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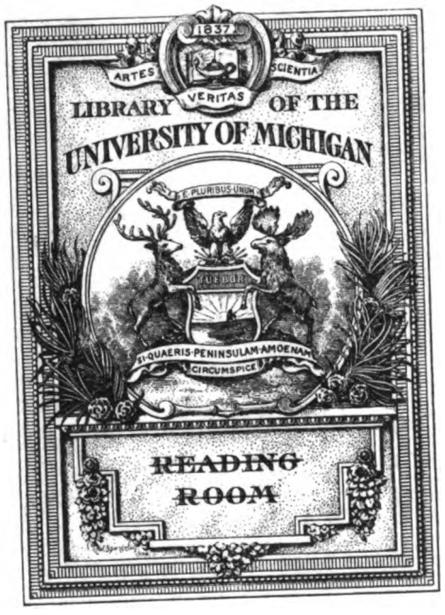

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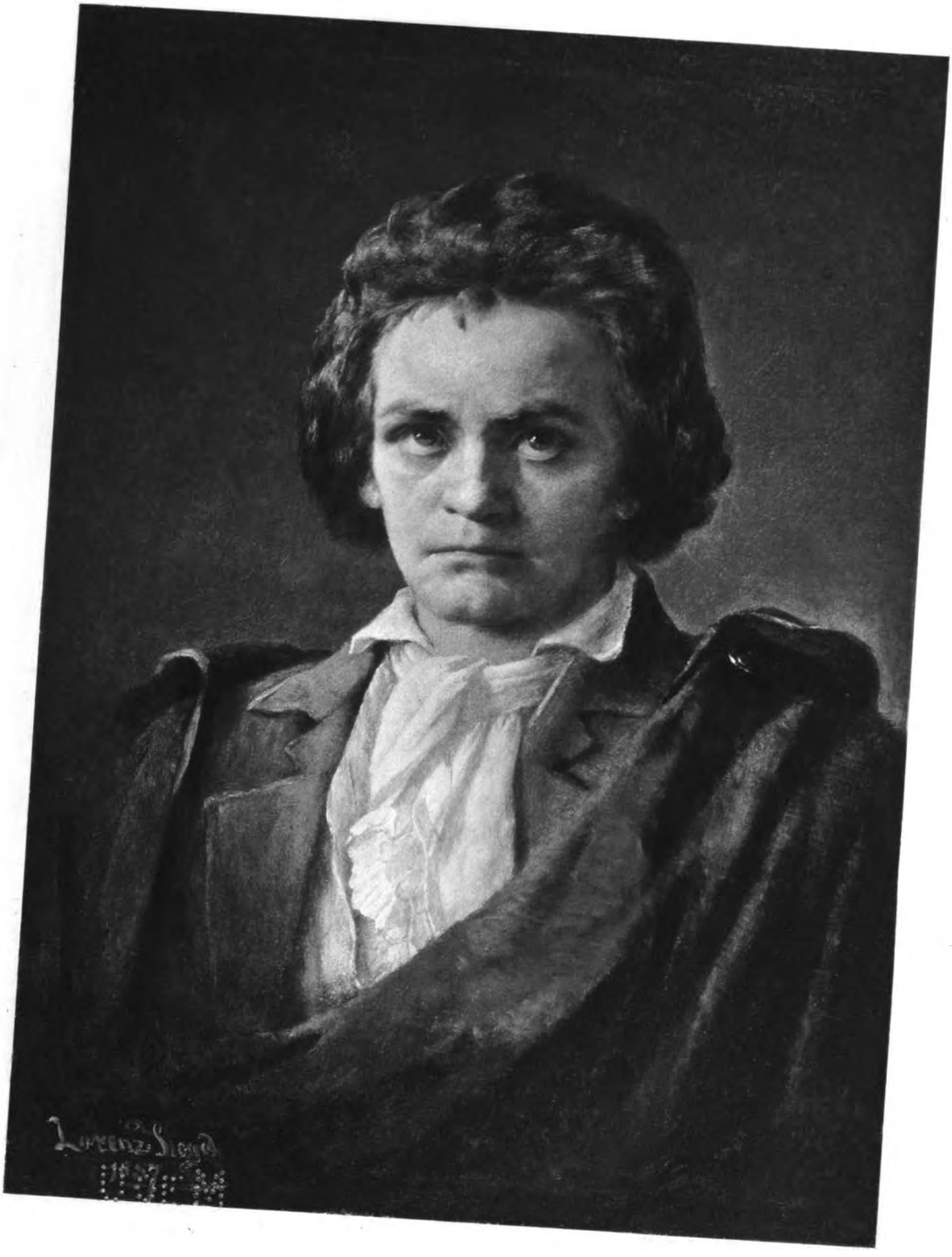

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Ludwig van Beethovens

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FACSIMILE FROM THE BIRTH-REGISTER (1770).

THE RECORD OF BEETHOVEN'S BIRTH.

LUDWIG VAN BEETHOVEN

BY

EUGEN D'ALBERT

WHO has not perused the chronicle of Beethoven's life, admired the greatness of his nature, thoroughly grasped his personality? Unassailable, spotless, immeasurably strong in the depths of his spirit, he stands alone. In his unfathomableness and sublimity he is like the ocean. See it well forth from its deepest depths, breaking into foam and calling with a voice of thunder; then, soft and gay as a little child, smoothing itself out before our delighted eyes. Such was Beethoven's elemental nature, such his pure and beautiful soul.

How other composers dwindle and dwarf beside him! None—not Bach himself—is his peer. Bach, monumental as he is, lacks fierceness and passion. Shakspere is Beethoven's closest fellow in literature; but Beethoven's nature, his creative strength, are most allied to that giant among sculptors, Michelangelo. In him Beethoven finds his equal. The Ninth Symphony and the "Missa Solemnis" spring from the same creative spirit to which we owe the "Moses" and the dome of St. Peter's.

Many traits in Michelangelo's character are fellowed by Beethoven's thoughts and ways. Both men were wild, spontaneous, and pitilessly regardless in the expression of their opinions, their sympathies, and their antipathies. Both were unassailable in their morality, frugal in their habits, and economical and practical in their pecuniary affairs—the last the result in each case of none too brilliant means of subsistence. Many a page of the stormy passages that too often characterized Michelangelo's service with Julius II is a vivid reminder of Beethoven's similar experiences with his patrons. Many a pathetic incident of self-sacrifice in the musician recalls the family feeling and sterling principle shown by the great sculptor.

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Schumann gave the name of "frozen music" to sculpture. We may be more precise and call Michelangelo's work "Beethoven music frozen," for the statues of Day and Night in the Chapel of the Medici and the masterly "Slave" in the Louvre call up the moods of Beethoven's symphonies. The deep suffering of the "Pieta" can be expressed in music only by a

THE GARRET ROOM IN WHICH BEETHOVEN WAS BORN.

Beethoven adagio. Michelangelo and Beethoven were literally supernatural: they tower heaven high above other mortals, they are guiding stars for posterity, part and parcel of eternity.

How can we express our reverence for Beethoven? Unfortunately, only by the interpretation of his works. I say "unfortunately" because interpretation is the occasion of sins many and heavy against the master. There is anything but veneration to be seen in the modern performances of Beethoven's compositions. His orchestral works, particularly the symphonies, fare the worst. These sublime monuments of thought have been desecrated into objects of experiment for every would-be director, coming or full-fledged, who conceitedly believes himself to be inspired and faultless. Each considers his own conception of the work as the only correct one, and exploits himself by composing into it as much of his own personality as possible. The more distortions of tempo, the more subtle dynamic marks that can be injected into it, the greater the public jubilation. One conductor vauntingly exclaims, "Have you heard my Ninth Symphony?" Another causes the opening measures (in 6–8 time) of the Ninth Symphony to be played behind the podium, as if coming from a distance. Almost all conductors regard the opening measures of the Symphony in C Minor as genuine puzzles. Each hears Fate's knock on the door differently. It is a sorrowful fact that Beethoven's works are very rarely played unembellished and just as the composer himself has

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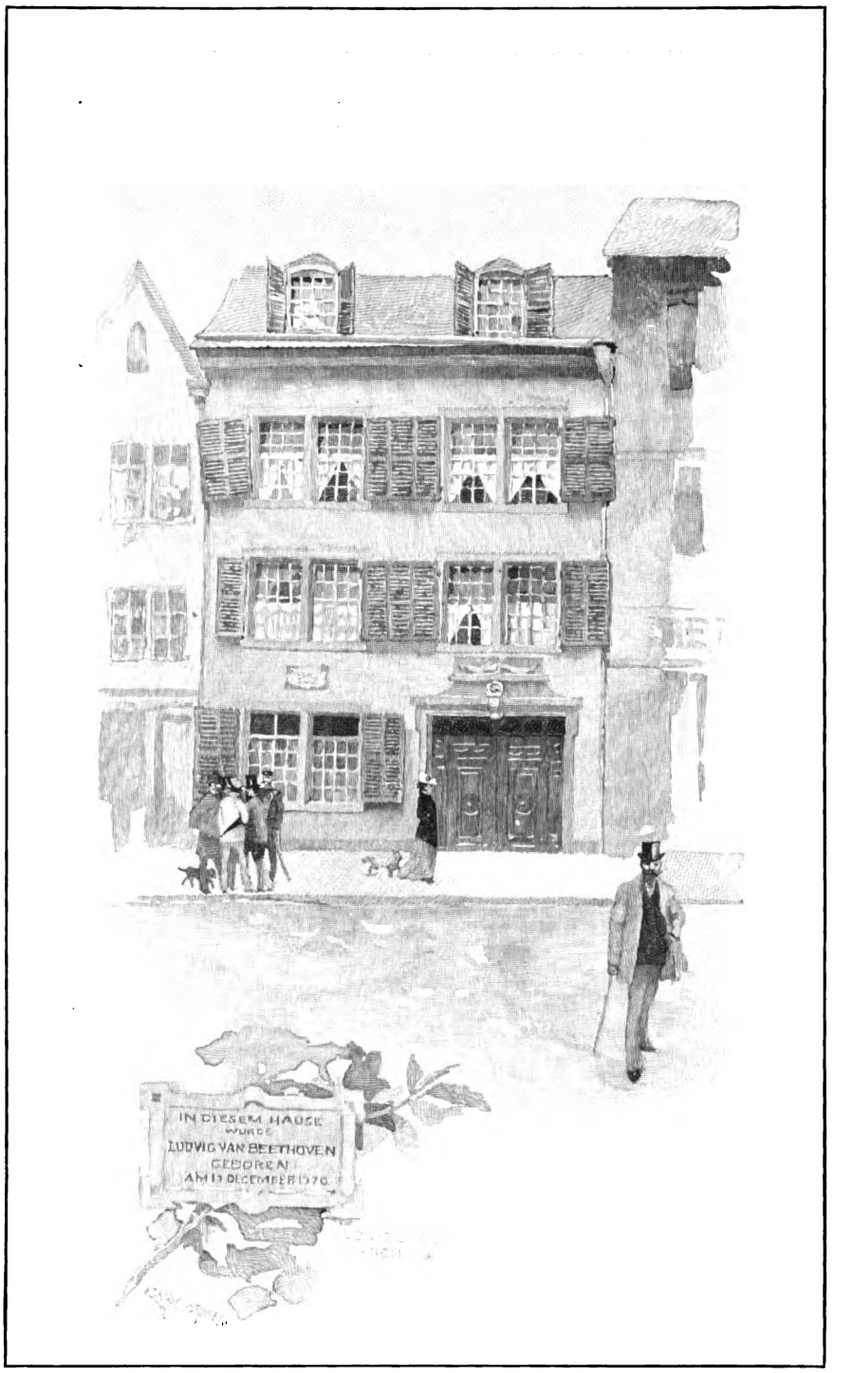

BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

thought them out, and it is highly improbable that they would suit the spoiled taste of our public if they were. I go so far as to say that the art of correct delivery in Beethoven's own manner is perhaps altogether lost.

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THE COURTYARD, BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

But few possess the key to the secret of reproducing Beethoven's music in its purity and greatness. Bülow belonged to these chosen ones, notwithstanding the lamentable errors which have arisen from misunderstanding his artistic effects. Everything was felt truly and correctly by this acute thinker and gifted master. Granted that he fell into many exaggerations, degenerated into many mannerisms, none of them sprang from a desire to thrust his own personality into the foreground before the work itself, as is customary to-day; the artistic longing of an artist soul, profound, honorable, and great, for sincere and truthful musical expression is responsible for Bülow's own characteristics. He was conscious that his conception sometimes bordered on mannerism; but the harm of

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which he has unfortunately been the source has arisen from the adoption of his mannerisms by imitators without the slightest conception of the greatness of his spirit. Bülow inaugurated an actual rage for interpretation. One no longer hears a movement of a Beethoven symphony without "breathing pauses" or "additional instrumentation." The public watches for this precise species of art, and is visibly disappointed when a symphony is played to the end pure and plain, without personal *zuthaten*. The greatness of the conception of Beethoven has been lost by such perfumery, such small wares; and regard for its artistic value has suffered sensibly, because it is brought to knowledge piecemeal. When I hear a Beethoven symphony under one of these progressive conductors I am always reminded of a picture, old and once valuable, which has been repainted.

The great public is led astray and deceived about the one thing which raises the musical artist above the daily repeated battle for life and lends value to empty existence, about the purity of the art of the greatest of our masters. Michelangelo can obtain from all a consecrated, pure reverence, because his work as a sculptor stands before us protected from desecrating hands, untouched, just as he created it. Luckily, in our own case the mistake is only temporary, and the art work just as created by the composer remains for the delight and edification of cultivated masters and connoisseurs. I do not agree with those Philistines who, from false piety, wish to preserve typographical errors. My warning is purely against exaggerations — "conceptions"— discovered frivolously to gratify personal vanity, and principally, perhaps, to captivate the public, always eager for sensation, and thus to obtain good receipts at the box-office.

Certain modifications of the original works are obviously necessary, but Richard Wagner in his "Ueber das Dirigeren" defined the line which should not be transgressed. His suggestions are offered with great reverence; and, primarily, he *understood* Beethoven. To-day every fledgling from the conservatory feels himself justified in correcting valve-horns and trumpets into Beethoven scores. The improvement of metal instruments allows these Hotspurs free play; they believe they can *instrumentiren* better than Beethoven himself, and recognize no laws either of style or esthetics. Beethoven's spirit is sinned against in the most outrageous way in an endless variety of the instrumental effects used. On Wagner's mere suggestion, entire paraphrases are made. The fact that Beethoven did not think in the language of modern instrumentation, and that the interpretation of such effects is absolutely contrary to his style, is forgotten. The gaps in the scales of Beethoven's horns and trumpets were natural; these instruments were not built otherwise. In Brahms, on the contrary, there is a certain affectation in refraining from the use of modern technical acquisitions; this is the place for additional instrumentation.

Beethoven's instrumentation is altogether richer in tone-quality than

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is Brahms's. Beethoven's powerful thoughts afford a rich kernel for instrumentation, but Brahms wished to work by means of the intellectual meaning only, when he would have succeeded much better if he had sometimes thought more of the color of the garment of his fancies.

The solo performances of virtuosos are usually more free from the errors cited above; but a mischievous freedom prevails here also. This can be remedied only by a deep penetration into Beethoven's art works, an intimate acquaintance with his spirit, an abstention from all personal feeling. It should be recognized that Beethoven was himself modern, and needs modernization as little as does Raphael or Michelangelo. I cherish the hope that the writing-desk virtuoso of our day and this craving for a highly spiced Beethoven will disappear together, and that with the return of the conductor to his earlier position of interpreter between composer and public there will come times less selfish and more artistic. Such an unhealthy artistic trend as that of most of our modern interpretation can last as little as can virtuosity when founded upon purely instrumental grounds.

It is surprising that "Fidelio," Beethoven's single dramatic work, has been spared the innovations that beset the orchestral stage—probably because the concert-hall, with its conductors hungry for personal laurels, is the foundation of such evils. As an art creation it must be ranked higher than the operas of Wagner, for it is the product of a pure form of art. Our modern singers, who are not nearly as skilful in pure singing as was the case in Beethoven's time, usually leave much to be desired in the presentation of "Fidelio." Its pitiful fate on its first appearance before an audience mostly made up of French soldiers, and the way in which Beethoven took its failure to heart, still sadden us; fourteen years elapsed before this grandiose dramatic opera reached appreciation, and Beethoven never wrote another dramatic work. The years immediately succeeding the composition of "Fidelio" were rich in the creation of other splendid compositions; but my fancy cannot escape the vision of what Beethoven might have done for the drama had the first presentation of "Fidelio," his ideal work, been more successful. It has never attained the universal popularity of, for example, "Der Freischütz"; but in its splendid music nothing mars our enjoyment. It remains our most perfect, most effective pattern. Even the ear spoiled by Wagner rejoices in its sublime feeling and admires the simplicity of its artistic method. Beethoven liked to write for the stage, and was always busy

BEETHOVEN AS A YOUNG MAN.

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BEETHOVEN'S MOTHER.

After a painting by Caspar Benedict Beckenkamp. Engraved by E. Heinemann.

with new material. He had thought of a "Romulus." There is a letter written to the singer Mildner Hauptmann, January 6, 1816: "You would do a great service to me and the German theater if you would beg Baron de la Motte Fouqué in my name to find a subject for an opera which would be suitable for yourself. I should like to write something of this kind for the Berlin theater; for, with our niggardly management, I shall never be able to bring out a new opera here." What splendid pictures the thought of a second opera by Beethoven conjures before us! German art possesses great treasures among its works, but "Fidelio" will always be the greatest.

A comprehensive review of the condition of our modern dramatic stage does not reveal any recent advance, and in one respect — singing — it has

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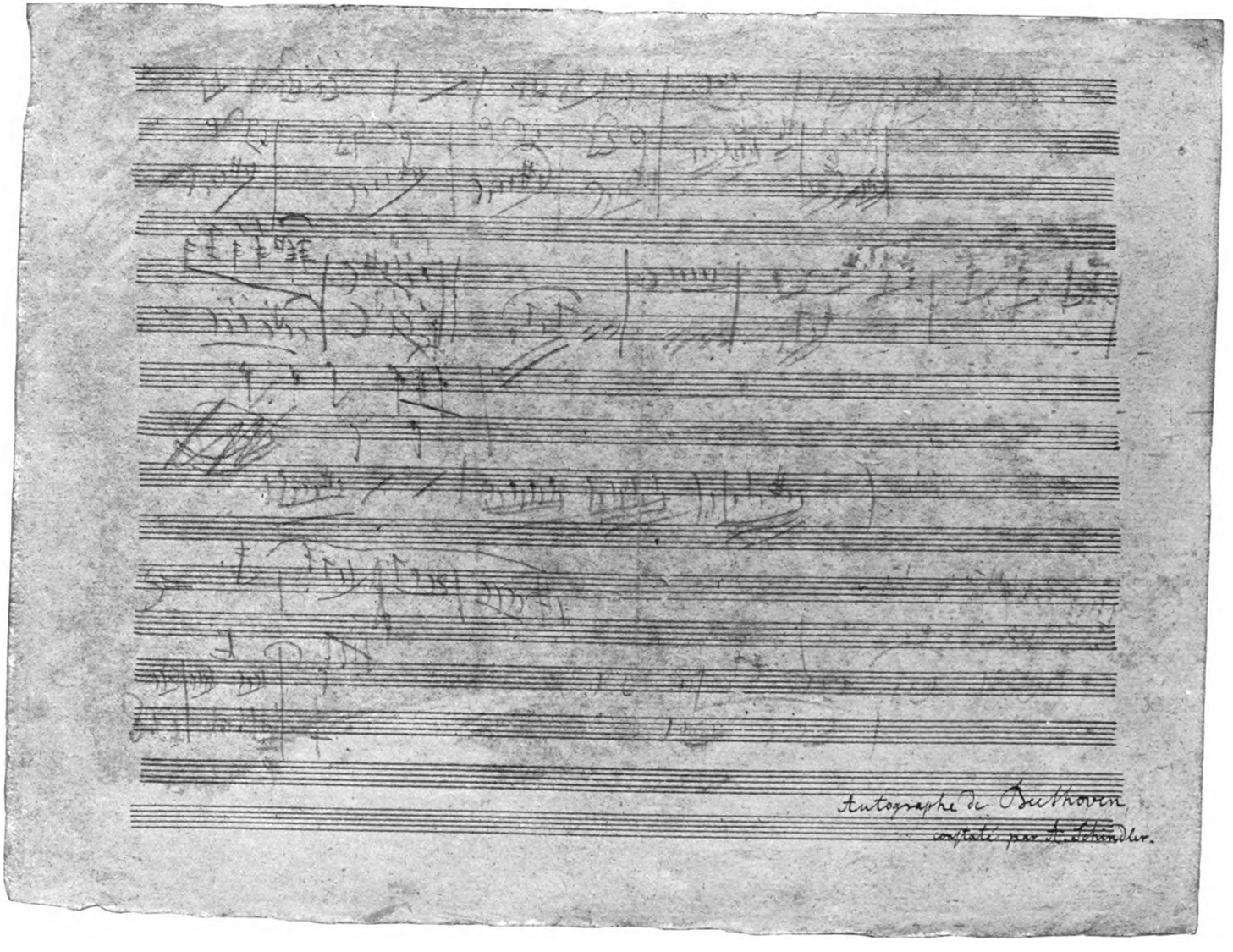

A MANUSCRIPT OF BEETHOVEN.

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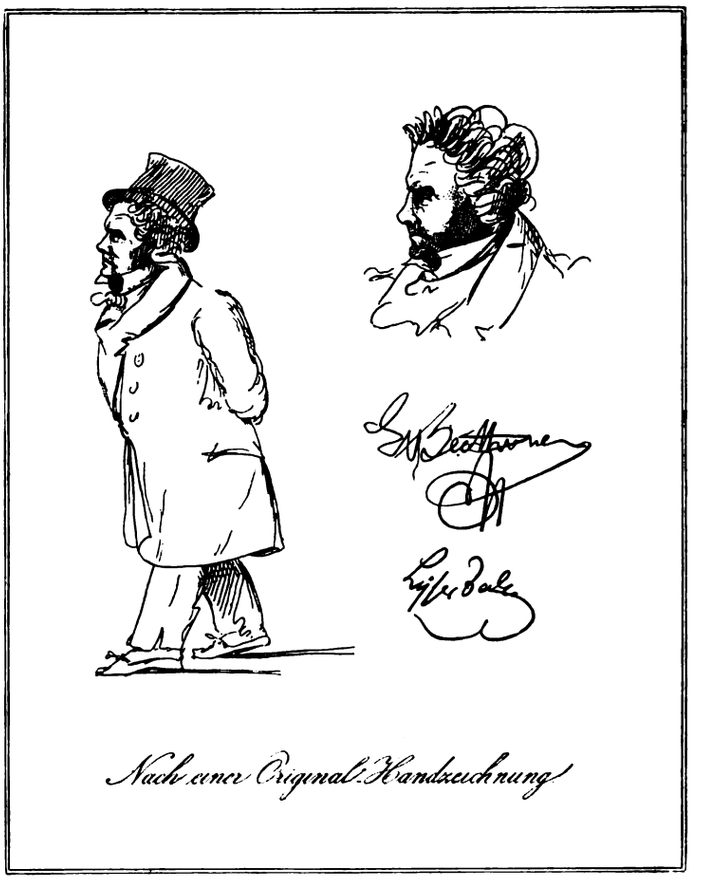
obviously retrograded. We have no singers in the real meaning of the word, for which we must undoubtedly thank the Wagnerian school. Our young singers no longer value the thorough cultivation of the voice. They believe it sufficient to be able to bellow out the music, accent sharply, and



SKETCHES OF BEETHOVEN BY LYSER.

use a peculiar declamatory speaking-voice. We very rarely hear a good cantilena. In Beethoven's time, actual singing — *il bel canto* — was all-important. It is not necessary to degrade the orchestra into, as Wagner put it, "a guitar accompaniment," but it is against all art to degrade the human voice, which nature intended to carry the melody, into a plain instrument, and even an accompaniment "to fill in."

Every great innovator is sometimes willing to shoot beyond the mark. Wagner forced his great idea of the reformation of dramatic art into extremes. He despised the bounds prescribed by the laws of beauty, not indeed in every work,—the "Meistersinger" and parts of "Tristan and Isolde" are exceptions,— but in his strivings, his principles. These have become the laws of his school, for it is the rule that pupils imitate the weaknesses and mannerisms of their master.

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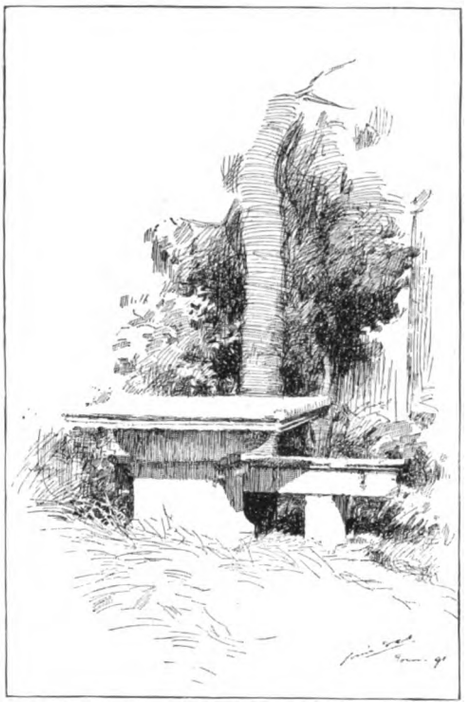

A CORNER OF
THE GARDEN, BEETHOVEN'S BIRTHPLACE.

A review of the operatic productions of the so-called North German school makes it distressingly apparent that the Master of Bayreuth has had an unfavorable influence upon his followers. It was with intention that the great dramatist made small demand upon the principle of drama. His apostles immerse themselves in reflections, aromas, and turns of speech, but utterly lose the ability to see the dramatic situation. In this they faithfully imitate more than one of their master's works, such as "Rheingold," "Die Walküre," and parts of "Siegfried," in which, splendid though they be, the dramatic treatment is very faulty. The Wagnerian school believes lengthiness advantageous, and "cuts" in any form to be acts of depravity. That is why the German public drew a long breath when the Italian school set before it its lighter wares and practical dramatic situations. Even the cultivated classes will finally turn from the products of the "Wagner method"; for the theater should provide refreshment as well as education and spiritual enlightenment.

Wagner's own son, Siegfried, is conscious of the evil, and in order to obtain public success, and, like the Italians, not despising trivialities, has returned to lighter music. Unfortunately, his intention is too apparent, and this extremely talented young man lacks much in originality and force and misses his mark.

The German music-theater is forever in a ferment; it lacks clearness and well-understood aims. Wagner did not create real men. His figures were all superhuman. The highest aim would be reached in the endeavor to place the truly human upon the musical stage. Beethoven felt this truth deeply. He chose a creative scheme closely related to human life, and made music for it which penetrates all hearts. It is entirely practicable to return to Beethoven's conceptions of the music-drama, while retaining both our enlarged modern means of expression and the dramatic form which Wagner discovered with the authority of genius.

Beethoven's greatest concert works are to be found in the domain of symphony. What he accomplished here is so splendid, so sublime, that he seems to have fully exhausted the vein; symphonies since his day are superfluous. There is nothing new to be created; not Schumann, not

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BEETHOVEN IN HIS THIRTY-EIGHTH YEAR.

Engraved by T. Johnson, after a copy of the portrait by W. F. Mähler in the possession of Mrs. Jabez Fox, Cambridge, Massachusetts.

even Brahms, has contributed anything new in this direction. The Ninth Symphony called a halt to further development. Our North Germans feel this instinctively, and endeavor to bring their labors to fruitage in the form of the symphonic poem created by Liszt. The most active and successful in this genre is undoubtedly Richard Strauss, but this is not the place to investigate his art and his achievements. It is conceded that the form of the symphonic poem authorizes and is highly favorable to the development of fancy. Its danger lies in the road, all too wide, which program music opens, and the consequent degradation of music to a rôle possibly hurtful to the art.

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The Lorenzetti, especially Ambrogio, show to what unholy results leads the new effort to make painting express the greater concrete ideas—program painting, in short, can degrade the art. The expressive power of

BEETHOVEN IN HIS FORTY-SECOND YEAR.

Engraved by R. A. Muller, after a drawing by Louis Latronne in 1812.

music is gigantic. If this is united with a visible exposition, and therefore with action, so that the music illustrates specific scenes or motions, and the listener receives the desired impression without becoming conscious of the intention, the attempt is to a great degree justified, and is capable of being brought into agreement with the esthetic laws of art. An instance is the musical drama of "The Fall." But if music must illustrate an invisible event according to the fancy of the hearer, or rather according to his speculations, which afford free play to the most contradictory suppositions, it is forced into the rôle of interpreter, in which, be-

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A PASTORAL SYMPHONY.

HOLLAND CATTLE AND LANDSCAPE, BY TROYON.
IN THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, NEW YORK.

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cause it is necessarily too high and too sublime, it becomes inartistic and unsatisfactory in conveying the desired impression. Such symphonic poetry as this should at least be accompanied with an explanatory stereopticon.

We often read that Wagner and his creations exhausted dramatic art. This is an error. Wagner was the first to give an impulse to a free dramatic form which has the completest justification in art; but this form is still in the early stage of its evolution and is capable of great development. Absolute music was lamentably exhausted much before this; it has actually nothing new to say. The genre of program music, on the other hand, is a makeshift in one aspect and a two-edged sword in another. Our enormous progress in the art of instrumentation, our brilliant virtuosity and its ravishing effects in the treatment of the orchestra, just now dazzle the public. But sooner or later there must be a reaction. The invention of the themes which lie behind these exteriorities is often too unmeaning, too inadequate to possess endurance. The gaily painted drapery skilfully hides the dry skeleton, but cannot do so long.

Even at this, these works are far preferable to our present examples of absolute music, so called. They are not stupid, at least — and of all faults stupidity is the worst. Neither Bruch nor Bargiel is important as far as the development of music is concerned; neither they nor any other zopf-master had the slightest inkling of Beethoven's greatness. They imitated the form, but did not grasp the contents.

It is a great mistake to think that Beethoven really wrote absolute music in the sense in which these dry masters have written. A poetic idea suggested the music of all, or very nearly all, his compositions. It would hardly occur to any true musician to compose for the purpose of writing down music, without any other impulse. There is a great difference between composing incited by a poetic thought and composing according to a set program, expressing in each measure of the music an event or a feeling. True, the program method is almost mechanical, and materially lightens the labor of composition. Liszt stops short of this. Led, like Beethoven, by a poetic idea, unlike him, he always named the suggestion of his inspiration to lead his listener to enter into his mood. But if we may believe Schindler, a poetic idea where it is little suspected is no less the frequent foundation of Beethoven's music. According to Schindler, for instance, Graf Moritz Lichnowsky had fallen in love with an opera-singer and desired to marry her. His family, proud of their rank, placed so many hindrances in his way that there was a long contest between love and expediency, and only after waiting faithfully for many years was the count able to marry his beloved. Beethoven was acquainted with his patron's love story. When the count came into possession of the Sonata in E Minor, dedicated to himself, he guessed its connection with his troubles. Beethoven owned to him that he had wished to set the love

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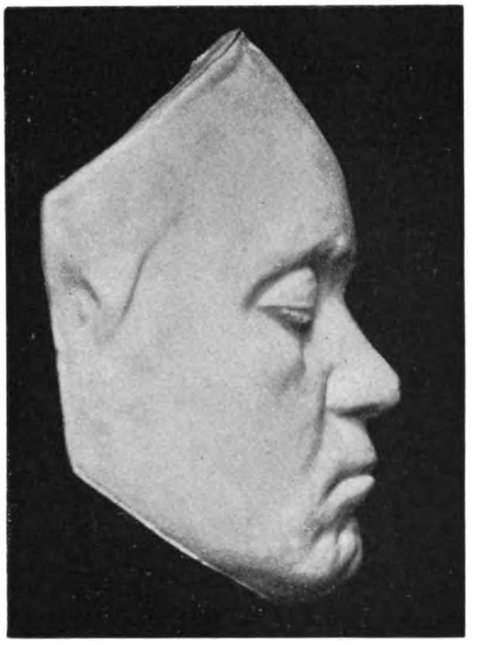
story of the noble couple to music, and added that if they wished a superscription, he might write over the first movement "Battle between head and heart," and over the second "Conversation with the Beloved."



THE LIFE-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

Affairs of the heart played a particularly vital part in the conception of Beethoven's sonatas. The "Moonlight" owed its origin to his affection for the Countess Julie Guicciardi, that in F Sharp Major, Op. 78, to his engagement to the Countess Therese von Brunswick. Beethoven even had an idea of printing his sonatas in a collection, with superscriptions, but was prevented from carrying it out by disagreements with his publishers. Beethoven's sonatas and Bach's Well-tempered Clavichord are the foundation pillars of piano literature. Bülow used to call the latter "the Old" and the former "the New Testament." The great cultivation requisite to the comprehension of Bach's works renders them inaccessible to the multitude; but the speech of Beethoven's sonatas moves every heart, and always gives pleasure. Such speech of the heart was first made intelligible by Beethoven. His predecessors, Haydn and Mozart, rocked themselves in childlike joy and innocent gaiety. Far was it from them to give expression to mighty depths of feeling. In Beethoven our troubled, passionate inner life first welled forth. What a flood of passion, pain, and stormy defiance breaks out in the "Appassionata"! The gayer side of life, too, spoke no less clearly through Beethoven. Such an utterance is the sonata dedicated to Count Waldstein.

The secret of interpreting Beethoven's sonatas lies in discovering the conditions of their origin in order to place one's self in the same mood in which Beethoven composed them. This is the only way to interpret in them the meaning of the composer. A performance dry, correct, academic, but cool, should be specially guarded against. Fingers should have less part than heart in the delivery. The very small number of piano virtuosos who succeed in throwing themselves into the mood of the composer is proof enough of the difficulty of understanding Beethoven's sonatas. It is not wise to follow Bülow's edition too absolutely, excellent, masterly though it be. The impression resulting from literal observance is stiff and unpleasant. Study first from an edition entirely free from enlargements and remarks (the large edition of Breitkopf and Härtel is the

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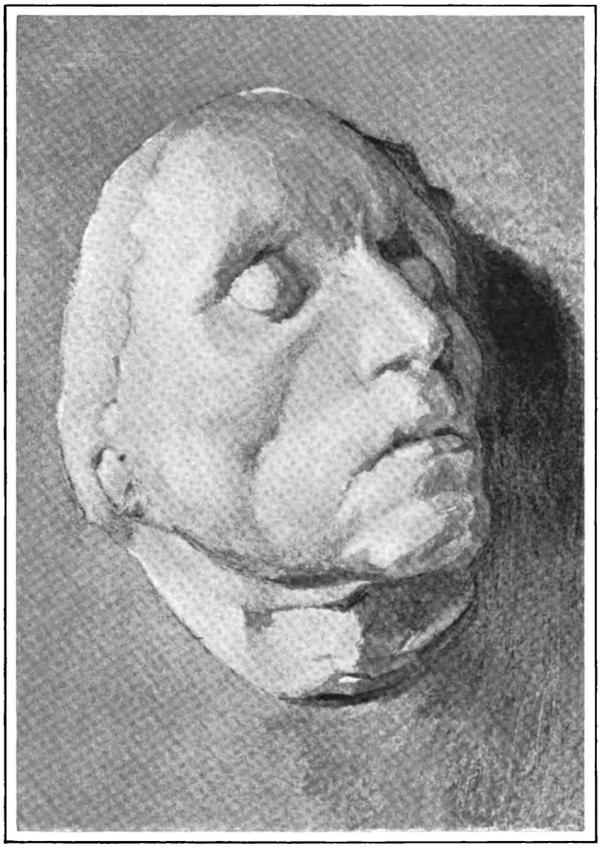
only one of the kind at present), and later take up Bülow for supplemental helps and corrections. Do not use a commentary till you have gained a thorough knowledge of the work.

The sonata form was practically exhausted by Beethoven. Liszt is the only one who has had something more to say in it. His B Minor Sonata will always remain a brilliant example of imagination and strength of



THE DEATH-MASK OF BEETHOVEN.

feeling. It is perhaps his most beautiful work. Brahms's sonatas are examples of architectural building, but they afford but little that is new; to him the variation form was more congenial. But beautiful as are the works of Beethoven in the latter somewhat narrow form, his sonatas rank much higher. He attained an unearthly beauty in the last of these and in the last quartet, but to these distant spheres only the elect may follow him.

What painful regret overwhelms us that such a genius was robbed of the very one of his senses that he could least spare! Fear was turning to the certainty that he was becoming deaf when he wrote the "Waldstein" and the "Appassionata." The "Appassionata" owes its origin to Bee-

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BEETHOVEN'S PRACTICE PIANO.

thoven's agony when the frightful conviction forced itself upon him. Gradually he withdrew from gay company, from life in common with others, and buried himself in the studies for which alone he lived. Originally he was tired neither of the world nor of men; but only art remained to yield the consolation he so sorely needed. To his frightfully sad doom we owe the magnificent works which his spirit evoked, and which were created in the deepest agony of a torn heart. Beethoven has touched the whole scale of emotions, from inmost love to the mighty suffering of despair; he felt them all himself, and knew as no one else how to give them back to us. But in spite of the fact that his heart was always occupied, Beethoven's life was joyless and lonely, because his inclinations invariably led him to people whose social rank made them unable to forget the poor musician in the great genius, and who could never make up their minds to join hands with him for life.

This loneliness impelled him to take his good-for-nothing nephew so much to heart, to enrich him with careful love, although he was well aware of his constant and complete unthankfulness. It is pathetic to read in his many letters how Karl's every need, spiritual and bodily, troubled him, and how he shared his last dollar with him. His correspondence shows that he provided his nephew's clothing garment by garment, and supplied each need by the most careful planning. His pecuniary troubles, into which he often fell, were the outcome of his self-sacrifice: heart free of Karl, he could have lived free of care. The sum allowed him by his patron would, in the simple style of living of his day, have sufficed his own wants without worry. He was always struggling with his nephew's expenses, and with the unreproved deceits of domestics; and never once during his life was his bitter burden lightened by the full recognition of his genius.

During the latter part of Beethoven's career he was almost forgotten. Rossini had so won all hearts in Vienna with his flowing melodies, so easily understood, that not till the master's last illness brought him close to death did people recollect that they possessed a Beethoven. One of the saddest things about an artist's life is the realization of how hard it has been for the beautiful, the earnest, the sublime in music to break their way, and how far easier come fame and a ringing reward to the composer à la mode.

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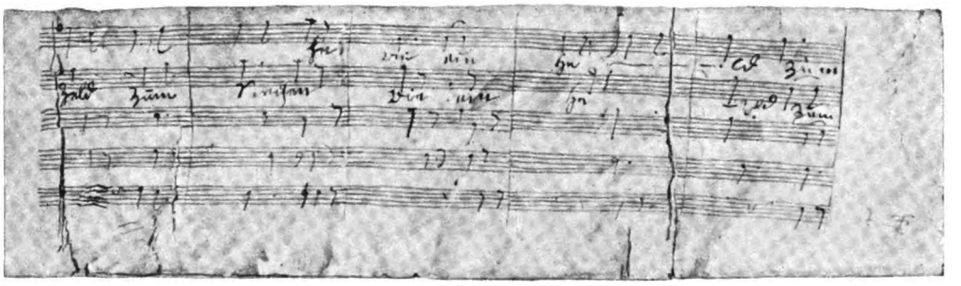
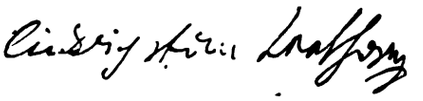
ONE OF BEETHOVEN'S EAR-TRUMPETS.

To this day some of Beethoven's works are not universally understood. The "Missa Solemnis" is performed in every great music circle, but is always regarded as one of the most difficult subjects of the director's art. Beethoven himself considered this as his best and ripest work, and to all musicians it is the highest offering of mortal spirit in the world of music. The work of no other composer betrays such an absorption in art, such an absolution from the world, such a freedom from all that is earthy. It towers to heaven, a very temple, an indestructible monument for eternity.



FRAGMENT OF THE FINALE OF THE CHORAL SYMPHONY.



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A DANCE OF BOY ANGELS.

In the Salon at Houghton.

CÉSAR FRANCK

BY

VINCENT D'INDY

THE 9th of November, 1890, there died, in the full vigor of his talent, an artist of genius, whose name was then almost ignored by those we know as the "great public." This name has gained little by little in celebrity, and now commands the respect and admiration of all musicians, in an equality with those of our greatest masters.

His obsequies were as simple as his life: no official delegation from the ministry or from the administration of the Beaux Arts accompanied his remains to their last resting-place. Even the Conservatory of Music, although he had belonged to its corps of instructors,—the Conservatory, whose directors were accustomed to make it a duty to recite dithyrambics over the graves of empirical professors of singing or of obscure monitors of solfeggii,—was not represented at the funeral ceremony of this organ-professor, whose "advanced" theories had been reported dangerous to the tranquillity of the official establishment.

Only his many pupils, and the musicians whom his boundless affability had attracted to him, formed a crown of reverent admiration around the bier of this lamented master; for César Franck, dying, had left to his

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adopted country a school of symphony, alive indeed, and of such vigorous constitution as France had never before produced.

To obtain a good idea of the character of this great musician we should study him from three points of view—as man, as artist, and as educator; in other words, should consider his life, his work, and his instruction.

I. THE MAN

CÉSAR AUGUSTE FRANCK was born at Liège, Belgium, on the 10th of December, 1822. A few lines sum up his biography, because his career was without shocks or romantic convulsions, but flowed along in such calm of incessant labor as one loves to think of as belonging to the lives of the great artist-workmen in that beautiful time when art itself was new —lives to which that of Franck bore more than a resemblance.

Without fortune, brought up by a father whose extreme severity bordered upon egotistical cruelty, César habituated himself from infancy not to remain unoccupied a single moment. At fifteen he had finished his studies in the school of music in his native city and entered the Conservatory of Paris, where he won in a few years the prizes for piano, fugue, and organ, the last under peculiar circumstances which deserve to be related.

The competition for the organ prize includes, among other tests, a fugue upon a subject furnished by one of the members of the jury, and an improvisation in a free style upon a given theme.

César Franck, having observed that the two subjects admitted of being treated simultaneously, improvised a double fugue in which he led as second subject progressing with the other, the theme to be treated in free style, thus forming combinations for which the examiners were in no wise prepared. This might have ended badly for him, since members of this jury, for all that it was presided over by the aged Cherubini, understood nothing of this *tour de force*, accustomed as they were to the methods of the Conservatory, and it was necessary for Benoist, the titulaire of the class, to explain the matter to his colleagues in person, after which they decided to award to the young contestant the *second* organ prize!

It was perhaps from this moment that to those in office César Franck became "suspect."

After a short stay in Belgium, where he went to offer to King Leopold I his first trios, without obtaining any mark of thanks for the same, not even the traditional snuff-box in silver-gilt, he returned to Paris, where from that time he commenced that career of organist and professor which he carried on without cessation until his death. Thus it happened that from the beginning of the year 1859 the church (newly built) of Ste. Clotilde saw him every Friday morning and all day Sunday

VINCENT D'INDY.
From a photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

seated on the tribune of the organ. Those whom the kindness of the master authorized to assist at these offices will never forget the great artistic pleasure which they received from his inspired improvisations.

In 1872 Franck succeeded his old master Benoist as titulaire of the organ class in the Conservatory; but never did the majority of his colleagues consider as one of themselves this instructor who saw other things in art besides a profession. They made him suffer much.

Franck was, as I have already said, a worker; winter and summer he was on foot at six o'clock in the morning. He consecrated his first two hours to composition, which he called *working for himself*. At eight o'clock he took a light repast, and departed immediately afterward to give his lessons in all the corners of the capital, because, up to the end of his life, this great man used the greater

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part of his day in educating amateurs in the piano, even pupils in the pensions for young girls. He did not ordinarily reënter his home until supper-time, and then, though his evenings were disposed of in favor of his organ or composition pupils, he still found time to copy parts for the orchestra. Thus it was that during only two hours of morning work and a few weeks of vacation he thought out and wrote his most beautiful compositions.

If Franck was a worker, he was also a modest man. Never did he strive after honor and distinctions; never, for example, did it occur to him to canvass for a place as member of the Institute; not because, like a Puvis de Chavannes, he disdained this title, but because he did not consider that he had done enough to merit it, even though at this epoch the Institute counted in its ranks a number of musicians whose worth was very contestable, and certainly infinitely inferior to his own.

His modesty, however, did not preclude confidence in himself, a primordial quality for a creative musician when it is supported by a healthy judgment and exempt from vanity. When, at the opening of the course, the master, with his face illumined by his great smile, would say to us, "I have worked *well* during the vacation, you will see, you will see; I think that you will be content," we were certain that a chef-d'œuvre would soon come to light.

It was his pleasure to find in his busy life a few leisure hours,—a thing not easy to accomplish,—when he would assemble around him his favorite pupils, Henri Duparc, Camille Benoît, Ernest Chausson, and him who writes these lines; to them he would play on the piano some work which had been lately finished, singing all the vocal parts with a voice as grotesque as painful. And it did not appear to him below his dignity not only to ask our advice, but to conform to it if our criticisms appeared to him just and well grounded.

The foundation of Franck's character was goodness, calm and serene goodness, and his nickname *pater seraphicus* was just. His soul could not conceive of evil; he never believed the low jealousies which his talent had excited in the minds of his colleagues. He passed through life with eyes elevated toward a high ideal, without suspecting the inherent baseness of human nature—baseness from which, alas! artists are far from free.

This disposition was intensified in him to such an extent that he never perceived that his works were much too elevated and were conceived on too high a plane to be understood by his contemporaries; and that they were not comprehended when he brought them before the public. The applause of his friends, scattered here and there through the audience, produced on him the effect of unanimous approbation; and delighted at having procured them the pleasure of hearing his own works played by himself, he never failed to bow profoundly to an assembly which, if not hostile, was at least indifferent, because it had been forced out of its usual habit of mind.

In the summer of 1890, during one of his daily walks in the streets of Paris, the master, absorbed, no doubt, in the inception of a musical idea, did not awake in time to save himself from the shock of an omnibus, the pole of which struck him violently on the side. Indifferent to physical pain and unaccustomed to worry about himself, he made no break in his ordinary life of labor and fatigue. But soon pleurisy set in; he was forced to take to his bed, and not long after succumbed.

Such was the man.

As to physique, any one who had encountered this being in the street, with his coat too large, his trousers too short, his grimacing and preoccupied face framed in his somewhat gray whiskers, would not have believed in the transfiguration which took place when, at the piano, he explained and commented on a beautiful work of art, or when, at the organ, he put forth one of his inspired improvisations. Then the music enveloped him like an aureole; then one could not fail to be struck by the conscious will expressed in the mouth and chin, by the almost superhuman knowledge in his glance; then only would one observe the nearly perfect likeness of his large forehead to that of Beethoven; and then one would feel subdued and almost frightened by the palpable presence which reigned around the noblest and greatest musician which France has produced since Rameau.

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CÉSAR FRANCK.
From a photograph by Pierre Petit, Paris, made in 1888.

II. THE ARTIST

To leave an enduring milestone on the pathway of art, which stretches out to infinity, all the poetry of thought, of color, of form, or of sound must add to invention and science, those two pillars of an artistic monument, a quality more rare than all others—*sincerity*.

In music, for example, it is incontestable that the great works which time has not deprived of value, from the "Selectissimae Modulationes de Vittoria" to the "Ninth Symphony" of Beethoven, and including the chorals and the "Passions" of J. S. Bach, have emanated, all of them, from artists sincerely expressing their inmost thoughts without considering glory and immediate success. The dramas of Gluck which will remain immortal are those he wrote after his evolution toward the expression of truth. "Iphigénie en Tauride" has aged less than many an opera composed in our day; but one now can no longer read the "Artamène" or "La Chûte des Géants" by the same composer. And it is curious to observe, in regard to the philosophy of art, that some thousands of operas in the Italian school, since Scarlatti,—a school which despotically ruled all the theaters of Europe during the greater part of the eighteenth century,—have fallen into a profound abyss—a fate the more merited because these mediocre works were composed with an eye to fashion, effect, and virtuosity only. This school continued through the beginning of the nineteenth century, contemporaneously with the pernicious Jewish school, and lived almost entirely be-

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cause of its pecuniary success with the public. The operas of Halévy are now insupportable to the listener; it will soon be the same with those of Meyerbeer.

Sincerity is the necessary condition for the endurance of all manifestations of art, and it is the most important of all the qualities of a creative artist. No modern artist has been more sincere in his life and in his works than César Franck, and none has possessed a higher degree of that touchstone of genius, artistic conscience. We may find in many works of this master the proof of this assertion.

An artist truly worthy of the name expresses well only what he has felt himself, and finds it difficult to reproduce sentiments foreign to his nature. Thus it is remarkable that purely on account of his disposition, too noble to suspect evil, Franck never succeeded in satisfactorily depicting human perversity. In each of his works those parts where he was forced to represent sentiments like hatred, injustice,—in a word, to express evil,—were incontestably the most feeble. In proof, read the choruses of the unjust and the rebels in "Les Béatitudes," also the rôle of *Satan* in the same work.

It is then entirely natural that, besides composing pure music, wherein he excelled, César Franck was impelled by a talent, which his sincerity rendered conformable to his character, into the depicting of Biblical and Evangelical scenes ("Ruth," "Rebecca," "Rédemption," "Les Béatitudes," "L'Ange et l'Enfant," "La Procession," "La Vierge à la Crèche"), in which radiant throngs of angels, such as a Lippi or an Angelico might have dreamed of, mingled charmingly with one another to chant together the praises of the Most High.

Even when he was treating profane subjects, Franck could not depart from this, so to speak, angelic conception. "Psyché," in which he endeavored to paraphrase the antique myth, has a peculiar interest on this account. The work is divided into choral parts, in which the voices recite the fable while recounting and commenting upon it;

"AROUND THE PIANO."

The friends of César Franck. From a painting by Fantin-Latour (Salon of 1885), belonging to M. Adolphe Jullien. Reproduced by his permission.

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and into parts for the orchestra only, little symphonic poems designed to express the drama which ensued between *Psyche* and *Eros*. Now, without speaking of its charming descriptive parts, like the carrying away of *Psyche* by the *Zephyrs*, or the enchantment of the gardens of *Eros*, the principal piece, the love scene, if I may be allowed to say so, never seemed to me anything but an ethereal dialogue between a soul, such as the mystic author of the "Imitation of Christ" conceived of, and a seraph, descended from heaven to instruct her. Other French masters, Saint-Saëns and Massenet, for example, if called upon to illustrate this same subject musically, would infallibly have endeavored to depict, the one, physical love in its most realistic aspect (*vide* "Le Rouet d'Omphale"), the other, discreet erotism, very much à la mode in certain salons of the Quartier Monceau (compare "Eve" and "La Vierge"). I think that Franck chose the better part, and I even dare affirm that, in acting thus almost unconsciously, he has come the nearest to seizing the real significance of that ancient symbol which has received so many expositions in medieval and even in modern times, in a series which reaches up to and comprehends "Lohengrin."

It is perhaps because of this tendency of his talent toward the purely mystic that the two operas "Hulda" and "Ghisèle," although containing very beautiful music, are far from being as perfect works as Franck's vocal and instrumental pieces.

Passing to a point of view more especially musical, the real character of Franck's music arises from three very well handled properties: the expressive nobleness of the melodic phrasing, the originality of harmony, and the unattackable solidity of the synthetic conception.

César Franck was a melodist in the highest meaning of the word; with him everything sings, and sings constantly. He could no more conceive music without melodic line carefully defining the contours obtained by it and very clean, than Ingres could imagine a painting without impeccable drawing. And this melody derived a great deal of its expressive charm from the skill shown in the grand variation, such as only Bach, in his *chorals d'orgue*, and Beethoven, in his last quartets, have known how to write.

To the abundance of his melodic vein Franck's harmony owes its peculiarly original quality, because he considered music horizontally, following the *fécond* principles of the contrapuntists of the sixteenth century, and not merely vertically, as do the composers of the harmonic epoch. The contours of his melodic phrases give, by their superposition, aggregations of notes which produce a style that is interesting for other qualities than are displayed by the banal or incoherent suites of chords written by those who have only harmony as objective.

It is principally, however, in the domain of musical architecture, the basis of all composition, that the innovating genius of Franck knew how to create a place absolutely apart. He was the first to consider the works of Beethoven from the point of view of a cyclic style (works which no successor of the father of the noble symphonic form had dared to assimilate), and to employ a new mode of construction according to orderly and logical principles. In 1841, at the age of nineteen, he built his first work, the Trio in F Sharp, on two generating themes, which, combining with the special themes of each number, were enlarged according to and in the measure of their successive expositions, and thus formed a solid foundation for the whole musical cycle.

Furthermore, the preoccupation of his whole artistic life was to find new forms, while always respecting in the highest degree the immutable principles of tonal construction laid down by his predecessors. For the rest, it is almost impossible to explain by a literary medium, satisfactorily and clearly, in what his innovations consisted, and one will be more easily convinced of the progress which the Master of Liège accomplished in musical art by reading his music than by description. I should like to dwell for a moment, however, on certain compositions which merit particular mention and study.

"RÉDEMPTION"

"RÉDEMPTION," a symphonic poem in two parts and an intermezzo, was the first work in which the genius of Franck clearly dem-

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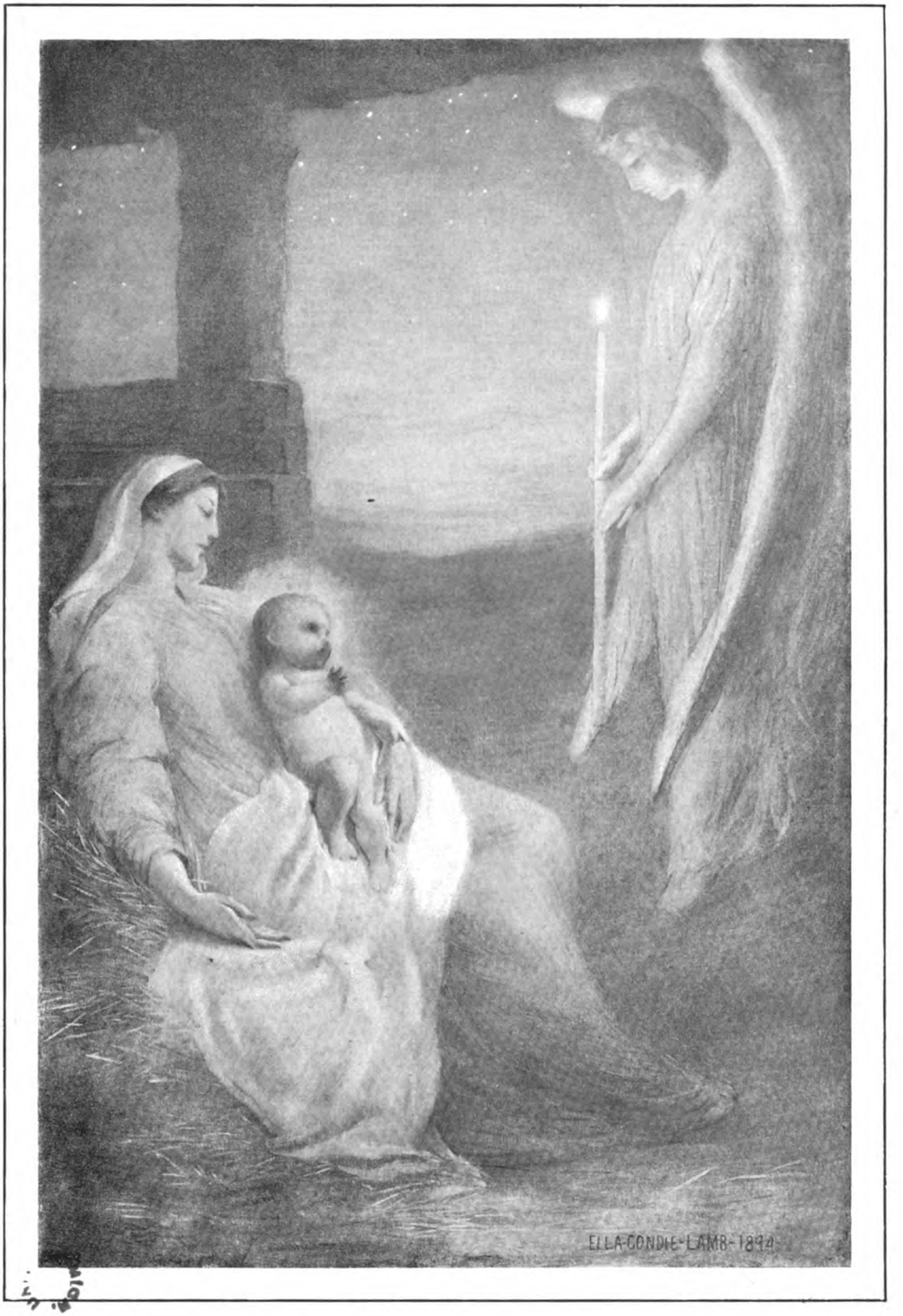

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

FROM THE PAINTING BY ELLA CONDIE LAMB.

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grand; it hovers over the miseries of mankind. It is the voice of Christ which we hear, commenting briefly upon the text of the beatitude. This divine melody, so intensely expressive that one cannot forget it from the moment that it appears in the prologue, does not attain to its complete development until the end, but it becomes then so sublime that when one hears it rolling out so majestically it is as if one saw the clouds of incense mounting up under the vaults of a cathedral, veritably assisting the radiant ascension of happy souls to the celestial mansions.

Notwithstanding these dazzling splendors, it is permissible to make a few reservations in considering this colossal work. It presents, in fact, inequalities of style which are sometimes shocking. Thus, as I have already indicated, when it is necessary to depict the climax of evil the characters of tyrants, of the cruel, and even of *Satan* himself, are a little conventional. Franck, not being able to find in himself the power of expressing what he does not understand at all, borrows from Meyerbeer's opera style, which makes a truly unpleasant contrast to the rest of the work.

Although it contains these few feeble points, "Les Béatitudes" is, none the less, the most noteworthy musical monument, in the genre of religious concerted music, which has been created since Beethoven's "Missa Solemnis," and this lofty and expressive work makes up for the emphatic bombast which certain modern composers, with an eye to effect, have heaped up under the disguise of sacred drama.

So great was the modesty of the author of this beautiful commentary on the Evangelist that he never imagined the work capable of being brought out otherwise than in fragments, and it was not until 1893, three years after his death, that it was given in its entirety at the *Concerts du Châtelet*, under the direction of Colonne. It made such a profound sensation in its ensemble that it was immediately adopted by most of the concert societies, French, Belgian, and Dutch, and still remains in their repertories.

THE QUARTET IN D

THE first movement in this Quatuor, for two violins, alto, and violoncello, is certainly the most astonishing piece of symphonic composition since the last quartets of Beethoven. The essentially novel form of the first movement consists of two pieces of music, each living its own life and possessing a complete organism, which mutually penetrate each other, without confusion, thanks to the absolutely perfect ordering of their various parts.

All the composers who follow the Beethoven epoch keep, as to form, to the types already established in the eighteenth century; neither a Mendelssohn, nor a Schumann, nor a Brahms dared to take the twelfth or the fourteenth quartet of Beethoven for a point of departure, and even Richard Wagner based his entire symphonic system upon the imperishable Ninth Symphony. It took an architect of sound as sure of himself as was César Franck to undertake a renovation of forms, while preserving in the movement a general classical style.

Finally, the Quintet in F Minor, and the superb Violin Sonata which Ysaye has made popular, are constructed, like the Quatuor, by the aid of a generative theme which becomes the germ of expression in the musical cycle; but nothing in Franck's work, nor in that of his predecessors, equals in harmonious and audacious beauty the Quartet in D, a type of chamber music unique, not only in the merit and elevation of its ideas, but also in its esthetic perfection and its novelty of form.

THE LAST THREE ORGAN CHORALS

I WILL pass rapidly over these chefs-d'œuvre of Franck, which were, as I have said, the last emanation of his genius, and the registration of which, though already in the grasp of the disease which was to carry him off, he fixed at his organ in Ste. Clotilde some days before taking to his bed, never to rise again. These chorals are written in the form of the amplified variation created by Bach and taken up again by Beethoven; but two of them, at least, have the peculiarity that the theme, though at first hardly more than a sketch, is the germ from which the variations develop, and which, at the end of the piece, brightens into triumphant completeness.

I will not speak of the other poems, "Ruth," "Rebecca," "Psyché"; the two operas "Hulda" and "Ghisèle"; the two morceaux

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for the orchestra, "Les Eolides" and "Le Chasseur Maudit"; the very beautiful "Symphonie en D"; the compositions for piano with and without orchestra; the nine great pieces for the organ; and the religious melodies. I will pass to the third aspect of the master, that of instructor.

III. THE INSTRUCTOR

CÉSAR FRANCK was, to all of the generation who had the happiness of being nourished by his healthy and solid principles, not only a clear-sighted and sure instructor, but also a father in art. I do not fear to use this name to characterize him who gave the light of day to the French symphonic school, because all of us, the artists who came in contact with him as well as his scholars, have always called him unanimously, and with one, though unconcerted, accord, *Father Franck.*

While the professors of the conservatories, especially of the Conservatory of France, to which one hardly applies except to compete for the first prizes, obtained as a result of their system of competition young people who were veritable rivals in their classes, and who often therefore became genuine enemies, Father Franck studied only to form artists truly worthy of this beautiful and liberal name. He radiated such an atmosphere of love that his scholars not only loved him as a father, but, which is more, through him, they loved one another, and during the eleven years that the good master has no longer been with us, his beneficent influence has so perpetuated itself that all his disciples have continued intimately connected, without a cloud to darken their friendly relations.

Yes, what an admirable professor of composition was César Franck! What sincerity, what integrity, what conscience, did he carry to the examination of the sketches which we presented to him! Unpitying toward vices of construction, he knew without hesitation where to place his finger, and when in the process of correction he arrived at passages which we ourselves would consider doubtful (though we took good care not to show it), instantly his large mouth would become serious, his forehead would wrinkle, his attitude express suffering, and after playing the passage at the bar two or three times on the piano, he would look at us and let escape the fatal "Je n'aime pas." But if in our stutterings we had chanced upon some harmony new and logically treated, some trial of an interesting form, then, satisfied and smiling, he would lean toward us, murmuring, "J'aime, j'aime." And he was as happy to give us this approbation as we were to merit it.

Permit me to add a personal anecdote relative to the manner in which I made the acquaintance of Father Franck.

After having ended my course in harmony and having aligned some troublesome counterpoints, without having studied either fugue or composition, I fancied that I was sufficiently instructed to write, and having with great trouble placed upon music-paper a quintet for piano and string instruments, I begged my friend Henri Duparc, one of the oldest of the master's scholars, to present me to the great artist whom I revered without knowing, in the firm belief that my work could not fail to win his felicitations.

When I had played the quintet to him, he remained silent a moment, then turning to me with a sorrowful air, he said these words, which I have never forgotten, because they had a decisive influence upon my life: "There are some good things; the ideas would not be bad, but—you don't know anything *at all!*" Then, seeing that I was much mortified by this judgment, which, I confess, I had not in the least expected, he added, with a corrective intention: "If you wish that we should work together, I could teach you composition."

While returning home that night,—for this interview had taken place at a late hour,—I said to myself, smarting with wounded vanity: "Certainly Franck is a spirit of the past; he understands nothing of the beauties of my work." Nevertheless, in a calmer mood the next morning, and re-reading this unhappy quintet and recalling the remarks the master had made to me while underlining, according to his habit, words in pencil, like arabesques, upon the manuscript, I was forced to own to myself that he was absolutely right: *I did not know anything.* So, almost trembling, I went to beg him to be so good as to admit me to the number of his pupils, and he placed

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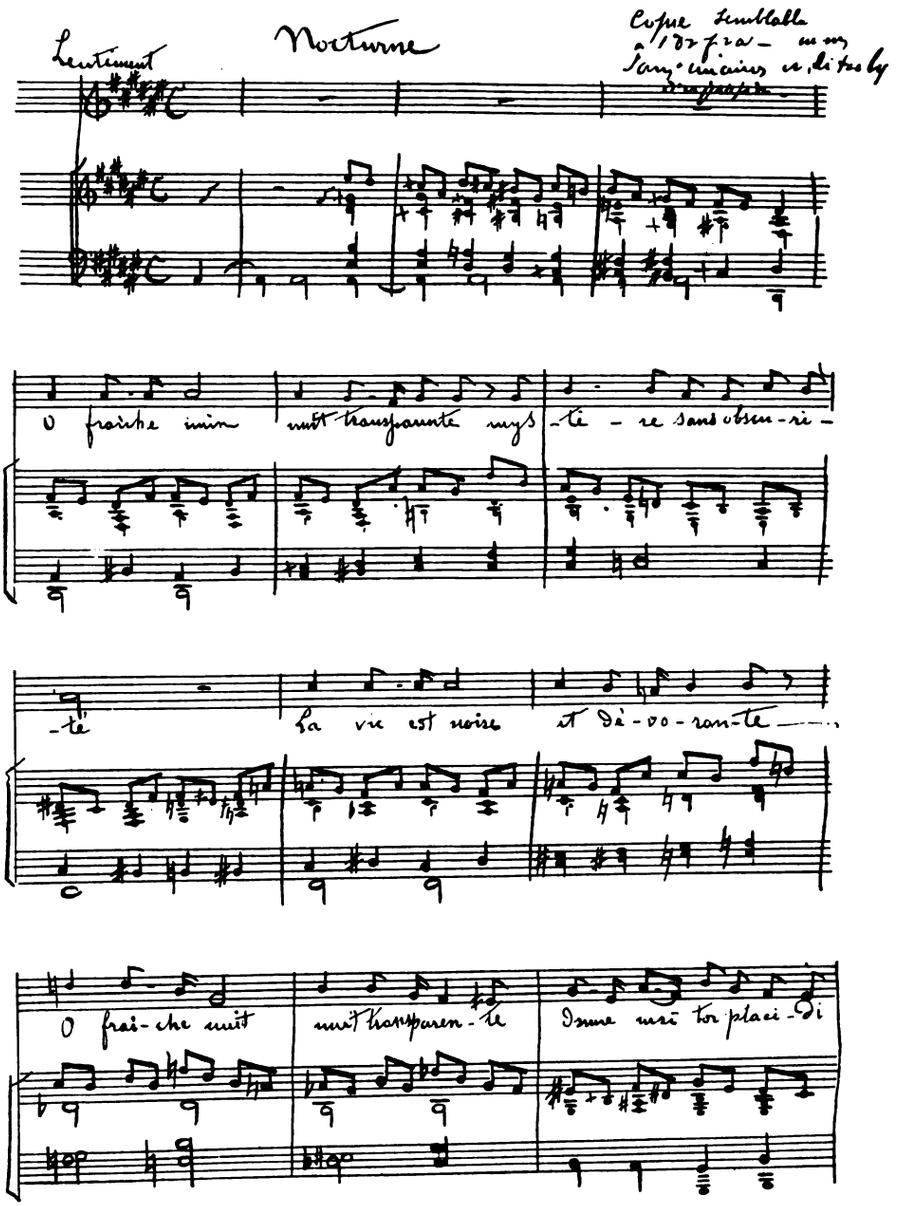

A MANUSCRIPT OF CÉSAR FRANCK.

Nocturne for the Voice, taken from the collection of M. Ch. Malherbe, in charge of the archives of the Paris Opera. Copy made by César Franck for M. Malherbe.

me in the organ class to which he had just been assigned as professor.

This organ class, of which I retain a vivid memory, was for a long time the real center of the study of composition in the Conservatory. At this epoch (I am speaking of the years 1872–73), the three courses called "advanced composition of music" (courses which hardly received actual instruction, but which led to the writing of a cantata for the prix de Rome) had for professors: Victor Massé, a composer of the second rank, having no leanings toward symphony, absorbed as he was all his life in the perpetration of mediocre operas comiques; Henri Reber, a musician advancing in years, narrow and behind the times; and, finally, François Bazin, author of some vulgar operettas, and also of a treatise

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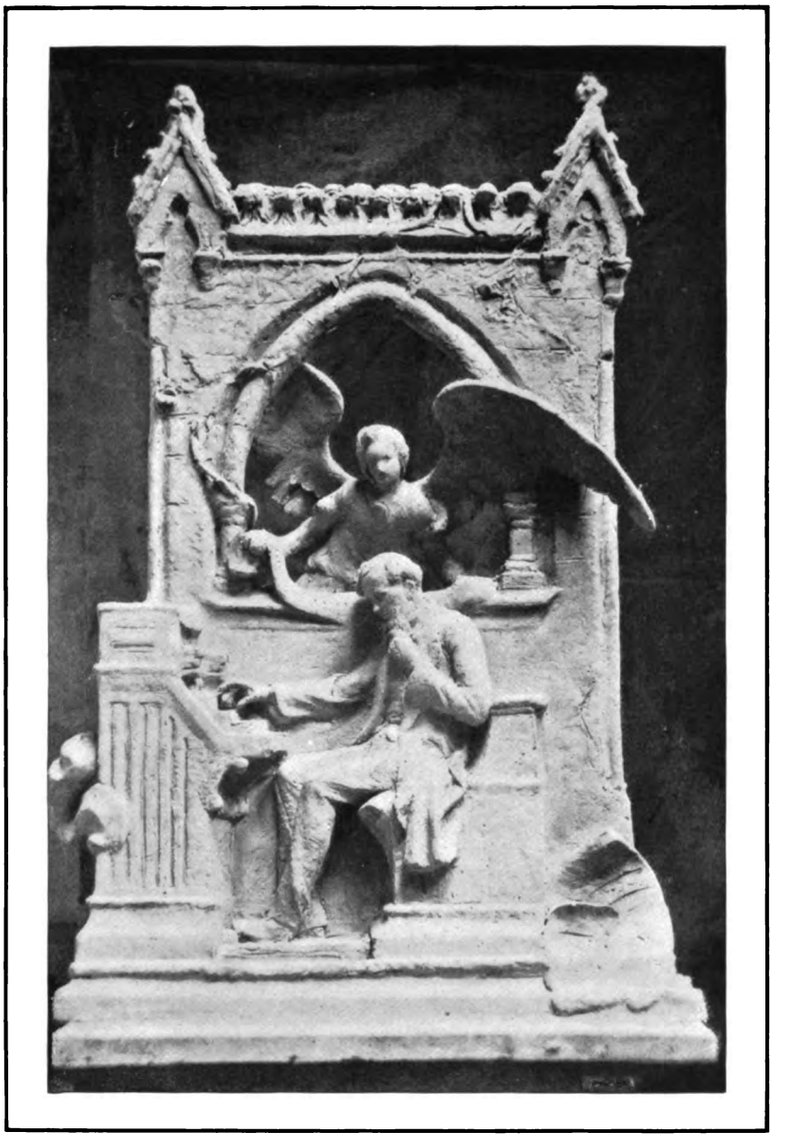

STUDY FOR THE MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED BY SUBSCRIPTION TO THE MEMORY OF CÉSAR FRANCK

In the Square Ste. Clotilde in Paris. The work of Alfred Lenoir. Reproduced by permission.[1]

on the fugue, a strange thing from a man who, as I can testify, was not capable of discerning whether a response in a fugue was false or exact.

It is not astonishing, then, that the noble instruction of César Franck, founded upon Bach and Beethoven, but admitting all the passions, all the novel and generous aspirations, drew to him all the youthful spirits endowed with elevated ideas and really devoted to their art.

One of the precious peculiarities of Franck's lesson was the demonstration by example. When we found ourselves embarrassed in the construction of a musical idea or in the course

[1] The monument to the memory of César Franck, the work of M. Alfred Lenoir, is to be erected in the Square Ste. Clotilde, in Paris. Subscriptions have been received from many French, Belgian, and German artists, and from the admirers and friends of César Franck. Additional subscriptions may be sent to M. Vincent d'Indy, treasurer of the César Franck Committee, 7 Avenue de Villars, Paris.

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of its development, the master would at once go to the library to search out some work of Beethoven, Schumann, Mendelssohn, or Wagner. "See," he would say to us, "this author found himself in the same situation in which you are. Read attentively the manner in which he got out of it; and while guarding carefully lest you imitate him, receive the inspiration which will aid you to correct the fault in your work."

It is thus that unconsciously the master drained, so to speak, all the sincerely artistic forces which were scattered through the different classes of the Conservatory, without counting the scholars from outside, who took their lessons in a quiet salon on the Boulevard St. Michel, where large windows opened upon a garden full of shade, a rare thing in Paris. It was there that we assembled once a week, because Father Franck, not content with instructing us in the science of counterpoint, fugue, and improvisation in his class at the Conservatory, made those of us whom he considered worthy of particular instruction come to him. This was absolutely disinterested, and not the ordinary rule with the professors of the official establishment, in which instruction is inscribed at least in the rules as gratuitous, though it is, alas! far from being so in reality.

When one had finished with Franck the study of counterpoint, which he wished to be always intelligent and melodic, and that of the fugue, in which he allowed a wide liberty of expression, then one undertook the study of composition, based entirely, according to him, upon *tonal* construction.

No art, in fact, has a nearer connection with music than architecture. To build an edifice it is necessary at the very beginning to choose the materials and to have them of good quality; it is the same with musical ideas, in the choice of which the composer must take infinite pains if he wishes his work to be of value.

But it is not sufficient to employ good and beautiful materials in construction; there must follow the knowledge how to dispose of them so that they will act together powerfully and harmoniously. Stones, carefully chiseled, but put simply in juxtaposition without order, will not constitute a monument; nor will musical phrases, however beautiful each may be, added together end to end make a piece of music. It is necessary that their place and their connection be regulated by an ordering sure and logical; at this price only will the monument endure; thus, if its elements be beautiful, and the synthetic order harmoniously combined, the work will be solid and lasting. The composition of music involves nothing but this.

This is what Franck, and he alone at this time, knew so well how to convey to his disciples. Accordingly, though for the first three quarters of the nineteenth century the symphonic production in France had been absolutely *nil*, there has been seen arising, suddenly, in the last thirty years, a new French school, full of creative vigor and daring, expert in the symphonic art and in chamber music, and surpassing artistically, by its solidity of construction, its clearness of form, and even its ideas, the symphonic school of Germany of the same period, which still drags along in the rut marked out by Mendelssohn. Father Franck's beneficent influence did not confine itself to the musicians who worked especially under his direction. It made itself felt also upon those scholars of the Conservatory who received his advice in the organ class: Samuel Rousseau, G. Pierné, A. Chapuis, Paul Vidal, G. Marty, Dallier, Dutacq, Mahaut, Galeotti, and others; upon the virtuosos who came in contact with him, among whom I will cite only the incomparable violinist Eugène Ysaye, to whom he dedicated the celebrated Sonata for Violin in A; and also upon those artists who, without being precisely his pupils, yet felt from contact with him the ascendancy of his probity and of his artistic sincerity: for example, Gabriel Fauré, Paul Du Kas, the illustrious organist Alexandre Guilmant, and Emmanuel Chabrier, who, in the name of the Société Nationale de Musique, of which Franck had been president, gave an address full of feeling at the tomb of the master.

The principal disciples who had the happiness of receiving directly this precious instruction were, in chronological order: Henri Duparc, the successor of Schubert and Schumann in the genre of song; Arthur Coquard;

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CÉSAR FRANCK AT THE ORGAN OF STE. CLOTILDE.

From the painting by Mlle. Jeanne Rougier, made in 1888.
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Albert Cahen; Alexis de Castillon, who died in 1873, at the age of thirty-six years, and who, after having received for many years lessons from Victor Massé (who seemed to try to annihilate the marvelous gifts of this beautiful nature), had the courage to recommence his entire musical education with Franck, and, having destroyed all his previous essays, wrote a great amount of symphonic and chamber music of the first order; Vincent d'Indy, the writer of this study; Camille Benoît; Madame Augusta Holmès; Ernest Chausson, author of "Le Roi Arthus," a lyric drama, and of very beautiful symphonies (he was prematurely taken away from the affection of his friends in 1899); the delicate worker Pierre de Bréville; Paul de Wailly; Henri Kunkelmann; Louis de

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Serres; Charles Bordes, the young and already celebrated director of "Les Chanteurs de Saint Gervais," who are reviving in France the knowledge of real religious music; Guy Ropartz, now the director of the Conservatory of Nancy, to whom we owe some very remarkable symphonic compositions; Fernand Le Borne; Gaston Vallin; and, finally, poor Guillaume Le Keu, who died at twenty, leaving a considerable legacy of works of an intensity and expression almost amounting to genius.

It was principally to continue instruction such as Franck's and to perpetuate it that three men, scholars or admirers of this lamented master, Alexandre Guilmant, Charles Bordes, and Vincent d'Indy, founded, now some years since, La Schola Cantorum, a school of music whose principles are uniquely grounded upon love and veneration of art, without other prejudice. But even if pious friends had not been found to continue the work of didactic propaganda, nothing could have hindered the healthy and honest doctrine of César Franck from fructifying and spreading from one to another, because it is the verity of art.

Besides, nothing will prevent the productions of the master's genius from living in the future; and while the names of certain composers, who worked only for glory or for money, and strove for immediate success as their most desired good, are even now commencing to retire to the shadows from which they will never again emerge, the seraphic figure of the author of "Les Béatitudes" floats high and ever higher in the light toward which, without compromises or fatigue, he strove all his life.

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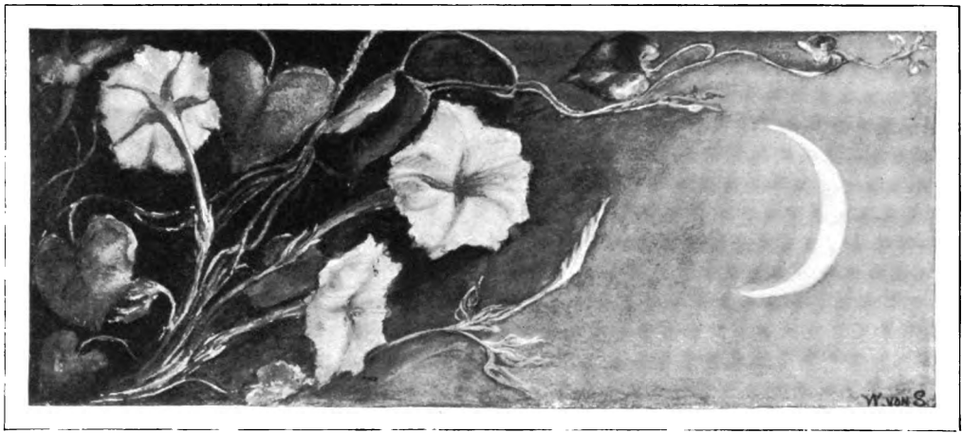

THE METHODS OF THE MASTERS OF PIANO-TEACHING IN EUROPE

ON THE EMOTIONAL LEGACY OF THE CLASSIC SCHOOL — A REMINISCENCE OF MOSCHELES'S TEACHING

By W. F. Pecher

IT seems to be the idea of modern pianists that piano-playing as an art of expressing and transmitting feeling dates only from the present school of pianism. The facts hardly bear out this belief. May it not, on the contrary, be possible that the great modern movement which distinguishes the present period has, step by step, exchanged life for color, and emotion for picturesque quality? Certainly, at the opening of the year 1901, impersonality has become the watchword of the modern school, and emotion the exception. Few of the great pianists of the present day, neither D'Albert, Rosenthal, Hofmann, nor Friedheim, are emotional. They are architectural, philosophical, picturesque; but in exact proportion as they are able to import the so-called orchestral qualities into their playing they lose in emotional power. In this connection it would be well to remember Taine's pregnant criticism: "Music, the youngest of the arts, arose when painting no longer possessed the power to express the over-refined, excessive sensibility and vague, boundless aspiration of the age." Side by side with this we should place another observation of this philosopher: "The decadence of art always follows its separation from the human type and model."

I spent between three and four years in Leipsic as a student with Ignaz Moscheles, at a time when Leipsic was in the zenith of its glory. Moscheles was one of the great lights of the Conservatory, a fine old man, somewhat bent with age, with strongly marked features, Jewish in cast, and silvery-white hair; his nose was refined, his mouth strong, his smile good, and his eyes large and pleasant. His appearance was courtly, and his conversation dignified; but his greatest charm lay in his soft, benign manner and gentle voice.

Liszt's little court at Weimar was anticipated by this earlier shrine of musical pilgrimage, initiated by Mendelssohn and perpetuated by Moscheles and others. Moscheles, who was pecuniarily independent in the large fortune of his wife, kept open house, where his students were sure to find the flower of the musical life of the day. Leipsic offered the various features characteristic of a musical center. There was the famous Gewandhaus orchestra to perform the works of the great composers, and of the composer who

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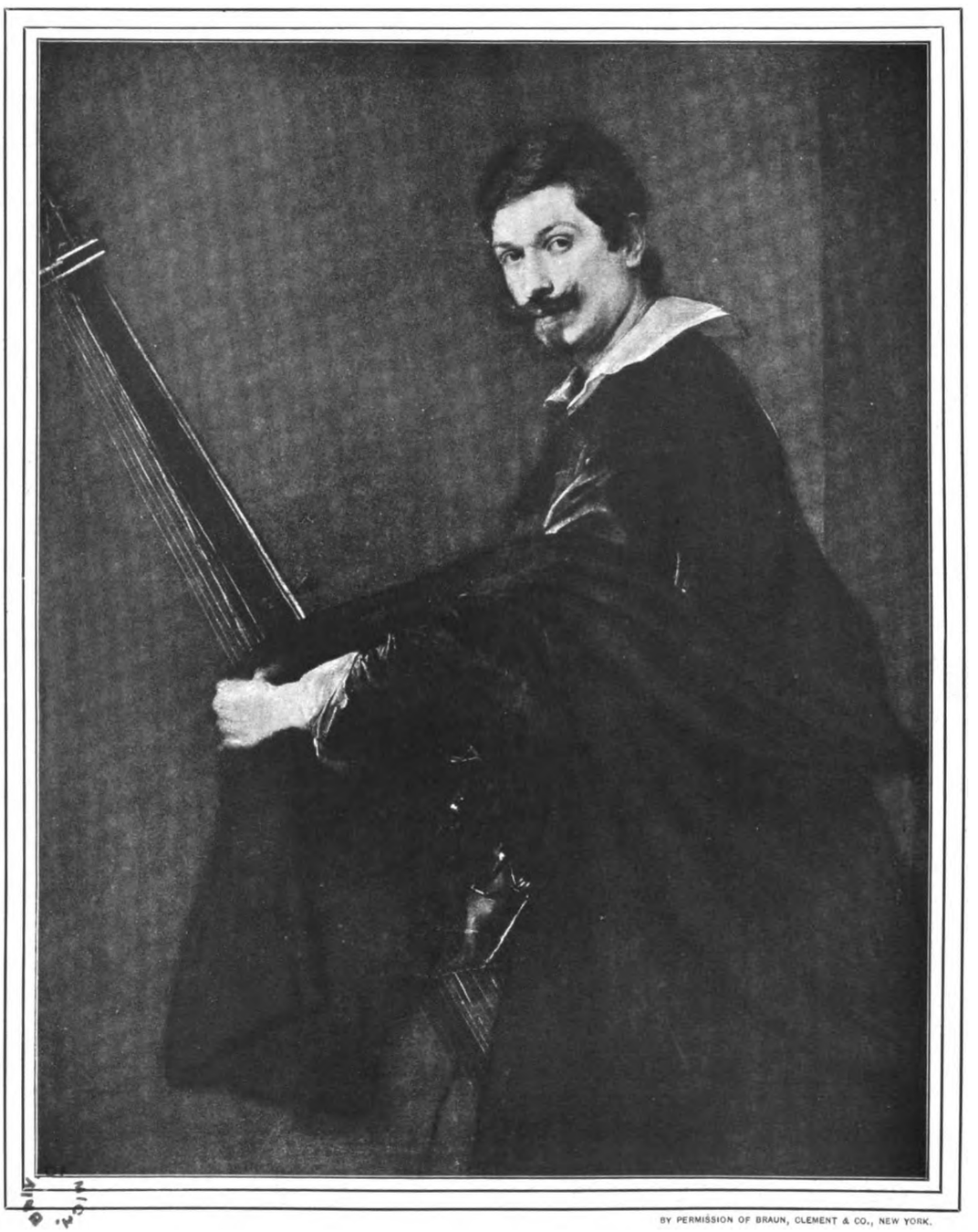

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PORTRAIT OF A MUSICIAN.

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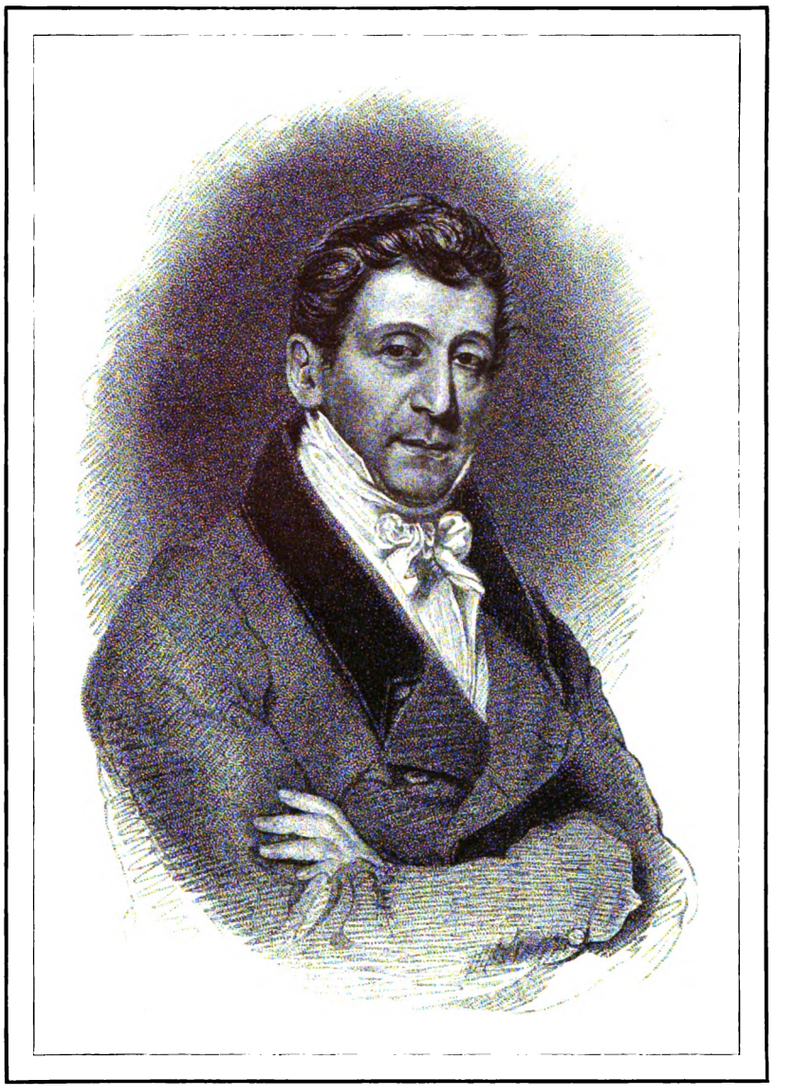
paused there a day or two with his manuscripts. There was the discriminating audience of musicians and students to listen and applaud these performances. A constellation of great artists was gathered about Moscheles the great Beethoven Trio in B Flat Major. Ferdinand Hiller came, and we performed one of his compositions. At Moscheles's house I heard Henselt, who played Moscheles's own study in thirds (from Opus 70). I also met



JOHN BAPTIST CRAMER (1771–1858).

in various musical departments, which afforded an atmosphere of the highest musical life and energy. Plaidy and Wenzel, Hauptmann, Richter, Papperitz, David, and Dreyschock were there. While I was in Leipsic, Rubinstein played at the quartet soirées. Bülow, Jaell, Pauer, Brassin, and Pruckner all came and went. Arabella Goddard played Max Bruch, the votary of absolute music, and Dreyschock, the great "left-hand player." Clara Schumann was often in Leipsic, frequently playing. Joachim, the great violinist and wonderful Bach-player, often appeared at the Gewandhaus concerts. Clara Schumann's presence in Leipsic brings to my recollection the fact that at one of the "Abend-

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unterhaltungen" in the Conservatory I played the piano part of Schumann's Quartet in E Flat, for piano and strings (Opus 47), the first time it was given in Leipsic. The compliment I received from Mme. Schumann more than repaid me for the study of the work. Rietz, the conductor of the Gewandhaus orchestra; Jadassohn, the writer of canons; Hermann Levi, afterward conductor in Munich and Bayreuth; Desshoff, court conductor at Vienna; Finck, afterward the famous organist in Stuttgart, and as many more, lent their personality to the city of Bach during my stay.

Music was then on the eve of its modern transformation. Classicism was already struggling to keep its hold on modern art; but it had lost none of its original charm. The pianism of Moscheles and of the school which he represented was then potent to move men's hearts; no strangeness interposed between its hearers and complete enjoyment. If it ever had power to excite emotion, it possessed it still. And it unquestionably did excite an emotion stronger than any modern pianist does or can; but the scale of effects by which this was done was no doubt smaller. More depended on the thoughtfulness of the player, and less on his technic, or I should say rather his variety of technic.[1]

Let us consider Moscheles. He was a great pianist. His tone was astonishingly round and full, and his power of execution ample for every demand made upon it. The charm of the old classic school, to which Clementi, Hummel, Field, and Moscheles belonged, was its songfulness. Until the advent of Liszt, piano-music was chiefly based on melody, although the school in question did not despise pearly runs, scales, passages, trills, and double trills. In fact, fioritura was the great point of old classic technic. We should not forget, either, that Liszt, in the new departure which followed his contact with Paganini, approached songfulness, from the latter's standpoint. Czerny, his teacher, and Wieck, the father of Clara and instructor of Robert Schumann, were at the antipodes of the classic school—Wieck placing great value upon songfulness, while Czerny was as strenuous for execution. Moscheles, who, like Wieck, represented the Leipsic standard, created and interpreted under the traditions of Italian song. Every effort was bent to interpret melody in such a way as to touch the heart; though, in moments demanding it, a fiery bravura has been the property of all the great pianists of the classic period.

I particularly remember Moscheles's fugue-playing. He was a pupil of Dionys Weber, and with his master had made a great study of Bach—not the dry, pedantic Bach, but a living Bach, played on the principle of part-singing, in which expression and accent found full room for development amid the interlacing of the strands of counterpoint. Moscheles's Bach-playing was vocal in the perfect enunciation of each of the voices. Paderewski, Joseffy, and a few others of their school perhaps come nearest to his conception of any modern players. The Bach touch, which was made by a caressing pressure of the key, produced the most songful quality of tone possible on the instruments of the day, and the charm and resonance of the classic piano-tone has never been excelled.

Besides Bach, Moscheles used to play Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, especially Mozart's Fantasia and Sonata in C Minor, which he delivered with great breadth and energy. Mozart's Rondo in A Minor was one of his favorite pieces. It was electrifying as he played it. The idea that Mozart should be played with colorless limpidity had not dawned upon the players of that decade. The classic Mozart had a great deal of color and fire.

Moscheles used to play Beethoven's "Sonate Pathétique," the "Moonlight," "The Appassionata," "Les Adieux," and "The Waldstein." His Beethoven showed a religious majesty, but it lacked neither the reverberation of thunder nor the electric fire. It was at the same time a songful Beethoven, the melody at all times standing out boldly. By melody he touched the heart.

Moscheles also delighted in playing Von Weber's sonatas, which he was wont to give in magnificent style. I remember that Moscheles played the "Perpetual Motion" very

[1] Beethoven's playing moved his hearers both to tears and to ecstasy.—THE EDITORS.

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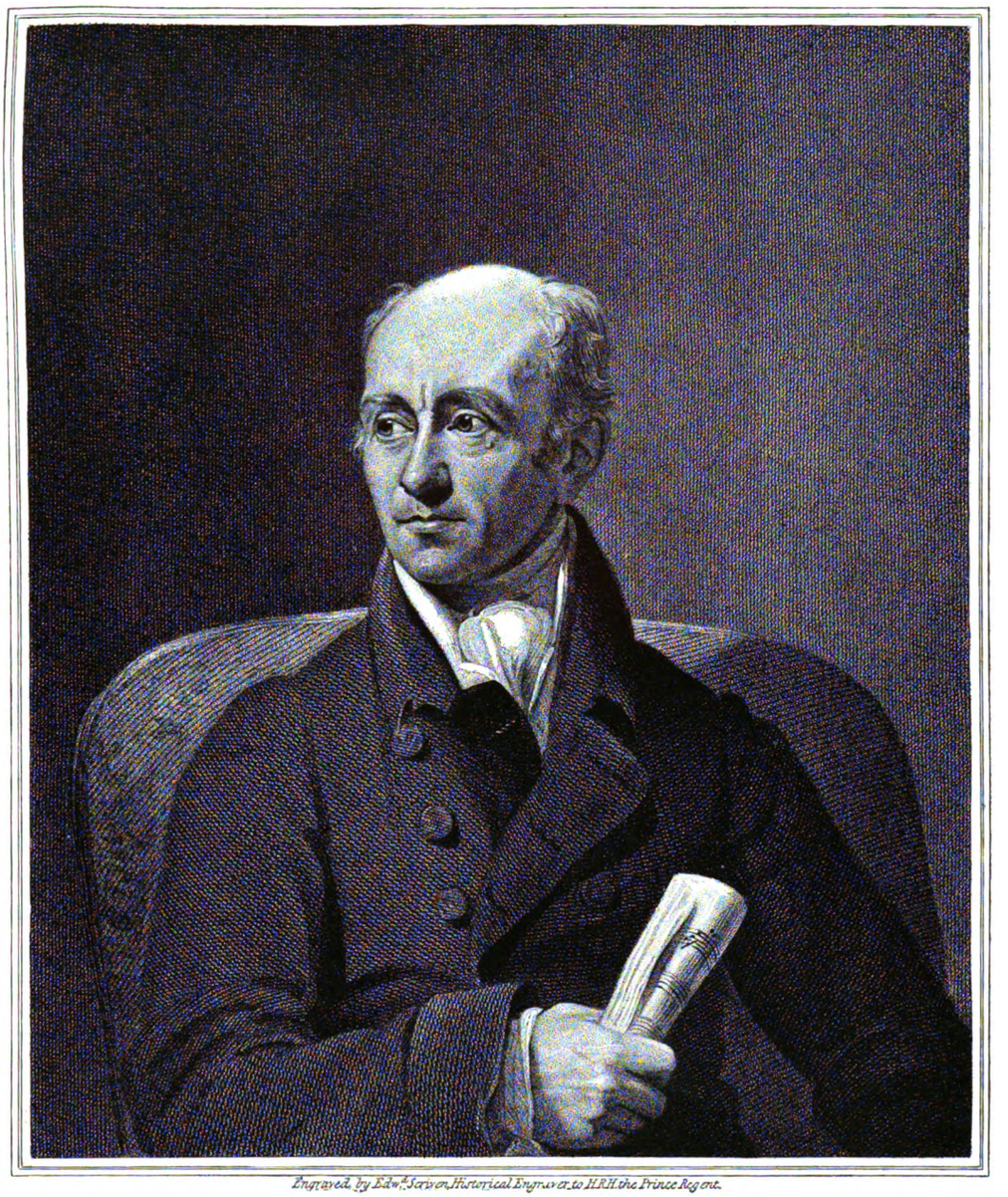

MUZIO CLEMENTI (1752–1832).

broadly, with full tone rather than light and pearly, as we hear it to-day. So, too, he played Hummel, Clementi, and Cramer. Nothing touched by him was automatic; even his studies he played reverently, and finished exactly like concert pieces, in every detail of nuance and delivery.

Above all, Mendelssohn's "Songs Without Words" were played as rarely heard nowadays. Under Moscheles's fingers they were real songs; his interpretation of them is almost a lost art, one that has been forgotten little by little, as piano-playing has turned from songfulness to attempt the production of shades of orchestral timbre. In Moscheles's day Italian opera was at its zenith; its purity, its delicate expression and fresh, delicious tone quality, were reflected in every other form of music.

Contrast, caprice, and climax were as

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familiar to the first half of the nineteenth century as they were to the last.

Moscheles's playing depended primarily on his legato, a noble singing tone that he pressed out with his full fingers in broad, harmonious masses, and shaded from the most delicate pianissimo to the strongest fortissimo. Fire, energy, and sentiment he had in abundance, and he was also a bravura-player of the first rank. Moscheles played holding his knuckle-joints, if anything, a little depressed; his wrist nearly level; effected the escape of the key by raising the finger; and preserved a very quiet hand. Of arm movement in single notes he made no use; but he played his octaves with an inflexible wrist, and played them with great power.

In summing up the resources of the classic school, I think it may be fairly stated that from the standpoint of tenderness, sweetness, grace, and emotion, it exceeded that of to-day. If piano-music is to remain the exponent of the emotions, it must of necessity turn back to the melodic and therefore personal playing of an earlier time. The combination of this with the virtuosity of the present day would give us the very ideal of piano-playing.

KARL CZERNY (1791–1857).

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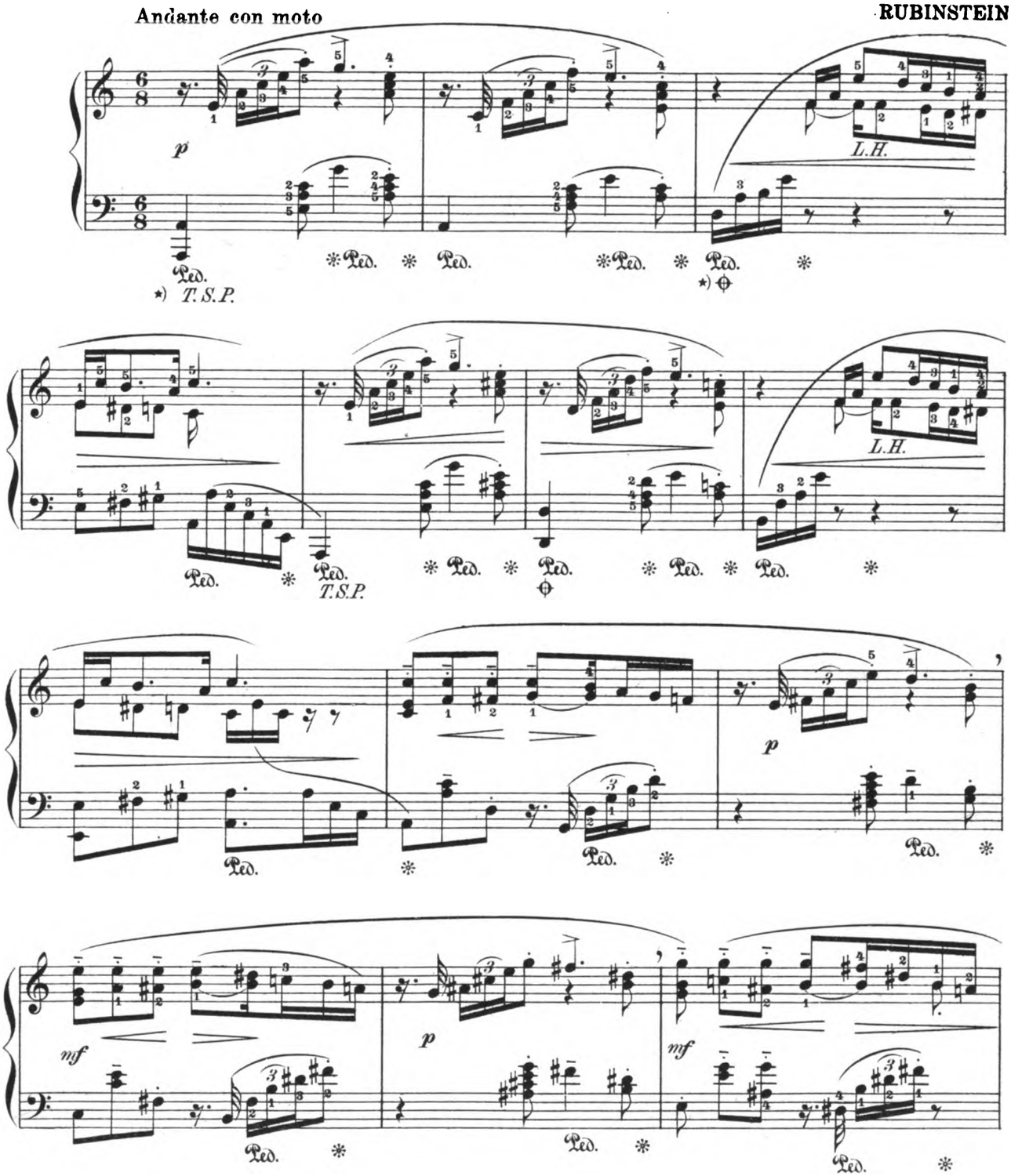
BARCAROLLE

A MINOR

Andante con moto

RUBINSTEIN



*) *T.S.P.* = Tone sustaining pedal.

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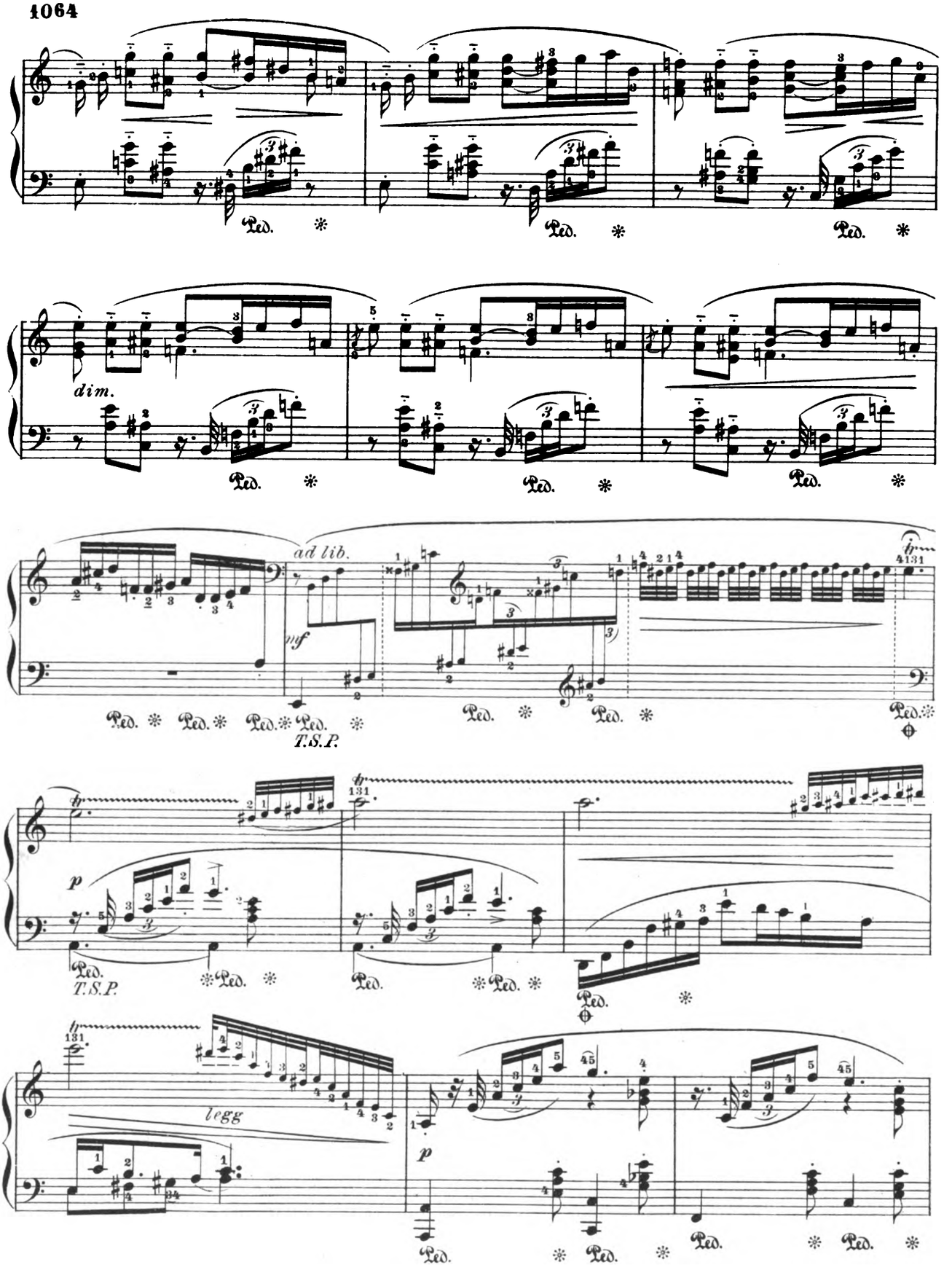

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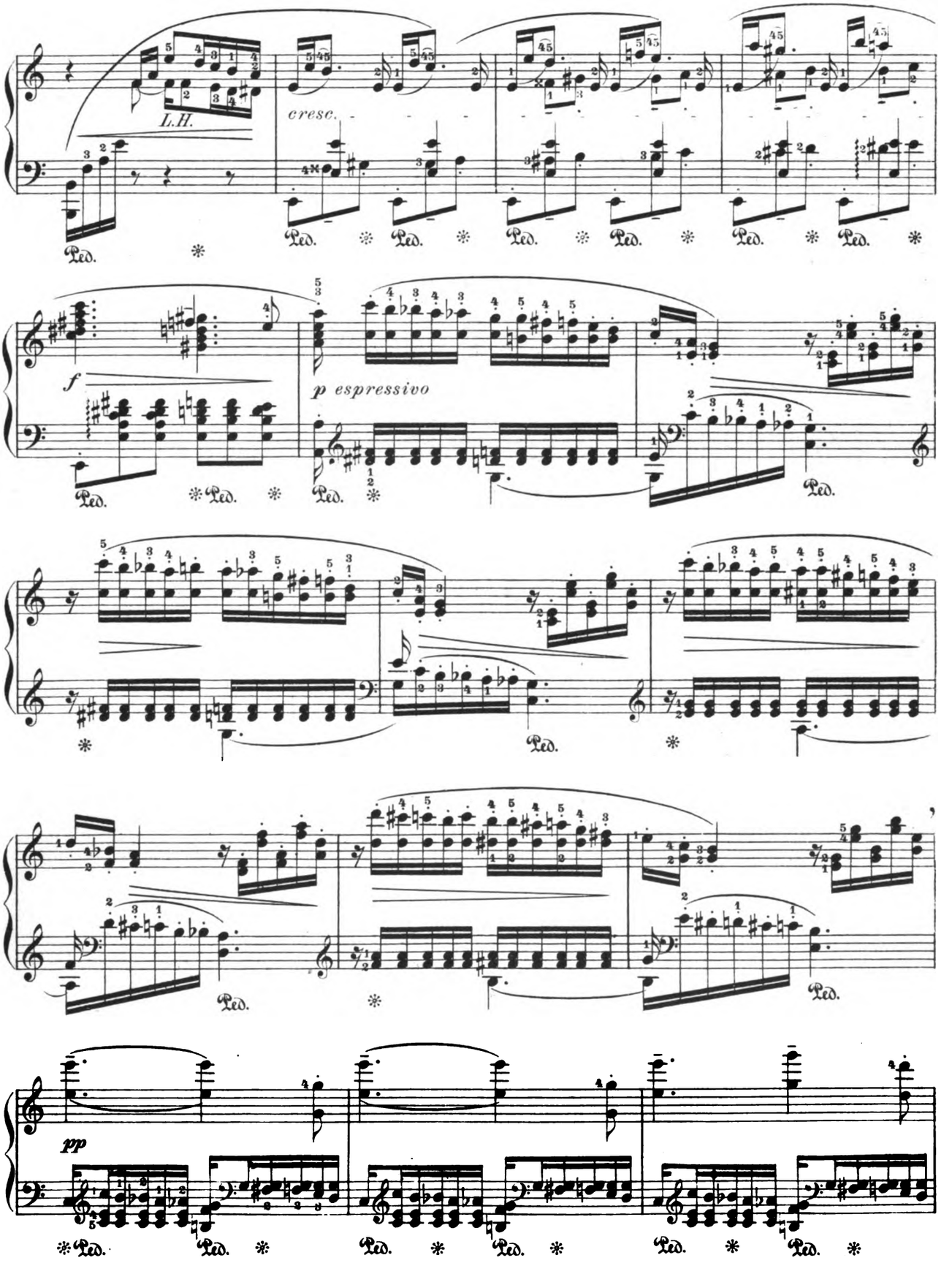

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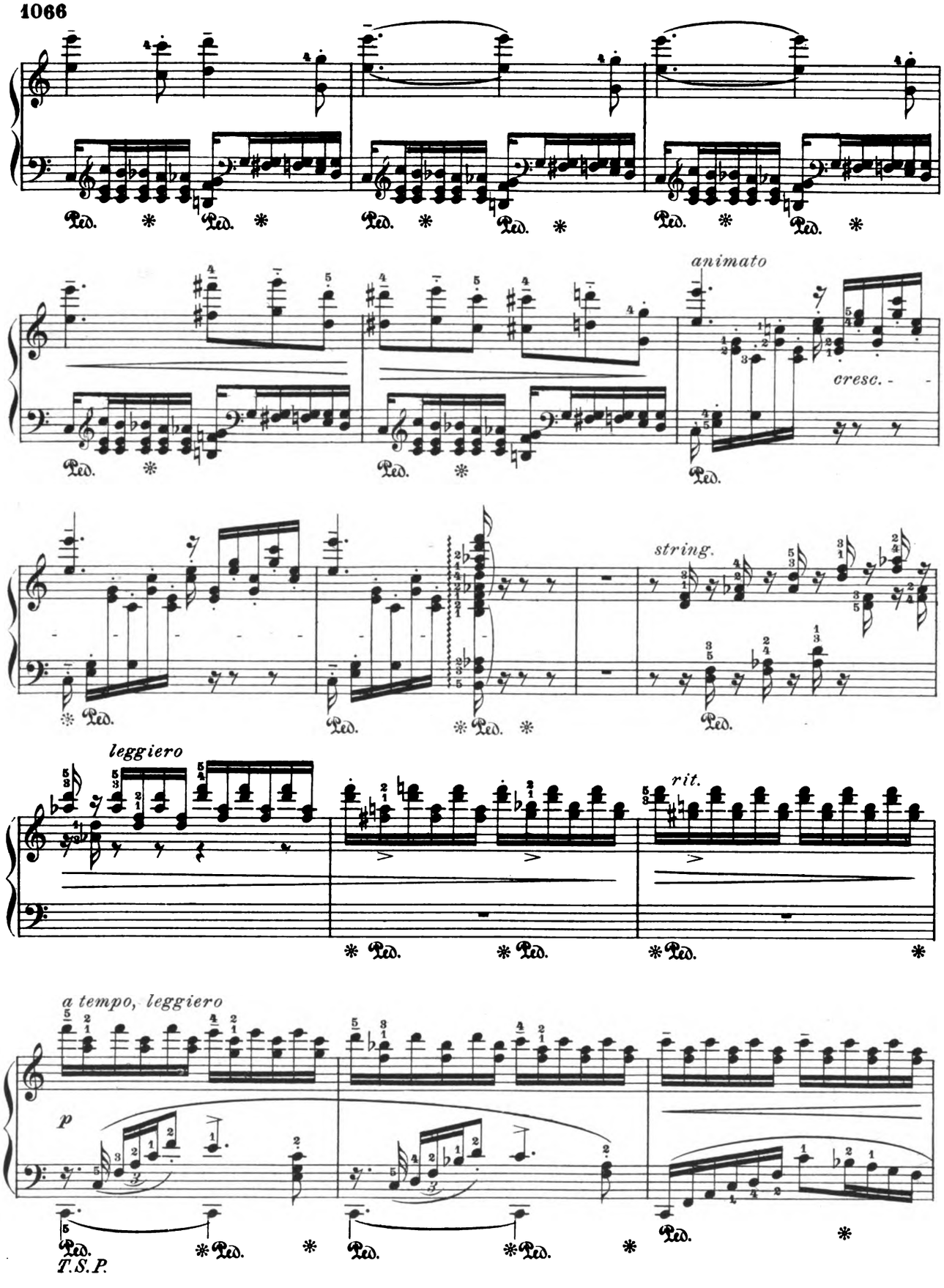

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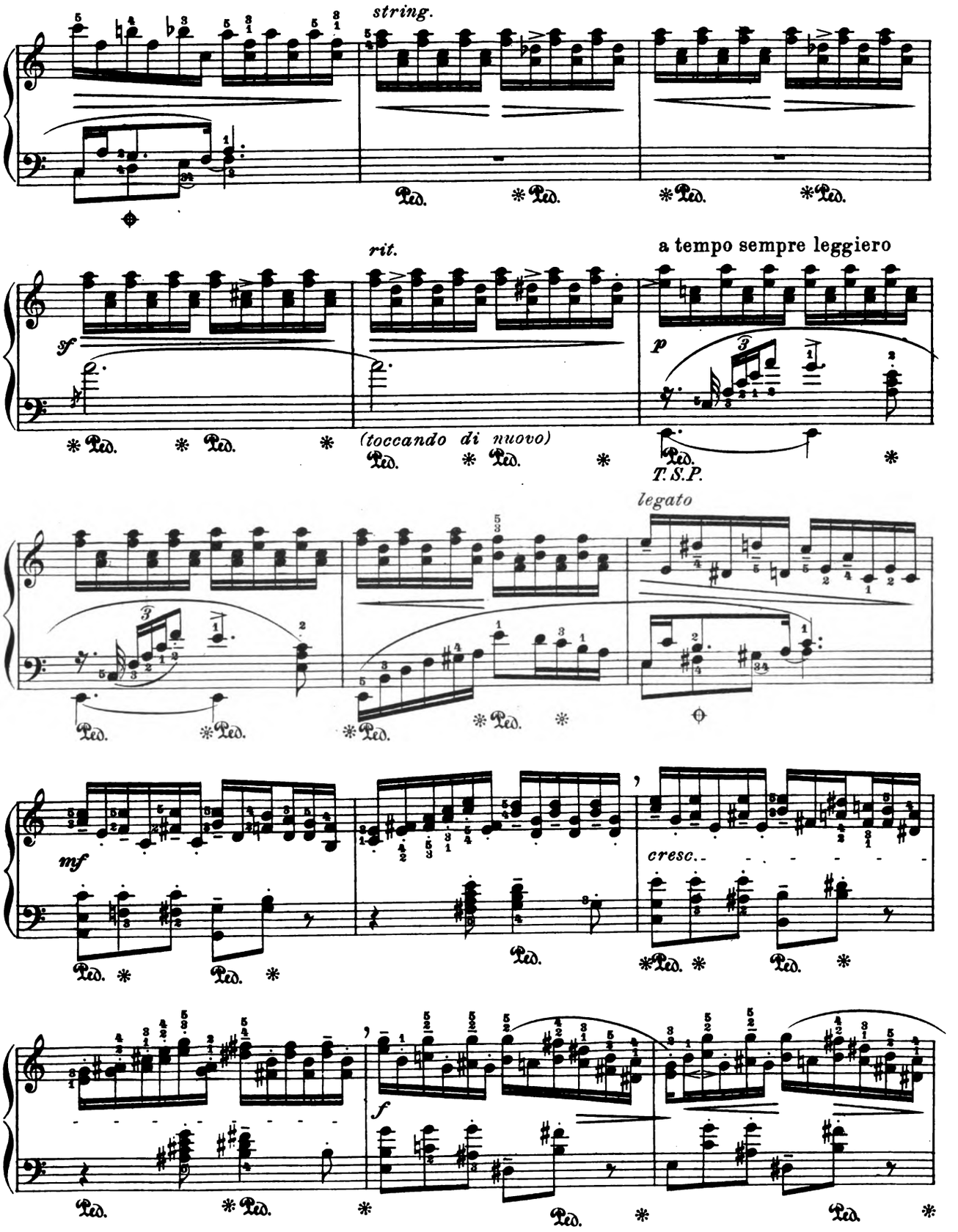

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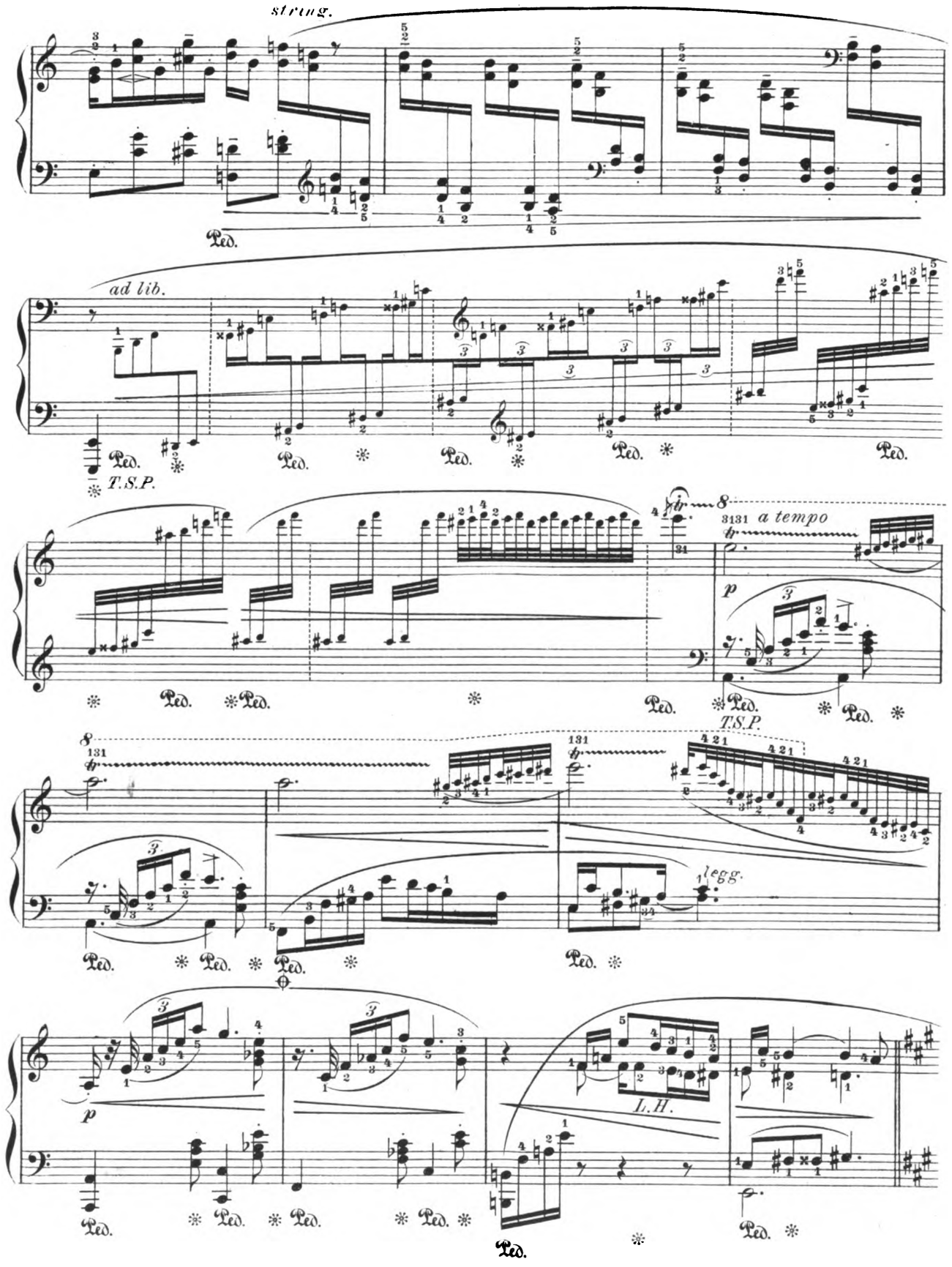

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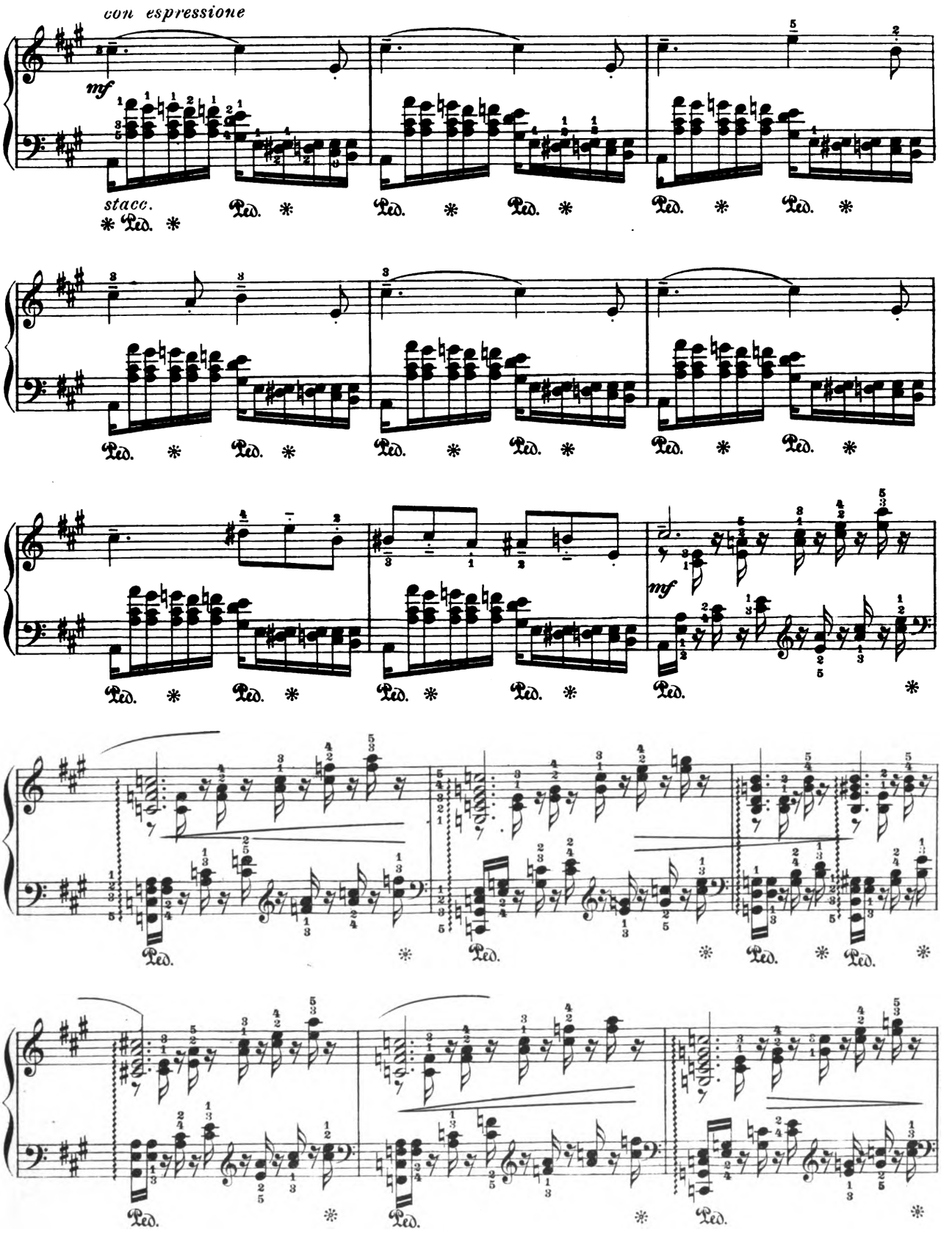

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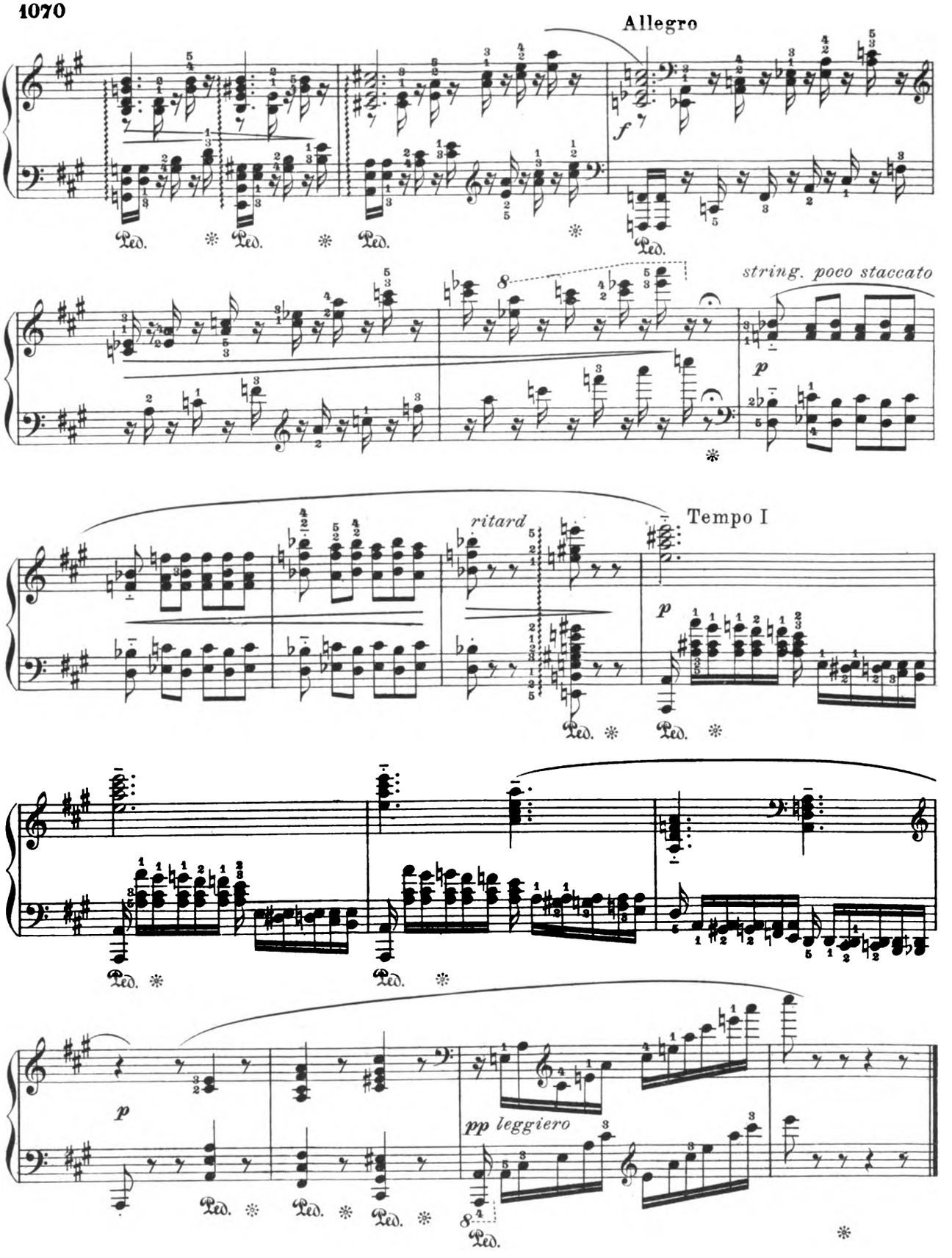

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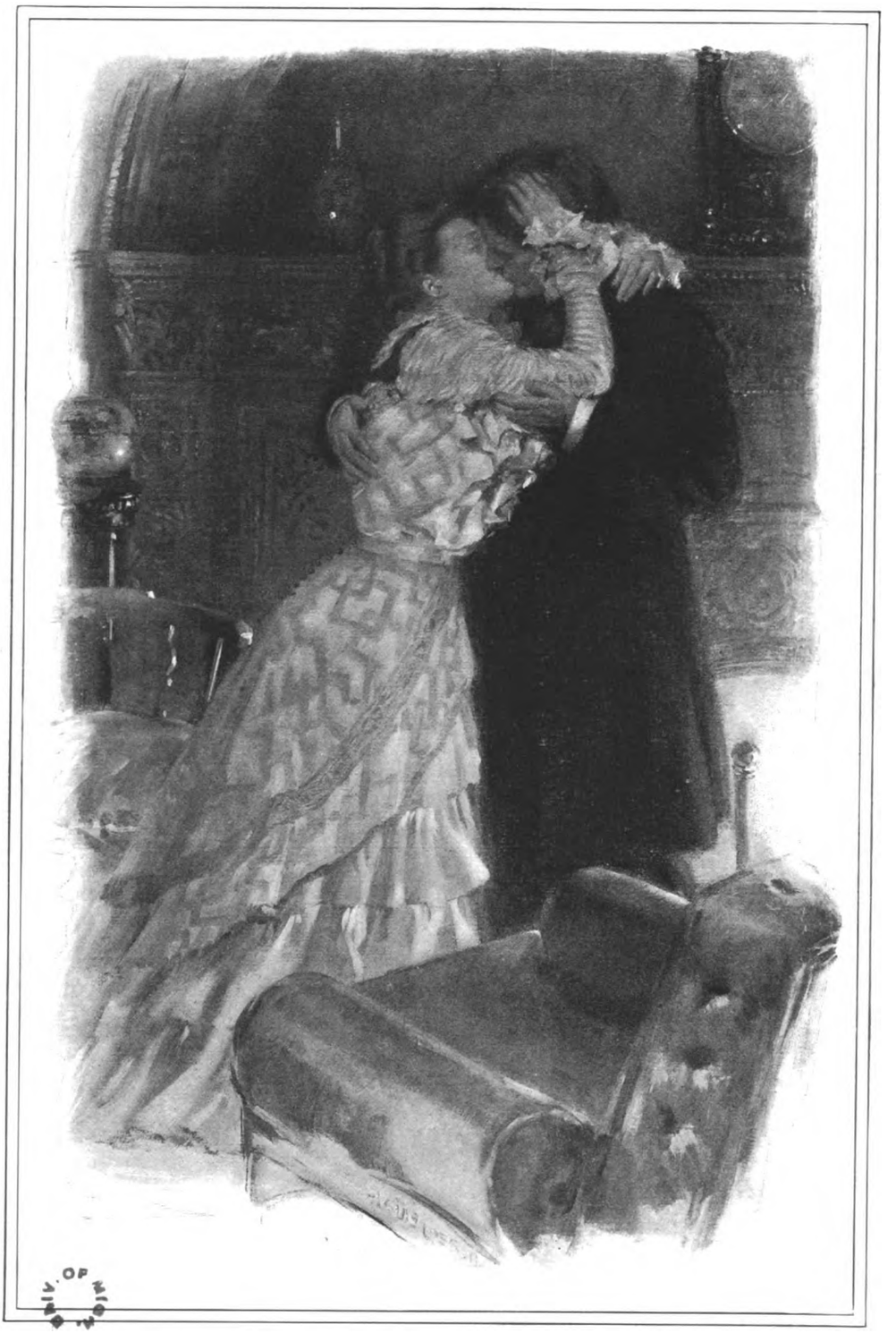

THE LOVERS.

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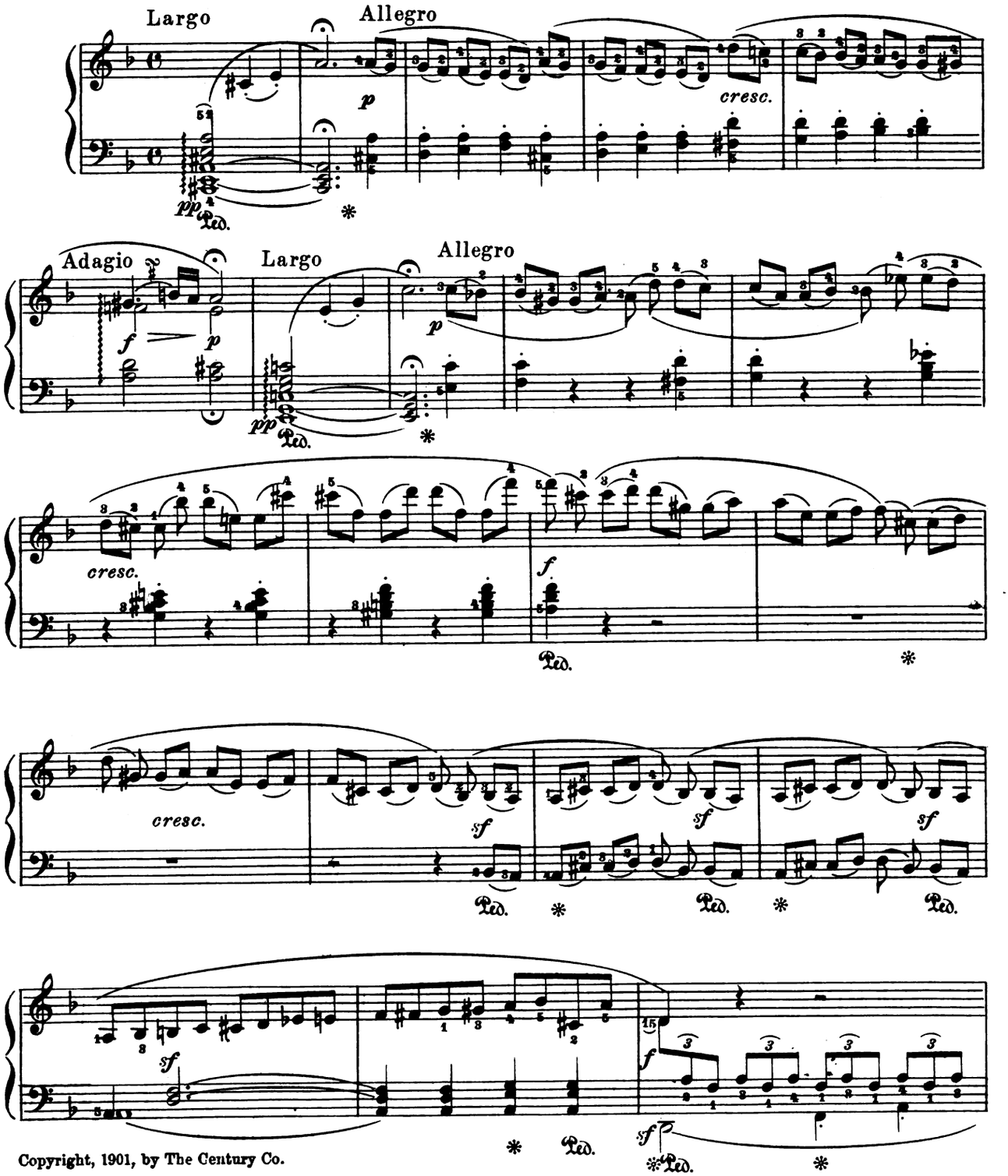
SONATA

D MINOR

BEETHOVEN, Op. 31, No. 2



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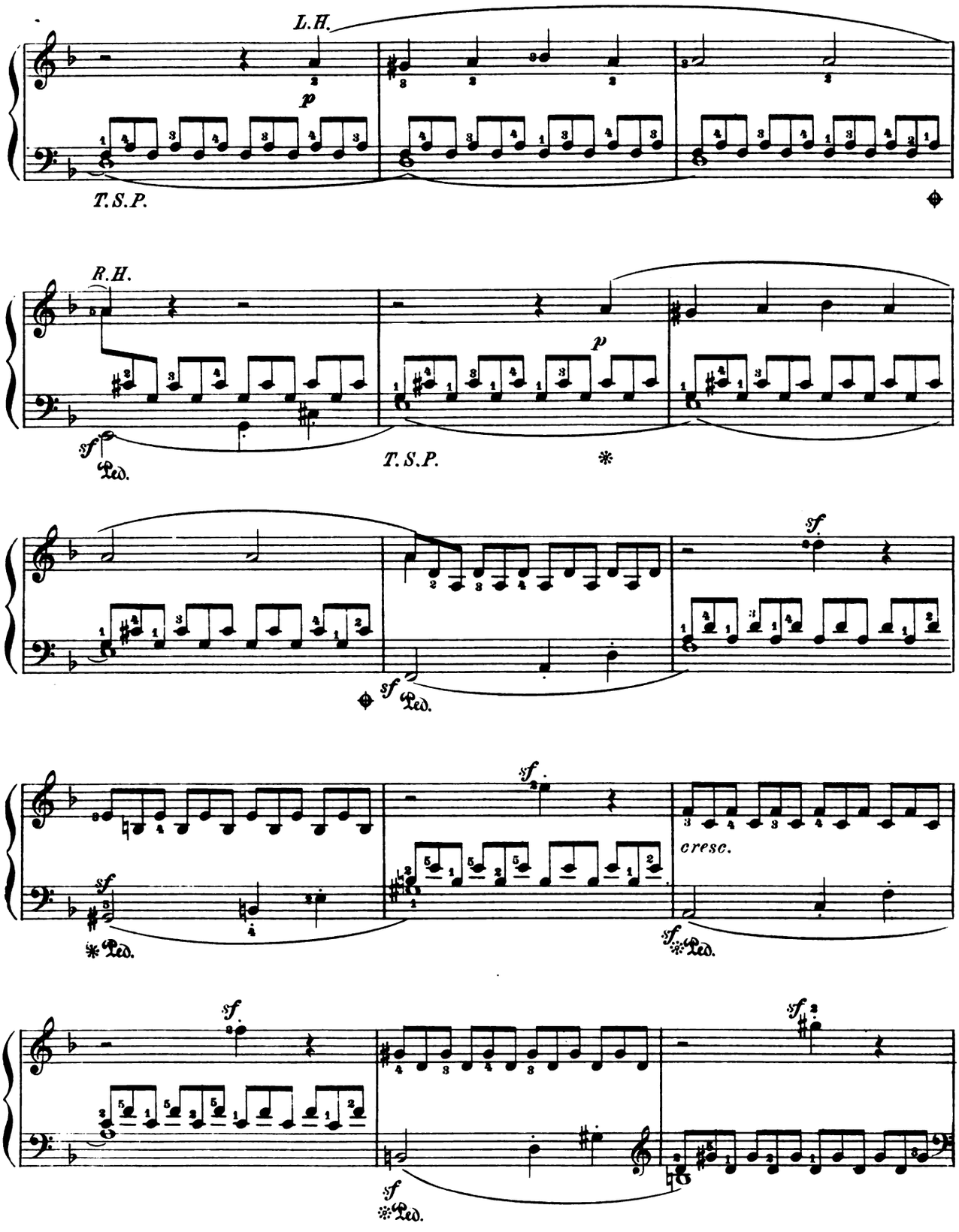

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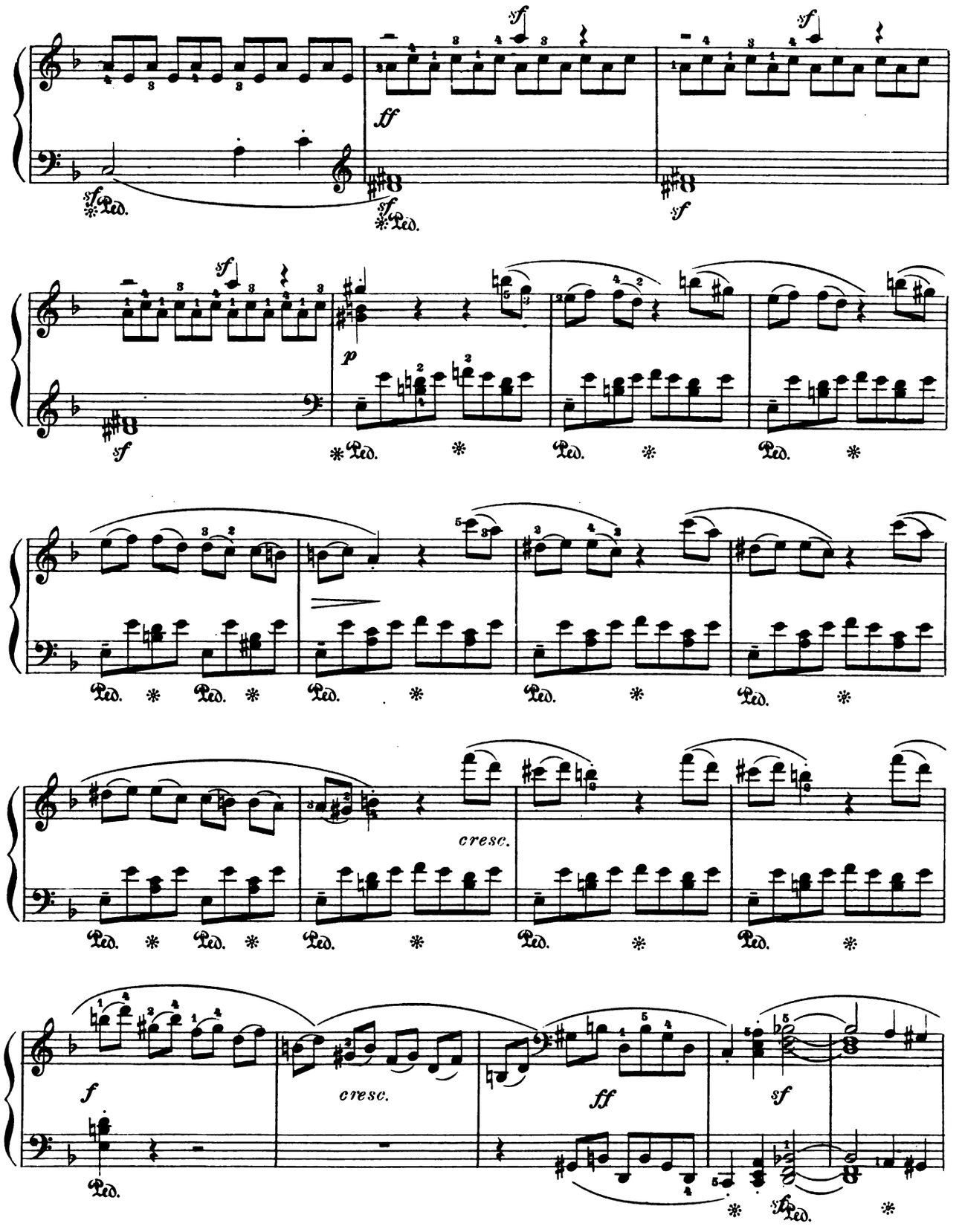

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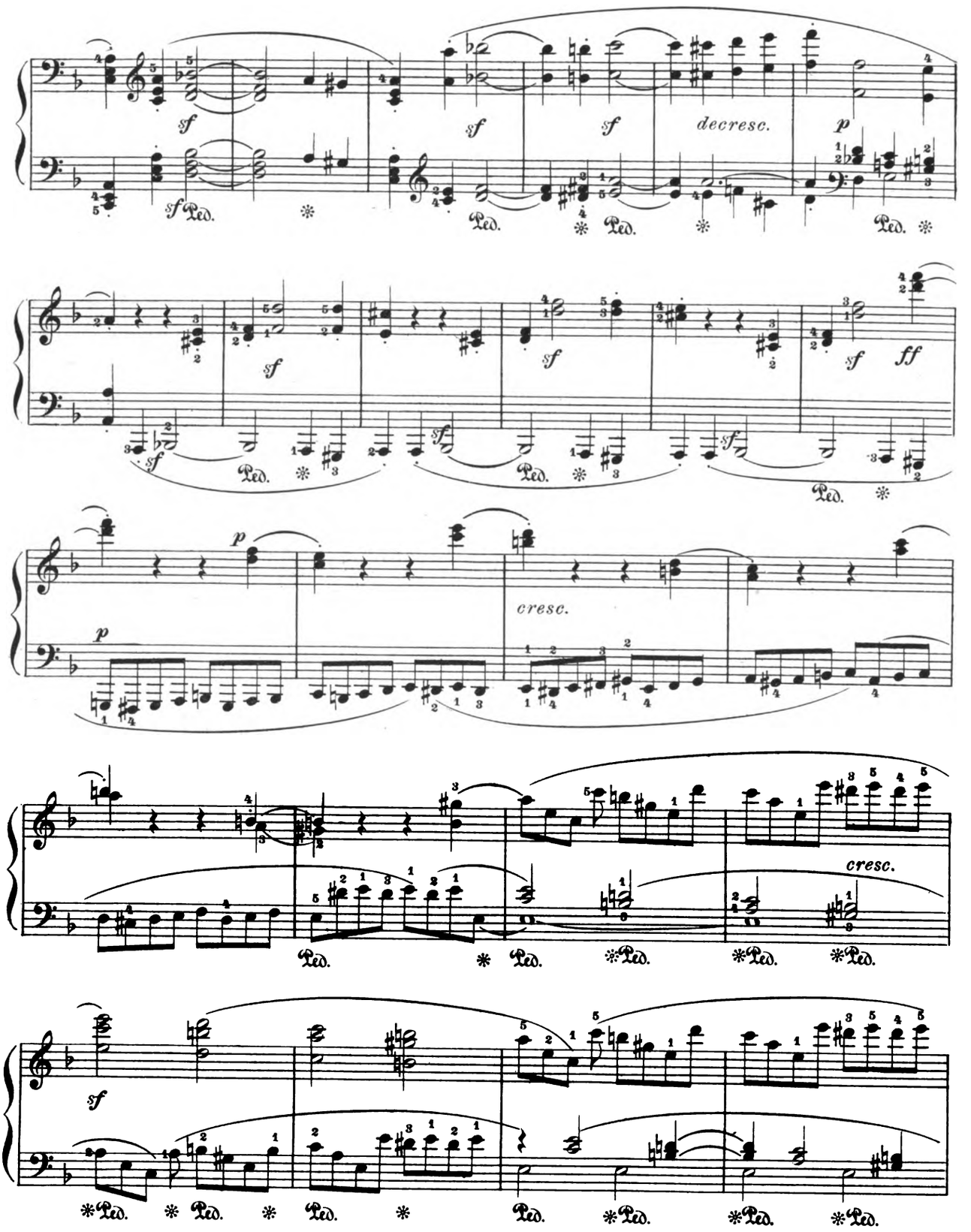

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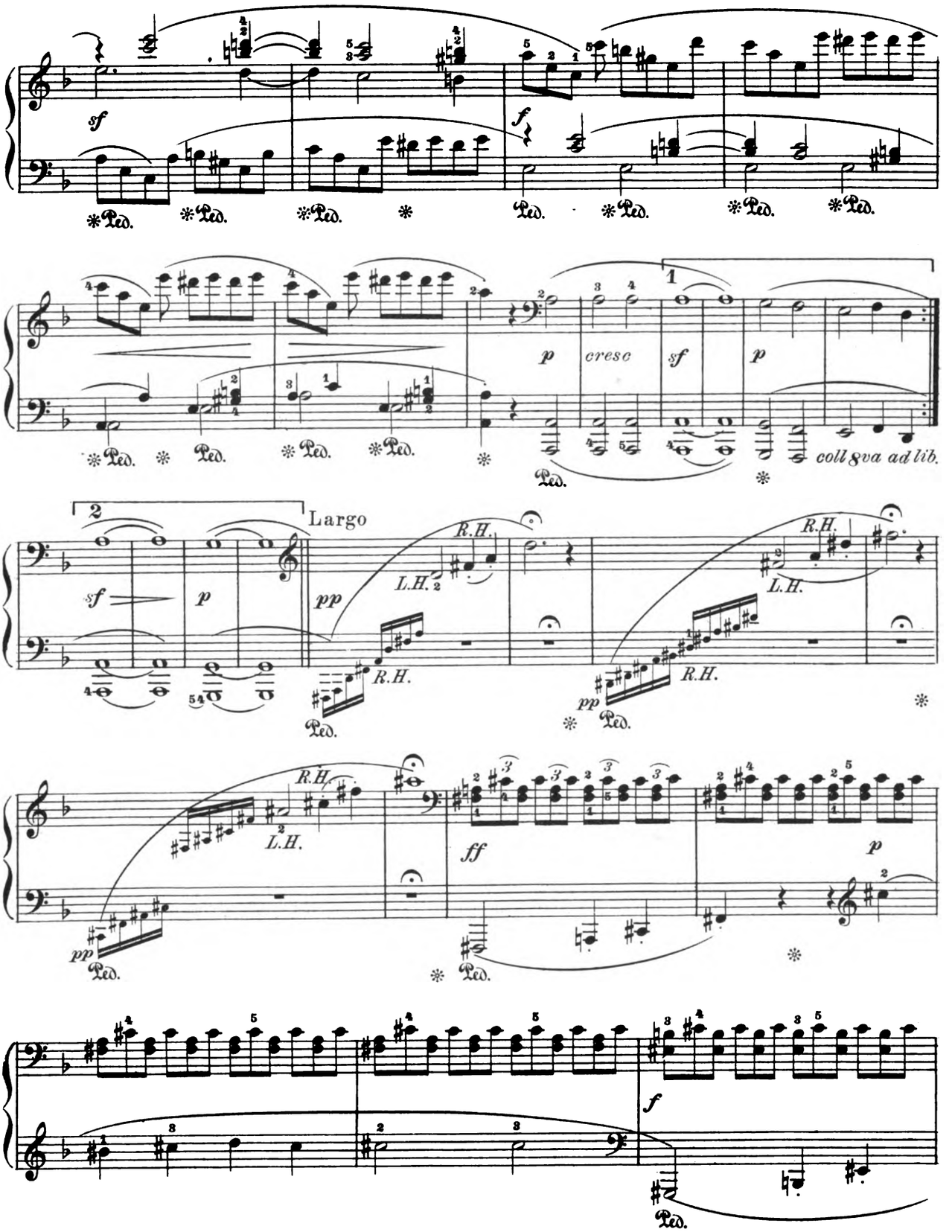

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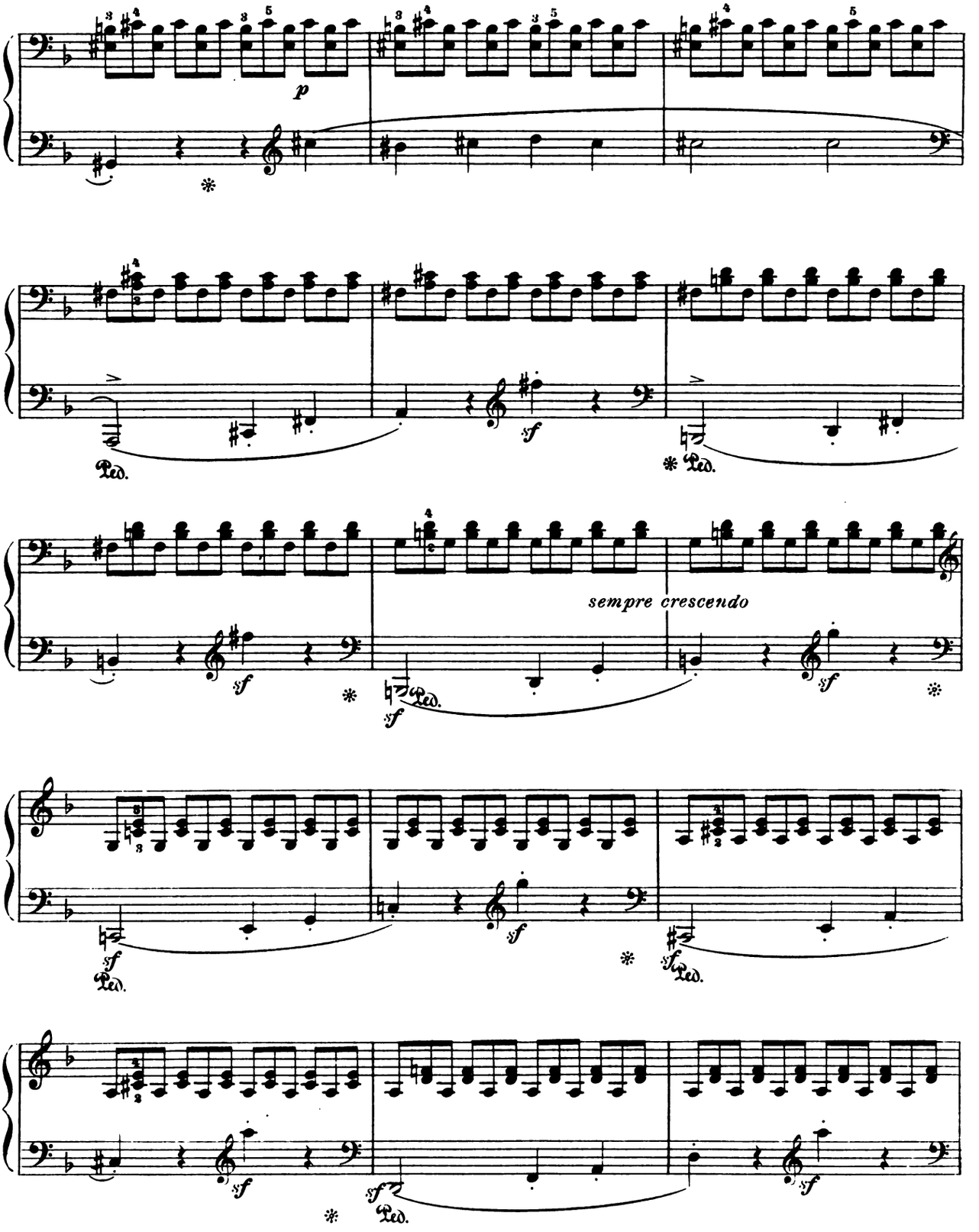

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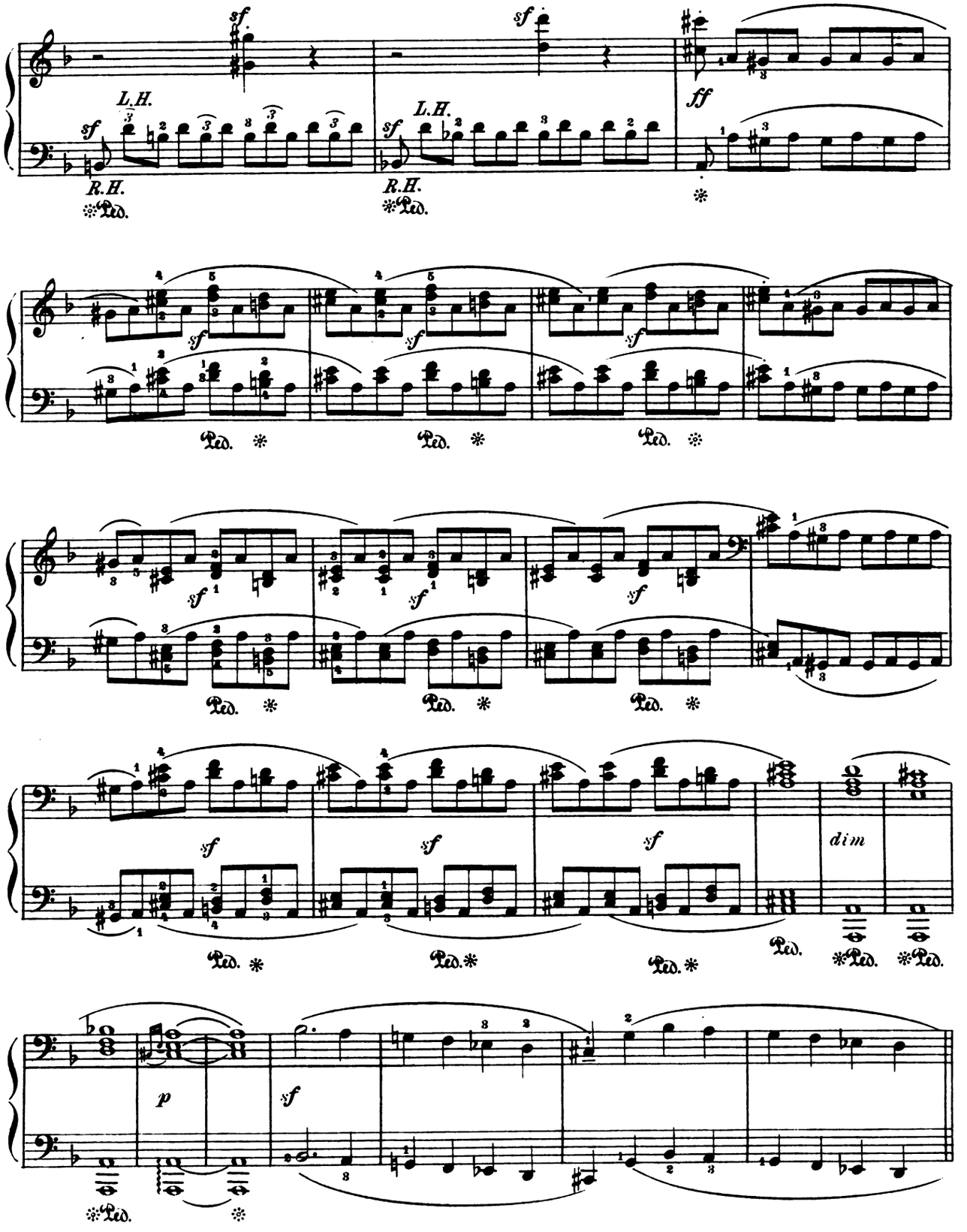

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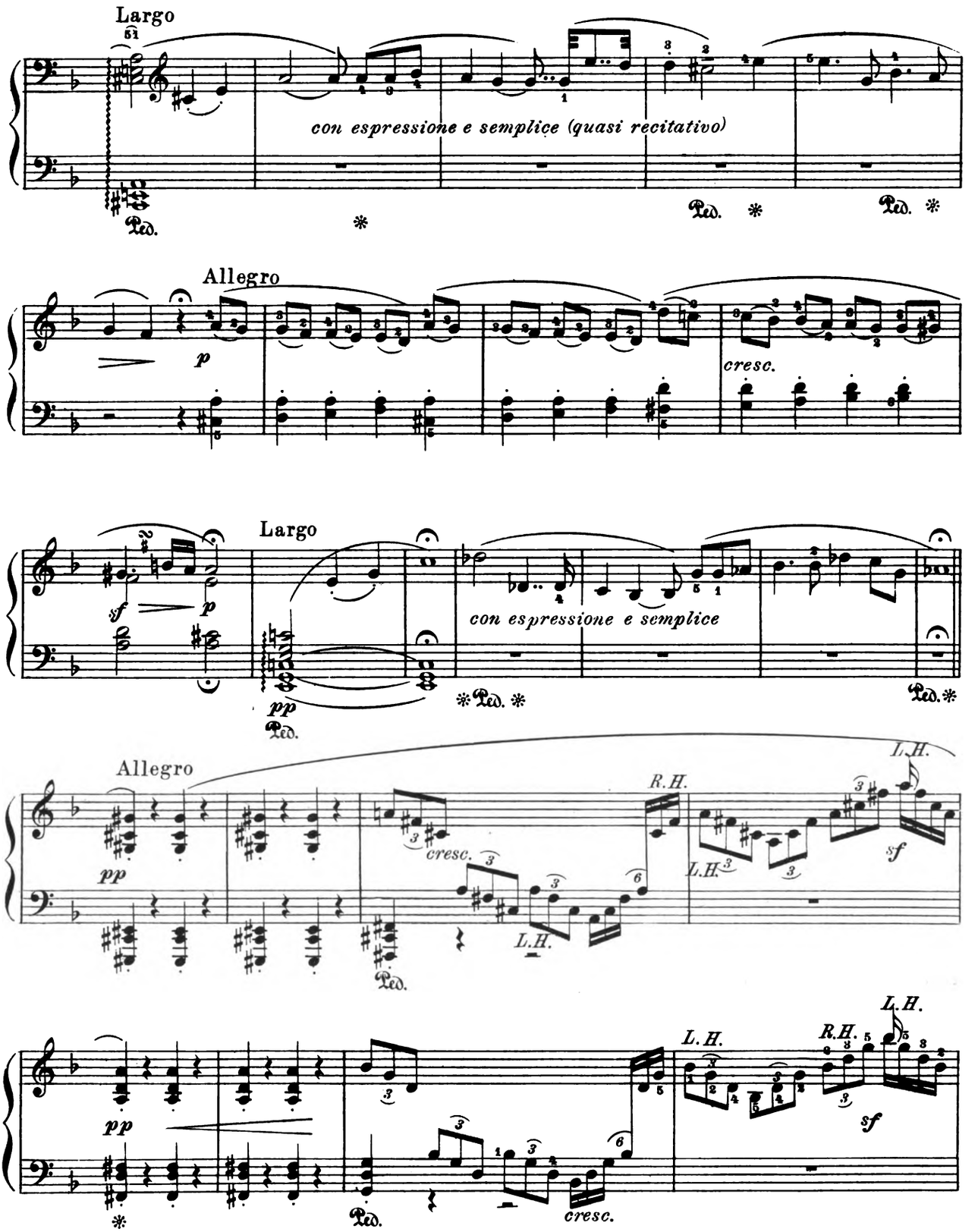

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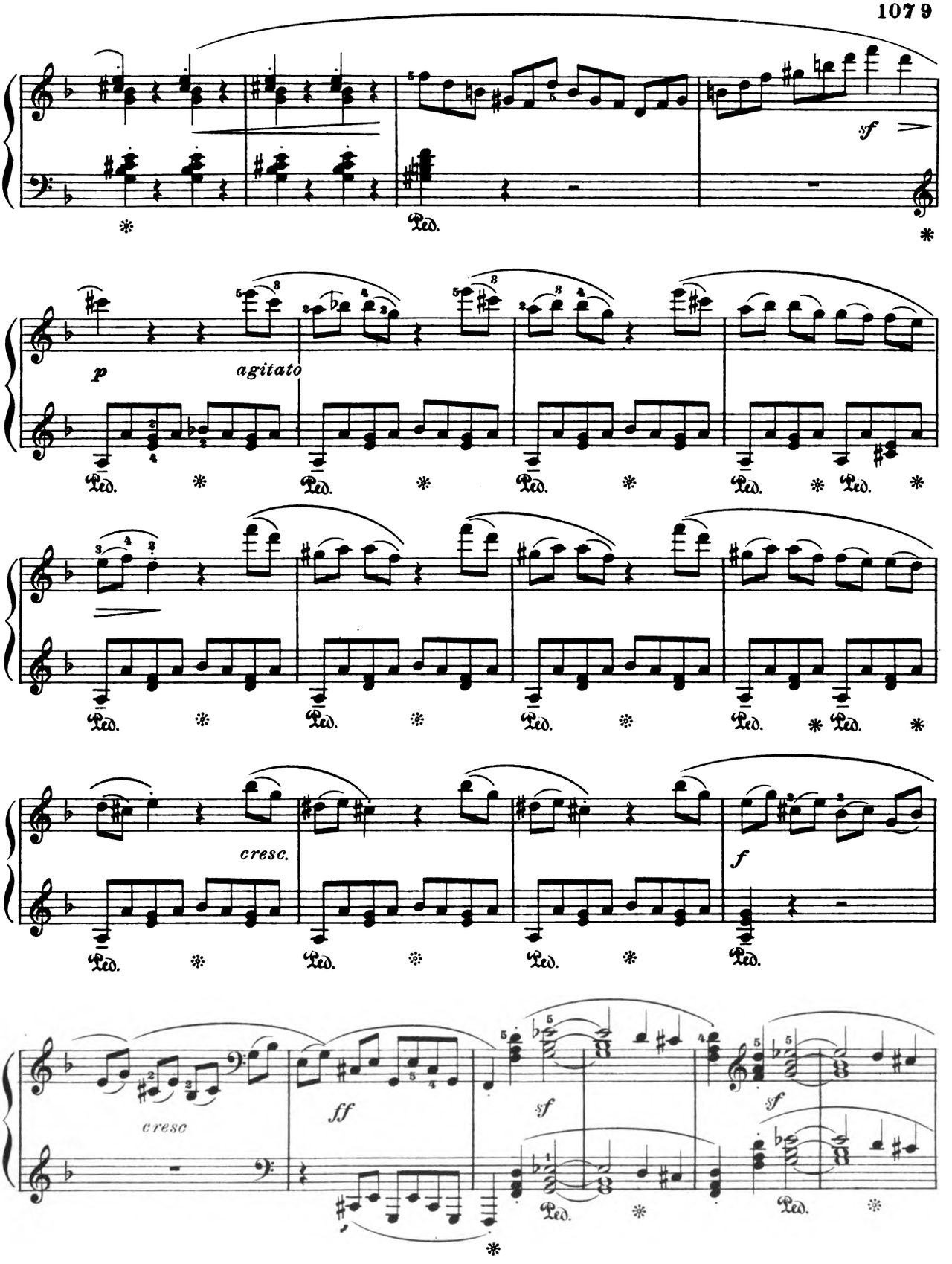

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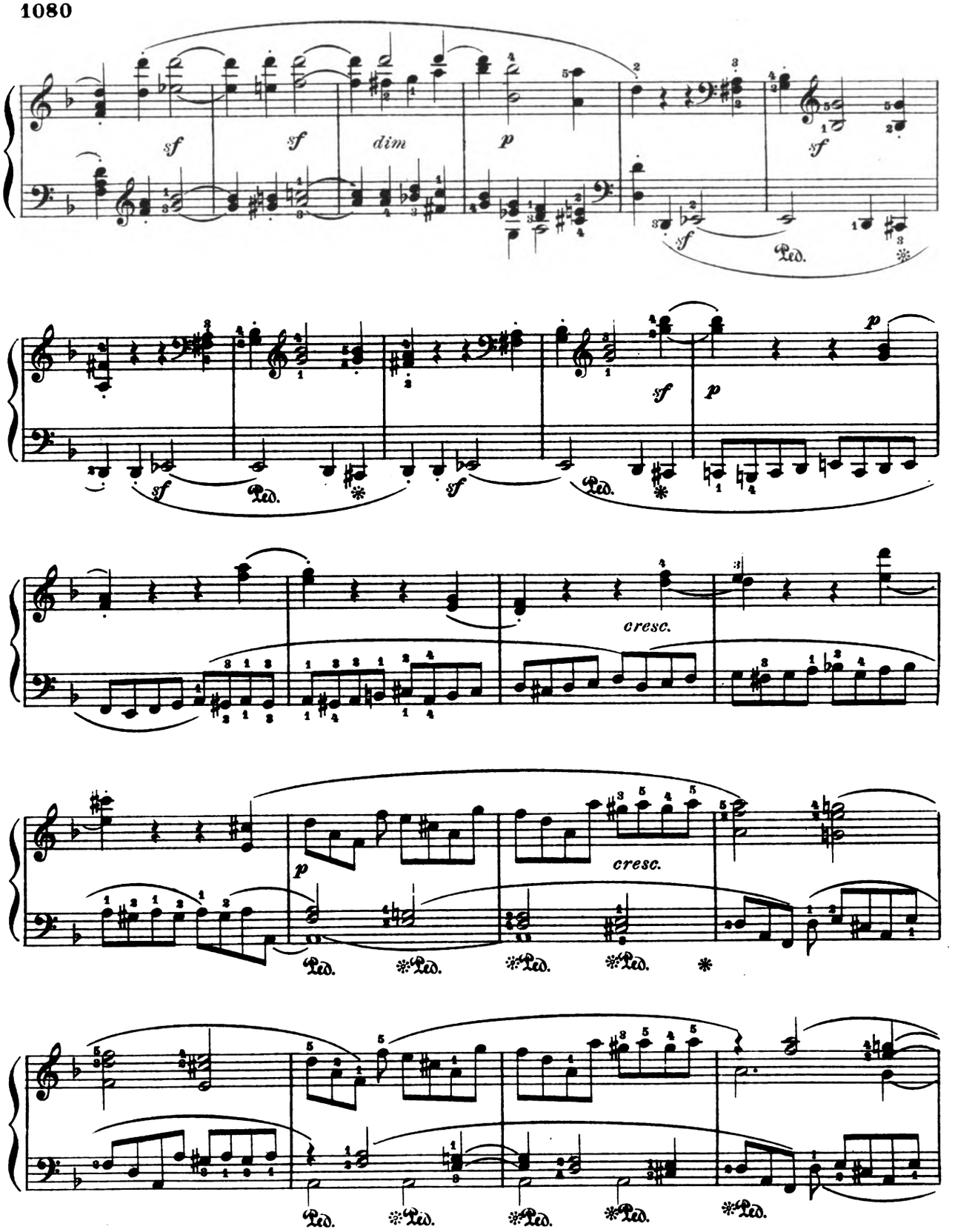

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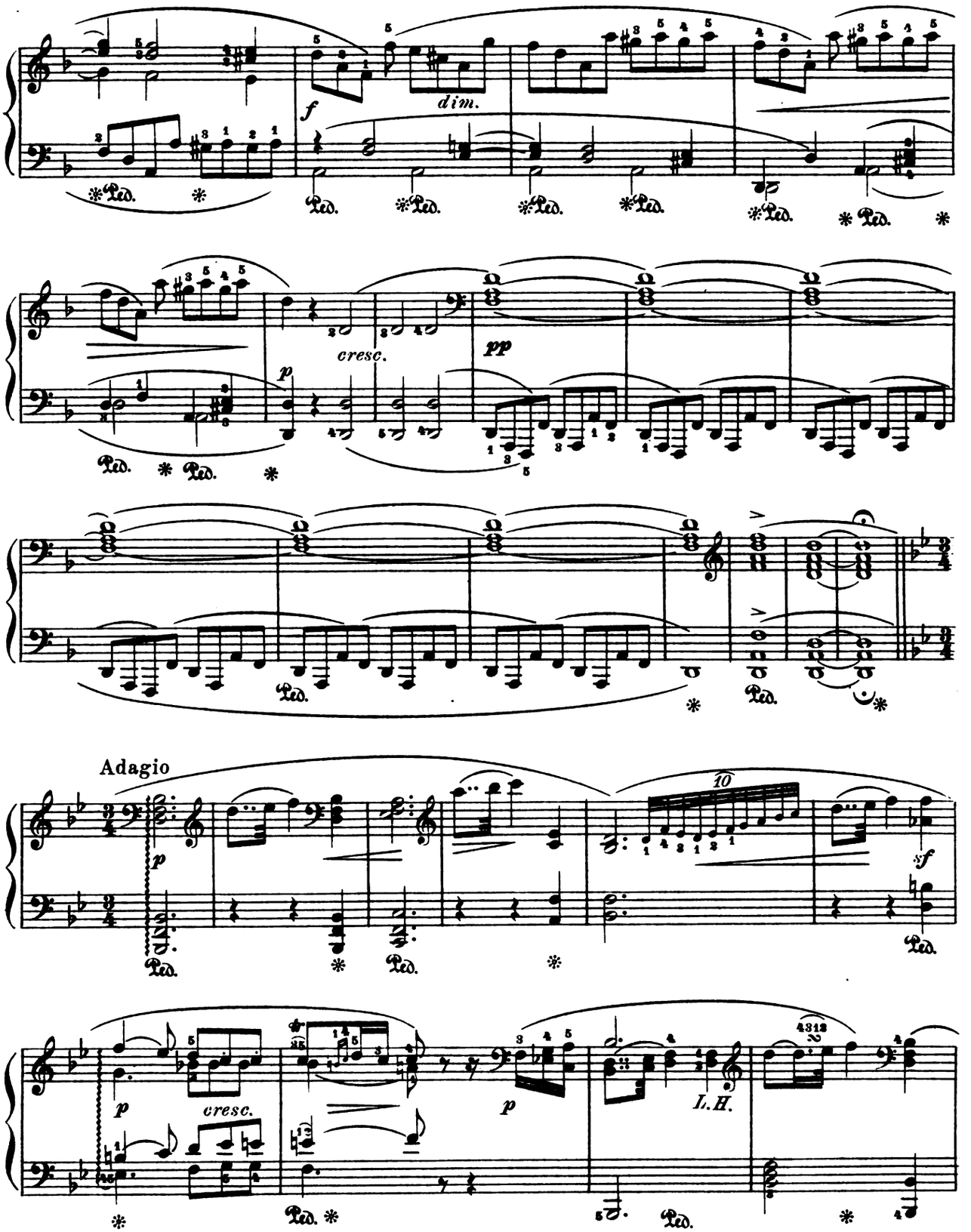

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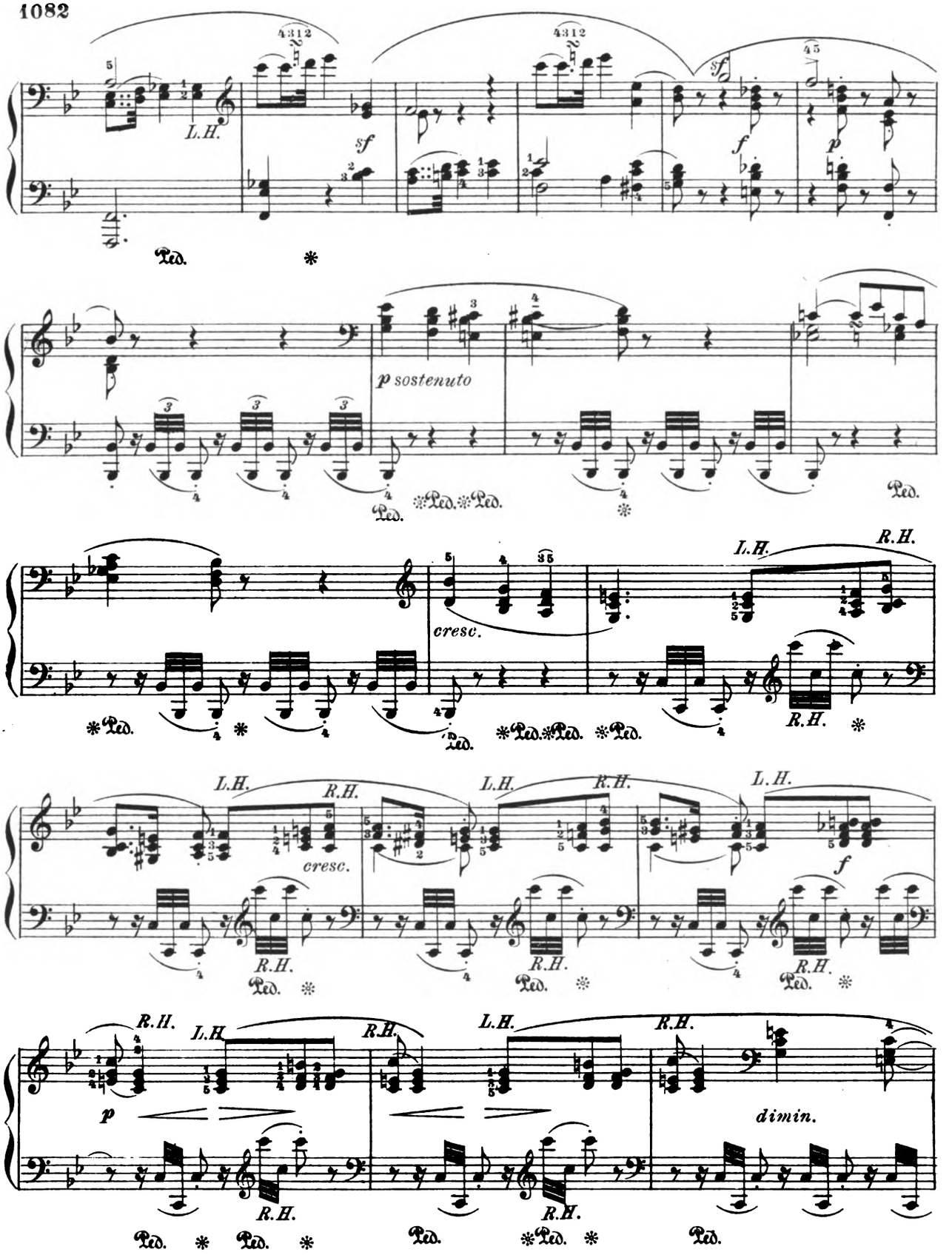

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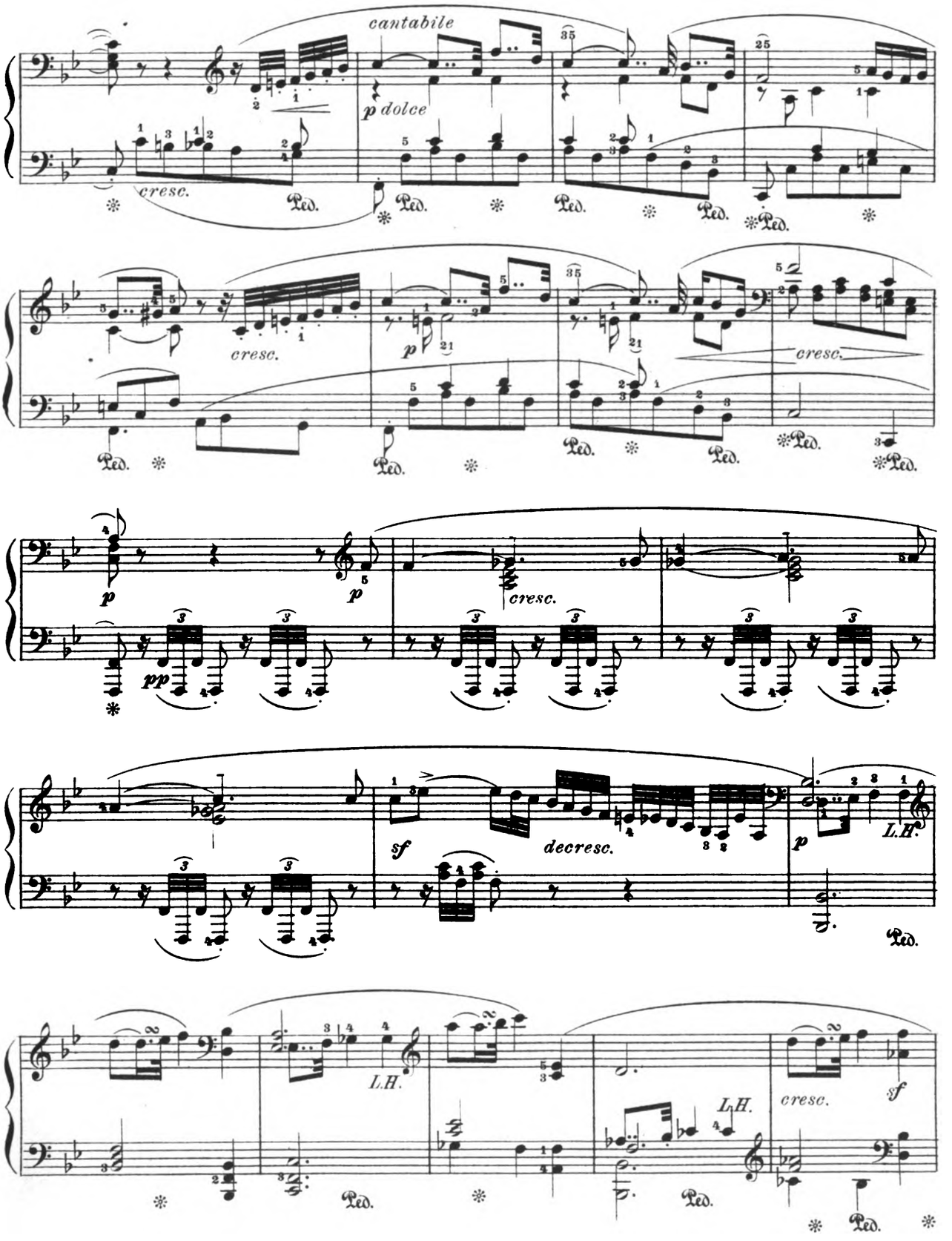

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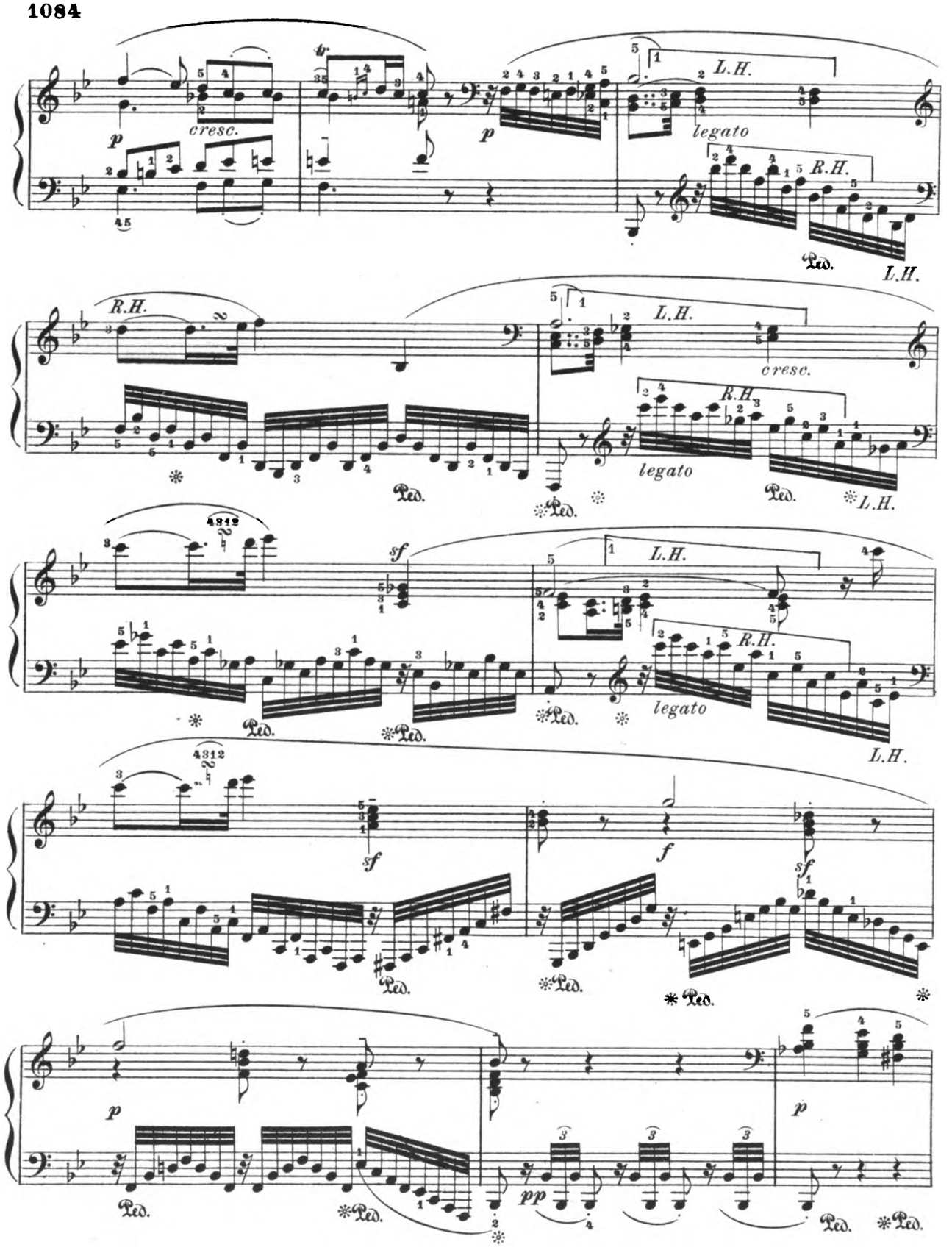

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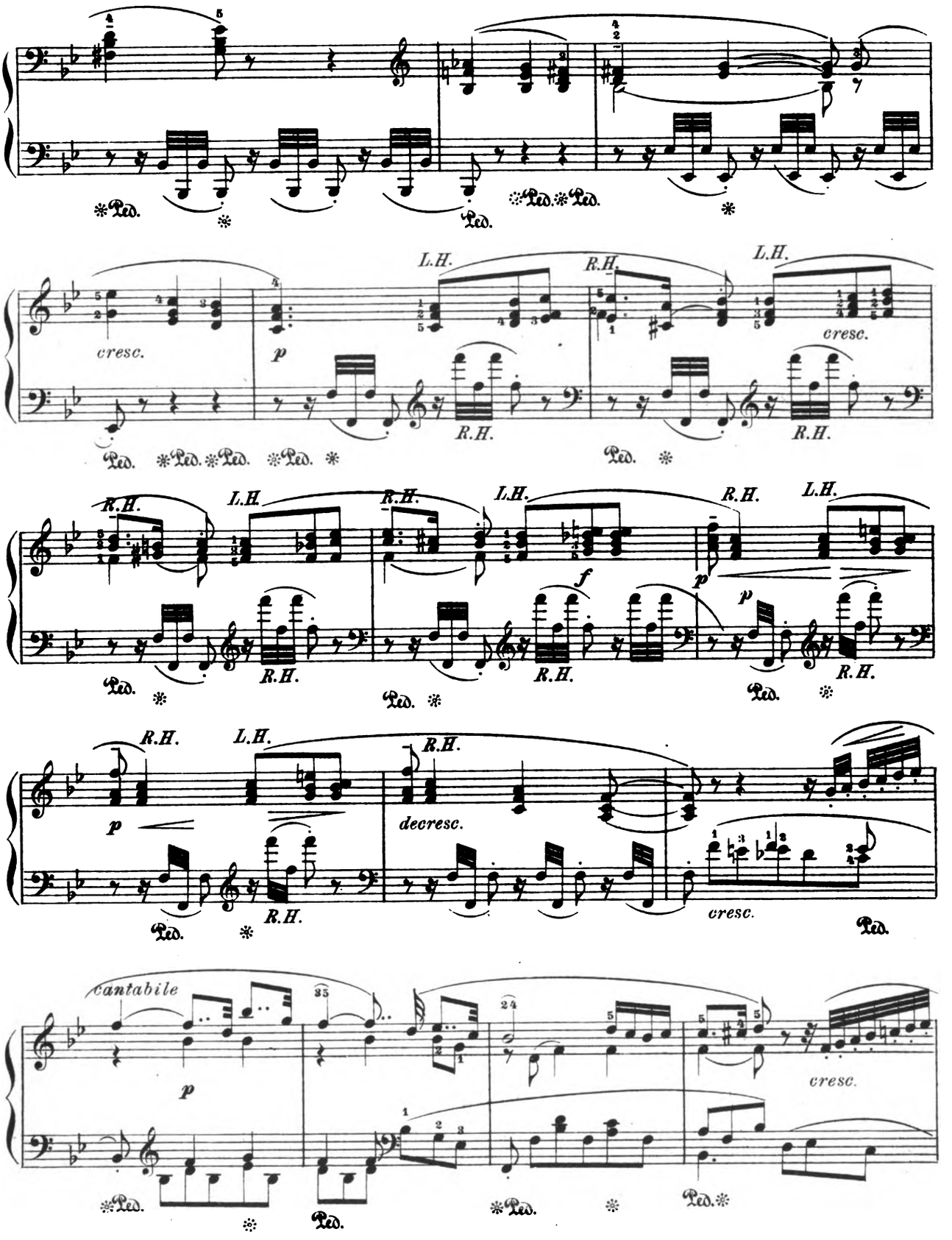

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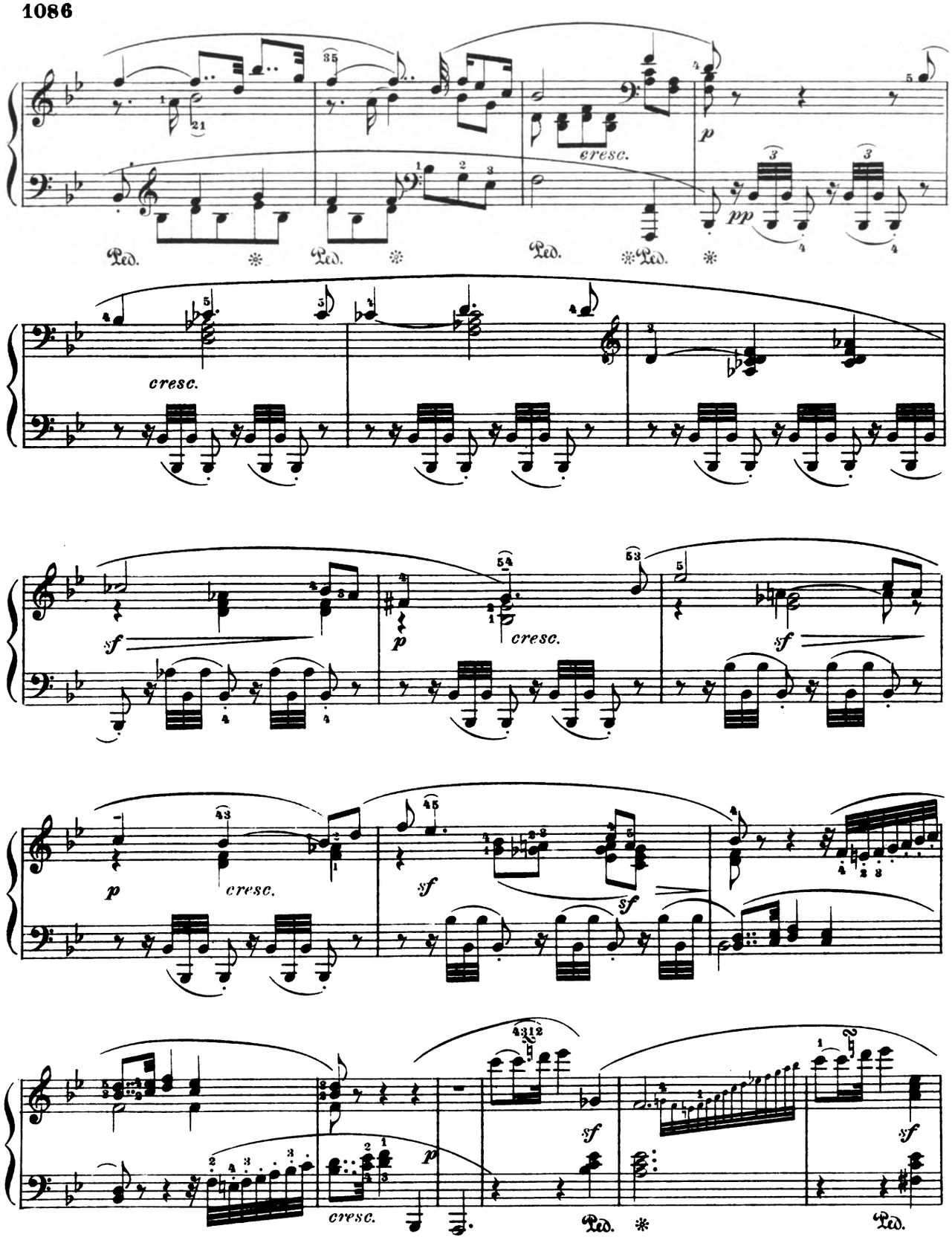

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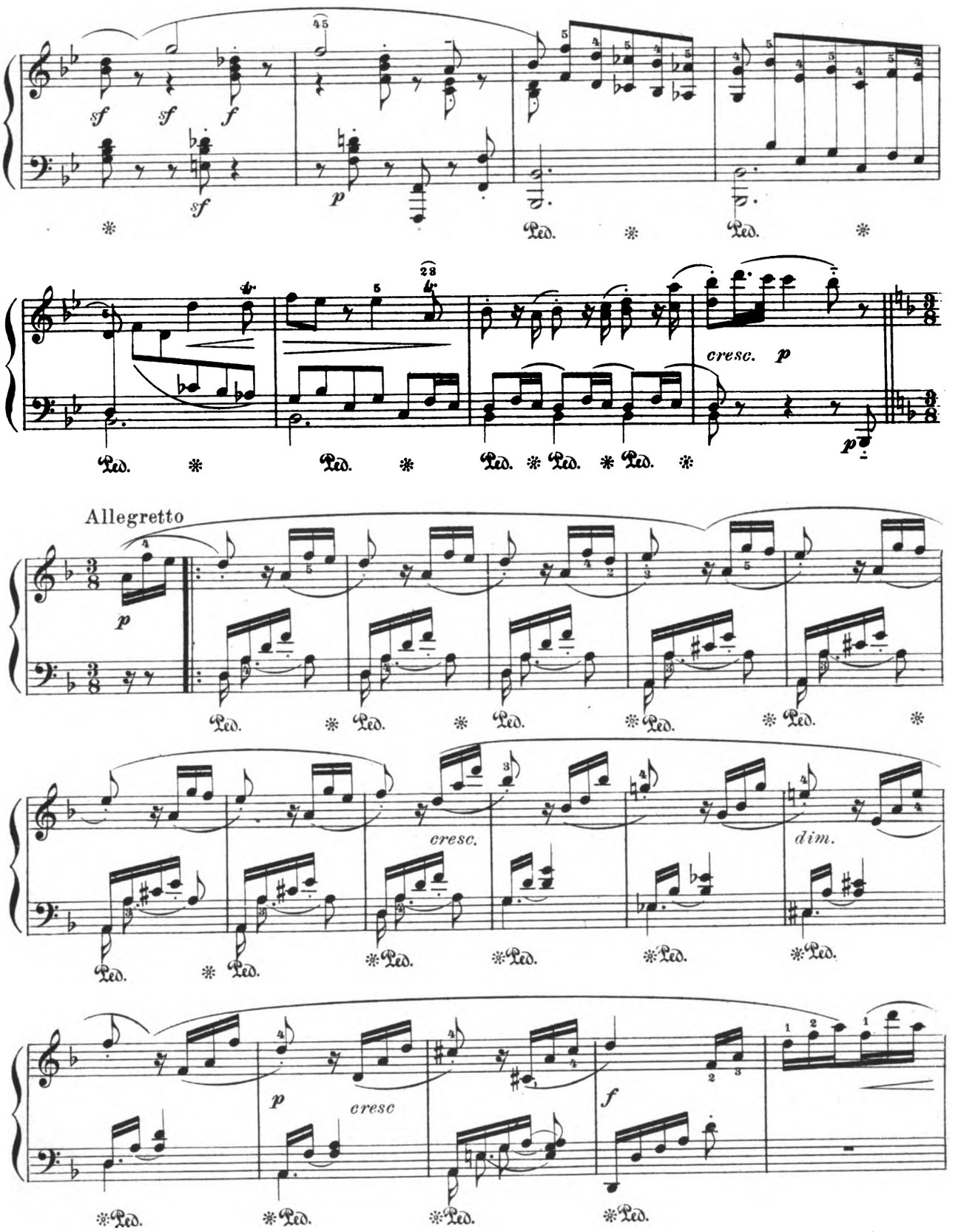

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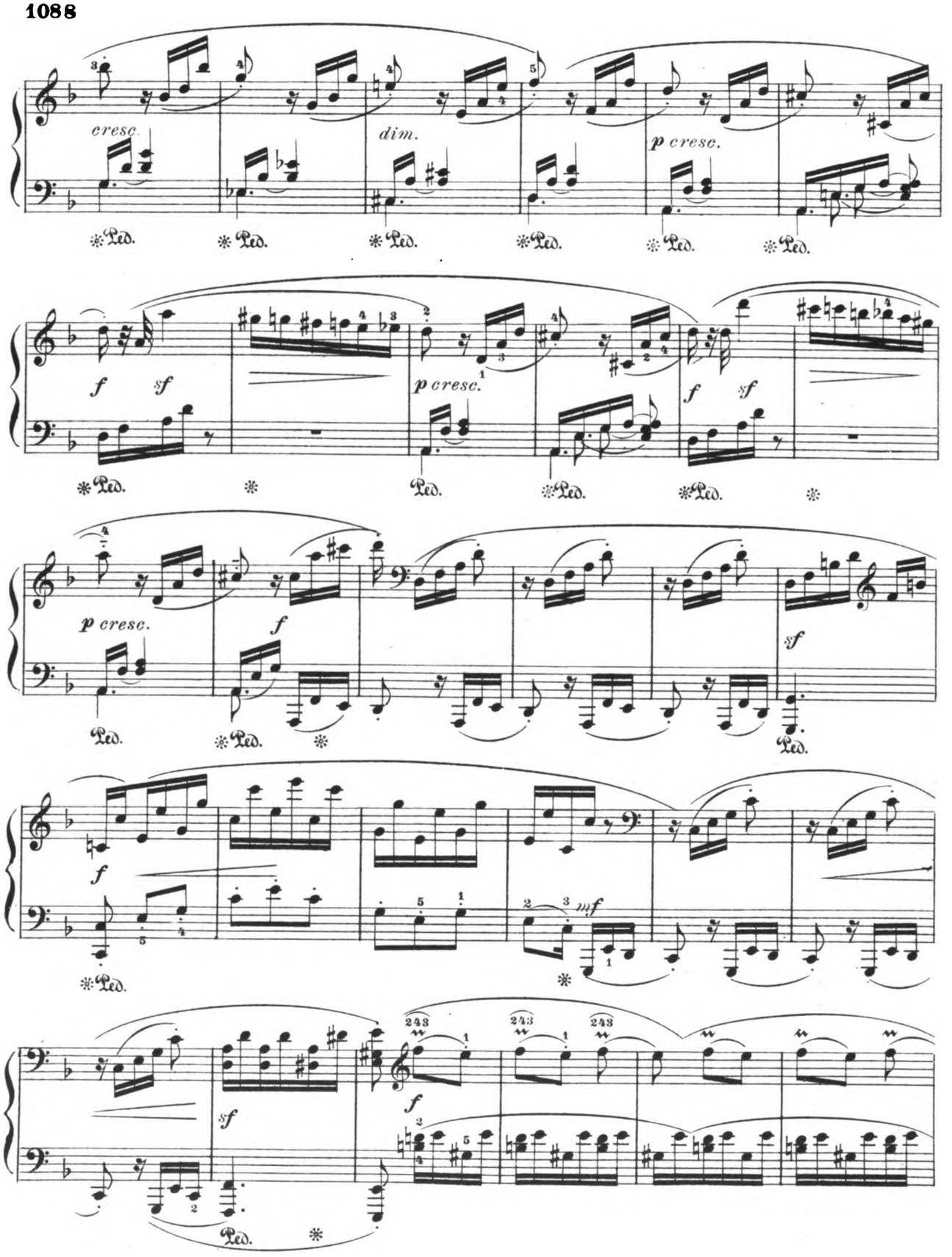

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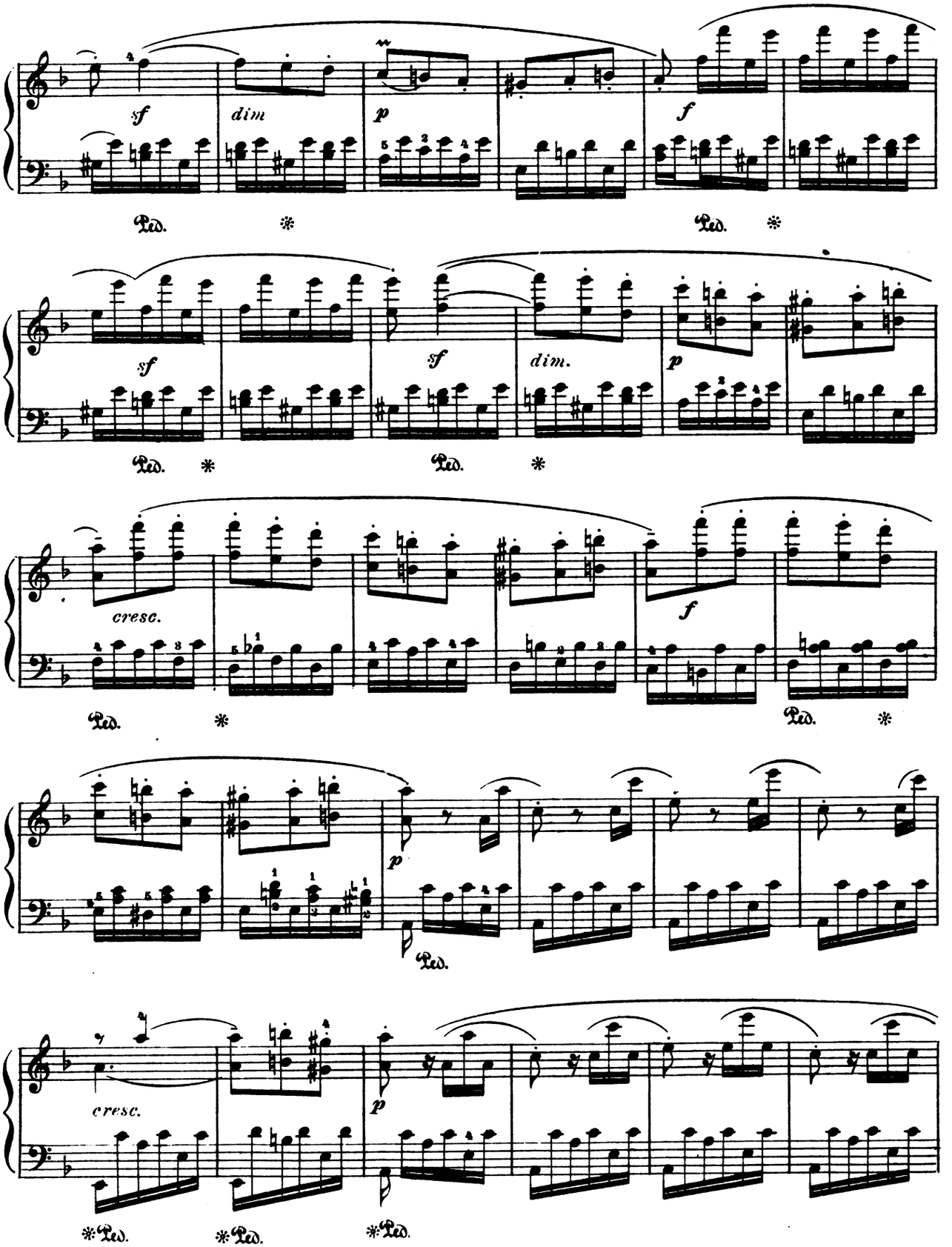

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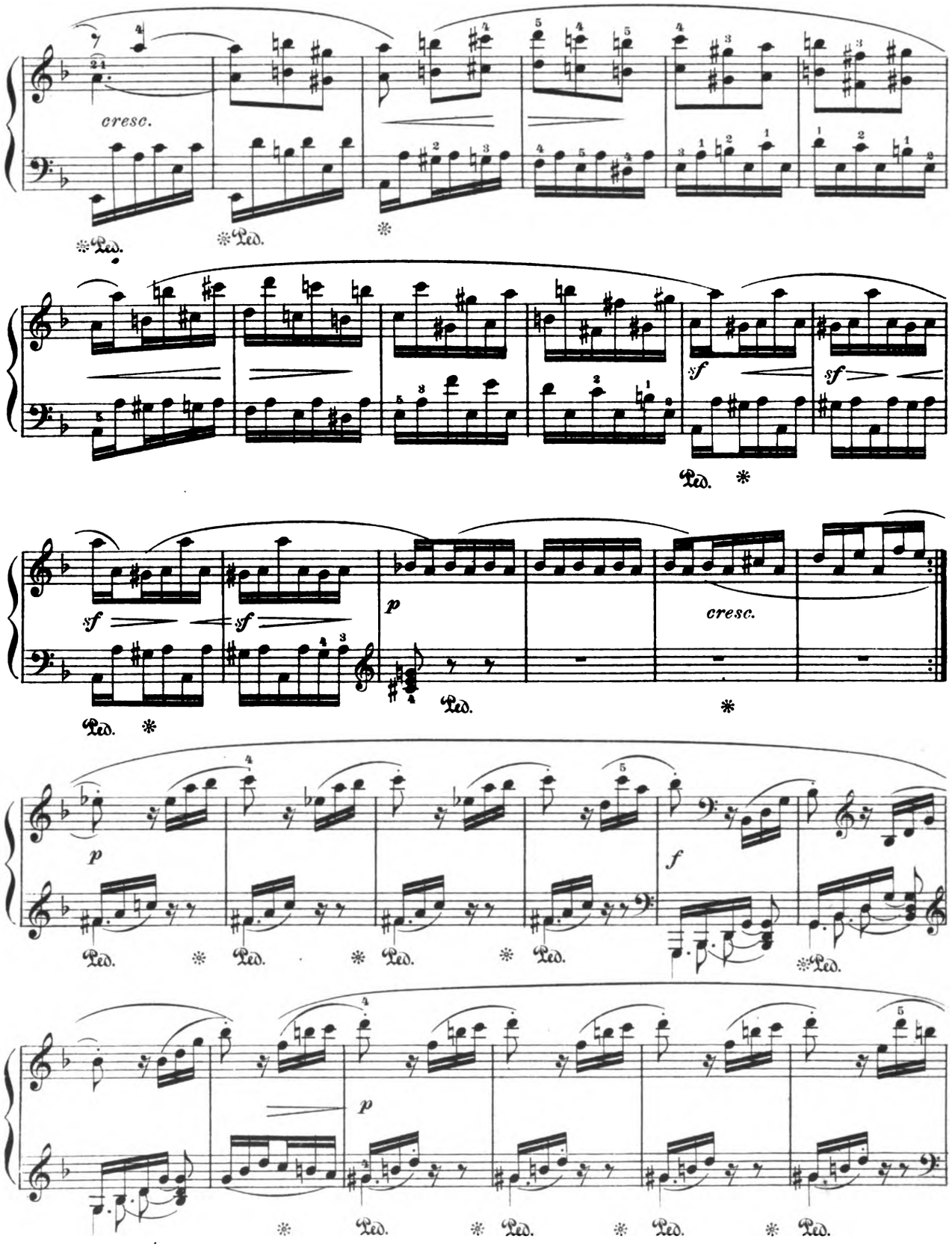

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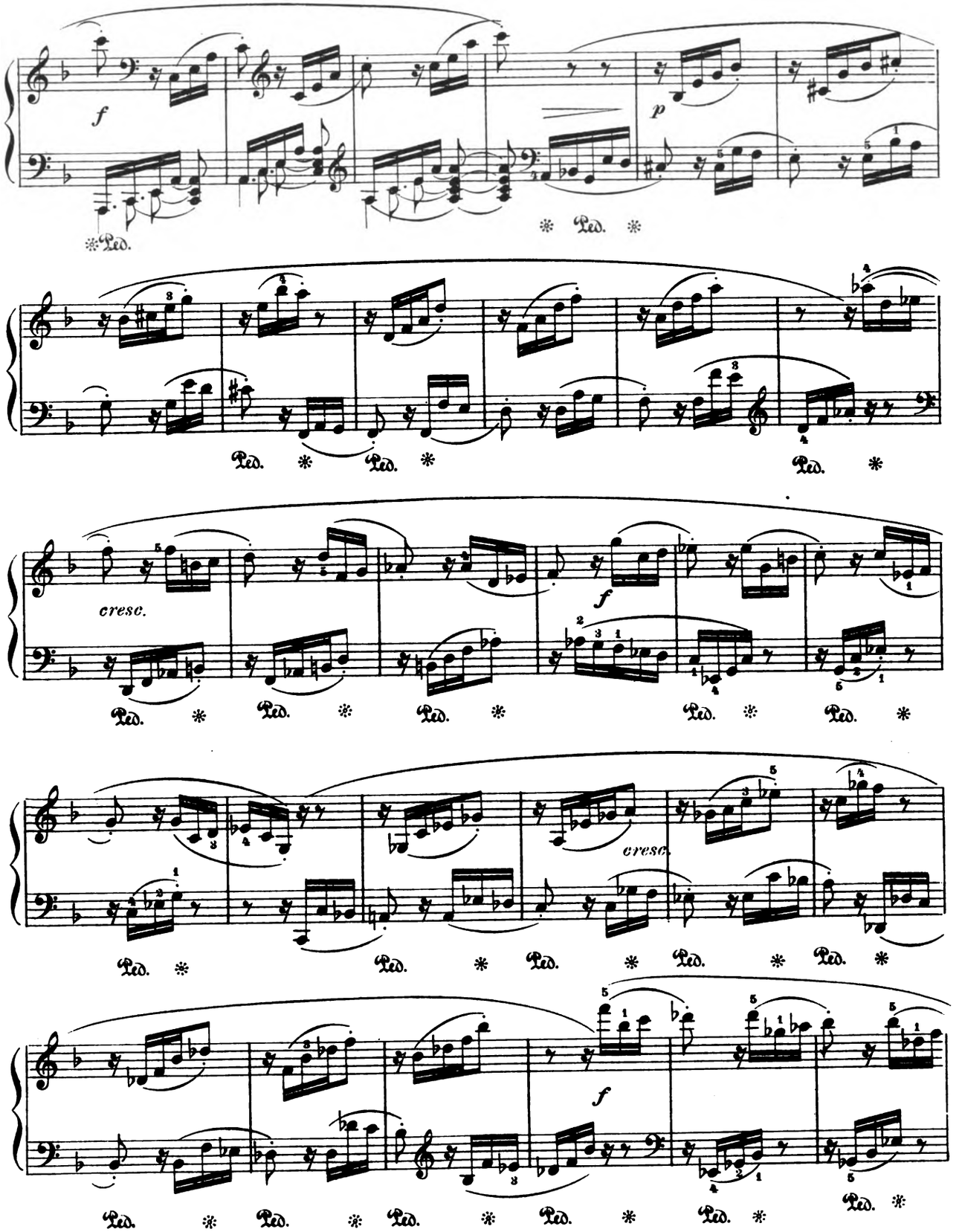

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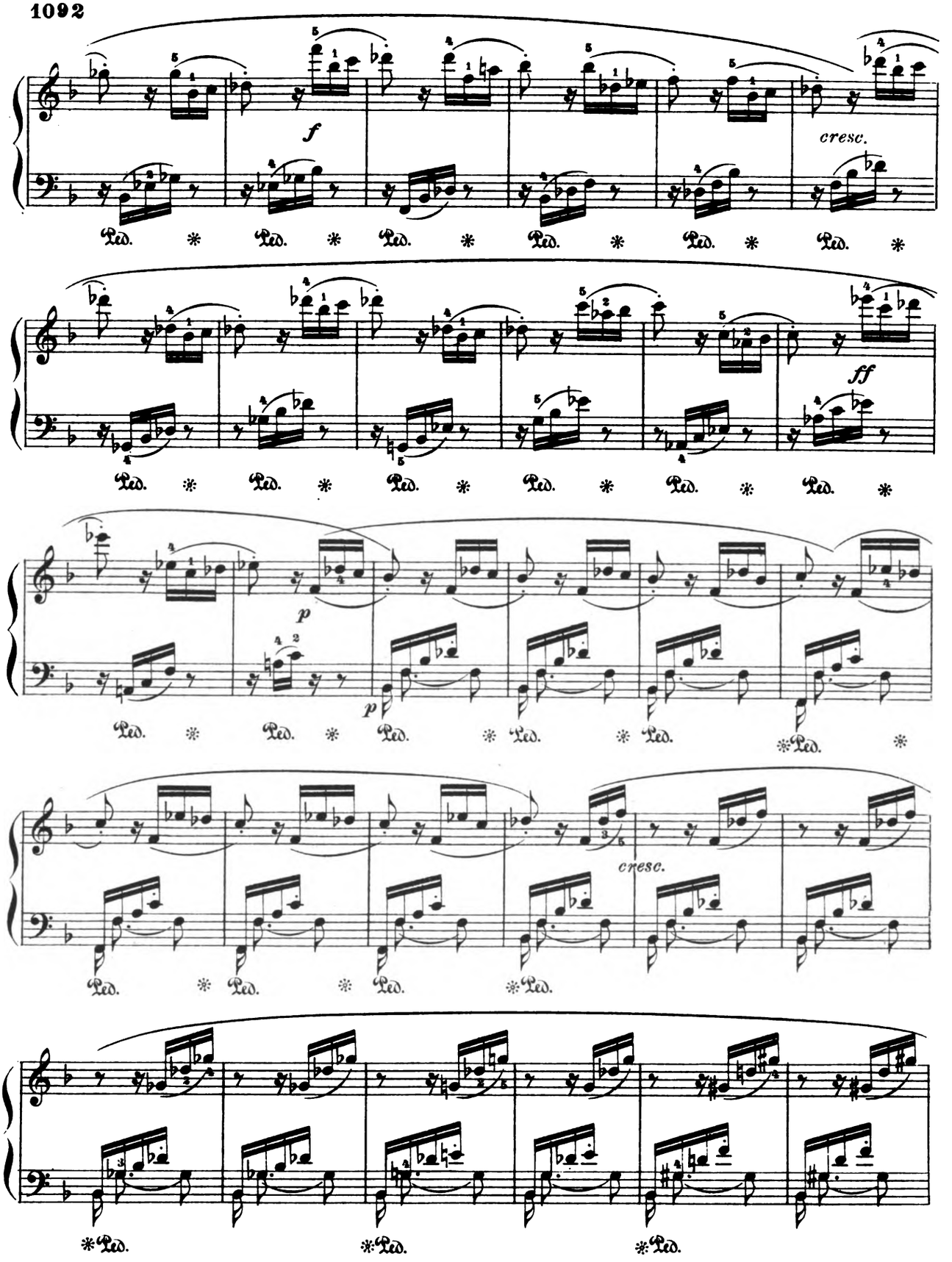

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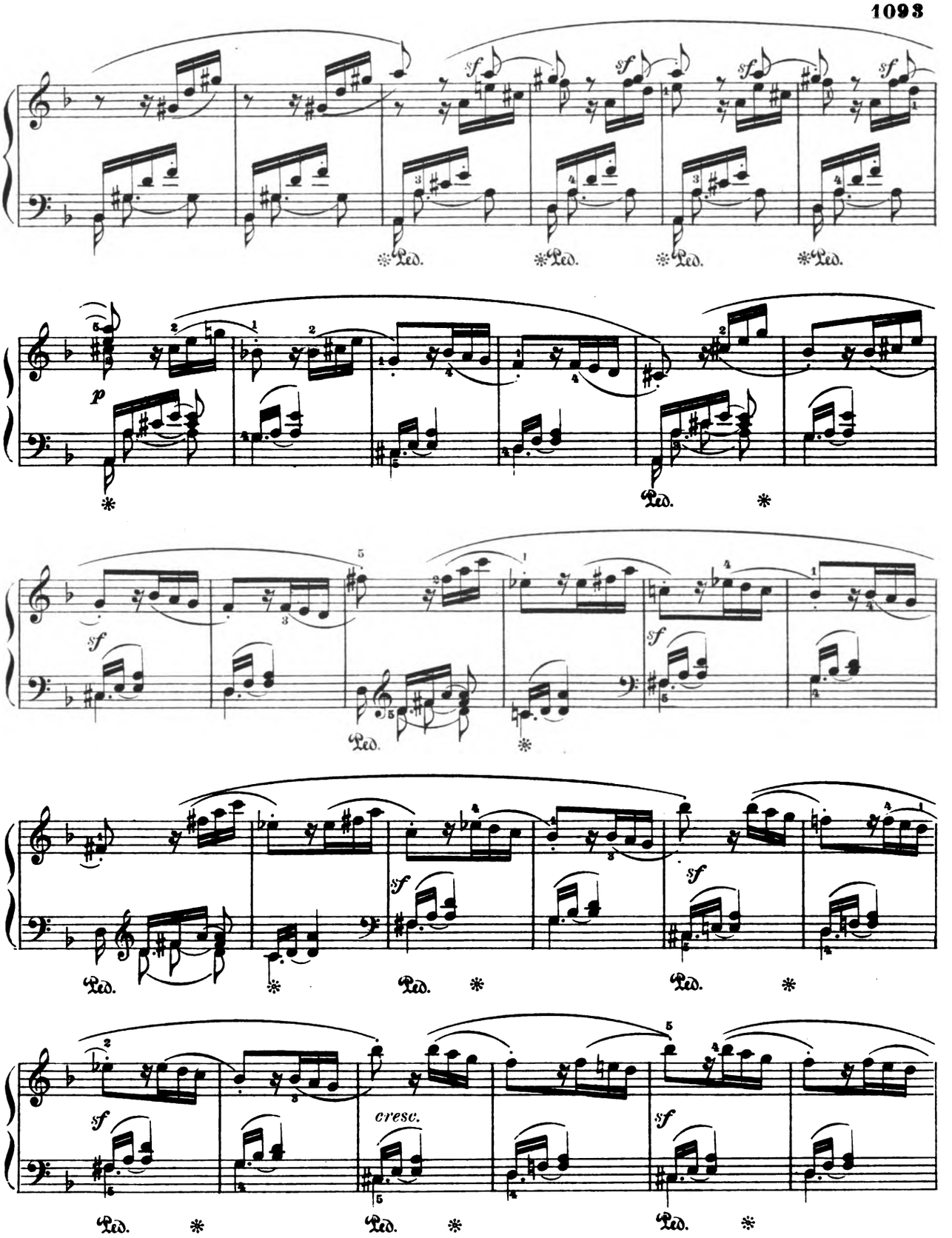

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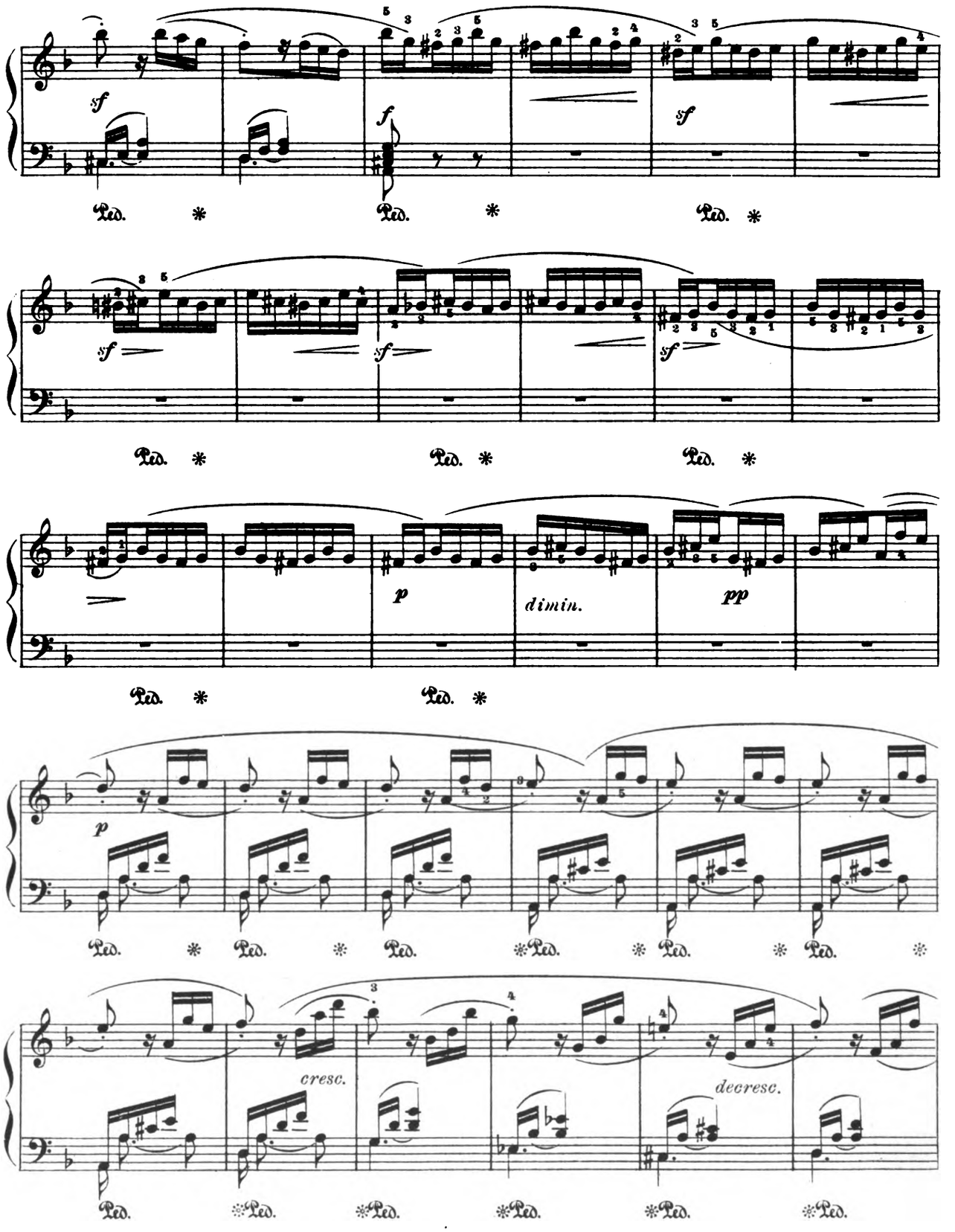

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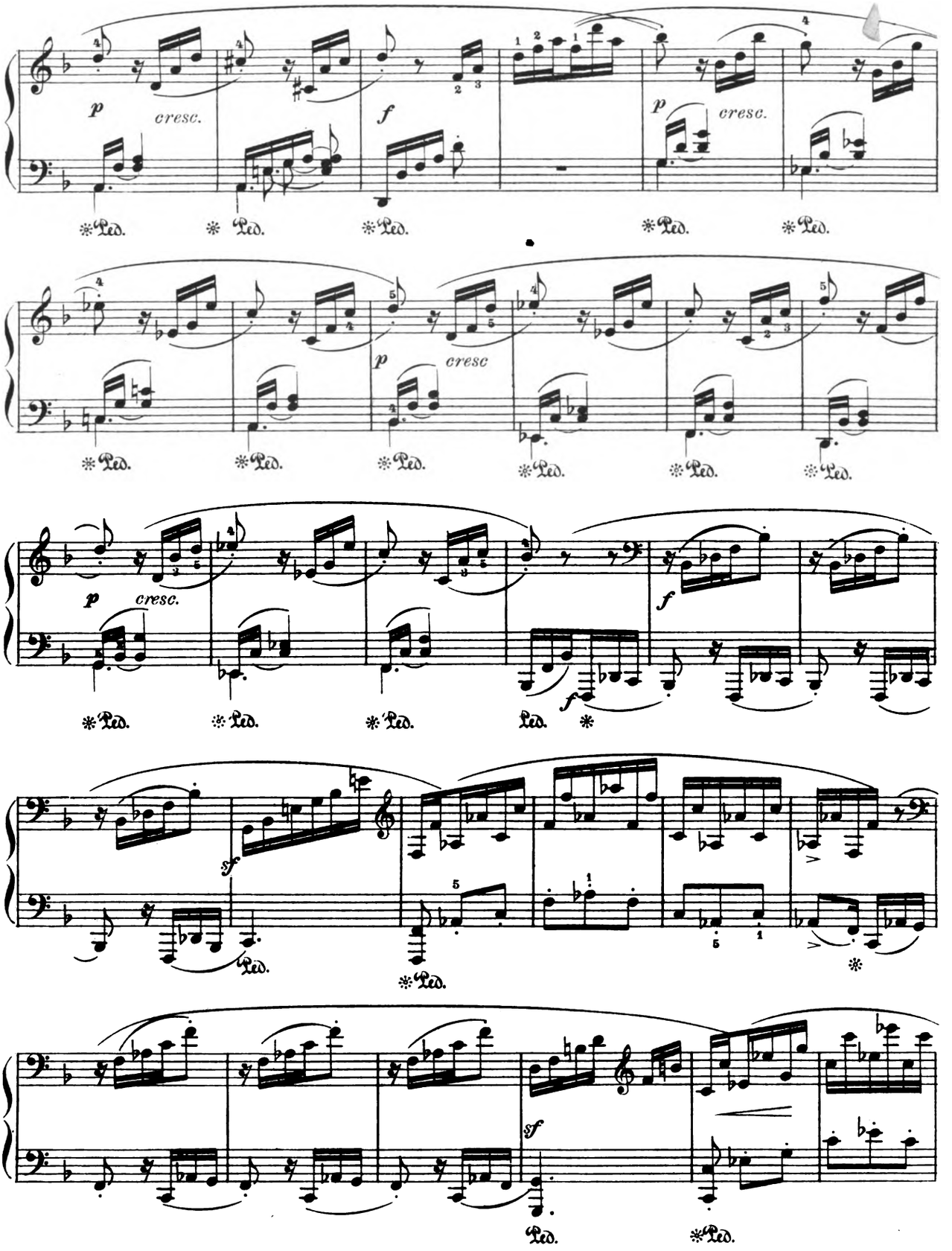

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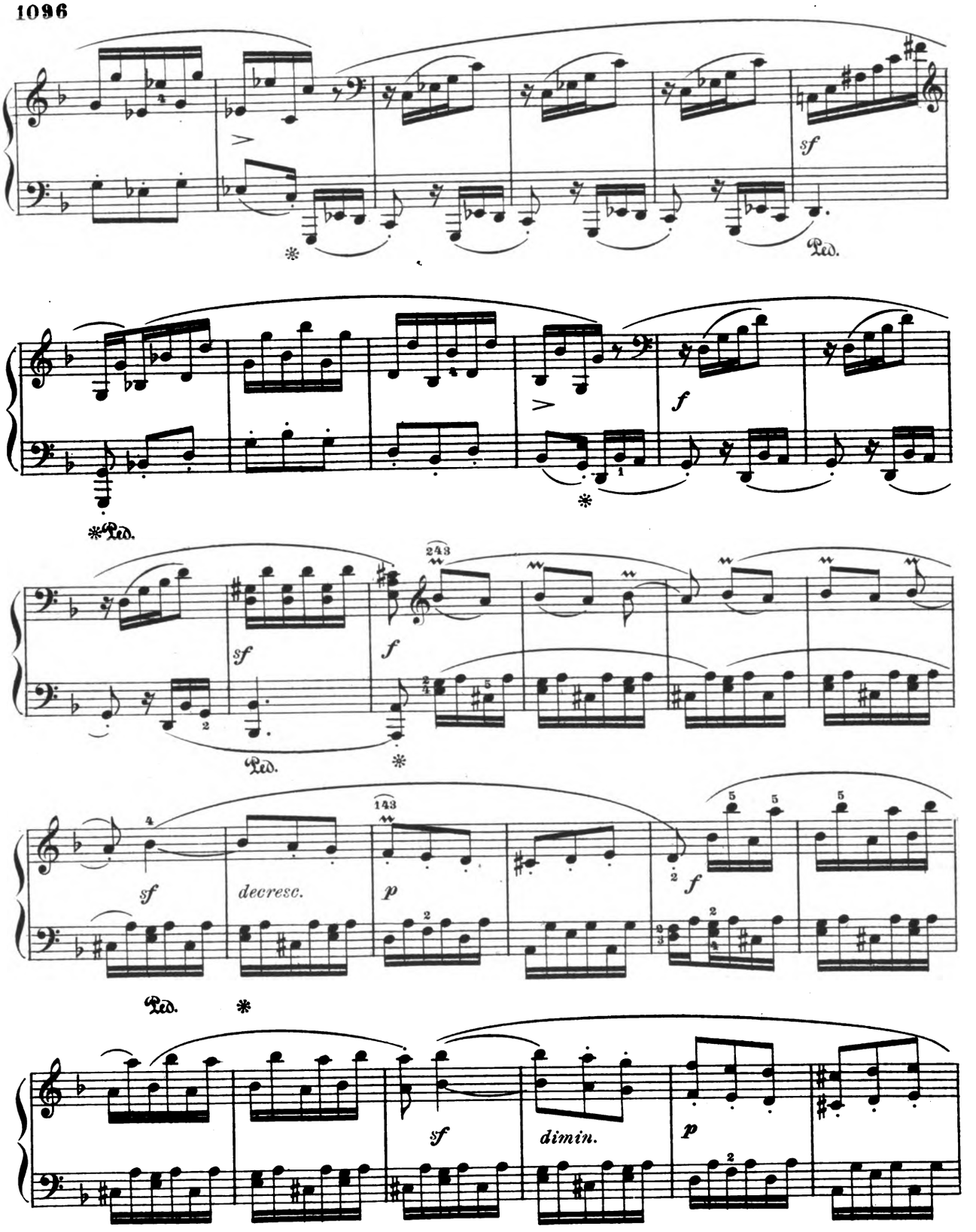

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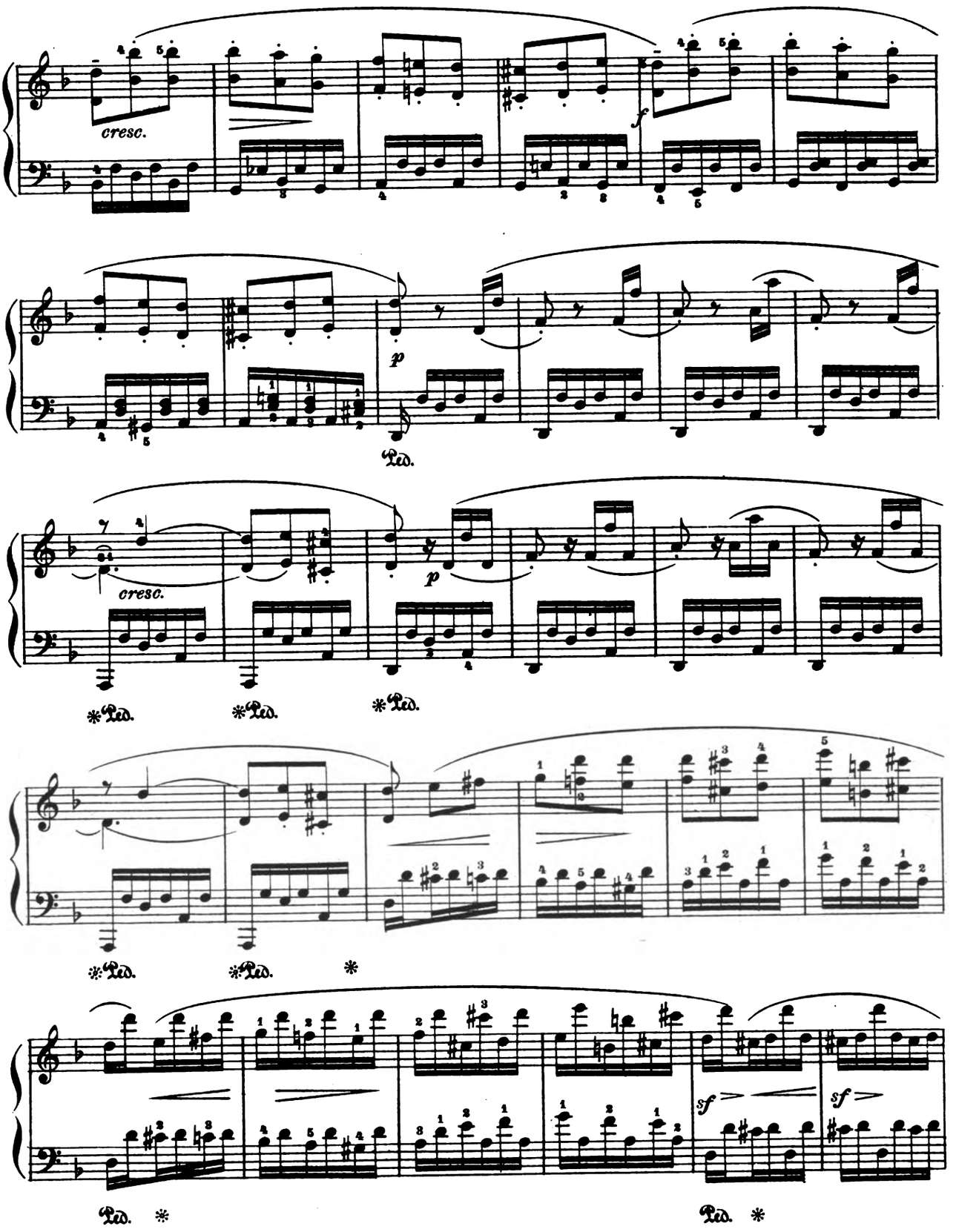

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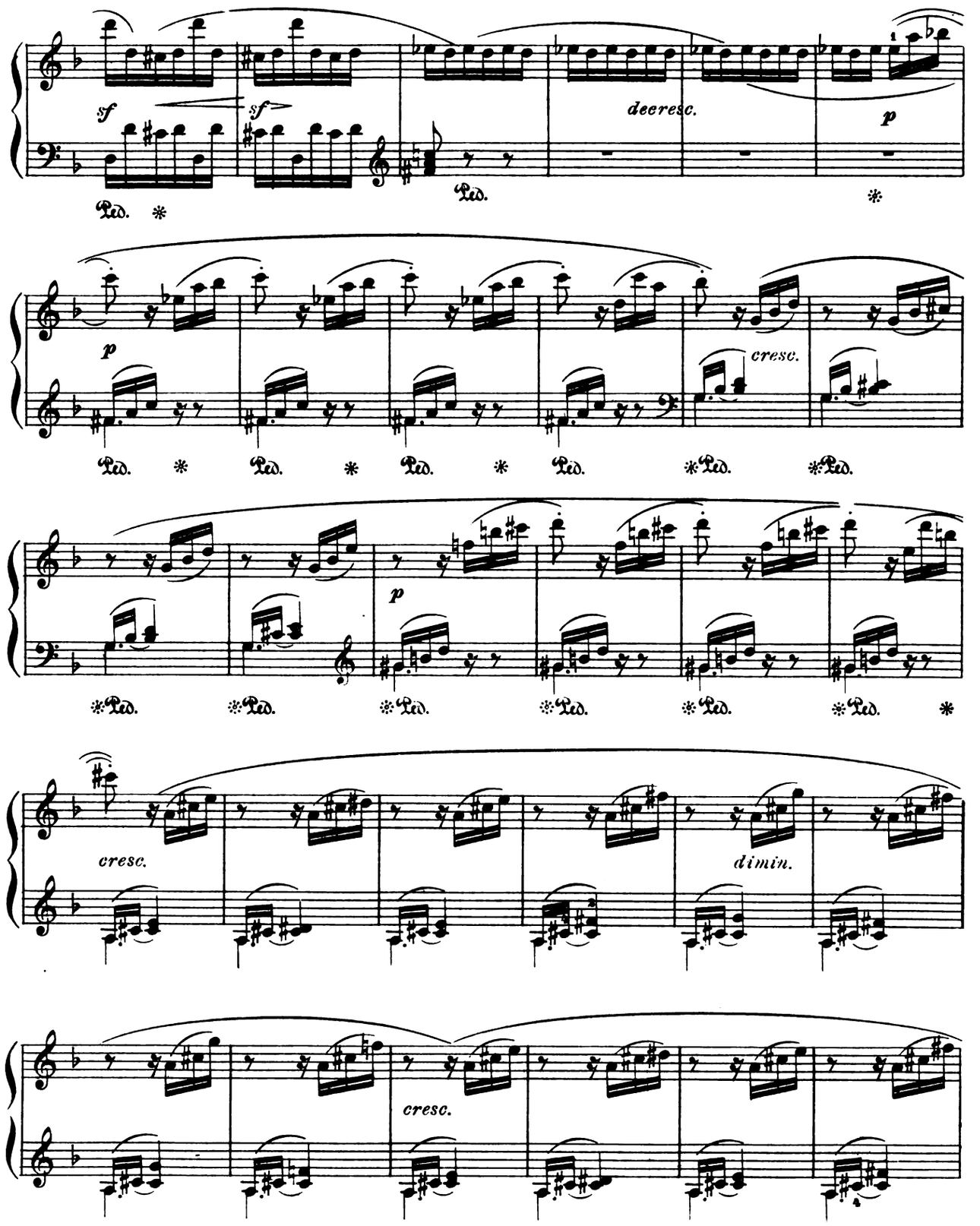

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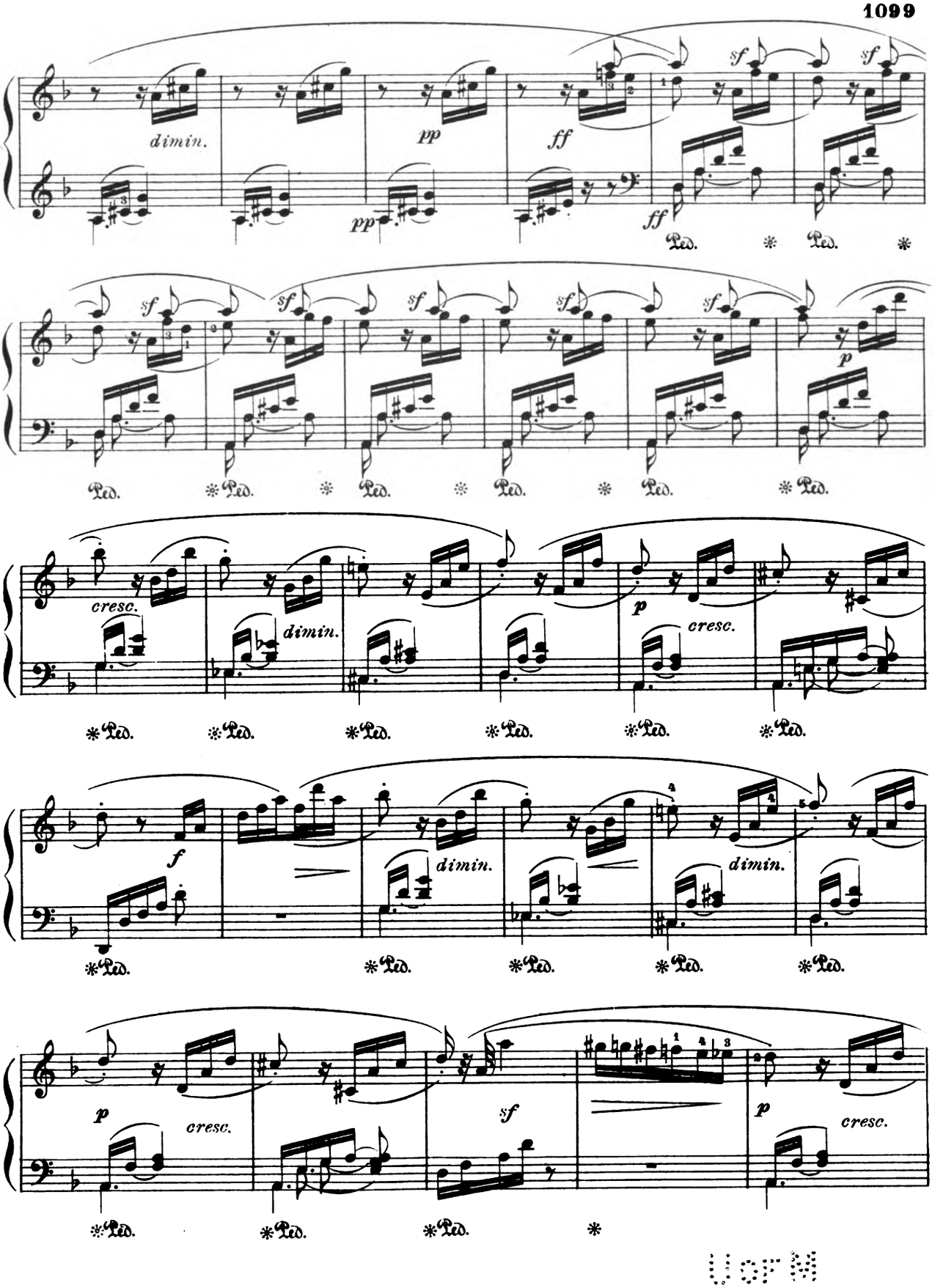

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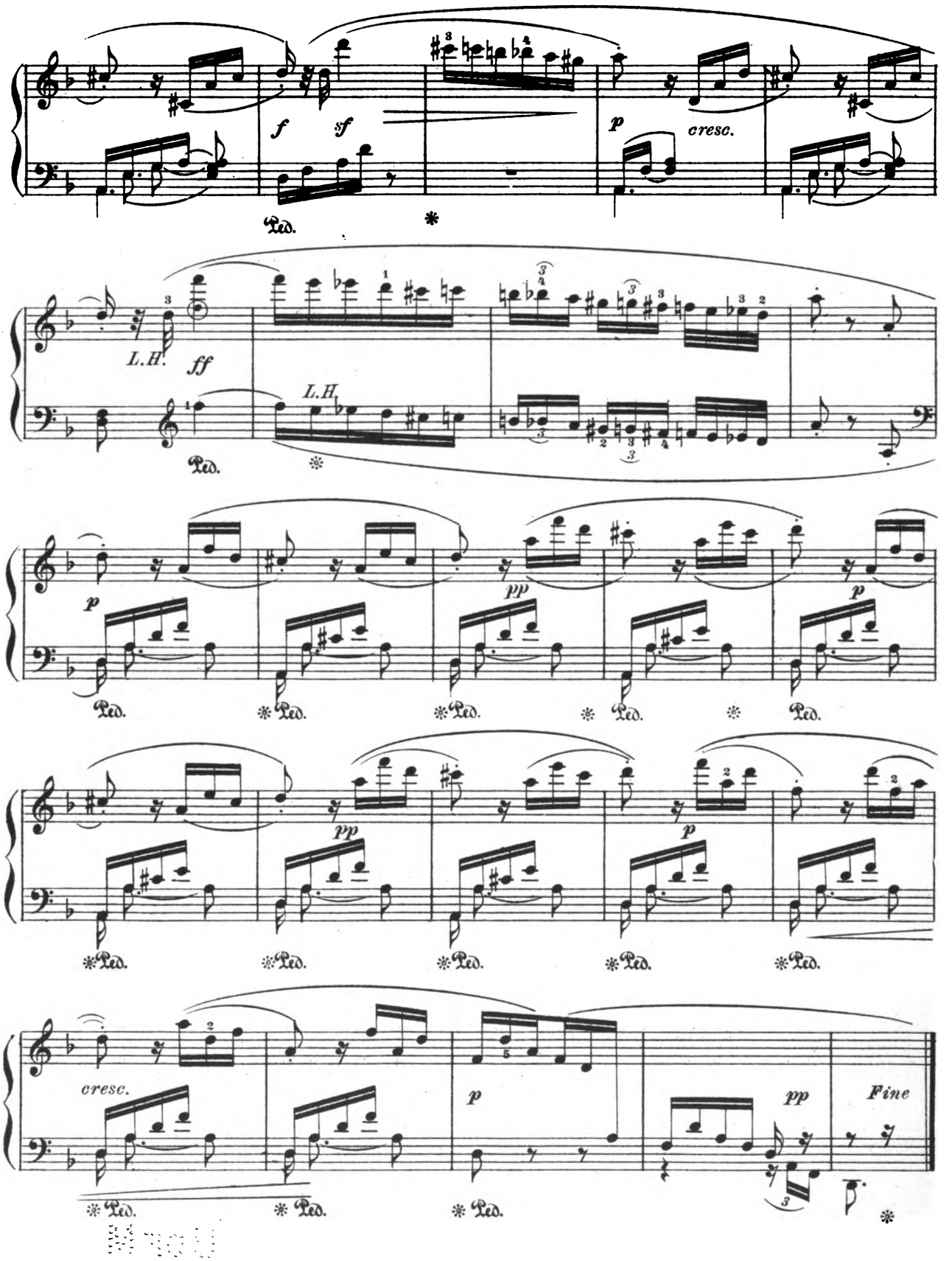

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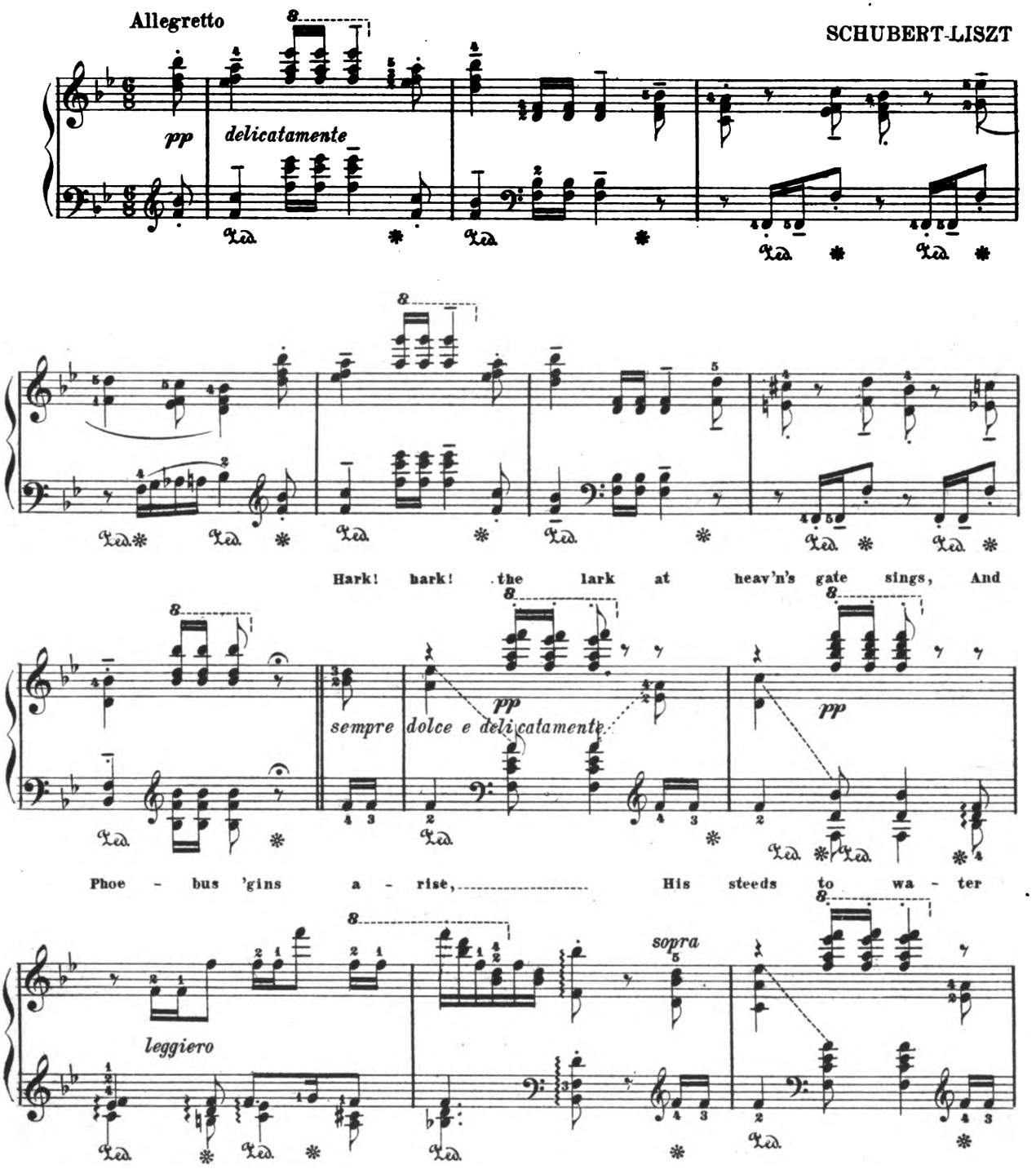

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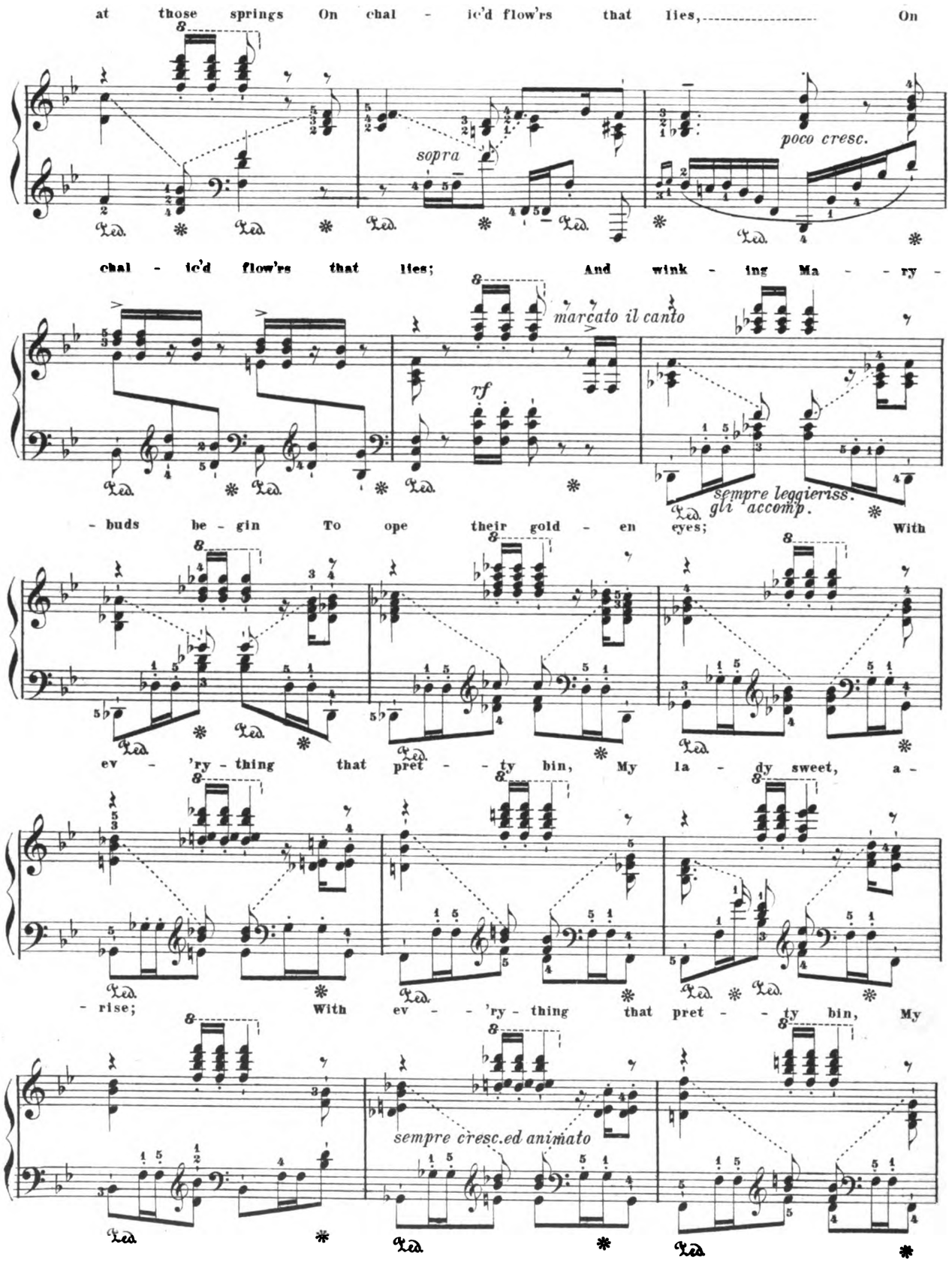

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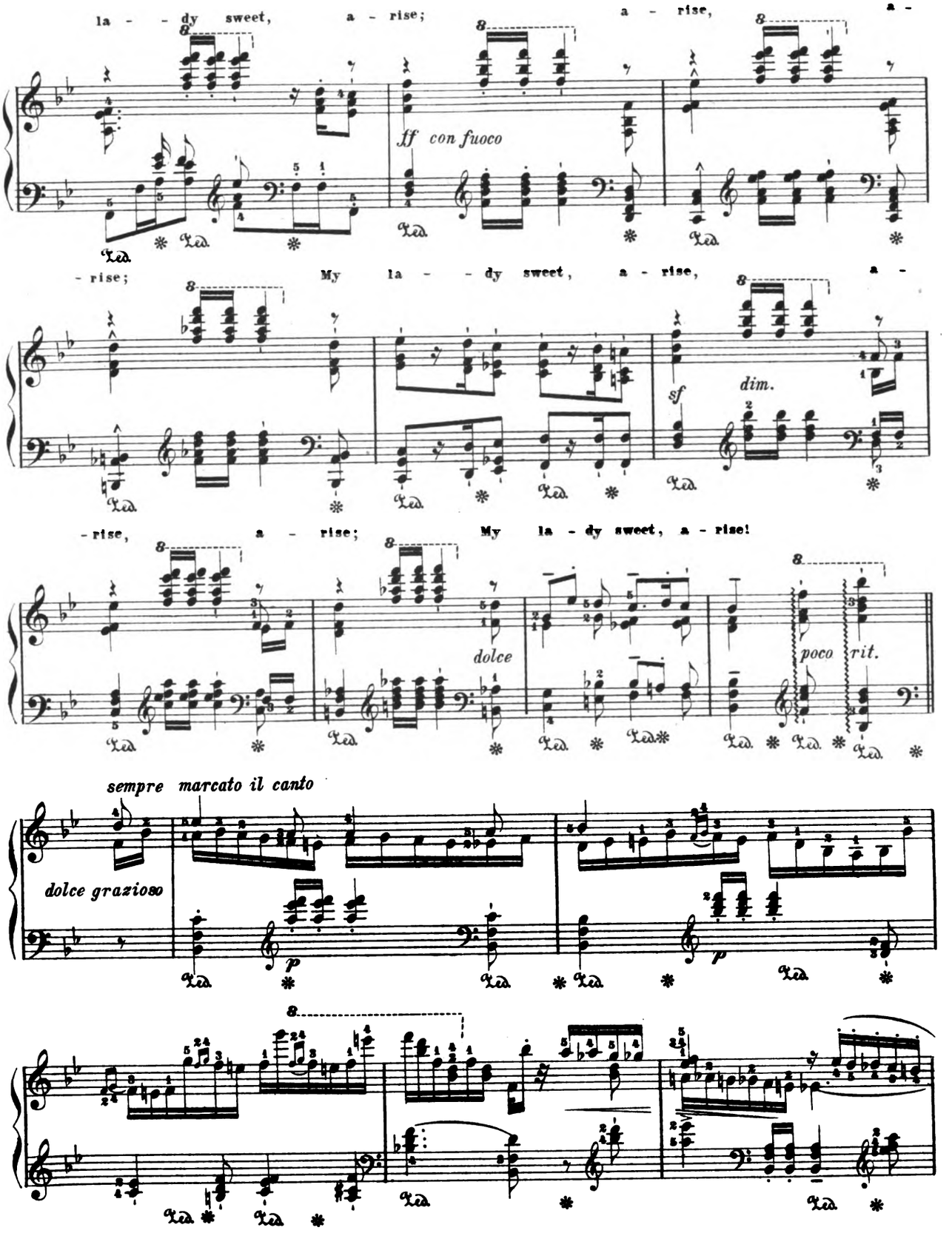

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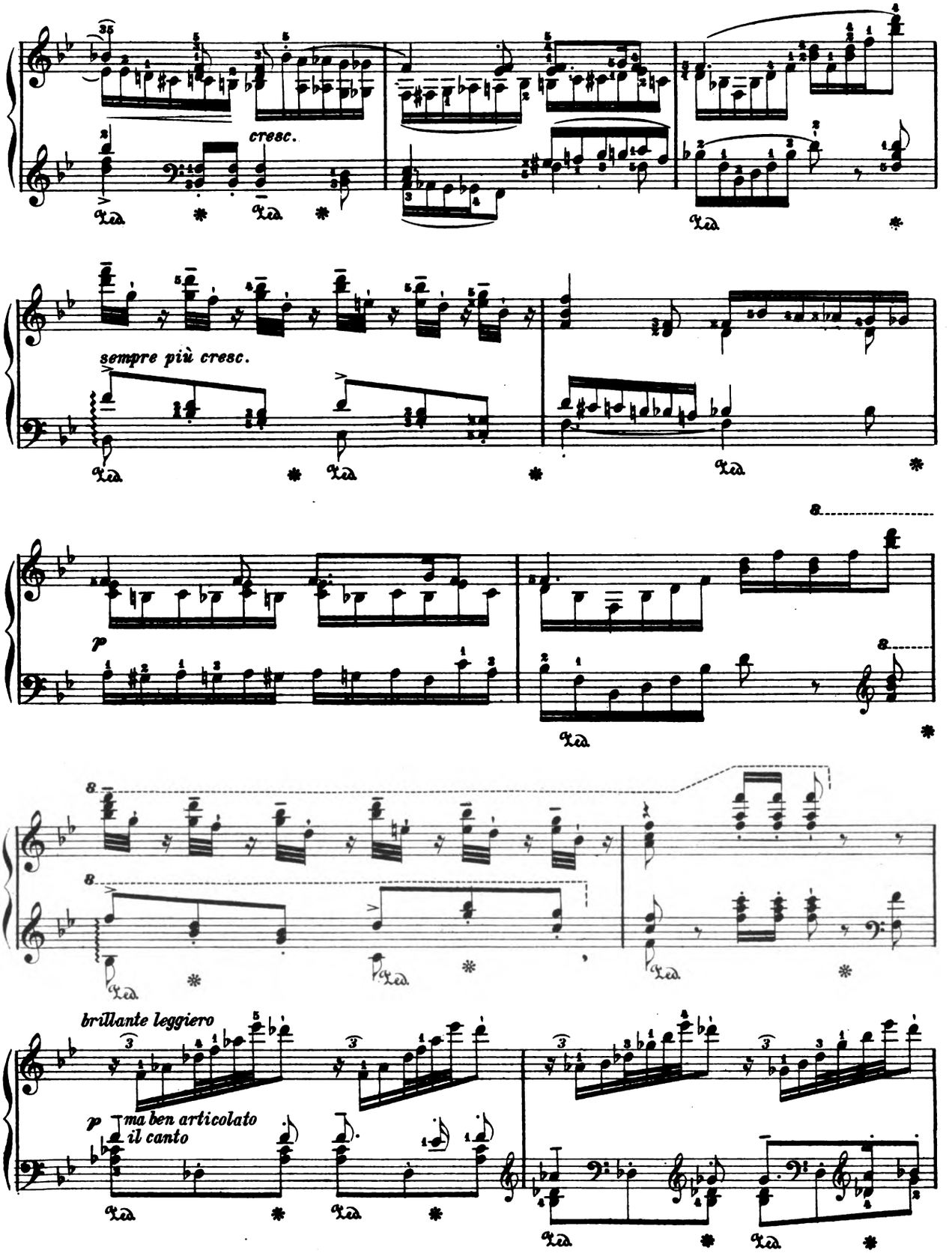

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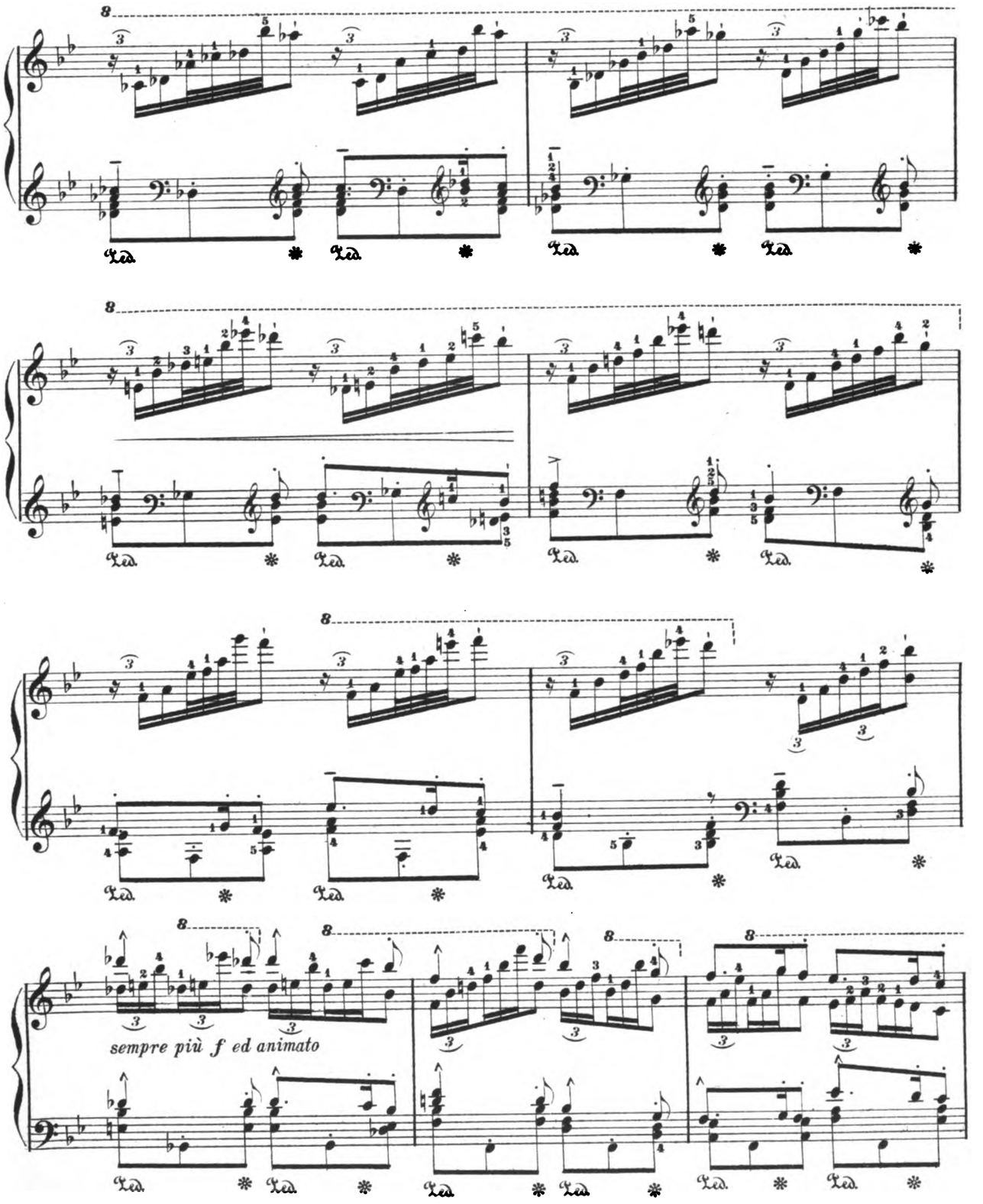

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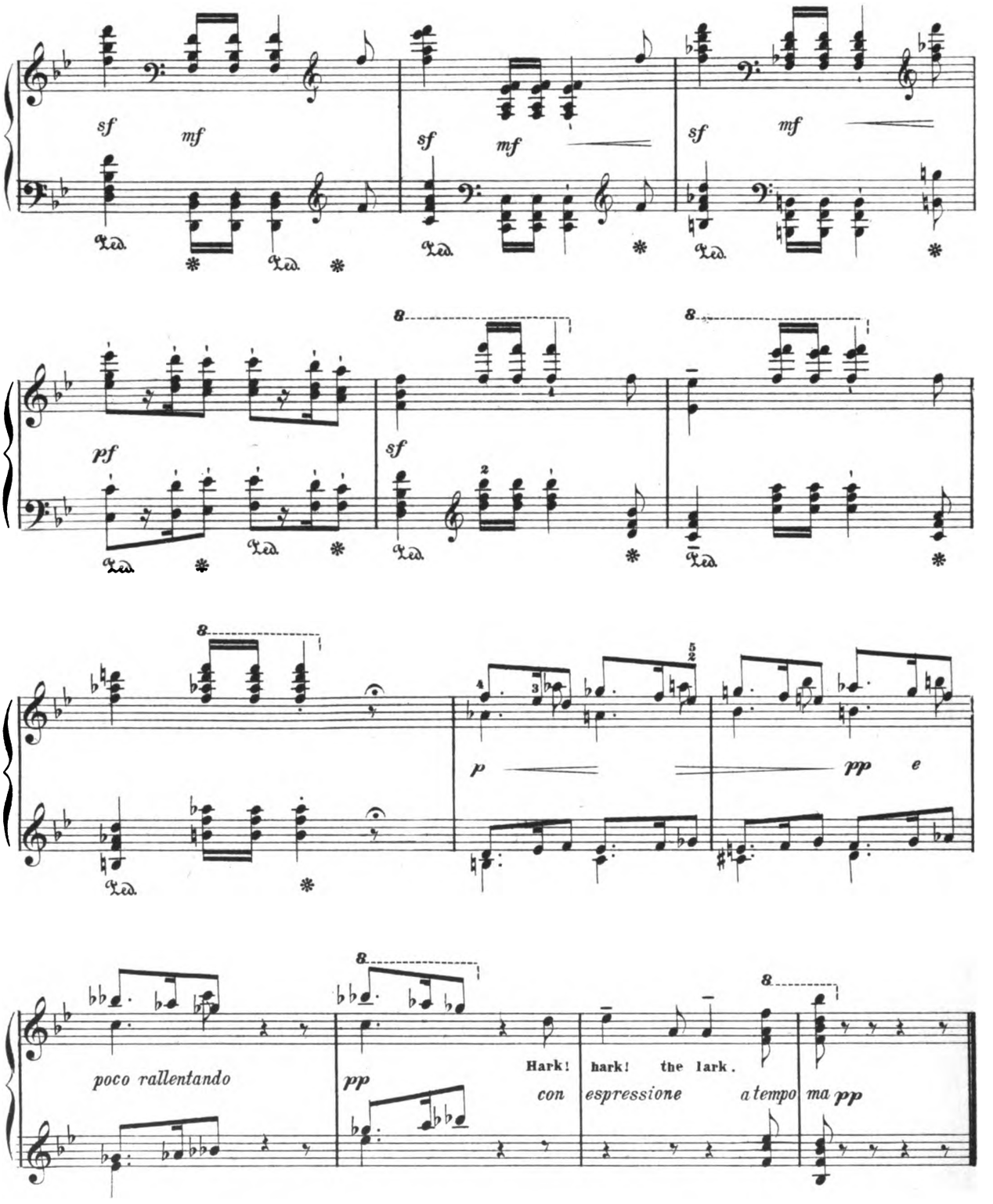

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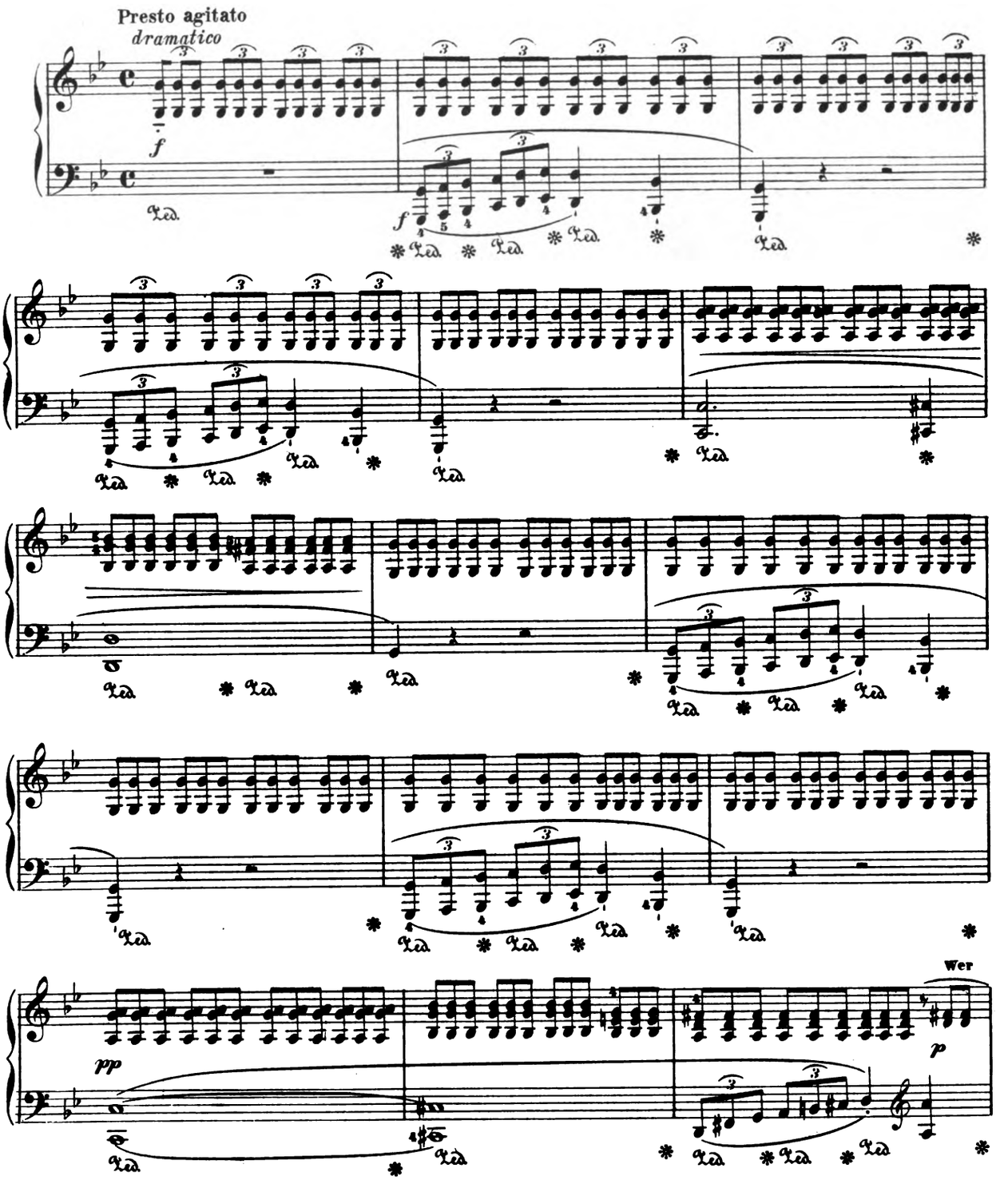

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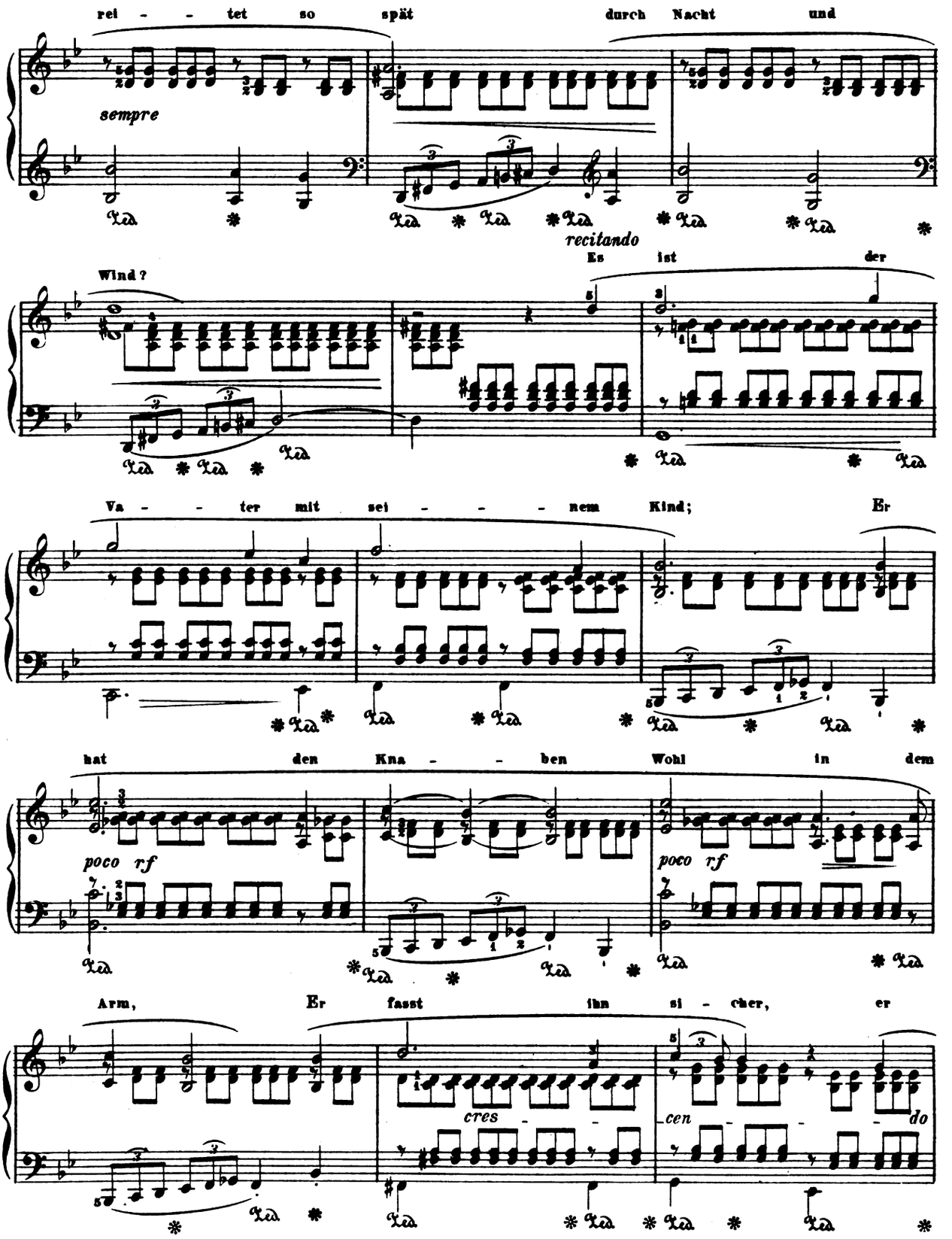

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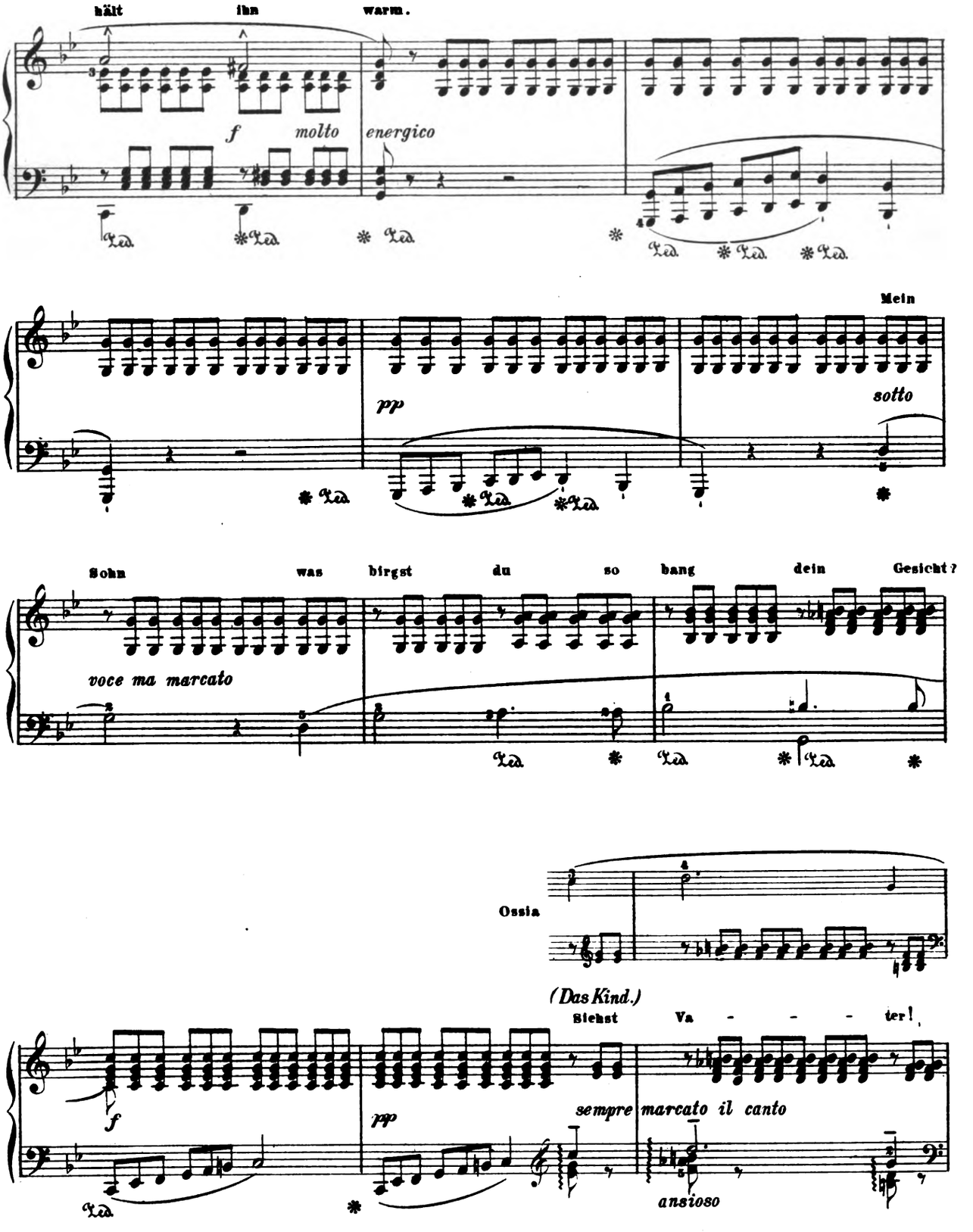

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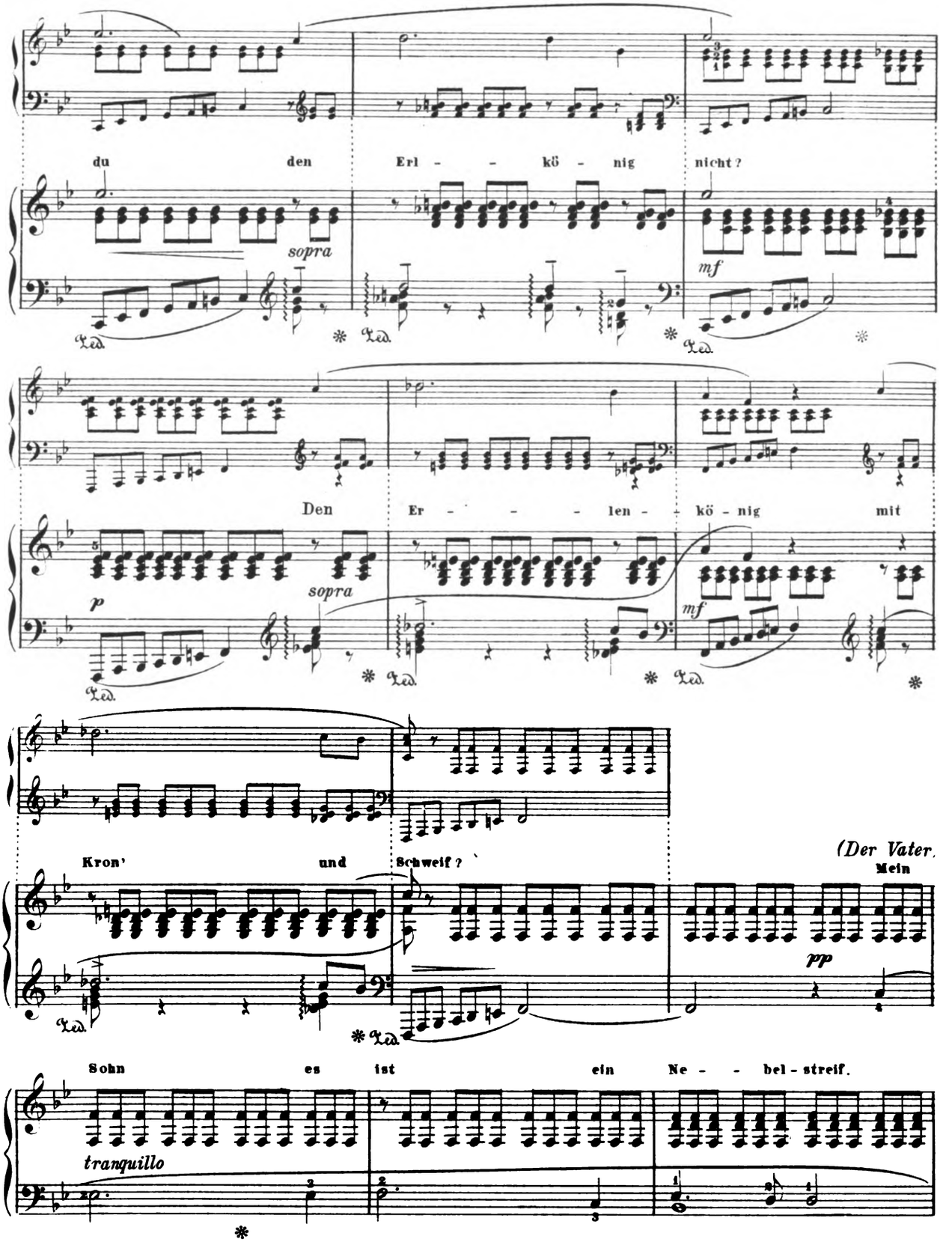

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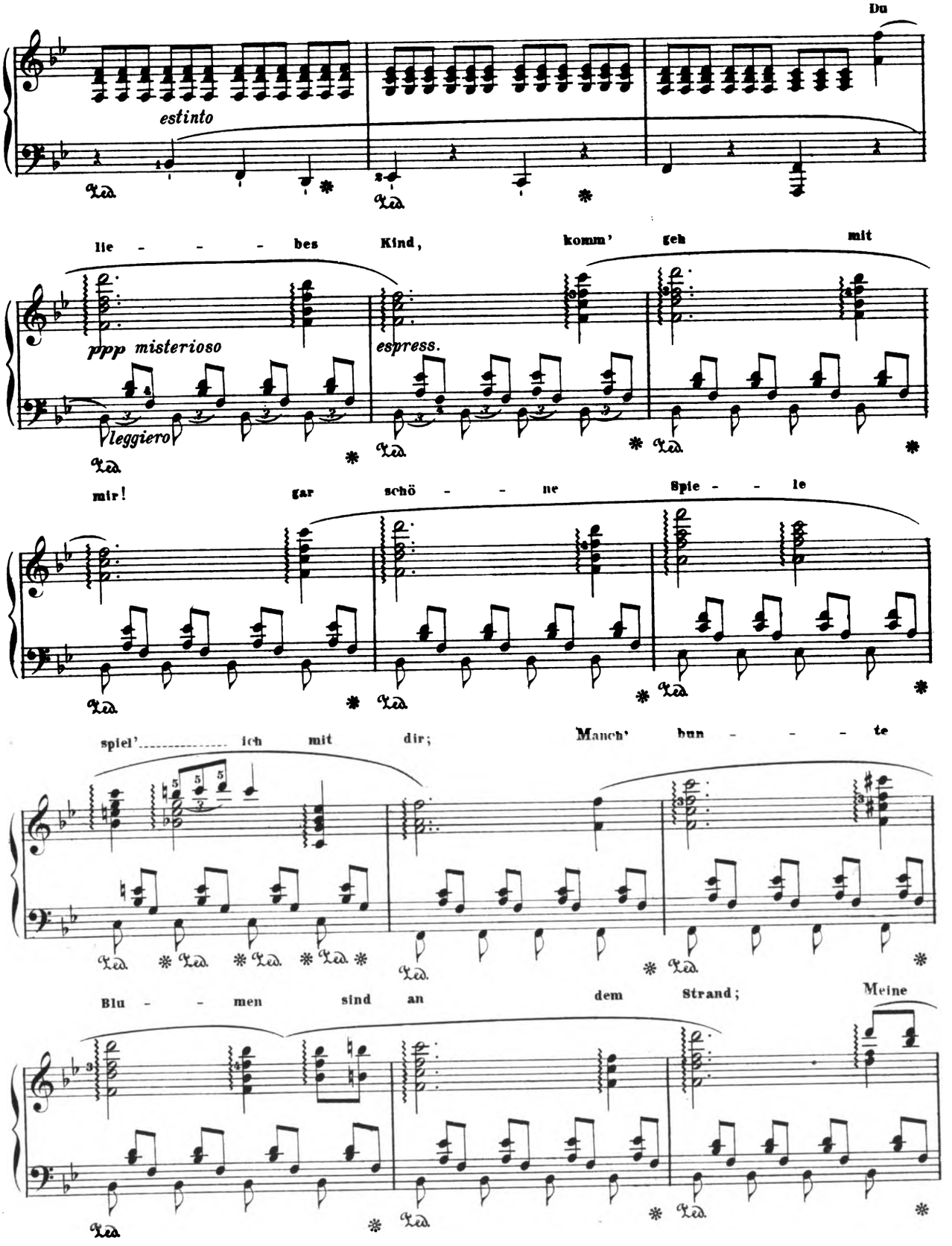

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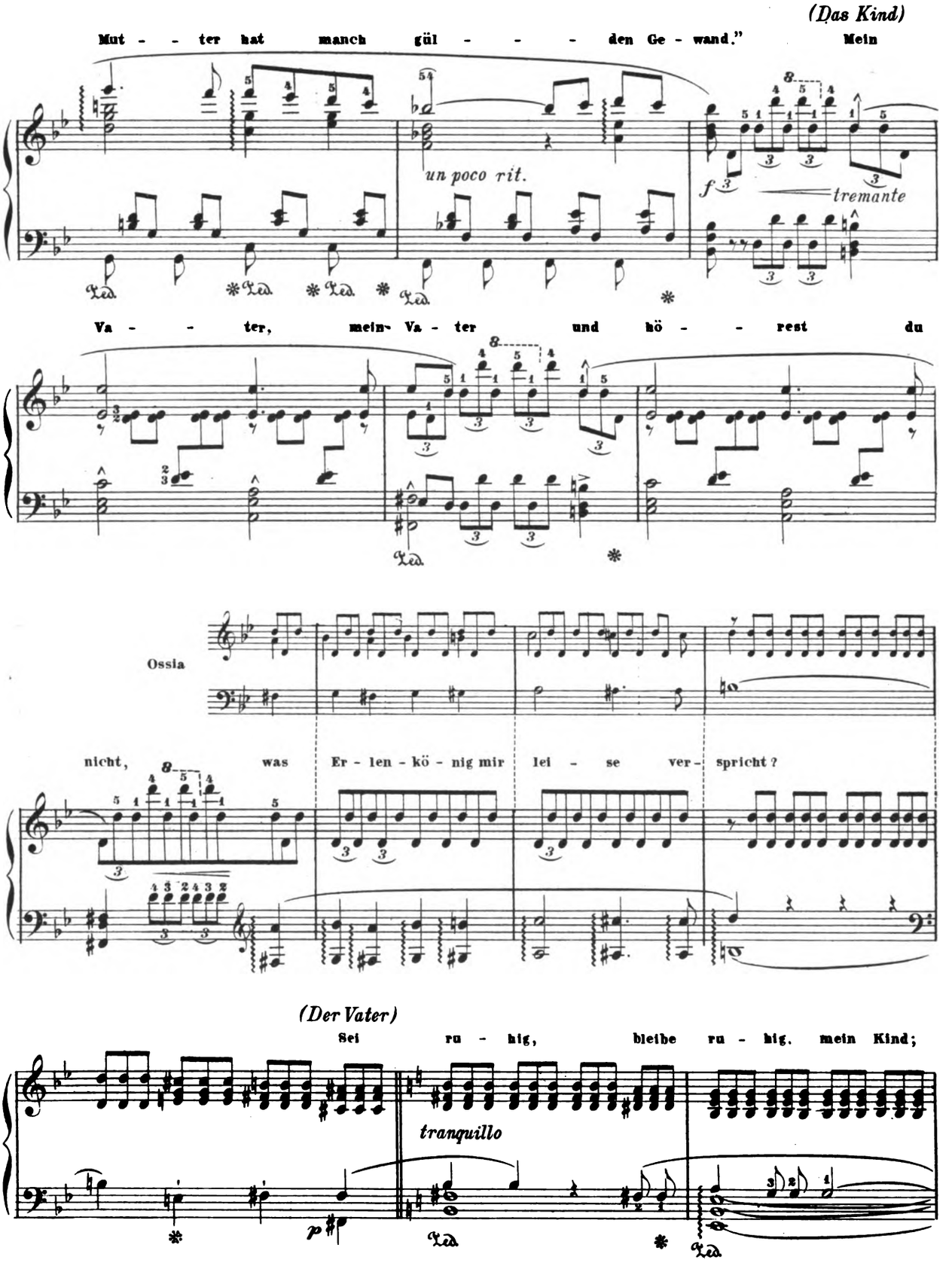

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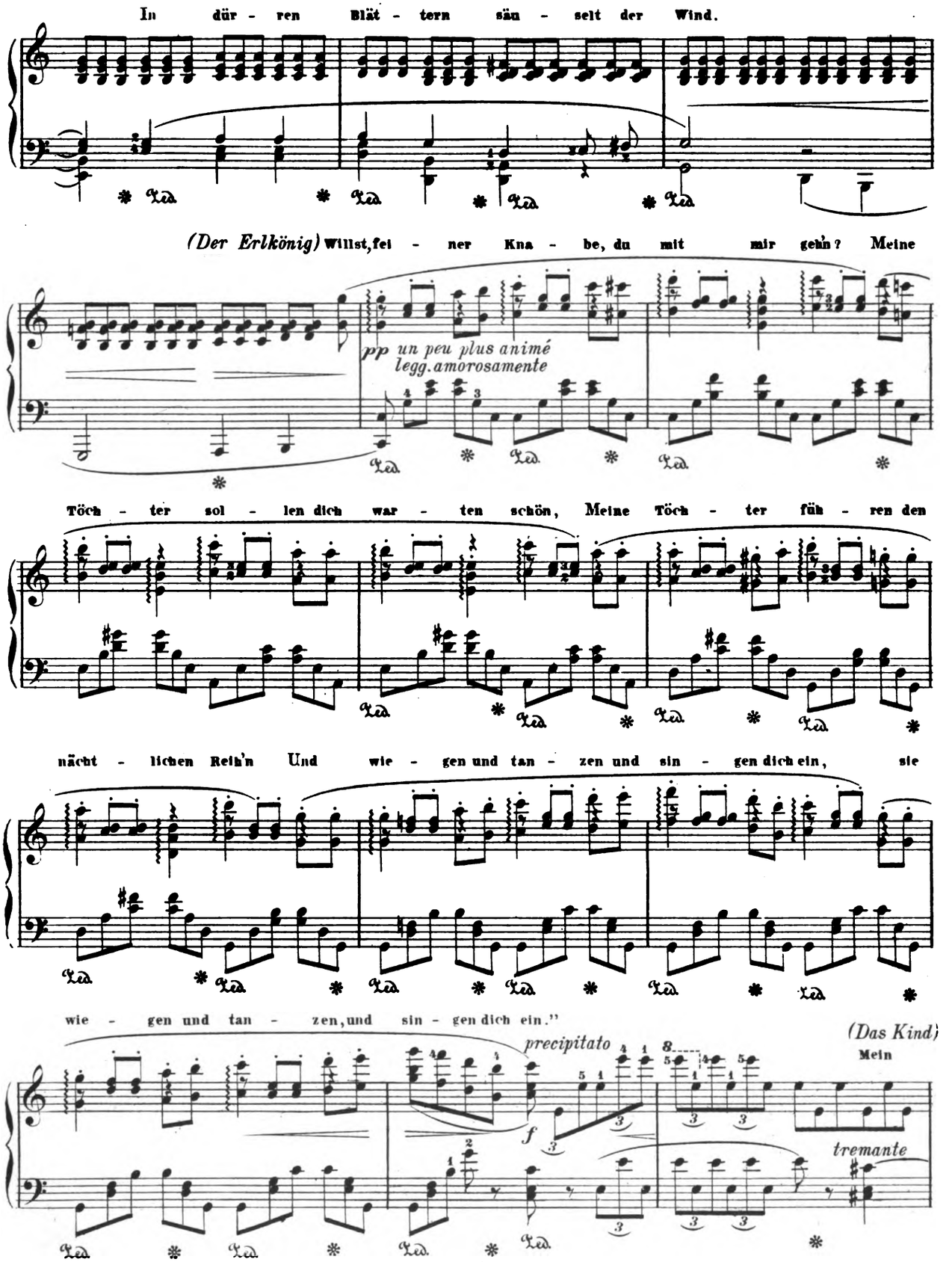

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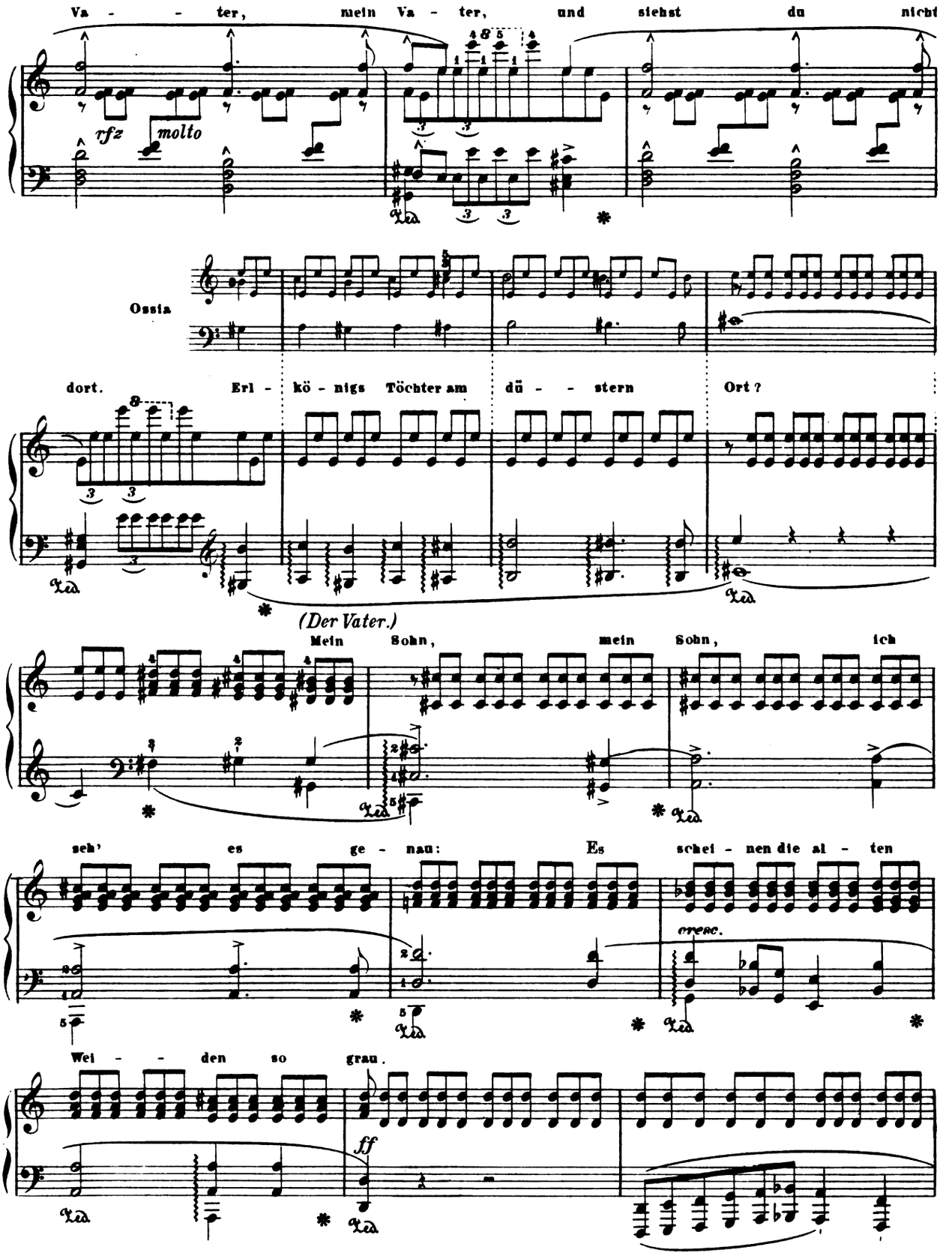

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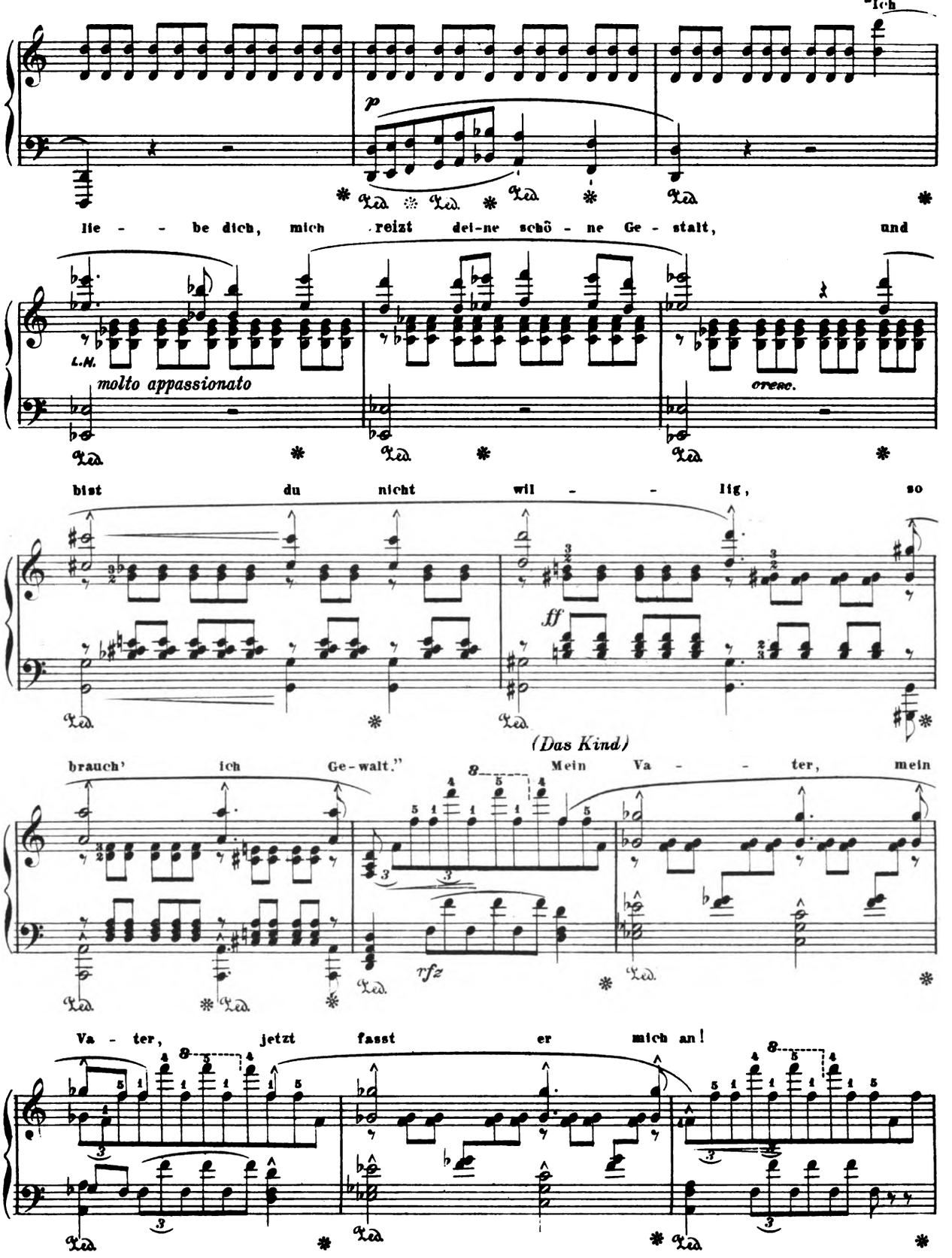

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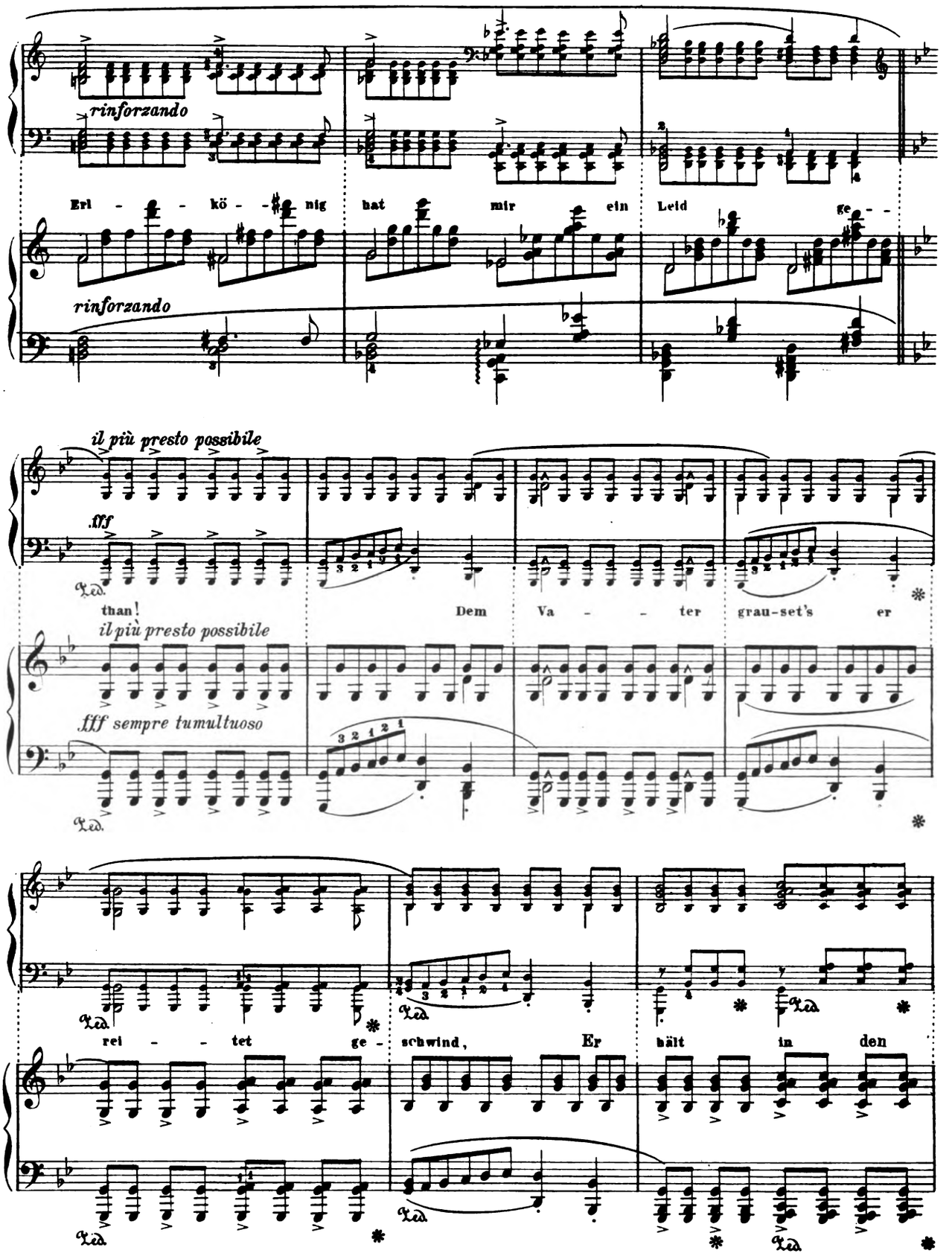

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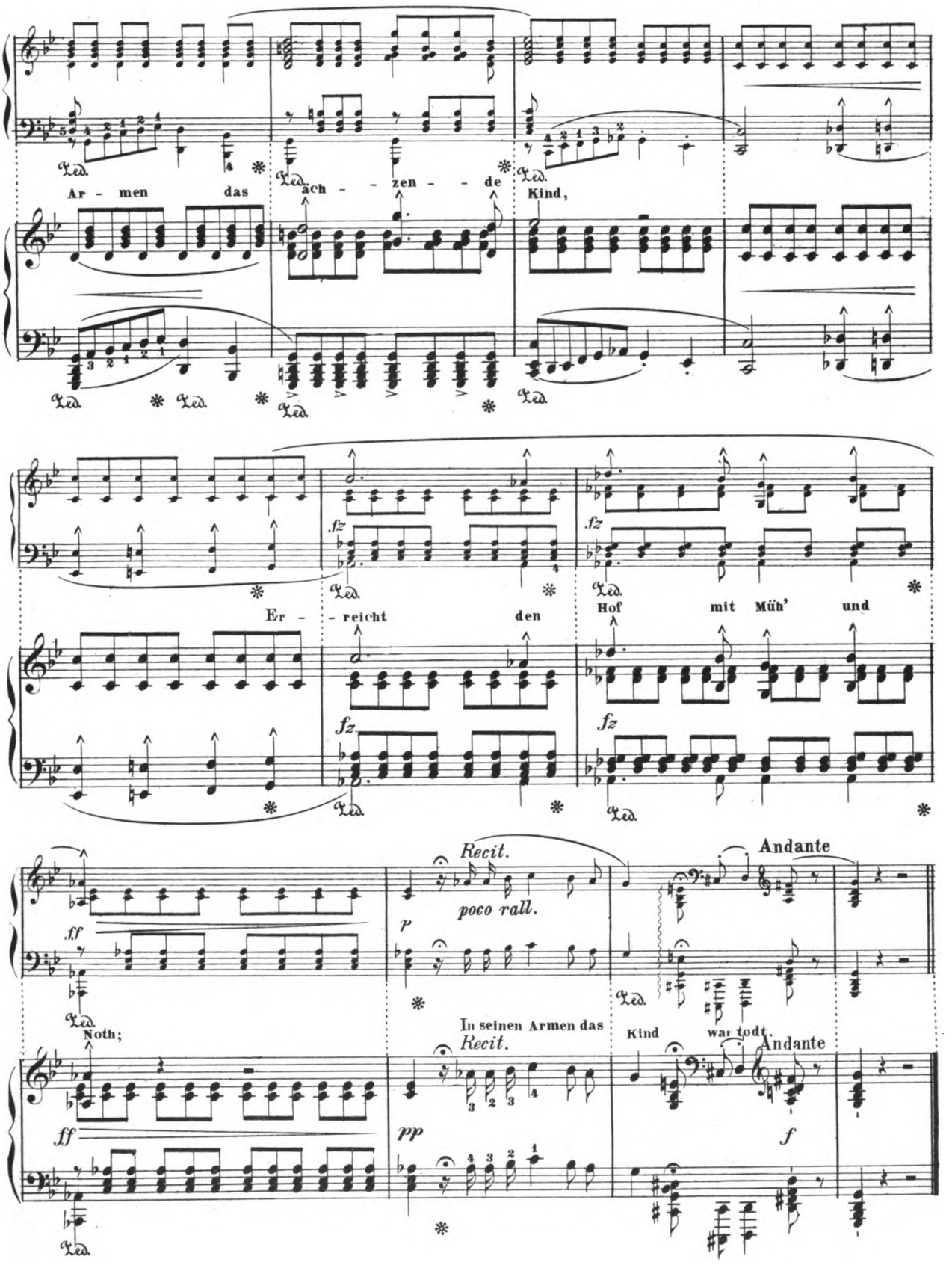

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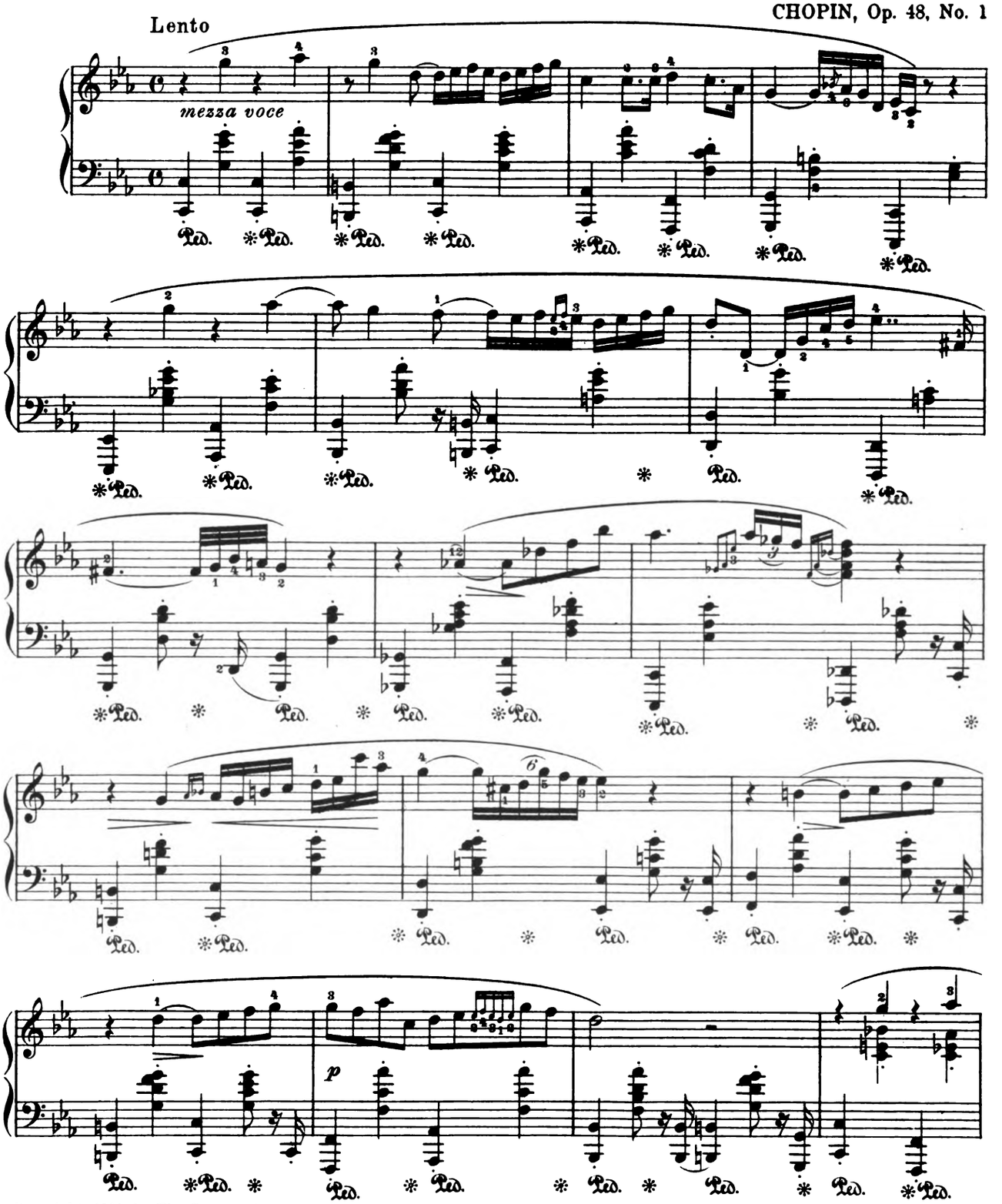
NOCTURNE

C MINOR

CHOPIN, Op. 48, No. 1



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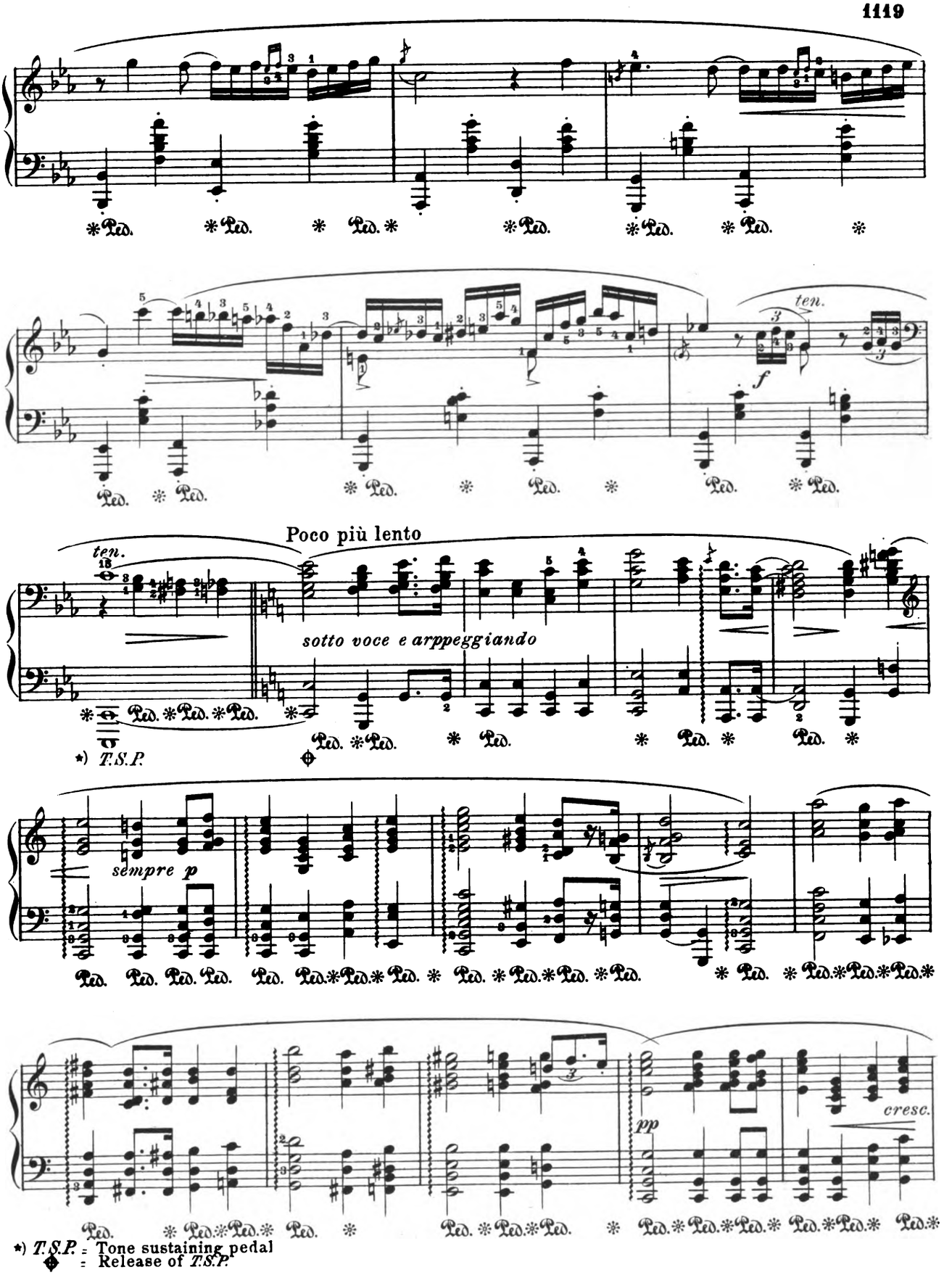

*) *T.S.P.* = Tone sustaining pedal
◆ = Release of *T.S.P.*

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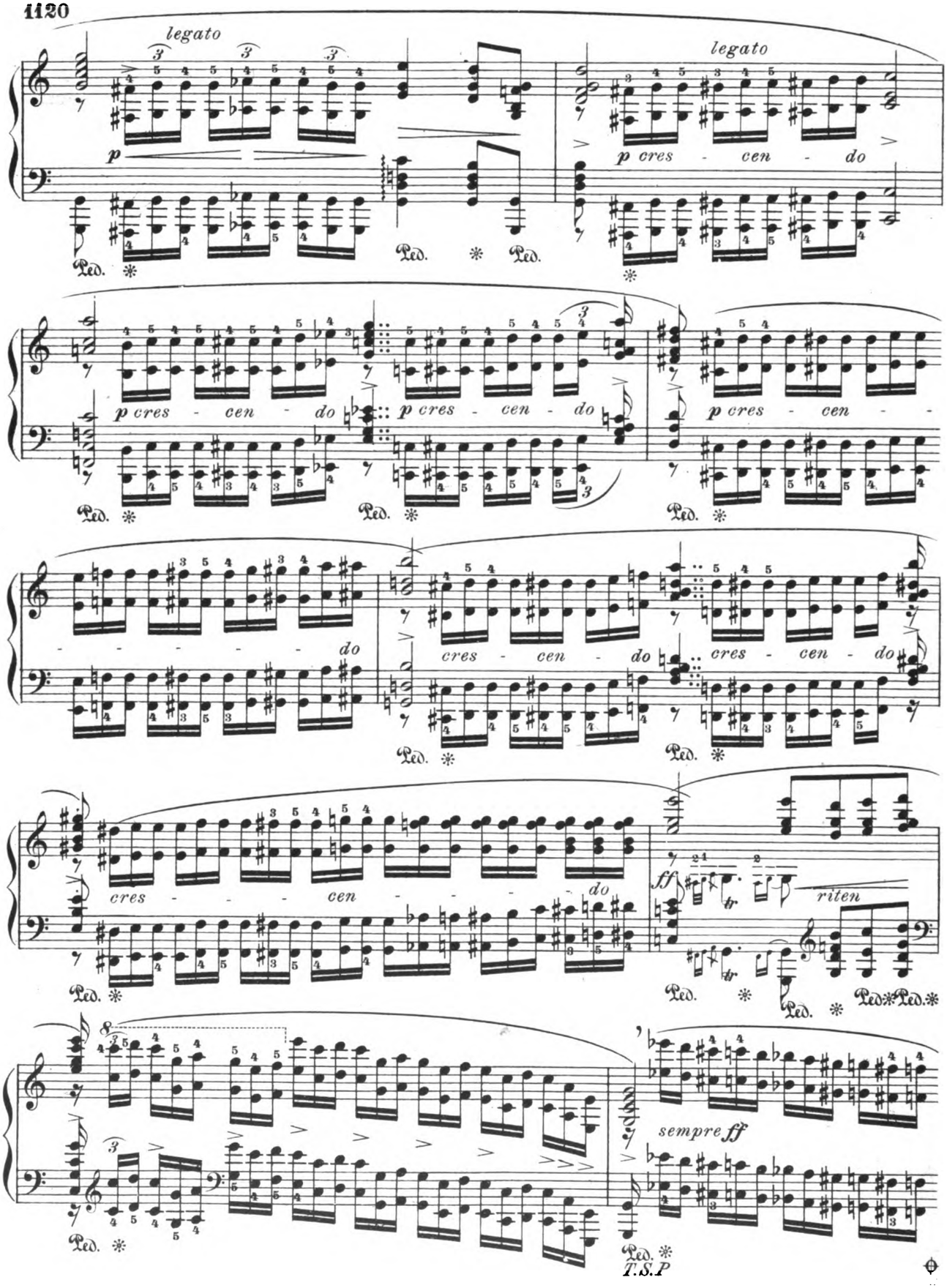

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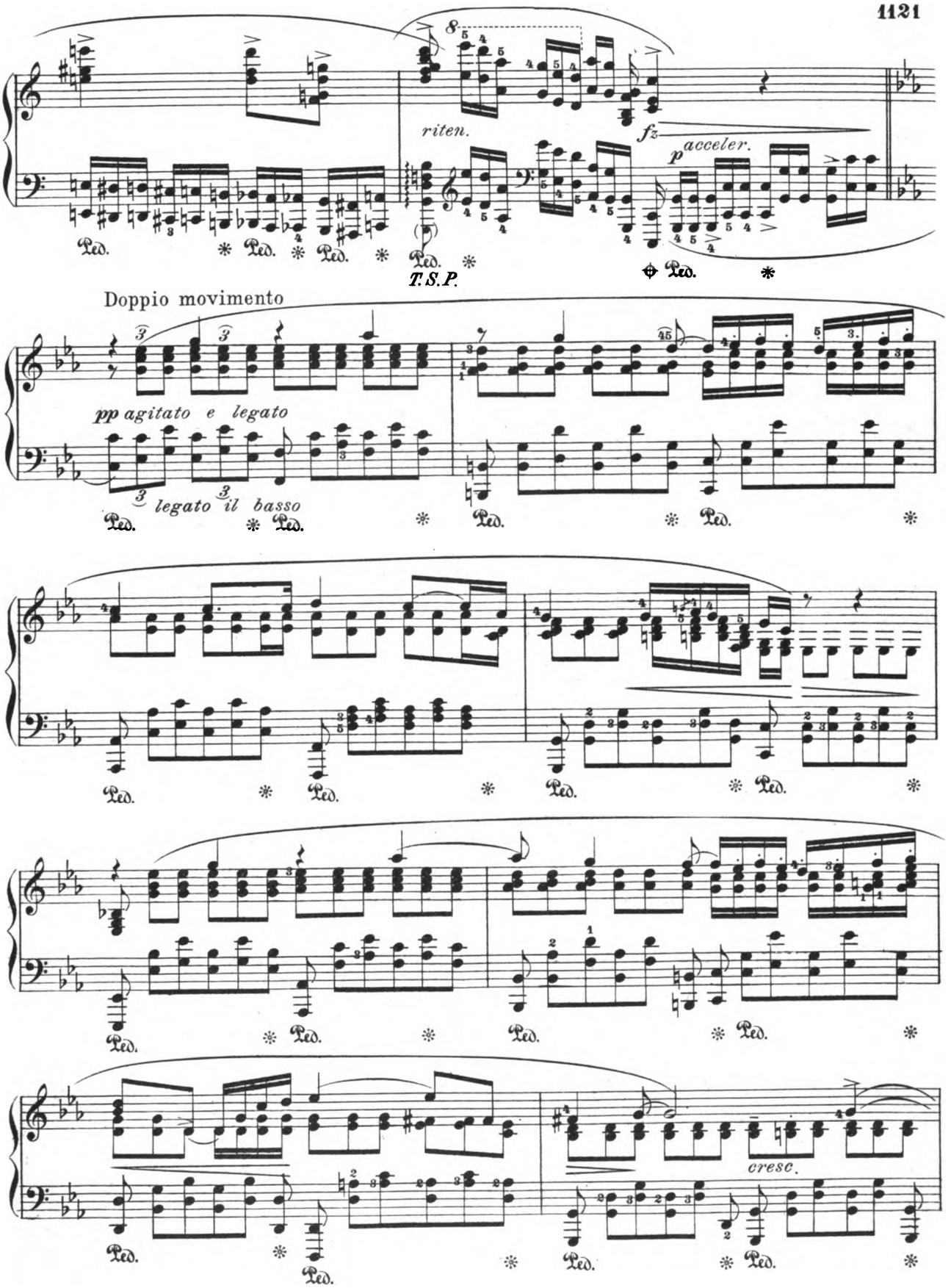

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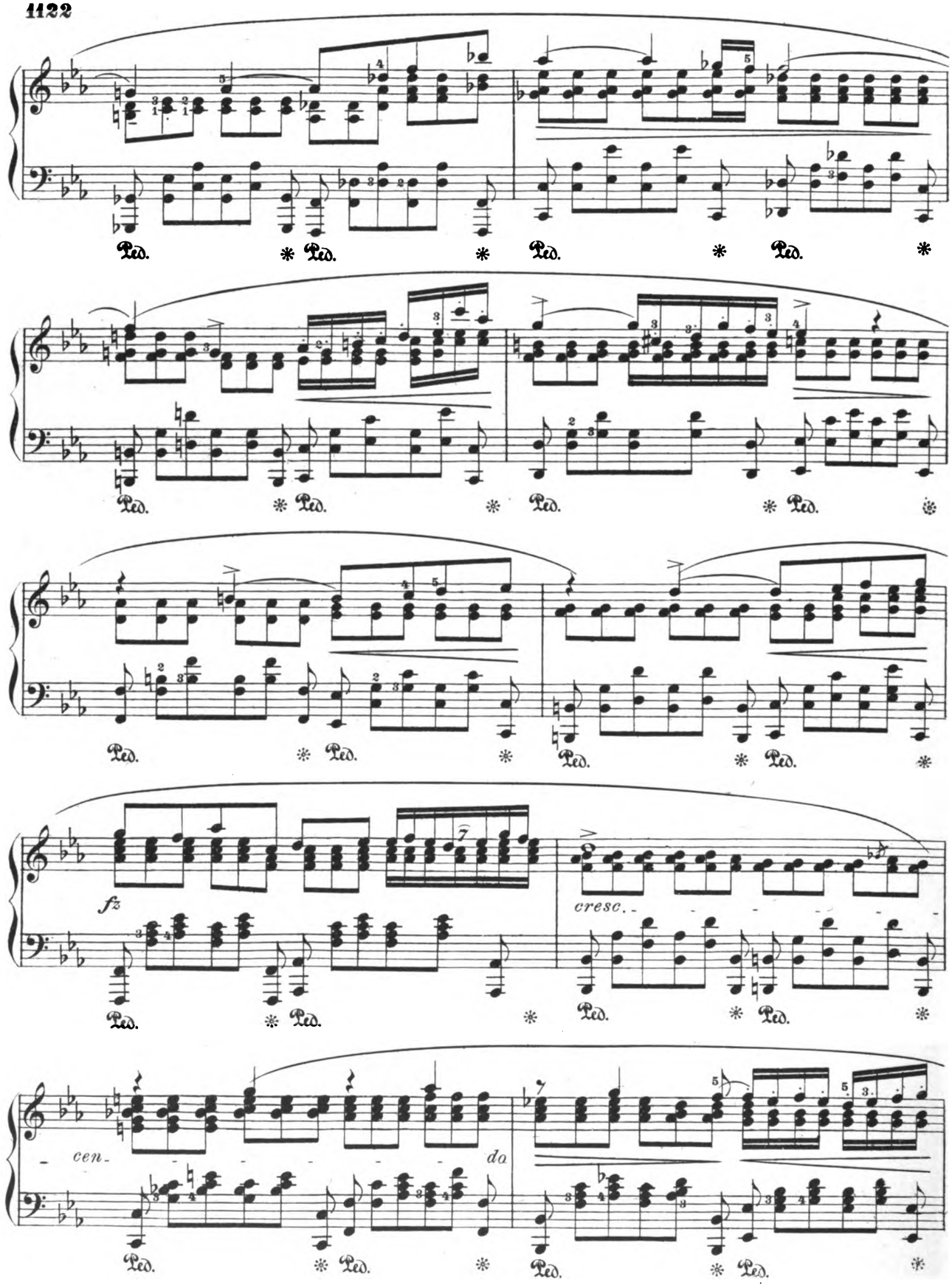

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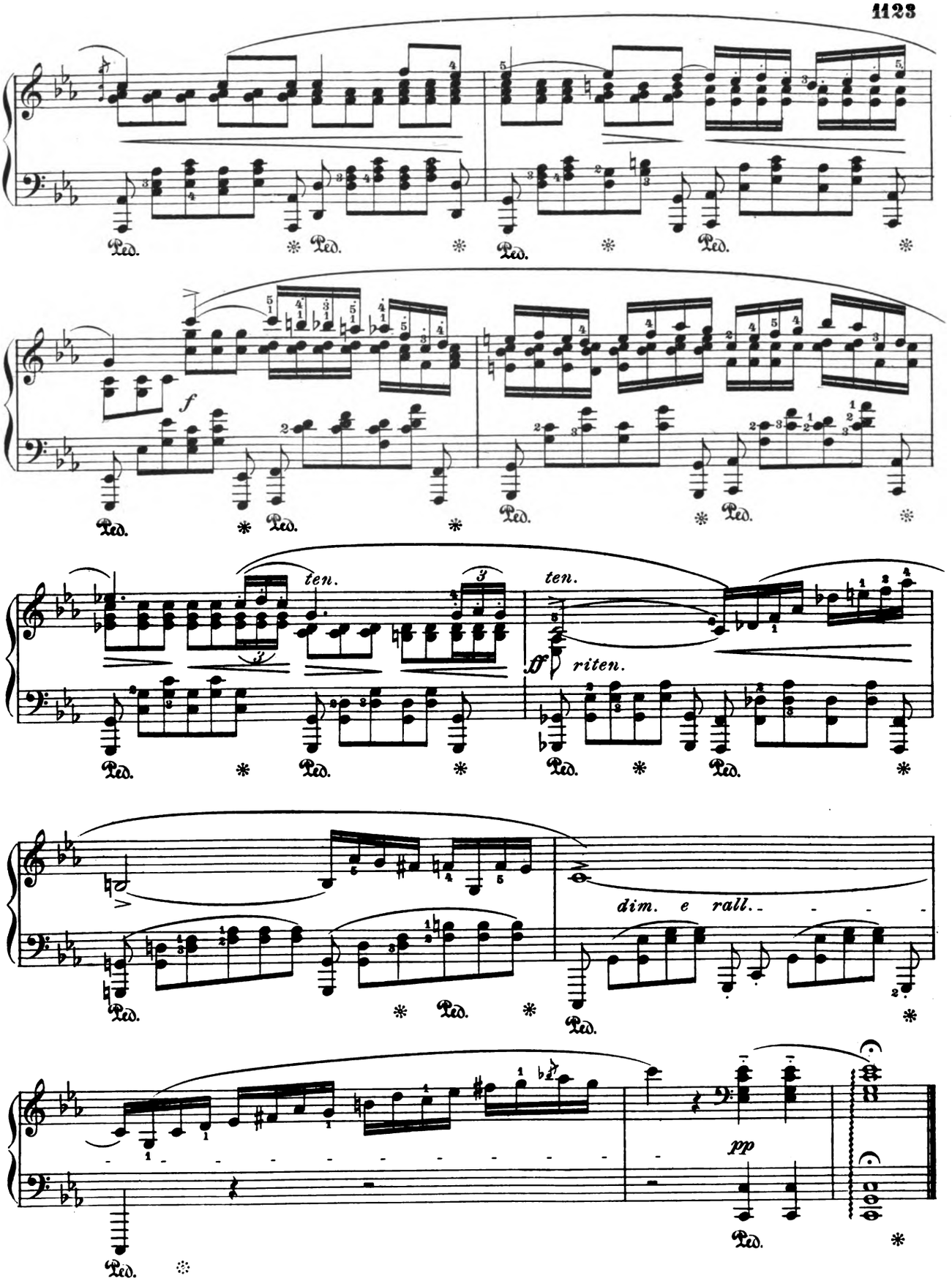

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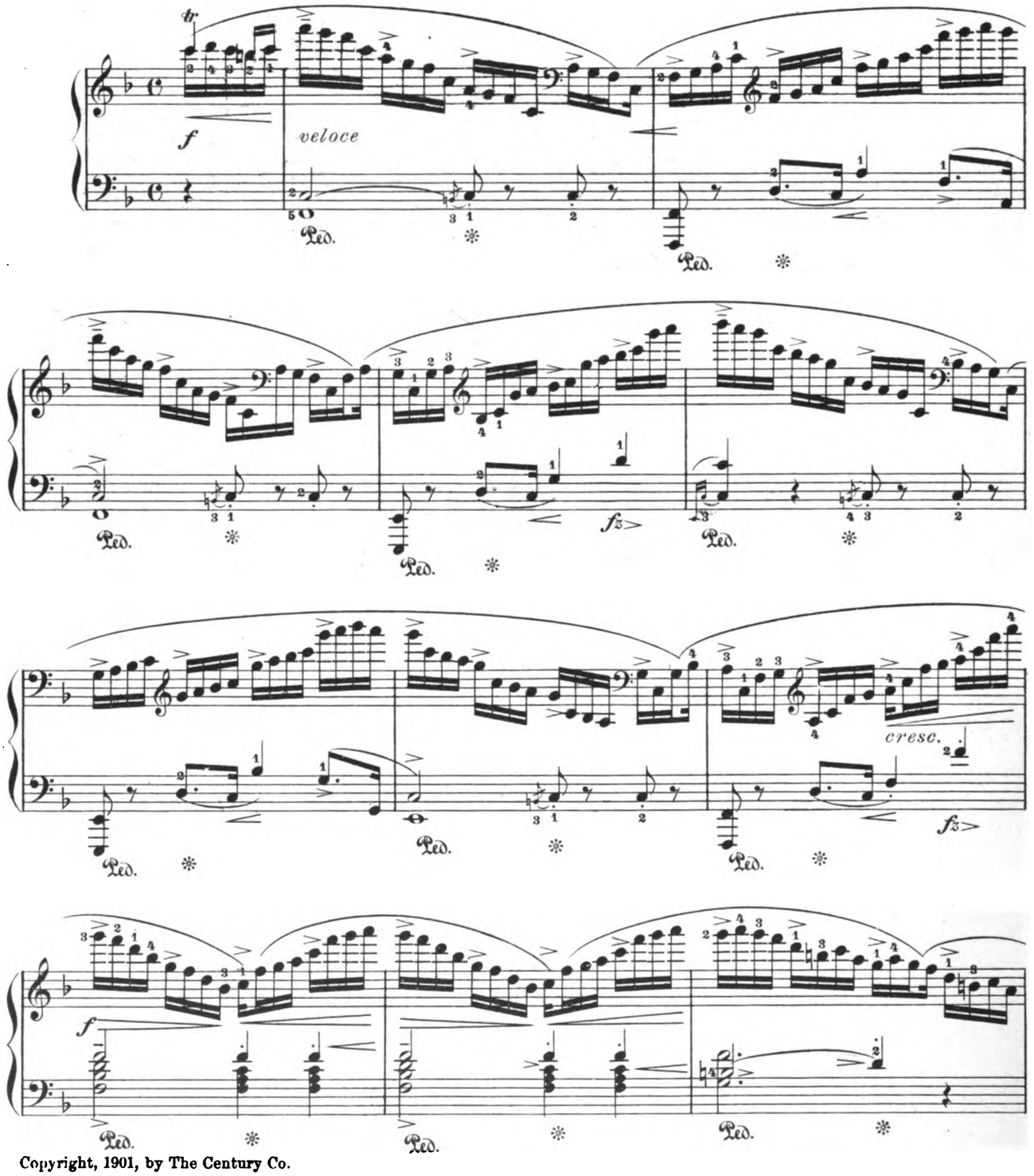
ÉTUDE

F MAJOR

Allegro ♩ = 80

CHOPIN, Op. 10, No. 8



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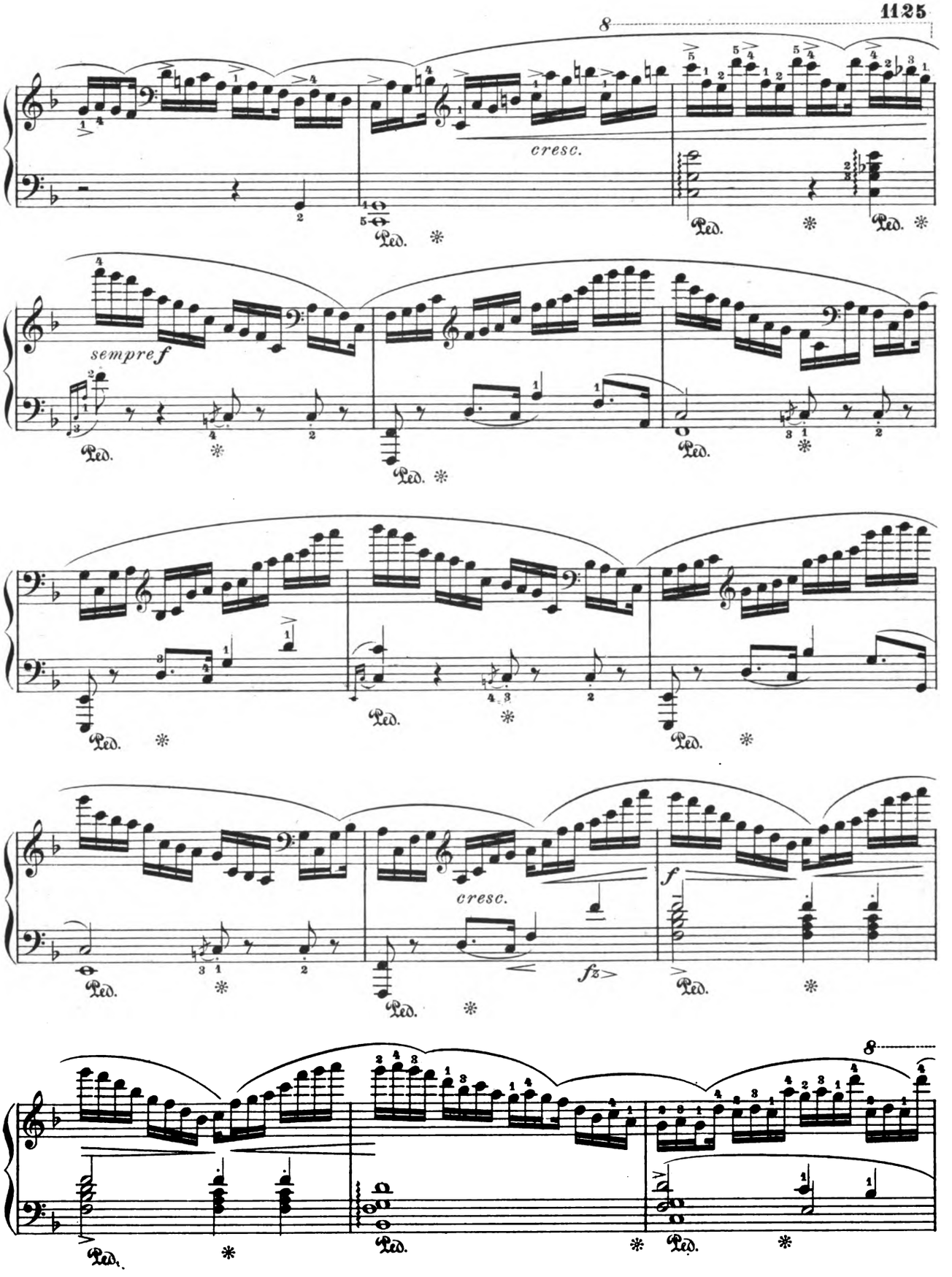

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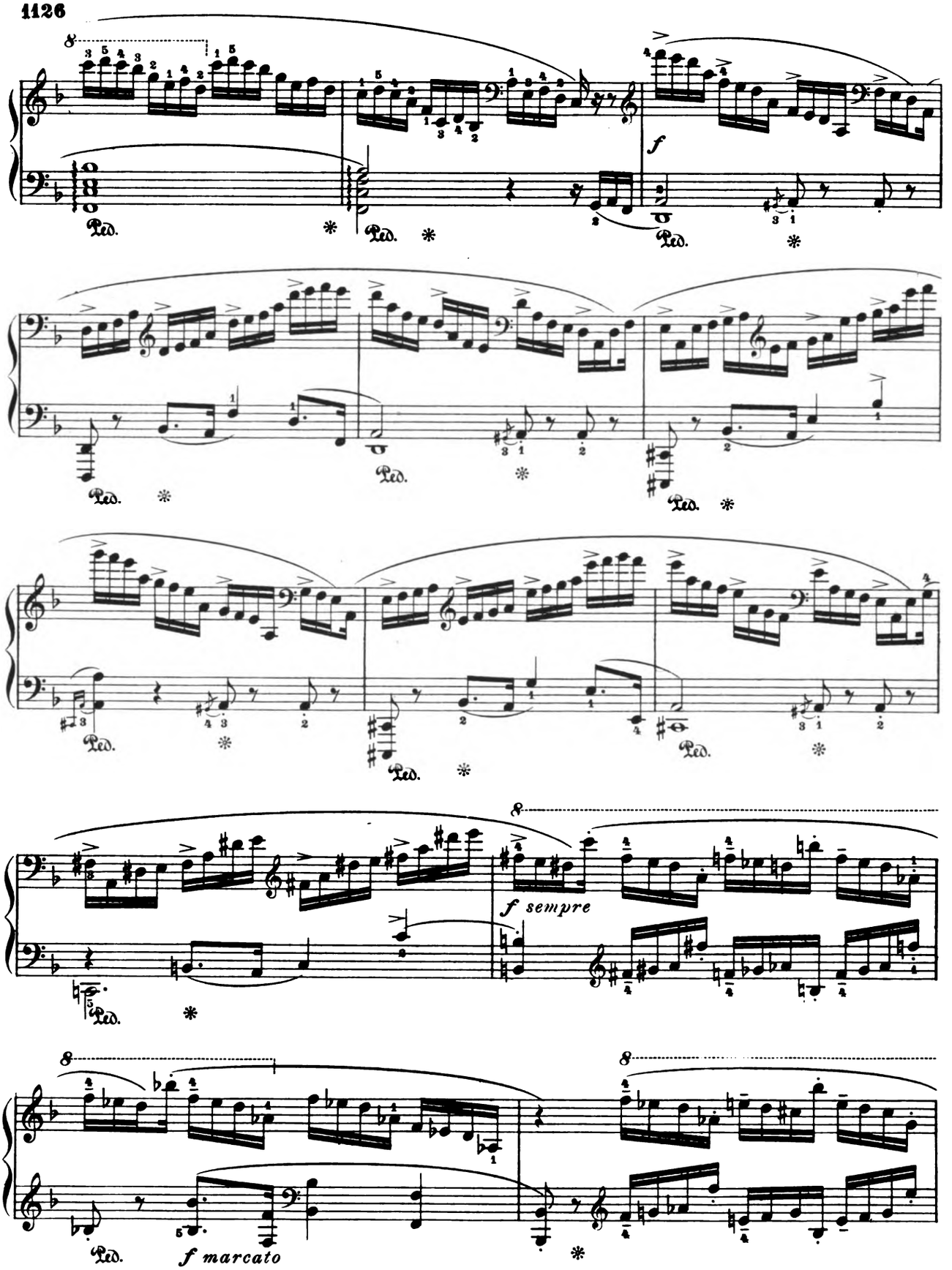

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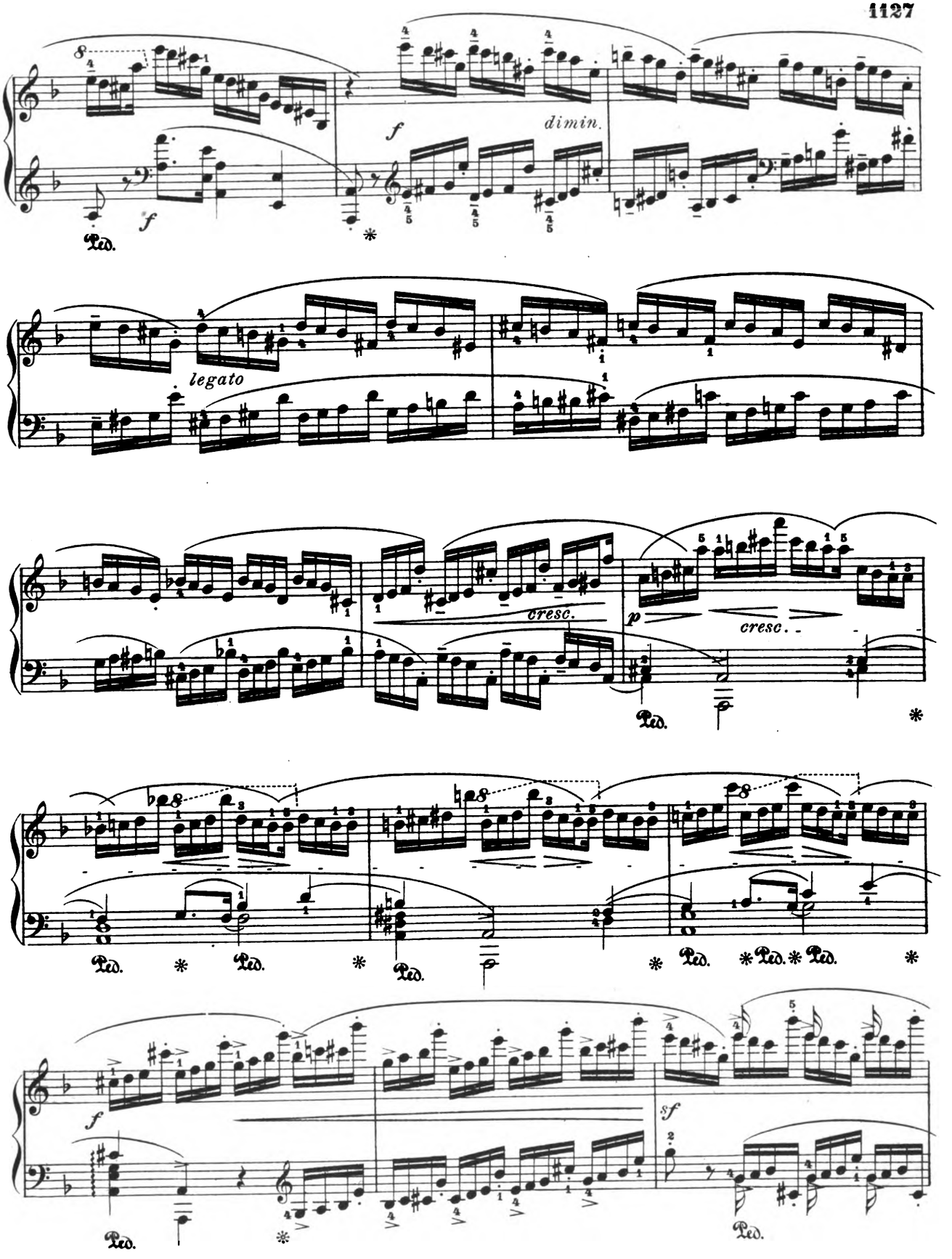

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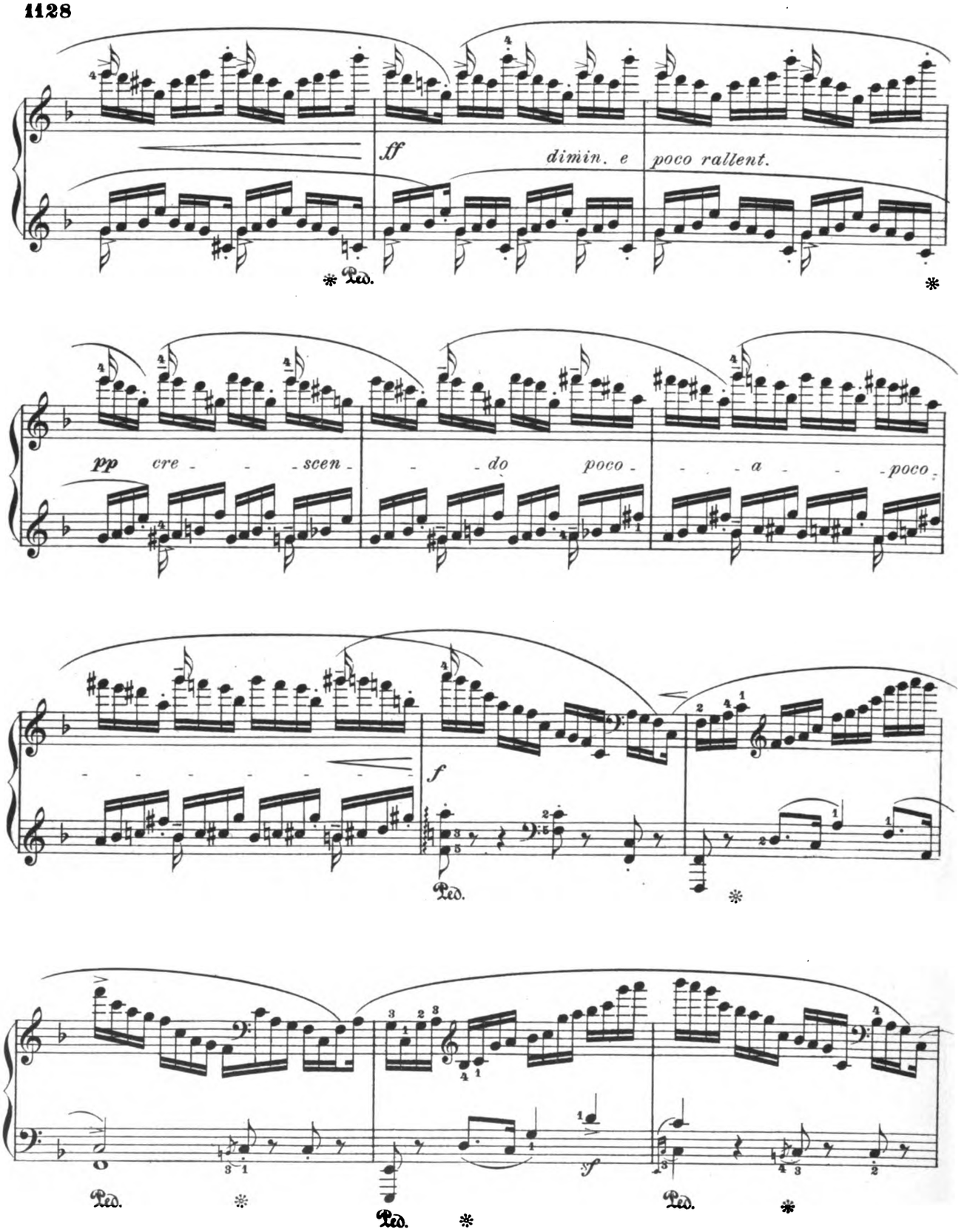

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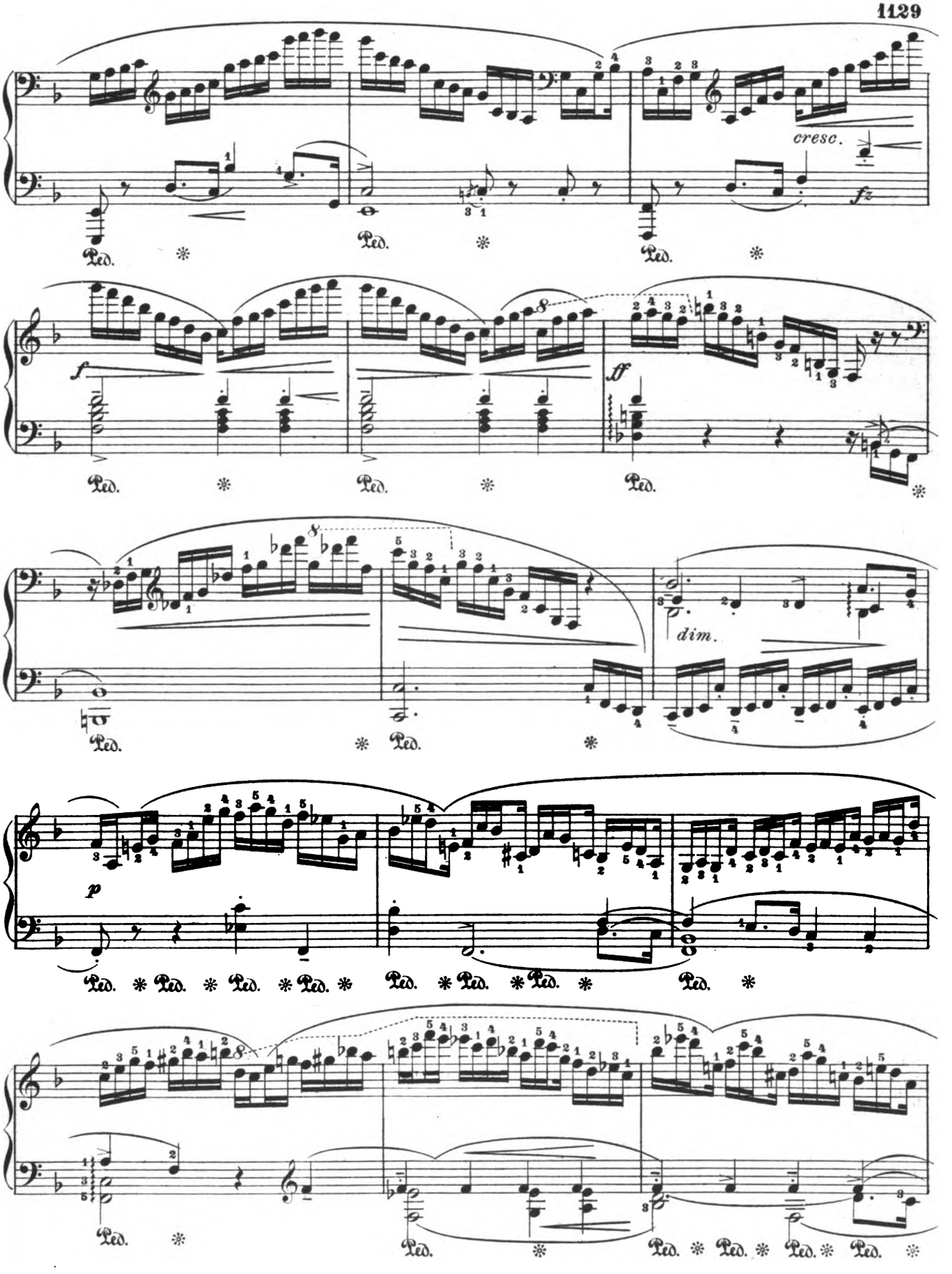

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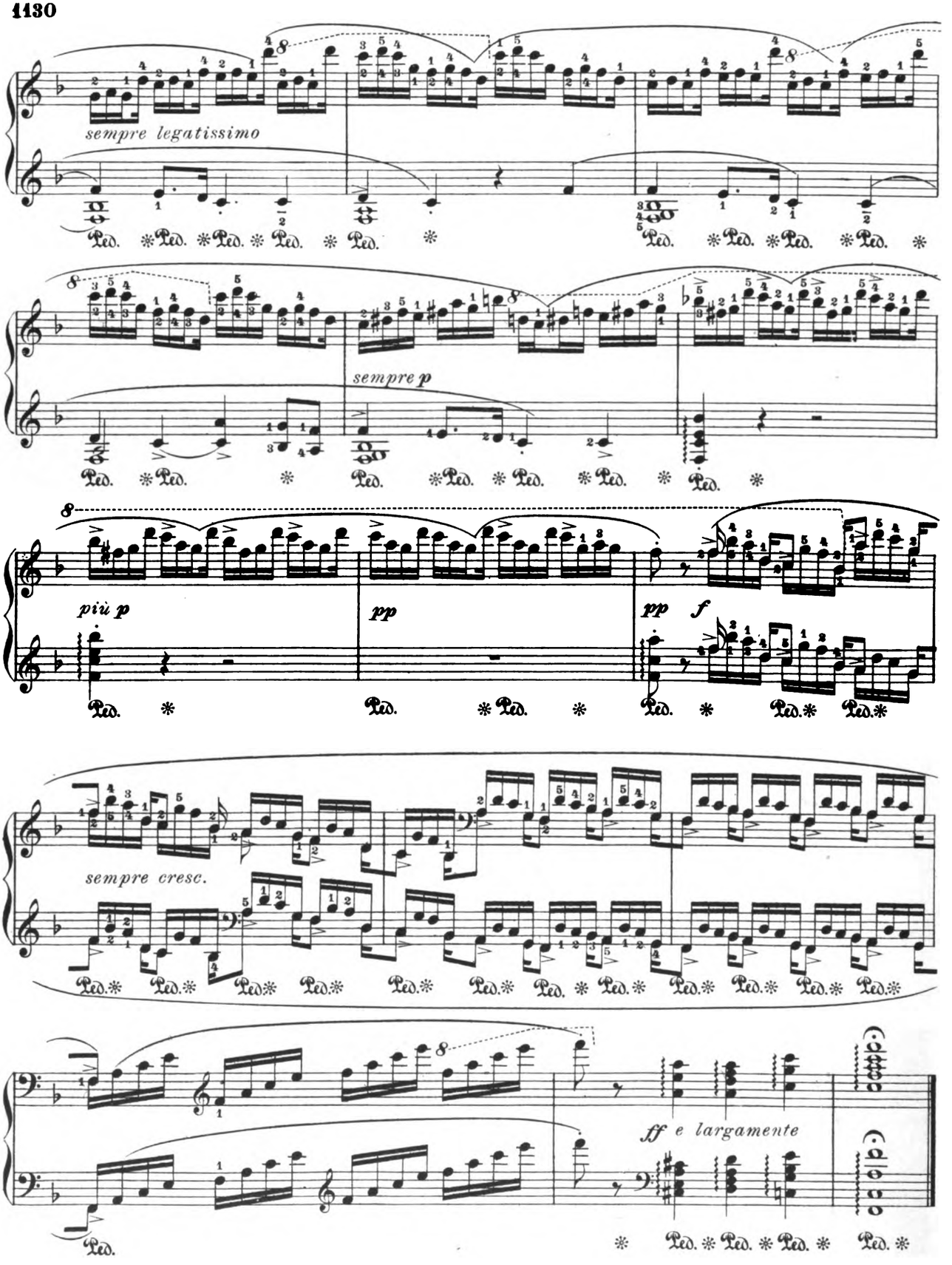

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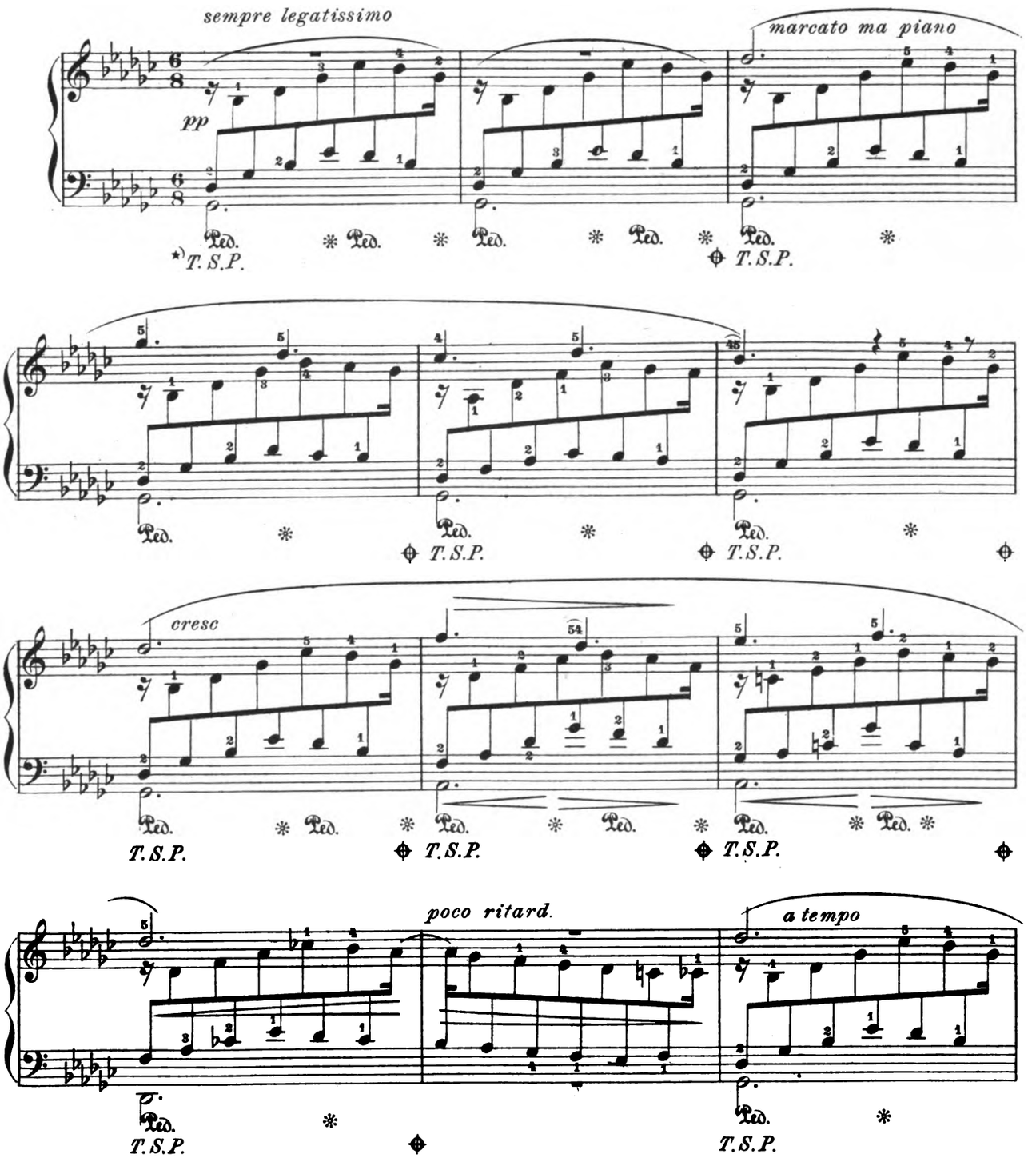
Andantino

A. HENSELT



*) *T. S. P.* = Tone sustaining pedal - ⊕ = Release for *T.S.P.*

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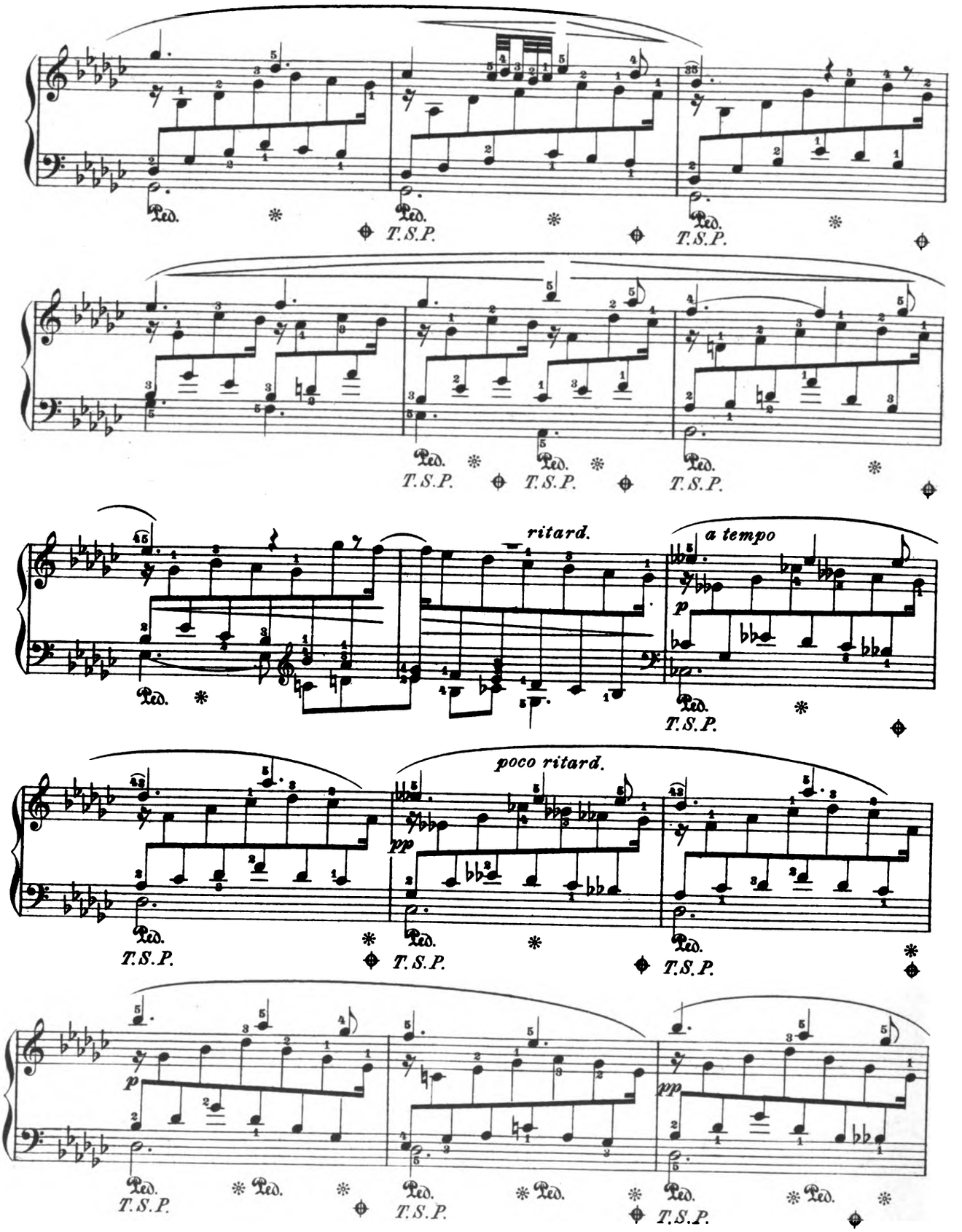

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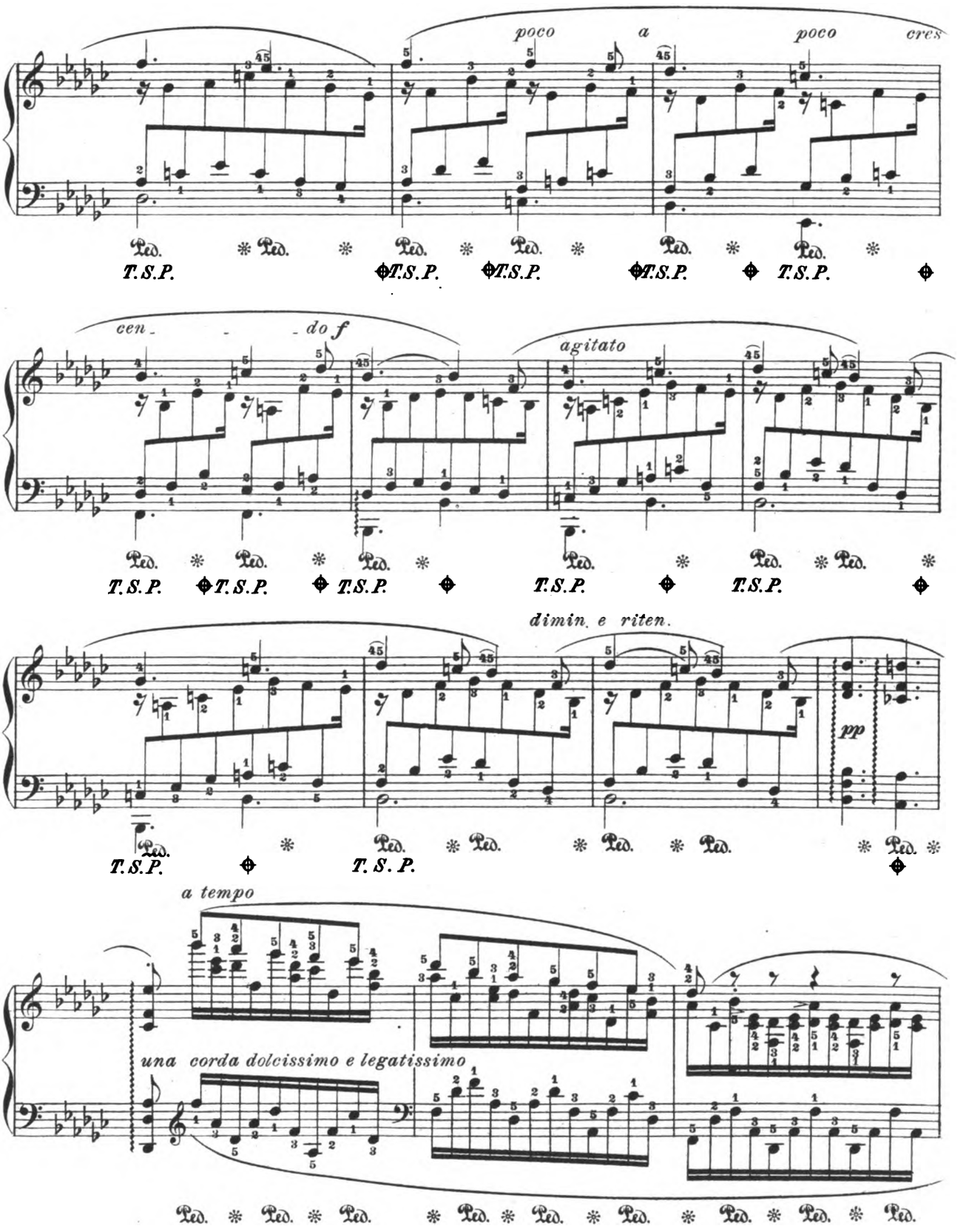

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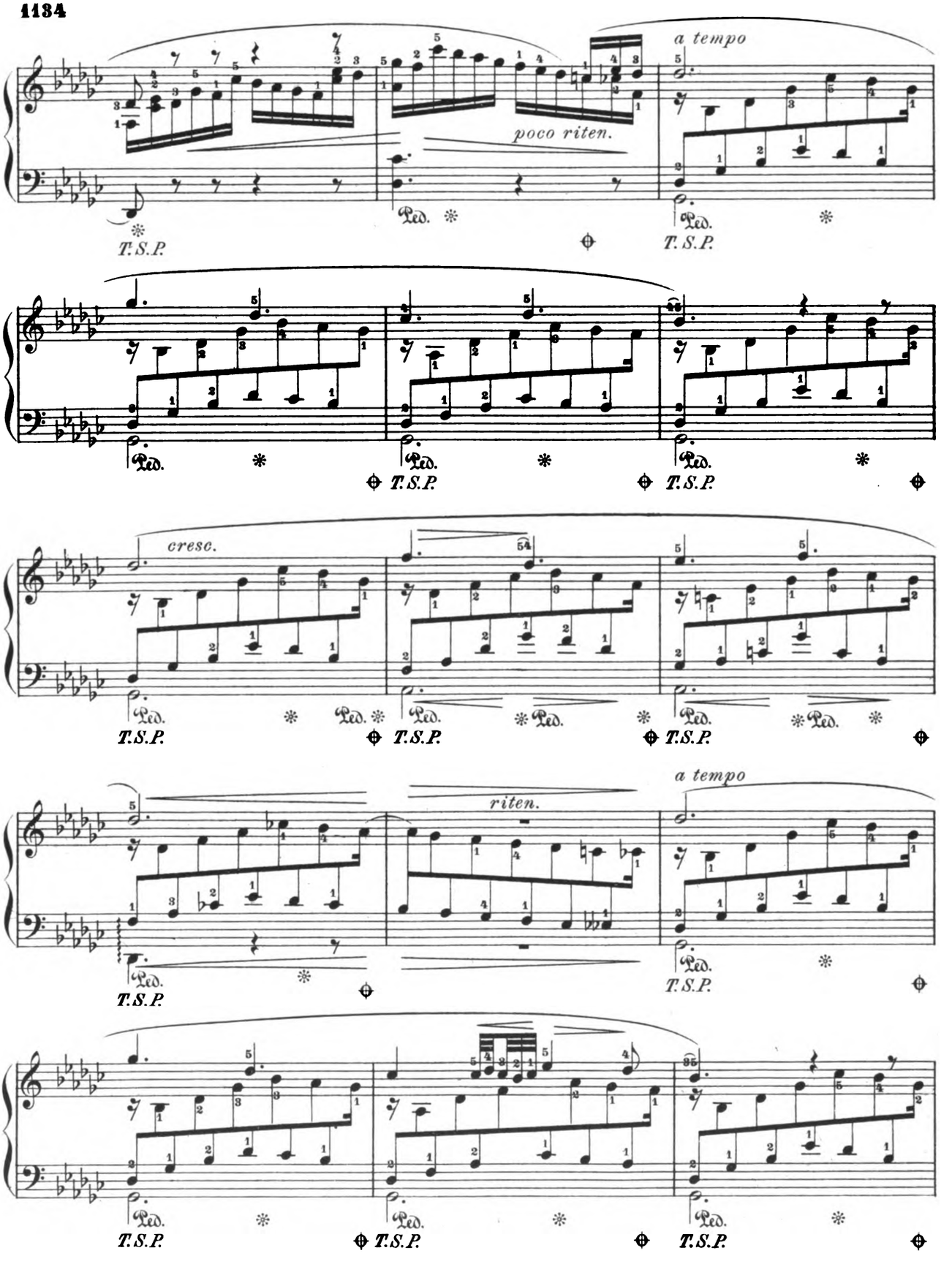

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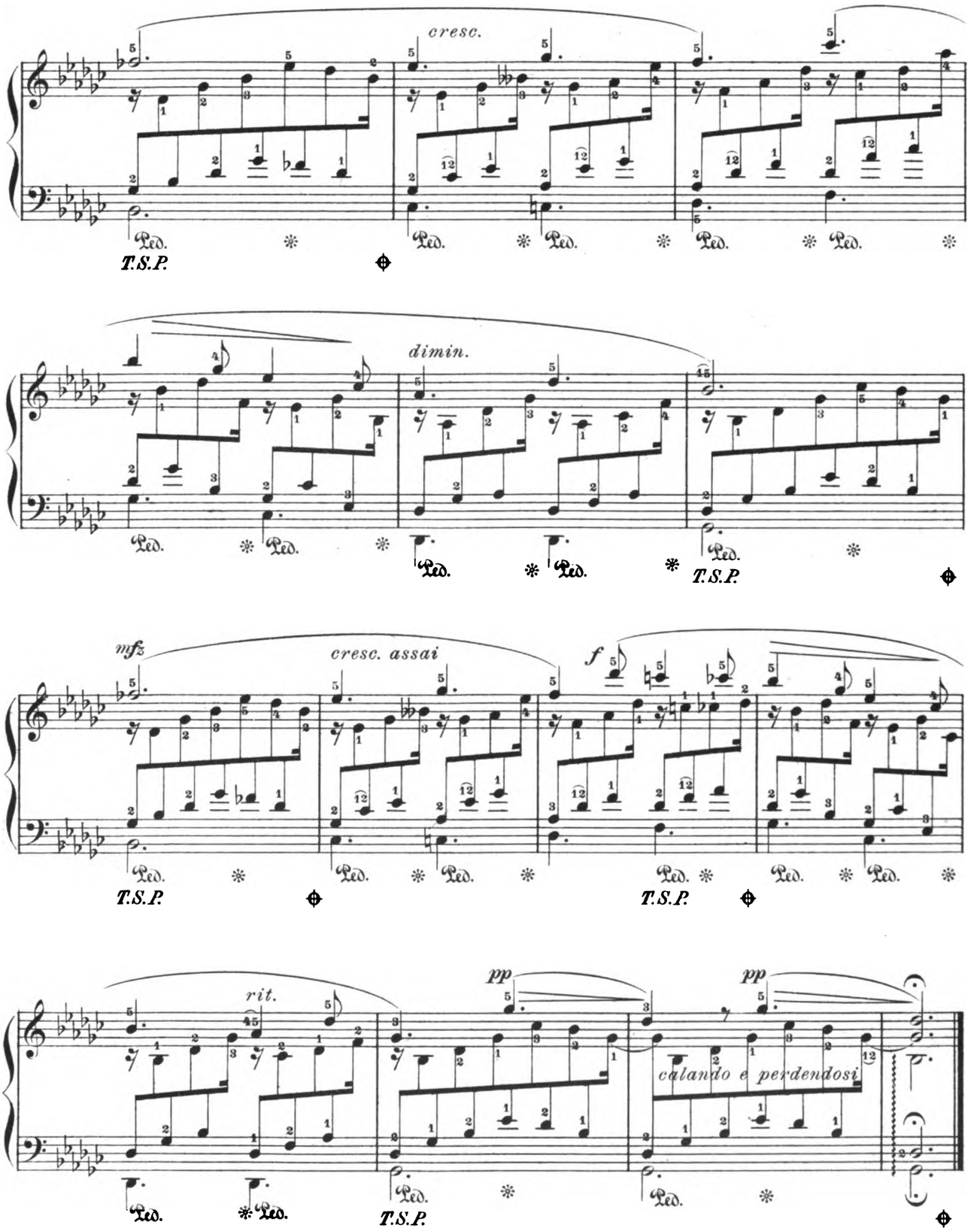

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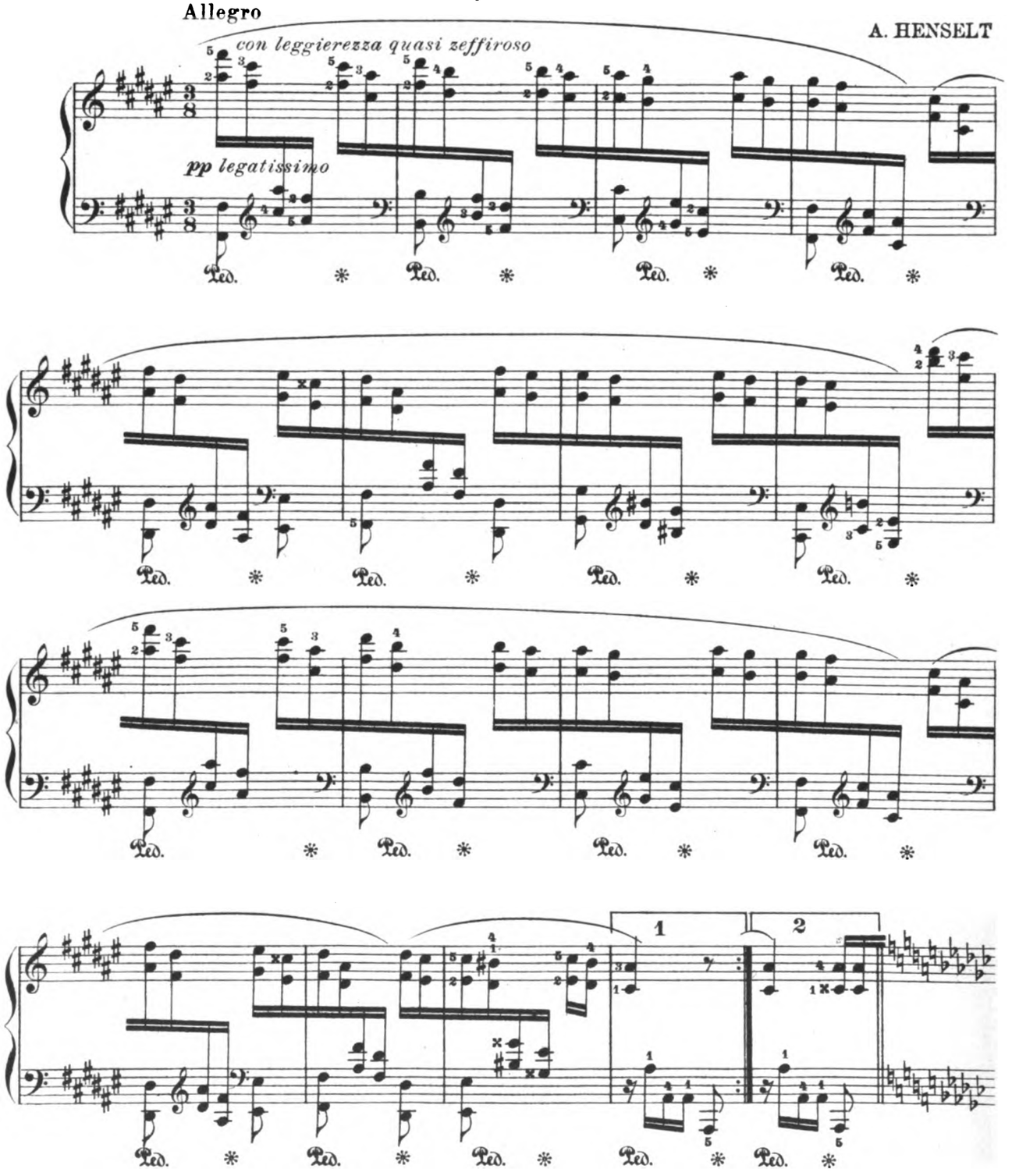
SI OISEAU J'ÉTAIS

"Si oiseau j'étais,
A toi je volerais!"

Allegro

A. HENSELT



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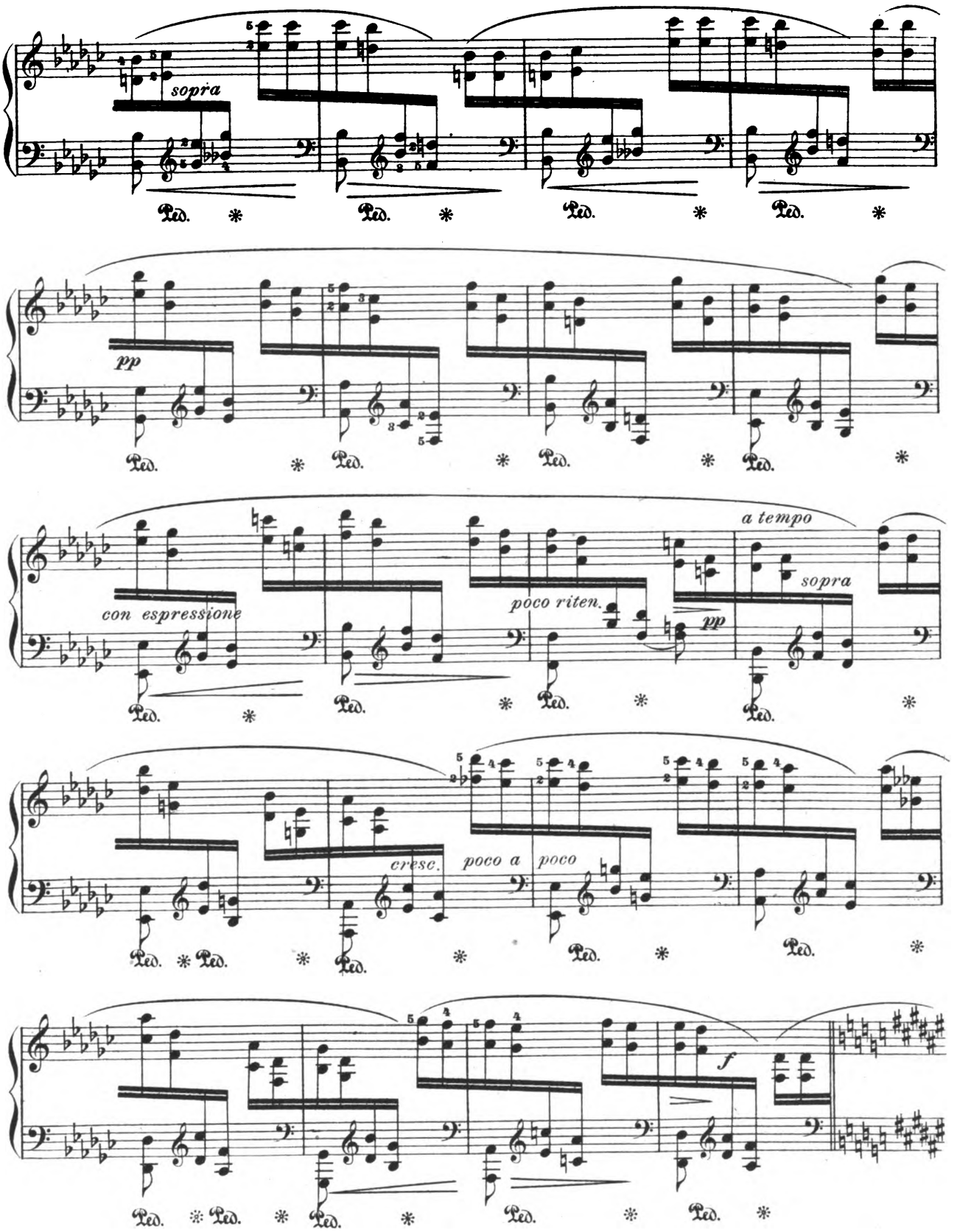

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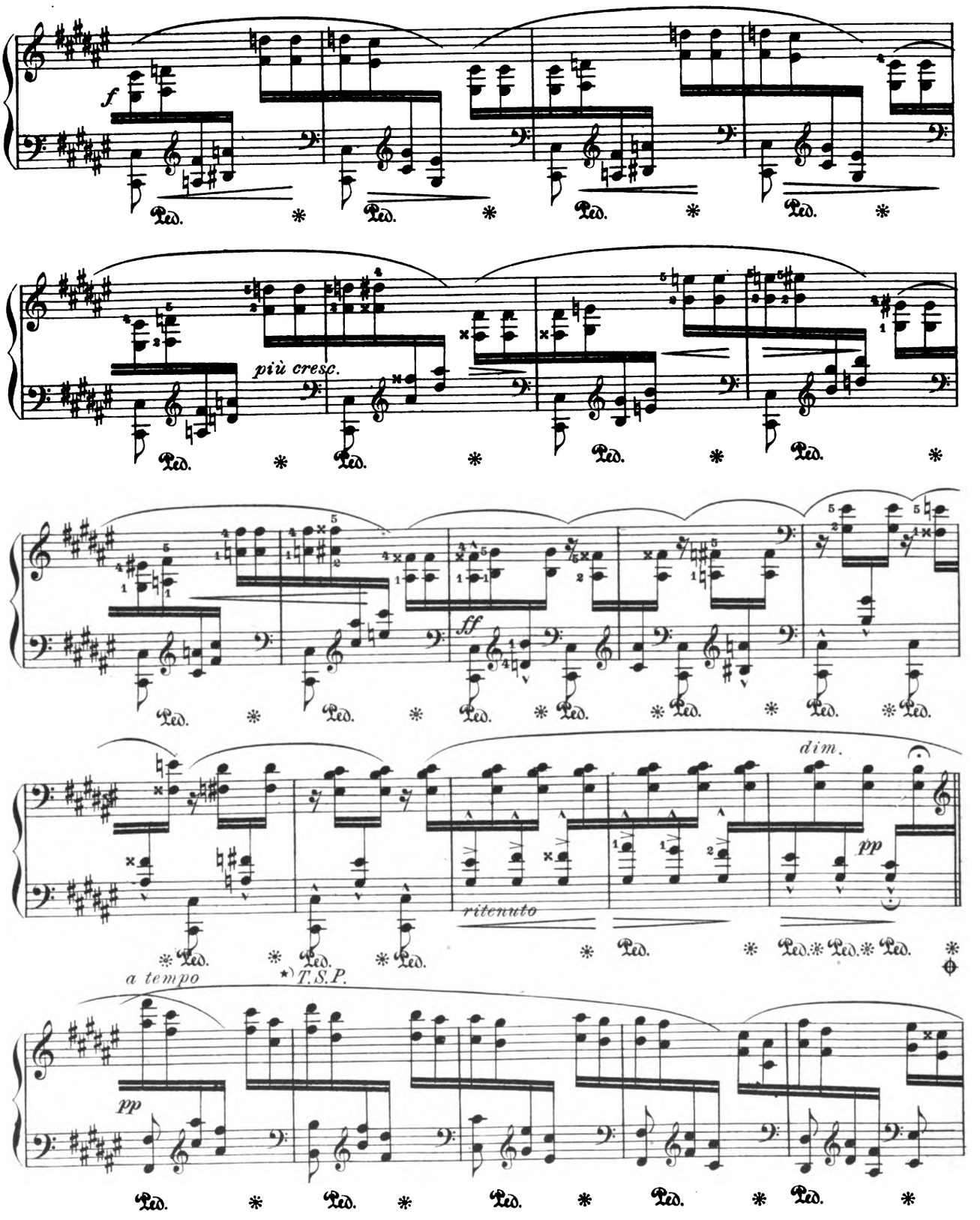

*) *T.S.P.* = Tone sustaining pedal. ⊖ = Release for *T.S.P.*

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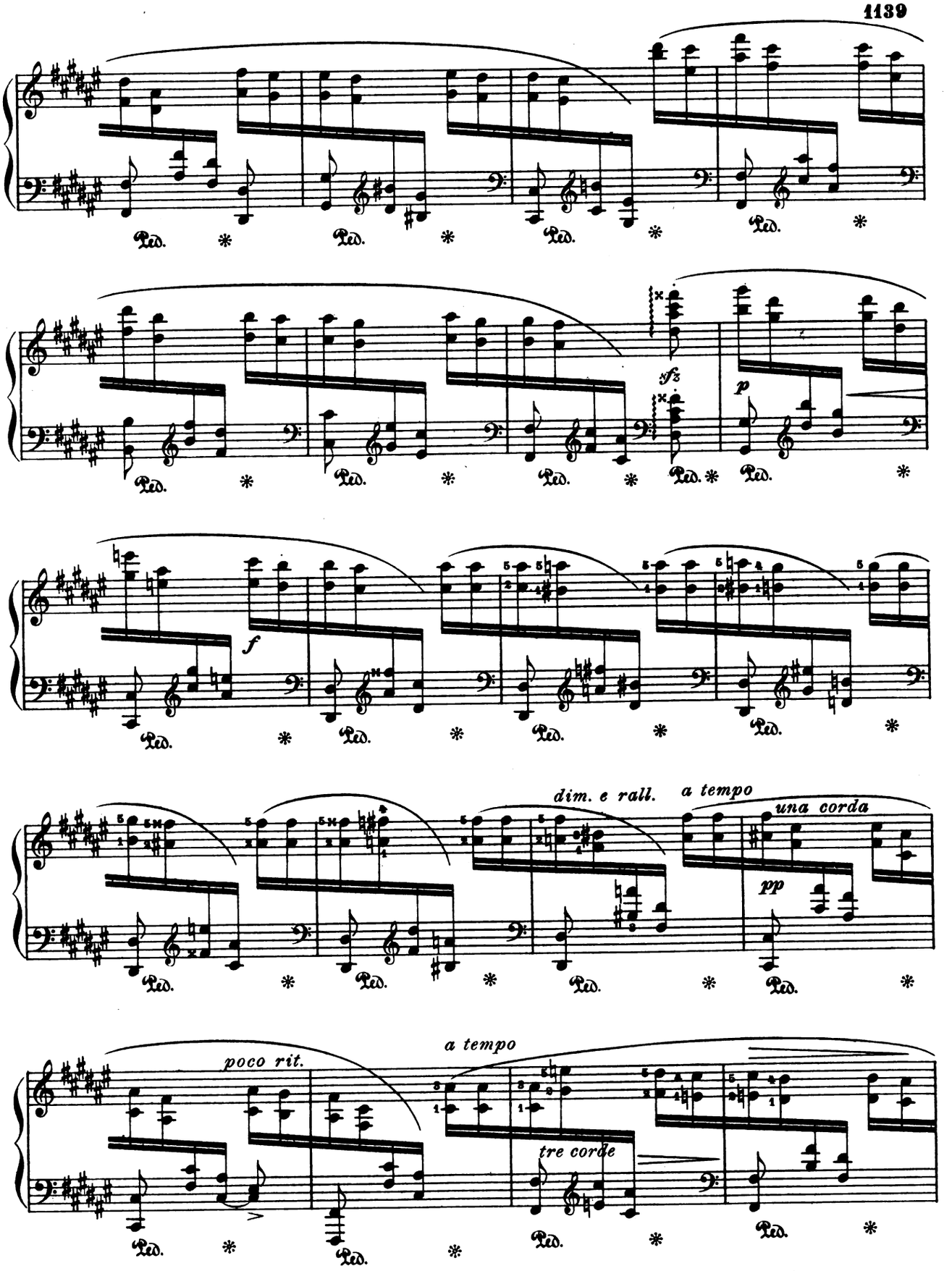

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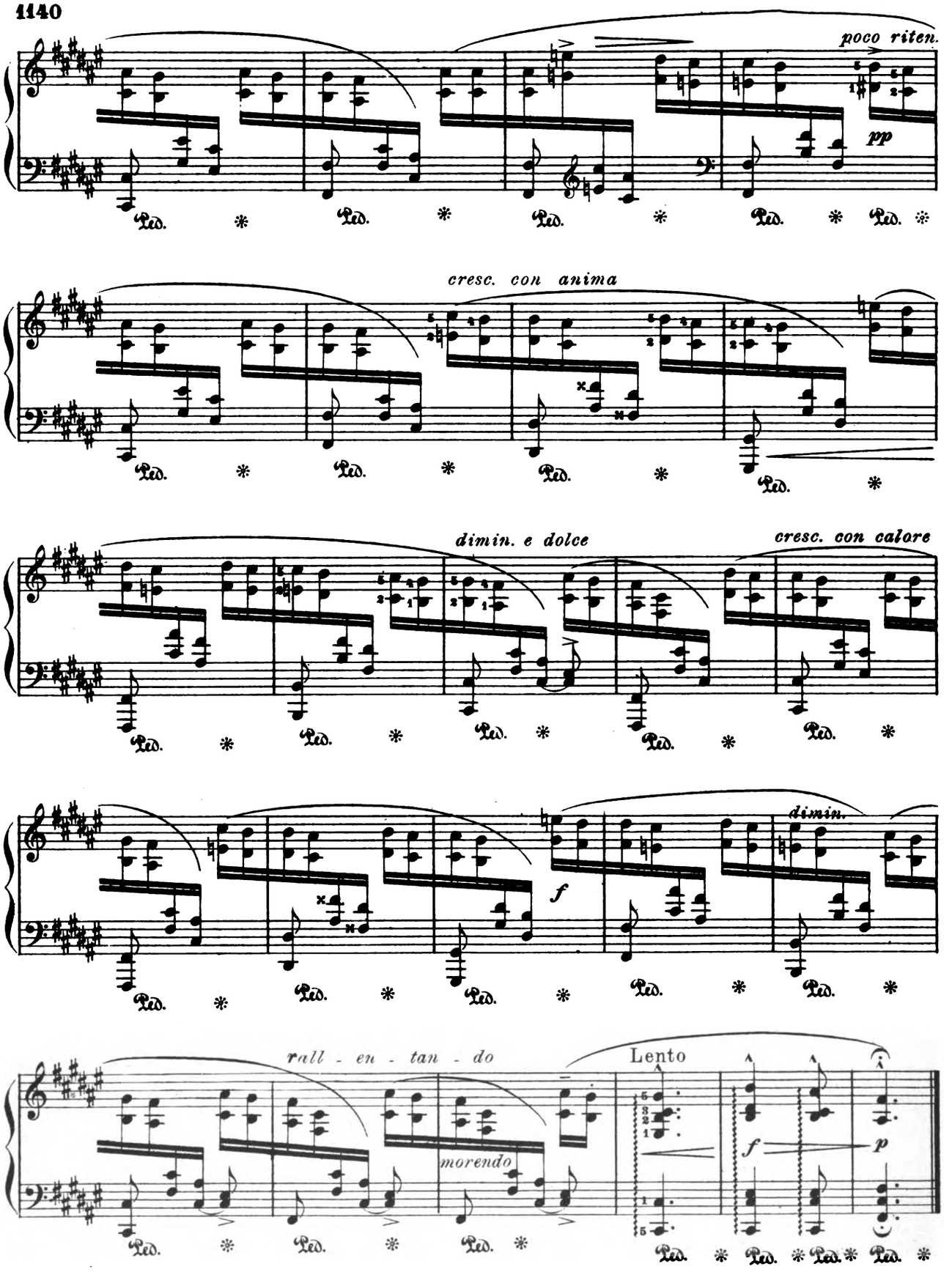

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A CONCERT PROGRAM

BY

IGNACE JAN PADEREWSKI

THE SELECTIONS IN VOLUMES XIII AND XIV FORM A COMPLETE CONCERT PROGRAM AS PLANNED FOR THE CENTURY LIBRARY OF MUSIC BY THE EDITOR. WHEN USED AS A PROGRAM THEY SHOULD BE PLAYED IN THE FOLLOWING ORDER

TOCCATA AND FUGUE	*Bach-Tausig.*
SONATA. D MINOR. OP. 31, NO. 2	*Beethoven.*
HARK, HARK, THE LARK. SERENADE	*Schubert-Liszt.*
SOIRÉE DE VIENNE. A MAJOR	*Schubert-Liszt.*
ERLKING	*Schubert-Liszt.*
NOCTURNE. C MINOR. OP. 48, NO. 1	*Chopin.*
PRÉLUDES. OP. 28, NOS. 1, 3, 16, 21	*Chopin.*
ETUDE. F MAJOR. OP. 10, NO. 8	*Chopin.*
MAZURKA. F SHARP MINOR. OP. 59, NO. 3	*Chopin.*
DEUXIÈME SCHERZO. B MINOR. OP. 31	*Chopin.*
BERCEUSE	*A. Henselt.*
SI OISEAU J'ETAIS	*A. Henselt.*
BARCAROLLE. A MINOR	*Rubinstein.*
MAN LEBT NUR EINMAL. VALSE	*Strauss-Tausig.*

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