

did him harm in driving him away from a place so ideally suited for creating operas. To his sister, Wagner wrote: "Since our union was out of the question, our deep affection took on the sad, melancholy character which wards off all that is common and low, and finds its sole source of joy in the other's happiness." The very fact that Frau Wesendonk (who died in 1902) gave orders that this correspondence should be printed verbatim, without omissions, evinces her conviction that it would silence all doubt and malicious gossip. It might be said that Frau Wagner's character had the natural effect of intensifying the intimacy against which her jealousy raged. Frau Wesendonk was in all these respects the reverse of Frau Wagner. To her he played in the afternoon what he had composed in the morning, sure of her sympathetic appreciation. With her he could talk over his plans, his hopes, his disappointments, and his moods, whether *himmelhoeh jauchzend* or *zum Tode betrübt*; and when he had left the "Asyl," letters had to take the place of conversation. "Once on a time," he writes three years after the separation, "I found the heart and the soul that in such moments understood me completely, and which I loved because of this perfect appreciation. . . . You are the angel of my repose, the guardian of my life." On another occasion he tells her about the deep impression made on him by a perusal of "Lohengrin" and of his plans for a new opera, "The Victor," which was to be a sort of sequel to "Lohengrin." "I cannot write you anything, but such gossip," he adds, "that alone seems worth while. And you are the only one with whom I love to gossip about such things; and when I do, time and space, which encompass naught but torture and distress, are annihilated." He tells her that he is more sincere with her than with himself; that it would be impossible for him to communicate his thoughts to a man in the same way as to her; that he always felt safest when he allowed her feelings and suggestions to guide him. But the most striking proof of his devotion to this remarkable woman is that, after he left the "Asyl," he wrote a special diary for her, in which he confided to her his inmost thoughts almost daily for several months. The preface to the present volume states that he wished this diary as well as his letters to be destroyed; but Frau Wesendonk ignored this request—most fortunately, for this book contains many pages that are more fascinating even than Wagner's letters to Liszt, both musically and personally. Nowhere else, indeed, does Wagner show his character in such a favorable light; the late Dr. Hanslick himself might have here learned to pity and love his old foe.

Musically, too, this friendship bore valuable fruit. Frau Wesendonk was not only able to appreciate her poet-musician, she herself had a poetic gift. "You have become a poetess in the noblest sense of the word," he once wrote to her; and every singer is familiar with the five poems of hers which he set to music. Two of these—"Träume" and "Im Treibhaus"—he himself designated as Studies to "Tristan and Isolde." "I have never done anything better than these songs," he wrote to her; "few of my works can be placed beside them." On a subsequent occasion he goes so far as to say concerning "Träume": "God

knows, I now like this song better than the scene in the opera. Heavens, this is more beautiful than anything I have done. I quiver in my deepest nerves when I hear it." The personal element enters into this judgment, to be sure, but so it does in the case of the opera. "Tristan and Isolde" is largely autobiographic. In a letter dated December 21, 1861, he exclaims: "That I wrote 'Tristan' I owe to you, and thank you therefor from my deepest soul to all eternity." The first act of the opera was composed in the "Asyl," and the situation in it is not unlike that of Wagner and his friend as described in that letter to his sister: "We at once recognized the fact that we could never think of being united; hence we became resigned, gave up every selfish wish, suffered, endured, but—loved one another."

The second act of "Tristan" was composed in Venice, whence the letters to Frau Wesendonk contain many interesting details regarding the progress and process of composition and Wagner's life in that romantic city, which seemed like a dream:

"For the first time I breathe this invariably delicious pure air; the fairy-world aspect of the city keeps me as by magic in a melancholy-joyous condition. When I take a gondola ride in the evening to the Lido, I seem to hear a long-drawn-out soft violin tone such as I love and once compared you to; now you can imagine how I feel here on the sea by moonlight."

Of course this mood did not continue any more than the fine weather, but his opera absorbed him more and more; early in October, 1858, he resumed work on it, and on December 8 he writes: "I feel as if I should like to devote all the rest of my life to this music. Oh, it will be deep and beautiful. . . . Anything equal to this I have after all not written before." By the tenth of the following March he had completed the second act, and pronounced it the summit of his art up to that time. "For my art I need the world less and less; so far as my health permits, I should be capable of working on always in this way even if none of this music should ever be performed." "With such care do I compose everything that the shortest phrase assumes as much importance as a whole act." "The other evening Ritter and Winterberger succeeded in persuading me to play the principal things, and a fine state of mind was the result! All my former works, poor things, were cast aside for this one act. Thus do I rage against myself, and always assassinate all my offspring but one." The last act followed close upon the second. On August 27 he writes joyfully: "Don Felix [Dracseke] asserts that the third act of 'Tristan' is even more beautiful than the second. But concerning this matter I beg you to set him right thoroughly. Am I to tolerate such things?" When he began this act, in April, he wrote: "I see clearly that I shall never more invent anything; that one highest period of bloom started such a multitude of germs within me that I now need only to resort to them to raise my flowers with ease." A little later: "Child, this 'Tristan' will be something terrible! This last act!!! I fear the opera will be forbidden—unless a poor performance should make a parody of it; only a mediocre performance can save me! Really good ones must make the hearers insane." "Child, child, I have just shed tears while composing. . . . It is enormously tragic! All overwhelming!"

Frau Wesendonk was not only the actual

heroine of this, the most Wagnerian of operas; it was also her good fortune to be made the first recipient of the detailed plans for "Parsifal." At the time when her acquaintance with Wagner began, the "Parsifal" had not yet been differentiated from "Tristan"; ultimately he transferred to it not only some things that he had intended for the last act of "Tristan," but also some of the material for two operas which he never wrote: "Der Sieger" and "Jesus von Nazareth." We see from these letters that while he was in the midst of the "Tristan" composition the "Parsifal" story was gradually shaping itself in his mind. In the Diary, on October 1, 1858, he refers to the Good Friday scene in the third act of "Parsifal" (the spelling Parsifal was not used till 1877); in the following January he says that his mind is filled with presentiments of Sawitri and Parsifal. On March 2 he writes: "The 'Parsifal' has occupied me much of late; particularly does a peculiar character, a wonderfully world-demonic woman, the Grail messenger [Kundry], appear before me more and more vividly and fascinatingly. If I should ever succeed in finishing this poem it would be something very original. Only I fail to see how I can live long enough to carry out all my plans." On May 30 he begins to show alarm at the evocations of his own fancy. Referring to "Tristan" he writes:

"This last act is a real fever—the deepest, unprecedented suffering and longing, followed at once by unprecedented exultant joy. Heaven knows, no one has ever taken his art so seriously, and Semper is right. It is this that has quite recently prejudiced me against the 'Parsifal.' It became clear to me that it would be a most onerous undertaking. Accurately considered, Anfortas [sic] is the principal and central figure. But that makes a stupendous story. Try to imagine, for heaven's sake, what it means! To my mind it became clear suddenly with a terrifying effect; it is my 'Tristan' with an inconceivable intensification."

He proceeds to sketch the tragic situation, and adds: "Am I to carry out such a thing, and even compose music for it? No, thank you very much! Let who will do that; I shall keep it off my shoulders." Then three more pages about the drama, and again the exclamation: "Am I to assume such a task? God save me! This very day I take leave of this senseless project; let Geibel write the poem and Liszt the music," he adds playfully. But in August, 1860, he writes again, from Paris: "Once more my mind has been quite busy of late with 'Parsifal'; it is becoming more and more lucid; when once all the details have ripened, the writing of this poem must prove an unheard-of pleasure to me. Before that is done, however, many years may pass. I should like, too, in this case, for once, to let the poem stand without music." Five years later, at the urgent desire of Ludwig II., he wrote out a complete sketch of the "Parsifal" drama and sent it to the King with the words: "The time has come; the greatest, most perfect works remain to be created."

LOGICAL LIGHTS.

Ch. Renouvier, Membre de l'Institut: Les Derniers Entretiens. Recueillis par Louis Prat. Paris: Armand Colin. 1904. Pp. 107. *Studies in Logical Theory.* By John Dewey.

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With the Coöperation of Members and Fellows of the Department of Philosophy. (The Decennial Publications, Second Series, Volume XI.) University of Chicago Press. 1903. 8vo. Pp. 378.

The metaphysical and logical philosophy of Charles Bernard Renouvier, who died on the first day of last September, aged eighty-eight years and eight months, is the most highly esteemed of any by the average Frenchman of to-day; or, as Renouvier himself perhaps more accurately put it, "il est entendu que Renouvier est très fort, mais on ne le lit pas." Considering that the proper date of it is 1848, or earlier, its style and method being those of that period, and its determinative elements having been fixed not long after that date, its reasonings must be praised for their strictness, in comparison with those of metaphysicians generally. Indeed, had their author, instead of coming from the arena of political journalism to take up philosophy when the *Coup d'État* had shut his mouth to the socialism he had been talking, only received a sound training in any successful branch of scientific research, his native vigor of intellect would have shaped those reasonings to rise above the level of other metaphysical argumentations, and would have caused them to prove something—or, at any rate, to go towards proving something. He himself maintained that the fundamentals of his system were as perfectly demonstrated as the theorems of mathematics, if not more so. When, at last, he came to perceive that a senile ossification of his tissues had advanced so far as to leave him now but a few days more to live—a week or a fortnight, he imagined—with a tremendous effort he gathered all his forces in order to pour into the ear of his devoted disciple and bosom friend, M. Louis Prat, some last philosophical injunctions that to him seemed precious above rubies.

Beginning appropriately (though he may not have noticed the coincidence) on the feast of St. Augustine, August 28—it fell upon a Friday—he spoke continuously from one o'clock till three, and then, after half an hour's intermission, for near two hours longer, M. Prat taking notes, stenographic or other. On the morrow, a very long forenoon discourse was supplemented by a shorter one before sunset. Sunday brought another lecture; Monday two—one in the afternoon, the other from nine to eleven in the evening. At 8:45 the next morning he expired. So undeniable was his earnestness. Apostle and martyr of the gospel of work, he was determined to expend his energy to its last grain in doing his duty. Another philosopher in his place might have thought that, since his doctrine was capable of demonstration, it must eventually be acknowledged, no matter with what contumely it was received at first, and that his business should be confined to presenting once for all a demonstration of it that any vaporous supplement could only mar; decency, indeed, forbidding that a priest of divine philosophy should put her into a position of mendicancy for a lodging. But (singular scepticism!) this continuator of the great optimist, Leibniz, had no confidence in his own doctrine's ever coming to be generally received, for all its scientific and demonstrative truth. He had reckoned up the chances and found them adverse.

He hated to die; and in these talks—not "entretiens," by the way, since there were no interlocutors, nor any subject agreed upon at the outset—we cannot detect any marked falling off of intellectual powers as compared with the *Essais de Critique Générale*, the *Science de la Morale*, and *La Nouvelle Monadologie*, to say nothing of last year's *Le Personnalisme*. Being in such possession of his faculties, and in no great bodily pain as long as he kept still, it would have seemed unnatural if he had relished the idea of death. He said: "Je m'en vais. Il me semble que je glisse sur une pente, et je dois, par moments, faire un effort pour me retenir. C'est étrange! ce glissement dans l'inconnu a comme une espèce d'attrait pour moi." He was interested in his own interesting personality; and the little volume is far better worth reading for its human elements than for any utility to a scientific philosophy. It gives two portraits.

The volume of which Professor Dewey is the father forms a part of the University of Chicago's exhibit of an impressive decade's work, and is a worthy part of it; being the monument of what he has done in his own department. Here are eleven essays, four by himself, defining his conception of the business of the logician, seven by the students whom he has helped to form and set upon their own intellectual legs. It affords conclusive proof of the service he has rendered to these accomplished thinkers and, no doubt, to others; and they in their turn will render to another generation services of the same nature. Whatever there was to be gained by contact with a sincere student of philosophy, as such, they have manifestly gained. Are there any further services that logic could be expected to perform? Are any logical questions now being agitated in the different sciences? Is there any such question as to the constitution of matter, the value of mechanical hypotheses, now open in physics? Are there any methods as to more or less statistical methods of philological and historical criticism? If there are such questions, has past experience gone to show that there was any help to be had from broader sweeps of study than specialists can make? Is it worth while to examine at all into the questions here asked; and if it be, is it best to carry to them vague impressions, or the exactest conceptions that studies specially directed to them have been able to evoke?

There are specialists who are disposed to think any inquiries from the outside into their methods are impertinent. They say, with perfect justice, that they understand fully their own business, and wish to be let alone. Unquestionably, they must be right. There is, however, another class of specialists whose aims are of such a nature that they can sometimes make good use of ideas which have grown up in other studies. Such specialists, when they have created, say, physical chemistry, the new astronomy, physiological psychology, stylometry, etc., have sometimes gained a certain measure of esteem even from those of straiter sects. It has often happened that general studies of logic have resulted in such applications of one science to another. Analytical geometry was first conferred upon the human race as an illustrative example of the *Discours de la Méthode*. The group of writers

whom, abandoning all attempt at finding a descriptive designation, we may roughly call the English school of logicians, meaning, for example, Boole, DeMorgan, Whewell, J. S. Mill, Jevons, Venn, Pearson, MacColl, etc., while pursuing studies often purely theoretical, are nevertheless taking a road which may be expected to lead to results of high value for the positive sciences. Those whom we may as roughly call the German school of logicians, meaning such writers as Christoph Sigwart, Wundt, Schuppe, Benno Erdmann, Julius Bergmann, Glogau, Husserl, etc., are engaged upon problems which must be acknowledged to underlie the others, but attack them in a manner which the exact logicians regard as entirely irrelevant, because they make *truth*, which is a matter of fact, to be a matter of a way of thinking or even of linguistic expression. The Chicago school or group are manifestly in radical opposition to the exact logicians, and are not making any studies which anybody in his senses can expect, directly or indirectly, in any considerable degree, to influence twentieth-century science.

Prof. Dewey regards himself as radically opposed to the German school, and explains how he is so. We must confess that had he not put so much emphasis upon it, we should hardly have deemed the point of difference so important; but we suppose he must know what his own affiliations are and are not. He seems to regard what he calls "logic" as a natural history of thought. If such a natural history can be worked out, it will undoubtedly form valuable knowledge; and with all our heart we wish the Chicago school godspeed in their enterprise of discovery. But their task will call for such extreme subtlety, precision, and definiteness of thought that we hope their new science will not disdain to take a lesson, if not from any of the older logicians of the country, nor from that American thinker who first essayed to use his great powers of observation to establish a natural history of mental products—we mean Dr. James Rush—at least from the well-established natural history of Nature, chemistry, botany and zoology; the lesson, to wit, that a natural history can hope to begin a successful course of discovery only from the day when it abandons altogether the trivial language of practical life, and sets up a thoroughly new glossary of words exclusively its own, thereby not confusing our meagre philosophical vocabulary with the burden of added meanings to old words. If calling the new natural history by the name of "logic" (a suspicious beginning) is to be a way of prejudging the question of whether or not there be a logic which is more than a mere natural history, inasmuch as it would pronounce one proceeding of thought to be sound and valid and another to be otherwise, then we should regard this appropriation of that name to be itself fresh confirmation of our opinion of the urgent need of such a normative science at this day.

The Life of Horace Binney. With selections from his letters. By Charles Chauncey Binney. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co.

Horace Binney was a great lawyer in a generation of great lawyers; in fact, professionally he was a leader among the eminent men who have made our law famous.

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