

you may have seen it but have not recognized it."

It is probably only with relation to art that the idea seems to obtain with the general public, that the best person to teach it to those who know nothing of it is one who himself knows very little—i. e., the first principles which are the necessary foundation of any learning, but are the last to be arrived at by the professor, may be dispensed with by the student until the later phases of his education; while the truth is, that the education which is not begun with the first principles is education thrown away. "Harmony is the relation of qualities; tone the relation of quantities" is antithetical, but the most concentrated attention that we are able to bring to bear on it wrings nothing but nonsense out of it. So far as there is a meaning to be conjectured in it, it is our impression that it is not true; but it is not safe to say that a thing one does not understand is untrue, and Mr. Van Dyke's further attempt to elucidate his meaning "by saying that harmony has more particularly to do with the problem of whether one color is congenial or well suited to another, while tone involves the degrees of different colors used and their *proportionate* relationships to one another," does not clear up the mud in the least. We give it up. If this be primary education in art, the less we have of it the better, for the higher stages must give rise to some gruesome reading.

The definition of "values" is another curious case of wisdom confounded:

"If you will hold out your open hand before you, partially close your eyes, and look, not for the outline or shape of a hand, but for patches of light and shade, you will see that the palm which is directly before you has the highest light upon it, and that there is a gradation of light into shadow in the spaces between the fingers, and around the ball of the thumb and the sides of the hand where they lead to the edges. Those gradations of light and shade which necessarily involve gradations of flesh-color and possibly the reflections from side lights, are *values*." "It will be understood, then, that what are known in art parlance as values are the variations of light, the effect of intervening atmosphere, and the reflections from surrounding objects or colors, all combined. Properly speaking, values are nothing more or less than the relations of light and shade."

This is simply stupefying. The author goes on to say that "there is no great unanimity of opinion among artists and critics regarding the meaning of the term and what it includes. A number of writers have tried at various times to define it properly, but it has such a loose meaning that definition is quite impossible!" At the risk of attempting the impossible, we are willing to enlighten the author on the subject, by telling him what values are as understood by one of the greatest masters of them in our day—J. F. Millet. If you throw a black coat on the snow, either in the sunshine or in diffused light, there will be a difference in the pitch of the local color quite independent of the light and shade, and this difference will be substantially the same in either case. The mass of the coat will tell as a dark mass on the snow, and the difference, which has nothing to do with light and shade, is the difference in the values. It is exactly the quality furthest removed from that given it by our author.

"The word *textures* is not used in connection with silks, satins, and embroideries alone, but is an art term, referring to the peculiar qualities of any and all objects that are shown in a painting." Here is another riddle—we give it up as well.

We have waded through Mr. Van Dyke's book, but conceive the above enough for a fair, if severe, exposition of its merits as a treatise on art. It contains, however, the evidence that

the author has a fairly cultivated appreciation of painting in the concrete, and does know the difference, within narrow limits, between good and bad art; but we must offer him the advice of the Scotch judge to a tyro, not to give the reasons for his opinions, but to content himself with pronouncing his judgment, for his enunciation of principles is great nonsense, and the world is too full of nonsense on art already.

*Review of the New York Musical Season, 1887-1888.* By H. E. Krehbiel. Novell, Ewer & Co.

THIS is the third issue of this useful handbook, and if Mr. Krehbiel, as is to be hoped, will continue to issue one annually, the task of some future historian of music in America will be remarkably facilitated. The present volume begins with the concerts of the unfortunate but charming Italian violinist, Teresina Tua, and ends with the production of Verdi's last opera, "Otello," by the Campanini Company. Among the more important articles are criticisms of the Josef Hofmann concerts, Wagner's symphony, and the operas brought out for the first time at the Metropolitan—"Siegfried," "Götterdämmerung," "Cortez," "Euryanthe," and "The Trumpeter of Säckingen." Of many of the concerts only the programmes are recorded, but even this part of the book has its value, for since all the important concerts given in New York are included, provincial conductors may use Mr. Krehbiel's 'Review' as a valuable text-book in programme-making, under the guidance of such masters as Thomas, Seidl, etc. The consecutive arrangement of musical events, according to dates, is doubtless preferable to any other; but it would be convenient if the index discriminated, by different sizes of figures, the pages occupied with comment on certain compositions, and those on which the same works are merely recorded as parts of a programme. It would not do to leave these latter altogether out of the index, for their presence allows one to see at a glance how often a given composer figured on the programmes of the season. Thus, in the operatic line, it is significant to find only five entries under Bellini, and 126 under Wagner; and it is encouraging to see so many references to Bach, Schumann, Chopin, Liszt, and Rubinstein, showing that the musical-world moves. Four pages are taken up by a letter addressed by Herr Seidl to the New York *Tribune*, regarding Wagner's early symphony, concerning which no one is so well qualified to speak, since it was Herr Seidl who was called upon by Wagner himself, when the long-missing parts had been found, to make the score out of them. Wagner also wanted Seidl to conduct the symphony at Venice, as he dreaded the fatigue involved in the rehearsals, but Seidl was prevented by his engagements from going. "Two months after his death," he writes, "when I was conducting the Nibelung cycle in Venice, I was told personally by the concertmeister, who had played in the symphony performances, that when Wagner had finished, he laid down his baton with the words: 'Now I have conducted for the last time.'"

The last twenty-three pages are devoted to statistics of the novelties produced at the opera and in the concert-halls and to a general retrospect, in which the operatic problem is discussed in a very sensible manner. The ignorant journalists who prophesied that German opera was coming to grief, are met by the retort that "the Wagnerian dramas-throughout the season were worth \$750 a night more than the rest of the list." The statistics concerning the receipts and expenditures at the opera, be-

ing derived from official sources, are as instructive as they are trustworthy. Fourteen operas were given, involving 451 rehearsals, and ranking, as regards their financial value, in the following order: "Götterdämmerung," "Siegfried," "Walküre," "Prophet," "Tristan," "Lohengrin," "Faust," "Tannhäuser," "Meistersinger," "Euryanthe," "Trumpeter," "Jewess," "Cortez," "Fidelio." Among the curiosities of this list, as illustrating the fickleness and uncertainty of popular patronage, are the facts that "Fidelio," which headed the list last season, foots it this year, and that "Cortez," on which more than half the money given out for *mise-en-scène* this year was expended, is last but one. As regards Italian opera, Mr. Krehbiel thinks "it will not utterly die until the public adopts a nobler attitude towards music than they occupy towards literature and the drama." But "we are in an era of change in art ideals. To cling to the sweets of Italian melody and live in the memories of Mario and Grisi is folly. So young an art as music cannot stand still for half a century, and Roman tastes, though they may clog for a time, cannot permanently bind a people Teutonic in their origin." The following also is worth pondering as showing the change which has come over audiences: "We all know that when Italian opera was in its glory, the public were perfectly willing to accept a listless performance from any one of its great interpreters if he or she would but thrill them with a single air or a single note in an air. Mario was wont to save himself for one glorious outburst, and with it his admirers were satisfied. This would now be impossible."

To the general public who do not care for musical problems, the most remarkable statement in Mr. Krehbiel's book is that, "of the money paid for royalties [at the Metropolitan], nearly \$9,100 went to the estate of Richard Wagner, Director Stanton having assumed the *purely moral obligation* of paying royalties on all the Wagnerian works produced." This is certainly extremely honorable on the part of Mr. Stanton and the stockholders, and ought to be held up as an example to our piratic music and book publishers.

*Corinne*; or, Italy. By Mme. de Staël. Translated by Emily Baldwin and Pauline Driver. [Bohn's Novelists' Library.] London: Geo. Bell & Sons; New York: Scribner & Welford. Pp. 394.

SAINTE-BEUVE, fifty years ago, writing of this book (then a generation old), said: "As time advances, the interest that attaches to such works, which have been recognized to have a real and lasting existence, may change in character, but is not less great. Their very faults become representative, and are not without charm, as the once-admired expression of a taste that has given place to another, which in its turn will likewise pass away." It is this enduringness of interest that makes any adequate study of these works, whether in the form of criticism or of the commentary which an able translation furnishes by its very nature, always timely and welcome. But of an inadequate translation of classics precisely the opposite is true; it is untimely and unwelcome. We regret to say this is the case in the present instance. The publisher of Bohn's Libraries has been unfortunate again, as too often before, in his choice of translators. Their work is a paraphrase rather than a reproduction of the original, and is pervaded by a dulness of perception that turns the abundant flow of phrase in the original into stiff and stupid sentences. The translation is everywhere unsuccessful and

unjust, whether in passages of description, of conversation, or of moral observation, and frequently entirely mistakes the meaning of the text. These assertions may be strengthened by examples. Of the frequent mistakes the following is characteristic: "Lucile avait tort de ne pas exprimer ses craintes," "Lucille was careful not to express her fears." "Dominiquin" is translated "Dominican." The Italian verse,

A pena si può dir: questa fu rosa;

is given as

A pena si suo die fu rosa.

The downrightness and hasty clumsiness of this phrase, "Conscience sometimes becomes morbid under the pressure of sorrow, and one easily accuses oneself of guilt," is no worthy rendering of the delicate harmony in the thoughtful saying: "Quand on souffre, on se persuade aisément que l'on est coupable, et les violents chagrins portent le trouble jusque dans la conscience." When Lord Nelvil says: "La délicatesse avec laquelle vous vous êtes conduit pour monsieur votre oncle, inspire pour vous, M. le comte, la plus profonde estime," it is something very different from "The way you behaved to your uncle, Count, makes me esteem you highly."

This for description: "Ils virent ensemble Pompéa, la ruine la plus curieuse de l'antiquité. À Rome, l'on ne trouve guère que les débris de monuments publics, et ces monuments ne retracent que l'histoire politique des siècles écoulés: mais à Pompéa, c'est la vie privée des anciens qui s'offre à vous telle qu'elle étoit." "They saw Pompeii, the most curious ruins of antiquity. In Rome you simply find relics of antiquity, and in these you just trace the political history of past ages; but at Pompeii the private life of the ancients offers itself to your reflection."

Condemnation must fall on such disrespect shown to a great writer—a writer who gave the most attentive care to the details of this monumental work, and who (in Sainte-Beuve's phrase again) therein "attained to art, to sustained majesty, to harmony."

*Sphinx Locuta Est*: Goethe's Faust und die Resultate einer rationellen Methode der Forschung. Von Ferdinand August Louvier. Berlin: Georg & Fiedler. 2 vols.

Is this treatise a joke? Is it, like the famous book of 'Allegoriowitch Mystifizinski,' a *jeu d'esprit* at the expense of a certain kind of expounders of 'Faust'? So one is certainly tempted to think at first. But the work is in two good-sized octavo volumes, containing together a thousand pages. The paper and printing are excellent, and there is nowhere a suggestion of intentional humor. To make the text must have required years; to see it through the press was, at any rate, no trifling matter; in short, all indications point to the conclusion that we have to do here with a seriously meant contribution to exegetical literature.

Herr Louvier has discovered that 'Faust' is a mine of riddles, the key to which he has, after infinite perplexity, at last found out. He begins his revelations in a very familiar way by reducing the poem to an allegory: *Faust* is the Understanding; *Wagner*, Scholasticism; *Gretchen*, Naiveté; *Mephistopheles*, Egoism; the *Witch*, Anility; the *Poodle*, Negative Proof, and so on. The poem consists, at every point, of three strands skillfully woven together by the poet, but capable of being separated by the cunning reader: first, there is the poetic 'Faust,' in which the characters are what they seem to be and what people in general suppose them to be; then there is the philosophical

'Faust,' in which the same characters stand for abstractions of the mind; and, finally, there is the historical (*culturgeschichtlicher*) 'Faust,' in which they and their language have mysterious reference to important facts of history, as, for example, the Prologue to Freemasonry, the Easter Holiday scene to Grammar, and the Earth-Spirit scene to Swedenborg and the Rosicrucians.

Thus far, perhaps, the revelations of the Sphinx are not so very remarkable. A reader who is at home among the expounders of 'Faust' has heard, if not the same thing, yet the same sort of thing before. But the Sphinx proceeds, and proceeds in a way to arrest the attention of the most phlegmatic passer-by. Not only is Goethe's poem a triplicate tangle as regards its characters and its dramatic economy, but its ordinary language is not what it seems to be. There is a special "Faust language," consisting of symbolical meanings for familiar words; and this symbolism, we learn, is consistently adhered to everywhere. Thus, when the poet says "sun," he always means *knowledge*; "moon" means *the ideal*; "kettle," *the head*; "city," *the brain*; "wood," *stupidity*; "gold," *thought*; and "to spin," *to meditate*. These definitions are taken from a fragmentary "Faust dictionary," found in vol. i, p. 20. The list there given closes with an "et cetera," which implies, we suppose, that the other words in 'Faust' also have their own meanings, which the reader can readily supply for himself. It is only necessary that the Sphinx should put him on the right track.

Thus equipped for his work, Herr Louvier rides boldly into the fray, and what execution he does among the received opinions of the literary public can be neither described nor imagined. The tragedy of *Gretchen* is the destruction of Naiveté by the Speculative Understanding; *Valentine*, *Gretchen's* brother, is, of course, Common Sense, which perishes at the hands of Speculative Understanding, aided by Egoism (*Mephistopheles*). But what of *Gretchen's* continual singing? Ay, there's the rub—that is, there *has been* the rub, says our author. But in the Faust language, "to sing" is *to speak*, and *Gretchen* in her songs is simply bodying forth in words the gradual decadence of the *Meistergesang*. But the beauty of a system is seen always in its applicability to details that are apparently insignificant. It will be recollected that *Gretchen* in frolic hides herself behind the door of a summer-house, where *Faust* afterwards finds her. But now, in the Faust language, all things "wooden" allude to stupidity. So, then: Naiveté takes refuge behind Stupidity, but Understanding recognizes it even in such a hiding-place.

But the *chef d'œuvre* of Louvier's exegesis is to be found in vol. i, p. 165. Readers of Goethe will recall the poodle scene, and the fact that *Mephistopheles*, after his first colloquy with *Faust*, finds himself a prisoner. He explains that he cannot get out of the room on account of the "witch's foot," or pentagram, upon the threshold; which, being imperfectly made and having its outer angle a little open, allowed him to come *in*, though he cannot now get *out*. Hereupon *Faust* congratulates himself upon the lucky accident which has put the devil in his power. After this, *Mephistopheles* causes *Faust* to be lulled to sleep, whereupon he puts oil upon the pentagram and orders one of his minions in the shape of a rat to break the spell by gnawing off the inner point of the pentagram. The hocus-pocus of the scene requires none but historical commentary, and that is sufficiently furnished by any good editor.

But now listen to the Sphinx. This of the

witch's foot, we are assured, is one of the most surprising allegories in the whole drama. It must be something more than a mere geometrical figure—probably the learned word "pentagram" should give the needed clue. Now, "pentagram" means "five letters," and since one corner, and that the outer one, of the figure is "a little open," we have evidently to look for a word of six letters of which the last one is wanting. Further, this word, when found, should, if read forwards, indicate something that *lures Egoism in*, and if read backwards, something that *keeps Egoism from getting away*. The needed word is obviously *Gewin(n)*, which read backwards is *Ni(e) weg*. Here, to be sure, a superfluous "e" appears, but the Sphinx disposes of that in this wise: "'That is a lucky accident,' thus does the poet himself excuse this innocent anagram which is not even orthographically correct." The exposition of the Sphinx continues: The inner corner which is gnawed by the rat is the letter "n" (in "Nie weg"); there remains then *-ie weg* and the "oil" means that the pronunciation of this *-ie* is to be "softened" into *juh*. But *juh weg* passes readily (especially in Berlin) for *geh weg*. Thus is the charm broken and the prohibitive "never away" is softened by oil into the permissive "go away."

"Such screech owls there must also be," observes *Faust* to *Gretchen* in endeavoring to persuade her not to think all too harshly of his friend the devil. It might appear as if this philosophy were too simple to be of great practical use—as if it must be too frail a protection against the varied forms of mental inadequacy which we are all continually discovering in our fellow-passengers on the voyage of life. But really there are emergencies to which no other philosophy seems so well adapted. What other resource, to illustrate, is there for him who in these days endeavors, for whatever reason, to keep abreast of what all kinds of people are printing about Goethe's 'Faust'? There are men of the present epoch who hold that the high-water mark of religious civilization was reached when the Romans built their temple to "all the gods." Others look forward to a temple of all Humanity hereafter. The subject is too broad and deep to be treated just here, but we will at least express the hope in passing, that when the disciples of Comte get ready to build the great Panathropeion of the future, they may not forget to put in a few comfortable niches for cranks. *Es muss auch solche Käuze geben*.

*A Trip to England*. By Goldwin Smith. Macmillan & Co.

To a vast number of American readers the subject of this little book is one of peculiar interest. Some of them have made the trip, and will be curious to see what Mr. Goldwin Smith may have to say about it; others are looking forward to it with the keen pleasure of anticipation, and will be attracted by the title; while to others the subject is full of deep interest although they have never seen, nor ever expect to see, the land of their ancestors. It is proper to warn those who might buy the book for such reasons that they will in all probability be disappointed. Knowing something of Mr. Goldwin Smith's reputation, they will be prepared to find in it a certain amount of curious doctrine, both social and political—to find him, for instance, abusing "democratic fox-hunting and to demolish the parks of the aristocracy with its "equalizing plough," and in the next breath hoping that the same plough will destroy all the race-courses! They will not be