duced by a memoir by M. Daniel Bernard, who knew Berlioz and studied his character. He tells us little that we did not know before, but he rehearses the story in a compact form, and his style is enlivened by the enthusiasm of friendship and admiration. The second volume has an introduction by Charles Gounod, which is of course interesting as showing one eminent musician's opinion of another. Gounod confesses having admired the 'weird, passionate, convulsive music' of Berlioz, from the time when he was a mere lad, at the Conservatoire. No two composers were ever more opposite in style than these two—the one all fire and tempest, the other poetic and sentimental in a high degree. Berlioz found some things to admire in 'Faust,' and some to condemn; but he never wrote of Gounod as he did of the Italian composers. Monkeys, ourang-outangs, grinning puppets, he calls them. He declines an introduction to Bellini; and he likens Rossini to an 'old satyr, retired from business.' Berlioz's meaning was always plain. He never minced matters when he once began calling names, and whenever he saw the head of an Italian musician he hit it. Gluck he adored; but he writes of the 'stolid, bewigged countenance of that barrel of pork and beer called Handel.' English audiences, he declares, are composed of idiots. Altogether, he seems very much out with the world, and the world certainly did not treat him with undue gentleness. He died, to use Gounod's words, from 'the procrastination of popularity.' Nowadays he seems to have an audience, and his genius is acknowledged; but his music is still far from being popular. Such works as the 'Damnation de Faust' are given occasionally, and with success, but the name of Berlioz is probably seen less on concert programmes than that of any other equally distinguished musician.

The letters that form the second volume of this book are called 'private.' They are all addressed to Humbert Ferrand, the life-long friend of the composer. Here Berlioz pours out his soul in his own eccentric way. He beats his breast, and tears his hair, and weeps and laughs by turns. No wonder that Henrietta Smithson, accustomed to the calmer bearing of Englishmen, should have been alarmed at his furious love-making. Words were too tame to express his feelings. 'Give me an orchestra of a hundred and a chorus of a hundred and fifty, and I will tell you.' He did tell her, and finally she believed. Berlioz was very much such a character as Wagner, but he had no respect for the 'music of the future.' He was apparently on friendly terms with him of Bayreuth, but he calls him a madman, and he joined in the hisses and laughter at 'Tannhäuser' when it was first produced in Paris. The interest of these volumes will hold attention even in this warm weather; their vigor and energy are bracing to the intellect at a season when even novel-reading is hard work.

Music

"Life and Letters of Berlioz."*

AFTER reading Berlioz's letters, in which the strong personality of the composer is so clearly shown, one can the better understand his music. Of the two volumes before us, the first is intro-

* Life and Letters of Berlioz. From the French, by H. M. Dunstan. Two Vols. $6. New York: Scribner & Welford.