The Great Composers, Sketched by Themselves. No. X. Berlioz (Concluded)

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powers have decayed. Evidence rather inclines the other way, and we should not be in any measure surprised to find "Graziella" marked by almost youthful vivacity.

The works obtained from foreign composers are two in number, of which one is written by Niels Gade. It will be remembered that the Danish master contributed his Cantatas, the "Crusaders" and "Zion," to the programme of 1876, and by their means obtained no mean share of the honours then awarded. Under such circumstances, renewed application to Mr. Gade was the most natural thing in the world, while the composer as naturally accepted an engagement which even he was bound to regard in the light of a distinguished compliment. His new work, entitled "Psyche," will soon be completed and forwarded to England. The composer of the second and principal novelty is M. Gounod, who has, moreover, engaged to conduct its performance in person. Upon the subject of this important addition to the Festival programme and to sacred art we cannot do better than quote from the speech of Mr. Jaffray:—

They were fortunate in approaching M. Gounod just when his great work was within what it was now the fashion to call a measurable distance of completion. They were fortunate also in finding a spirited firm of publishers who would enter with spirit and liberality into negotiations with M. Gounod; and he must also add that to the tact and ability of a member of the orchestral committee, Mr. Milward, they were greatly indebted for the successful result of the negotiations with M. Gounod. He should like to say a word or two about the character of the great work which it would be the honour of the Committee to submit for public criticism in August next. M. Gounod was naturally in love with his own child, and he wrote upon the score when he gave it into the hands of Mr. Milward, in Paris, *Opus vite meæ* ("the work of my life"). It was a work of high dramatic character, full of effects, some of them novel and many of them grand, and, so far as they could judge, they believed that it was destined to live, if not side by side with some of the greatest works of former ages, yet it would be one which the musical world would not willingly let die. A good deal of gossip had taken place in reference to the terms upon which the committee obtained the work. He might state, however, what the terms were. The composer desired to rid himself of all business transactions in reference to the property in the work, and he treated with the committee upon the basis of an absolute sale of the copyright and of representation and performance all the world over, and he asked for that £4,000. The committee paid him the £4,000 on the 1st of November, but of course they could not stand such a drain as that on their resources, and they entered into negotiations with Messrs. Novello, who, for the copyright and right of performance all the world over, paid them £3,250. So that it would only cost the Festival authorities £750, and those who knew the difference between a half-filled Town Hall on a Wednesday morning and a crammed hall on that morning, could easily understand they would make a considerable amount of money, besides *clat*, by the transaction. Not only would it fill the hall in all probability on that occasion, but it would draw strangers from, he ventured to say, every part of the Continent, and certainly from every part of England, to the whole Festival; and they could not estimate the financial results which would be produced by what he considered not only a spirited, but a good honest business transaction. They had made arrangements also with M. Gounod to conduct his own oratorio. A certain monetary penalty was attached to his not conducting the oratorio himself, but they earnestly hoped that he would be able to do so. He intended to come on the Wednesday before the Festival, so as to conduct some of the private rehearsals by the choir of his great work. All who remembered that great occasion in the history of the Birmingham Festivals, when Mendelssohn conducted his own "Elijah," would never forget the charm of mind and manner of that great and immortal composer; and they hoped to have the benefit, therefore, of M. Gounod's attendance here to give perfection to the performance of the work of his life.

There is no need of addition to this statement, nor could further remarks be made without anticipating criticism, for which the time has not yet arrived. Enough that in M. Gounod's "Redemption" we have a work of high pretensions and singular interest, such as would alone confer distinction upon the greatest Festival. In presence of the French master's oratorio, there is really no need to be much exercised in mind about anything else.

Turning to the general arrangements of the Festival as far as they were determined on the 10th ult. a few words will suffice. The performances will probably begin on Tuesday, August 29, and end on Friday, September 1. Sir M. Costa is again appointed conductor, and the various sub-committees are duly nominated, with power to act in their respective departments. One point alone remains undecided, namely, whether M. Gounod's oratorio

shall be performed a second time on the Friday evening for the benefit of those necessarily excluded from its *début*. On this question, we think, there ought not to be two opinions. Considering the immense interest attached to the work, even three public representations would find abundance of witnesses. The Committee will, indeed, be unwise if they reject an idea that commends itself alike to prudence and artistic enthusiasm. But we have entire faith in their judgment, and already feel assured that the Birmingham Festival of 1882 must prove a brilliant success.

THE GREAT COMPOSERS, SKETCHED BY THEMSELVES.

By JOSEPH BENNETT.

No. X.—BERLIOZ (concluded from page 562).

ALTHOUGH the fate of "Les Troyens à Carthage" profoundly disappointed Berlioz, twenty-one representations put him in a position to snap the chains which bound him to the *Débats* and its hated *feuilletons*. At this the master rejoiced with joy inexpressible. As we have seen, he always detested the journalist's work, for which, indeed, he was in some important respects unfitted, and now he threw away the critical pen with a wild shriek of liberty. Hear him:—

"At last! at last! at last! After thirty years of bondage, I am free! I have no more *feuilletons* to write, no more platitudes to justify, no more mediocrities to praise, no more indignation to repress, no more deceptions, no more comedies, no more cowardly complaisance. I am free! I am no longer obliged to enter opera-houses, or to speak of them, or to hear them spoken of. . . . Gloria in excelsis Deo, et in terrâ pax hominibus voluntatis!!"

Referring to the same subject in a letter, he says:—

"I have left the *Journal des Débats*. Nothing can be more comical than the disappointment and wrath of the men who, for three months, have been paying court to me. They have lost their trouble, they are robbed," &c.

Berlioz thoroughly enjoyed his freedom:—

"I have not put my foot inside a lyric theatre for two months. I have seen neither 'Moïse' nor 'La Fiancée du Roi de Garbe,' nor the marvels of the Italiens, nor the new ballet, nor anything."

But with leisure came *ennui*, heightened by the lassitude attendant upon disease. In truth Berlioz was at this time an object of pity. His second wife had followed Henrietta Smithson to the grave, dying suddenly of heart-rupture; and perhaps there is not in all literature a more terrible description than that given by the master of the scene at Montmartre, when the remains of the Irish actress were disinterred in order to be placed in a family grave purchased for and presented to Berlioz by his friend, M. Alexandre, the manufacturer of harmoniums. We forbear to reproduce a picture that could only have been drawn at a moment of morbid excess. It would shock the most callous reader. Enough that Berlioz saw his wives laid in the same tomb, and remarked that they rested tranquilly, awaiting the hour when he should join them.

In August, 1864, the master, a chevalier of the Legion of Honour since 1839, was created an officer of that order, and soon after, being unable to bear longer the solitude of a city from which all his friends had temporarily departed, he set out for his native South. The expedition may have been vaguely entered upon, but was soon controlled by a purpose of the most characteristic description—none other than that of seeking out a lady ("Estelle") to whom, as a boy, he had been warmly attached, and who was,

indeed, his first love. Some years earlier he had endeavoured to renew the acquaintance at Meylan, but the lady, now known as Madame F., discouraged his advances, acting throughout with great judgment and feeling. Free once more, and in the neighbourhood of her new residence (Lyons), Berlioz resolved upon another effort. At Lyons, therefore, he wrote, begging an interview, and delivered the letter himself, waiting at the door for an answer. The reply being favourable, our master soon stood in the presence of his early love, who received him with a "sweet dignity," holding the letter, apparently unread, in her hand:—

"*She.* We are old acquaintances, M. Berlioz! . . . (*Silence.*) We were two children! . . . (*Silence.*)

"*He.* Will you read my letter, Madame? It will explain to you my visit.

(*Madame F. reads the letter and places it on the mantel-shelf.*)

"*She.* So you have been again to Meylan; but, no doubt, it was by accident that you were there? You have not travelled expressly?

"*He.* Oh! Madame, can you think that? Do I want an accident to see again . . .? No, no, I had long desired to return. (*Silence.*)

"*She.* You have had a very exciting life, M. Berlioz.

"*He.* How do you know that, Madame?

"*She.* I have read your biography.

"*He.* Which?

"*She.* A volume by Méro; I think I bought it some years ago.

"*He.* Oh! do not attribute to Méro, one of my friends, an artist, and a man of *esprit*, that collection of fables and absurdities, the true author of which I suspect. I shall have a genuine biography—that which I have written myself.

"*She.* Oh! no doubt. You write so well.

"*He.* It is not the worth of my style to which I made reference, Madame, but to the truth and sincerity of my story. As for my sentiments towards you, I have spoken without restraint in that book, but without naming you. (*Silence.*)

"*She.* I have obtained also, some particulars respecting you from one of your friends, who married a niece of my husband's.

* * * * *

"*She.* As for my life it has been very simple and very sad. I have lost several of my children; I have brought up others. My husband died when they were still young. I am much touched by, and very thankful for the sentiments you have preserved towards me.

"*He.* Give me your hand, Madame."

Profoundly agitated Berlioz kissed the hand extended to him and left the house, to walk about the streets as feverishly as he had roamed the streets of Paris when smitten with his Ophelia. Doing so, he met M. Strakosch, the brother-in-law, and then manager of Mdlle. Adelina Patti, from whom he received and conditionally accepted an invitation to dine, in the evening, with the *prima donna*. This, however, did not abate the fever raging in his blood. He could neither read, write, nor sit still. His legs took him mechanically to the neighbourhood of Madame F.'s house, and, when there, he bethought him to invite her to share his box at the opera. But the lady was out. He went again and met her on the stairs, in company with two German friends. She had a letter of polite refusal in her hand, and was on her road to the master's hotel. Again despair for Berlioz, but he carried off the letter, accounting it an "inestimable treasure." Then he went to dine with Patti, and "the ravishing *diva*," according to her custom, ran and offered to my lips her virginal forehead." More, she accompanied him

to the railway station, with her brother-in-law, and there flung herself upon his neck and embraced him. But what was all this to the mature lover of a mature woman?

"How much would I have given to receive these marks of affection from Madame F. and to be treated with cold politeness by Mdlle. Patti. During all the prattling of that melodious Hebe, it seemed to me that a marvellous bird with diamond eyes fluttered about my head, perching on my shoulder, thrusting its beak in my hair, and, with fluttering wings, singing the most joyous of songs. I was ravished, but not moved. . . . The aged woman, sad and obscure, to whom art was unknown, possessed my soul, as she did formerly, and as she will to my dying day."

Paris, whither he now returned, could not, any more than Patti, charm away the master's agitation. His thoughts remained with Madame F., and to her he wrote (September 26, 1864) a passionate letter, from which the subjoined is an extract:—

"Oh! Madame, Madame, I have only one object in this world—to gain your affection. Let me try to win it. I will be submissive and reserved; our correspondence shall be as infrequent as you desire, and it need never become to you a fatiguing task; a few lines from your hand will suffice. My visits to you can be but rare, but I shall know that our thoughts are no longer separated, and that, after so many sad years, during which I have been nothing to you, I have at last the hope of becoming your friend. And a friend so devoted as I shall be is rare. I will surround you with tenderness so profound and so sweet, and with an affection so perfect, as that the feelings of the man may be mistaken for the naïve emotions of a child. Perhaps you will find in this a charm; perhaps at last you will say to me 'I am your friend.'"

Madame F. promptly replied with, as she expressed it, her hand upon her heart, and in terms that inspire the most profound respect. Her letter was, in fact, a touching appeal to be let alone, such as even Berlioz, with all his strange passion, could not have read unmoved. A short extract will suffice as an indication of its character:—

"I am nothing but an old, very old, woman (for, Monsieur, I am six years your senior), with a heart shattered by days passed in anguish, with physical and moral pains of all kinds, which leave to me, as regards the joys and feelings of this life, no more illusions. I lost my best friend twenty years ago, and since then I have not sought another. . . . Since the fatal hour when I became a widow, I have broken all ties, and said adieu to pleasures and distractions in order to devote myself entirely to my home and my children. This has been my life for twenty years. It is to me a habit the charm of which nothing can destroy; for in that heart-intimacy I find the only peace possible during the days I have yet to pass on earth."

This pitiful entreaty had not the desired effect. Berlioz returned to the charge, professing to be satisfied with the assurance of "affectionate sentiments," but asking for the lady's address in Geneva, whither she was about to remove:—

"But your address! Your address! As soon as you know it yourself, send it to me, for mercy's sake. If your silence indicates a pitiless refusal and a formal purpose to interdict the most distant relation between us; if you thus put me rudely on one side, as one does dangerous or unworthy creatures, you will bring to a climax unhappiness which it would have been so easy for you to assuage. Then, Madame, may God and your conscience pardon you! I shall remain in the cold night, where you will have plunged me, suffering and desolate."

The answer to this was a short note promising the address, and subsequently one or two letters passed, announcing, on Madame F.'s part, the marriage of her son, but containing, on the part of Berlioz, passionate acknowledgments of something lying behind such an act of ordinary politeness. Presently the bride and bridegroom called on the master in Paris, and received from him so much attention, that the mother's heart was touched, and the correspondence continued; calm friendship on the one side; on the other, passion not always restrained. So it remained; but almost the last words in the master's memoirs are words of hope for more intimate relations:—

"Little by little, perhaps, despite her fear of new friendships, she will find her affectionate sentiments growing slowly. Already I am able to appreciate an amelioration of my life. The past has not entirely passed. My heaven is not yet empty. With an expectant eye I contemplate my star, that, in the distance, appears to smile upon me."

From the tone of his letters, it appears that Berlioz soon lost the comfort that had come to him thus. We see again the poor nervous, disappointed, broken-down man, shutting himself up in his room in Paris, refusing solace, and railing at the world. To Madame Ernst he writes:—

"I am passing one of those days when I wish that the world were a bomb full of powder, to which I might put a light for amusement."

He had many such days, and, like Job among the ashes, refused to be comforted. From time to time, moreover, his son was a cause of renewed trouble. In 1865 Louis wished to marry without adequate means, and his father wrote:—

"Thou art thirty-two, and at that age a man ought to know the realities of life or he will never know them. Thou needest money, and it is not I who am able to give thee any. I have enough to make both ends meet, and that is all. I was like thee when I married thy mother, but with more to complain of, since I had not the salary thou hast, and my parents, with whom I had broken, would give me nothing. I will leave thee that which my father left me, and something more; but I cannot tell thee when I shall die. . . . Believe that if, at this moment, thou wert married and hadst children, thou wouldst be a hundred times more unhappy than thou art. Profit as much as thou canst by my example. It was a series of miracles (Paganini's present; my Russian tour, &c.) which took me out of the most horrible misery. But miracles are rare, or, indeed, they would be miracles no longer. To live alone, money is needed; to live with a wife requires three times more; to live with a wife and family requires eight times more. That is as certain as that two and two make four."

In August, 1865, Berlioz travelled to Geneva, in hope of seeing Madame F., and was kindly received by that lady and her family, who, however, acted with discretion. Hereupon the master wrote to a friend:—

"I have not for one instant found myself alone with her; I have only been able to speak of *other things*; and that gives me an agitation of the heart which kills me. What can I do? I have not the shadow of a reason; I am unjust, stupid. . . . I tremble even now in thinking of the moment when I must go away. The country is charming; the lake is very pure, beautiful, and profound, but I know something more profound still, more pure, and more beautiful."

All this while the health of Berlioz was in a wretched state, and his letters contain frequent reference to nervous sufferings. His feelings on musical subjects remained, nevertheless, as strong as

ever, and he was as ready as ever to express them. *A propos*, a letter addressed (December 1, 1865) to M. Asger Hamerik—a young Norwegian composer, with whom he had been intimate in Paris—deserves quotation.

"Your musical passion touches me deeply, and although I no longer interest myself in art, so much is it insulted by our horrible world, I cannot see without warm sympathy a young artist having noble illusions such as yours. You remind me of what I was forty years ago, especially by your ardent love of music, your belief in the beautiful, your energetic will, and your indomitable perseverance. Live, believe, love, and work. Despise the vulgar, but act as though you despised them not, leaving them to believe that you are of their friends, of their flatterers even. They are so stupid that they will not doubt you. Then, when you have become strong, powerful, a master, and they see themselves subdued, they will applaud you, crying, 'I always said so.' I am continually tortured by my neuralgia. . . . Death is very slow, the capricious old fellow! They perform some parts of my symphony, 'Roméo et Juliette' at the next concerts of the Conservatoire. How will the insolent and idiotic public receive them?"

In September, 1866, Berlioz was engaged at the Opéra, superintending the studies of Gluck's "Alceste," and in December of the same year we find him in Vienna, whence he writes to M. Reyer:—

"'La Damnation de Faust' was performed yesterday in the vast hall of the Redoute, before an immense audience, and with astonishing success. To tell you of the recalls, encores, tears, flowers, and applause of that *matinée* would be ridiculous on my part. . . . To-morrow I am invited by the Conservatoire, who wish me to hear my 'Harold' Symphony, under the direction of Helmesberger. What can I say to you? It is the greatest musical joy of my life, and you must pardon me if I dwell upon it so long."

On returning to Paris, the master formed plans for other tours, ill as he was, and often obliged to keep his bed. He made arrangements with Ferdinand Hiller to conduct a concert at Cologne, observing in his letter:—

"I shall go to the Royal Hotel, where I have several times stayed. I shall thus be more free to rest in bed as long as I please, for I am one of the most bedridden men alive. It is true that I live very little. Despite the musical delights of my stay in Vienna, the journey thither and the numerous rehearsals which I found necessary almost killed me."

In a subsequent letter to Hiller we read:—

"You speak like the doctors. 'Tis neuralgia!' In like manner, when Madame Sand spoke to her gardener about a wall that had given way, she was answered. 'Oh! that's nothing, Madame, the frost has caused it.' 'Yes, but we must rebuild it.' 'Oh! it's nothing; it's the frost.' 'I don't deny that, but the wall is down.' 'Don't torment yourself, Madame, 'tis the frost.'"

In September, 1867, Berlioz went to Nérès for bathing. He took five baths, and at the fifth the doctor hearing him speak, felt his pulse, saying, "Go away at once, the waters are not good for you. You are about to have laryngitis, and you must go to a place where care can be taken of your throat. It is no light thing." The master started the same evening for Vienne, and put himself in charge of some relatives there, remaining nearly always in bed. Thence he wrote:—

"At last my natural voice has, in part, come back; the throat affection has gone; but my neuralgia has returned more ferocious than ever."

On his return to Paris, the Grand Duchess Helena of Russia, always an admirer of Berlioz' music, in-

vited him to St. Petersburg to conduct six concerts, promising to pay all expenses, lodge him at the Michael Palace, and pay him 15,000 francs. So good an offer was not to be lost, even by a man with one foot in the grave; and on November 15 the master started for the northern capital, previously declining the proposition of an American, who wished to engage him for the United States the next year, at a charge of 100,000 francs. Of his fortune in Russia we gather something from a letter addressed (December 15, 1867) to M. Edouard Alexandre:—

"I am overwhelmed with attentions, from the Grand Duchess to the least member of the orchestra. . . . The public and the press show extreme ardour. At the second concert I was recalled six times after the *Symphonie Fantastique*, which was executed in an astonishing manner, the fourth movement being encored. What an orchestra! What precision! What an ensemble! I do not know if Beethoven ever heard his music performed in such a way. I am bound to tell you that, despite my sufferings, when I reached my desk and saw myself surrounded by so sympathetic a throng, I felt reanimated, and conducted, perhaps, as never before."

Writing later to Madame Massart, he said:—

"They have come from Moscow to seek me, and I shall go there after the fifth concert here, the Grand Duchess having given permission. Those people of the mezzo-Asiatic capital have irresistible arguments."

Berlioz was in Moscow on the last day of the year, and thence wrote to his friend Damcke:—

"I have accepted an engagement to conduct two concerts. Not finding a hall large enough for the first, they resolved to give it in the Riding School, a place as large as the central hall of the Palais d'Industrie in the Champs Elysées. The idea, which seemed to me foolish, has resulted in the most incredible success. There were five hundred executants and, according to the police, twelve thousand five hundred auditors. I will not attempt to describe to you the applause for the *Fête in 'Roméo et Juliette'* and the Offertory of the '*Requiem*.' I experienced mortal anguish when this last piece—which they would have on account of its effect at St. Petersburg—began. In hearing that choir of three hundred voices always repeating its two notes, I pictured to myself the crowd becoming bored, and I feared that they would not allow me to finish. But the audience understood my idea; attention was redoubled; the expression of resigned humility had seized them. At the last bar, immense acclamation burst from all parts, and I was four times recalled. This was the grandest impression that I had produced in my life."

On returning to St. Petersburg, Berlioz appears to have suffered much from the climate, and felt a longing for the day when he should set out for Paris. In a letter to Madame Massart we read:—

"After having seen you in Paris, I will go to St. Symphorien and thence to Monaco, to bathe myself in the violets and sleep in the sun. I suffer so much, dear Madame, and my troubles are so constant that I know not what will happen. I would not die, however; I have wherewith to live."

Nevertheless, sentence of death was passed upon Berlioz soon after his return to Paris. The reaction from his Russian excitement was terrible, while grief for the loss of his son (Louis had died abroad some time before) became intensified as his weakness increased. At last he was persuaded to consult Dr. Nélaton, who, after examining him, said, "Are you a philosopher?" "Yes." "Well, call to your aid the courage of philosophy, for you will never be cured." Accepting this as the decree of fate, Berlioz turned

again towards his beloved South—towards the flowers and the sun. Even there, dying as he was, a harsh fate pursued him. For a little while something of youthful animation filled his soul. The glorious scenery, the blue waters of the tideless sea, recollections of former days spent amid the same surroundings, made the mind of the master young again, and he essayed to wander once more amongst the rocks and terraces, regardless of a feeble body. Let the consequences be told in his own words:—

"I went to Monaco to seek the sun, and, three days after my arrival, I walked among the rocks running down to the sea, and was cruelly punished for my temerity. I fell among the stones, head first, upon my face, and lost much blood; so much that I remained alone stretched upon the earth, and was not able to return to the hotel, all bloody, till a long time after. I had taken a place in the omnibus for Nice, and resolved, nevertheless, to go on the morrow. I set out, and, scarcely arrived, wished to behold again the terrace on the border of the sea, of which I had always cherished a lively remembrance. I went there; I could not command a good view of the water; I desired to change my seat for a better one; I rose, and in about three paces fell again on my face and my blood poured out. Two young men who passed raised me with difficulty, and conducted me to the *Hôtel des Etrangers*, hard by, where I lived. They undressed me, and put me to bed, and there I remained eight days without seeing either a doctor or anybody save the domestics. *Ah! ma foi!* I can write no more. Tomorrow—I have no more strength. *Bonsoir*. After eight days' retirement, I felt a little better, and, with my face all knocked about, I took the train for Paris. My mother-in-law and my servant cried out on seeing me. This time I went to a doctor, and he treated me so well that after a month and some days I could walk a little by holding on to the furniture."

A month later (May, 1868) he writes to Morel, excusing himself for not doing so earlier:—

"My *two* falls, one at Monaco, the other at Nice, have taken away all my strength. At present the marks are nearly effaced, but my malady has returned and I suffer more than ever. I have only cruel things to write to you."

Shortly afterwards Berlioz made his last journey—this time to Grenoble, for the purpose of assisting at an Orphéonic Festival. Thenceforward the sands of his life rapidly ran out, and on the morning of Monday, March 8, 1869, his troubled spirit passed away.

The master's obsequies were celebrated at the Church of the Trinity on the Thursday following, with much solemnity. The Institute sent a deputation; the pall-bearers were Doucet, Guillaume, Ambroise Thomas, Gounod, Saint Laurens, Perrin, and Baron Taylor; and the band of the National Guard played selections from the *Symphony* in honour of the victims of July. Upon the coffin were the crowns given by the Cecilian Society, the Hungarian youth, the Russian nobility, and the final laurels of Grenoble. So the body of Hector Berlioz passed to its rest in the tomb of his Ophelia; he himself supplying an epitaph—the words with which he began and ended his memoirs:—

Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player
That struts and frets his hour upon the stage
And then is heard no more; it is a tale
Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury,
Signifying nothing.

His friends may have mourned for themselves, but hardly for him. Surely if ever a man needed rest it was this man, tried and torn; always at the mercy of life's tempests. Time after time he had called for death, for of the world his too sensitive soul was

a-weary; and, when death came, no doubt he found it—

A quiet haven, where his shattered bark
Harbours secure till the rough storm is past.
Perhaps a passage, overhung with clouds
But at its entrance; a few leagues beyond
Opening to kinder skies and milder suns,
And seas pacific as the souls that seek them.

WE are indebted to the kindness of Mr. Charles Hargitt for permission to give here a translation of the contract between Berlioz and Jullien, the original of which, in the handwriting of the composer, is now Mr. Hargitt's property:—

"Between M. Hector Berlioz, composer of music, living in Paris, 41, Rue de Provence, and Messrs. Jullien and Company, music publishers, resident in London, 210 Regent Street, has been agreed as follows:—

"M. H. Berlioz engages himself as orchestral conductor of the Theatre Royal Drury Lane, which will henceforth be called the Royal Academy of London, and of which Messrs. Jullien and Co. are the directors. This year the service of M. Berlioz will last for three months only, from the 1st December, 1847, to the 1st March, 1848. The salary allowed to M. H. Berlioz for these three months of service will be four hundred pounds sterling, which Messrs. Jullien and Co. will pay to him in the following manner: one-fourth eight days before the departure of M. Hector Berlioz for London, a fourth at the end of the first month of service, a fourth at the end of the second month, and the last fourth at the end of the third month.

"M. H. Berlioz will not be at liberty to conduct any orchestra in London or in the provinces of England without the consent of M. Jullien, during the whole duration of the present agreement, which is made for six years, terminable from year to year at the option of M. Jullien only. The salary of M. Berlioz for the following years will be £133 6s. per month, whatever may be the length of his service; if it be six months, for example, instead of three, the salary of M. Berlioz for those six months will be £800 sterling, and so on.

"A connected agreement is made between M. Berlioz and Messrs. Jullien and Co. for concerts under the following conditions:—

"M. Hector Berlioz engages to put his music at the service of M. Jullien, to give, during one month, concerts in London or in the English provinces; these concerts will be conducted by M. Berlioz. Of these concerts there cannot be given less than four or more than eight.

"The concert month shall be determined thus, at the option of M. Jullien: a fortnight before the entry upon his duties of M. Berlioz as orchestral conductor and a fortnight after the close of Drury Lane Theatre; or the whole of the month preceding the entry of M. Berlioz upon his duties as orchestral conductor, or yet again, the month of May, 1848."

"The salary of M. Berlioz is £400, one quarter of which will be paid to him each week. The travelling expenses from Paris to London and from London to Paris, and the expenses of board and lodging of M. Berlioz in London, will be at the charge of M. Jullien. The present agreement is made for six years, and is terminable only at the will of M. Jullien and Co. During the whole time that this agreement holds good, M. Berlioz will not be at liberty to give any concert in London or in the provinces of England, whether for himself or for others, without the consent of M. Jullien.

"Finally, a third treaty is made between M. H. Berlioz and Messrs. Jullien and Co. for the composition of an opera in three acts under the following conditions:—

"M. H. Berlioz engages to write a score in three acts on a poem written in French by MM. A. Royer and Vaës. This work will be performed at Drury Lane Theatre in the season of 1849. The libretto of MM. Royer and Vaës should be sent in entirety to M. Berlioz between this and the month of March, 1848, at the latest; and M. Berlioz engages to send the complete score to M. Jullien by, at latest, October 1, 1848. M. H. Berlioz engages to prepare his opera for public representation, that is to say, to direct the rehearsals and superintend the studies during the fortnight preceding the first performance. M. Jullien will have the sole right in England and her colonies of performing and publishing the music of the said opera, and for this right engages to pay to M. Berlioz the following sums:—

- "1. One hundred pounds on receipt of the score.
- "2. One hundred pounds at the first performance.
- "3. One hundred pounds at the tenth performance.
- "4. One hundred pounds at the fifteenth performance.
- "5. One hundred pounds at the twenty-fifth performance.
- "6. One hundred pounds at the thirty-fifth performance.
- "7. One hundred pounds at the fiftieth performance.
- "8. One hundred pounds at the seventieth performance.

"In all the sum of £800. M. Jullien will not have to pay any other fees to M. Berlioz for the performance of this opera in London or in the English provinces, but if he should give up his theatre, his successor will be bound to pay to M. Berlioz five pounds sterling for every performance, by way of author's rights. The same obligation will be imposed on the directors of the theatres in the provinces of England. Whichever of the parties shall contravene the clauses of the three agreements as above, shall be liable to the other for damages—to be fixed by competent judges, in London, should it be M. Jullien who does not fulfil his engagements; in Paris, should it be M. Berlioz.

"Drawn up in duplicate in Paris, the 19th of August, 1847.

"Signed, HECTOR BERLIOZ."

We are under obligation also to M. Prosper Sainton, who has, in the kindest manner, placed at our disposal three hitherto unpublished letters of Berlioz. The first, it will be observed, contains an interesting reference to "La Damnation de Faust," and proves that the favour now shown to that work was not withheld at the outset:—

"London, July 8, 1853.

"My dear Sainton,—I leave on Saturday next, and have so many things to do to-morrow, that it will be impossible to accept your kind invitation. Excuse me, therefore. I have written to Mr. Costa, begging him to convey my thanks to Messieurs the artists of the orchestra at Covent Garden for their gracious offer to assist in the performance at the concert which cannot now take place. I write also to Beale to thank the members of the Committee, of whom you are one, for their generous and charming idea to publish an English edition of my "Faust." It is impossible to be more delicately good and at the same time more artistic.—Your very devoted,

"HECTOR BERLIOZ."

In 1856 Miss Dolby desired to give an orchestral concert in Paris, and M. Sainton sought the counsel and co-operation of Berlioz to that end. In reply he received the following letters:—

"19, Rue de Bourtault, January 16, 1856.

"My dear Sainton,—At the end of this month I go to Germany, and do not exactly know how long I shall remain there. Moreover, several propositions have been made to me for Belgium in the month of March, and if the terms I have demanded for the Belgian concerts be met I shall accept the offers. It is therefore very probable that I shall not be in Paris during the month of March. Save for that, you cannot doubt the pleasure I should have had in putting myself entirely at Miss Dolby's disposal, and in organising and directing her concert. I have received much politeness and many marks of good fellowship from English artists, wherefore I should rejoice at the opportunity of being useful (but *without any terms whatever*) to a person so distinguished in all respects as Miss Dolby. I shall in any case secure the Salle Herz for the Thursday following March 9. Here is, almost exactly, the cost of a concert such as that Miss Dolby desires to give: the hall with lights, 300 francs; orchestra of 54 musicians, 800 francs; bills and tickets, 250 francs; *droit des pauvres*, 100 francs; care of instruments, 32 francs; M. Goffier or M. Belloni, organiser of the concert, 100 francs; Tilmant, conductor (the only one that I can advise you to take)—I know not his terms. I doubt whether Prudent will play, and whether the Director of the Opéra will allow Roger to sing. But when Miss Dolby is here to take measures herself she will obtain what she desires more easily. As for you, my dear Sainton, no doubt a great success awaits you, and your name will give much attraction to Miss Dolby's programme. Lefort is well enough liked by the public.

"I have given you the figure which the orchestra of my concerts cost me; among others, that which I give on the 25th of this month (for a repetition). I do not know if Tilmant can obtain at that price his Opéra-Comique orchestra. That will be perhaps a little dearer. . . . These, my dear Sainton, are all the details that I can give you upon the sad subject of concerts in Paris. I do not go to London this year. Beale has written to say that we have no chance of success, owing to the Lind fever, which makes all other musical enterprises impossible. I have heard nothing about the Philharmonic in Hanover Square. Whom have they engaged as conductor? *Tout à vous.* "HECTOR BERLIOZ."

"19, Rue de Bourtault.

"My dear Sainton,—Tilmant passes half his time in the country; it is better to write to him at the Opéra-Comique. (M. Tilmant, chef d'orchestre au Théâtre de l'Opéra-Comique.) The rehearsal is included in the 800 francs for cost of orchestra. For the rest I dare say you could diminish a little the number of stringed instruments for the Salle Herz—8 first violins, 8 seconds, 4 violas, 4 basses, and 4 double-basses, appear to me sufficient, unless you play some grand symphony (which I do not suppose). Belloni is not in Paris. He is managing Vieuxtemps' Concerts in the provinces, and will return at the end of the month. His address is 1, Rue Ribouté. He will tell you what you ought to do as regards the press. There must be a visit to Fiorentino, to M. de St. Victor, to Brandus, to Escudier, and that is all (and to Bowes, editor of *Galvani's Messenger*): this last is above all important, on account of the English in Paris. If I could be sure of finding myself in Paris, I would invite, at my rehearsal the day after to-morrow, all my orchestra on the part of Miss Dolby, and without doubt, they would heartily promise their assistance. But, being uncertain, it is necessary to be sure of Tilmant, and leave him free to engage an orchestra as he thinks best. Let him know the composition of the programme as soon as

possible, and procure (if there be a piece of Handel's) the orchestral parts, for you will not easily find them in Paris. *Tout à vous.* "H. BERLIOZ."

CRITICAL EXCURSIONS

By FR. NIECKS.

SCHUMANN (*concluded from page 554*).

It must of course be admitted that Schumann's *technique* of composition was peculiar. This peculiarity, to some extent perhaps owing to the late commencement of his more serious musical studies, was indeed for the most part the product and reflex of the character of his mental constitution. But the differing of his *technique* from that of others does not prove it to be bad: and if it is really inferior to that of some, it may still have excellencies of its own which redeem its faults and justify its existence. One style does not suffice to exhaust the whole range of human thought and feeling. Shakespeare not only leaves room for Milton, but also for Wordsworth, Shelley, Byron, Burns, Tennyson, and R. Browning; and not only for them and poets like them, but even for men and women of less depth, height, and breadth. Although the fact of Schumann's intense subjectivity and consequent free indulgence in mannerisms weakens his claim to a place beside Palestrina, Bach, Mozart, and Beethoven, it does not disqualify him for one in the next rank below them. In passing I may remark that the reproach of untruthfulness and lack of naiveness brought against Schumann seems to me wholly unjust. On the contrary, I consider him one of the most sincere and earnest composers. Frequent and persistent syncopations and other singularities—melodic, harmonic and formal, as well as rhythmical—are not necessarily affectations or artificial trickeries; they may be also the natural and habitual expression of a peculiarly constituted individuality that loves to dwell on and recur to its favourite thoughts and feelings.

An artistic style is so complicated, so minute, and in part so impalpable an organism that a characterisation which should be at once adequate and unambiguous is an impossibility. I propose to point out the most striking and characteristic peculiarities of Schumann's style, and illustrate them by examples from his works. The reader will kindly endeavour to follow my imperfectly expressed observations; his familiarity with the music of our master will enable him to fill up the gaps in my description and light up its obscurities.

Schumann oftenest takes up a few short motives or phrases, not unfrequently only a single one, and out of this slight material he constructs a whole movement. He does this in his smaller pieces and also, though not in the same measure and manner, in the larger ones. *Melodies de longue haleine* and of a finely flowing sweep of outline, such as have the appearance of each of them being cast entirely from one mould, are comparatively rare in his instrumental works. He makes use with predilection of the rondo form, more especially of the simple kind wherein the constituent parts follow each other rather than lead into each other—are consecutive and even consequential rather than interpenetrative. But although his rondo forms are simpler in this respect they are sometimes complicated in another, namely, when the composer combines a series of rondos into a rondo of rondos, if I may say so. This tendency or habit of thought shows itself quite unreservedly in the pianoforte—*i.e.*, his early—works, but is also traceable in his symphonies and other later compositions.