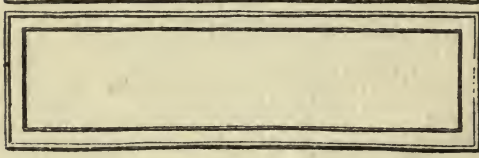


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LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

BY

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THE great national war forced upon us by our restless western neighbours, which interrupted so suddenly and unexpectedly the quiet intellectual pursuits of our people in so many departments of human knowledge and understanding, disturbed them also in the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of one of the greatest heroes of German art. Ludwig van Beethoven was born¹, as it is now proved, on the 16th December 1770 at Bonn. Our great composer was consequently a citizen of that old German territory on the leftbank of the Rhine, the possession of which the French, indulging in their desire of depredation had set as the goal of their so maliciously declared aggressive war. Beethoven, the youngest brother of the three founders and perfecters of German Symphony; Beethoven, the pupil of Haydn, the friend of Goethe, and the composer of Schiller's "Ode to Joy" — a Frenchman! It may be said, that the presumption and ignorance of the French is the only explanation of the naïveté with which they wished to incorporate a people, whose inclinations are entirely German and who reject every idea of becoming French. In this way alone is the audacity to be understood, with which they stretched out their hands for a land, which, as the names Freiherr von Stein and Goethe² (who, it is notoriously known,

called himself a Rhinelander), Guttenberg, Beethoven, Rubens and Cornelius prove, has contributed so much to the ripening of the noblest fruits of German and Low German cultivation.

As we were not able to celebrate Beethoven's hundredth birthday at the right time, and as now our German Fatherland, arising rejuvenized from the clash of battle, drives all other interests into the back ground, we can first think of celebrating a national festival, such as would be worthy the memory of our master, when the storm of war is hushed. Till then let us be permitted to discuss in a few words, the importance of one of the greatest composers of all times, although the most appropriate manner of honouring him would be in musical strains.

In the first place, we must consider it a peculiar misfortune, that the master, who fought such victorious battles in the sphere of the internal world of melody, should have had to suffer so much, not only in life, but after death. We often meet with a kind of irony, particularly in the fate of those geniuses, who have climbed the highest steps of that heavenly ladder which leads to the ideal world. We need only call to memory Mozart and Schiller. The life of Beethoven like that of the above named intellectual heroes, makes on us the impression, as if the contemptible working-day world, would, as it were, revenge itself on the idealists, and cast a stumbling block in all their paths; because those men, setting it at defiance, have effected in the minds of mankind, the adoption of higher intellectual ideas. "These are the tiny Spirits, that wait on me," Mephistophiles would say if the discourse turned upon the almost daily untoward events which like to confront talent.

It is well known, that Beethoven was never free from

domestic and pecuniary troubles, that his brothers recompensed his interest in them in the most wicked manner, so that even his unfinished manuscripts were not secure from their greed of gain. The worst, that could well happen to a composer, befell him, his difficulty of hearing increased to absolute deafness. The loneliness of his home, in which were missing a loving wife and children, the black ingratitude of his adopted nephew, for whom he had made the greatest personal sacrifices, only to experience disgrace from him, consummate the sad picture of Beethoven's artistical mortal pilgrimage. But this is not all, a fatality rests on everything connected with the artist's name after his death.

Schindler must write his life, whilst Otto Jahn, who had for twenty years unweariedly collected materials for a biography of Beethoven, died before he had set pen to paper³. Hæhnel⁴, who was in other respects a renowned sculptor, must just fail in Beethoven's statue, and carve his most deficient portrait. In the year 1845, on the unveiling of this statue, a Rhine steam boat decorated with Beethoven's name, was stranded almost at the beginning of its voyage on the Lorelei rock, and the Hall, which was being erected by voluntary contributions to celebrate Beethoven's hundredth birthday, was transformed into a hospital for wounded soldiers. And as a finishing stroke, — the audacity of the Parisians, who the serious position of their fatherland has not reformed, lately named one of their new cannons Beethoven, which was only cast for the purpose of being fired on his countrymen. But an evil star seems to rule in a more serious and important manner over those efforts, which since Beethoven's death especially assume the right to unite themselves with his name. In order that this allusion may not be misunderstood, it ap-

pears necessary to keep in view and estimate the powerful master's relation to his predecessors as well as to his contemporaries and followers. From this results a general picture of his position and importance in the history of Art and Civilization.

Music is certainly the youngest of the arts⁵. Classic Antiquity only knew music as the hand-maid of poetry, and even when, as in performances of certain Virtuosi, it seems to assert itself as an independent art, it is not so in reality. We have here more to do with the sensitive charm of sound and the playfulness of a developed execution, which is generally admired for its own sake, than with the internal and ethical effect of music.

A new era in the historical growth of Music, began with the propagation of Christianity. Notwithstanding the subordination of the individual to the community and State, which was strictly exacted by the ancients, it was possible, in Greece, for a few aspiring men, to retain their independence of mind; whilst the subordinacy under the government of the Romans and the Universal State founded by them, increased to absolutism, which made the individual with all his subjective thoughts, intentions and feelings, when opposed to the whole, not only almost disappear, but in the majority of cases, enslaved and degraded him both mentally and physically. It may with all truthfulness be asserted, that the age of the Roman Empire was one of the epochs most unfavourable to the development of Music. It is therefore pre-eminently a modern art, as it requires less an abstract or theoretic freedom in the State, in order to attain to its full and unrestrained perfection, than the unimpeded development of the subject and his innate individual and personal perception of the Universe.

The propagation of Christianity was the first step to this condition. It restored to the individual, even among the most servile people under the yoke of Roman despotism, his freedom of mind, action and conscience.

If we keep this in mind, we can understand, why almost immediately after the spreading of Christian influence, Music began to raise its head in a manner till then unprecedented. We may say with full historic right, that the rise in the development of Music, which invested it with freedom through which it obtained a position equal to that of the other arts, almost kept step with the progressive extension of Christianity. We see from this, that freedom in its highest sense, freedom in the acknowledgement of the ideal laws of Nature, freedom of personal development, and therefore of personal conviction, perception and volition, is the condition requisite for the real growth of Music as an independent art.

This fact is of great importance with respect to Ludwig van Beethoven, for in him we encounter one of those powerful personalities, whose whole being is founded on the idea of freedom. He hated intensely every kind of slavery. His whole life and artistic labours were a struggle for the realisation and representation of high ideals, whether he found them in Plato's Republic, in a personal and clear perception of the Divine, freed from all rigid dogma, or with Schiller in that general love of mankind, which declares itself in the poet's dithyrambic outcry

“Millions take my embrace,
To mankind I give this kiss! “ *

*
“Seid umschlungen, Millionen,
“Diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt!”

The lofty position, which Music had taken, incited by Christian influence, was in course of time, the origin of the production of three special kinds of musical art. They are the same which we perceive in the nearly allied sister art of Poetry, i. e. the epic, dramatic and lyric style. Whilst however Poetry has attained its highest importance and position in the epic and dramatic style, so that even an epic trait and humour is to be recognised in the earliest lyric effusions of the oldest nations, there appears in the Lyric and the lyrical style of Music, that innermost spirit, in which it chiefly differs from the other arts. Thence it is also, that Poetry, when it is wholly lyrical, as for example in songs, approaches Music as nearly as possible, while on the contrary, its nearest relation to Poetry consists in the epic and dramatic style.

It follows from this, that eminent composers stand in some respect in a different relation to their art, according to whether they exercise their creative talents in the periphery of epic and dramatic expression, or move in the world of lyrical tone. The first-named composer will appear, if we regard him from the point of view of an absolute emancipation of Music from the other arts, as a less specific musician than the latter. On this account it is highly important in order to obtain a knowledge of the position, which Beethoven took among the heroes of Music, to be able to say of him, that he brought the lyrical style and form of expression to their widest, loftiest and most powerful eloquence. As Music, as an independent art (and this it has been, since it attained the unimpeded development of its lyrical sentiment), is the most modern of the arts, we may also say, that Beethoven is the most modern of the heroes of art, for he has not only invested with the most affecting expression the artistic senti-

ment of each period, which has manifested itself in the most eminent manner since one hundred and fifty years, but also the inmost purport of this art, which is so suited to the spirit of the age. Besides Beethoven, Sebastian Bach is in this respect the only composer, whom we can name, and he appears also, when compared with Handel, Gluck, Haydn and Mozart, like Beethoven especially as a specific musician. ✓

And now, we must add a few words so as not to be unintelligible, in reference to what we call the lyrical sphere of Music. To the lyrical department of the science of Music belongs all Church, instrumental and vocal music, whether it be in its national form, or in that which is perfected and extended by art.⁶

It requires no proof, that song, in Music as in Poetry, indicates in the most unmistakable manner the lyrical style, rather on the other hand instrumental and Church music stand in need of proving their prevailing lyrical character.

It may generally be said, that everything, which obliges us to step out of our own inward life into the surrounding actual world, or to enter more into the world and to make the same subservient to our aims, is opposed to a lyrical disposition; hence also, the representation of Nature, Man and historical events, in plastic art.

The Oratorio and Opera alone oblige the composer to dilate his own self and to represent objectively a world which surpasses personal perception. The one is therefore regarded as the musical epos, and the other as the musical drama. Real Church music however is of a lyrical nature, i. e. that, which has not like the Oratorio, to do with the representation of events tinged with religion, but with the glorifying and musical adornment of the services of God's house, and as it

were with those moments, which presume that the hearer is personally affected or has a certain religious confession.

It is therefore highly characteristic of Beethoven's position, as regards the spirit of his art, that those of his productions, which indicate most clearly his individuality, belong to instrumental and Church music, that is to say, the most powerful form of musical lyrics. For on one hand we have the Symphony, on the other the most developed form of Church music, the Mass.

Here we have an answer to the possible doubt, if to give Beethoven the name of a lyrical composer, be not to attribute to him, too limited a range. It is true, if we think of the notion which we connected with the word lyric during the time of our political apathy, or of those gold-edged little volumes bound in Morocco, which make a show in the shop-windows of fashionable book- and printsellers, and in which we seldom find more, than a weak lament of the author, a flirtation over the tea table in white kid gloves, or an occasional tendency to agree with the excitement of a transient course of time, they do not at all remind us of the titanic Beethoven. To class him with such lyrical writers, would be to compare a giant with pygmies. But the notion of a lyric admits of a still wider definition, if we understand it, as it was comprehended in Antiquity, or in ages capable of such-like great views. Beethoven is a lyric in the same sense as the Psalmist, or as Pindar and Ossian, as Klopstock in his sublime Odes, Goethe in his poems *Grenzen der Menschheit*, *Prometheus*, *Harzreise*, (Limits of Mankind, Prometheus, Journey in the Harz Mountains), and Schiller in his dithyrambs and his "Song to Joy".

Nevertheless, all doubts do not appear to be removed.

Lyrics require, according to their nature, subjectivity and idealism in a higher degree than the other departments of art. As *objectivity* is the most valued in art, it could still appear from this point of view as an undervaluing of Beethoven, who, as the composer of the music to *Fidelio* and *Egmont*, is to be denoted exclusively as a lyrical writer. To this we may reply, that Beethoven also in *Fidelio* and *Egmont* only gives expression to that which lay subjectively nearest to his heart, viz: his efforts for freedom, his hatred of all tyranny, and his glowing enthusiasm for heroic self sacrificing love. On this account, in *Fidelio* the characters of Leonora, Florestan and Pizarro are so incomparably conceived, whilst those of Rocco, Marcellina, Jaquino and Don Fernando scarcely exceed the level of the operas of his time, and there, where humouristic characters are concerned, he is far surpassed by Mozart. Yet it is more important to point out, that even when we must allow that the lyrical expression and style are most immediately connected with the perception and feeling of the subject, still its nature and purport cause an infinite difference. If it be of a lofty nature, like those of Beethoven, which embraces and represents in itself a whole universe, or which feels the power to sympathise and express the sorrows and joys of the human race, their hopes and fears, their desires and struggles, instead of a frivolous, individual woe; subjectivity as well as ideality, lose what may be called their restraints, whereas, in case they alone refer to the individual, instead of extending, only narrow his intellectual horizon. The poet and musician on the contrary, who like Beethoven or Lord Byron, can say with Faust:

My bosom
To every human pang shall opened be,

Mine inner self with every man shall share
 His portion of enjoyment and of care,
 Their deepest and their highest I will know,
 And on my bosom heap their weal and woe,
 My proper self into their self extend."

is just as able to raise us above the narrow limits of the individual and personal, as geniuses, like Shakespeare and Mozart, who hold up a mirror to the world, in which is seen a picture of the diversified grades of human appearances, glorified by art. Both methods display art in its full extent, and therefore claim a similar right.

Beethoven harmonises however not only with Lord Byron, and with what we may call the Faust-side of Goethe's nature, but still more completely with such minds as Michael Angelo and Schiller. With him as with them, we find a prevailing bias towards the pathetic, which becomes almost morbid, and which excites in us a feeling of strong compassion. In connection with this idea, we need only recall Schiller's early dramas, certain groups of Michael Angelo's Day of Judgment, or the restless and painful flutterings through every key of sentiment, with which the Finale of Beethoven's ninth symphony begins. It is just the pathos and passionate boldness of Michael Angelo, Schiller and Beethoven, that secures for them a more powerful effect on the young and adventurous spirits, than the often incredible unpretendingness and modesty, with which Mozart, Raphael and Goethe seek to invest their best thoughts, the still clearness of which but seldom allows their concealed unfathomable depths to be recognised. At no period of life do we feel more deeply than in youth; how well Beethoven expresses that longing, which dwells in the heart of the young, as an ardent desire for the realisation of his ideal, whether

he call it freedom, brotherhood and the happiness of all mankind, or finds its incorporation in the poetically glorified form of the beloved, or in heroism and fatherland. But that phase of Schiller, which belongs more to the man than to the youth, is wonderfully reflected in Beethoven. When we honour in Schiller not only the poet, but equally his character and disposition, when Gœthe could say of his friend, who was so early snatched away from him:

„Behind him lay, what does enchain our race,
Scarce perceptible in him, the common place.” *

no other poetical words exist, which apply in such a characteristic manner to Beethoven. So intellectually aristocratic and powerful, as Beethoven showed himself towards vulgarity, whenever it crossed his path (we find this trait also in Michael Angelo and Schiller), yet his heart was filled to its lowest depths with love, devotion and self sacrifice for the happiness of every one, and with the highest idea of perfection, after which the best have, at all times, striven.

In the same degree, in which Beethoven shared Michael Angelo's and Schiller's greatness, he possesses also the defects, from which even the favorites of the Gods are not quite free. We have already remarked, that misfortune has attended every effort, which has been made since the decease of the composer by those who presume the right to be called his followers. Though we cannot make the great master answerable for the errors of his disciples, who only half or totally misunderstood him, and though he has nothing in common with those one-sided and exaggerated men, who overrate themselves

* „Und hinter ihm, in wesenlosem Scheine,
Lag, was uns alle bändigt, das Gemeine.”

and think, they walk in his footsteps, when at the most they learn to imitate, "how he hawks and how he spits", yet we cannot deny, that some cause for such misconceptions of his lofty nature has been given by the character of his compositions; in the same manner as Michael Angelo, Schiller and the youthful Goethe gave to those poets in the "Sturm und Drangperiode", who did not remark anything in those geniuses, but that they at times made their own person take the first place, instead of the artist. This is the reason, why Beethoven has been as much misunderstood, by such clever men as Berlioz, Liszt and Wagner, as Michael Angelo was by Caravaggio, Salvator Rosa, Bologna and Bandinelli, or Goethe and Schiller by Tieck, Novalis, Arnim, Gœrres and Brentano, when they cast upon our Dioscuri the reproach, that they had not adhered to the romantic tendency of their plays, Faust, Joan of Arc and Mary Stewart.

From what we have already said, it will not be difficult to understand the position which Beethoven occupies in reference to the other great heroes of German music.

Joseph Haydn seems allied to him in many respects. First as the father of modern instrumental music and of the present style of symphony, and then again because he like Beethoven takes a central position between the lyric and epic styles. But the latter is in Haydn more strongly developed than in Beethoven, as is shown by the Oratorios, the Seasons and the Creation, whilst Beethoven far excelled the older composer in lyrical strains, dithyrambic inspiration and a powerfully affecting pathos, which reveals the hidden depths of man's passionate nature. Thence it follows, that Haydn is in general more capable of objective representation of the outer world, by which he is surrounded and influenced, than

Beethoven, who depicts the inner world of a Titan, of an alternately Faust like and Prometheus like character. On this account, Haydn's Seasons and Creation belong to his most imperishable works. They recall to us, by their faithful reflection of a rich natural and human existence, over which nevertheless a breath of higher ideality flows, the pictures of Ruysdael or Claude Lorraine. With Beethoven on the contrary, those productions, in which the outer world is reflected on his inner self, must be called the least characteristic of him. For example, his Vittoria-Schlacht, or Pastoral Symphony, which noble as it is, in the depths of its contents, is much inferior to its predecessors, the Eroica, the B flat major and C minor Symphonies, as well as to its successors, the A major and the 8th and 9th symphonies.

Sebastian Bach has, like Haydn, in many ways a closer relation to Beethoven than Gluck, Hændel and Mozart, Sebastian Bach, so far as his reputation rests on his Church and instrumental compositions, has also particularly developed the lyrical expression of music, and freed it from earlier traditions. Yet there remains still a great difference between the two composers, inasmuch as they belong to very different ages, and that Bach like Dürer, carried the specifically Protestant art, and its conception of Christianity, to the highest point.

Beethoven's ideas on the contrary, were not only nourished by Christian, but also by antique classical elements, so that Plato and Plutarch (avowedly two of his most favourite authors), Shakespeare and Gœthe stand as close to his inner life, as the confession, with which he crowns his ninth Symphony:

“Brethren, above the starry tent,
Must a loving father dwell.”

Yet in his *Missa Solennis*, as well as in the ninth symphony, there is something of that spirit of Sebastian Bach, which can be most briefly indicated in the words, in which the Patriarch cried out to the wrestling Angel: "I will not let Thee go, except Thou bless me." That aspiration of Sebastian Bach's to rise to the pure and elevated sphere of the ideal world above the ties and claims of earth, which he carried in his heart under the form of the protestant Christian belief, and to which he gave utterance so wonderfully in such movements as the great *Kyrie* of the Mass in B minor, or the introductory chorus of the *Passion of St. Matthew*; in Beethoven is changed into a struggle of the soul of man, for Love, Light and Life and in a more universal sense, for emancipation from the ties, which as mere earthly matter, or under the form of time and space hinder the unfettered flight of the soul and its soaring to the ideal.

Handel's intellectual relation to Beethoven we find in the faculty with which he was largely endowed of giving heroism and the heroic their most powerful and enchanting expression. When Handel makes such a world live in his tones, not only universally and as it discloses itself subjectively, but resting on the heroic time and the heroes of the sagas, tradition and history, the lyrical becomes only an episode of the whole, whilst the epic stands in the foreground. In that form and depth, with which Handel invested the *Oratorio*, he created the musical epos and has, like Homer, remained unrivalled in this department.

As Haydn is the father of modern instrumental music and symphony, Hændel may be called the founder of the musical epos, and Gluck may be represented as the creator of the musical drama. All that was current before his time

under the name of singing play and opera, was anything else but the true musical drama. Space and time will not now permit us to amplify on this subject. We shall only remark, that Gluck, because he was almost exclusively a dramatist, stands among the giants of German music, farthest from the great lyrical composer Beethoven. Yet we may say with certainty, that the great scene and aria in the opera *Fidelio*, "Monster, where hastenest thou!" as well as the whole of the scene in the dungeon in the second act of the same opera would have been impossible, if it had not been for Gluck's influence on Beethoven, though it may have been transmitted by Mozart.

Mozart takes a wonderful central place among the above mentioned great German composers, because he is the only one of them, in whom the epic, dramatic and lyrical styles are almost equipoised. Under the operatic writers, Mozart appears as the successor, amplifier and perfecter of the musical drama, which was in fact first introduced by Gluck, because to the tragic he added the comic and romantic opera, as well as an intermediate style, of the possibility of which before Mozart's appearance no one had any idea. Although not in the pure epic style (for his oratorio *David Penitent* is almost lost among the number of his productions), yet we find Mozart represented in nearly as prominent a manner as Haydn and Beethoven, and herein lies his principal relation to the great master, to whom our words are dedicated. Mozart forms the connecting link, both in symphony, sonata and chamber music, in the triad, which is known to us by the immortal names of Haydn, Mozart and Beethoven. Mozart rules and improves Song in a new manner no less than the other species of lyric music (we will only mention his *Requiem*,

his Masses and his Ave verum), and we should not have possessed Beethoven's Missa Solennis in its present form, without the impression made on him by Mozart's Requiem.

It is remarkable, how clearly Beethoven was sensible of the influence, we have just indicated, which his great confederates among the German musicians exercised over him. Schindler tells us, that Sebastian Bach's *Wohl Temperirtes Clavier* lay almost always open on his pianoforte. It is also known, that Beethoven was a pupil of Haydn's, and dedicated to him some of his earlier works. His boundless admiration for Handel and Mozart surprises us still more, as we have seen, that they with respect to their capacities were really not so suited to him as Bach and Haydn. And yet such a sentiment is quite natural, for when we see in others, what we possess to the same degree, it causes in us less astonishment than those advantages, in which they excel, or which distinguish them from us. Thus Beethoven could not sufficiently admire the effect produced by Handel with the simplest means, when he said, that by him the change of a few chords signifies more than the most complicated cadences of more modern composers, and that we may learn from Handel, how greatness and simplicity go hand in hand. How strongly Mozart affected him, is shown in much of his chamber music especially in the first two symphonies, his noble variations on the theme *Notte e giorno faticar* from Mozart's Don Giovanni, as well as in his repeatedly expressed admiration of the *Zauberflöte* (Magic Flute) by the same master.

We have seen Beethoven, not only as an equal taking his place among the greatest musicians of all ages, but we have also learned, that he invests the expression of subjective feeling, which is so suitable to our age and so propitious to

Music, with its most sublime sense, and that he has led the science of instrumental music, which is the only species, in which it appears totally independent, to the summit of its capability. Taking him all in all, we must call this great man, like Plato, Schiller and Michael Angelo, one of the most powerful champions for Idealism, and the longing of our race for a realisation of a realm of love, freedom and beauty. He has a double importance for our time, in which the flood of realism is so strong, because he maintains now-a-days a reverence and warm enthusiasm for the ethic pretensions and duties of our generation, which he nourishes and elevates through his works. On this account, he stands in a very near relation to his own countrymen, for we Germans have at all times, with all our practical activity, been able to preserve a pure and unlimited ideality.

It would be well worth while, as we have found the central point of Beethoven's productions in instrumental and symphonic music, to mention in a few words the most sublime of his works, we mean his symphonies. By a charming accidental coincidence, Beethoven's symphonies attain the number, which the Greeks gave to the Muses. It may be added, they also vary from one another with respect to their several characters, in a scarcely less degree than the Muses differ from each other in the diverse, intrinsic importance allotted to them by the poetical mind of the Grecians.

The symphonies No. 1 C major and No. 2 D major, we may say, are not specially characteristic of Beethoven, we mean, that they do not reflect obviously enough Beethoven's personality in those respects which distinguish him from his predecessors Haydn and Mozart. On the contrary, we find in them many passages reminding us of the two great com-

posers of Symphony, who were anterior to him, and indeed in a more decided manner a tendency towards Mozart, than towards Haydn. The future self-reliant Beethoven and the demoniacism of his nature, reveal themselves as it were only momentarily, or like distant sheet-lightning which precedes a thunder-storm. In the third symphony, the Eroica, the spirit of Beethoven first rises before us in the full force of its singularity and sublimity. It is well known, that this symphony originally bore the name of Napoleon the first, in whom Beethoven thought he recognised not only the hero, but also the noble man, who would lead his country, rent by the storms of Revolution, to true freedom and greatness, and thus give the world a lustrous example of exalted disinterestedness. But when the Consul was metamorphosed into the Emperor, and it was plain, that he only wished to subjugate the world and to lead his people from battlefield to battlefield, because he loved nothing on earth but himself, Beethoven tore off the title page of the manuscript of his immortal symphony, and gave it its present name; a verdict, which our nation has since ratified and sanctioned by the dethronement of the second Napoleon and its third march towards Paris!

The Eroica differs from the first two symphonies in that, it displays to us for the first time the Scherzo in its full splendour and boldness, for which we are indebted to Beethoven, who inserted it in the place of the Minuet. His first symphony contains the minuet; the second certainly has a Scherzo, but in such a limited form, that it again has great affinity to the Minuet. In the peculiar name given to the third symphony, we meet with another innovation of Beethoven, which disposes our mind to understand, that the separate movements of this work appertain to a particular and

characteristic sphere of sentiment, the single passages of which are more distinctly marked by the nomination of the second movement as a "Funeral March".

The *Eroica* gives us the opportunity of pointing out one of the fundamental mistakes, into which the disciples of Beethoven previously referred to, have fallen; they seem to think, that they alone can understand Beethoven. By these critics, Beethoven was constantly pointed out as the composer, who besides giving utterance to mere perceptions and feelings, also expressed the thoughts in the language of Music. The levity, with which by such a verdict, masters like Haydn and Mozart are degraded into mere children in Music, is incredible. The works of these two musicians are reduced by this idea, either into sensual harmony, or into a general and therefore for us indifferent exhibition of the feelings, such as hate, love, merriment, sorrow etc., which in case they were deprived of a deeper connexion proceeding from their artistic personality, would certainly sink down to a soul-destroying triviality. The propounders of such untenable propositions had better have remarked, what rare and remote illusions Beethoven makes use of, when he wishes to give us an intimation of the frame of mind with which he was especially imbued! In all the nine symphonies of Beethoven, we only find such hints in two, the *Eroica* and the *Pastoral*, for even the ninth symphony, which according to the view of the new romantic musical school for the most part requires a commentary, remains until the introduction of the vocal music without any explanatory words. Nevertheless, musicians such as Berlioz and Liszt with their "symphonious poesy", furnished with complete explanatory programs, trace back to a man like Beethoven the authorship of the so-called "idealism" in instrumental music. They do

not appear to divine, that the interpretation of instrumental music, is the denial of its inmost substance.

If the musician wishes to link artistic effects with a definite meaning, the union of Poetry with Music, whether it be in song, in Church music, in oratorio, or in the opera, gives him sufficient opportunity to do so. If, on the contrary, he resorts to instrumental music, he directly retreats to that innermost sphere, which begins at that point, where words and notions no longer suffice and where the unutterable something, which dwells in every profound human mind, struggles to express itself. To desire to express the inexpressible, is to limit and confine music to that department, where it alone exists without the aid of any other art, and because it especially imparts to the marvellous, mysterious and demoniacal voices, which no other art can have the power of following with the same effect.

Beethoven's fourth symphony in B flat major, is of a very different character to the Eroica. In the place of a world in arms or of a hero, who combating for lofty aims, triumphs over death and time, we find here the conflicts which abide in our own hearts and which genius in his inner man has to encounter and resist. In the first passages with their "divine daring", all the passions of youth surge, contend and rejoice. We here meet with the same strife between the contending feelings, as that which is expressed in the poet's words:

"Highly rejoicing, grieving to death,
"Happy alone is the soul in its love." *

* "Himmelhoch jauchzend, zum Tode betrübt,
"Glücklich allein ist die Seele, die liebt."

Goethe, Egmont.

Such commentaries on instrumental works must be, to a certain extent, always of a subjective character, because the actual definition of the ideas running through an instrumental piece, is (as we have already said) an absurdity, at which no one more ironically shrugged his shoulders, than Beethoven himself. Still the inner coherence of such a composition must be in a bad state, if at least, the general intention of the same could not be indicated. But this is quite different from the supposition, that special adventures and transactions of known historical or poetical persons, in certain localities and times can be heard therein. It is just as impossible, as the attempts of clever men like Liszt, Berlioz, and their adherents, to render perceptible to the senses, through sound, without the help of poetry, certain poetical subjects founded on notional coherence, or on contemplation and experience, for example Dante's *Divina Commedia* and *Nirvana*, which belongs to Indian philosophy. Any remarks of this kind made by us, have reference only to a certain degree to the design of the tone of the lyrical sense, which ruled the composer in this or that movement. We beg, that our remarks on Beethoven's instrumental pieces may only be understood in this sense.

Let us now return to the symphony in B flat. The *Adagio* is like the calm mountain-lake on the crystal surface of which a wonderfully fantastic landscape, filling the mind with magical peace, is reflected. The restless passion of the first movement is pacified into consecrated and calmly blessed meditation. Should our minds-eye stray in the distance over chains of fragrant azure-tinted mountains, it would not be with a consuming longing, but as if from a place of safety, where the mind has found that peace of which it had been so long deprived, and under the glorifying afflation of which the com-

poser sees, dissolve in pure harmony the manifold complex destinies of the individual and the world.

The Scherzo reminds us of the verse:

“Fresh food, new blood
From the free world I imbibe.” *

And in opposition to this, the Trio recalls another part of the same poem:

“Eye, mine eye, why dost thou close?
Golden dream, wilt thou return?” †

We know of nothing more significant to say about the last movement, than to exclaim with the same poet: “As if scourged by unseen spirits, the fiery horses of time carry along the light car of our fate, and nothing remains for us, but with firm minds to hold fast the reins, and now right, now left, to turn aside the wheels from stones and precipices. Whither it goes? Who knows! Scarcely does he remember whence he came!”

In Beethoven's C minor symphony the conflict, which in the Eroica expresses an armed hero achieving victory and triumph, is dilated into a struggle of all mankind for freedom and the fulfilment of its holiest aspirations. The symphony could therefore very well bear the motto: “From night to light”. After having written a prelude in the boldest and most sublime style, and after the following gradations through passages full of high resolutions and delineations of spiritual

* “Und frische Nahrung, neues Blut
Saug' ich aus freier Welt.”

† “Aug', mein Aug', was sinkst du nieder,
Gold'ne Träume, kehrt ihr wieder?”

power, which sets fate and diabolism at defiance, Beethoven here succeeded in excelling himself. The finale surpasses the most daring hopes, excited by the previous inspiring passages, and crowns the whole work in a manner, that overpowers and delights us. The introduction of the thema in C major after the night-chilling horror of the Scherzo, produces an impression like the dazzling rise of the sun, when he appears after a long night, victorious as a hero, above the level of the horizon. We desire to assign to this symphony the palm over all the others for which we have to thank Beethoven. In spite of all that is noble and new, with which he presented us in his later symphonies, he has never again attained a similarly unsurpassable and astonishingly artistic expression of a Titanic will and sentiment, nor has he succeeded in composing a second conclusion of a long struggle of opposing feelings, which he introduces in the Finale, apparently so easily and naturally, but which is only possible to be devised by a genius.

We should exceed our limits, if we were to dwell on the 6th, 7th and 8th symphonies, especially as the composer has himself given in the Pastoral symphony, indications of its purposes, and as the dithyrambic exultation, which characterises the symphony in A major, or the overpowering excellent humour, with which the 8th symphony concludes, are so evident as to be capable of being understood without any commentary.

But so much the more does the last great orchestral work of the composer, the celebrated ninth symphony, require an explanation. The song from Schiller's Ode to Joy, which is introduced at its close, is far more like a great note of interrogation, than a solution of the problem, which the composer

has given us to solve in the preceding parts. And yet, just this work shows us, how inadequate and misleading are all commentaries on instrumental pieces. No less a man than Richard Wagner has written an explanatory program for the ninth symphony. We willingly grant, that every thing it contains relating to the main idea of the work, seems congenial to what the great master wished to express. For example, it is not to be denied, that especially in the first movement, a similar mood prevails, as that which seems to pervade the monologues of Faust. Nevertheless we encounter illustrations, which surprise us by their oddity, or astonish us by their violence. For instance, how is it possible to characterise the highly poetic Trio following the Scherzo, which especially with the introduction of the trumpets, rises to an expression of the most fervent and glorious longing by the following words of Goethe: ⁷

"These fellows feast their lives away
 In a continual holiday,
 With little wit and much content
 Their narrow ring of life is spent,
 As playful kittens oft are found
 To chase their own tail round and round."

The interpreter does not content himself with referring to the generally Faust-like tendency of the composition, but forces upon the musician and his works the nature and feelings of the real Faust of Goethe, and thereby also the views of life of Mephistophiles, which reveal to us only the ideas of the poet in another light.

In reality, we can only understand the ninth symphony, when instead of grasping at Faust, or similarly far fetched explanations either taken from external ideas or subjective

proclivities, we absorb our minds in the contemplation of the inner personal life of Beethoven.

What form had that taken, when the ninth symphony was first conceived in his mind?— Behind him lay a life full of the most cruel disappointments. He had found no one, whom he could call his real friend. Also Love proved treacherous to him. His first attachment for Julia, was wrecked on the difference of position and prejudice. Later he loved another, who was courted at the same time by his colleague Hummel, she decided to marry the latter, who had already an appointment and had not the misfortune to be deaf like Beethoven. His brothers, in which relations man in the majority of cases possesses friends bestowed upon him by Nature, secluded Beethoven from the world, and made him suspicious of all noble and better natures, who wished to approach him; in order to be able to misuse and make the most of his talents with impunity for their mean purposes. To this was added soon after his arrival in Vienna, his increasing deafness.

How the anticipation of such a fate in his younger days agitated him, is best shown by his will executed in his brothers' favour, in the year 1802, when he was very ill. In that he says: "Little was wanting to induce me to put an end to my own life.—It was Art, Art alone, that held me back! Ah, it seemed to me impossible to leave this world, until I had produced everything of which I felt myself capable. And so I granted a reprieve to this wretched existence."

And yet, when Beethoven wrote this painful confession, it had fallen to his lot to be generally recognised as a famous artist in Vienna. But he was not to enjoy this satisfaction long. The envy of his fellow artists not only in Vienna, but else-

where, became greater and greater. It pains us, to be obliged to say, that even Carl Maria von Weber belonged to those, who publicly attacked and calumniated the composer. As the operas of Rossini had become completely the fashion at Vienna, Beethoven and his works fell into oblivion. The best proof of this is the memorial presented to Beethoven in the year 1824, by a small number of artists and friends of art. Therein is said: "We perceive with sorrow, that the man, whom we must call the greatest among living composers, in his department, silently beholds, how foreign Art is encamped on German soil, in the seat of honour of the German Muse, how German works only please as the echo of foreign favourite melodies, and how where the most eminent talents live and work, a second childhood of taste threatens to follow the golden age of Art." The document closes with the petition, that Beethoven, in spite of the disfavour of the multitude, should come forward with his newest works, und contend for the victory with the fashionable spirit of the day.

Can we wonder, that the much tried man should on receiving such a proof of recognition cast his eyes filled with tears up to the sky, and lisp: "It is indeed beautiful!" as Schindler, who stood by, relates? But even this was only a delusion, for he did not succeed in obtaining the acknowledgment he expected for his new compositions.

The grief, which he experienced through his nephew, whom he had adopted as his son, contributed still more to darken his troubled mind, as the frivolous young man repaid his love with ingratitude, and showed him ignominy instead of honour. It may also be called a misfortune, that Gœthe, whom Beethoven so deeply respected, made no effort to become intimate with him. At Carlsbad, where they met, it ap-

peared as if an intercourse had commenced; Zelter however, to whom Beethoven's genius was incomprehensible, took care to convey to Gœthe a most unfavourable idea of the talents of Beethoven. We refer to the correspondence of Gœthe with Zelter, in which the latter represents Beethoven as a half mad and unaccountable being. This may explain, even though it does not justify the fact, why Gœthe left unanswered a letter of Beethoven's, in which he begged him to procure the name of the Duke of Weimar for his *Missa Solennis*, which he intended to publish by subscription.

And thus even Beethoven's greatest contemporary contributed to grieve his heart already so deeply wounded. This is the more painful, because we may be certain that, if the great poet had become Beethoven's friend, he would have rendered him as happy, advanced his interests, and reconciled him with himself, as he did for Schiller, who in many respects was so closely allied to Beethoven.

The last earthly misfortune of the composer was not wanting, for we see him, old and sick, in pecuniary embarrassment, which compels him to beg for assistance from the London Philharmonic Society through Moscheles, who was then in England. But not only in respect to his life and fortunes should Beethoven's earthly career be represented as a chain of disasters, but he also saw his belief in idealism wrecked or obscured. And to this might have contributed the high idealistic flight of his mind, which was in such cutting contrast to a world, that had never answered his hopes and expectations.

He was filled with enthusiasm for Plato's *Republic*, and as may be easily conceived, also for the French Revolution, and the heroes which it produced. But neither this revolu-

tion, which ended in the greatest atrocities, nor its hero, who he believed would hand down unimpaired to posterity the moral truth of that revolutionary period, fulfilled his expectations.

He was a good Catholic, when he went from the Rhine to the Danube. In merry Vienna, Catholicism presented to him on one side such a worldly, and on the other such a bigotted aspect, that as A. B. Marx so truly says, he erected in his *Missa Solennis*, the cathedral of his own faith, outside the dome of St. Stephen. He became a freemason, but that he found in this his last and final satisfaction, is, considering Beethoven's remarkable disposition, very doubtful. With this the words would agree, in which the dying master took leave of those around him: "Plaudite amici, comœdia finita est!"

The Germans had not then a Fatherland, so that Beethoven could not bury his personal sufferings in the great and lofty fate of his own nation. The only great event, which made all the Germans unite as one, was the War for Freedom from 1813 to 1815. But it attained much less importance in Vienna, than in the North of Germany. Besides Beethoven lived to witness the disappointment which the reaction, organised by Metternich, and which fell like mildew on the blossoms of national sentiment, effected throughout Germany.

Thus Beethoven, who felt more deeply than most persons, was disappointed in the cherished ideals of his heart, Freedom, Religion and Fatherland, and still more in his love towards all mankind, which he placed above everything else, for in no way was it returned to him. Misunderstood by the world and his colleagues, without a soul into whose bosom he could pour out his woe, cut off from intercourse with his equals by complete deafness, suspected and deceived by mean souls,

afflicted with severe bodily suffering, and his mind more than ever cast back on its own resources; in this unhappy condition we find Beethoven, when he composed the ninth symphony. And as this last powerful orchestral work presents to us a countenance, like that of the Sphynx, and in its enigmatical character reminds us of the last work of Michael Angelo, so does he share with him the lofty loneliness, by which he was surrounded at the end of his career.

If we would form a clear idea of the state of mind, from whence proceeded the ninth symphony, it is only possible to do so by picturing to ourselves the frame of mind in which he was during his latter years, and by referring to those circumstances which we have already described.

From such a point of view, the introduction to the first Allegro seems to be a representation of that inconsolable void and dreariness, which seizes upon a man, when he sees his ideal disappear. How could the composer depict in a more affecting manner such an internal deadness, than by that empty fifth, with which the symphony begins and which vibrates through the stringed instruments and is simultaneously resounded by the horns. It is true, the musician rouses himself from this brooding over the unsolvable enigmas of Life, to mighty deeds and heroic struggles with the powers of fate, only at last to raise the veil of mystery, which covers the world, and thereby to discover the fruitlessness of human efforts. Thus only can we interpret that fearful Basso continuo at the end of this part. It depicts, as it were in its persistent recurrence, the rising consciousness of the brazen chains, with which mankind is linked to the origin and ruin of Nature, without obtaining an answer to the question, which he has broached thousands of years ago.

The Scherzo following the Allegro, imbues us with that wild humour, which precipitates itself into the whirlpool of events, that we meet with in Faust, after he has concluded his compact with the devil, and in several poems of Lord Byron, as well as in Shakespeare's Lear and Hamlet. It appears to us, as if this movement were replete with the sounds of a wildly fervent longing to oblivate the remembrance of those internal dissensions in battle and storm; as well as an imposing self-irony and the unearthly laughter of despair. In contradistinction to this, in the Trio the meaning of these words of Faust's predominates:

"This song proclaimed the sports of youth so gay,
 And merry making, when the spring began.
 Now memory holds my soul with potent sway,
 And thoughts of childhood rule the fullgrown man.
 Oh, sound thou on, thou sweet celestial strain,
 The tear doth gush, Earth claims her truant son again!

The transition from this tone of feeling to a religious frame of mind and a last trustfully believing search after God, which we find in the same manner by Faust, is in a certain degree necessary for the mind. We meet in the beautiful Adagio of this symphony with the most soft and tender tones of a devout loving trust in heavenly succour dying on the ear. We can fancy, that we hear the ethereal violin tones of those charming and graceful Angels, whom we see playing on both sides of the Virgin, who holds the infant Jesus in her arms, as is represented in so many pictures of the Italian School as also in those of Albert Dürer. We seem now first to comprehend, what Pythagoras meant by the music of the spheres. But the bright glorious tones of the world of Melody begin to expire towards the close of this movement, and it ends

with the feelings of doubt and inquietude, again stealthily rising from the most hidden depths of the soul, as we are affected by the triplets of the bass-voils and violins, and the unearthly hollow beating of the kettle-drums at the close of this part.

The Finale begins as it were with a loud out-cry of dejection from the human soul, which had arrived at the limits of its senses. Every struggle, every hope, desire and faith, yes, even irony and a determined resignation to that which is inevitable, have proved themselves vain and useless to the mind of the composer, and have not guaranteed for themselves any permanent inward support. How distinctly is such a tendency of the soul represented and depicted in the light reverberation of the principal motive of the first Allegro, the Adagio and the Scherzo, as well as in the recitative solos of the contrabasses and violin-cellos, which almost impetuously interrupt every attempt to return to the world of ideas of the earlier movement. At length sounds, as from afar a first transient similarity to the later principal tendency of the last part, which is soon followed by the commencement of the melody to Schiller's Song of Joy, softly executed by the instrumental basses. This only rises to a triumphant expression, to be ultimately lost in that dissonant Fortissimo, which manifests the deepest internal discord with which the whole Finale began. The composer has now reached a point, from whence there is no further way of escape. A feeling of awe seizes us at this moment as if Beethoven the assaulter of heaven dare not only say like Faust, that he has expanded his own Self to the Self of mankind, but also like him add: "in order, when all is done, to be wrecked with them", with which wild prophecy the verses, we have previously quoted, are known to end.

Therefore the composer grasps at a violent expedient to escape from the labyrinth, in which he is lost and bewildered. Independent as Alexander the Great, when he severed the Gordian knot, he solves the confusion of the problem, which he has himself proposed, by interrupting the orchestra, and instead of unravelling instrumentally the development of feeling, he introduces the human voice. That the previous psychological development of this wonderful work, is not further extended and pursued to its conclusion, but completely broken off, Beethoven says himself, when he puts the words (which originate from him and not from Schiller) into the mouth of the bass singer, who begins with the recitative solo: "Friends, let these notes cease, and we will more pleasantly begin our song".

Let no one misunderstand us. It is an eternal law of all arts, to keep the different departments and styles separate and unmixed from one another, as the purest artistic problem is, to endeavour, that every species in its peculiarity be enabled to solve the problems, which are in accordance with its character. Now, it is quite certain, that the Symphony and the Cantata are a separate species, and it is no less sure, that the sudden striking up of Schiller's Song to Joy follows without either mediation or transition in the ninth symphony, as the repeated outcry of despair represented by the orchestra, is violently interrupted by the improvised words of Beethoven.

Thus it is clear, that it was not granted to this great genius to represent a second time in similar perfection, what he so splendidly portrayed in the symphony in C minor, namely the natural and organic termination of an heroic sentiment, will and conflict by a final victory and triumph, without the composer being obliged to forsake that orchestral and

symphonic sphere of expression which he had already chosen. That the symphony in C minor as the 5th, takes exactly the central place amongst its sisters, appears on this account almost significant, and if we cannot speak of a degeneration in the following symphonies, among which are such pearls as that in A major and the eighth symphony, yet there exists no second symphonic work, in which form and contents coincide in a similar incomparable manner.

If the impression excited in us by the symphony in C minor is that which we experience on viewing a work of art adorned with the loftiness and perfection of the Parthenon or the Cathedral of Cologne, then we stand before the ninth symphony as if it were a magnificent and overwhelming drama of Nature. The same feeling of inexpressible and boundless surprise, which seizes upon him, who for the first time stands on the brink of a descending glacier, over which tower the Wetterhorn and Schreckhorn of the Alps in awful and lonely majesty, must seize an impartial musical mind, when for the first time that last gigantic symphony rushes upon him with its flood of music, roaring over the heights and depths of human feeling. If the delineation of the fearfully beautiful, the demoniacal, the extravagant and the sublime be the highest summit of art, it is attained in this ninth symphony.

It is evident, that we do not wish with these words, to find fault with Beethoven's unapproachable greatness; the same might be said of the last works and the Day of Judgment of the no less mighty Michael Angelo. We only wish to oppose the error of modern romanticism, which proves so dangerous to the present school of music, as if the ninth symphony and Beethoven's last quartetto for stringed instruments were those points of his productions, in which he had worked

up the whole of his creative powers; or, as that party has asserted, as if this work and other suchlike compositions of the last period of Beethoven's life were the ground from which our future art must start. Nothing is more dangerous, than when in art a faction of a certain tendency imputes or attaches their own opinions to a great genius, to whom it appeals. Thus (in order to give an example of the mistakes, to which such a reasoning leads) Richard Wagner says, that in this ninth symphony Beethoven has blasted for ever the form of this kind of composition, and thus decreed in some respect its end. But we know, from Schindler, Moscheles and other narrators, who had intercourse with Beethoven during the last years of his life, that he was just going to commence his tenth symphony (a symphony *in optima forma*, that is, without an annexed Cantata), when his last sickness and death overtook him.

It will never be possible, to surpass, what Beethoven accomplished during the middle period of his activity, that is, the time, which embraces his production from the third to the ninth symphonies, and whatever groups itself around these central points. The master, has himself given proof of this through his ninth symphony. And if nevertheless this stands there as an astonishing monument of his Titan-like greatness, of a greatness, which does not hesitate to shake with powerful hands the eternal barriers set for men and art, yet persons possessed of more moderate talents should guard against imitating the demigod. Phaeton was bold and heroic, nevertheless the reins slipped from his hands, and he was precipitated into the depths, when he thought he could like Helios drive the horses of the sun's car.

At any rate the symphony, in the form, in which Bee-

thoven has left it to us, is not to be surpassed, as little as the religious expression of music in Bach, or the pathetic in Gluck. And therefore, we may say of our three great symphony writers, Haydn laid the foundation of the superb musical structure of this form of art, Mozart built and adorned it, and Beethoven set a tower thereon; whoever tries to raise it higher, will disfigure the building.

A just pride can fill the hearts of the Germans, when they think, that the creation of an independent instrumental music, that is, the foundation of a form, in which alone music takes the rank of an independent art, is exclusively the work of our nation. Such a well justified feeling must increase, when we say, that also the reigning heroes in this sphere belong without exception to our Fatherland. When the trumpets of war are silent, and the voice of the cannon is dumb, let us celebrate in every province, not only the greatness and unity of our Fatherland so gloriously attained, but also the great composer, whose hundredth birthday coincides in so significant a manner, with the third war of freedom, which we have been forced to wage against Celtic arrogance. The same heroic spirit, which dwells in the breasts of our brave brothers, and won battles such as the pages of history have never before recorded, reigns also in Beethoven's heroic symphonies, and in many of his other works. And when such a spirit embodies itself to our mind's eye in the closing passages of the great Sonata Appassionata as a fighting Saint George, who subdues the dragon of darkness under his feet, it appears as if in the Finale of the symphony of symphonies, we mean that in C minor, a hero returning from great battles were received and greeted by the people with a thousand rejoicings. Such cheers we will raise (*Deo volente*) when the grey-

headed heroic king, over whose head hovers the German Imperial crown, and his invincible host return to us, or when we see again all those, to whose perseverance we owe our future national greatness. But to those, who have died for their Fatherland, we will render the funeral rites with Beethoven's heroic Funeral March, and thus with him, putting aside all that is transitory, edify ourselves with the eternal fame, which shines around the memory of the fallen heroes. But let us not forget, that to the highest welfare of our nation has ever appertained that which man calls his Ideal, and that Beethoven belongs to the best in Germany, whom the goddesses of Freedom and Humanity have carried on their shields. Let then his birthplace Bonn, on the bank of the sacred Rhine, the Ganges of the Germans, be a Mecca of the intellect, to which we all make a pilgrimage to celebrate him, who like the heroes of Greece, will give evidence for thousands of years of German mind and nature. As the offspring of that left bank of the Rhine, which they tried to wrest from us, he shall certify, that the Rhine is not the boundary of Germany, but Germany's stream. Then by the side of his monument, the statues of Luther, Melanchthon, Guttenberg, Goethe and Arndt will form a shining Wacht am Rhein (watch on the Rhine), which, though dumb yet calls aloud to all: "Guard our Fatherland, the sacred soil, on which we lived and worked!"

NOTES.

1) Dr. Hennes assigns the 15th December (in No. 196 of the *Kölner Zeitung* of the year 1838) as Beethoven's birthday, whilst it is certain, that he was baptized on the 17th of December.

2) Guttenberg is like Beethoven a child of the left bank of the Rhine. Rubens may also be considered the same, his father having belonged to Germany, emigrated on account of his inclination to the Protestant religion, from Antwerp to Cologne. Rubens was born on this journey, and received in Cologne, where he passed his whole childhood, an entirely German education. The others who are mentioned, although their birthplaces were on the right side of the Rhine, are still so much connected with that life of the Rhine land, that knows no separation by its stream, so that its influence has actually remained on both shores to the present day. Cornelius was born close to the Rhine at Düsseldorf, Freiherr von Stein in the little town of Nassau on the Lahn, and therefore like Goethe, only a few hours distant from the main stream, and quite in reach of being influenced by the Rhinish manner of viewing life.

3) Fortunately the material collected by Jahn, was used by Thayer, in his excellent English biography of Beethoven.

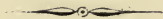
4) We must in compliance with truth remark, that Hähnel immediately after his first model had received the prize, sent to the Beethoven Committee a second far more idealised, with the request, that he might be allowed to carry out the latter. He received the answer, that, as the earlier model had obtained the prize over all others, this one must be executed. The bas-reliefs on the pedestal, which represent the symphonic, dramatic and ecclesiastical Muse, belong indeed to the finest of Hähnel's productions. Nevertheless, the artist had such an aversion to this statue, which he had discarded in calm judgment, and yet was obliged to finish, that once in his humourous way, he said to the Author: He used, whenever he came to the Rhine, intentionally to avoid Bonn, that he might never see his Beethoven again.

5) The reasons both rational and depending on the connection of natural sequence of the history of intellectual life, from which the fact re-

sults, that music is the last developed of the arts, the Author has endeavoured to demonstrate in his work: *Music in the History of Civilization* (Berlin, Behr's publishing office, 1869), and begs to refer especially to the 4th chapter of the first volume.

6) These views are more developed in the Author's *Music in the History of Civilization*, Vol. I, chapter 10.

7) The passages quoted from Goethe's *Faust*, have been given according to Prof. Blackie's version.



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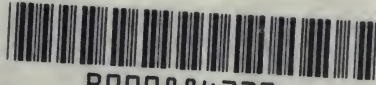
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