SOME NEW BOOKS.

A Half Hour With Horace Walpole.

One of the most welcome experiments in bookmaking which has seen the light since the beginning of the year is the selection from the letters of *Horace Walpole*, which has been published in two volumes by CHARLES DUKE YONGE (Putnams). So voluminous is Walpole's correspondence that in our day the whole of it is only read by those who have the leisure required for entering on a systematic study of English life in the last century. Innumerable, for instance, are the epistles written to Sir Horace Mann, which cover nearly half a century, from 1740 to 1789. The published letters to George Montagu number 272, and there is a multitude of others to Conway, to the Earl of Hertford, to the poet Gray, to the Countess of Ailesbury, and the Misses Berry. In his selections the editor has been actuated by a twofold purpose. He has aimed, in the first place, to follow Walpole throughout his long life, the first letter reproduced in these volumes having been penned in 1736, when the writer was but 19 years old, and the last in 1795, when its author had but two years more to live. Mr. Yonge has also recognized that only such letters and parts of letters as deal with persons and incidents of abiding interest should be included in a compilation intended to find favor in the eyes of the general reader almost a century after Walpole's death. A right conception of the eclectic process applicable to the bulky materials at his disposal has enabled the editor to give us a singularly entertaining book.

I.

Horace Walpole is less highly esteemed by the present generation than he was at the beginning of the century, owing mainly to the currency acquired by Macaulay's depreciatory estimate of his parts and of his character. To Macaulay, whose notion of shining in society was the deliverance of an interminable monologue, and whose unwillingness to listen sprang obviously from the assumption that nobody else could say anything worth hearing, there was something peculiarly galling in Walpole's habit of undervaluing his literary acquirements, and of ranking refinement and good breeding above erudition in the scale of social accomplishments. The truth is that Macaulay, in his attitude at a dinner table, recalled Dr. Johnson much more closely than he imagined, while Walpole, by his inclination to place manners above wit, reminds one of Lord Chesterfield, though he possessed a much larger store of information, a deeper insight, a more delicate taste, and a livelier sense of humor. Byron noticed that even in his time there was a tendency "to underrate Horace Walpole, first, because he was a nobleman, and, secondly, because he was a gentleman," but, for his own part, he described him as "the father of the first romance ['The Castle of Otranto'] and the last tragedy ['The Mysterious Mother'] in our language;" and, forgetting what he had elsewhere said of Scott, declared him "worthy of a higher place than any living writer, be he who he may." Scott called Walpole "the best letter writer in the English language," and even Macaulay acknowledged that Walpole's writings are invested with "an irresistible charm," that "no man who has written so much is so seldom tiresome," that in "The Castle of Otranto" the story "never flags for a moment," and that "his letters are, with reason, considered his best performance."

II.

We scarcely need remind the reader that Horace Walpole was the youngest son of Sir Robert Walpole, the famous Minister of George I. and George II., who in 1742, when he was overthrown in the House of Commons, entered the House of Lords under the title of Earl of Orford. At an early age Horace was sent to Eton, where his most intimate friend was Thomas Gray. From Eton both went to Cambridge, and one of the first letters reprinted in this collection was penned at the university and addressed to a fellow Etonian, George Montagu, a grandnephew of the first Earl of Halifax. It is evident that Walpole was a studious lad. Apropos of their school days he writes: "I can't say I am sorry I was never quite a schoolboy; an expedition against bargemen, or a match at cricket may be very pretty things to recollect; but, thank my stars, I can remember things that are very near as pretty. The beginning of my Roman history was spent in the asylum, or conversing in Egeria's hallowed grove, not in thumping and pummelling King Amulius's herdsmen. I was sometimes troubled with a rough creature or two from the plough; one that one should have thought had worked with his head as well as with his hands, they were both so callous." One can divine already that Horace Walpole will be a very different man from his father, recalling, in fact, from the latter's bluff speech and manners and fox-hunting, deep-drinking habits. He will follow the traditions of Lord Bolingbroke, Lord Hervey, and Lord Chesterfield, and model himself on the French rather than the English type of a fine gentleman. While still an undergraduate at Cambridge he tells George Montagu: "'Tis no little inducement to make me wish myself in France that I hear gallantry is not left off there; that you may be polite and not be thought awkward for it. You know the pretty men of the age in England use the women with no more deference than they do their coach horses, and have not half the regard for them that they have for themselves."

After leaving the university Walpole and Gray joined in a travelling tour through France and Italy. They continued companions for more than two years, but at the end of that time they parted, Gray returning to England in the spring of 1741. The cause of their separation is unknown. Walpole took the blame of it, but there was doubtless, as Mr. Yonge suggests, an innate difference of disposition, as well as of circumstances. Walpole was fond of society, and, as the son of the Prime Minister of George II., would naturally be courted, whereas Gray was of a reserved character and fixed his attention on serious objects. The two remained friends, however, and Walpole printed some of Gray's poems on his private printing press. We may mention here that Walpole, although a younger son, was by no means straitened for money, either during his European tour or afterward, having been handsomely provided for at the expense of that patient beast of burden, the British taxpayer. While he was still a schoolboy he had received more than one so-called "patent place" in the Exchequer, to which, before his father's resignation (in February, 1742), other sinecures were added which after a time raised his income to above $25,000 a year, a sum, of course, far greater in purchasing power then than it is now.

III.

In April, 1739, we find Walpole giving a friend in England an account of his first experience in Paris. At this time, we may remind the reader, Louis XV. was 29 years old, Mme. de Mailly was his favorite, but about to be superseded by her sister, Mme. de Vintimille, Cardinal Fleury was Prime Minister, Montesquieu was 50 years old, Voltaire 45, and Rousseau but 27. "You figure to," writes Walpole, "in a set of pleasures, which, believe me, we do not find; cards and eating are so universal that they absorb all variation of pleasures. The operas, indeed, are much frequented three times a week, but to me they would be a greater penance than eating maigre; their music resembles a gooseberry tart as much as it does harmony." We may recall that the composer just then most in vogue in Paris was Rameau—his "Castor and Pollux" had been brought out two years before—whereas Handel had been idolized in London since the accession of the House of Brunswick. "We have not yet," continues Walpole, "been at the Italian playhouse; scarce any one goes there. Their best amusement, and which in some parts beats ours, is the comedy; three or four of the actors excel any we have, but then to this nobody goes it; it is not one of the fashionable nights; and then they go, be the play good or bad—except on Molière's nights, whose pieces they are quite weary of. Gray and I have been at the 'Avare' to-night. I cannot at all commend their performance of it. * * * At dinner they give you three courses; but a third of the dishes is patched up with salads, butter, puff-paste, or some such miscarriage of a dish. None but Germans wear fine clothes; but their coaches are tawdry enough for the wedding of Cupid and Psyche. You would not easily guess their notions of honor. I'll tell you one: it is very dishonorable for any gentleman not to be in the army, or in the King's service, as they call it; and it is no dishonor to keep public gaming houses; there are at least 150 people of the first quality in Paris who live by it. You may go into their houses at all hours of the night and find hazard, pharaoh, &c. The men who keep the hazard table at the Duke de Gesvres's pay him twelve guineas each night for the privilege. Even the princesses of the blood are dirty enough to have shares in the banks kept at their houses. We have seen two or three of them; but they are not young, nor remarkable but for wearing their red of a deeper dye than other women, though all use it extravagantly."

The next year Walpole was in Florence during the carnival. He seems to have liked the Florentines better than the Parisians, but perhaps that was because they paid him more attention. "If," he writes, "I have not found them refined, learned, polished, like some other cities, yet they are civil, good-natured, and fond of the English. Their little partiality for themselves, opposed to the violent vanity of the French, makes them very amiable in my eyes." He observes that they have strong prejudices in favor of noble birth—a comical idiosyncrasy to those who remember that the Florentine nobles were disfranchised, and for the most part permanently banished before the rise of the plutocratic Medici. But what passed for noblesse in Florence in 1740 was of a date quite as ancient as the starting point of most of the contemporary members of the British House of Lords. A little later Walpole is at Naples, near which only eighteen months before Herculaneum had been discovered. Naturally the young Englishman, fresh from the university, is enchanted with the spectacle of a Roman town. He remembers Pliny's account of the eruption that destroyed the city, and "should be inclined," he says, "to search for the remains of the other towns that were partners with this in the general ruin." As a matter of fact, Pompeii was unearthed eight years after the date of this letter.

Interested as he was in the excavations at Herculaneum, Walpole did not survey Italy from the view-point of an antiquarian. "I have made," he tells a correspondent, "no discoveries in ancient or modern arts. Mr. Addison travelled through the poets and not through Italy, for all his ideas are borrowed from the descriptions and not from the reality. He saw places as they were, not as they are." Much the same on Mr. George S. Hillard's "Six Months in Italy." Nevertheless, it was at this time that Walpole acquired the tastes of a virtuoso and collector. He bought "some bronzes and medals, a few busts, and two or three pictures. One of my busts," he says, "is to be mentioned. 'Tis the famous Vespasian, in touchstone, reckoned the best in Rome, except the Caracalla of the Farnese. I gave but twenty-two pounds for it at Cardinal Ottoboni's sale. One of my medals is as great a curiosity. 'Tis of Alexander Severus, with the amphitheatre in brass. This reverse is extant on medals of his, but mine is a small medallion and the only one with this reverse known in the world. It was found by a peasant while I was in Rome, and sold by him for sixpence to an antiquarian; I paid for it seven guineas and a half, but to virtuosi 'tis worth any sum." In the same letter there is a reference to Lady Mary Wortley Montague, then at Florence, whom Walpole calls "Moll Worthless." Everybody laughed, he says, at "her old, foul, tawdry, painted, plastered personage. She played at pharaoh two or three times at Princess Craon's, where she cheats horse and foot." Walpole adds that "she is really entertaining; I have been reading her works, which she lends out in manuscript, but they are too womanish. I like few of her performances." It will be remembered that none of Lady Mary's letters was published until after her death.

IV.

While he was still absent on the Continent Horace Walpole was elected a member of Parliament, and returning in the autumn of 1741, he took part in the animated session which witnessed the dissolution of his father's Ministry. In the accounts of political incidents which he gives Sir Horace Mann, then and long afterward British Minister at Florence, his sympathies are of course hotly enlisted on his father's side, but he is candid enough to do justice to the abilities of his father's enemies, crediting Pulteney and the latter's follower, William Pitt (subsequently Lord Chatham), with making "glorious speeches." In a letter written about the same time to Mann he chronicles the opening of a rival to Vauxhall and the début of David Garrick: "Two nights ago Ranelagh Gardens were opened at Chelsea; the Prince (Frederick of Wales, father of George III.), Princess, Duke, much nobility and much mob, besides, were there. There is a vast amphitheatre, finely gilt, painted, and illuminated, into which everybody that loves eating, drinking, staring, or crowding is admitted for twelvepence. The building and disposition of the garden cost sixteen thousand pounds. Twice a week there are to be Ridottos, at guinea tickets, for which you are to have a supper and music. I was there last night, but did not find the joy of it. Vauxhall is a little better; for the garden is pleasanter, and one goes by water. * * * All the run is now after Garrick, a wine merchant, who is turned player at Goodman's fields. He plays all parts, and is a very good mimic. His acting I have seen, and may say to you, who will not tell it again here, I see nothing wonderful in it; but it is heresy to say so; the Duke of Argyle says he is superior to Betterton." We learn from the same letter that the practice of heiress hunting, now carried on by Englishmen in the United States, but then pursued by Irishmen in England, was much facilitated by the following device: "There has lately been published one of the most impudent things that was ever printed; it is called 'The Irish Register,' and is a list of all the unmarried women of any fashion in England, ranked in order, duchesses dowager, ladies, widows, misses, &c., with their names at length, for the benefit of Irish fortune hunters, or, as it is said, for the incorporating and manufacturing of British commodities."

The invasion of Scotland by the Young Pretender in 1745 and his subsequent advance into England as far as Derby are described by Walpole in some of the best known letters to Sir Horace Mann. These have been so often quoted that we pass over them and come to a curious letter written in 1748, in which Walpole jocosely predicts certain discoveries to be made by future generations. "I am persuaded," he says, "that a hundred and fifty years hence it will be as common to remove oaks a hundred and fifty years old as it is now to transplant tulip roots." He adds that in a projected treatise on posterity's discoveries he will "particularly descant on the great and cheap convenience of making trout rivers." The former prophecy has been fulfilled, if not in the case of oaks, in that of large elms and ash trees; the making, moreover, of trout rivers has been carried out by the method of raising the young fish from the roe in boxes or tanks and distributing them in places where they are needed. In the same letter Walpole makes the blunder of referring to the author of the "Novum Organum" as "Lord Bacon," and we also observe that he uses the word "don't" as if it were the third person singular, and the word "none" as if it were of the plural number.

Writing not long afterward to Sir Horace Mann, Walpole has something to say about the two Miss Gunnings: "These are two Irish girls, of no fortune, who are declared the handsomest women alive. I think their being two so handsome, and both such perfect figures, is their chief excellence, for singly I have seen much handsomer women than either. However, they can't walk in the park or go to Vauxhall but such mobs follow them that they are generally driven away." In his "Memoirs of George III." Walpole mentions that these young women were so poor while in Dublin that they could not have been presented to the Lord Lieutenant if Peg Woffington, the actress, had not lent them some clothes. One of them married the Earl of Coventry. The other had a remarkable experience, having been married to two Dukes—the Duke of Hamilton and the Duke of Argyll—and having refused a third man of the same rank, the Duke of Bridgewater, and herself becoming the mother of four Dukes, namely, two Dukes of Hamilton and two Dukes of Argyll.

V.

Scattered through Walpole's letters are literary criticisms and opinions, many of which are judicious. Now and then one strikes us as singularly perverse. He utterly failed, for instance, to appreciate Sterne. Writing in 1760 he says: "At present nothing is talked of, nothing admired, but what I cannot help calling a very insipid and tedious performance; it is a kind of novel called 'The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy;' the great humor of which consists in the whole narration always going backward. I can conceive a man saying that it would be droll to write a book in that manner, but have no notion of his persevering in executing it. It makes one smile two or three times at the beginning, but in recompense makes one yawn for two hours. The characters are tolerably kept up, but the humor is for ever attempted and missed. The best thing in it is a sermon, oddly coupled with a good deal of coarseness, and both the composition of a clergyman. The man's head, indeed, a little turned before, is now topsy-turvy with his success and fame." Dodsley has given him £650 for the second edition and two more volumes (which, I suppose, will reach backward to his great-great-grandfather); Lord Faucenberg a donative of £160 a year; and Bishop Warburton gave him a purse of gold and this compliment (which happened to be a contradiction), "that it was quite an original composition and in the true Cervantic vein;" the only copy that ever was an original, except in painting, where they all pretend to be so. Warburton, however, not content with this, recommended the book to the bench of Bishops, and told them Mr. Sterne, the author, was the English Rabelais. They had never heard of such a writer." Walpole differed also from most of his contemporaries, though not from Fielding, in entertaining a contempt for Richardson's novels. Under date of December, 1764, he tells his friend Sir Horace Mann that "there is a Mme. de Beaumont who has lately written a very pretty novel. It is imitated from an English standard, but in my opinion a most woful one; I mean the works of Richardson, who wrote those deplorably tedious lamentations, 'Clarissa' and 'Sir Charles Grandison,' which are pictures of high life as conceived by a bookseller and romances as they would be spiritualized by a Methodist teacher."

Here is a passage in a letter from Paris which must have irritated Macaulay; in it Walpole expresses, apropos of the French conversation of the time, his disdain for the men who talk books or religion in society. "The French," he says, "affect philosophy, literature, and free thinking; the first never did and never will possess me; of the two others I have long been tired. Free thinking is for one's self, surely not for society; besides, one has settled one's way of thinking, or knows it cannot be settled, and for others I do not see why there is not as much bigotry in attempting conversions from any religion as to it. I dined to-day with a dozen savans, and though all the servants were waiting, the conversation was much more unrestrained, even on the Old Testament, than I would suffer at my own table in England if a single footman were present. For literature it is very amusing when one has nothing else to do. I think it rather pedantic in society; tiresome when displayed professedly; and, besides, in this country (France) one is sure it is only the fashion of the day. Their taste in it is worst of all; could one believe that when they read our authors, Richardson and Mr. Hume should be their favorites? The latter is treated here with perfect veneration. His History, so falsified in many points, so partial in as many, so very unequal in its parts, is thought the standard of writing."

VI.

During this visit to Paris, in 1765, Walpole discourses at some length on French society and the Versailles Court. At this time, it will be remembered, the Pompadour had been dead a year and the advent of the Du Barry was yet three years distant. It was a pinchbeck, out-at-elbows splendor, that of the *ancien régime*, if we may trust this well-schooled and sharp-eyed observer. Walpole writes that "five or six of the women that I have seen already are very sensible. The men are, in general much inferior, and not even agreeable. Their authors, who by the way are everywhere, are worse than their own writings, which I don't mean as a compliment to either. In general the style of conversation is solemn, pedantic, and seldom animated, but by a dispute. I was expressing my aversion to disputes; Mr. Hume, who very gratefully admires the tone of Paris, having never known any other tone, said, with great surprise, 'Why, what do you like, if you hate both disputes and whist?' Walpole went on to say that what, on the whole, struck him most was "the total difference of ones and twos between them and us from the greatest object to the least. There is not the smallest similitude in the twenty-four hours. It is obvious in every trifle. Servants carry their lady's train and put her into her coach with their hat on. They walk about the streets in the rain with umbrellas to avoid putting on their hats; drive themselves in open chaises in the country without hats, in the rain, too, and yet often wear them in a chariot in Paris when it does not rain. The very footmen are powdered from the break of day, and yet wait behind their master, as I saw the Duke of Praslin do, with a red pocket handkerchief about their necks. Venalities, of every thing else here, is a mixture of parade and poverty, and in every instance exhibits something most dissonant from our manners. In the colonnades, upon the staircases, nay, in the antechambers of the royal family, there are people selling all sorts of wares. While we were waiting in the Dauphin's sumptuous bedchamber till his dressing room door should be opened, two fellows were sweeping it, and dancing about in sabots to rub the floor."

We have said that Walpole's manners, mode of talk, and way of viewing things were fashioned on French models. But he, like Chesterfield and Bolingbroke, was more like a Frenchman of the Regency than a Frenchman of the time of the Encyclopedists. He was not less popular in Paris on that account. He tells one of his English friends, under the date of January, 1766—when we may remind the reader he was 49 years old—"It would sound vain to tell you the honors and distinctions I receive, and how much I am in fashion; yet when they come from the handsomest women in France and the most respectable in point of character, can one help being a little proud? If I was twenty years younger I should wish they were not quite so respectable. However, lest you should dread my returning a perfect old swain, I study my wrinkles, compare myself and my limbs to every plate of larks I see, and treat my understanding with at least as little mercy." A fortnight later we find him writing to the poet Gray in a somewhat more serious vein: "By what I said of French religious or irreligious opinions, you must not conclude their people of quality atheists—at least, not the men. Happily for them, poor souls, they are not capable of going so far into thinking. They assent to a great deal, because it is the fashion, and because they don't know how to contradict. They are ashamed to defend the Roman Catholic religion, because it is quite exploded; but I am convinced they believe it in their hearts. The generality of the men, and more than the generality, are dull and empty. They have taken up gravity, thinking it was philosophy and English, and so have acquired nothing in the room of their natural levity and cheerfulness. However, as their high opinion of their own country remains, for which they can no longer assign any reason, they are contemptuous and reserved, instead of being ridiculously, and therefore pardonably, impertinent. I have wondered, knowing my own countrymen, that we had attained such a superiority. I wonder no longer, and have a little more respect for English *heads* than I had." Walpole repeats that for the brains of France you must look to the women, who, he says, "do not seem of the same country. If they are less gay than they were, they are more informed, enough to make them very conversable. I know six or seven with very superior understandings; some of them with wit, or with softness, or very good sense." He adds, what some novelists, who aim to portray life under the *ancien régime*, would do well to remember, that, however immoral Paris society might be, it was scrupulously decorous. "It requires," he says, "the greatest curiosity, or the greatest habitude, to discover the smallest connection between the sexes here. No familiarity but under the veil of friendship is permitted, and love's dictionary is as much prohibited as at first sight one should think his ritual was."

For more than twenty years after his father's death Horace Walpole continued to sit in Parliament, and, although he was never a Minister, he was regarded as the inheritor of a large measure of his father's sagacity, and at political crises was consulted by the leaders of more than one section of the Whig party, such as Gen. Conway, the Duke of Bedford, the Duke of Grafton, Lord Holland, and others. In 1768, however, he withdrew definitely from public life, and thenceforth devoted himself to society and literature. In 1791 he succeeded to his father's title of Earl of Orford, and six years later, at the age of 80, he died. The last letter republished in this collection records with complacency the honor paid him by a visit of the Queen and eight Princesses to his "small house" (Strawberry Hill) near Twickenham. He tells a correspondent, characteristically, that "though gloveless, I did not squeeze the royal hand," alluding to the story of King William's time, that when Queen Mary came back to England from Holland she asked one of her ladies what a salvee of the hand was supposed to intimate. When the reply was "love;" then, said her Majesty, "my Vice-Chancellor must be in love with me, for he always squeezes my hand."

M. W. H.

MOZART AND ALOYSIA WEBER.

The Great Composer's First Real Love.

Like all men of artistic temperament, the composer, Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart, was extremely impressible by the charms of women. Consequently, his love affairs, which he commenced having at an early age, were many and frequent, and only one of them, the last before his marriage, was at all serious, or productive of any great effect upon his character. The object of his passion in this instance was Aloysia Weber, a second cousin of the composer, Carl Maria von Weber, and the elder sister of the Constance Weber, who afterward became Mozart's wife.

I.

Mozart's wonderful musical genius and the surpassing excellence of his compositions have quite overshadowed, in common estimation, his personal merit. Indeed, a conviction prevails that his intellectual abilities were inferior, his character weak, and his habits dissipated. The truth, on the contrary, is that he was unusually intelligent and witty, his weakness was nothing but the necessary accompaniment of a warm and affectionate temper, and his dissipation almost entirely imaginary. He was, indeed, fond of wine, as he was of women, but he was as far from being a drunkard as he was from being a libertine. All the evidence extant goes to show that his conduct was, from first to last, morally irreproachable, and that his misfortunes came from his unselfishness, and from the too great confidence which he placed in those who pretended to be his friends. As is not uncommon with men of genius, he lacked worldly wisdom, and had little of the business talent requisite to worldly success.

THE YOUTHFUL MOZART.

Mozart was born at Salzburg, Austria, Jan. 27, 1756. As a child he was distinguished not more by his precocious musical talents than he was by his loving disposition. Andreas Schlachtner, the court trumpeter, who was an intimate friend of the Mozart family and a constant companion of the little Wolfgang, says that "Ten times a day at least he would ask me whether I loved him, and when I sometimes said for fun that I did not, tears sprang to his eyes, so tender and kindly was his good heart." Every night before he went to bed he would stand on a chair and sing with his father a little tune which he had himself composed to some nonsense words resembling Italian, and between the singing and after it he would kiss his father on the tip of his nose. When he was ten years old he happened to make a visit to a convent, and to find there a former friend to whom he was much attached. He immediately climbed upon him, patted his cheeks, and greeted him in a brief chant, which he afterward expanded into an offertory and sent to his friend as a birthday gift. For his father and mother and only sister his love knew no bounds, and he used as a child to say that when his father grew to be old he would put him in a glass case to keep him safe and have him always with him. His generosity made him a constant victim of those with whom he had dealings. He gave away some of his finest compositions, was defrauded of his copyright on many others, and he did an endless amount of work for which he received no compensation.

This natural lovingness and confidingness were encouraged rather than repressed by his education. His father, though stern, was most affectionate, and his mother was as devoted to him as he was to her. Both parents were pious Roman Catholics, and brought up their son in the strictest religious and moral principles. The father's letters to him, long after he was grown up, contain frequent injunctions to observe his devotional duties, and his answers show that the injunctions were heeded. His filial respect and obedience were as remarkable as his filial affection. His favorite saying was, "Next to God, papa," and, as we shall see, he never let his own inclinations stand in the way of the parental commands. Of his principles in regard to women, he says himself, writing to his father at the age of twenty-two: "Believe what you please of me, only nothing bad. There are people who think no one can love a poor girl without evil designs. But I am no Brunetti, no Mislweczeck. I am a Mozart, and though young, still a high-principled Mozart." His lofty and romantic ideas of marriage are likewise charmingly exhibited in another letter to his father, in which he says:

Mr. von Scheidenhofen might have let me know, through you, that his wedding was soon to take place, and I would have composed a new minuet for the occasion. I cordially wish him joy; but his is, after all, only one of those money matches, and nothing else! I hope never to marry in this way. I wish to make my wife happy, but not to become rich by her means; so I will let things alone, and enjoy my golden freedom till I am so well off that I can support both wife and children. Mr. von Scheidenhofen was forced to marry a rich wife his rank imposed this on him. The nobility must never marry from liking and love, but from interest and various other considerations. It would not at all suit a grandee to love his wife after she had done her duty and brought into the world an heir to the property. But we poor humble people are privileged not only to choose a wife who loves us and whom we love, but we may, can, and do take such a one because we are neither noble nor high born nor rich, but, on the contrary, lowly, humble, and poor. We therefore need no wealthy wife, for our riches, being in our heads, die with us, and these no man can deprive us of unless he cut them off, in which case we need nothing more.

Intellectually, Mozart was not a great man apart from his musical endowments, but his letters and all the anecdotes that are related of him show him to have been, as already remarked, lively, witty, and agreeable. He could read, write, and speak Italian and French as well as he could German, and on occasion could turn out rhymes with great facility. In society, he was noted for his rollicking fun and gayety, and his remarks were often irresistibly droll. These qualities, and his convivial habits, are what gave him the reputation of being dissipated, but unjustly so. He was also a good dancer, and played billiards and skittles with great zeal and skill.

While, as has been said, Mozart was extremely susceptible of love for women, and his mental qualities should have commended him to their favor, his external appearance rather interfered with his success with them. His father and mother were reputed to be the handsomest couple in Salzburg, where they lived, but they failed to transmit to him their advantages. He was, indeed, slim and well proportioned, but his stature was small and his figure insignificant. His complexion was pale, and his face in no respect striking, except when it was illuminated by the fire of his genius in playing or in composing. His eyes were well formed and of a good size, with fine eyebrows and lashes, but as a rule they looked languid, and his gaze was restless and absent. Like all little men, he was very particular about his dress, and wore a great deal of embroidery and jewelry.

Until he was twenty-one Mozart seems never to have been allowed to go out into the world alone. In all his professional travels he was accompanied by his father, who did not leave him for a moment. At last, in September, 1777, his watchful parent reluctantly consented to remain in Salzburg, while his son went with his mother on a tour to Munich and other cities, with the purpose of ultimately reaching Paris. He bore up bravely till the travellers actually started, and then went to his bedroom exhausted with the anguish of parting. Suddenly he remembered that in his distress he had forgotten to give his son his blessing. He rushed to the window with outstretched hand, but the carriage was already out of sight.

II.

How Mozart enjoyed his newly acquired liberty, and the use he made of it, especially with reference to the fair sex, is cleverly summed up by his father in a reproachful letter which he wrote him at Mannheim in February, 1778. The details given present an accurate picture of Mozart's character in other respects.

Your journey led you to Munich; you know the purpose; it was not to be accomplished. Well-meaning friends wished to have you there; you wanted to stay there. You fell into the notion of bringing a company together. I cannot repeat the details. At that moment you thought the project feasible. I did not; read over what I said in answer to you. You are a man of honor; would it have done you honor to depend upon ten persons and their monthly charity? Then, you were wonderfully captivated by a little singer of the theatre, and wanted nothing better than to help the German stage. Then, you explained that you could never write a comic opera! No sooner were you outside of the gate of Munich than your whole friendly company of subscribers forgot you, and what would have happened in Munich now?

In the end God's providence showed itself. In Augsburg you had another little scene—a merry time with my brother's daughter, who must needs send you her portrait. The rest I wrote you in my first letter to Mannheim. In Wallerstein you cracked a thousand jokes, danced here and there, so that people thought you a jolly, merry, foolish, occasionally absent minded creature, which gave Mr. Beecke the opportunity of depreciating your merit, which by your compositions and by the playing of your sister had been set in another light with the two gentlemen, for she always said: "I am only my brother's pupil," so that they had the greatest respect for your skill, and preferred it to the bad work of Beecke. In Mannheim you did nicely, to ingratiate yourself

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with Mr. Cannabich! It would have been fruitless if he had not sought a twofold end. The rest I have already written to you. The daughter of Mr. Cannabich was overwhelmed with praises, the picture of her temperament expressed in the adagio of the sonata, in short, she was now the favorite person. Then you made the acquaintance of Mr. Wendling. He, now, was the noblest friend, and what happened I need not repeat. In a moment comes the acquaintance with Mr. Weber. Everything else passes away; this family is now the honestest, Christianest family, and the daughter is the chief person of the tragedy to be enacted between her family and yours, and all that you, in the giddiness, in which your good heart open to everybody has put you, imagine her without sufficient consideration to be.

Mozart had been at Mannheim since the end of October, 1777. The city was the capital of the Palatinate, the Elector of which, Charles Theodore, was a noted patron of literature and of music, and had gathered at his court, both writers like Lessing, Wieland, and Klopstock, and some of the finest musicians and composers in Germany. Among them were Schweitzer, who set to music Wieland's "Alceste;" the pianist Voglor, the celebrated tenor Raaff, for whom Mozart wrote some beautiful airs; the singers Dorothea Wendling and Francisca Danzi, the violinists Cannabich and Cramer, the flutist Wendling, the obolists Le Brun and Raum, the bassoonist Ritter, and the horn-player Lang. Mozart, indeed, complains in one of his letters that the Elector's orchestra surpassed his singers, and that he had to write his music more for the instruments than for voices. That he enjoyed staying in the place immensely appears not only from his father's letter just quoted but from his own. His first acquaintances were the family of Cannabich, who was the leader of the orchestra as well as violinist, and to whose daughter Mozart gave lessons on the piano, besides writing for her a sonata. He next met Wendling, the flute player, who also had a daughter, Rosa, who played the piano, and for her, too, Mozart composed a sonata.

Finally, about the beginning of the year 1778 Mozart fell in with the Weber family and became captivated with the singing of the second daughter, Aloysia, a girl of only fifteen, who inspired him, first by her musical talent and afterward by her personal charms, with profound affection. His biographer, Jahn, calls it "a passionate love," and Nohl, "his first true love." The beginning of their acquaintance and of his inclination to her, Mozart describes in a letter dated Jan. 17, 1778:

Next Wednesday I am going for some days to Kirchheim-Poland, the residence of the Princess of Orange. I have heard so much praise of her here, that at last I have resolved to go. A Dutch officer, a particular friend of mine, was much upbraided for not bringing me with him when he went to offer his New Year's congratulations. I expect to receive at least eight louis d'or, for as she has a passionate admiration of singing, I have had four airs copied out for her. I will also present her with a symphony, for she has a very nice orchestra and gives a concert every day.

Besides, the copying of the airs will not cost me much, for a certain Mr. Weber, who is going there with me, has copied them. He has a daughter who sings admirably and has a lovely pure voice. She is only fifteen. She falls in nothing but stage action; were it not for that she might be the prima donna of any theatre. Her father is a downright honest German, who brings up his children well, for which very reason the girl is presented here. He has six children, five girls and a son. He and his wife and children have been obliged to live for the last fourteen years on an income of 200 florins, but, as he has always done his duty well, and has lately provided a very accomplished lady singer for the Elector, he has now, actually, 400 florins. My aria for De Amicis she sings to perfection, with all its tremendous passages. She is to sing it in Kirchheim-Poland.

The visit to Kirchheim was made as intended, and by Feb. 2, 1778, Mozart was writing to his father from Mannheim an account of it. The party left Mannheim, he says, on a Friday morning in a covered carriage, and arrived at Kirchheim at 4 in the afternoon. On Saturday evening Miss Weber sang at court, and again on Tuesday and Wednesday, besides playing the piano twice. Of her performance on this instrument Mozart speaks in high praise, and adds: "What surprises me most is that she reads music so well. Only think of her playing my difficult sonatas at sight, slowly, but without missing a single note. I give you my honor I would rather hear my sonatas played by her than by Vogler." For his services and for the four symphonies which he presented to the Princess he received seven louis d'or, and Miss Weber five, which disappointed him, as he had expected that each of them would get eight louis d'or. With characteristic cheerfulness he adds: "We were not, however, losers, for I have a profit of forty-two florins, and the inexpressible pleasure of becoming better acquainted with worthy, upright Christian people and good Catholics. I regret much not having known them long ago."

What attractions Miss Weber possessed beyond her musical gifts there is no record. She never became celebrated for her beauty, and her character, at her age, must have been still undeveloped. Mozart himself, writing of her three years after, says she was ungrateful to her parents and left them without assistance when she was making money for herself as a singer, and a little later, when he had fallen in love with her sister, he speaks of her as "false, unprincipled, and a coquette." But of her excellent singing and playing there was no question, and in listening to her, teaching her, and composing for her Mozart was enraptured.

One consequence of this attachment was to put an end to a project which Mozart had formed, with the approval of his mother, of proceeding to Paris in company with the flute player, Wendling, and his daughter Rosa, Ramm, the obolist, and Ritter, the bassoonist. Wendling was to direct the party, as he professed to have a thorough knowledge of Paris and its ways. How completely Mozart's opinion of him had changed will appear from what he writes soon after the trip to Kirchheim:

Now comes something urgent, about which I request an answer. Mamma and I have discussed the matter, and we agree that we do not like the sort of life the Wendlings lead. Wendling is a very honorable and kind man, but, unhappily, devoid of religion, and the whole family are the same. I say enough when I tell you his daughter was a most disreputable character. Ramm is a good fellow, but a libertine. I know myself, and I have such a sense of religion that I shall never do anything which I would not do before the whole world; but I am alarmed even at the very thought of being in the society of people whose mode of thinking is so entirely different from mine (and from that of all good people). But, of course, they must do as they please. I have no heart to travel with them, nor could I enjoy one pleasant hour, nor know what to talk about, for, in short, I have no great confidence in them. Friends who have no religion cannot be long our friends. I have already given them a hint of this by saying that during my absence three letters had arrived, of which I could divulge nothing further than that it was unlikely I should be able to go with them to Paris, but that perhaps I might come later, or possibly go elsewhere; so they must not depend on me. I shall be able to finish my music now quite at my ease for De Jean, who is to give me 200 florins for it.

I can remain here as long as I please, and neither board nor lodging costs me anything. In the mean time Mr. Weber will endeavor to make various engagements for concerts with me, and then we shall travel together. If I am with him it is just as if I were with you. This is the reason that I like him so much; except in personal appearance he resembles you in all respects, and has exactly your character and mode of thinking. If my mother were not, as you know, too comfortably lazy to write, she would say precisely what I do. I must confess that I much enjoyed my excursion with them. We were pleased and merry. I heard a man converse just like you. I had no occasion to trouble myself about anything; what was term I found repaired. In short, I was treated like a prince.

I am so attached to this oppressed family that my greatest wish is to make them happy, and perhaps I may be able to do so. My advice is that they should go to Italy, so I am all anxiety for you to write to our good friend Lugiati, and the sooner she better, to inquire what are the highest terms given to a prima donna in Verona; the more the better, for it is always easy to accept lower terms. Perhaps it would be possible to obtain the Ascensa in Venice. I will be answerable with my life for her singing and her doing credit to my recommendation. She has even during this short period derived much profit from me, and how much further progress she will have made by that time! I have no fears either with regard to her acting.

If this plan be realized, Mr. Weber, his two daughters, and I will have the happiness of visiting my dear papa and sister for a fortnight on our way through Salzburg. My sister will find a friend and companion in Miss Weber, for, like my sister in Salzburg, she enjoys the best reputation here, owing to the careful way in which she has been brought up; the father resembles you and the whole family that of Mozart. They have, indeed, detractors, as with us, but when it comes to the point they must confess the truth, and truth lasts longest. I should be glad to go with them to Salzburg, that you might hear her. My air that De Amicis used to sing, and the bravura air *Parto m'affretto*, and *Dalla sponda tenebrosa*, she sings splendidly. Pray do all you can to insure our going to Italy together. You know my greatest desire is to write operas.

I will gladly write an opera for Verona for thirty zecchini, solely that Miss Weber may acquire fame by it; for if I do not I fear she may be sacrificed. Before then I hope to make so much money by visiting different places that I shall be no loser. I think we shall go to Switzerland, perhaps also to Holland; pray write me soon about this. Should we stay long anywhere the eldest daughter would be of the greatest use to us; for we could have our own *manage*, as she understands cooking.

Send me an answer soon, I beg. Don't forget my wish to write an opera. I could almost weep from vexation when I hear or see an aria. But Italian, not German—*seria*, not *buffa*! I have not written you all that is in my heart. My mother is satisfied with my plan.

Mozart was mistaken about his mother's approval, for she adds to his letter this postscript:

No doubt you perceive by the accompanying letter that when Wolfgang makes new friends he would give his life for them. It is true that she does sing incomparably; still we ought not to lose sight of our own interests. I never liked his being in the society of Wendling and Ramm, but I did not venture to object to it, nor would he have listened to me, but no sooner did he know these Webers than he instantly changed his mind. In short, he prefers other people to me, for I remonstrate with him sometimes, and that he does not like. I write this quite secretly, while he is at dinner, for I don't wish him to know it.

III.

The project which Mozart had formed of giving up his proposed visit to Paris and attempting instead to establish Miss Weber as a prima donna in an Italian town seemed to his father sheer lunacy. He, nevertheless, took time to prepare himself, and in two long letters, one dated Feb. 12 and the other Feb. 16, went over the ground carefully, and exhausted every argument of prudence, reason, and affection to defeat the scheme. He recounted his own privations, the personal sacrifices he had made to educate his son, and the dependence of the entire family upon his success in his career. "The future destiny of your old parents and of your loving sister is in your hands." "I place in your filial love all my confidence and all my hope." "It depends on your decision whether you shall be a common musician whom the world forgets, or a renowned composer of whom posterity and history shall speak; whether, infatuated with a pretty face, you one day breath