Review

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I feel sure you will return entirely converted.' But Joachim did not take kindly to the new German school, and though he and Liszt remained the best of friends their artistic pathways lay in different directions.

Brahms—Joachim's 'comrade in arms'—was a friend of more than forty years' standing. Here is a characteristic reply from Brahms, written on a post card, to a request that he should play the pianoforte part in his F minor Quintet with Joachim and his colleagues in Vienna:—

... On no account! Not even if you were four as 'beloved, lovely, loved-ones,' as you are sober, respected men! But I am only here for twenty-four hours, and go on to Carlsbad to-day, so forgive me if I thank you heartily. I look forward to December, and beg for a Haydn on the programme.

As heartily as heartily, your

J. B.

Bravo! Brahms. 'A Haydn on the programme' is good.

The temptation to quote from these pages—and there are many plums to be picked—must be resisted. The translator, Miss Durham, has done her work well, and the fourteen portraits and facsimiles (including the *cadenza* to Beethoven's concerto made by Joachim in London as a boy, lent by Mr. Arthur F. Hill) add not a little to the interest of the book. More might have been recorded of the English side of the great fiddler's artistic life, and mention should, we think, have been made of the lessons he received in orchestration from Sir G. A. Macfarren, as related by Dr. Joachim in the biographical sketch given of him in our issue of April, 1898; but these shortcomings do not detract from the general excellence of this 'Life' of one of the greatest of violinists. It is a book that deserves and that assuredly will have many readers.

Chopin the Man and his Music. By James Huneker.

[William Reeves.]

ALTHOUGH Mr. Huneker calls Professor Niecks 'the iconoclast' (p. 40 of his book), he, in common with all writers on Chopin, freely takes his biographical information from *the Life* of the great composer of the pianoforte, a biography written, once for all, by the Edinburgh professor. The first section of the book—that entitled 'The Man'—need not, therefore, detain us. It is the 'His music' portion of this volume of some 400 pages which possesses the most interest, by reason of the great editing question. Mr. Huneker says, 'Only in Karl Klindworth has Chopin found a worthy, though not a faultless editor. His edition is a work of genius, and was called by Von Bülow the only model edition. As a whole, his (Klindworth's) editing is amazing for its exactitude, scholarship, fertility in novel fingerings, and sympathetic insight in phrasing.' A composer may well say, 'Save me from my editors,' when we consider the differences in the text of those Chopin editors who have taken the *original* manuscripts as their authority! In regard to the question of fingering, our author says: 'Mikuli, Von Bülow, Kullak, Riemann, and Klindworth all differ, and from them must most pianists differ!' And as to the *rubato*, he wisely observes: 'You can no more teach a real Chopin *rubato*—not the mawkish imitation—than you can make a donkey comprehend Kant.'—'you Kant do it,' as not a few of Mr. Huneker's countrymen (U.S.A.) would say. Metronomic indications furnish a thorny subject for discussion. Take, for instance, the F major study. The composer's autograph gives *minim* = 96; whereas Klindworth and Kullak suggest 80; Tellefsen, Mikuli, and Riemann, 88; and Von Bülow, 89.

While it is impossible to accept all Mr. Huneker's views on Chopin and his wonderful creations, he says some wise things. For instance: 'To translate into prose, into any language no matter how poetical, the images aroused by his music, is impossible.' Again, in referring to the Studies (Op. 25) and to No. 1 (in A flat), in particular: 'All that modern editing can do since Mikuli is to hunt out fresh accentuation. Von Bülow is the worst sinner in this respect, for he discovers quaint nooks and dells for his dynamics undreamed of by the composer. His edition should be respectfully studied and, when mastered, discarded for a more poetic interpretation. Above all,

poetry, poetry and pedals. Without pedalling of the most varied sort this study will remain as dry as a dog-gnawed bone.'

In the useful Chopin Bibliography which Mr. Huneker has furnished we miss the interesting and amusing paper 'Reminiscences of Frederick Chopin,' read by his (Chopin's) friend, the late G. A. Osborne, before the Musical Association, on April 5, 1880. We have before called attention to the inaccuracy of musical examples to be found in books set up in America; and, assuming that the book under notice has been printed from plates imported from the 'other side,' we still find room for improvement in this respect—for instance, one example has the wrong clef for the left hand passage!

Finally, in regard to the question of derangement and tinkering—'bedevilment,' as Mr. Huneker may well call it—we learn that the pianist Godowsky has concocted a caprice called 'Badinage,' which is a bedevilment of two studies by Chopin—in the right hand is the G flat study (Op. 25, No. 9) and in the left hand the black key study (Op. 10, No. 5)! But still worse: 'The F minor study (Op. 25, No. 2), as considered by the ambidextrous Godowsky, is put in the bass, where it whirrs along to the melodic encouragement of a theme of the paraphraser's own (!) in the right.' What next?

SONGS.

Parted. Words by Fred. E. Weatherly. Music by F. Paolo Tosti.

Violets. Words by Julian Fane. Music by Ellen Wright.

The Indian Serenade. Words by Percy Bysshe Shelley. Music by Norman O'Neill.

[G. Ricordi and Co.]

It need scarcely be said that Signor Tosti's song concerns a pair of lovers. They are manifestly very young. To youthful minded singers who take delight in 'sweet melancholy' and skin-deep sorrow, the song will doubtless appeal, especially as the music is written with Signor Tosti's usual deftness for securing the maximum effect by the simplest means. The text of Miss Wright's song is a translation of Heine's 'Morgens send' ich Dir die Veilchen,' and the original German is printed under Mr. Fane's neat translation. Miss Wright has manifestly written for soprano vocalists, and such will find a simple and melodious setting in sympathy with the spirit of the words. The title, 'The Indian Serenade,' to Shelley's exquisite little poem, 'I arise from dreams of thee,' seems scarcely justified. The original heading was simply 'Lines to an Indian air,' but there is nothing to suggest a dusky lover; on the contrary, the line 'On my lips and eyelids pale' manifestly refers to a fair-skinned Western suppliant. The poem, however, by any other name would be as sweet, and Mr. O'Neill's music does not affect Eastern musical idiom. He has written very earnestly, and his conscientious endeavours to be at one with his text are at times more manifest than they should be; but he has caught the restless, agonising spirit of the poem, and the song is worthy of the attention of cultured tenor vocalists.

Six Lyrics. For Voice and Pianoforte. Composed by Walter Hately. [Charles Vincent.]

We are inclined to think these six lyrics the most successful compositions from Mr. Hately's pen. They are severally named 'The violet's grave,' 'The false, cruel sea,' 'The hours,' 'Over a shining land,' 'Autumn clouds are flying, flying,' and 'Happiest days.' The text of the first song is by J. Logie Robertson, the second and third by Dr. Walter C. Smith, the fourth and fifth by George Macdonald, and the sixth by an anonymous writer; and each lyric contains a 'sweet reasonableness' that will appeal to cultured singers. The songs are all dedicated to Madame Clara Butt, and there is internal evidence that Mr. Hately had this artist's voice and style in mind as he penned his music. They will, however, be found suitable for average mezzo-sopranos, to whose attention we recommend them as artistic examples of the modern song.