs its head in vain.

The modern developments of German music since the death of Wagner and of Brahms throw a light, if a lurid one, upon the trend of German character. The anti-militarist and peace-loving nations outside, more especially in England, have, with the exception of a few men of deeper insight and more intimate knowledge, treated these specimens of art-production as if they were hardy and mature growths from a sound parent stem. They have failed to see that they are but suckers, taking on the appearance of the old tree, but sapping its life at the root. The essence of German militarism has been reliance upon numbers, rapidity of concentration, perfection of machinery, repression of individual initiative, and in action the attack in close formation of which this repression is the necessary corollary. In their recent music, all these elements can be clearly traced. Richard Strauss is the counterpart of Bernhardi and the General Staff. He relies increasingly upon the

numbers of his executants, upon the technical facility of his players, upon the additions and improvements to musical instruments, upon the subordination of invention to effect, upon the massing of sounds and the superabundance of colour to conceal inherent poverty. A review of his career is convincing of these facts. Strauss began work as a writer of chamber-music, which to any eye of average critical ability is but "Capellmeister-musik" of a fairly distinguished order. He found this would not do, and that pale quasi-Brahms was not a passport to notoriety. So he threw Brahms, for whom he had apparently all the admiration of a would-be follower, overboard; even characterising in a never-to-be-forgotten gibe a work of his own, which bore that mark, as "nearly as bad as Brahms." He began to sit at the feet of Wagner and still more of Liszt, the greatest of executants and most fascinating of men, but none the less the emptiest and most pretentiously bombastic of composers, whose undisputed pianistic supremacy hid from his hearers the barrenness of his invention. Wagner was drawn upon for his orchestration, Liszt for his efforts to apply the stage to the concert-platform in the shape of programme-music.

Thus equipped, Strauss set out to conquer the world by force and surprise, when he knew that he was powerless to do so by charm or beauty. He established a new order of Capellmeister-musik, so rich in colour and in machine-made effects that only the acute observer could see the old Capellmeister-musik still lurking there, disguised in glittering garments and so loud and flamboyant as to conceal its real vacuity. But the older

influences for good could not be obliterated at a blow. In his earlier incursions into programme-music-land they survived enough to give artistic interest. "Tod and Verklärung" ("the hospital-ward affair," as one of his own most celebrated compatriots described it) has elements of beauty in it, though its close, which is its best moment, owes everything to Brahms' Requiem. "Don Juan" contains a theme which is beautiful *per se*, and reaches a level which its composer never again approached. It is also full of a certain dash and youthful exuberance which carries the hearer along with it without giving him time to analyse the component parts.

From that day, Strauss' record is one of steady decadence. The means are multiplied as the invention wanes. He glorifies Nietzsche in "Zarathustra," in strains under which that philosopher would have writhed. He sets Bernhardi to music in "Heldenleben," not indeed taking him or even a Napoleon for his hero, but with sublime egotism glorifying himself. To succeed in this he uses old themes of his own, obviously because, as the context shows, he was unable to hit upon any so good. He makes his climaxes out of the well-known sounds and combinations familiar to any musician who knows his "Nibelungen" or his "Tristan," and adopts them with such a bold face that criticism, which would expose the imitation if it appeared under any other name but that of Strauss, is reduced to silence, and even forgets the origin of his effects. He cannot even leave the domestic hearth and the innocence of childhood alone, but blares at infancy with tubas and trombones. In his view Blake

should have been a Boanerges in the nursery, howling Treitschke instead of baby rhymes; and the bath should have been sown with floating mines. In his stage work the decadence is even worse. Beginning with a pale reflex of Wagner in "Guntram," it would seem as if the later morals of Berlin promised quicker returns. He treads on risky ground in "Feuersnoth," presses Oscar Wilde into his service in "Salome," outrages all the ideal spirit of Greek drama and violates its first principles of keeping horrors from the public gaze in "Electra," and finally lets himself and such art as he has left roll in the gutter and bespatter himself and his hearers with the mud of "the Legend of Joseph." For this supreme anti-climax of a career for which many had such hopes, he, because his name was Richard Strauss, was honoured by the Alma Mater of Cranmer, of Laud, of Gladstone, and of Newman. He has not, like his compatriots, repudiated the Oxford degree.

For such a *débâcle* there can be no feeling but one of the deepest regret, which is not softened by the consideration that the approach of inevitable disaster was but gradual. There will be no rejoicing over such a catastrophe in any land where music is loved. The causes are not so much the fault of the individual as of the system which has undermined his judgment and his better self. In the world of Pan-Germanism, Strauss is but an unconsidered cypher, apart from his celebrity in art. The canker of militarism has eaten into his system as it has into that of the most peaceful of his compatriots. It has throttled his invention, and compelled his colossal technique to serve its own

purposes. A glance at the volumes of marching songs, which he arranged (by Imperial order) for the soldiers, affords the most vivid proof of this slavery to Junkerdom. Where simplicity, cleanness, and clearness of treatment are imperative, there is a seeking after crudity and a crookedness of expression, which in a less-known man would be set down to inexperienced and ignorant technique. To get even the obedient Teutonic rank and file to sing them at all would certainly require the menace of the officers' revolvers.

It is somewhat curious, and it is also a sign of the times, not only that a strain of the old musical sanity still lingers in Germany, but that its isolated exponent is almost snowed under. His works may be few, but their value is a more than equivalent counterpoise to their paucity. Two diamonds are a greater possession than a cartload of stones. Humperdinck provides the only oasis in a desert of cacophony. The 42 cm. shells of his brethren create such a din and stupefy so many with their fumes, that he is, for the moment only, a solitary and almost unnoticed figure. But he loves children, and the purity which appeals to them; and he stands alone, a living protest against the cruelty and barbarity of his country. He may sign as many professorial protests against other nations as he likes; his work belies the tenets to which his signature is set, suggests the pressure applied to secure the support of those of his kidney, and is far less indicative of self-advertisement than the abstention of his noisier colleague. He is a disciple of Wagner, it is true, but of the best in Wagner; the Wagner that knew and appreciated Palestrina, that

laid his foundation upon folk-song, the Wagner of the " Siegfried Idyll," of the " Meistersinger " and of " Parsifal," not the Wagner of unbridled excitement and sensuality. He writes music and does not confound it with chemistry. It is clean ; and that quality, unfortunately, is not the fashion in his country now, any more than it was in the France of 1870. In that, as in many other particulars, the *rôle* of the two nations has been entirely reversed in the short space of forty years. It is the old story of the demoralisation of the *nouveau riche*. It explains how it came about that the possession of a great literature of noble folk-song, which in the Napoleonic troubles and the heroism they compelled found fruit of indigenous and characteristic growth and savour in Körner and in Weber, and in 1870 in Karl Wilhelm and the " Wacht am Rhein," has to turn to England for the melody of " Heil dir im Siegeskranz " and to Croatia for that of " Deutschland über Alles."

The war of 1914 has brought about a convulsion in the world of music. The results which will ensue are almost as hard to forecast as those of the Conference which will delimit the frontiers of Europe. The music-centre of the European nations will, as a dominant factor, cease to count. Financial considerations alone must so cripple Germany that it will for decades to come be unable to preserve its Opera-houses and its Concert Institutions at a sufficient height of efficiency to attract the hosts of students and of music-lovers which congregated there. The loss is prodigious, and it must be supplied. The love of the art and the creative

incentive of the composer will not cease with the explosion of the last shell. Public taste and public spirit will demand the revival and continuance of the arts of peace. A substitute must be found for the country which has for so long, though of recent years to a smaller extent, been the Mecca of musicians, old and young. It will be a distinct gain in many ways if the land which has been over-manured should be allowed to lie fallow for a time. Better crops may be raised on more virgin soil. We have our own to our hand. England at last has the chance of her life; but, if she is to take it, she must break away for good and all from the influences which have for so long strangled her efforts.

Those influences are, first, the inveterate preference shown by the higher ranks of Society for the foreigner, and, next, the equally inveterate and unfounded disbelief in, and consequent discouragement of, its compatriots. Such encouragement as these have got in the past has been, by the irony of fate, not a little owing to the active assistance of the immigrant foreigner. The first champion of recent British music was August Manns, a Prussian bandmaster. The second was Carl Rosa, a Hamburg violinist. The former did yeoman service for the orchestral composer, the latter for the operatic. Neither got much encouragement from any above the ranks of the middle classes, but they did not take their hands from the plough. Manns made his large public listen to new native works by combining them with attractive and well-known masterpieces, following the policy by which Jullien popularised Beethoven in earlier days. Rosa risked

more, for an English opera had to stand by itself; but he believed in the power of this country to produce and to perform, and was rewarded by the success of his ventures as long as he lived to control their destinies. His enthusiasm infected Augustus Harris, who at the time of his early death at the age of forty-four was working hard in the direction of National Opera.

Meanwhile all the pro-foreign influences were as hard at work as they had been in the days of Handel, that gigantic trampler upon national aspirations. As George III. supported the great Saxon who had overwhelming genius to back him, so successive generations of the leaders of Society carried on the tradition, extending their patronage even down to the preference for foreign musicians for dances and entertainments. The last connection of the English executant with the State, the King's Band, which was a permanent institution dating back to the reign of Edward IV., was abolished only within the last few years. Its place was taken by Germans, Austrians, and Hungarians; not on account of their superior ability, for the English players were in every respect their masters. When this example was set, smaller fry profited by it, and most London functions followed suit. Even the theatres and music-halls copied the policy of their patrons; and only a few good men and true, such as Irving, stuck by their country. The musical strength of Germany is well known and proved to have been fostered and solidified by the unfailing encouragement and support given without stint by the numerous heads of small states, such as Weimar, Schwerin, Meiningen, as well as by the larger Courts of Prussia,

Saxony, and Bavaria. In time their example stimulated great, and even small, municipalities to follow on the same lines. Dresden at one time favoured the Italian to the exclusion of its own compatriots; national feeling was too strong for it, and Weber slew the invader. From that day, though Italian and French work was performed, it had to be performed in the German language. France, Italy, Russia adopted a similar policy, and became formidable competitors, the last an overwhelming one.

In England we had no such influences as the lesser courts of Germany provided, to direct taste into patriotic channels. We continued to feed British ears with every sound and language save our own. Not, be it clearly understood, from lack of talent. While the North can breed the finest choral singers in the world, there can be no lack of voices. When every foreign conductor knows, and even allows himself to admit, that British orchestras are unsurpassable for tone, temperament and executive skill, there is no excuse for underrating them. When the " Nibelungen " can be sung (not shouted) on the stage by British singers in a way to compel the unstinted praises of its first Baireuth conductor, there can be no famine of artists for far less exacting operas. No one who has had personal or intimate knowledge of German opera-houses and German singers and orchestras can deny that, apart from the long experience born of unbroken routine, Great Britain is their superior in freshness, in beauty of tone and in elasticity of interpretation. Wagner, when he visited London in 1877, openly expressed his preference for the use of the English language

in the English presentation of his operas. He knew, as we should know, if we were not such inveterate depreciators of our own possessions, that the language which was good enough for the Bible, Shakespeare and Milton, is good enough for the operatic stage, provided that it is written in a style worthy of the literature of the country. Wagner's wishes were carried out by Mr. Frederick Jameson, in translations of the " Ring " and of the " Meistersinger " which will stand comparison with any German translations of foreign works. What Mr. Jameson began we have plenty of literary men to complete, as soon as their services are required.

Even in the difficult and subtle task of translating German lyrics, we have abundant proof of the ability of English poets to grapple with it, in the masterly translation of Tieck's " Magelone-Lieder " by Andrew Lang, a rendering no whit inferior to the original, even though hampered by the necessities of fitting the syllables to Brahms' voice-part. Ignorance of the English language has too often induced foreign publishers to print ridiculous and childish translations to their vocal productions, and has led unthinking and prejudiced persons in this country to enlarge upon the so-called unsuitability of our language for music. They forget the beauty with which it clothes the " Messiah "—its sonorousness when well chosen, its extraordinary wealth in subdivisions of vowel sound—and they class all poetry for music in the same category as that of the Poet Bunn. There have been as yet only spasmodic efforts to produce works which require carefully thought-out English to illuminate them.

The earliest attempt of recent days, that of Carl Rosa, was directed by himself; and, being a German, he could not be expected to apply severe literary criticism to what he saw. Nowadays we can do not only better, but superlatively well. In scenery and scenic effects we not only hold our own with other countries but even surpass them; and there is no reason why, in a country fresh to the business, we should not strike out as individual a note of our own as the Russian artists do.

All this has been accomplished not only without help from the influential and monied classes in this country, but in spite of their apathy. It has been work all along against the collar. That it has been persisted in without faltering is the greatest proof of the healthy vitality of the artistic heart of the country. The time has now come when England can show whether she is going to be true to herself, or to be content to let others reap the harvest which is ready to her hand. The magnet is removed from central Europe; is England, "whence" (as Brahms said in 1896) "you will see great things come," going any longer to prefer the foreign voice to her own? Will she only accept a compatriot if he changes his name by the addition of a "*vitch*" or a "*ski*," whitens his hands, and lets his back-hair grow well over his collar? Or is she going to see where the real stuff is, and to give her own sons and daughters at least an equal chance in the race for success? If the lead is given, she will go ahead. If it is not, no amount of musical taste in the masses (and there is no lack of it) will be able to rescue her.

This popular good taste, which is more deep

and far-reaching than the inhabitants of Mayfair and Belgravia imagine in their wildest dreams, and of which one visit to an East End Sunday Chamber Concert would convince them for good (if they have forgotten or ever knew the orchestra seats at the Monday Popular Concerts), is ready to support and carry to victory any honest effort if the rich and well-to-do determine to turn over a new leaf and to do their duty by their own race. It is not by any means necessary that the leaders should be endowed with musical taste, or should even know one note from another. They must look at the art as an essential part of national evolution and refinement, as they look at the National Gallery and the British Museum. No man need be a literary critic or even a great writer to grasp the importance to the nation of the possession of a sound and wide literature, nor need he be a painter or a judge of pictures to gauge the value of the masterpieces of great artists. If they grasp the importance of all arts as a national asset, that conviction will be enough to induce them to extend their assistance to all arts alike, irrespective of personal predilection for any one of them. Hitherto all arts in this country have profited by this spirit except one—music. It is not too late to include in its proper place that art which ancient Greece, at the climax of her intellectual supremacy, valued as high as, if not higher than, any other.

Much has been said and written, unfortunately not without dire cause, about the disastrous effects of the war upon the arts and their exponents. None of them has escaped, but music has suffered the most heavily of all. This, in view of the

conditions in the past, is only natural. It has earned far less than its colleagues, and has therefore less savings from better days to rely upon. Society, however, has not scrupled to call upon half-ruined singers and players to give their services to help to swell subscriptions for charitable purposes. They have come forward without grudging, and have themselves furnished many to fill the ranks of the Army on active and auxiliary service. After the stress is over, there will be a debt to pay, not for services given in war-time, but for service available in peace-time. When that day comes, will Society turn its back on artists who were good enough for the purpose when the gentlemen with foreign prefixes and surnames were not procurable ? There is but one answer ; it cannot, if it is loyal ; it must not, if it is honest. If it goes one step further than obligation, and substitutes cordial support for cold acknowledgment, the day of British music will be dawning, and the sky will clear.

Another serious problem confronts the musical world, which, although not patent on the surface at the moment, is bound to call for solution in no long time. Germany has been the centre not only of production but also of publication. The commercial ramifications, which it has so sedulously fostered for so long, include one which is as far-reaching as any other. It has supplied the world with printed editions of the works of the great masters, and of many modern composers. These outworks will also be destroyed, together, very probably, with the stability of the firms from which they are issued. The supply of English music of what may be called the serious type—chamber-

music, orchestral works and the like (and quantities of it are in existence)—are mostly in manuscript upon their composers' shelves. If the writers had been "made in Germany," most of their works would have been procurable by the public long ago. Being writers in a country where publishers follow the trend of Society, and disbelieve, or at any rate argue that the public disbelieve, in British work, they cannot find their way into print, still less obtain the smallest value for it. The consequence is obvious in every music-seller's window—a row of royalty ballads. The exceptions are sufficiently few to prove the rule. When a German composer, even a beginner and little known, produces a work in his own country, the publishers congregate to hear it, and to form their judgment upon its suitability for print. If an English work is produced, the English publisher is at his own fireside; he knows nothing of its fate and cares less. Even the favourable comments of the press will fail to move him to consider at second-hand the claims of any work which does not fall into the category of large profits and quick returns. A string-quartet, an orchestral symphony or concerto, would be looked upon as matters far too ephemeral to be considered in the same breath as a three-verse song with organ obligato. Their author will be pitied for wasting his valuable time on visionary ideals.

This antiquated Philistinism must be superseded if British music—that is to say, the music which counts—is to have its chance. Performance from manuscript is equivalent to isolated performance. Repetition alone will make a fine work tell. Repetition will not tell unless it spreads outside the

bounds of the original producer. It cannot spread without the intervention of print. The more serious type of music is not appreciably more lucrative abroad than it is here. Its profits are nearer 5 per cent. on the capital that is invested in it than the 100 per cent. which an English publisher fixes as the minimum of a successful venture. But canny Germany was content all the same to receive the smaller dividend on sounder bonds, while not abstaining from more lucrative ventures to supplement them. It saw that the ephemeral, without the lasting work at its back, would not enhance the credit of the country or the fame of its publishing houses, and became thereby the home of the celebrated editions of Sebastian Bach, Handel, Beethoven, Schubert *et hoc genus omne*, while throwing a willing ægis over contemporary work. But these monumental editions are gone, and can now only be saved for posterity by photography, the metal upon which they are engraved having been absorbed by Krupp; their place must be taken somewhere and by somebody enterprising enough to secure them. Why not by England, equally with Germany the admirer and devotee of those great masters?

A leading publisher in America—which is to all intents and purposes a new field for music, and a land where commercial interests are paramount—lately said that he made it a rule to include a solid percentage of high-class music in his catalogues, even if they spelt a deficit in themselves, for the credit of his house and of his country. The sooner it is brought home to the English music-publisher that the credit of a nation's output depends in the

main upon music of the highest class, not upon choral works which are only for English consumption and require translation to reach foreign nations, or upon works written for the English Church which are unsuitable for any other, or upon ephemeral pianoforte music, or, least of all, upon worthless ballads and part-songs, the better will be the outlook of this nation in the world of art. It is not the time for ploughing lonely furrows, still less for attacking foreign firms merely because they are foreign, whose record for the production of good music is far healthier than the bulk of our own. We must do better than they, and gain thereby the respect and confidence of the musical world. The day when the chief Berlin publisher of his time was able to state without fear of possible contradiction that a "good composition published in England was a lost composition, killed by its rubbishy surroundings," must, if only for our national credit, go, and go for good. "By their works ye shall know them" is as great a truism as it was 2,000 years ago; but the works must be procurable.

War has its blessings as well as its curses. One of the greatest of its blessings is the awakening of patriotism. Much has been written about patriotism in business, and its utilisation to give stimulus to the nation's inventions and manufactures. Little has been said about its influence in the arts, and especially in music, the wholesomest aid to patriotism in the field and outside it. To stimulate artistic patriotism is the need of the moment; we must cultivate a trust in British ideals and British effort at least as great as other nations have long shown in their own. If this patriotism

has been long dormant, it is not too late to wake it. If it is restricted in amount, it can be extended. But the need of the monent is a lead, and a strong lead, not in the direction of exclusion of the best from without, but of the encouragement of all that is good within; and, given conditions of equal ability, a preference to the men and the productions of our own country.

IX

THREE CENTENARIES : JENNY LIND, PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA, GEORGE GROVE

(1920)

THE world of music may be divided roughly into two sections, those who work for their art, and those who work for themselves. So have those who create music been humorously divided into those who compose, and those who decompose. Of the two divisions of artists, the unselfish is (as most good things are) by many degrees the rarer, but it secures the larger power, and the larger fame. The last hundred years have not lacked artists whose ideals have been as high as their influence is far-reaching. Some examples come at once to the mind. Any composer, whose works have lasted one hundred years, and still hold the public taste, belongs to the better race. We need not individualise such men, they proclaim themselves. With reproductive artists, it is different, the man who works for himself is in the majority, he who works for music in the minority ; but in the latter case, we have abiding influence, in the former but names. No violinist ever took first rank by reason of the instrument upon which he played. Many a singer has lived in history by the instrument which

was physically in his throat. No pianist has survived over and above his contemporaries, because he happened to play on a Pleyel or a Broadwood, on a Bechstein or a Steinway, but by the interpretation of music which he gave upon any pianoforte. Such survivals are, in comparison with the hosts of players and singers, few but striking. Singing appears to be the only branch of music, in which the instrument counts for more than the person who plays upon it, or the manner of the playing. The key to the whole position is to be found in a little commonplace book (now printed) in which Brahms jotted down the sayings and writings of men which impressed him,—the sentence in question is by Joachim and (translated) as follows :—" Artists are the priests, not the servitors of the public." In other words, their business is to direct taste, not to follow it, to give the lead to their hearers of what they ought to like to hear, and not to play flimsy or inferior work merely because the public, perhaps after one hearing, momentarily prefers it. I may specify some of these departed artists of the highest ideals, chief amongst them Joachim and Hans von Bülow. Liszt was a curious blend of both, with a strong bias on the right side. Clara Schumann was above proof: so even in his purely executive capacity was Sterndale Bennett. So was Neruda. So were many of our great organists, such as S. S. Wesley. In the world of singers, the cases are rarer, and instances of what I may term artistic selfishness are largely in the majority. Who can recall a single action for the good of music as distinct from the display of voice of Catalani, of Alboni, of Tamberlik ? Even Patti, with all Europe at her

feet, had the power in her grasp of being a priestess of her art and she became a servant of the public, inducing them to hear her in Mozart, not Mozart in her, and popularising as the highest form of art "Home, Sweet Home" and "Coming thro' the Rye." She had a perfect instrument on which she played with perfect technique; but the results musically were equivalent to those of a first-rate violinist who confined his efforts to the Fantasias of de Bériot and Ernst. If only singers of the first calibre, who hold the public in their hands, no matter what they sing, were to use the great power they hold to disseminate the best music, instead of wrapping their talent in a napkin, how different would the taste of the public have become! They might not get an encore for the high note at the end (which the composer probably eschewed) but they would gain immensely by singing a fine work as the composer (a better judge of what he meant) intended it to be produced; and the hearer would take the absence of merely vocal display as an artistic conviction, for he knows that the performer can sing the high note quite easily if the music demands it. Sims Reeves even changed the end of "Thou shalt dash them" in the "Messiah" to a high note to secure a round of applause, not for the sake of Handel, who knew what he was about when he put his high note climax on "dash them" and not on the "potter's vessel." If Handel had heard this vandalism, he would have treated Reeves as he did the recalcitrant soprano Cuzzoni. In connection with this much-belauded tenor, I may recite an experience of Charles Hallé, who had engaged and announced him with Tietjens and other singers

for a concert in Manchester. The rehearsal began, but no Reeves appeared. To explain his absence a note arrived, saying that he was unwell and confined to bed at his hotel. Hallé knew better, went straight to his room, and found that the illness was caused by the tenor's contention that his name was in smaller letters on the posters than those of his colleagues. Hallé was equal to the occasion, procured a poster and a foot rule, returned with them to Reeves's room, and gave me a most humorous description of Reeves crawling over the floor in primitive attire, and measuring the letters by the rule. Finding, as Hallé knew, that the letters were of identical size, he dressed and sang. When conductors choose to doctor great works as Mahler did by adding three horns, trombones, and a tuba to the funeral march in the "Eroica" Symphony, they are on the same reprehensible lines, but even they have not got so far as to alter the ending of the "Coriolan" overture to a *fortissimo;* a course which Costa himself would have approved, for he told Grove that he "would never play it again with that *pianissimo* ending!"

From these vagaries, let us turn to those singers of the past, who had their music in mind rather than themselves, who used the voice which divine Nature had given them for the glory of divine art, and their great influence (the greatest perhaps of all artists by reason of the size of the public to which they appeal) to spread and to widen the taste for the best music, unfamiliar as well as familiar. They are few, but their names are household words.

First and greatest, Jenny Lind, born a hundred

MADAME PAULINE VIARDOT-GARCIA (*circa* 1900).
(*From a photograph.*)

years ago. Then Pauline Viardot-Garcia, her junior by a year, queen amongst contraltos, who, with a voice far less striking than that of Alboni, survives her contemporary in history, and surpasses her in mastery. Lablache, incomparable in Mozart, who had so deep a reverence for Beethoven, that he, French-Neapolitan and Irish though he was, hastened to be present at his funeral. Sontag was of them, Belletti for them. Stockhausen was a tower of strength. The number nowadays is rising, but not fast enough. Of these singers two especially demand, at this moment of their centenary, our remembrance, our thanks, and our most pious memory,—Jenny Lind and Pauline Viardot-Garcia—Jenny Lind, in especial, as being essentially connected with England. Great not only in the physical beauty of her voice but (a rarer characteristic) in the thorough spirit of the best art with which she enhanced it, she realised that she had a Stradivarius in her throat, and she spared no effort to make her technique worthy of her instrument; she used the result for the furtherance of the music which she sang, and not for vocal display. In this respect she resembled the few great musicians of her day, such as Joachim and Viardot-Garcia, who rightly considered themselves " the priests, and not the servants, of the public." Her stage experience began and ended with Meyerbeer's " Robert le Diable," but her sympathies were far wider. She was happier in singing Weber than his popularity-hunting contemporary. Her career in the theatre was comparatively short (eleven years), and she turned from it most probably from her innate hatred of intrigue, in spite of her natural aptitude for the

stage ; but she retained in the concert-room all the sense of the dramatic which she had assimilated in her early years. She never forgot her stage experience, and the last song I heard her sing, to her own accompaniment and from memory, was the prayer from Spontini's Vestale. Her musical sympathies were wholly with the northern school, her technical as wholly with the southern. She had no admiration for the Teutonic style of singing, and she remained constant to the Italian method, which she had imbibed and perfected under Manuel Garcia.

A curious personality, often crude, always human ; with strong dislikes and stronger sympathies ; she repelled an advance one minute to welcome it the next (if it deserved a welcome), she expressed her loathing of bad tendencies, in no measured terms, and her love for the genuine and beautiful, with as whole a heart. The greatest influence in her life was undoubtedly Mendelssohn ; but she was more broad-minded than he, and grasped and fully appreciated the great genius of Robert Schumann. For Schumann she had an instinctive admiration, and was wider in her views about him than was her friend, Felix Mendelssohn. So warmheartedly did she espouse his cause, that when he visited Vienna with Clara, and it came to her ears that the Austrians had slighted them and thereby threatened their means of livelihood, she went straight to the capital and herself gave a benefit concert for them and with them, which entirely changed their fortunes and the public taste. The production of " Paradise and the Peri " owed much to her help. In later days, she never failed to fight his battles in England, and

to get his works known. With Wagner she had no sympathy. Not that she denied his genius but she knew too much of him and his ways, and she hated (she was "a good hater") the sensuality which was part and parcel of his nature. She was repelled by "Tannhäuser," she never indeed got over the feeling which animated the Overture, and which she considered to be a sin against the purest of the arts. Prejudice, a feeling to which she was human enough to succumb, made her see Wagner's other side—and he had one, as the "Meistersinger" proves —through coloured spectacles: but she was not alone in this *galère*. A woman of Jenny Lind's high ideals would never forgive or forget. It is to her credit, not to her disadvantage. But her dislike of Wagner was accentuated by her dislike of the Teutonic style of singing which his compositions almost necessitated. She was purely Italian in her method. Such vocal (or unvocal) passages as "Heil, Königin, dir, dir soll mein Lied ertönen" would revolt her sense of fitness. She was right. Even Tichatschek could not sing it save by interpolating a syllable: "Heil, Kövenigin, dir, dir soll mein Lied ertövenen," for which he became a byword in the profession. Her sympathies were wholly with Italian vocalisation. It must be remembered that Jenny Lind lived at a time when English singing and the singing of English was far different from now; when the subtleties of English declamation were entirely neglected, when all young singers (and amateurs) were educated and brought up to believe the mischievous heresy that their own language was out of the running; that the magnificence of the English speech, which was good

enough for the Bible, for Shakespeare, and for Milton, was for singers *anathema*. To this false doctrine Jenny Lind did not subscribe. Her English was never (even in ordinary conversation) pure. But it was always clear. Her active sympathies were always with defined declamation, even when she herself did not attain to its purity as far as English was concerned. But this is not surprising when we remember that nearly all the masters of singing available in her day were foreigners, and from this very fact naturally precluded from appreciating the innumerable modifications of our vowel sounds.

Her career as operatic star (how she would have loathed that description !) is antecedent to any memory of mine, though my forbears have often told me of their dangerous and hazardous efforts to secure a humble seat in Her Majesty's Theatre to hear her, and of the remarkable gatherings, even of politicians and generals (headed by the Duke of Wellington), which crowded to welcome her. My first hearing of her was in October, 1859, when she sang (as I have heard no one sing it since) the "Messiah," in the Ancient Concert Rooms in Dublin. I was only seven, but the occasion is as vivid to me now as it was then. The conductor was Joseph Robinson. The tenor should have been Lockey (of " Elijah " fame), but he was (as he long afterwards told me) weather-bound at Holyhead by the storm which wrecked the *Royal Charter*. Of the performance I most clearly remember her *pianissimo* singing of " And they were sore afraid." The next time I heard her was in Arthur Coleridge's house in 1872, when she sang in the solo quartet

" Sei nur wieder zufrieden," at the first performance of Bach's " Ich hatte viel Bekümmerniss," conducted by Arthur Sullivan. Her name was not on the programme, but I recognised her voice in an instant. The " Larme à la voix " was unmistakable. That occasion was one of the first in which she led and fostered the cult of Bach, which she eventually developed by giving her mighty aid to the production of the B Minor Mass. For this great undertaking, furthered by Coleridge on the initiative (years before) of T. A. Walmisley, she trained the chorus in her own house, and led the sopranos at the first and many other performances under her husband, Otto Goldschmidt.

When the Royal College of Music was founded in 1883, Mme. Goldschmidt was one of the first to help it on its way ; and at the invitation of George Grove she accepted the post of first professor of singing, a position which she held for some years, until she saw the college firmly established. Those of us who were present at the first election of scholars will never forget the scene, when she insisted upon each of the young candidates she had chosen singing before the electors. Sitting at the table next Grove, in a room innocent of pianofortes, and occasionally (as was her wont when excited) clutching her left shoulder with her mobile right hand, she reeled off the most terrifying Chopin-like cadenzas for the trembling aspirants to copy as best they could ; the fifty winners were shown into the room, expecting (as we afterwards learned) to be told of their failure, and when the announcement of their success was followed by what can be best described as an audible gulp from fifty astonished

throats, Jenny Lind's head went into her handkerchief and she sobbed like a child.

She has left a memorandum addressed to Sir George Grove upon the working and necessities of a fully-equipped singing school at the college. Three of her suggestions are incontrovertible—the importance of a sound school of declamation; a training in *ensemble* singing; and a forecast of the value of training in classes. Unfortunately, for many years these recommendations were ignored. It may be hoped that insistence upon their prime necessity will produce its fruits in the future. It was only natural that training upon Italian lines should be the bed-rock of Jenny Lind's theories. There were in those days only two ways to choose from; she chose the better one, in spite of her close connection with Germany and the North. In the present day, and with the national development which is growing apace, it is only a natural deduction that she would have fought as earnestly for the pure English training of English voices, on the lines of the great Italian masters, and the intricacies and beauties of pure English pronunciation would have appealed as surely to her sense of fitness as the Italian school did in her own time.

One of the first of our college efforts was the foundation upon a sure basis of an operatic school. When I was in command of that section of the work, Mme. Goldschmidt, not unnaturally, considering her principles of subordinating performance to technique, thought that we were unduly anticipating the powers of the young singers; but her love for and belief in the value of stage work speedily converted her into a warm supporter, and

the performances of the "Freischütz" and of "Cosi fan Tutte" owed a great deal to her training and her help.

Let music not forget its debt to Jenny Lind. She put the music sung before the singer who sings it, a great example for the world from one of its greatest singers. She was one of the first to fight the battle for Bach, to bring Mozart close to the heart, to popularise Schumann, and to show her width of sympathy by including all that was best of the Italian school in her immense *repertoire*. She founded the Mendelssohn Scholarship. Personally she was the very antithesis of the conventional *prima donna*. She would have been as great an artist with no voice at all. She was often brusque, often severe, but full of humanity and kindness. A touch of homely sympathy would change frowns to tears in a moment. She was not beautiful in the sense of regularity of feature, but she had a facial fascination greater than that of more formal beauties. Occasionally too fixed in her views to be tolerant of those of others, she was always true to justice and to sincerity. To humbug she was as merciless as to intrigue. The world is the poorer by her loss, and it has had long, and may have longer, to wait for her peer.

Her great contemporary, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, lived for the most part in Paris, but kept close touch with Schumann by her frequent visits to Baden-Baden, where Clara was living. It was there that she sang for the first time from manuscript the alto Rhapsody of Brahms. She was intimate with Meyerbeer, whose Fidès she created, not without sacrificing a disfiguring front tooth, on the extraction

of which Meyerbeer insisted before the performance : rewarding her pluck by setting it as an enamel in diamonds, and presenting it to her at the performance. She was not enthusiastic about his methods, his arrangements with the *chef de claque*, and the scene-shifters from whom he expected the whistling of his tunes. Gluck was her hobby, as Bach was Jenny Lind's, and like her, she was a whole-hearted admirer of Schumann. Her mastery of French literature was phenomenal ; she was also the close friend of Tourgéniev.

From these great artists, we turn to the third figure of the 1820–1821 centenary, as remarkable as either of them, though always, in position but not in practice, an amateur in the best sense, George Grove. Few Englishmen have been more universal in their sympathies, and more active in their developments than he. Engineer by profession, he laid out Chester Station for the L. and N.W.R. and was first lieutenant to Stephenson in erecting the Britannia Tubular Bridge. Explorer by circumstances, he carried his efforts to Palestine : musician by nature, he did more for the art while Secretary of the Crystal Palace than any man of his time. His life (by C. L. Graves) is as fascinating as its subject, and it is unnecessary to add to its vivid pages. His engineering developed into the mastery of men ; his exploration into the discovery of the forgotten treasures of Schubert ; his musicianship into the foundation and control of a great music school. Like the two singers we have mentioned, he was not physically beautiful, but he had, in common with them, a charm and fascination, which was far superior to regular good looks. He was

SIR GEORGE GROVE.

(*From a photograph taken at the laying of the foundation stone of the Royal College of Music.*)

once admirably described, by one who saw him crossing the transept of the Crystal Palace, as "walking with two left legs and somebody else's arms." There are few great advances in art for which we have not to thank him. He fought for everything worth fighting for, Beethoven and Schubert in especial. It was at his earnest request that Parry wrote "Blest pair of Sirens" for the Bach Choir in 1887, when "The glories of our blood and state" was tabooed by the committee and the composer as unsuitable in its words for the Queen's Jubilee year. He made many other suggestions to Parry which resulted in such works as "Job" and "King Saul"; for he was always, like Henry Bradshaw, working for others, rather than himself. In his later years, he laid a sure foundation for English music in his directorship of the Royal College, and qualified for the post by an inaugural speech (unfortunately heard only by a few) which was worthy of Arnold of Rugby at his best. A unique man, whom his friends will ever recall as a living force, and whom future generations will do well to emulate.

X

BAIREUTH IN 1876

A PILGRIMAGE to Baireuth in 1876 was no easy matter. Of railway facilities there were, practically, none : of local assistance there was but little. The theatre had still its name to make, and the presence of its creator only succeeded in attracting his particular supporters at home, a few curious visitors from abroad, and what may in general be called the " faithful " of the Wagner cult. His own polemic pen was his worst enemy. He did not appeal to music generally, but to that part of it which was in undoubted sympathy with himself. The result was a gathering, not merely of admirers, but also of critics " with sharpened pens," to use their own expression, ready to give as good as they got. That the Festival and its theatre survived its first experience was due, not to the personal attractions of the Master, but rather to his disappearance from the field. It was only after his lamented death at Venice, the year after he had seen the production of " Parsifal," that the greater world began to journey to this remote Bavarian town, and to reckon its performances as an experience not to be missed, or to be neglected.

The town was a derelict capital, shorn of its reigning prince. It boasted an empty palace, and

a town theatre of the rococo period, a parallel to which is to be seen in the smaller Court theatre of Munich. The Wagner theatre was outside, perched upon a hill, which in 1876 was only attainable by trudging up a very hot, or very muddy road, according as the weather pleased. The theatre had at this time no front entrance or even cover for the traveller, save the theatre itself. Shanties on each side were supposed to fill the functions of a beer-establishment and a restaurant, the latter of which was more remarkable for its unsightliness of exterior than for the sufficiency of its contents. The whole town indeed was lamentably deficient in the commissariat department; it had not made due preparation for the visit of so many strangers, and many had to face the strain of close attention to the performance from four o'clock in the afternoon to ten or eleven o'clock at night, without much chance of bare nourishment afterwards to sustain them. Beer, it is true, was in sufficient quantities, but the human being cannot exist upon it, and the complaints of the crowd at the restaurants in the town were pitiable to hear, and easy to substantiate. And yet Baireuth did its work, and its effects were, as history knows, far-reaching.

A first view of the interior was sufficient to show much. A closer inspection revealed more. The wedge-shaped auditorium was perfect for sight and for sound: it only required seats which were adapted to acts which lasted for two hours, to make the bodies of the listeners as comfortable as their eyes and ears. The black hole which concealed the orchestra, and even the conductor, was

of extraordinary value. It must be admitted that for operas such as those of Mozart, the sinking would be far too deep ; but for Wagnerian purposes it was perfect. The curtain was divided and pulled up at the sides, a method which has since been often adopted elsewhere. It was the first theatre to use steam upon the stage. In 1876 the innovation was in its infancy, the emission of the steam to conceal figures (as in the "Rheingold") or to produce clouds (as in the "Walküre") causing a noise so great as to drown the music. But the idea was there, and it was due to its adoption that subsequent improvements have been made possible.

The height of the stage was enormous, within a few feet of that of Westminster Abbey ; with the result of greatly facilitating the movement of scenery, and securing a wonderful sonority for the singers. It is not generally known that in these details Wagner was his own architect, and that the new Schauspiel-Haus at Vienna was designed by him, though the façade and other like matters were the work of Semper, to whom the whole building is usually attributed. The footlights were concealed, like the conductor, by a curved screen. The orchestra was at a considerable depth, and extended even below the stage, where the heavier brass instruments were placed. The whole auditorium was in complete darkness during the performance, so much so that what appeared to be a black space when the house was lit up became the only sign of light visible when the house was darkened, owing to a reflection of the orchestra lights. There was apparently nothing whatever to catch the eye between the audience and the stage.

A gesticulating conductor had no chance of calling attention to himself. In spite of all these improvements, the great scenic moments remained unsuccessful. The rainbow at the close of the "Rheingold," the ride of the "Walküren," the close of the "Trilogy," were all failures from start to finish.

More recent performances elsewhere have taken hints from Baireuth and have improved upon them. In one essential they could not improve, the effects of vastness and of depth. Exits were plentiful, and the construction of the house made it exceptionally easy for every one to go out in a very few minutes.

So much for the building, built not in stone but in brick and wood, raised by the hard work of many men, notably by the ten fingers of Hans von Bülow, whose pianoforte recitals were largely devoted to this object. When Wagner annexed von Bülow's wife, the latter did not cease the work; answering his critics by reminding them that he was working for a cause and not for a man: a remarkable, not to say quixotic, instance of real unselfishness. The performances therein he never saw, and never would see: he contented himself with helping, largely, to build the house which made them possible.

The performances in 1876 were on the whole excellent. The best available singers had come forward to help. Materna, Lilli Lehmann, Brandt were chief amongst the women; the first masterly, of the type of Tietjens; the second, winning; the third, a genius of the first order, who recalled both in appearance and in style Pauline Viardot-Garcia. The most amazing feat at the performance I saw was due to her. The singer of the solitary Valkyrie at

the close of the first act of the "Götterdämmerung," a long and exacting scene, fell ill. Brandt, at a moment's notice, sang the complicated part, and so well that not a trace of unfamiliarity or insufficient rehearsal was discernible. The average ability of the women singers was good throughout.

The same cannot be said of the men. Their ranks contained some great, some passable, and some inferior specimens. Amongst the tenors Vogl was easily pre-eminent, but he was unfortunately heard too seldom. Niemann was a great actor, but his voice was nearly gone; he was but a shadow of his former great self. Unger, the Siegfried, who was popularly supposed to be Wagner's especial choice, was unequal to the part, and did not show the ability, either vocal or histrionic, necessary for it. Of the character parts, Mime and Alberich were supremely well filled. Amongst basses, Betz was admirable; so was Gura, in a provokingly small part. But many others were rough, though large of voice. The older singers were well trained; the younger not.

The orchestra was conducted by Hans Richter, then a yellow-haired Viking of some thirty years. The men under his masterly control were not known, except a very few, to international ears. Many came from Meiningen, amongst them a clarinettist who became world-famous, Mühlfeld; Wilhelmj led the violins. It was afterwards put about that Joachim had offered his services as leader, and had been refused; the truth being that he had expressed such willingness in the early 'fifties when he was at Weimar with Liszt, but had never, of course, repeated it when the

rift came. Nor did he care to contradict the lie, when it was circulated twenty-four years later. It contradicted itself. The composer drove in semi-royal state to the performance, and appeared at the close upon the stage. We all expected a speech, and were on the look-out for diatribes, which happily never came. He contented himself with a bow, but we were able to note the influence of Paris of the 'forties upon his dress, the curious resemblance (in English eyes) to Sterndale Bennett, and the attitude of conscious superiority, which contrasted so unfavourably with the kingly modesty of Verdi in a like position. The audience were also a strange mixture; mostly consisting of unreasoning and unquestioning admirers, who would not allow of a single word of criticism, of a few foreign music-lovers with open minds, and of a quantity of critics, hostile and the reverse. Paul Lindau was there, getting ready for his amusing skit upon the play, in many places so true, in all so cruel. England sent James Davison of the *Times*, Grüneisen of the *Athenæum*, and Bennett of the *Telegraph*, all hostile and all prejudiced. The most amusing sight I saw was a pitched battle between them and G. A. Osborne (of Osborne and de Bériot fame), who had been, with Sainton, a protagonist for Wagner in London Philharmonic days. I shrewdly suspect that Osborne's witty and broad mind got the best of the strife.

Amongst the foreign critics were such excellent musicians as Sir Robert Stewart (who was converted) and, *facile princeps* of all, Hercules Macdonnell of Dublin, the friend of Costa and of all the great singers of bygone days, whose articles, in the *Irish*

Times of the day were far the best which appeared ; scholarly, brilliant, and unbiassed. He expressed to me one view which the lapse of years has only strengthened : that it was a pity that Wagner was his own librettist—for there was no librettist to check the length of the composer, and no composer to curtail the librettist. This is truer than the fabled story of Rossini, who is supposed to have said that Wagner had beautiful moments, and bad quarters of an hour. (That Rossini angrily denied this, Richter told me himself, from his own experience.) A German conductor of eminence afterwards said to me that he was sure that the world would live to see the " Nibelungen " compressed from four into two operas, of decent length. The Grand Opera of Paris has already moved in this direction, by giving the " Walküre " with all the long and dull portions omitted. A relief to hear, but *anathema* to the true Wagnerite. I sat in the theatre immediately behind Liszt. I could not but smile at the amount of time which he spent at these moments in the arms of Morpheus. He walked up and down afterwards under my window, speaking with enthusiasm of these very moments which I knew he had not heard, or which came to him from reading the score, or from—dreams, nightmares perhaps. The chief impression upon me was then, as it is still, made by bits of the " Rheingold," the first and third acts of the " Walküre," most of " Siegfried," and the beginning and end of the " Götterdämmerung." The influence of Weber seemed to me predominant in the " Walküre," but waned in the later work. Much was so dramatic in the second act of " Götterdämmerung," that

music became redundant and even ugly. As a principle Wagner seemed to me to differ from his predecessors by portraying ugly characters by ugly music. The close of act ii. of the "Götterdämmerung" is a case in point. Looking back at the work over forty-five years has not changed my opinion. The criminal colouring which Beethoven gave to Pizarro without a note of ugliness, was not there. The Rhine-daughters were beautiful, but Alberich was ugly. It may be a matter of temperament, but I dislike it, as I should the inferior painting of a hateful subject. Verdi has proved, in his characterisation of Iago, that it is possible to combine villainy with beautiful music. I did not note this, however, in the "Nibelungen." The theory of *leit-motives* was, to my mind, carried too far, even to annoyance. The motives were so interwoven that they were often of no avail. Less of them would have effected more, and would have heightened their value. As it is, the plethora of over-done phrases of similitude, so valuable in themselves when used with economy, is threatening to destroy what is inherent in opera and which, properly used, is essential to characterisation and to situation. Piled in as they are in the "Nibelungen" they may give satisfaction to the curious porers over the score, but they fail to grip the listener, and often to attract his attention, or to give characterisation when it is most needed. In lesser quantities, as Wagner used them in the "Dutchman," and even in the "Meistersinger," they carry a fuller conviction to the hearer.

It is curious to note how Wagner, apparently so consistently chromatic, always became diatonic at

his great moments; even accentuating those "high lights" by a quantity of preceding chromatic passages. The greatness and nobility of these broad diatonics are evident at once. The treatments of the depths of the Rhine, the Walhalla themes, or rather phrases, for they cover pages and not bars, the sword theme, the Siegmund and Siegfried tragedy, the forest music, the Rhine-daughters' song, the death-march of Siegfried are all conspicuous for their persistent diatonics, and that Wagner's theory was always to rely upon these for his great moments is obvious to any student of "Tristan" (otherwise so crushingly chromatic) or of the "Meistersinger" or of "Parsifal."

My second visit to Baireuth, in 1883, the year of the master's death, disclosed many changes. The "Ring" was not given. "Tristan," "Parsifal," and the "Meistersinger" held the stage. The first conducted by Mottl of Karlsruhe, the second by Levi and Mottl, the last by Richter. The slow *tempi* of Mottl were positively disturbing. His prelude to "Parsifal" took half as long again as Levi's. The latter had probably in mind the explosion which he heard the composer make at rehearsal, in Dannreuther's hearing, "Quicker! quicker! The audience will be bored"—an injunction which Mottl neglected more and more as time went on, and in which he was most unfortunately encouraged by the new powers reigning at Wahnfried. It was only the first sound of the orchestra under Richter at the "Meistersinger" which showed every one how common sense triumphed in the end. There was a sureness and a general sense of mastery which put all other conductors there to flight.

The very sound was different. Sentimentalism hid its head, and wholesome sentiment took its place.

Richter was undoubtedly a true Wagner's man. He knew his task, and made the best of every note of his which he touched. He was broad-minded enough to include others, such as Brahms (who was *anathema* at Baireuth) in his good books. For this he got sparse thanks from Wagnerians, but he was welcomed outside in the greater music world. It may not be uninteresting to conclude this chapter with a story which elucidates the relation of these two men, Wagner and Brahms. I know it direct from Seidel, who was staying at Wahnfried with Wagner. It had transpired that Brahms had become possessed of the original score of the Paris version of the Venusberg music in "Tannhäuser." Wagner wrote a peremptory letter to Brahms, demanding its immediate return to him. Brahms replied very courteously, saying that he had bought the music in the open market, and that therefore it was his own property. On receiving this letter Wagner was beside himself with rage, and was indulging in the strongest language, when the parcel-postman rapped at the door, and delivered a parcel addressed to Frau Wagner. It was the score of the music, given by Brahms to the composer's wife.

XI

UPON SOME AMATEURS

THE gulf between the amateur and the professional in music is often wide, sometimes narrow, always unmistakable. An occasional amateur will bridge the gulf, and become professional, but not unless he qualifies for the change by the same hard work which the professional has had to face. The two classes are interdependent: the one helps the other. England has shown, both in the extreme and in the recent past, that it possesses an unusual number of music-lovers (amateurs) which encourages and supports the music-makers (professionals). In old times, Roger North was a leading specimen. Without his initiative and care we could scarcely have had the school of chamber-music which produced a Jenkins, and eventually a Purcell. In later years we have had many. To mention only a few of the last century, we can specify such unobtrusive but influential names as the Hudsons, Sedley Taylor, Arthur Coleridge, Spencer Lyttelton, Richard Rowe, all now departed from mortal ken. So accomplished in the art were all these, that it was practically their personal modesty and their diffidence which prevented their classification with the professionals who were their contemporaries. The circumstances which kept them in the ranks of the *dilettanti*, were the gain of music in general. They often

knew more than the trained artist, even if restricted technique forbad them to compete with him: the general knowledge which they acquired and disseminated was of the greatest assistance to all who cultivated the art as a business. No one knew the width of the gulf better than they; but they wisely preferred to be sympathetic spectators (and assistants) to taking part in active co-operation. It is our business, even our duty, to put upon record the names and the value of such of these men as have come within personal knowledge. Many can add to the list—the more the better for the history and the advance of music. It is best to speak of those who were in actual contact with the writer; and it is to be hoped that this will encourage others to do the like, for the number is large: larger, indeed, than any one man can enumerate with any justice.

The Hudsons were two (speaking musically) in number. Francis, the younger of the brothers, was an extraordinarily gifted violinist. So accomplished in the craft was he that he earned the highest encomiums from Ernst, one of the kings of the fiddle, and was his frequent companion at Knebworth, where Ernst was the guest of Bulwer Lytton, and drove about the country with his host (two gaunt figures). Francis was an amazing reader at sight. Besides tackling all the most advanced specimens of virtuosity with success, Francis could play all the sonatas of Beethoven, Schumann, and all modern writers with an insight and a certainty which was unfailing. Percy the elder, afterwards Pemberton, was a more all-round musician. He was a good violoncellist, though not the equal in

virtuosity of his brother. He had studied with Piatti and with Grützmacher of Dresden, and possessed an Amati violoncello of great excellence (his brother owned a remarkable Stradivarius violin). But if his technical gifts were less, his general knowledge and grasp of every school and type of nusic was far greater than Francis'. I have heard them both play in a quartet with Joachim. No mean test this, especially when their performance was not out of proportion to the excellence of the combination. They had not to struggle, they played. Joachim expressed to me his appreciation of the technique of Francis, and of the artistic sense of Percy. If the two brothers, he said, were rolled into one they would be a performer of the very first order. The birth of chamber-music in Cambridge was due to them. No orchestra of the best material was complete without their active help. Both brothers were in the Church. The violinist retired with his Strad to a country parish, and lived in semi-obscurity. The 'cellist (having been a Fellow of Trinity) took a college living in Yorkshire, where he organised and successfully originated the Hovingham Festivals, which did so much for music, far outside Yorkshire, in the country at large. He had to face the tradition that Eastern Yorkshire is not endowed with the same inborn musical faculty as Western, but he showed that it also had its capabilities, and supported them by some assistance from friends in Leeds. His friend and unfailing helper was John Rutson, of Newby Wiske, who, ever on the look-out for needy young artists who wanted financial help, did much by stealth to fill the ranks of the profession with worthy and

THE REV. CANON THOMAS PERCY PEMBERTON (FORMERLY HUDSON).

promising adherents. Sir William Worsley turned his riding-school at Hovingham into a concert-room, and an excellent place for sound was ready to hand. The music was seldom composed for the occasion ; the programmes were more valuable, for they mostly contained the best of works which had been heard before and needed repetition. If there were solo artists, he secured the best, with Joachim at their head; he extended his invitations to such players as Borwick, Fanny Davies, Agnes Nichols, Plunket Greene, and many others. Not one note of inferior stuff was heard ; whatever was done, and happily there was not too much, was done well even to the most exacting ear and taste. When Hudson moved from Gilling Rectory to Trumpington (changing his name from legal necessities to Pemberton) the Festivals came to an end. But their influence remained, and will always be a signpost on the road to artistic efficiency. His career upon his return to Cambridge was, from considerations of his years and the management of the estate, less active, but none the less useful. To the day of his death, at a very advanced age, he kept alongside all modern methods and composers, and if he criticised them, he did so from the standpoint of one who knows, and never of one who is prejudiced. More than most musicians, he liked everything he could, and was open-minded towards those whom he did not like. He was in a position to understand everything which they strove at, and was able to differentiate the false and the true. He was a man of peace.

Not so his slightly younger colleague, Sedley Taylor—also a distinguished and cultivated Fellow

of Trinity. Taylor was always devoted to music, at first to its scientific, afterwards to its artistic, side. He was brought up in a medical circle at Norwich, and was a close friend of Cadge, the great surgeon of that city. The atmosphere around him was almost amusingly downright; and his whole subsequent career was redolent of this quality, tinged with an irrepressible sense of humour, and even of fun. His earlier reminiscences were highly amusing. When his father was about to be married, a friend asked him "Who is going to play first fiddle, Taylor; you, or your wife?" "I," said Taylor, "but so softly that only my wife will hear it." When the Queen's Band paid one of their occasional visits to Norwich, in 1862 (which gave music lovers a chance of hearing a few of the great orchestral works) half their programme was devoted to compositions by the Prince Consort, who shone as an amateur but had not qualified for the stiffer task of writing. Dr. Zachariah Buck, then organist of the Cathedral and famed for his soapy tongue, came up to Taylor's aunt, who was there to batten on her favourites, Mozart and Beethoven, and said, "Is it not beautiful?" "No, Dr. Buck, it is *not;* and what is more, you know perfectly well that it is not," was the uncompromising answer of the bridling old dame. This spirit was strong in Sedley Taylor, who always said what he thought, and was as truthful as the old Duke of Wellington. I heard him once make a humorous retort which was as quick as it was biting. My opposite neighbour, a fierce Home-Ruler, had been entertaining a luncheon party of political friends in the early days of the controversy.

In the evening there was a severe thunderstorm. Her house was struck by lightning, and her gaspipes were split. We met the sufferer shortly afterwards, and she gave a sad account of her experiences, adding that she had been obliged to call in her next-door neighbour to turn off the meter, which she did not understand. " Mrs. B.," said Taylor, " You a Home-Ruler, and you cannot turn off your own gas ! "

Taylor had a great influence on the University music of his time. He had more prejudices than Hudson, but his standard was always high. He was one of the first to appreciate Sebastian Bach ; he loved his Handel, but was by no means blind to that composer's plagiarisms, upon which, indeed, he published a most convincing book. His musical outlook may be said to have ended with Brahms. With Wagner he had little sympathy, but he did not shun him, going even to Baireuth in 1876 to hear the " Ring." But he had little affinity with the stage or the opera. He did his best in early days, when the assistance of ladies in choral work was banned, to support their training in private. He took a lively interest in advancing the science of acoustics, the study of Bach, and the methodical inspection of juvenile teeth. He worked hard for chamber-music in Cambridge, and for many years was the President and chief supporter of the musical club, founded for that purpose in the University. He was in many ways, like many of his colleagues, a compound of Radical and Conservative principles—Radical in theory, Conservative in principles and in art. In this respect he resembled his friend, Henry Fawcett, who was

always Conservative in University matters, but strongly Liberal outside them. Taylor was a strong supporter of Tonic Sol-fa in its earlier days; he afterwards saw its limitations, but endeavoured to reconcile them with his early love. His great human gift was an all-pervading sense of humour. He could trot out a Bach aria and a comic song with the same gusto. He would spend hours over scientific and theological studies, and would turn from them to memories of the German Reeds and John Parry with equal avidity. He loathed intrigues, of whatever kind, and did his part in encouraging all that was highest and best in the art to which he was devoted. His *rôle* in music was not that of a pioneer or an active worker: thus far he was the very antithesis of Percy Hudson; but his influence was in its way almost as great upon those who were destined to become what he did not claim to be.

Arthur Duke Coleridge was a person of very different mould. He was an Etonian, a cricketer, a Fellow of King's College, a tenor singer, and, even judged by the highest standards, a great musician. He was endowed with a most compelling and sympathetic personality, and he had the rare gift, both in theory and in practice, of seeing and even accentuating the good side of an apparent evil nature. His lot was not cast in the University, to which he was always devoted, and his influence in the English musical world was therefore wider in its outlook, and greater in its effectiveness. He was gifted in early days with a voice always rare in all countries—a robust tenor. This brought him into close contact with Jenny Lind, whose life-long

friend he remained. He survived all the waywardness of that most impulsive of women, shut his eyes to her limitations, and with unvarying loyalty insisted upon her great virtues. At one time, he almost adopted the profession of a singer. Family tradition was against him, and he bowed to it. He was full of an innate poetry—who could be the grand-nephew of Samuel Taylor Coleridge and the father of Mary Coleridge without his share of their genius ? But he knew that it was only a share, and, from his point of view, but a small share ; and he was content to be no more than the admiring grand-nephew and the proud father. His influence upon the rising generation of musicians was not merely theoretical but practical. He was one of the earliest supporters, from his boyhood, of Arthur Sullivan. He had been a friend of T. A. Walmisley, the organist of Trinity, who taught him Bach's B Minor Mass, and expatiated on the " Confiteor " therein, which he dubbed the finest inspiration in choral music ; of Sterndale Bennett, and of George Grove ; the intimate of Millais ; the admirer of Holman Hunt, of Carlyle, and of a host of legal and political luminaries with which his subsequent career (he was a barrister) brought him into contact. His knowledge of them was extraordinary, both in range and in personality. His purview extended from Cockburn and Wightman (the father-in-law of Matthew Arnold), to Bramwell, Charles Bowen, Wills, and even to the youngest judge upon the Bench. His musical experiences were scarcely less comprehensive. He had visited (" abordéd " was his common expression) Liszt at Weimar, and Rossini in Paris. He spent two months in Dresden

and Leipzig in 1875, to be in the thick of musical life in its student capacity : his eternal gift of youth making it easy for him to be more a contemporary than a senior. While at Leipzig he originated and carried through to its inevitable success his cherished scheme, imbibed from Walmisley at Cambridge some twenty years before, of a public performance of Bach's B Minor Mass in London. For this he called upon his old friend Mme. Goldschmidt (Jenny Lind) and her husband for help, which they readily gave. He had already trained a nucleus of singers in his own drawing-room, and he could lay his finger upon many more. The performance (or rather performances) were given with the success which he anticipated, and they grew, under his tutelage, into the foundation of the Bach Choir. As the contemporary of Browning, of Leighton, and of Millais, he could command listeners; as the friend of artists, he could entice performers.

But Coleridge's unique power was his unfailing sympathy with youth. He watched the careers of the youngest aspirants of the Royal College (which he helped to found) with the same practical interest as those of his great contemporaries, Joachim and Rubinstein. He once complained to me somewhat bitterly of the attitude of Carlyle to J. S. Bach, Knowing that Bach on an historical occasion had visited Frederick the Great, who received him with great honour, he went to Carlyle, who had omitted all reference to this incident in his Life, only to find that Carlyle knew it all and the dates thereof, but had not put it in because " he had no room for fiddlers." Thus did Macaulay write a history of the times of James II. without even mentioning

ARTHUR DUKE COLERIDGE.

(*From an early daguerreotype, circa* 1852.)

the name of Henry Purcell! With such insularity as this Coleridge had no sympathy, and for it no excuse. He shared with Sedley Taylor the great possession of natural fun and humour; he had no enemies and countless friends. As one of the bulwarks of English music, he ought to be ever remembered.

The names of Spencer Lyttelton and of Richard Rowe belong to a more recent category. The former was essentially a listener. No music meeting was quite complete without him. He had all the faculties of an artist; at one time he was a fine Handelian singer, as he proved by creating the bass part of Handel's "Semele," but his sympathies were somewhat too much restricted to the old and to established traditions from which he did not try to free himself. Eton and the history of his family attracted him to cricket; his secretariat to his uncle, Mr. Gladstone, to politics; but nothing was so congenial to him as music and its various branches of influence. As a listener he did much passive work; as a Vice-Chairman of the Associated Board of the Royal Academy of Music and Royal College of Music, most useful active work. His quiet help in the constitution and the policy of the Royal College of Music was unfailing and of the greatest assistance to the Council of which he was a prominent member.

Richard Rowe was a meteor, even a freak. He was born in Bristol, and he went up to Cambridge as a mathematician of considerable gift and promise. For the entire period of his undergraduate residence he gave no sign of his musical gifts; he had not even a pianoforte in his

rooms. He looked the very reverse of an artist, his physiognomy and general build were those rather of a typical Nonconformist type. When he had attained a very high place amongst the wranglers, and had been bracketed Smith's prize-man with (Sir Donald) Macalister and Mr. Parker Smith, he suddenly blossomed into one of the finest pianists and most knowledgeable musicians Cambridge has seen. He had a perfect touch, and an intuitive sense of phrasing which could not be excelled. As a Schumann player he was in the first rank. I have never heard the great Fantasia in C more perfectly played, and grasped, than by him. He was an astonishing sight-reader. I remember the morning that Brahms' second B Flat Concerto arrived (at its publication). We retired to two pianofortes, and while I grappled with the orchestral part, he literally performed the very difficult solo part, almost without a slip, at sight. It was a feat the like of which I have never seen. Those who have studied the work can appreciate the difficulties which faced him. It was the same with chamber-music. He had a perfect chord of sympathy with other players. I have always believed that he could have been a composer of mark, though I never saw a note of his writing. His nature was a curious one. It was full of humour, and would even make fun of his own accomplishments, and minimise the value of music he played, for the sake of a quasi-acrobatic head-over-heels. He would perform, as few could, a Schumann Romance, and try to wipe out any feeling of emotion he felt or caused, by smashing down some appalling discord. There the element

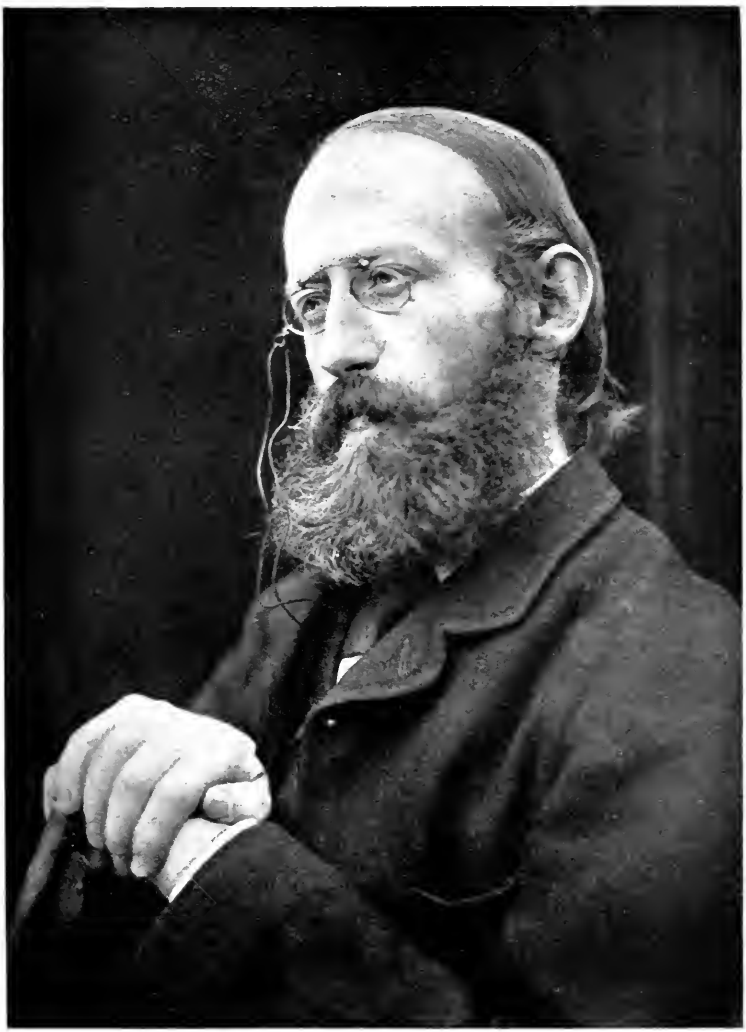
of the Undine in him showed itself. He was a kind of English counterpart to Hans von Bülow, to whom I feel certain he would have cottoned if they had met. They were birds of a feather. One composer was to him a closed book, and I could not awake even a shadow of liking for him or interest in him—Richard Wagner. I dragged him in Germany to hear his operas, but he always spoke of them with what was at best a laughing sneer. They were antipathetic to each other. It was no use to say to him that he would be one degree happier if he liked one thing more. He would admit the theory, but scorn the practice. He disappeared from the world, a comparatively young man, almost as mysteriously as he had entered his Alma Mater; but England lost in him one of her greatest assets, and one of her most versatile artists.

With this small category of men who have gone these notes must cease. It would be possible to add largely to them, but this task is best left to personal experience. The list, happily, could be largely added to by including living amateurs. This I have not done, as for my purpose the past is sufficient. Amateurishness is a term rightly used for insufficient knowledge of the technique of a craft; but the amateur is a very living part of the art, which often flourishes far more by his assistance, and not infrequently by his wider general knowledge of men and things, than a business musician can boast. Without audiences we should have no concerts. The Amateurs are the backbone of the Listeners. Without them our great choral societies (which are the glory of this country) would be non-existent. With their help, often material as well

as artistic, they will continue to flourish in the future, as they have always flourished in the past.

Note

Since this chapter was sent to the press, has occurred the death of William Austen-Leigh, who, if he had not then been alive, would assuredly have been included in the list of worthy names which I have recorded. He was, like all his family, a deeply cultured scholar; but he was also a most accomplished musician, who, while he held firmly to traditions of the past, had an open mind for the present and the future. His accomplishment was founded on personal work as well as natural taste, and he was one of the most helpful of the great company of music-lovers.



RICHARD CHARLES ROWE (*circa* 1880).

(*From a photograph by A. G. Dew-Smith.*)

XII

WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT, 1816–1875

(From the *Musical Quarterly Review*, 1916)

*Nehme man ihn also wie er ist, nicht, was er gar nicht sein möchte, als Schöpfer einer neuen Epoche, oder als einen unzubändigenden Helden, sondern als innigen, wahrhaften Dichter, der unbekümmert um ein paar geschwenkte Hüte, mehr oder weniger seinen stillen Weg hingeht, an dessen Ausgange ihn wenn auch kein Triumphwagen erwartet, so doch von dankender Hand ein Veilchenkranz, den ihm Eusebius hiermit aufgesetzt haben will.**

ROBERT SCHUMANN.

IN the early seventies, when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, I chanced one afternoon to pay a visit to a musical friend who lived in Trinity, and was one of the Fellows of the College. While we were talking, there walked into the room a small figure of a man whose dignity of bearing made him look half as tall again as his stature warranted, with a well-proportioned and squarely built head, lovely and sympathetic eyes, and an expression of unmistakable kindliness and charm, which captivated me before he opened his mouth. The dress was a

* Gesammelte Schriften von R. Schumann, ed. Jansen, II. 177 (Critique on "The Woodnymphs").

little in the old style, recalling with its high collar and dark ample stock, the early drawings of Berlioz and Mendelssohn, and of the musical worthies whom John Ella collected to perform at his Musical Union Concerts and took care to immortalise by a collection of drawings. I was particularly struck by the character and refined beauty of the hands. I saw at a glance who it was—Sterndale Bennett. I had made one pilgrimage to see him in 1870, but failed to find him at home. My father, who had one strong link with him in a great personal friend who was common to them both, Wyndham Goold, the Member of Parliament for Limerick, was anxious to renew an acquaintance with him which began at the Birmingham Festival of 1846, where he had given a supper to Mendelssohn after the "Elijah," at which Bennett was present. But the fates were against the meeting.

My first sight of Bennett brought many memories back to my mind. "Gentle Zephyr" was one of my first vocal efforts as a small boy (and my favourite one): I had also earned my first golden sovereign for playing all the "Preludes and Lessons" from memory, and I was looking at the composer who had vicariously endowed me with my first big "tip." Over it all was the consciousness of a compelling artistic atmosphere which idealised the man from whom it emanated. It came not only from the many and great associations which his presence recalled, but from his own innate nobility. It was easy to see at a glance the qualities which endeared him to Schumann and to Mendelssohn, and also the modesty which prevented his powers from being acclaimed by the mass of the

SIR WILLIAM STERNDALE BENNETT.
(*Ob.* 1875. *From a portrait by Millais.*)

public, and even stood in the way of his own exercise of them. In the few short years which intervened before his premature death in 1875, I had several opportunities of seeing him, and getting to know him both as a man and as an artist. On one occasion when I dined with him *tête-à-tête* we played pianoforte duets all the evening, and I was able to appreciate the great beauty of his touch and tone of which so many great musicians have spoken. We played the whole of his G Minor Symphony, and others of the four-handed arrangements of his orchestral works. On another, he came to Cambridge, when a much-needed revolution had succeeded (largely through his support) in substituting ladies for boys in the soprano department of the University Musical Society. We showed our gratitude to him by performing his " May Queen," and engaged a first-rate orchestra for the concert. He was invited to conduct, and, though in indifferent health, went out of his way to do so. Nothing, however, which I could say would induce him to believe in the efficiency of the band for accompanying the solos with enough delicacy, although the players were of the best : his memories of scratch local orchestras at the University town in old days were too painfully vivid : and he insisted upon my playing them on the pianoforte, characteristically veiling his mistrust of his forces under the euphemism, that the pianoforte would be a pleasant contrast to the orchestral accompaniments of the Chorus. His beat was clear and clean cut, but as a conductor he was the exact reverse of Hans von Bülow (as he was also in his pianoforte playing). His warmth was reserved for his pianoforte playing

and was at a minimum with the bâton. In 1873 the appreciation of Brahms was beginning to make itself widely felt in England, and I made many attempts to interest him in the famous Requiem, in the chamber-works and pianoforte compositions of that master, thinking that their common friendship for Schumann and Schumann's warm championship of the younger man would arouse interest and sympathy in Bennett. But he remained practically impervious to any appeal. This is the more curious, as in one respect at least, their methods, though varying fundamentally in style, were alike in principle. Passage writing for the pianoforte had before their time become mainly a medium for display, irrespective of any intrinsic merit or relevancy. To this snare even Mendelssohn, the then leader of musical fashion, had fallen a victim. With Bennett it became part and parcel of the musical idea and a natural development from it, a system which Brahms carried out with unvarying force throughout his life. Bennett's harmonic scheme was diatonic, but he was exceptionally chromatic in passage writing; another point of similarity. Finally he was very prone to *arpeggio* writing, as in " The Fountain," a form of ornament to which the German master was equally partial. But it was in the co-ordination of passages and the main musical idea which underlay them that Bennett showed the way, and was in this important respect a pioneer. The fact that his peculiar technique was somewhat crabbed in detail, and lacking in larger stretches and breadth of chord-presentation, does not detract from his merit in this advance. In these characteristics Brahms was

the opposite pole to him, and is correspondingly easier to interpret. With the exception of Mozart, Bennett is perhaps of all pianoforte composers the most difficult to play. He unconsciously lays traps for the performer at the most unexpected moments, which spell disaster to the unwary. In view of this difficulty of interpretation, the exploit of Hans von Bülow on a famous occasion becomes almost uncanny. A short time after Bennett's death, George Osborne, the author of the "Pluie des Perles," and a close friend of his, was walking down Bond Street, and opposite Lamborn Cock's music shop (Bennett's publisher) he met von Bülow, who told him that he was just going down to Brighton to give a recital that evening. Osborne remarked that as it was Bennett's birthday, he supposed that so great a lover of anniversaries as Bülow was going to play something of the English composer's. Bülow took fire, but said he knew nothing of Bennett's, and asked Osborne to tell him of something suitable. The genial Irishman took him into Cock's shop; they had out Bennett's works; Bülow chose three very difficult pieces, "The Lake," "The Millstream," and "The Fountain," carried them off, learnt them in the train, and played them from memory in the evening. This I heard from two sources—from Osborne himself in London, and from a Brighton musician who heard the performance at Brighton. In the case of an ordinary piece, this feat would be astonishing enough; in view of the unaccustomed style and technique, and the microscopic delicacy of detail, it sounds as an almost incredible *tour de force*.

When I was studying at Leipzig in 1874, I

attended the revival performance of Spohr's opera, "Jessonda." Noticing that all eyes were staring in the direction of the dress circle, I turned and saw, for the first time, Richard Wagner; afterwards having a good opportunity of studying his appearance and bearing as he walked up and down the *foyer* during the entr'actes. To my great surprise he instantaneously recalled to me the figure and face of Sterndale Bennett. But it was a caricature. Though he held his head just as Bennett did, and closely resembled him in general build and in cast of features, everything was exaggerated, and there was an entire lack of the repose and dignity which was so distinguishing a mark of the Englishman. There was more force but less refinement. The one loved the limelight as much as the other loathed it. With this curious similarity of physiognomy, the likeness ended. It was not given to Bennett to be world-compelling, nor to Wagner to be the lovable and the beloved.

When Bennett appeared on the scene, chamber-music of native origin had been dormant for nearly a century: there had been no outstanding composer of absolute music since Purcell. It is to Bennett's initiative that England owes the awakening which since his day has spread over the artistic life of the country. He was affected, it is true, by his intercourse with Germany and his close friendships with Germans, but he maintained his British characteristics throughout his life. In a former article which I contributed to this Review, I said: "The English take a kind of pride in concealing their feelings and emotions, and this is reflected in their folk-song. The Thames has no rapids and

no falls ; it winds along under its woods in a gentle stream, never dry and never halting ; it is the type of the spirit of English folk-music. . . . England is as remote from Celtic fire and agony, as the Thames is from the Spey." Bennett was a typical specimen of this English characteristic. He was a poet, but of the school of Wordsworth rather than of Byron and Shelley. Brought up in the flats of Cambridgeshire, he idealised, in the " Naiads " and the " Woodnymphs," the beauties of the plains and the sluggish streams, but left the painting of rushing salmon-rivers, misty mountains and storms to more fiery and vivid natures. But the poet of tranquillity has his uses as well as the poet of feverishness. There are few travellers who do not welcome the rest, both to eyes and to mind, of a flat country after a prolonged stay in the Alps : and they experience in low countries what is denied to them in high altitudes—the beauties of a sunset. To an audience on the prowl for startling effects and for new sensations, such music as Bennett's cannot appeal : but to those who like to sit still, and can forget temporarily the rush of trains, motors, telegrams and telephones, it will convey the soothing charm which was part and parcel of the man himself. Bennett's most famous contemporary, Samuel Sebastian Wesley, had a more powerful temperament, and a greater grasp of big climax and of choral effect ; but he practically confined himself to church music, a form which Bennett rarely touched and with which he had little to do, except by request, and for occasional functions ; and with pianoforte, chamber and orchestral works he had little active sympathy. Wesley was essentially an experimenter. Bennett

was not. Wesley was more masterful than masterly, Bennett more masterly than masterful. But these two men together, albeit opposite poles both in nature and in style, were the first-fruits of the Renaissance of English music.

As a pianist Bennett had a great reputation, but it was confined to a circle of connoisseurs. He played too seldom in public to cover a wider field, and his activities as a performer lasted only some thirteen years. After 1848 he left the concert platform, only returning to it as a conductor. His playing, however, was undoubtedly remarkable, and had a fire and energy in it which does not appear on the gentle surface of his music. While yet a boy, he was called the " English Hummel " and earned the warm praise of John Field. When Mendelssohn sent the boy Joachim to him, he wrote in his letter of introduction : " I think the impression his performances made on me very much like the one I still have of your Concert in the Hanover Square Rooms, when you wore the green jacket." His studies at the Royal Academy had been under men of mark with great traditions behind them. Clementi, J. B. Cramer, and Cipriani Potter (who inherited the Mozart training through Woelfl, Leopold Mozart's pupil) were all interested in the Academy work. Bennett's immediate masters were Holmes (the biographer of Mozart) and Potter. His playing of Beethoven was rated as highly at Leipzig as in London. Schumann who (as Clara Schumann wrote) " spoke so often of him as one of the pianists whom he most admired," printed in 1837 a remarkable article comparing him as a pianist with Mendelssohn :

The Englishman's playing is perhaps more tender, more careful in detail ; that of Mendelssohn is broader, more energetic. The former bestows fine shading on the lightest thing, the latter pours a new force into the most powerful passages ; one overpowers us with the transfigured expression of a single form, the other showers forth hundreds of fascinating Cherub-heads as in a heaven of Raphael. Some of the same characteristics are evident in their compositions.

Ferdinand Hiller, when Bennett visited Leipzig in 1838–39, wrote of the " greatest astonishment which his playing excited " and of its perfection in mechanism, its extraordinary delicacy of nuance, its wealth of soul and fire. Ayrton, a very able critic, declared that the mantle of Cramer had fallen upon him. One who heard him play the principal movement of his " Maid of Orleans " Sonata at the end of his life, when he thought he was alone, writes : " I was quite taken aback with the force he displayed. Bülow, whom I heard play it more than once afterward, seemed by comparison to be half asleep."

Bennett was born on April 13, 1816, at Sheffield, where his father was organist of the parish church. In his fourth year, having lost both his parents, he was adopted by his grandfather, a Derbyshire singer who had settled in Cambridge in 1792 as a lay-clerk in the College Chapels. The child's musical faculties were sufficiently remarked, and before he was five years old his grandfather found him a capable instructress for the piano. Later, while passing two years in the choir of King's College,

he escaped the notice of the organist, but the closer observation of the Vice-Provost led to his being sent in his tenth year to be tested at the Royal Academy of Music. There he was at once retained as a resident pupil to enjoy the privilege, granted in his case for the first time, of free board and tuition. Among older companions selected after keen competition at the opening of the Academy three years before, he was unlikely to attract a notice for which he had by disposition no desire. But he was now living in a house which resounded with music ; his violin, prescribed as his chief study, soon admitted him to the students' orchestra ; and with a quick ear and a retentive memory to help him, he had within his reach the means of quietly acquiring knowledge beyond what came to him by direct instruction. Progress on the piano, as long as the instrument remained his second study in charge of an elder student, might well elude the observation of others. So when, as five years passed, his schoolfellows began to regard him as " somewhat apathetic if not idle " ; or a professor would be heard saying, " Here is a boy who could do something if he chose " ; or when his grandfather wrote, gently chiding him for indifference to distinction, the boy was ready with a practical reply. Sir George Macfarren, in late life, recalled a day when Bennett, aged fifteen, by his " singularly beautiful playing " of a new Concerto by Hummel, suddenly revealed himself to an Academy audience—John Field happened to be one of the guests—in his true vocation as a pianist. Soon afterwards, having as yet used very little music-paper, he surprised Dr. Crotch by producing a Symphony well planned,

well orchestrated, and clearly showing the strong hold which the music of Mozart already had on his young mind. It is said that he early acquired the habit of taking Mozart's scores to bed with him that he might con them at the dawn of day. Then in 1832, when he was sixteen, he wrote a pianoforte concerto which brought him into wider notice. The Academy Directors arranged for its publication; Queen Adelaide sent for him to play it to her at Windsor; and a later performance of the same work in 1833 brought him his first introduction to Mendelssohn. He now continued to submit compositions to the judgment of Cipriani Potter, who had succeeded Dr. Crotch as Principal of the Academy, and to study pianoforte-playing under that learned and broad-minded musician. A Concerto, No. III. in C minor, written in 1834, and an Overture "Parisina," dated March, 1835, suggest that on his nineteenth birthday in April, 1835, he had served his apprenticeship in composition, while his cordial reception at the Philharmonic Concerts in the following month gave him his "freedom as a pianist." He still lingered on at the Academy, till at length the prospect of a sum of money inherited from his mother allowed him to look further afield. His desire was to sojourn in Leipzig and possibly to pursue the study of composition under Mendelssohn. Partly with a view of taking advice on this subject he attended in the spring of 1836 a Festival which Mendelssohn was conducting at Düsseldorf. But Mendelssohn after examining his compositions wrote in letters to English friends: "I have told him [Bennett] that about teachers there is in his case no more to be said by any one"; "I think him

the most promising young musician I know, not only in your country, but also here"; "I am certain to gain as much pleasure and profit from his society as he from mine." (Letters written to Attwood and Klingemann.) It was in this spirit of comradeship that Bennett was now to be received in Leipzig by musicians older than himself, but still in the heyday of life. By a training completed in his own country he went out as a well-read scholar of German music. His character as an artist was already fixed and was the cause rather than the effect of the valued associations which he was now to enjoy.

In July, 1836, when he had spent more than ten years at the Academy, he took his leave by playing a fourth (never published) Concerto at the Prize Concert, and then during a holiday at a cottage in Grantchester near Cambridge wrote his Overture "The Naiads." In October he set out on the ten days' journey to Leipzig, which he reached on the twenty-ninth. In the evening Mendelssohn took him to the Hôtel de Bavière, where at that time certain musicians with their friends, as subscribers to the *table-d'hôte*, met from day to day. The impression which the newcomer made upon one of this group was given a fortnight later by Robert Schumann, who wrote to his home in Zwickau of "ein junger Engländer, William Bennett, in unsern täglichen Kreisen, Englander durch und durch, ein herrlicher Kuntsler, eine poetisch schöne Seele." (R. Schumann's Briefe, ed. Jensen, p. 70.)

Exempt, by Mendelssohn's interdict, from fixed musical studies, Bennett now had full freedom for observation and enjoyment, and to gain from foreign

intercourse not only artistic but also, probably even to a greater degree, general advancement. Musical events, however, naturally fill space in the simple diary which he kept at the time. He found Leipzig in a ferment over " Israel in Egypt," no novelty to an Englishman, but then, in a few days, to be heard for the first time in the Saxon town. He attended the rehearsals and performance in the Pauliner-Kirche, but could not agree with the Saxons' interpretation of their compatriot's music. His diary continues to show him critical. The native singers and the poor performances of operas could excite little but pity, though in exception to this he heard, later in his visit, Schroeder-Devrient and had the honour of accompanying her in " Adelaide " and other songs at the Gewandhaus (April 7, 1837). At the subscription-concerts, though he was already familiar with the best of the music given, he listened to the orchestral works of the great masters rendered by players " rather more musicianlike," as he admitted, than his own countrymen, under a conductor to whom there was no parallel in England. Mendelssohn's own music was for the moment conspicuous by its almost entire absence from the programmes. As novelties Bennett now heard Symphonies and Overtures of contemporary German composers: Hetsch, Hiller, Lachner, Lindpainter, Molique, Müller, Reissiger, Rosenhain, Joseph Strauss. There can indeed be little ground for thinking that the music thus presented to him gave any fresh direction to his own thought as a composer. What Germany as compared with England did show him, bringing him mixed feelings of pleasure and envy, was a more openly expressed

musical sentiment, a higher respect on all sides and among all classes towards music as an art, and a more considerate attitude towards those who found in it their calling. Bennett's London friends, who are said to have noticed a change of style in his music when he returned from Germany, may have seen and demurred to a warmth of expression redolent of a foreign atmosphere, in the pianoforte pieces which he wrote in Leipzig at this time: a Sonata in F Minor (Op. 13); three Romances (Op. 14), and a Fantaisie in four movements (Op. 16); which do perhaps show a less guarded enthusiasm, or a more exuberant lyrical manner than is to be seen in his earlier works of the same class.

His diary tells of daily walks with Schumann, or with Walther von Goethe, grandson of the poet; of German lessons; of his welcome to the houses of the Saxon families whose names are so familiar to readers of the various memoirs of the time; of his reluctance to play in society, a duty apparently new to his experience. But he conquered his shyness sometimes and left behind him a special remembrance of his renderings of Beethoven's music. Schumann, too, had soon found out "wie er Händel auswendig weiss, wie er alle Mozartschen Opern auf dem Clavier spielt, als sähe man sie lebhaftig vor sich." (Gesammelte Schriften, II. 7.) When the New Year came his abilities were put to a severer test. Of his appearance at the Gewandhaus, Schumann has left a charming record, and Mendelssohn wrote to his sister: "Bennett played his C Minor Concerto amidst the triumphant applause of the Leipzigers whom he seems at one stroke to have made his friends and admirers, for

you hear now on all sides nothing but ' Bennett.' " The new Overture " The Naiads " was played in February at the annual concert given " for the Poor." At the close of the musical season in March, Mendelssohn left Leipzig For twenty weeks Bennett had been daily meeting him, but chiefly in the society of others. He had not found or had not taken opportunity for that closer companionship to which in the near future he was to be admitted. He stayed in Leipzig for some months longer and the interest of the time turns upon the growing friendship between Schumann and himself. It will be understood that Schumann would first be represented to Bennett as the editor of a musical paper ; there was as yet little conception of him as a composer, still less of his possible success as such. But Bennett during months of daily intercourse made acquaintance with the pianoforte works which Schumann had already written. He quoted them when he afterwards wrote to his friend from England as if he knew them well. Moreover, it may be presumed that he played them in the privacy of Schumann's rooms with a degree of sympathy which satisfied their composer, himself unhappily a disabled pianist. Schumann seems to have recalled this a year or two later when he was leading a lonely life in Vienna, and wrote to his future wife : " Einen jüngeren Menschen, einen Bennett, habe ich noch nicht finden können, und ich muss meine besten Gedanken für mich behalten." (Gesammelte Schriften, ed. Jansen, II. 491.) Schumann has left a striking memento of his own esteem for Bennett in the dedication to him of the " Études

Symphoniques." In the last movement comes a theme from Marschner's Opera " Der Templer und die Jüdin," where Ivanhoe calls on proud England to rejoice over her noble Knights. " It is an ingenious way "—writes one of Schumann's biographers—" of paying homage to his beloved English composer."

While still a young man Bennett went twice again to Germany. He spent the winter of 1838–39 in Leipzig, taking over with him a new Concerto in F minor which he had written just before starting, in the above-mentioned cottage at Grantchester; also a Caprice for pianoforte and orchestra which he had composed and played earlier in the same year in London. During his stay in Leipzig he wrote his Overture " The Woodnymphs " and some pianoforte pieces to which belong " Three Diversions " for four hands, written in time to play them first with Mendelssohn on Christmas morning, 1838. These " Diversions " have often been quoted as notable examples of Bennett's workmanship. It was when reviewing them that Schumann wrote (Gesammelte Schriften, II. 205): " Aber jener Engländer ist unter allen Fremden der deutschen Theilnahme an würdigsten, ein *geborner Künstler*, wie selbst Deutschland wenige aufzuweissen hat," Schumann was away in Vienna at this time, but Bennett was now much with Mendelssohn. " We would have more music together than the first time," Mendelssohn had written when urging Bennett to come over again. This promise was fulfilled, and the many hours thus spent in undisturbed companionship set the seal on a strong mutual attachment.

A third journey which Bennett made in the first

month of 1842, when he was nearing his twenty-sixth birthday, brought him into touch with Spohr, whose acquaintance he sought by staying a few days in Cassel, and who treated him during the time—to use the words of Bennett's diary—"just as if I were his son." While making Leipzig his head-quarters, he went twice to Berlin, also to Dresden, but though he had considered the question of making a professional tour in Germany he never did make any public appearances while abroad, save at the Gewandhaus.

A letter written some forty years later by a lady, with whose family Mendelssohn was closely connected, pictures Bennett by his side among their Leipzig friends:

Sterndale Bennett was a frequent and welcome guest at our house, and I often met him with Mendelssohn together. Their relationship was one of surpassing friendliness. Each loved and respected the other and Mendelssohn felt the highest pleasure not only in the eminent gifts, but also in the characteristic and amiable nature of the young artist. . . . Their intercourse was most cordial and intimate. They were both given to pleasantry and Bennett in particular was as a rule in the mood for all manner of fun. . . . Within the circle of his most intimate friends his childlike merriment was irrepressible. He was fond of divers conjuring tricks and his anecdotes and comical stories were received with shouts of laughter. In large assemblies he was reserved and retiring but very popular, all considering themselves fortunate in counting him among their guests.

During the five or six years in which Bennett's three visits to Germany occurred, he had taken the

first steps towards earning a livelihood in London and had by degrees become steadfast to that purpose. Thus from March, 1839, to December, 1841, *i.e.* for nearly three years, only a single week passed, that being a Christmas week, in which he was not at his post ready to answer calls for his services—the more to his credit, perhaps, because those interested in him had anxiously mistrusted his capacity or inclination for mundane affairs. He took no holidays, gained no further inspiration from the meadows or millstream of Grantchester, but fixed himself in his chambers in Great Titchfield Street, in a city which could do little, and for nine months in each year nothing, to foster a musical spirit. Early correspondence with a trusted adviser assumed as a foregone conclusion that pianoforte-teaching was in his case the only side of his profession which could hold out hopes of security. Friends of his bachelor days afterwards recalled him as " a slave to the pianoforte," but surely only as the slave, or rather the devoted student of pianoforte music. The chances of playing in public would scarcely stimulate such zeal. Within three years he was called to the front as a pianist, no oftener than four times, and this, though quite an enviable record for a London musician of those days, could not do much towards bread-winning. As a composer his extreme caution, which is clearly shown in his correspondence with Kistner, the Leipzig publisher, sufficiently explains how composition and money never met each other in his thoughts. The story of these years tells with reasonable certainty that he was not to be a prolific writer. He gave continuous attention to such work ;

a large portion of an Oratorio remains as one of the memories of the time; but even finished manuscripts he hesitated to surrender, and in spite of Kistner's urgent entreaties he parted with no music to a publisher between his twenty-third and twenty-sixth birthdays. Again, as a teacher, he found his road none too smooth. In England the ephemeral "Fantasia," with its echoes of the Italian Opera, ruled the domain of the pianoforte alike on the concert-platform and in the schoolroom. To music of a severer sort, old or new, the word *classical* was applied in common parlance to denote a social bugbear. Its place has now been taken by the epithet *academic*, of which the true, but distasteful, definition is *a composer who knows his business*. Bennett wrote at the time of the professional circles where he heard Mozart and Beethoven freely referred to as "pedants." No wonder, then, that a teacher who offered nothing but the works of great masters attracted few pupils. There is no tale to be told about Bennett of starvation or garret-life, but his exceptional musicianship retarded rather than advanced his efforts to make ends meet.

In 1842, at the age of twenty-six, he moved from his bachelor chambers to live with some friends who were able to give up their drawing-rooms to his use, thus enabling him to receive private pupils and also to start a scheme of chamber-concerts. With this change of residence his circumstances began to improve. In 1844, when his income had reached £300 a year, he married Mary, daughter of Commander James Wood, R.N., who, though very young at the time, soon proved herself capable of

assisting him in his progress. In 1845, he took a house in Russell Place, Fitzroy Square, where he stayed for many years and which in due course became a centre of some musical interest. While the cares of livelihood still pressed, it was perhaps inevitable that his work as a composer should lie somewhat in abeyance. Within the six years (1842–47) he published the " Suite de Pièces " (Op. 24)—the most important work for Pianoforte Solo that he had so far written, in which Schumann observed increased originality, and traced the result of studying Bach and Scarlatti. He also published other less ambitious works, including the " Rondo Paicevole " (Op. 25) which had a long life and gave pleasure to many ; a Chamber Trio for pianoforte, violin and violoncello (Op. 26) ; and a first set of six songs (Op. 23), the outcome of much selection and rejection. In 1843 he wrote to Kistner : " I have ready for the engraver my new Concerto which I performed last year at the Philharmonic Society and which I have since altered." But the engraver waited in vain. This Concerto (No. VI. in A minor), written in a newer style than his earlier works of the same class, and finding much favour when he played it, might, one would imagine, have helped, on its publication, to keep interest alive in what he was doing. He revised it again in 1848 and played it for the second time in public, but he never published it though he always meant to do so, and had the score in his hands with the intention of putting finishing touches a few weeks before his death. Mendelssohn saw an Overture of his in 1844 and wished to play it in Leipzig, but Bennett hesitated and wrote in 1846 :

I should have sent you my overture according to promise, but I really could not make up my mind to like the overture and to think it good enough for the Leipzig Public who have always been so kind to me and are certainly entitled to the best I can do, whatever that is ; and I do not despair, if I have health and strength and more time to devote to composition than I have just now, but you know what England is and how we must work to keep up our houses, and living on the most economical scale.

Of Bennett's interest in the musical life of London in his earlier days there would indeed be little to say, had it not been for his close connection with the Philharmonic Society. Here, since his twentieth year, he had found the opportunity of taking some share in the more prominent musical movements of the time. Since 1835 the Society regularly produced his works. By his appearances for fourteen years in succession (save for one lapse when he was away in Leipzig) he enjoyed to an unprecedented extent the most envied honour which his country could then offer to a pianist. He had early been placed on the Board of Directors, where his knowledge of orchestral music was of use to older colleagues, few of whom had found in the England of their young days chances of studying that branch of their art. He acted as their agent in their negotiations with foreign musicians. The support which Spohr and Mendelssohn gave to the Society at a time of depression (1842–44) was due to his enterprise and to his acquaintance with these two eminent men. In this way, too, he had for himself the gratification of keeping in touch with another interesting phase of his life, viz. his

personal and musical association with Germany. It can, therefore, be realised how serious a crisis came in his career when these interests were suddenly shattered by two events, one bringing to him great sorrow and the other a sense of cruel injury.

Mendelssohn's visits to England in the later years of his life, and a continuous correspondence had served to maintain and strengthen the close bond which had united him to Bennett in Germany. Their association was no mere professional alliance. They shared, as Mendelssohn once wrote to Bennett on a serious occasion, " not only musical pleasures and sorrows, but also the domestic ones on which life and happiness depend." In Mendelssohn, Bennett, no less by his personal qualities than by his musical gifts, had won a friend who was far the most remarkable, for his general attainments and his knowledge of men and matters, of any amongst whom he had yet moved. The " Brüderähnlichkeit " of their music, which Schumann regarded as springing from a common nature rather than as any result of influence or imitation, characterised their personal relations. There can be no doubt that Bennett owed much, at the outset of a career which his conscience made a hard one, to the fellow-feeling and encouragement of this brotherly friend, and that Mendelssohn's sudden death at the end of 1847 came to him as an irreparable loss.

This was followed, not many months afterwards, by another stroke of misfortune, though of a very different kind. In the season of 1848, a misunderstanding, trifling in itself, about the performance of one of Bennett's Overtures, arose between himself

and Michael Costa, who then and for some years to come conducted the Philharmonic concerts. Bennett, innocent of any intentional offence, unable to gain an interview with Costa at which he hoped explanations might be exchanged, and then unable to get satisfaction through the mediation of his colleagues on the Direction, whose support he looked for, felt himself terribly aggrieved. He saw but one course to take and resigned all connection with the affairs of the Society. This meant for him not only his withdrawal as a pianist and composer from the arena where high distinction could in his case most readily be gained, but also a severance of ties of the strongest kind, and of such musical interests as he highly prized. At the end of the London season he went for a short holiday with his family to the seaside. There he completely broke down. The death of Mendelssohn was still an open wound, and at the time of the Philharmonic trouble he had lost the best friend in whom he could have confided and whose sympathy and advice would have been so helpful. His wife was seriously alarmed at the apparently utter collapse of his health and spirits, and though he soon returned to his work, he regained his usual health so slowly that her anxiety was of long duration.

Schumann once wrote of Bennett that he was "Clavierspieler vorzugsweise," and to others who held the same view it became a matter of regret that in his thirty-third year and in the fulness of his powers he should have discarded to a great extent that branch of his musicianship in which, maybe, his individuality was most pronounced. But the time must have come to him ere long when he could

no longer tax hinself with the maintenance of those powers for the sake of two or three exhibitions of it as a Concerto player in the course of the year. The Philharmonic incident having relieved him of his chief duty in this direction, he may have construed it into a signal for a complete withdrawal. Since 1838 he had followed the old-fashioned plan of giving an annual concert of his own. On these occasions he always employed an orchestra and played Concertos. In 1849, a year after his rupture with the Philharmonic, he gave the last of these concerts, and gained wider patronage than usual. He handed the profit of £80 to the " Governesses' Benevolent Institution," a graceful act, it may be thought, on his retirement from the front rank of pianists. The sum named was a tithe, almost exactly, of his income at the time.

If he found himself for the present rather in the shadow of the musical world, he had on the other hand by this time secured his footing as a teacher and was pressed by little further anxiety in respect to livelihood. With an easy mind he could renew his work as a composer, though he now pursued it in its smaller forms without thought of its public performance. He seems also to have kept in view as a paramount duty the advancement of the music of great composers, and he now looked for quiet spheres in which he might work to this end, according to the time and means at his disposal. In his younger days he had diligently studied Bach's music, certainly his clavier-music as far as he had been able to find it in print in England or Germany. The instrumental works of Bach had been appreciated in this country, as is

well known, by an earlier generation of musicians; but Bennett merits remembrance as a pioneer in the introduction here, under great difficulties, of the composer's vocal masterpieces. In 1848 or 1849 he purchased a pianoforte score—printed in Paris!—of the St. Matthew "Passions-Musik," was startled by the beauty and modern freshness of its opening bars, while on further reference he became convinced that in the great Church-compositions of Bach an entirely new region was accessible to an Oratorio-loving country. In October, 1849, he asked a few musicians to his house and proposed the formation of a Society for the collection of printed or manuscript works of Bach and for the private practice of his vocal music by the members. The difficulties of the undertaking were soon manifest. The first advertisement attracted six candidates for membership. In the course of three months prospects brightened, and though a proposed Festival of Bach's music, to inaugurate the Society on the anniversary of his birthday, had to be abandoned through the want of music to perform, the birthday was kept and thirty-five members with but four female voices among them made their first trial of the only vocal work of Bach's with English words which was then to be found in England, a motet, which was afterwards said to have been the product of some other composer. Copyists were now set to work. Two more motets were produced and a set of six were a little later printed for the use of the Society; then the members found that they could not sing the motets and many of them absconded. Bennett persevered, collected by degrees a nucleus of

earnest workers, Academy students were called in, the children of the Chapel Royal came to the rescue, practices were continued during the winter months of each year and private concerts were arranged. A pupil of Bennett's, Miss Helen F. Johnston, who in her eighteenth year had been the first candidate for membership, well deserves to have her name coupled with that of her master in any record of the movement. She framed the course of her young life to suit the special work, studied German, the theory of music, the organ, and lithography, and gradually produced, consulting Bennett at every step, an English version of the St. Matthew "Passions-Musik." She set up a lithographic press in her house and prepared with her own hands the parts needed for the rehearsals of that great work. Bennett afterwards wrote about the preparation of this unfamiliar music: "Its introduction was effected *bit* by *bit*, one portion rehearsed over and over again until performers and listeners began to find their way in it, and then some other portions ventured on." A set of solo-singers and orchestral players, all giving voluntary assistance, in most cases as a personal tribute to Bennett rather than from any interest in the unknown or mysterious Bach, attended rehearsals for quite a year, finding as much difficulty if not more than the chorus found. The first performances of the "Passions-Musik" took place in the Hanover Square Rooms in April and November, 1854, Bennett with a few friends guaranteeing the financial results. These performances were too imperfect to convert certain eminent musicians and critics who viewed the reception of such music in England as a chimera.

But the ice was broken ; and in the next eight years, while the Bach Society continued to work, a much higher standard in the performance both of this and of other choral works of Bach was reached. Bennett did not pass on the work to other hands till he had seen all doubt as to the future of this music in England finally dispelled.

Meanwhile he had done loyal service elsewhere to other great composers, more especially to Beethoven. He had started, in his drawing-rooms in Charlotte Street, concerts of that chamber-music in which the pianoforte takes part, and this he had done at a time when little of such music had been publicly played. After a few years he took the concerts to the Hanover Square Rooms, and by degrees they met with much appreciation. In the course of the time he gave forty concerts, drew from a *repertoire* of forty-five concerted works, chiefly by Beethoven, very few of which, save those by Mendelssohn, had been played in public in England before he introduced them. The critic Davison has left a tribute to Bennett in this connection in an account he gave in 1852 of one of these concerts :

The Hanover Square Room was densely packed with such an audience of connoisseurs and professors as perhaps Sterndale Bennett is alone able to collect together. Sterndale Bennett was the originator (in 1842) of these performances of classical chamber-music by the great composers for the pianoforte to which the art and its professors are so much indebted, and which of late years have been so greatly in vogue. The best pianist and the best composer for the pianoforte that this country has probably known, no one could be more fitted to

set the example ; and if works once confined to the student's library are now widely diffused and popular it is certainly due to Sterndale Bennett, who was not only the first to venture on producing them in public, but now that ten years have passed remains without a superior among the foreign and English pianists who have followed in his steps.

Bennett continued the chamber concerts till the year 1856. Then new duties obliged him to abandon them, and he ceased altogether to play in public.

Since the completion of his thirtieth year his employments had assumed, both in nature and extent, the form from which in future they little varied. One year serves as the pattern of many that followed. In the first six months of 1848 he taught the piano for 950 hours ; gave four concerts of his own ; took some share as conductor or pianist at eleven others ; helped in the organisation of the new Queen's College in Harley Street, where he delivered an Introductory Lecture on Harmony in the spring, before taking classes in the College twice a week in that subject. Continuing to teach in July, and taking but a brief holiday in the middle of August between the close of the London season and the reopening of the schools after the early midsummer holidays, he brought up the total hours of teaching to 1632, without counting his classes at Queen's College. These figures, however, do not at all represent the time entailed. Towns such as Maidstone, Ipswich, Brighton, in all of which he taught in turn, were not in those days easily accessible ; while the villages in the neighbourhood of London could not yet be called suburban. But Bennett, scrupulous as to the music he taught, had

to take his work wherever he could find it. On the Brighton day, a policeman on his beat rang the door-bell in Russell Place at 4 a.m., and continued his peal till Bennett from his bedroom window answered the signal. Then there came a long drive to London Bridge to catch the 6 a.m. train. He gave eight or nine lessons at one school at Brighton and did not reach home till 11 p.m. On ordinary days he left his home at 8.30 a.m. and returned at 9 or 10 in the evening. Charles Steggall, who was his pupil for pianoforte, harmony, counterpoint, and composition for four years (1847–1851), took many lessons from him at the Academy in Tenterden Street during the summer months at 7 a.m., and Steggall, on seeing whither his master next repaired, used to wonder how any inhabitant of Portland Place could be ready to take a lesson at so early an hour as eight. That such a life was possible, was largely due to his wife, who had worked conjointly with him since their marriage, and had by degrees relieved him almost entirely of correspondence and business matters. He took great pride in showing his brother professors the time-table in her handwriting of his day's work; then he would say: "I have nothing to do with it, I only have to give the lessons." Then, again, though for some time it remained necessary to work continuously throughout the year, it was not always at high pressure, and lastly the Sunday of those times was a day of absolute rest and stillness. The pianoforte in Bennett's house was not touched on Sunday; the only music he heard that day were the chants and hymns and a "Te Deum" of Jackson's (a permanent fixture) in the church which he regularly attended.

Before his work reached its maximum, his wife insisted on the use of a small carriage—the so-called pill-box of the medical profession—and in this shelter he spent a great part of his life. In the long drives to and from his work it served as a reading-room full of newspapers and books. Here he is known to have studied counterpoint; to have mentally practised the pianoforte; and to have composed or sifted his musical ideas probably as much, if not more, than in any other place. The carriage served him for a dining-room or a dressing-room. Foot-warmers, hot-plates and a bull's-eye lantern were constant accompaniments. The lantern was often used on his return from Miss Lowe's school at Southgate, which journey, in the foggy season, he took on foot by the side of his horse. At least half his week was spent in rural places, and this added to the brightness and healthfulness of his life. In spring and summer he came home with his carriage full of flowers, and the country schools vied with each other to be the first to present him with his favourite lilac-blooms.

And the teaching itself, to which in those days so many applied no other word than "drudgery," was to him a worthy calling. How mean the occupation was in the eyes of the world must at times have forced itself to his notice. But Bennett's work lay much in educational circles, while his other pupils came to him with some seriousness of intent, knew something of his value as a musician, so that they looked up to him and treated him with courtesy and respect. The strictness of views which at first retarded his progress brought him in the end a full reward. He spent his days, not only in the society

of the countless pupils he influenced, but also in continuous association, through the medium of the music he taught, with the great masters of his art. He taught school-girls who were almost beginners, but as far as could be seen, he took the same interest in them and in the simple music he found for them as he did in the advanced pupils preparing their Concertos for public performance. His patience, a quality which even the youngest scholar can appraise, was proverbial amongst his pupils. He was found strict, at times even severe. Personally, he was thought by many to be rather difficult to approach. There is little recorded of any definite systems of instruction. Music, rather than the playing of it, seems to have dwelt in the memory of his pupils. "He taught me to like Beethoven" was an often-expressed and grateful reminiscence. Not a few went much further and, sinking music altogether, preferred to acknowledge the strong influence for good that their music-master had upon their lives.

In the season of 1853 came a sharp revival of the Philharmonic trouble. The young Arabella Goddard was to make her *début* at one of the concerts. Costa, having already stipulated with the Directors that he might decline to conduct any work to which he might take exception, now refused to conduct Bennett's Concerto in C Minor, which Miss Goddard had chosen for her performance. When the Directors asked her to name another work by one of the great masters, she, thinking that such a change might be taken to imply some slur on Bennett's reputation, declined to alter her choice and submitted to the cancelling of her

engagement. This incident caused much remark, and even reached the columns of *Punch*, in which sixteen lines of caustic verse succinctly related not only this incident, but the circumstances of the old quarrel to which it was the sequel. If the matter pained Bennett, as emphasising his banishment from the Philharmonic, a counterbalance was near to hand. A few weeks later, he received a letter from the Directors of the Gewandhaus concerts at Leipzig, written with delightful reference to old memories, asking him to accept their conductorship—surely one of the highest appreciations ever up to that time offered to an English musician, and of extra significance to a man who had so far found no such position in his own country. Bennett was prepared to make any reasonable sacrifice in order to embrace the offer. But the letter reached him in August when he found himself unable to get into touch with clients, or with the only musician, Cipriani Potter, to whom he thought he might entrust his more important duries during five months' absence in the following winter. "I wish I could fully express"—he wrote to Leipzig—"how sorrowful it makes me to be compelled to decide so thoroughly against my own inclinations." The special object of the letters which both he and his wife wrote to German friends at the time was to show him not ungrateful for the recollection of him in his Leipzig days which this invitation implied. Among the lasting pleasures of his life the remembrances of Leipzig took a prominent place, and to the end he was never happier than when a letter of introduction from Germany brought to his doors some young foreigner to whom he could

render service. After his death, Ferdinand Hiller refers to this when characterising his English friend: "As a man, Bennett was extremely simple, unaffected, open, honourable, good-tempered, cheerful, and sociable. German musicians found with him a truly heartfelt welcome."

One of Bennett's attempts to return German kindness has special interest. In early life he had set his mind upon introducing, sooner or later, to this country, one of the most remarkable artistic personalities whom he met in Germany. That nearly twenty years passed before this was done, furnishes some illustration of the state to which charlatans had degraded the use of the pianoforte in this country, a matter which had had no little effect upon Bennett's own early career. Within a week of his first arrival in Leipzig in 1836, he wrote in his diary: "I have made my bow to Miss Clara Wieck, a very *clever* girl and plays capitally. . . . I wish all girls were like her." Five years later, when Clara Wieck had become Clara Schumann, Bennett met her again in Leipzig, wrote home of her as being one of the finest players he had ever heard, and added: "I want her to come to England, and I have answered that she shall play at the Philharmonic, but I fear I shall not persuade her." Nor did he; for though, as a recently appointed Philharmonic Director, he might assure her of one engagement, a pianist of Madame Schumann's order would not in 1842 secure enough patronage in London to meet her travelling expenses. At any rate Bennett's own experiences would not at that time add much force to his persuasions. But nine years later Bennett, though at variance with

the Philharmonic Society, was in a stronger position to issue invitations. He had mustered a good following of music-lovers; he had secured an income by steady work, so that he could indulge in such luxuries as a Bach Society or unremunerative chamber-concerts, or even to face the risks of starting a series of fortnightly orchestral concerts in the year of the Great Exhibition. So he wrote to Schumann, who had by this time achieved a great name as a composer in his own country, and asked him to bring his wife over in 1851, so that his compositions and her playing might be made known here. Schumann, in a long and appreciative reply, wrote:

We have the greatest desire to visit England and we shall probably come. . . . The question is, could we in so short a time earn enough to cover the cost of journey and living, which we estimate at £100 at least. If you think so, we should wish for nothing further.

Bennett's reply to this, though catalogued in Schumann's collection of letters, has disappeared. Possibly the short time that the Schumanns could devote to the plan, was a cause of its failure. Bennett did not give the concerts, the arrangement with the Schumanns was postponed to the next year when it again failed of accomplishment, perhaps from want of engagements from other quarters. However, in view of the attitude which Bennett was later supposed to assume towards Schumann's music, it is desirable to notice that he was the first if not the only person to try to bring Schumann as a composer into personal touch with

an English audience. In 1854, he was again urging Madame Schumann to come to England for the 1855 season.

I can tell you (he wrote), with the very greatest confidence, that you would be received with enthusiasm and I think you would in every way be satisfied that you had at last paid a visit to England. For my own part it would be a great pleasure to me to be of the least assistance to you in your previous arrangements, and to make your stay in England as comfortable as possible. . . . I should be glad if you would tell me when you would come and how long you would stay and if you would give me leave to accept engagements for you & how much for each concert, et cetera—then I would take care to have a good business prepared for you.

There seems something to admire in the fact of one pianist pressing another to come and enter his own preserves, while he merely asks for himself the privilege of acting as her agent. Madame Schumann agreed to come and accepted an invitation to stay with the Bennetts. When the time came, the illness of her husband prevented her leaving home, but the fulfilment of Bennett's wish was near at hand.

In 1856, at the age of forty, he was called to greater prominence under conditions grateful to his feelings. At Cambridge, the home of his boyhood, the whilom chorister was now elected Professor of Music in the University, and at the same time he was welcomed back to the Philharmonic Society as conductor of the concerts. These positions made no improvement in his private circumstances, for the fees he received for the conductorship did not

balance the sacrifice of time incident upon performing his honorary duties at Cambridge. For his livelihood, therefore, he still had to depend entirely upon teaching. Seventeen years had gone by since he had settled down to regular work in London, and during that time, which proved in the end to represent nearly half his professional life, there had certainly been little at hand to brighten and stimulate his musical spirit; but he now found himself as well placed in his profession as he could desire to be, and he might perhaps be deemed fortunate, seeing how few were the appointments, except for organists, which this country had to offer to its musicians, to have obtained preferment with its attendant encouragement, as soon as he did.

On the evening when he took up his duties at the Philharmonic Society, Madame Schumann, who was staying in his house at the time, made her first appearance in England. Again, a wish of Schumann's, expressed in his letter to Bennett in 1851, that his "Paradise and the Peri" might be given in London with Madame Jenny Lind as the principal singer, was now carried out at the sixth concert of the season. There is, however, no need to give details of the music played during the eleven years of Bennett's conductorship. A few suggestions which he made to the Directors at the opening of his second season were coldly received, and he was courteously reminded that the conductor had no part in the framing of programmes. Therefore the programmes, chosen by the Directors, have no special interest as regards Bennett, such as they might possibly have if they could be taken to illustrate his musical tendencies. Referring to him

simply as a conductor, it would appear that tradition gives him no place on that side of his profession comparable to that which it grants him as a pianist. He was not called to the regular exercise of a conductor's skill till he was past middle life, and the six or eight Philharmonic concerts which he then annually conducted, even when the other isolated opportunities which occurred to him with more or less frequency throughout life are superadded, could not represent the amount of experience associated with the notion of a great *chef-d'orchestre*. But putting aside Costa, the great conductor of the day, no one else had more to do in this way than Bennett, and he went to the Philharmonic with knowledge and feeling for the music with which he had to deal of a higher order than could be claimed for Costa, or for any of the men doing similar work in London at exactly the same time. This advantage may have lost its full effect, because a musician of high ideals, who aimed at the nicer subtleties of interpretation, had in those days a limited chance of riveting his refinements upon an orchestra which he only met once a fortnight for a few months of each year at rehearsals not much longer than the corresponding concerts, an orchestra, too, no doubt splendidly trained under the strictest discipline, but entirely on lines laid down at the Italian Opera. In any case, however, few denied Bennett high rank, while many assigned him the foremost place among contemporary conductors of classical music in this country.

He was elected Professor at Cambridge by a majority so overwhelming as to cause great surprise. Within the walls of the University and among the

comparatively few of its members who noticed the proceedings, he found as much or perhaps more favour than the other candidates. He had on his side the support of his predecessor's intimate friends who well knew the value that Thomas Attwood Walmisley had placed on his general musicianship. On the other hand, he could not claim, as a secular musician, the qualifications hitherto associated with the office. But the decision did not rest with the Cambridge residents alone. There was no organist on the spot at the time on whom the authorities could confer a title which to them had only a shadowy significance. They decided to make a choice by poll of the Senate, thus giving a chance for an open competition which had previously occurred but once during at least a hundred years. The non-resident members thus had a voice in the matter and secured for Bennett his surprising majority. Dr. Whewell, the Vice-Chancellor, wrote from Trinity Lodge shortly before the polling-day: "It is wonderful what a stir this election makes in London." The "stir" took its rise from the writing-table of Bennett's wife. She left no stone unturned, in her quiet way, to help her husband, and it was chiefly to the influence exerted, at her request, by Bennett's past and present pupils that he owed his election, and gained thereby some return for his many years of conscientious work as a teacher. He approached his position at Cambridge with zeal tempered by caution. His only fixed duty was connected with degrees in Music. The decision on the merits of candidates for these degrees rested with the Professor, or, strictly speaking, he had to approve of an

"Exercise" composed by the candidate, before such Exercise was performed in the hearing of the University authorities. The University, however, had laid down the conditions for granting the degrees in terms so vague, that a new Professor had no little difficulty and responsibility in the practical application of them. Nor was Cambridge willing at the time to follow an example lately set by Oxford of issuing new enactments on the subject. The authorities of the University met Bennett's inquiries and suggestions with courtesy, but were slow to agree with him or among themselves about the construction that might be given to antique and briefly expressed formulæ. Much of Bennett's anxiety, which the University was unlikely to share, sprang from the poor repute of these degrees in the musical profession, where the most unwarrantable suspicions were rife and libellously circulated in print as to the means by which they were obtained. After much correspondence some of the points at issue were settled. Bennett was to be allowed to examine the candidates, not privately in his own house as had been suggested by the University Registrary, but in Cambridge, as a test additional to his approval of their compositions; and it was conceded, after some demur, that he was within his rights in maintaining that the candidates must, as a first step, enter their names on the books of a College, and not approach him in a private and unauthorised capacity. Within twelve months he issued a circular containing all needful information about entrance to a College, musical Exercises and their performance, and the expenses of graduation. This circular kept at bay the incompetent aspirants

who had inundated him with letters during the first year of his Professorship. As to the relation between the two degrees of Bachelor and Doctor, the latest information at hand was in a Report, dated 1852, to the University Commissioners, which stated that the "conditions for both degrees are the same." The possibility of proceeding at once to the higher degree had naturally obliterated the value of the other; and when Bennett became Professor, the Bachelor's degree had not been taken for fourteen years. He determined to revive it and succeeded in doing so. His circular clearly stated that the higher degree could be taken independently of the other. But it lay within his province to control the standard of merit. When it became common knowledge that he was a difficult man to approach, the way in which he wished to be approached seemed also to be generally understood, and as it turned out, no one, during the nineteen years of his Professorship, proceeded to the Doctor's degree who had not previously taken that of Bachelor.

Work with successful and unsuccessful candidates for degrees, scarcely any of whom saw Cambridge for more than a few hours of their lives, could of itself bring Bennett, a non-resident Professor, into little touch with University life. He wished to identify himself with music in Cambridge itself, and he lost no time in starting to do so. It being the custom for resident members of the University, including the students reading for honours, to stay up for two months of the Long Vacation, Bennett took advantage of this, and in the year of his election spent his summer holidays in Cambridge. This

involved some sacrifice of the needed rest and retirement which he could enjoy only at that time of year, but it served a useful purpose. In the course of some weeks he made many new acquaintances and laid the foundation of many close and life-long friendships. He conquered for the time being his usual reluctance to play in private society and readily assisted at musical parties designed for "lionising" him. He collected undergraduates and choristers to practise Bach's music two or three times a week in a Trinity lecture-room. This was the beginning of the ready help which he gave for many years to the musical societies in Cambridge, of which the amateurs became duly appreciative. He was prepared to make sacrifices in return for the honour and pleasure which his connection with the University brought him. He gave up on the average, for ten or eleven years, in each term, four of his regular working-days to Cambridge. The hours thus spent enabled him to do everything required, beyond what he did by correspondence, in the matter of musical degrees (for which there remained a continuous flow of candidates, though the number of degrees granted did not perhaps exceed or equal the number of years for which he held the Professorship); to assist or appear at concerts; and to be present at University functions, or at such social gatherings as he might be invited to in the Colleges. He certainly became as familiar a figure in Cambridge as any other non-resident official. After he had held the Professorship for eleven years, the Vice-Chancellor of the time wrote to him: "It has been pointed out to me to my great surprise that no pecuniary consideration was

assigned by the University to the Professor of Music." A Syndicate was appointed to report on the "Proceedings in Music," and this report when issued recommended that a stipend of £100 a year should be assigned as long as Professor Bennett held the chair, it being thought "that his services could not with propriety remain any longer unrequited." At the same time the degree of M.A. was conferred upon him to give him the status of a member of the Senate. Bennett therefore lived to see the Professorship in a more promising condition than that in which he had found it. Striking changes or rapid developments in the musical life of the University cannot be claimed as a result of his régime, but the degrees came to be regarded in the musical world as desirable objects none too easy to obtain; and, again, at a time when respect for music itself among the members of a learned society was somewhat lacking no man could be better qualified than he to disarm prejudice, and attract deference to the art he professed.

His duties at the Philharmonic led him to give up his chamber-concerts. He thus retired from public playing, and, possibly as a natural consequence, ceased for many years to write pianoforte-music. But his new positions furnished greater incentives to composition than had reached him since his young days, and his work as a composer found some new directions. After his election at Cambridge he was advised to take a degree, and the Vice-Chancellor wrote: "On your composing an anthem for Commencement Sunday to be performed in St. Mary's Church, I have reason to believe that the University will grant you the degree of

Doctor of Music." So Bennett wrote an anthem for double choir in several movements, and this was the first of a series of such works which he wrote for Cambridge or at the request of University friends. Being now in evidence as a conductor, he was invited, in 1857–58, to conduct " Lancashire Festival Concerts " in Manchester, as also a Festival at Leeds for which he was asked to provide a new composition—the first instance of his receiving a commission to write specially for an important occasion. The notice was short, but he responded with his Cantata " The May-Queen." The welcome given to this work did not induce him to court further success on the same lines. In the next three years he devoted holidays, and much other time of value to him in a mundane sense, to the study of German Hymnology, and, in partnership with Otto Goldschmidt, edited a " Chorale Book for England," the result of laborious research. In 1862 he was asked by the Commissioners of the second Great Exhibition to join Auber, Meyerbeer, and Verdi in providing music representative of four countries for their opening ceremony. He accordingly set music to an Ode written for the occasion by the Poet Laureate. His treatment by the Commissioners and the conductor Costa while he was preparing the music, and the underhand plot to prevent its performance, were fully and indignantly exposed by the London Press. In the same year he set Charles Kingsley's Ode for the Installation of a new Chancellor at Cambridge and wrote a descriptive Overture, " Paradise and the Peri," for the Jubilee celebration of the Philharmonic Society (1862).

The death of his wife in the autumn of this year ended a partnership of eighteen years, which had brought him not only full domestic happiness, but also much of the success which he had been able to gain in his professional career.

In the summer of 1863 he was on the Rhine with his children, reviving remembrances and with his thoughts turning to Leipzig. A visit there would involve writing new music. He had never gone empty-handed. Soon after his return to London he began to play the opening section of an orchestral movement in G Minor, the first phrase of which he called " the waves of life." This became the principal movement of a Symphony completed and played by the Philharmonic Society in 1864. At the close of the year he found himself once more in Leipzig as the guest of Ferdinand David. He conducted his new Symphony at a Gewandhaus concert, and in the course of seven days, all the time he could spare for this tribute to old memories, was treated with the tenderest regard by the friends who had not seen him for twenty-three years.

In 1865, at the end of the musical season, he wished to retire from his place at the Philharmonic which he had already held longer than any predecessor. The Directors persuaded him to continue for another season. The *Times*, when reviewing the musical events of 1866, remarked that Schumann had been " the sensation composer " of that year with the Directors of Concerts. The Philharmonic took a part in this movement. The " Paradise and the Peri," which had been laid on the shelf since 1856, was again produced under

Bennett's direction ; and at the last concert of the season Alfred Jaell played the A Minor Concerto so delightfully that the audience was moved to an exceptional display of approval. This was the last Concerto that Bennett ever conducted. He was deaf to the further entreaties of the Directors that he would reconsider his retirement and, indeed, before the last concert took place, had already accepted an alternative appointment at the Royal Academy of Music.

At the age of fifty, with all family obligations near fulfilment, he fancied the approach of a time when he might reduce his work as a teacher, pass his remaining years with freer choice of pursuits and devote himself to composition, or, as he would more expressly say, " to the *study* of music." His farewell to public appearances on retirement from the Philharmonic was a sign of the desire for this greater freedom ; but his hopes were never realised. In June, 1866, after eighteen months' hesitation, he yielded to pressure, and consented to return to the Royal Academy of Music in the office of Principal, though merely accepting conditions, established by precedent, which required his attendance for six hours a week to teach composition and arrange class-lists, with remuneration equivalent to the value of his time elsewhere. So limited a scheme threatened no disturbance to his present or future plans. But there were stronger reasons for hesitation. He had not been inside the Academy for eight years. In 1858 he had thrown up his post there as a Professor by way of protest against an action of the Directors who had invited the Staff of the Italian Opera to supply the music for an

Academy concert which the Queen was to attend, thereby casting a grievous slight on the musical profession of this country, for the advancement of whose interests the Institution which they governed had been expressly founded. Owing to a long course of similar acts of tactless administration the Academy had lost all *esprit-de-corps*, had alienated its friends and ruined its prestige. It was now on the brink of ruin, and no other man of Bennett's rank would have run the risk of connecting himself with it. If he believed that he could improve its condition his faith was not shared by others, and his friends regarded his return to the miserable place with silent wonder. He assumed his new office without the encouragement of a single word of congratulation. He gave no explanation of his decision, which could only be accounted for by others as the outcome of grateful remembrances and of pity for the house in which he had passed his boyhood.

It would be difficult to pay just tribute to the work of Bennett's latest years without reciting the details of a long and eventful period in the history of the Royal Academy of Music. Here it must suffice to tell: how within eighteen months of his election as Principal the Directors passed a resolution to close the Academy and attempted to surrender the Charter; how Bennett then came to the rescue, defeated the Directors and saved his old school from annihilation; and how, when the Directors promptly deserted the place declaring its prospects hopeless, Bennett had no other course than to assume the Chairmanship of the Committee of Management, and thereby to become responsible

for the chief control of the Academy in relation not only to education but also to general business. As Principal, his musicianship, the simplicity and unselfishness of his aims and the graciousness of his personality readily attached the respect and won the hearts of colleagues and students, and under his headship the personnel of the place grew in numbers and became imbued with the spirit of common interest. As Chairman, he succeeded, after the Government had withdrawn its annual grant, in winning it back, restored the financial credit of the house, and during seven years bore the harassing anxiety of complex negotiations with various public bodies of great influence who were discussing schemes for the advance of national musical education. Bennett could not disregard the great advantages which might accrue to the Academy if it were adopted as the basis of a more extended project, but he ultimately broke off the negotiations when he found good reason to fear that the Academy might lose its identity if he allowed it to become involved in schemes which were as yet immature and about which there was no one in an authorised position to give him his required pledges of security. By his devotion and self-sacrifice during these years he fully repaid the debt he owed to his Alma Mater. He gave up his time without stint at a loss of more than a quarter of his previously earned income, and when the change in his circumstances had to be reckoned with, he was quite willing, though not without a pang, to let his own house furnished, and find shelter for three years in a cottage in Porchester Terrace. This self-denial may be placed to the honour of his character.

Nevertheless, there must remain a shadow of regret, while thinking of him as a musician, that he should have become engrossed, during years which he had hoped to employ far differently, in duties which not only took heavy toll of his powers both of mind and of body, but also, for the most part, lay quite outside a musician's province.

Though his thoughts, even those of his spare time, were constantly given to the Academy, music still held its place in his mind, and during curtailed holidays and even at times of greatest pressure he wrote works of importance. Thus he contributed his Oratorio "The Woman of Samaria" to the Birmingham Festival in 1867. After many years of silence as a writer of pianoforte music he added a Sonata "The Maid of Orleans"; and for the orchestra, wrote a fine "Prelude" and a long Funeral March as the first instalments of music to the "Ajax" of Sophocles, on which music he was engaged up to the time of his death.

During the last year of his life, his anxiety for the prospects of the Academy being by that time relieved, he passed months of an apparently happy contentment in a house with a pretty garden which he had taken in St. John's Wood. But his health was broken, and after a short illness he died on February 1, 1875, within a few weeks of completing his fifty-ninth year.

It was characteristic of early Victorian England, overrun by the foreigner and oblivious of the native, that the first State recognition of music of the day was a knighthood bestowed upon the very man whose hostility (Corsican in its vendetta) to Bennett had been so long a scandal in the artistic

life of the day, Michael Costa. It was not until two years later (in 1871) that public opinion forced those in high places to give him the honour which he ought to have been the first to receive. But if the recognition by the State was slow in coming, other bodies had been more rapidly appreciative, and he cared but little for the trappings of a title. When he died in 1875, he received his due meed, a resting-place in Westminster Abbey close by the tomb of Henry Purcell, and under the shadow of the organ on which he played. The writer of this paper vividly recalls how the ceremony, to all appearances stately and proud as such functions are, was resolved, by the all-pervading affectionate spirit of the man it honoured, into a close, intimate, and family-like gathering of sorrowing friends. It was a striking tribute to a great artist, but still more so to a spotless, noble-minded character.*

* I am greatly indebted, in the compilation of this paper, to the help and advice of Mr. J. R. Sterndale Bennett, the author of an admirable biography of his father. Without his active co-operation it would have been almost impossible to make the essay worthy of its subject and his environments.

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