

On March 22 he reached the headquarters of the Army of Italy. The command was assumed with simple and appropriate ceremonial. The short despatch to the Directory announcing this momentous event was signed "Bonaparte." The Corsican nobleman di Buonaparte was now entirely transformed into the French general Bonaparte. The process had been long and difficult: loyal Corsican; mercenary cosmopolitan, ready as an expert artillery officer for service in any land or under any banner; lastly, Frenchman, liberal, and revolutionary. So far he had been consistent in each character; for years to come he remained stationary as a sincere French patriot, always of course with an eye to the main chance. As events unfolded, the transformation began again; and the "adroit"

man, taking advantage of every chance, became once more a cosmopolitan — this time not as a soldier, but as a statesman; not as a servant, but as the *imperator universalis*, too large for a single land, determined to reunite once more all Western Christendom, and, like the great German Charles a thousand years before, make the imperial limits conterminous with those of orthodox Christianity. The power of this empire was, however, to rest on a Latin, not on a Teuton; not on Germany, but on France. Its splendor was not to be embodied in the Eternal City, but in Paris; and its destiny was not to bring in a Christian millennium for the glory of God, but a scientific equilibrium of social states to the glory of Napoleon's dynasty, permanent because universally beneficent.

(To be continued.)

William M. Sloane.

[ERRATUM: On page 498 of the February part of this "Life," by inadvertence Charles Emmanuel is given as the name of the King of Sardinia, instead of Victor Amadeus.—W. M. S.]

KATAHDIN.

WOULDST thou hear music such as ne'er was planned
 For mortal ear? Song wilder than the tune
 The Arctic utters when its waters croon
 Their angry chorus on the Norway strand,
 Or where Nile thunders to a thirsty land
 With welcome sound from Mountains of the Moon,
 Or lone Lualaba from his lagoon
 Draws down his murmurous wave? Then shouldst thou stand
 Where dark Katahdin lifts his sea of pines
 To meet the winter storm, and lend thine ear
 To the hoarse ridges, where the wind entwines
 With spruce and fir, and wakes a mighty cheer,
 Till the roused forest, from its far confines,
 Utters its voice, tremendous, lone, austere.

William Prescott Foster.

EUGÈNE YSAÏE.



UNKNOWN yesterday, celebrated to-day!" said the Parisians, in 1867, when Wilhelmj, playing in their city for the first time, was discovered by them to be a man of genius. Possibly the Germans were constrained to smile when they reflected that the violinist had been compelling admiration and wonder for five years throughout the length and breadth of Germany, Switzerland, and Great Britain when the Parisians found him; but they

were none the less gratified at the triumph of their countryman in the then artistic capital of Europe; and after all, the sentiment embodied in the remark was natural enough — in Paris. When newspaper writers are eaten up with the conviction that nothing outside their own city is worth writing about, unless it be politics, it is not strange that they should look upon themselves as discoverers of a new phenomenon every time a flash of lightning comes to them out of the gloom of barbarism by which they think their city surrounded.

Moreover, though American newspaper writers practise a wider range of vision, and American newspaper readers revel in an ostrich-like appetite (which the Parisians do not know, happy people!), there have been similar eruptions of feeling here. It is, in good sooth, a little startling to be confronted by a genius of the first rank in a field upon which the sun of publicity beats so fiercely as it does upon the stage and concert platform, and then to find that the name of the genius has not got into the cyclopedias, which nowadays are kept so painfully up to date. Naturally, the first impulse is to forget that art is long, and its great exemplars creatures of slow and laborious growth, and to believe that the new genius has sprung up, overnight, full-blown like a mushroom, or been precipitated mysteriously into the midst of us like a letter from the mahatmas.

Eugène Ysaÿe, the violinist, is the latest case in point. The persistence of his managers, the good nature of newspaper editors, and the uncomplaining patience of paper and printer's ink, had kept the good people wondering for a month what manner of man he might be who could bear the burden of so unpronounceable a name; but from an artistic point of view he was a revelation when he effected his first American appearance at a concert of the Philharmonic Society, under Anton Seidl, November 16 of last year. Is he, then, one of those products of hasty growth which seem to fit the spirit of modern times? By no means. Despite his youthfulness,—he is barely thirty-six years old,—Ysaÿe is more the bearer of the traditions of past decades than a prodigy of to-day. He stands in manner and accomplishment as a link between us and the last great masters of the French school. Vieuxtemps died in 1881, and for some years before that time Ysaÿe had enjoyed his friendship and artistic guardianship. In Brussels, after studying with his father (who once visited this country, and conducted the performances of a French opera company in New Orleans), and at the Conservatory of Liège, his native town, Ysaÿe was the pupil of Wieniawski, then at the head of the violin department for a space, while Vieuxtemps was recovering his ability to resume the functions which illness had compelled him to lay down. In 1876 Vieuxtemps heard him at a concert in Antwerp, and persuaded the municipality of Liège and the government of Belgium to grant him a stipend, that he might pursue his studies in Paris. There he was a pupil of Massart, who had been the teacher of Wieniawski. Thus from the beginning, and on all hands, he came under the influence of the French school, which had wrested supremacy from the Italian after the death of Paganini, and was contending with the German, repre-

sented by Ferdinand David and Joseph Joachim. Vieuxtemps, his model, carries the line of tradition back to Charles de Bériot, and it is the French school of violin-playing that Ysaÿe exemplifies, though the style has been modified by the greater breadth and warmer, more romantic feeling which came in through Wieniawski, the full-blooded Pole. In consequence of this modification, Ysaÿe stands now as leader of the new and rising Belgian school, and as such he has been first professor of violin-playing at the Conservatory of Brussels since 1886, as Vieuxtemps and Wieniawski were before him. When it is added that he is the husband of a wife of rare loveliness; father of four beautiful children; lives happily and luxuriously in Brussels; is an officer of public instruction; and has harvested a full quota of those baubles which are the signs of royal approbation, enough has been told to introduce the man Ysaÿe to those curious about his personality.

And the artist? His is a potentiality that can be discussed without calling in the aid of makeshift comparison. From first to last a puissant figure; a man of extraordinary physical attributes; a large, sound man; a normal man in appearance, yet singularly engaging because of the expressive mobility of his face, and the freedom from affectation which marks his bearing — he is sanity of body, mind, and soul personified. He sways to and fro while playing, but the movement seems unconscious, and does not disturb the feeling of reposefulness in the spectators which his conscious but modest strength inspires. Like no other player that I can recall, he illustrates the intimacy which exists between a violinist and his instrument — which must exist if we are to be told what violin music is. A wonderful instrument, closer than any but the human voice to him who excites it to speech, more tightly interknit with his being. Mark how it nestles under his chin, and throbs synchronously with his soul. Not a twitch, not a tension, not a relaxation of the muscles of either hand or arm, acting under the stimulus of emotion, but will speak itself out in the voice of this thing of wood and hair and strings. Almost as unvolitionally as the human voice takes changing color and pitch and dynamic intensity from variations of feeling, does the voice of this marvelous instrument respond to emotional stimuli. Therein lies the mystery of Ysaÿe's playing, the miracle of his expressive tone. He feels much, and the violin is his vehicle of expression. He sets his bow to the strings; the hairs seem to bite them with human purpose; the tone, as faint as a ghostly whisper, or ringing like a martial shout, fills the room, and is saturated with feeling. There is an answering throb from the listeners; the chords of their hearts are swinging in unison.



DRAWN BY ERIC PAPE.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY SARONY.

EUGÈNE YSAÏE,

Cold judgment is bound hand and foot, the critical faculty carried captive. How brilliantly all technical difficulties seem to be overcome! Are they so? A thrust of the bow, and a shower of glittering notes comes bursting from the strings. What was the passage? Alas! come to think of it, we know not. Standing out bright, strong, self-reliant now, anon it is blurred and unrecognizable. It has been suggested, not played; yet so obvious was its musical purpose, so perfectly did it fit into the symmetry of the whole, that we failed to notice its imperfections. Our mind is upon only one thing, the music — the music! How it sings and croons, and weeps and wails, and laughs and shouts, for the mere joy of expressing itself! It is the eloquence of romanticism, the spirit through which music came into being, that Ysaÿe's violin proclaims, whether the composition in hand be a modern piece surcharged with dramatic feeling, or one of those old sonatas of Bach which sound with the fullness of a quartet, breathe a marvelous tenderness, and scintillate in the very gladness of their awakening when Ysaÿe plays them. Ysaÿe is a reproductive artist cast in the large mold of Rubinstein, of whom, at the first hear-

ing, he reminded me more than he did of any of his great brother violinists. He came, too, and conquered, like the wonderful Russian whose death recently was a personal grief to every American who heard him twenty-two years ago. Virtually unknown to the American people before his first New York appearance, the continent is already ringing with his name. He is a popular player in the true sense, and only players such as he and Rubinstein, with great, sympathetic, sensitive souls responsive to every kind of emotion, and prompt and generous in their givings out, can be really popular players. The more perfect one's title as a musician, the nearer will he be to the appreciative heart of the people. Music will cease to be an art at all when it ceases to be a popular art. In its highest import it is that, and nothing else. Its origin was with the people. It grew because the growing people felt the need of a quick vehicle for the expression of their feelings; and the nearer a musical creator or interpreter comes to perfect musical expression, the more surely will he stir the enthusiasm of the people, be they Hottentots or Philharmonic subscribers.

H. E. Krehbiel.

SUMMERS.

IN summer, when the poppy-bed
Lit all the lawn with glory,
To shy, sweet eyes and down-bent head
He told the old sweet story.

In summer, when with joyful swing
The bride-bells swept the land,
He drew a golden wedding-ring
Upon her trembling hand.

In summer, when the sunshine made
A pathway to the sky,
Upon his breast she laid her head,
And did not fear to die.

Josephine H. Nicholls.

