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Overture. His overmastering preference prevented his being "a safe and infallible critic."

"He judged almost everything from the standpoint of the music-drama, and whatever is one-sided and exaggerated in his verdicts must be placed to this account. Some of the greatest and most original composers are, moreover, not mentioned at all in his writings, or only incidentally—for example, Chopin and Schubert, whom Rubinstein very properly classes among the five greatest masters the musical world has seen. Here [in admiration for Schubert] Schumann and Liszt doubtless had a keener scent for genius than Wagner and Mendelssohn."

In another place (ii., 146), Mr. Finck writes, apropos of composers "who create, i. e., provide new harmonic, melodic, and rhythmic material": "In this sense, the four greatest composers the world has ever seen are, in my opinion, Bach, Schubert, Chopin, and Wagner. And if we take single works to compare in point of originality and creativeness, the palm must, I am convinced, be given to *Tristan and Isolde*." This sentence is a measure at once of Mr. Finck's catholicity and of his extreme Wagnerism. We have already quoted evidence of his independence towards the Master, and if more is needed, his readers will find it in the second volume in the remarks on Wagner's change of mind and recantation as to choruses (pp. 233, 235), on the defects of the *Wal-küre* (p. 337), on the shortcomings of the hidden orchestra at Bayreuth (p. 287), on the "foolish libretto" of 1870 of *la Offenbach* (p. 254). Equally frank is the judgment on the metaphysical portion ("nebulous stuff") of the masterly treatise on Beethoven (p. 250). "In philosophy Wagner was almost as much an amateur as Schopenhauer was in music; and the disposition which is at present, being shown by some fanatic admirers in Germany to worship him as a great philosopher is absurd" (p. 251). "Tedious," with "turgid, metaphysical phraseology," is the essay of 1868 on 'German Art and German Politics.' Mr. Finck speaks plainly also about Wagner's violation of the laws of health in eating and working, and makes light of his squint at vegetarianism in the essay on 'Religion and Art,' on the strength of which "some of the foolish Wagnerites, who took every utterance of the Meister as gospel law, started a vegetarian club at Bayreuth." The apology for Wagner's foibles for luxurious surroundings seems to us justified; as Mr. Finck points out, a genuine painter would never be blamed for the same thing, and Wagner too had a color-sense to cultivate. The separation from his wife, and his relations with Frau von Bülow ending in marriage, are treated leniently, but apparently without any suppression of the essential facts.

On the whole, we conclude that this painstaking biography will enhance the author's reputation as a maker of entertaining books, and, subject to the limitations set forth at the beginning of this notice, as a musical critic; and that it will do more to make the genius of Wagner comprehensible to the lay mind than any other work on the same subject ever written or perhaps likely to be written.

HALE'S NEW ENGLAND BOYHOOD.

A New England Boyhood. By Edward Everett Hale. Cassell. 1893.

DR. HALE was born in 1822. His memoirs begin about 1826. In 1835, at the age of thirteen, he entered Harvard College, and duly graduated in 1839. He mentions only one or two incidents after the last date, and little about Boston after his entrance to college. Thus, the

memories are those of a child, affording no insight into the ways and thoughts of men, nor even picturing in detail the external aspect of anything, but taken up with the all-important doings of the boy. The swinging signs before the old Boston auberges (if Dr. Hale won't let us call them inns) did attract his attention—"The Indian Queen" in Bromfield's Lane, "The Bunch of Grapes" in State Street, "The Lamb" in Washington Street; and he mentions that when the Tremont House was built, it seemed to the boys wonderful that there should be a "tavern" with no sign before it and no stable behind it. While he was at the Latin School, between 1831 and 1835, the first omnibus appeared on the streets of Boston—a very long affair, drawn by four horses, and blessed with a name, the "Governor Brooks." Dr. Hale says "the first omnibus in the world was put on its work in Paris. It was called 'La Dame Blanche' from the White Lady of Scott's novel of 'The Monastery,' about the year 1821."

The old Latin School of this book stood on School Street (christened after it), opposite the little green just below King's Chapel. The boys began the study of Latin—boys nine years old—by learning the Latin Grammar by heart in English. Such stupidity seems almost incredible, at a time when Hoole's 'Visible World,' a translation of the instruction-book of Comenius, had gone through numberless editions in English. It was quite a different thing at an earlier date to make boys commit the Latin Grammar to memory in Latin. That taught them a great deal, just as learning any other simple Latin book by heart would have done. It was a method somewhat similar to those of Comenius and of Robertson. Yet, doubtless, the substitution of the grammar in English for the grammar in Latin was conceived to be a reform. No wonder the language was never conquered. Many of Hale's afternoons were spent sailing toy boats in the neighborhood of Beach Street (so called because it ran down to the beach); he made magic lanterns, dabbled in chemistry and electricity, went to Papanti's dancing-school and to the swimming-school, coasted from the foot of Walnut Street to the head of West Street, flew kites and invaded houses to get on the roofs to recover the twine, played marbles on the malls and baseball on the parade ground, shook props (deepest of crimes), and doubtless battled with Fort Hill boys, though that is more than he will confess to—in short, did everything that boys did fifteen years later. He also went to the gymnasium in Washington Gardens.

Dr. Hale notes many vestiges of Puritanism in those days. We should like to have been informed whether, in a house like the Hales', a great deal of theology was talked, and whether most people passing the evening casually together would be likely to talk about the points of Calvinism. According to Dr. Hale, the settlement of the Massachusetts Bay colony was due to the insistence of the Puritans upon their Thursday morning religious lecture, which was prohibited in England; and he attributes the pre-eminence of Boston in population to people being attracted by Cotton Mather's preaching—rather narrow causes for such broad effects. Mr. Palfrey, he tells us, at the Brattle Square Church would frequently break off his long morning's sermon with the words, "I shall continue this subject in the afternoon," entirely sure of having the same hearers. He notices the high pews in that edifice; but he does not say whether those along the sides were square, nor whether the deacons

faced the congregation. He does not recall much about the drama, although it must have been within the period of his memories that the Tremont Theatre was built only a few doors from his home. Fanny Kemble is mentioned, not J. B. Booth, nor even Fanny Ellsler. The subsequent forswearing of the drama by the good people of Boston was a curious movement, which we wish somebody would describe. Of the early secular lectures we learn something here, but that would be a subject for a volume. It was Dr. Webster's on chemistry that most attracted the boys. Emerson's were nowhere in comparison.

Dr. Hale does not represent Boston as being so pretty as one would think it must have been, with its many fine old gardens, with the superb orchids and exotics in the greenhouses of his classmate Boot's father (where the Rev. House now stands), with much of Beacon Hill blooming with roses, with Summer Street an enchanting alley of verdure and peace, with Franklin Street's pretty park and fountain, with Winthrop Place and other delightful nooks. But neither does he say anything of the beauty of Cambridge, which was then so rural. Nor do the imposing buildings which were put up in those years seem to have made any impression—the Quincy Market, the Custom-house, the Court-house, the Merchants' Exchange, and other buildings in State Street, etc.

The most interesting person in the book, by far, is the author's father, Nathan Hale, editor of the Boston *Daily Advertiser*, chief promoter of the early railways, especially the Boston and Worcester Road, and a man of much wisdom about education. Indeed, we may perhaps say that only two other characters are brought clearly before us, Fulham, an old family servant, and Prof. Peirce. The evidence of Nathan Hale's great good sense in the bringing up of his children, and the little glimpse that we catch, when the corner of the curtain is momentarily pushed aside, of the Hale interior, are so attractive that one is annoyed that there is so little of them. But, indeed, this boy was as unobservant of the inside of the house as he was of the outside. All kinds of interesting people must have frequented it, yet we hear nothing of them. There was Edward Everett, a man who had the art of charming boys as well as he did everybody else. Mr. Webster and Judge Story were there. The railway engineers are mentioned in a general way. Those men, Daniel Treadwell and Maj. Whistler, for example, were as strong and striking personalities as ever walked the earth; but for this boy they were mere abstractions—railway engineers, in a general way. As for the anti-slavery movement, or the temperance movement, or Transcendentalism, they did not exist for him.

Of course, it would be unreasonable to complain of this. Yet the history of Boston during those times is so fascinating, and it so clearly appears, as we can see now, that all the cult and all the good in it sprang out of philanthropy, while all the foggyism, and all that caused the city's overthrow in certain departments, came from the love of money, or "intelligent selfishness," that we are naturally a little impatient to see the real Boston so closely approached without ever being touched upon. There is some description of the Broad Street riot of 1837, but the important anti-slavery riot of two years before and the burning of the Ursuline Convent are not so much as mentioned.

There is a pretty good account of a student's life at Harvard College from 1835 to 1839, the

Navy Club parade, the exhibitions, the long Commencement exercises under the auspices of the Governor, the commons in University Hall, with the bill of fare for each day of the week, indelibly stamped on the author's brain, etc. The following shows how the custom of dancing on the college green on class day arose:

"Class day seems to have originated as early as the beginning of the century. The class itself chose a favorite speaker as orator, and some one who could write a poem, and had its own exercises of farewell. There grew up side by side with those farewell exercises the custom by which the class treated the rest of the College, and eventually treated every loafer in Cambridge. As I remember the first class days I ever saw, they were the occasions of the worst drunkenness I have ever known. The night before class day some of the Seniors—I do not know but what all—went out to the lower part of the plot, where there was still a grove of trees, and 'consecrated the grove,' as the phrase was, which meant drank all the rum and other spirits that they liked. Then, on the afternoon of class day, around the old elm tree, sometimes called Rebellion Tree and sometimes Liberty Tree, which stood and stands behind Hollis, all the College assembled, and every other male loafer who chose to come where there was a free treat. Pails of punch, made from every spirit known to Cambridge innkeepers, were there for everybody to drink. It was a horrid orgy from end to end, varied, perhaps, by dancing round the tree.

"With such memories of class day, President Quincy, in 1838, sent for my brother and one or two others of the class of that year in whom he had confidence, to ask what could be done to break up such orgies. He knew he could rely on the class for an improvement in the customs. They told him that if he would give them for the day the use of the Brigade Band, which was then the best band we had in Boston, and which they had engaged in the morning, they felt sure that they could change the fête. The conditions, observe, were a lovely July day, the presence in the morning at the chapel, to hear the addresses, of the nicest and prettiest girls of Boston and neighborhood with their mammas, and the chances of keeping them there through the afternoon. Mr. Quincy gladly procured the band, and when the day came it became the birthday of the modern 'class day,' the most charming of fêtes. Word was given to the girls that they must come to spend the day. In the chapel Coolidge delivered a farewell oration. Lowell, alas! was at Concord, not permitted to come to Cambridge to recite his poem; it had to be printed instead. When the ode had been sung, the assembly moved up to that shaded corner between Stoughton and Holworthy, the band people stationed themselves in the entry of Stoughton, between 21 and 24, with the window open, and the dancing on the green, of which there are still traditions, began. The wind-instrument men said afterward that they never played for dancing before, and that their throats were bone dry; and I suppose there was no girl there who had ever before danced to the music of a trombone. When our class came along, in 1839, we had the honor of introducing fiddles. I shall send a copy of this to the charming lady—the belle of her time—with whom I danced in the silk gown in which I had been clad when I delivered the class poem of the year. Does she remember it as well as I do?"

Although we cannot help regretting some omissions, yet, after all, these very omissions demonstrate that the book is made up of genuine living recollections, without resort to documents, and the same is true of some little errors of detail; thus, when Dr. Hale informs us that he spouted at the Latin School a poem of Tom Moore's containing the line

"If there lingers one spark of their fire, tread it out!" instead of

"If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out!"

we see that the whole is a faithful record of the actual state of the author's memory—and a very pleasant memory it is.

LADY DE ROS AND WATERLOO.

A Sketch of the Life of Georgiana Lady de Ros. With some Reminiscences of her Family and Friends, including the Duke of Wellington. By her daughter, Hon. Mrs. Swinton. London: John Murray. 1893.

THE Personal Recollections written for *Murray's Magazine* in the first months of 1889, when Lady de Ros was in her ninety-fourth year, are well supplemented by the "sketch," as Lady de Ros's daughter calls the account which she has compiled of a very remarkable woman. Georgiana Lennox was the third daughter of Col. Charles Lennox, and was born at Molecomb House in Goodwood Park, Sussex, England, on September 30, 1795. Her mother, Lady Charlotte Gordon, was the eldest daughter of the beautiful and witty Jean Maxwell, wife of the fourth Duke of Gordon. Lady Georgiana's father became Duke of Richmond in 1806, succeeding his uncle as fourth Duke. He was Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 till 1813. In 1819, when Governor-General of Canada, the Duke died of hydrophobia, caused by the bite of a tame fox. Lady Georgiana, when a child, was often allowed to play with the Princess Charlotte. The Princess, a merry and frank young girl, talked without restraint to her companions, and would openly avow that the two things in the world which she most hated were "Boiled mutton and — Grandmamma [Queen Charlotte]."

The life-long friendship between Lady de Ros and the Duke of Wellington began when her father was Viceroy of Ireland. Sir Arthur Wellesley was Chief Secretary for Ireland, and it was the delight of the young Ladies Lennox to ride every morning with "great Sir Arthur," as they called him, from the Vice-Regal Lodge in the Phoenix Park to the Dublin Gate; Sir Arthur going on to his official work in Dublin Castle. Lady de Ros saw the jubilee of George the Third at Dublin in October, 1809; and in June, 1887, she saw the jubilee procession of Queen Victoria. On that occasion she presented to the Queen a beautiful illumination on ivory, the work of her own hands. The Duke of Richmond, on leaving Ireland, lived at Richmond House, London, now Richmond Terrace, Whitehall. His daughters used to run down the garden to the river with a sixpence in their hands, with which they would buy a flounder from a Thames fisherman, in order to propitiate their very cross Swiss governess. As the girls grew up, they were presented at court, being carried to St. James's Palace in the evening, each in a sedan chair attended by running footmen. When Lady Sarah Lennox, the sister of Lady de Ros, was to be presented, inquiry was made if she had any other name. Lady Sarah's great-aunt, the beautiful Lady Sarah Lennox (afterwards the mother of the three heroes, Sir Charles, Sir George, and Sir William Napier), had been the early love of George the Third, and it was feared that the announcement of the name might seriously affect the aged King. But Lady Sarah had no other name. When the blind old man, then over eighty, heard the name once so dear to him, he, like Isaac, "trembled very exceedingly," and asked if there was any resemblance to his Lady Sarah. On being told that there was a likeness, he begged the young girl "to allow a blind old man the privilege of passing his hand over her features. This," adds Lady de Ros, "he did, making no remark."

Lady de Ros had been acquainted with no fewer than nineteen Prime Ministers of Eng-

land, beginning with Mr. Pitt. Of Lord Salisbury she was wont to quote his mother's opinion, that "Bobby would some day be a very clever man." In 1814 the Duke of Richmond settled with his family at Brussels. They lived in a large house in the Rue de la Blanchisserie, and the Duke of Wellington always called it "The Wash-house." This house was afterwards pulled down, and when Lady de Ros visited Brussels in 1868, she could find no trace of it. The controversy in 1888 as to the street in which the celebrated ball-room had been situated led, most fortunately, to the publication of Lady de Ros's 'Recollections.' In a letter she indignantly complains of the persecution she had undergone about the ball-room, and that correspondents of newspapers would neither believe her nor allow her to know the name of the street in which she had passed those eventful days. A large garden extended from the house to the ramparts, and when the Duchess of Richmond was sitting under the trees on the afternoon of June 15, 1815, Gen. Lord Hill called. He was in command of the Second Corps at Waterloo, but to the Duchess and her daughters he "disclaimed any knowledge of a move." There seems to have been no certainty, but much uneasiness. When, at the request of some young officers, Lady de Ros asked the Duke of Wellington's leave to get up a picnic outside Brussels, he answered, "No; better let that drop." For he knew we should all have been probably taken prisoners by the French." There were constant reviews of the troops, and to many of them Lady Georgiana Lennox accompanied the Duke of Wellington, often riding his celebrated charger Copenhagen. She describes Copenhagen as "a most unpleasant horse to ride, but he always snorted and neighed with pleasure at the sight of troops." Copenhagen, it may be observed, was nearly the death of his master after Waterloo. The Duke, on dismounting, gave his favorite a flattering slap on the quarters with his gloved hand. Copenhagen did not appreciate the honor, and lashed out with such force that the Duke narrowly escaped serious injury.

On May 23, 1815, Lady Georgiana Lennox rode with the Duke of Wellington to a review of the Brunswick troops, commanded by the Duke of Brunswick. As she returned rain fell, and she rode back wrapped in a soldier's greatcoat, and escorted by Gen. Alava. Gen. Alava had been in Spain with the Duke of Wellington, and used to say that he asked the same three questions every day and got the same replies: "When do we start?" "Day-break." "What do we have for dinner?" "Cold beef." "Where do we sleep?" "Don't know."

Most people will recollect the description of the state of Brussels in June, 1815, which is given by Thackeray in 'Vanity Fair.' Much anxiety was felt lest the Duke of Wellington should not return from the Congress of Vienna in time to take the command of the troops. Napoleon was known to be on the point of invading Belgium, and, in the absence of the Duke, the command would have devolved on the Prince of Orange, an inexperienced and possibly somewhat rash young officer. Lord March, son of the Duke of Richmond, was aide-de-camp to the Prince, and when the Prince, rather offended, asked Lady Georgiana why she had no confidence in him, she had the courage to reply: "Well, sir, you have not been tried and the Duke has." The Duke did return, and the famous Waterloo ball was given by the Duchess of Richmond. The room had been used as a coach-house before the

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