MOZART: HIS LIFE AND INFLUENCE ON THE DEVELOPMENT OF PIANOFORTE LITERATURE.

By EDGAR MILLS.

PART I.

To the piano-student the lives and chronological position of the great writers for his instrument are of great interest, and the study of them a necessary element towards a true appreciation and performance of their works. The life and works of a man explain and illustrate each other, and neither can be thoroughly understood without a knowledge of both.

This is clearly seen in Mozart's case, for it is impossible to rightly estimate the value of his work, unless the conditions imposed upon him by the time in which he lived are taken into account. The most important influencing circumstance, as far as the piano music is concerned, was of course that during his lifetime the piano came into general use, gradually superseding the older harpsichord, so that to him fell the task of commencing the formation of a true pianoforte style.

John Chrysostom Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart was born at Salzburg on the 27th of January, 1756. He was one of a family of seven, but only he and a sister, Maria Anna, survived the period of infancy. His father, Leopold Mozart, was a musician in the service of the Archbishop of Salzburg. Salzburg lies on the frontiers of Austria and Germany, between Styria and the Tyrol, amidst scenery of great variety and beauty. One who has visited the town says: "It is worthy of note how the scenes amid which Mozart spent his youthful years must have had no small influence in stimulating that sense of the beautiful, which his works so perfectly display. Here he saw beauty all around, a wonderful combination of mountain and valley, hill and plain, rushing river and quiet lake, hoary castle and ornate church, sombre woods and smiling meadows. Nothing was wanting to the splendour and loveliness of the picture upon which his young eyes rested, we would fain believe, with constant pleasure."

Leopold Mozart was no ordinary man. Belonging to a family of the artisan class, residing at Augsburg, he early determined to raise himself to a better position. After leaving school he went to Salzburg to study law, but not being successful in getting employment in that direction, he entered the service of one of the Canons of Salzburg. He had studied and practised music from his early days, and whatever his duties to the Canon may have been (the exact post he occupied is not quite clear), his musical abilities soon attracted notice, and not long after he entered the service of the Archbishop, as court composer and leader of the orchestra, and eventually became Vicekapellmeister.

He was, as I have said, no ordinary man. Though faithfully performing the duties of each day, often menial and humiliating enough, he was never absorbed by the narrow circle of present activities, but was ever on the lookout for openings offering advantage and improvement. He was a strict, yet not bigoted, Catholic; his shrewdness and common sense saved him from many superstitious excesses amongst which he lived. He was the composer of many works of both vocal and instrumental music, but his fame as a musician rests chiefly on his *Method for the Violin*, which, on its publication, became immediately popular, and was the only one in extensive use in many countries of Europe. The high ambition, and earnest, thorough effort enjoined on the pupil throughout the work are not a little remarkable, and are thoroughly characteristic of the elder Mozart. Listen to a few extracts. He says his pupils are not only to practice their fingers, but are always to clearly understand *what* they have to execute and *why*. A manly earnest tone is insisted on, and especially the importance of a song-like delivery of the notes. He is severe on the tricks of charlatan players, their nauseous tremolo on every note, their excessive tempo rubato. Above all, technical execution is a means to an end. The performer must be capable of expressing all the pathos of the piece before him, so as to penetrate to the souls and stir the passions of the audience. Thoroughness, earnestness, hard work, directed to the highest ideal of art are the characteristics of the work. These were the principles on which he educated his son, never for one moment allowing that the possession of even splendid genius was any excuse for relaxation of effort. His biographer says: "It had the most wholesome effect on the development of Mozart's character and genius that his father, who loved him as only a father can love, who justly estimated and admired his artistic genius, was never dazzled by it, never ignored nor concealed his weaknesses, but warned and blamed him, and strove to bring him up with a conscientious fidelity to duty."

The professional musician's life on the Continent was not in those days what it is now. The love of music was not nearly so widespread, and high-class public concerts, even in the large towns, were far from numerous. At the same time music was the fashionable luxury of the upper classes, and the nobles and high ecclesiastical dignitaries had each of them, as his means would allow, an orchestra and chorus, or quartett, or at the least some distinguished musician in their service, whose time and talents were entirely at their master's disposal. The position was, very often, not an enviable one, for, besides very slight remuneration, the musician was too often classed amongst the cooks and valets, and treated accordingly. Such a post had Mozart's father with the Archbishop of Salzburg, to which Mozart himself succeeded some years later. Both Haydn and Beethoven occupied some such position, the former with Count Esterhazy the latter with Prince Lichnowsky. Unsatisfactory as these relationships too often were, from a personal point of view, their influence on the progress and development of music was considerable. The experience gained by composing for, and daily conducting an orchestra untrammelled by the necessity of satisfying the popular taste, led to the production of those great orchestral works on which the reputations of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven are so surely based. Haydn says that "as conductor of an orchestra I could make experiments, observe what produced an effect, and what weakened it, and was thus in a position to improve, alter, make additions or omissions, and be as bold as I pleased."

The extraordinary talents of young Mozart were not long in manifesting themselves. Mozart's sister at the age of seven began the study of the piano with her father, and her brother, then three years old, was a constant attendant at the lessons, and derived much pleasure by striking thirds and other harmonious intervals on the piano. In the following year, the elder Mozart began half in sport to teach his son. The progress made was astonishing, for the child seemed to possess intuitively a measure of knowledge as to melody, rhythm, and form, that ordinarily is the result of study and experience. At the age of five years, incredible though it seems, he could not only learn and play a minuet, or other little piece with accuracy and in good time, but could also compose short pieces, that besides being correct as regards the rules of composition, contain the promise of that wonderful gift of melody, which is the chief charm of his works. The two following years were devoted to practice and study, and almost every day brought new proofs of the marvellous natural gifts of Mozart. One day as Leopold Mozart, accompanied by a friend, had just returned from church, he found little Wolfgang very busy with pen and ink. "What are you doing there," said his father.

"Writing a concerto for the clavier," returned the boy, "the first part is just finished."

"It must be something very fine I daresay, let me look at it."

"No, no," said Wolfgang, "it is not ready yet."

The father however took up the paper and began to laugh, for it was blotted and scarcely legible. On closer examination, however, he discovered causes for wonder and joy, for there were ideas in the music far beyond the years of his son. "See," said he, smiling to his friend, "how regularly it is written, though no use can be made of it, for it is so difficult nobody could play it."

"It is a concerto," returned little Wolfgang, "and must be practised before it can be played; it ought to go in this way." He then began to play it, but was unable to give more than a notion of his design.

In January 1762, the father took both children to the Bavarian court in Munich, where they played before the Elector, and excited the utmost admiration. At the close of the same year, the whole family set out for Vienna. Their progress was a series of triumphs. Wolfgang played the organ of a Franciscan monastery to the delight of the fathers, who left their dinner and crowded into the chapel to see who was playing: won the heart of the customs officer by a minuet on the violin, so that their examination was a mere formality, and finally played with great success to the Emperor and Empress. The following anecdote relates to this visit.

"As the two arch-duchesses were leading the boy between them to the Empress, being unused to the highly-polished floor, his foot slipped and he fell. One of them took no notice of the accident, but the other, Marie Antoinette, afterwards Queen of France, lifted him up and consoled him, upon which he said to her, 'I will marry you.' On the Empress asking him why, 'From gratitude,' he said; 'she was good to me, but her sister stood by and did nothing.'" Notwithstanding the wonder and applause which he everywhere excited, it did not spoil the child's character, for he was affectionate and obedient to his parents in an unusual degree, one of his most ordinary sayings being, "Nach Gott kommt gleich der papa."

In 1763 the family began an extensive tour of Europe, Wolfgang being then seven years old. They journeyed to Munich, Heidelburg, and Frankfort. At the latter place they gave four most successful concerts.

MOZART AT THE ORGAN.

(*By permission of the Photo Union, Munich.*)

The announcement of the concert contained the following, which is interesting as giving an idea of the child's powers at this time. "The boy who is not yet seven will perform on the harpsichord; he will also play a concerto for the violin, and will accompany symphonies on the harpsichord, the keyboard being covered with a cloth; he will instantly name all notes played at a distance, whether singly or in chords, on the clavier, or any other instrument, bell, glass, or clock. He will finally both on the harpsichord or organ improvise as long as may be desired, and in any key." It was at one of these Frankfort concerts that Goethe heard him. "I saw him as a boy seven years old," he told Eckermann, "when he gave a concert on one of his tours. I myself was fourteen, and I remember the little fellow distinctly with his powdered wig and his sword."

From Frankfort they journeyed to Paris. At all these places Mozart performed before the chief musicians, attempted successfully the most difficult feats, and gained the admiration and affection of all with whom he came in contact. In Paris, the first of his works were published, viz., two sets of piano sonatas with violin accompaniment.

In April, 1764, they reached London and remained there nearly a year. Here he played at many concerts, and although at first some doubted his powers, he readily surmounted every test, playing at sight the most difficult pieces of Bach and Handel, and reading from a score of six or eight parts in several clefs with readiness and accuracy to the surprise and conviction of all sceptics. Grimm writing from Paris says, "I have seen him engage in contests of an hour-and-a-half's duration with musicians, who exerted themselves to the utmost, and even perspired great drops to acquit themselves with credit in an affair that cost their opponent no fatigue. He has routed and put to silence organists who were thought very skilful in London. He is, in other respects, one of the most amiable creatures that can be conceived; in all that he does or says there is spirituality and feeling adorned by the peculiar grace and gentleness of childhood." In London he played to King George and Queen Charlotte several times, both on the piano and organ, and made the acquaintance of Christian Bach (son of Johann S. Bach), then music-master to the Queen. His actions and disposition were at the same time those of a child, for after playing the most difficult pieces, he would sometimes be seen to ride round the room on a stick, pretending it was a horse.

From London they proceeded to the Netherlands, where both son and daughter were attacked with fever, and finally, after an absence of three years, returned to Salzburg. Mozart was now between ten and eleven, and during his absence from his native place, his musical development had made marvellous progress. When he left Salzburg he showed wonderful ability in playing and improvisation, and had even written little pieces which were simple, graceful, and in good form. Now he returns two years later, having everywhere met with extraordinary success both as player and composer. In the latter character his progress was most marked. Sonatas for the piano, for piano and violin, his first symphonies, and part of an oratorio, all written during the tour, not only testified to his industry, but bore witness to a growing mastery of form, combined with originality and intensity of expression.

Far from being satisfied with his powers, or considering his natural gifts as an excuse for idleness, Mozart now, as at every favourable opportunity, devoted himself earnestly to the study of the scores of his predecessors, and the practice of the works of Emanuel Bach, Eberlin and Handel.

In 1767 he went to Vienna, carrying with him four new concertos for the piano. He was now twelve years old, and the admiration and sympathy, which had hitherto attended him, gave place to envious opposition on the part of the musicians of Vienna, who were jealous of their reputation. Every device was employed to prevent the talents of the young musician being recognised. By command of the Emperor an opera was written, by which it was hoped to silence his detractors, but they were too powerful, for, after excuses and delays innumerable, the opera was not performed nor a kreutzer received for its composition.

On returning to Salzburg, Mozart pursued his studies in composition and the Italian language, and in December 1769 began a tour through the chief towns of Italy. It is not possible to particularise the events of these journeys in the time at my disposal. I may mention that it was during this tour that he stole the celebrated miserere from the Sistine Chapel. This piece was held in such estimation that no one was allowed to take it away or copy it on pain of excommunication. Notwithstanding that it is written for a double choir, and abounds in imitation, Mozart made a copy of it from memory after only once hearing it, and took the manuscript in his hat on a second visit for correction and completion.

Mozart returned to Salzburg in March, 1771, being then fifteen years old. Having to compose and conduct a dramatic serenade for some court festival at Milan, he journeyed there in the autumn, and made the acquaintance of Hasse, the rival of Porpora and Handel, who was so struck with the merits of Mozart's composition, as to remark publicly: "This boy will throw us all in the shade." The following year was devoted to further study and composition, and in October, 1772, we find him again journeying to Milan to produce a new opera for the carnival. This work, like the former one, was the subject of much delay and mismanagement, but being finally performed and continuing for twenty nights with great success, Mozart was in the best of spirits.

Meanwhile a new archbishop had been elected to Salzburg, who was destined to exert great influence on the young composer's career. Devoid of the least musical taste, he utterly failed to appreciate the gifts of Mozart, and although appropriating his services in a multitude of ways, gave him hardly any acknowledgment or remuneration. From 1773 to 1777, Mozart resided quietly in Salzburg, save for one or two unimportant journeys, composing assiduously for the church, theatre and chamber, and for almost every conceivable combination of instruments. At the same time his performances on the violin, piano, and organ, were the chief element of the musical life of the place, and the delight of the archbishop's distinguished guests. Yet notwithstanding all this talent and industry, his salary remained the same as when he first entered as a child the service of the former prince, namely, the German equivalent of about one guinea a year. Matters, however, eventually came to a crisis, for Leopold Mozart becoming straitened in circumstances, again applied for leave of absence, in the hope of improving his fortunes by an artistic tour with his son. The Prince-Archbishop was a proud, hard man, who, from his palace of Hohensalzburg, looked down on the poor inhabitants of Salzburg, who, he thought, ought to thank Heaven daily that they had the privilege of being governed by so great a man. As to the artistic tour, he would have no more of these "begging expeditions" as he called them. Was it not enough that Mozart was honoured by being in His Highness's service, and so with disdainful language, and a sharp glance out of his grey eyes, leave of absence was refused, upon which it was decided, after much anxious consideration, that Mozart should throw up his appointment, and start off literally to seek his fortune. This did not trouble the Archbishop, for who was this slender-figured youth that his coming or going should affect the great Hieronymus; but the time has come when, to the world at large, the Archbishops of Salzburg are nothing but a list of empty names, and Salzburg's highest honour is that of being the birthplace of Mozart.

In 1777, Mozart started out from Salzburg with his mother, the father on this occasion not being able to go. After visiting Munich, they journeyed to Augsburg, Leopold Mozart's native place, where he made his acquaintance with the pianoforte, a new instrument, only then coming into general use. He sent a letter to his father full of enthusiastic praise of these instruments, and the care bestowed on them by their maker, Herr Stein. He also heard Stein's daughter play. She was the prodigy of Augsburg, being eight and a half years old. He sends a description of her playing to his father, from which we gather some of his views on pianoforte-playing in general. "Whoever sees her and hears her without laughing, must be as much of a stone (Stein) as her father himself. She sits right up in the treble, instead of in the middle of the instrument, so that she may be better able to move about, and make grimaces. Her eyes roll and she simpers and smirks. If a thing comes twice over, it is played slower the second time, and if a third time, it is slower still. The arm goes right up in the air when a passage comes, and the emphasis is given by the whole arm instead of the finger, clumsily and heavily. But the best of all is when, in a passage that ought to flow like oil, the fingers have to be changed; it makes no difference at all to her, but, when the time comes, up goes her hand, and she begins again quite calmly, so that one is always in expectation of a wrong note. I only write all this to give you some idea of what clavier playing and teaching may be brought to."

From Augsburg they went to Mannheim, and finally to Paris. At each of these places, Mozart brought his abilities of execution and composition before the court, compelling the admiration of all and the envy of some, but still without the offer of any appointment that would even only provide the necessaries of existence. In face of these repeated disappointments, Mozart's hope and energy never flagged.

While at Paris, Mozart's mother fell ill and died. His behaviour under this bereavement was admirable, showing much tenderness of feeling, and a deep sense of filial duty. After writing to a friend at Salzburg to prepare his father, he communicates the sad news in these terms, "I hope you have now summoned up courage to hear the worst, and that after at first giving way to natural, and too just anguish and tears, you will eventually submit to the will of God, and adore His inscrutable, unfathomable, and all-wise providence. . . . . I have indeed suffered, and wept, but what did it avail? So I strove to be comforted, and I do hope, my dear father, that my dear sister and you will do likewise. Weep, weep, as you cannot fail to weep, but take comfort at last: remember that God Almighty has ordained it, and how can we rebel against Him. Let us rather pray to Him, and thank Him for His goodness, for she died a happy death."

This was a severely trying time to Mozart. He was alone in a strange land, unsuccessful and ignored, his talents and abilities meeting with scant recognition, for the musical world at Paris at that time could think of nothing but the feud between the Gluckists and the Piccinists. And now this great bereavement has fallen upon him, and he alone must perform the last offices of affection for his mother.

During Mozart's absence from Salzburg,

the Archbishop had begun to be sensible that he had made a great mistake in losing Mozart, and finding it impossible to fill his place, began to intrigue for his return: not that he openly acknowledged his mistake, or offered any salary likely to attract Mozart back again, but hints were dropped that he would be welcomed, and an arrangement suggested by which the earnings of father and son together should amount to somewhat more than they had received hitherto. The elder Mozart was also very desirous of his son's return, feeling that Paris was not the best place for him to be left alone in, and in reporting the archbishop's wish, he strongly urges his son to comply with it. This he at length does, moved thereto by his great desire to again live with, and take care of his dear father and sister.

Had anything else of a permanent and sufficient character presented itself, he would gladly have accepted it, as he contemplated the return to the Archbishop's service with anything but satisfaction. He says in a letter, "How I do hate Salzburg if only because of the injustice shown to my father and myself there, which was in itself enough to make us wish to forget such a place, and to blot it wholly from our memory."

He started for home in September 1778, but it was three months later before he reached Salzburg. He had not long been settled as court and cathedral organist, when he went to Munich to compose and produce, "Idomeneo," his first operatic success, and one in which his future pre-eminence in that department was clearly fore-shadowed.

Called to Vienna, whither the Archbishop had travelled, we find Mozart chafing under the same indignities that had formerly rendered his service with his former patron so galling. He writes to his father as follows: "Now for the Archbishop. I have a delightful apartment in the same house in which he dwells. Dinner was served at half-past eleven in the forenoon, and there sat down to it, the two valets in attendance, the controller, the confectioner, two cooks, and my littleness. The two valets sat at the head of the table, and I had the honour to be placed, at least, above the cooks. Now methought I am again in Salzburg. During dinner there was a good deal of coarse, silly joking, not with me, however, for I did not speak a word unless absolutely obliged, and then always with the greatest seriousness."

Later on we find him asking the Archbishop's permission to give a concert, which was refused, in fact the Archbishop liked him to be constantly in attendance, even when not wanted in any musical capacity. Mozart tells his father, "the principal ground of offence is that I knew not I was a valet in attendance. I ought to have lounged away a couple of hours every morning in the ante-chamber; indeed I had often been told that I ought to show myself, but I could never recollect that this was a part of my duty, and therefore contented myself with coming when the Archbishop sent for me."

This ended as only it could end, in Mozart throwing up his appointment. The freedom thus gained to play where he liked, and compose what he liked, was very exhilarating and occasionally profitable, but it was the exception in those days for any considerable musician to be unappointed, and the precariousness of his existence often involved him in struggles that seem to have had some effect in shortening his life.

(To be concluded.)

A WILFUL WARD.

By RUTH LAMB, Author of "Work, Wait, Win," "Sackcloth and Ashes," etc.

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. MOUNTFORD had expressed a wish that Kathleen should lead a quiet, and for the most part, a country life, until she was of age.

"I do not want my girl to be the prey of some fortune-hunter, or to be drawn into an engagement at an age when she cannot know what will make her true happiness," he had said to his sister and the Mathesons. Hence Kathleen, as yet, had small acquaintance with so-called "Society." In summer there had been tours abroad, visits to attractive seaside resorts, and the two last seasons had been partly spent in town, where the Ellicotts and Aylmer had many friends. These, as may well be imagined, were of a class to whom a girl like Kathleen might be introduced with benefit and pleasure to herself. After each stay she had, however, seemed only the more charmed with her home surroundings, and delighted that town friends should, as guests, share them with her at Hollingsby. This year Mrs. Ellicott had been ailing and needed a change of a different kind, but could not leave Hollingsby until the season was more advanced. She wanted to arrange for Kathleen and Ger to spend some weeks in town with her sister-in-law, but neither would consent to leave her.

"Let us go to St. Leonards in June," said Kathleen. "We can spend a month there pleasantly enough."

Ralph was present when this proposal was made, and Aylmer noticed that his face went pitifully white and tears gathered in his eyes.

Before anyone else spoke he replied, "That will be delightful. I will go too, if I may, and I will take Ralph if we can get leave for him to go with us."

"Oh, Mr. Matheson, you are good," cried Ralph. "I was thinking how dreadful it would be to stay here without Miss Mountford and everybody," he added, looking from one to the other.

"I shall like to take Polly," said Kathleen, "but I am sure she would be quite lost without the Kelpie."

"Then I must invite the Kelpie too," said Aylmer solemnly. "Polly must on no account be distressed by a parting that can be avoided. I will go to St. Leonards and arrange everything for the party, four-footed visitors included."

Ralph's delight was indescribable, and Kathleen warmly appreciated Aylmer's unselfishness.

Since that night when she had refused him, she had been very gentle to him, and watchful over herself. She had pained him sorely, and she felt what it must be to him to meet her constantly, care for her in all things, and so hide the pain, that only she knew of its existence.

Often Kathleen would wish that she could have given him a different answer, but seeing this to be impossible, she said to herself, "At least I will give him no needless trouble by my wilfulness. He shall have from me all that a sister can give." To Aylmer her very sweetness and manifest self-conquest made an added trial, whilst from his heart he thanked God for both.

"Every day makes it harder for me to bear the loss of Kathleen," he thought, "for every day shows her in a more endearing light."

When after the St. Leonards plan had been adopted, Kathleen said to him, "You are the dearest, kindest of friends, Aylmer, and to me the best of brothers," the man trembled at the sound of her voice, and for the moment could not answer.

"You have anticipated my wish about little Ralph, and made all so easy for aunty too."

"I hope it will not disappoint you to give up Town this season, Kathleen," he replied.

"Indeed, no. I would a thousand times rather have the time at the seaside and with those who are dear to me for companions, than share in all the gaiety a really gay season in town could give. Not that I have known such a one," she added. "We shall be very happy amid simpler and more health-giving enjoyments. How well you have fulfilled the promise you made me about Ralph. You have influenced him for good in a thousand ways. We will try to give the child a happy month at St. Leonards."

"We will indeed," said Aylmer. "There is little doubt that his father will consent to his going with you, Kathleen."

"With us, if you please, Aylmer. Remember you were the first to invite the boy, but I know you thought of me as well as of him!"

"If you had been out of the question, I think the memory of Ralph's pitiful face would have haunted me had we left him behind."

"But I was not out of the question. You meant to please me too by your prompt invitation. I want you to realise how much I feel your thoughtful goodness, and to thank you for it."

Carried away for the moment, the girl caught Aylmer's hand, raised it to her lips, then left him abruptly as if ashamed of her impulsive action.

Some men might have derived hope from this and the words which preceded it. Aylmer sighed and said to himself, "If Kathleen were moved by any warmer affection than the sisterly one to which she confesses, she would not manifest it in such a way."

There is no need to tell anything about the arrangements, the journey, or even the stay at St. Leonards. To Mrs. Ellicott it proved health-giving, to

"I say, Gerald, such stars do not fall in every one's lap. I'd—I'd think twice before I replied."

Then, whilst taking his seat and before Gerald had a chance of stopping him, he blurted out, "Bertha, my love, what do you think! Here's some rich woman proposing to marry Mr. Robinson."

The younger man bit his lip, crimsoning with very shame, and looked up at Miss Cardigan as if imploring pardon for the indelicacy of the revelation, at the same time saying, "Squire, Squire, I told you this in confidence," and mentally congratulating himself that no clue to the lady's identity had been given.

But he saw a look of painful astonishment upon her face which struck him dumb.

Something too she said, of which he only caught the one word "congratulate," her articulation was so indistinct, and he fancied—but it might be only fancy—that her smile cost an effort; and her lips were white.

Why the Squire had left the house so precipitately, he could not pause to surmise, the abrupt disclosure had annoyed him so greatly. He could not allow the carriage to be driven away without some check on his freedom of speech.

"Miss Cardigan," he said, in low but earnest appeal, leaning over the carriage door to bring himself nearer, "will you kindly impress upon your impetuous uncle, the sacredness of the disclosure made to him in all confidence. It is a lady's secret, and I am in honour bound to respect it. I hope I shall not have occasion to repent my inadvertent admission to a friend."

The young lady bowed. "Your wishes shall be respected, sir," was all her reply, as cold as it was dignified. If she could not trust herself to say more, who was to know it.

"Tut, tut!" jerked out the old fellow, "what a fuss is this about a trifle! Surely Bertha could be trusted with the news."

"But not the servants, uncle," she suggested in lowered tones. "It is well sometimes that Burton is growing deaf. Good-day, Mr. Robinson."

Gerald followed the carriage with his eyes, as the impatient horses bore it away, not towards the station, but home to The Chase. He was puzzling himself to account for the visible changes on Miss Cardigan's expressive countenance, in conjunction with the cold reserve of her manner; they had been such good friends prior to his break with her cousin. He knew there was a good deal of suppressed force in her nature, but she was never capricious, and wherefore she had grown so distant, was an unsolvable enigma.

Her face was still before him when he sat down to his solitary luncheon, and it interfered with his due consideration of Miss Whitmore's remarkable letter, which, to his mind, demanded an immediate reply.

He ate mechanically, and with less appetite than might have been expected after his interrupted breakfast. Indeed he appeared as regardless of Mrs. Mann's culinary achievements as he had been of his damp morning-gown, or the soaked slippers, then rapidly drying upon his feet.

Almost as mechanically he returned to his study and lit a cigar, closing the glass door with a slight shiver, before he seated himself at his desk, and with his cigar between his lips, pulled himself together, as it were, and endeavoured to frame a reply which should express his own feelings without wounding those of his generous correspondent.

"It's a remarkably ticklish task," he said to himself, as more than one half-written sheet was rejected as unsuitable, before he completed one for despatch.

"The Firs, Chasetown,
"July, 15th 187–.

"MY DEAR MADAM,—My surprise at the contents of your esteemed letter is not greater than my profound respect for the writer. I should be an unmitigated cad were I insensible of the high honour you have done me, my estimate of which I am unable to express in commensurate terms. But respect is not love, and without it, I should be equally a cad were I to take advantage of a generous proposal dictated by the exaggerated value you set on a mere act of imperative duty. In my belief, only the deepest and most sincere affection can sanctify marriage. The embers of my one great passion can not be rekindled at anyone's bidding. Neither the desire for riches, nor for the restoration of lands possessed by unremembered ancestors can waken a flame to light the torch of Hymen. It is not probable that I shall ever marry. A great change must come over me before such possibility arises.

"Believe me, I say this without an atom of personal feeling towards yourself other than the most perfect esteem and gratitude. I regret that you should stand in need of a protector; and if, in any brotherly way I can serve you, or shield you from lawless persecution, you may command me.

"To-morrow I leave home for London, in order to arrange for the publication of my book, *In Stony Places*. Letters will be forwarded.

"In all sincerity your friend,
"GERALD ROBINSON."

"It's exceedingly cold for July," he muttered, whilst folding up his letter, and sealing the envelope from prying eyes with a great splash of red wax, "I'm all in a shiver. I'll put on my boots, and take my letters to post myself, I've been sitting too much in the house of late. A walk may do me good."

By the time he had dashed off a hasty line to apprise Messrs. Blank that he proposed to wait upon them in a couple of days, he began to feel dizzy; and confessing that he felt "queer," was compelled to employ his ordinary messenger, Barnes, a lad kept as "general utility."

It is needless to say that Barnes's master did not start for London on the morrow, or that he did not call on Messrs. Blank at the time appointed.

(To be continued.)

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By EDGAR MILLS.

PART II.

IN 1782, Mozart married Constance Weber, who remained until his death in 1791, a constant and faithful partner. These last ten years of his life were spent mainly in Vienna, in public playing, teaching, and composition; and form the most industrious, as well as prolific period of his life. He remained till death perfectly childlike in disposition, being most affectionate to his relatives and friends, and ever ready to help (however great his own need) any who applied to him. He possessed, in fact, hardly as much selfishness as we term prudence, and discretion, and consequently was too often the prey of unscrupulous designs.

The management of his domestic affairs, the proper use of money, the judicious selection and temperate use of his pleasures, were virtues which he lacked.

He would as a rule rise at six, and compose till ten, the remainder of the day being occupied with lessons and recreation; but at times when necessity or enthusiasm prompted him, he would continue at his work forgetful of food or sleep, until forcibly compelled to desist. The composition of a piece would often be deferred till the day before a concert, when by working all night, the parts for the other performers would be prepared, and he would play his own part without having committed it to paper.

Mozart was altogether free from envy, and had the greatest admiration for Handel, Bach, and Haydn, the fugues giving him especial pleasure. In 1786, Beethoven, then a young man, came to Vienna, and was for a short time Mozart's pupil. The last few years of his life not only saw the production of such great works as the operas—*The Magic Flute*, *Don Juan*, and the *Marriage of Figaro*, but also a great number of compositions, that, while less in size, are almost of equal excellence, such as (to mention only three) the D minor piano concerto, the clarinet quintett, and the Jupiter symphony.

Irregular hours and excessive application had greatly weakened his constitution, and this combined with his financial difficulties, produced a deep dejection and melancholy,

enlivened by only occasional gleams of his former exuberant spirits. He became possessed with a presentiment of his early death, and this stimulated him to excessive application and study, at which he would frequently faint away through exhaustion and weakness.

While in this condition he received a visit from a gentleman, a perfect stranger, who requested him to write a requiem, and to mention his own terms for the work. Mozart wished to know to whom it was to be delivered when finished, but the stranger would not say, but promised to call for the work when completed. With this Mozart had to be satisfied, and the subject taking powerful hold on his imagination, he was soon buried in his task. His fits of melancholy and dejection increased, and hallucinations of the most alarming kind now possessed his mind. His ruling thought was that he was writing the requiem for his own death.

However, notwithstanding increasing weakness, he continued at his task save for temporary cessations commanded by his physician. The work was always on his bed and literally occupied his dying moments. His biographer says, "The Requiem lay almost continually on his bed, and Sussmayer, (his pupil) was frequently at his side receiving instructions as to effects, the production of which, by an orchestra, he could never expect to superintend personally. One of his last efforts was an attempt to explain to Sussmayer an effect of the drums; he was observed in doing this to blow out his cheeks, and express his meaning by a noise intelligible to the musician." The mysterious messenger who had commissioned Mozart to write the Requiem was afterwards found to be the servant of a Count Wallsegg, who, though possessed of no musical ability, wished to gain a false reputation by passing off as his own compositions works of other composers. With this purpose he gave Mozart the order for a grand Requiem, and afterwards had the work performed, giving out that he himself was the Author. In the opinion of the best authorities the Requiem was not entirely finished by Mozart, but that portions of it (for some of which Mozart had left sketches) are the work of his pupil Sussmayer. On the 5th of December, 1791, the day of his death, "he was visited," says Mr. Holmes, "by some intimate friends. The ruling passion was now strongly exemplified. He desired the score of the Requiem to be brought, and it was sung by his visitors round his bed, himself taking the alto part. They had not proceeded farther than the 'Lacrymosa' when Mozart was seized with a violent fit of weeping and the score was put aside."

Before the next day dawned Mozart was dead, being then only thirty-five years and ten months old.

In Mozart's music "Sonata Form" is seen in its perfection. The main features of "Sonata Form" from the earliest time till now have been the statement of original subject, and sometimes second subject, followed by the development and illustration of portions therefrom, concluded by the repetition of the original subject. In fact, what Mr. Dannreuter calls "the triune symmetry of exposition, illustration, and repetition" is noticeable in very early dances and national melodies, and these form the germs, which, in course of evolution, have resulted in Beethoven's most complicated movements. The relative position and importance of the several parts (whether in the second part the original subject should precede or follow the development, and of what the development should consist) seemed long in doubt, and Mozart's work was finally to settle the order and character of a Sonata movement. This naturally resulted in great pleasure being taken in form for form's sake, and certain parts of a movement were made to present certain features, not always because they grew naturally out of the spirit animating the work, but to satisfy the supposed exigences of form, just as in Mozart's operas, the plan, and not the spirit demanded the introduction, at given places, of solo, quartett, or chorus. In Beethoven's sonatas, every passage arises naturally out of the spirit of the piece, and all the parts are vitally connected with each other, but in Mozart's they are too often, a plan, or framework beset at many points with interesting and beautiful melodies. In relation to the colour of his compositions, it is easy to see how the introduction of the piano must have had great effect. Strange as it may seem, a composer's work is but little influenced by what is vaguely called the spirit of the age. The temperament and disposition of the man will have a general influence, but the greatest factor is the state of the materials with which he works, namely, the scale system in use, and the degree of perfection of the musical instruments that are to be the interpreting medium. Thus the monotony of tone, characteristic of the harpsichord, rendered it necessary to attain the requisite variety by ornaments and fanciful twitterings, but the introduction of the piano, with its greater richness of tone, and increased possibilities of true musical perspective, gave birth to an infinitely varied expression of light and shade that had hitherto been impossible. This change can, to a certain extent be traced in Mozart's works, and can best be seen by comparing an early set of variations with some work of importance written late in life, such as the first movement of the D minor concerto, or the C minor and C major fantasias.

To the piano student Mozart's works have a two-fold value. Technically in the production of a smooth accurate style of playing, and as an admirable introduction to Beethoven. Musically their abundant wealth of melody makes them admirable disinfectants in the presence of so much that is diffuse and obscure in modern music.

Mr. Edmund Gurney says, "There are many signs of a present danger, that elaboration is tending to swamp melody, but in an opposite direction, there lies perhaps a still greater danger, that of simple incoherence, of a loss of the feeling for true unity of sequence and development."

Against this two-fold danger (the presence of which every musician will acknowledge) the study of Mozart's music offers a sure safeguard, as nowhere else do we find such definite outline, and perfect proportion of form, united to such pure and healthy melody.

MOZART'S TOMB.