

Frederick Chopin As A Man and Musician

Volumes 1-2 Complete

Frederick Niecks

Pantianos Classics

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Title: Frederick Chopin, as a Man and Musician — Complete

Author: Frederick Niecks

Release date: January 1, 2004 [eBook #4973]
Most recently updated: February 6, 2013

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/4973

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FREDERICK CHOPIN

AS A MAN AND MUSICIAN

Volumes 1-2, Complete

By Frederick Niecks

Third Edition (1902)

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VOLUME I.

PREFACE TO THE FIRST EDITION

While the novelist has absolute freedom to follow his artistic instinct and intelligence, the biographer is fettered by the subject-matter with which he proposes to deal. The former may hopefully pursue an ideal, the latter must rest satisfied with a compromise between the desirable and the necessary. No doubt, it is possible to thoroughly digest all the requisite material, and then present it in a perfect, beautiful form. But this can only be done at a terrible loss, at a sacrifice of truth and trustworthiness. My guiding principle has been to place before the reader the facts collected by me as well as the conclusions at which I arrived. This will enable him to see the subject in all its bearings, with all its pros and cons, and to draw his own conclusions, should mine not obtain his approval. Unless an author proceeds in this way, the reader never knows how far he may trust him, how far the evidence justifies his judgment. For—not to speak of cheats and fools—the best informed are apt to make assertions unsupported or insufficiently supported by facts, and the wisest cannot help seeing things through the coloured spectacles of their individuality. The foregoing remarks are intended to

explain my method, not to excuse carelessness of literary workmanship. Whatever the defects of the present volumes may be—and, no doubt, they are both great and many—I have laboured to the full extent of my humble abilities to group and present my material perspicuously, and to avoid diffuseness and rhapsody, those besetting sins of writers on music.

The first work of some length having Chopin for its subject was Liszt's "Frederic Chopin," which, after appearing in 1851 in the Paris journal "La France musicale," came out in book-form, still in French, in 1852 (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Hartel.—Translated into English by M. W. Cook, and published by William Reeves, London, 1877). George Sand describes it as "un peu exuberant de style, mais rempli de bonnes choses et de tres-belles pages." These words, however, do in no way justice to the book: for, on the one hand, the style is excessively, and not merely a little, exuberant; and, on the other hand, the "good things" and "beautiful pages" amount to a psychological study of Chopin, and an aesthetical study of his works, which it is impossible to over-estimate. Still, the book is no biography. It records few dates and events, and these few are for the most part incorrect. When, in 1878, the second edition of F. Chopin was passing through the press, Liszt remarked to me:—

"I have been told that there are wrong dates and other mistakes in my book, and that the dates and facts are correctly given in Karasowski's biography of Chopin [which had in the meantime been published]. But, though I often thought of reading it, I have not yet done so. I got my information from Paris friends on whom I believed I might depend. The Princess Wittgenstein [who then lived in Rome,

but in 1850 at Weimar, and is said to have had a share in the production of the book] wished me to make some alterations in the new edition. I tried to please her, but, when she was still dissatisfied, I told her to add and alter whatever she liked."

From this statement it is clear that Liszt had not the stuff of a biographer in him. And, whatever value we may put on the Princess Wittgenstein's additions and alterations, they did not touch the vital faults of the work, which, as a French critic remarked, was a symphonie funebre rather than a biography. The next book we have to notice, M. A. Szulc's Polish Fryderyk Chopin i Utwory jego Muzyczne (Posen, 1873), is little more than a chaotic, unsifted collection of notices, criticisms, anecdotes, &c., from Polish, German, and French books and magazines. In 1877 Moritz Karasowski, a native of Warsaw, and since 1864 a member of the Dresden orchestra, published his Friedrich Chopin: sein Leben, seine Werke und seine Briefe (Dresden: F. Ries.—Translated into English by E. Hill, under the title Frederick Chopin: "His Life, Letters, and Work," and published by William Reeves, London, in 1879). This was the first serious attempt at a biography of Chopin. The author reproduced in the book what had been brought to light in Polish magazines and other publications regarding Chopin's life by various countrymen of the composer, among whom he himself was not the least notable. But the most valuable ingredients are, no doubt, the Chopin letters which the author obtained from the composer's relatives, with whom he was acquainted. While gratefully acknowledging his achievements, I must not omit to indicate his shortcomings—his unchecked partiality for, and boundless admiration of his hero; his uncritical acceptance and fanciful

embellishments of anecdotes and hearsays; and the extreme paucity of his information concerning the period of Chopin's life which begins with his settlement in Paris. In 1878 appeared a second edition of the work, distinguished from the first by a few additions and many judicious omissions, the original two volumes being reduced to one. But of more importance than the second German edition is the first Polish edition, "Fryderyk Chopin: Zycie, Listy, Dziela," two volumes (Warsaw: Gebethner and Wolff, 1882), which contains a series of, till then, unpublished letters from Chopin to Fontana. Of Madame A. Audley's short and readable "Frederic Chopin, sa vie et ses oeuvres" (Paris: E. Plon et Cie., 1880), I need only say that for the most part it follows Karasowski, and where it does not is not always correct. Count Wodzinski's "Les trois Romans de Frederic Chopin" (Paris: Calmann Levy, 1886)—according to the title treating only of the composer's love for Constantia Gladkowska, Maria Wodzinska, and George Sand, but in reality having a wider scope—cannot be altogether ignored, though it is more of the nature of a novel than of a biography. Mr. Joseph Bennett, who based his "Frederic Chopin" (one of Novello's Primers of Musical Biography) on Liszt's and Karasowski's works, had in the parts dealing with Great Britain the advantage of notes by Mr. A.J. Hipkins, who inspired also, to some extent at least, Mr. Hueffer in his essay Chopin ("Fortnightly Review," September, 1877; and reprinted in "Musical Studies"—Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, 1880). This ends the list of biographies with any claims to originality. There are, however, many interesting contributions to a biography of Chopin to be found in works of various kinds. These shall be mentioned in the course of my narrative; here I will point out only the two

most important ones—namely, George Sand's "Histoire de ma Vie," first published in the Paris newspaper "La Presse" (1854) and subsequently in book-form; and her six volumes of "Correspondance," 1812-1876 (Paris: Calmann Levy, 1882-1884).

My researches had for their object the whole life of Chopin, and his historical, political, artistical, social, and personal surroundings, but they were chiefly directed to the least known and most interesting period of his career—his life in France, and his visits to Germany and Great Britain. My chief sources of information are divisible into two classes—newspapers, magazines, pamphlets, correspondences, and books; and conversations I held with, and letters I received from, Chopin's pupils, friends, and acquaintances. Of his pupils, my warmest thanks are due to Madame Dubois (nee Camille O'Meara), Madame Rubio (nee Vera de Kologrivof), Mdlle. Gavard, Madame Streicher (nee Friederike Muller), Adolph Gutmann, M. Georges Mathias, Brinley Richards, and Lindsay Sloper; of friends and acquaintances, to Liszt, Ferdinand Hiller, Franchomme, Charles Valentin Alkan, Stephen Heller, Edouard Wolff, Mr. Charles Halle, Mr. G. A. Osborne, T. Kwiatkowski, Prof. A. Chodzko, M. Leonard Niedzwiecki (gallice, Nedvetsky), Madame Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt, Mr. A. J. Hipkins, and Dr. and Mrs. Lyschinski. I am likewise greatly indebted to Messrs. Breitkopf and Hartel, Karl Gurckhaus (the late proprietor of the firm of Friedrich Kistner), Julius Schuberth, Friedrich Hofmeister, Edwin Ashdown, Richault & Cie, and others, for information in connection with the publication of Chopin's works. It is impossible to enumerate all my obligations—many of my informants and many furtherers of my labours will be mentioned in the body of the book;

many, however, and by no means the least helpful, will remain unnamed. To all of them I offer the assurance of my deep-felt gratitude. Not a few of my kind helpers, alas! are no longer among the living; more than ten years have gone by since I began my researches, and during that time Death has been reaping a rich harvest.

The Chopin letters will, no doubt, be regarded as a special feature of the present biography. They may, I think, be called numerous, if we consider the master's dislike to letter-writing. Ferdinand Hiller—whose almost unique collection of letters addressed to him by his famous friends in art and literature is now, and will be for years to come, under lock and key among the municipal archives at Cologne—allowed me to copy two letters by Chopin, one of them written conjointly with Liszt. Franchomme, too, granted me the privilege of copying his friend's epistolary communications. Besides a number of letters that have here and there been published, I include, further, a translation of Chopin's letters to Fontana, which in Karasowski's book (i.e., the Polish edition) lose much of their value, owing to his inability to assign approximately correct dates to them.

The space which I give to George Sand is, I think, justified by the part she plays in the life of Chopin. To meet the objections of those who may regard my opinion of her as too harsh, I will confess that I entered upon the study of her character with the impression that she had suffered much undeserved abuse, and that it would be incumbent upon a Chopin biographer to defend her against his predecessors and the friends of the composer. How entirely I changed my mind, the sequel will show.

In conclusion, a few hints as to the pronunciation

of Polish words, which otherwise might puzzle the reader uninitiated in the mysteries of that rarely-learned language. Aiming more at simplicity than at accuracy, one may say that the vowels are pronounced somewhat like this: a as in "arm," aL like the nasal French "on," e as in "tell," e/ with an approach to the French "e/" (or to the German "u [umlaut]" and "o [umlaut]"), eL like the nasal French "in," i as in "pick," o as in "not," o/ with an approach to the French "ou," u like the French ou, and y with an approach to the German "i" and "u." The following consonants are pronounced as in English: b, d, f, g (always hard), h, k, I, m, n, p, s, t, and z. The following single and double consonants differ from the English pronunciation: c like "ts," c/ softer than c, j like "y," l/ like "ll" with the tongue pressed against the upper row of teeth, n/ like "ny" (i.e., n softened by i), r sharper than in English, w like "v," z/ softer than z, z. and rz like the French "j," ch like the German guttural "ch" in "lachen" (similar to "ch" in the Scotch "loch"), cz like "ch" in "cherry," and sz like "sh" in "sharp." Mr. W. R. Morfill ("A Simplified Grammar of the Polish Language") elucidates the combination szcz, frequently to be met with, by the English expression "smasht china," where the italicised letters give the pronunciation. Lastly, family names terminating in take a instead of i when applied to women.

April, 1888.

PREFACE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The second edition differs from the first by little more than the correction of some misprints and a few additions. These latter are to be found among the Appendices. The principal addition consists of interesting communications from Madame Peruzzi, a friend of Chopin's still living at Florence. Next in importance come Madame Schumann's diary notes bearing on Chopin's first visit to Leipzig. The remaining additions concern early Polish music, the first performances of Chopin's works at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, his visit to Marienbad (remarks by Rebecca Dirichlet), the tempo rubato, and his portraits. To the names of Chopin's friends and acquaintances to whom I am indebted for valuable assistance, those of Madame Peruzzi and Madame Schumann have, therefore, to be added. My apologies as well as my thanks are due to Mr. Felix Moscheles, who kindly permitted a fac-simile to be made from a manuscript, in his possession, a kindness that ought to have been acknowledged in the first edition. I am glad that a second edition affords me an opportunity to repair this much regretted omission. The manuscript in question is an "Etude" which Chopin wrote for the "Methode des Methodes de Piano," by F. J. Fetis and I. Moscheles, the father of Mr. Felix Moscheles. This concludes what I have to say about the second edition, but I cannot lay down the pen without expressing my gratitude to critics and public for the exceedingly favourable reception they have given to my book.

October, 1890.

PREFACE TO THE THIRD EDITION.

BESIDES minor corrections, the present edition contains the correction of the day and year of Frederick Francis Chopin's birth, which have been discovered since the publication of the second edition of this work. According to the baptismal entry in the register of the Brochow parish church, he who became the great pianist and immortal composer was born on February 22, 1810. This date has been generally accepted in Poland, and is to be found on the medal struck on the occasion of the semi-centenary celebration of the master's death. Owing to a misreading of musicus for magnificus in the published copy of the document, its trustworthiness has been doubted elsewhere, but, I believe, without sufficient cause. The strongest argument that could be urged against the acceptance of the date would be the long interval between birth and baptism, which did not take place till late in April, and the consequent possibility of an error in the registration. This, however, could only affect the day, and perhaps the month, not the year. It is certainly a very curious circumstance that Fontana, a friend of Chopin's in his youth and manhood, Karasowski, at least an acquaintance, if not an intimate friend, of the family (from whom he derived much information), Fetis, a contemporary lexicographer, and apparently Chopin's family, and

even Chopin himself, did not know the date of the latter's birth.

Where the character of persons and works of art are concerned, nothing is more natural than differences of opinion. Bias and inequality of knowledge sufficiently account for them. For my reading of the character of George Sand, I have been held up as a monster of moral depravity; for my daring to question the exactitude of Liszt's biographical facts, I have been severely sermonised; for my inability to regard Chopin as one of the great composers of songs, and continue uninterruptedly in a state of ecstatic admiration, I have been told that the publication of my biography of the master is a much to be deplored calamity. Of course, the moral monster and author of the calamity cannot pretend to be an unbiassed judge in the case; but it seems to him that there may be some exaggeration and perhaps even some misconception in these accusations.

As to George Sand, I have not merely made assertions, but have earnestly laboured to prove the conclusions at which I reluctantly arrived. Are George Sand's pretentions to self-sacrificing saintliness, and to purely maternal feelings for Musset, Chopin, and others to be accepted in spite of the fairy-tale nature of her "Histoire," and the misrepresentations of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur" and her novels "Elle et lui" and "Lucrezia Floriani"; in spite of the adverse indirect testimony of some of her other novels, and the adverse direct testimony of her "Correspondance"; and in spite of the experiences and firm beliefs of her friends, Liszt included? Let us not overlook that charitableness towards George Sand implies uncharitableness towards Chopin, place. Need I say anything on the extraordinary charge

made against me—namely, that in some cases I have preferred the testimony of less famous men to that of Liszt? Are genius, greatness, and fame the measures of trustworthiness?

As to Chopin, the composer of songs, the case is very simple. His pianoforte pieces are original tone-poems of exquisite beauty; his songs, though always acceptable, and sometimes charming, are not. We should know nothing of them and the composer, if of his works they alone had been published. In not publishing them himself, Chopin gave us his own opinion, an opinion confirmed by the singers in rarely performing them and by the public in little caring for them. In short, Chopin's songs add nothing to his fame. To mention them in one breath with those of Schubert and Schumann, or even with those of Robert Franz and Adolf Jensen, is the act of an hero-worshipping enthusiast, not of a discriminating critic.

On two points, often commented upon by critics, I feel regret, although not repentance—namely, on any "anecdotic iconoclasm" where fact refuted fancy, and on my abstention from pronouncing judgments where the evidence was inconclusive. But how can a conscientious biographer help this ungraciousness and inaccommodativeness? Is it not his duty to tell the truth, and nothing but the truth, in order that his subject may stand out unobstructed and shine forth unclouded?

In conclusion, two instances of careless reading. One critic, after attributing a remark of Chopin's to me, exclaims: "The author is fond of such violent jumps to conclusions." And an author, most benevolently inclined towards me, enjoyed the humour of my first "literally ratting" George Sand, and then saying that I "abstained from pronouncing

judgment because the complete evidence did not warrant my doing so." The former (in vol. i.) had to do with George Sand's character; the latter (in vol. ii.) with the moral aspect of her connection with Chopin.

An enumeration of the more notable books dealing with Chopin, published after the issue of the earlier editions of the present book will form an appropriate coda to this preface—"Frederic Francois Chopin," by Charles Willeby; "Chopin, and Other Musical Essays," by Henry T. Finck; "Studies in Modern Music" (containing an essay on Chopin), by W. H. Hadow; "Chopin's Greater Works," by Jean Kleczynski, translated by Natalie Janotha; and "Chopin: the Man and his Music," by James Huneker.

Edinburgh, February, 1902.

PROEM.

POLAND AND THE POLES.

THE works of no composer of equal importance bear so striking a national impress as those of

Chopin. It would, however, be an error to attribute this simply and solely to the superior force of the Polish musician's patriotism. The same force of patriotism in an Italian, Frenchman, German, or Englishman would not have produced a similar result. Characteristics such as distinguish Chopin's music presuppose a nation as peculiarly endowed, constituted, situated, and conditioned, as the Polish —a nation with a history as brilliant and dark, as fair and hideous, as romantic and tragic. The peculiarities of the peoples of western Europe have been considerably modified, if not entirely levelled, by centuries of international intercourse; the peoples of the eastern part of the Continent, on the other hand, have, until recent times, kept theirs almost intact, foreign influences penetrating to no depth, affecting indeed no more than the aristocratic few, and them only superficially. At any rate, the Slavonic races have not been moulded by the Germanic and Romanic races as these latter have moulded each other: east and west remain still apart—strangers, if not enemies. Seeing how deeply rooted Chopin's music is in the national soil, and considering how little is generally known about Poland and the Poles, the necessity of paying in this case more attention to the land of the artist's birth and the people to which he belongs than is usually done in biographies of artists, will be admitted by all who wish to understand fully and appreciate rightly the poet-musician and his works. But while taking note of what is of national origin in Chopin's music, we must be careful not to ascribe to this origin too much. Indeed, the fact that the personal individuality of Chopin is as markedly differentiated, as exclusively self-contained, as the national individuality of Poland, is oftener overlooked than the master's

national descent and its significance with regard to his artistic production. And now, having made the reader acquainted with the raison d'etre of this proem, I shall plunge without further preliminaries in medias res.

The palmy days of Poland came to an end soon after the extinction of the dynasty of the Jagellons in 1572. So early as 1661 King John Casimir warned the nobles, whose insubordination and want of solidity, whose love of outside glitter and tumult, he deplored, that, unless they remedied the existing evils, reformed their pretended free elections, and renounced their personal privileges, the noble kingdom would become the prey of other nations. Nor was this the first warning. The Jesuit Peter Skarga (1536—1612), an indefatigable denunciator of the vices of the ruling classes, told them in 1605 that their dissensions would bring them under the yoke of those who hated them, deprive them of king and country, drive them into exile, and make them despised by those who formerly feared and respected them. But these warnings remained unheeded, and the prophecies were fulfilled to the letter. Elective kingship, pacta conventa, [Footnote: Terms which a candidate for the throne had to subscribe on his election. They were of course dictated by the electors —i.e., by the selfish interest of one class, the szlachta (nobility), or rather the most powerful of them.] liberum veto, [Footnote: The right of any member to stop the proceedings of the Diet by pronouncing the words "Nie pozwalam" (I do not permit), or others of the same import.] degradation of the burgher class, enslavement of the peasantry, and other devices of an ever-encroaching nobility, transformed the once powerful and flourishing commonwealth into one "lying as if broken-backed on the public highway; a

nation anarchic every fibre of it, and under the feet and hoofs of travelling neighbours." [Footnote: Thomas Carlyle, Frederick the Great, vol. viii., p. 105.] In the rottenness of the social organism, venality, unprincipled ambition, and religious intolerance found a congenial soil; and favoured by and favouring foreign intrigues and interferences, they bore deadly fruit—confederations, civil wars, Russian occupation of the country and dominion over king, council, and diet, and the beginning of the end, the first partition (1772) by which Poland lost a third of her territory with five millions of inhabitants. Even worse, however, was to come. For the partitioning powers—Russia, Prussia, and Austria —knew how by bribes and threats to induce the Diet not only to sanction the spoliation, but also so to alter the constitution as to enable them to have a permanent influence over the internal affairs of the Republic.

The Pole Francis Grzymala remarks truly that if instead of some thousand individuals swaying the destinies of Poland, the whole nation had enjoyed equal rights, and, instead of being plunged in darkness and ignorance, the people had been free and consequently capable of feeling and thinking, the national cause, imperilled by the indolence and perversity of one part of the citizens, would have been saved by those who now looked on without giving a sign of life. The "some thousands" here spoken of are of course the nobles, who had grasped all the political power and almost all the wealth of the nation, and, imitating the proud language of Louis XIV, could, without exaggeration, have said: "L'etat c'est nous." As for the king and the commonalty, the one had been deprived of almost all his prerogatives, and the other had become a

rightless rabble of wretched peasants, impoverished burghers, and chaffering Jews. Rousseau, in his Considerations sur le gouvernement de Pologne, says pithily that the three orders of which the Republic of Poland was composed were not, as had been so often and illogically stated, the equestrian order, the senate, and the king, but the nobles who were everything, the burghers who were nothing, and the peasants who were less than nothing. The nobility of Poland differed from that of Other countries not only in its supreme political and social position, but also in its numerousness, character, and internal constitution.

[Footnote: The statistics concerning old Poland are provokingly contradictory. One authority calculates that the nobility comprised 120,000 families, or one fourteenth of the population (which, before the first partition, is variously estimated at from fifteen to twenty millions); another counts only 100,000 families; and a third states that between 1788 and 1792 (i.e., after the first partition) there were 38,314 families of nobles.]

All nobles were equal in rank, and as every French soldier was said to carry a marshal's staff in his knapsack, so every Polish noble was born a candidate for the throne. This equality, however, was rather de jure than de facto; legal decrees could not fill the chasm which separated families distinguished by wealth and fame—such as the Sapiehas, Radziwills, Czartoryskis, Zamoyskis, Potockis, and Branickis—from obscure noblemen whose possessions amount to no more than "a few acres of land, a sword, and a pair of moustaches that extend from one ear to the other," or perhaps amounted only to the last two items. With some insignificant exceptions, the land not belonging to the state or the

church was in the hands of the nobles, a few of whom had estates of the extent of principalities. Many of the poorer amongst the nobility attached themselves to their better-situated brethren, becoming their dependents and willing tools. The relation of the nobility to the peasantry is well characterised in a passage of Mickiewicz's epic poem Pan Tadeusz, where a peasant, on humbly suggesting that the nobility suffered less from the measures of their foreign rulers than his own class, is told by one of his betters that this is a silly remark, seeing that peasants, like eels, are accustomed to being skinned, whereas the well-born are accustomed to live in liberty.

Nothing illustrates so well the condition of a people as the way in which justice is administered. In Poland a nobleman was on his estate prosecutor as well as judge, and could be arrested only after conviction, or, in the case of high-treason, murder, and robbery, if taken in the act. And whilst the nobleman enjoyed these high privileges, the peasant had, as the law terms it, no facultatem standi in judicio, and his testimony went for nothing in the courts of justice. More than a hundred laws in the statutes of Poland are said to have been unfavourable to these poor wretches. In short, the peasant was quite at the mercy of the privileged class, and his master could do with him pretty much as he liked, whipping and selling not excepted, nor did killing cost more than a fine of a few shillings. The peasants on the state domains and of the clergy were, however, somewhat better off; and the burghers, too, enjoyed some shreds of their old privileges with more or less security. If we look for a true and striking description of the comparative position of the principal classes of the population of Poland, we

find it in these words of a writer of the eighteenth century: "Polonia coelum nobilium, paradisus clericorum, infernus rusticorum."

The vast plain of Poland, although in many places boggy and sandy, is on the whole fertile, especially in the flat river valleys, and in the east at the sources of the Dnieper; indeed, it is so much so that it has been called the granary of Europe. But as the pleasure-loving gentlemen had nobler pursuits to attend to, and the miserable peasants, with whom it was a saying that only what they spent in drink was their own, were not very anxious to work more and better than they could help, agriculture was in a very neglected condition. With manufacture and commerce it stood not a whit better. What little there was, was in the hands of the Jews and foreigners, the nobles not being allowed to meddle with such base matters, and the degraded descendants of the industrious and enterprising ancient burghers having neither the means nor the spirit to undertake anything of the sort. Hence the strong contrast of wealth and poverty, luxury and distress, that in every part of Poland, in town and country, struck so forcibly and painfully all foreign travellers. Of the Polish provinces that in 1773 came under Prussian rule we read that—

> *the country people hardly knew such a thing as*
> *had never in their life tasted such a delicacy;*
> *had an oven. A weaving-loom was rare; the spinn*
> *unknown. The main article of furniture, in this*
> *squalor, was the crucifix and vessel of holy-wa*
> *it....It was a desolate land without discipline*
> *without a master. On 9,000 English square miles*
> *souls: not 55 to the square mile. [Footnote: Ca*
> *Frederick the Great, vol. x., p. 40.]*

And this poverty and squalor were not to be found only in one part of Poland, they seem to have been general. Abbe de Mably when seeing, in 1771, the misery of the country (campagne) and the bad condition of the roads, imagined himself in Tartary. William Coxe, the English historian and writer of travels, who visited Poland after the first partition, relates, in speaking of the district called Podlachia, that he visited between Bjelsk and Woyszki villages in which there was nothing but the bare walls, and he was told at the table of the ——— that knives, forks, and spoons were conveniences unknown to the peasants. He says he never saw—

> *a road so barren of interesting scenes as that*
> *Warsaw—for the most part level, with little var*
> *surface; chiefly overspread with tracts of thic*
> *where open, the distant horizon was always skir*
> *(chiefly pines and firs, intermixed with beech,*
> *small oaks). The occasional breaks presented sc*
> *ground, with here and there a few meagre crops*
> *natives were poorer, humbler, and more miserabl*
> *people we had yet observed in the course of our*
> *whenever we stopped they flocked around us in c*
> *asking for charity, used the most abject gestur*
> *Polish peasants are cringing and servile in the*
> *of respect; they bowed down to the ground; took*
> *hats or caps and held them in their hands till*
> *sight; stopped their carts on the first glimpse*
> *carriage; in short, their whole behaviour gave*
> *symptoms of the abject servitude under which th*
> *[FOOTNOTE: William Coxe, Travels in Poland, Rus*
> *and Denmark (1784—90).]*

The Jews, to whom I have already more than once alluded, are too important an element in the population of Poland not to be particularly noticed. They are a people within a people, differing in dress

as well as in language, which is a jargon of German-Hebrew. Their number before the first partition has been variously estimated at from less than two millions to fully two millions and a half in a population of from fifteen to twenty millions, and in 1860 there were in Russian Poland 612,098 Jews in a population of 4,867,124.

[FOOTNOTE: According to Charles Forster (in Pologne, a volume of the historical series entitled L'univers pittoresque, published by Firmin Didot freres of Paris), who follows Stanislas Plater, the population of Poland within the boundaries of 1772 amounted to 20,220,000 inhabitants, and was composed of 6,770,000 Poles, 7,520,000 Russians (i.e., White and Red Russians), 2,110,000 Jews, 1,900,000 Lithuanians, 1,640,000 Germans, 180,000 Muscovites (i.e., Great Russians), and 100,000 Wallachians.]

They monopolise [says Mr. Coxe] the commerce ar country, keep inns and taverns, are stewards to and seem to have so much influence that nothing or sold without the intervention of a Jew.

Our never-failing informant was particularly struck with the number and usefulness of the Jews in Lithuania when he visited that part of the Polish Republic in 1781—

If you ask for an interpreter, they bring you a want post-horses, a Jew procures them and a Jew if you wish to purchase, a Jew is your agent; a perhaps is the only country in Europe where Jew the ground; in passing through Lithuania, we fr them engaged in sowing, reaping, mowing, and ot husbandry.

Having considered the condition of the lower classes, we will now turn our attention to that of the nobility. The very unequal distribution of wealth among them has already been mentioned. Some idea of their mode of life may be formed from the account of the Starost Krasinski's court in the diary (year 1759) of his daughter, Frances Krasinska. [FOOTNOTE: A starost (starosta) is the possessor of a starosty (starostwo)—i.e., a castle and domains conferred on a nobleman for life by the crown.] Her description of the household seems to justify her belief that there were not many houses in Poland that surpassed theirs in magnificence. In introducing to the reader the various ornaments and appendages of the magnate's court, I shall mention first, giving precedence to the fair sex, that there lived under the supervision of a French governess six young ladies of noble families. The noblemen attached to the lord of the castle were divided into three classes. In the first class were to be found sons of wealthy, or, at least, well-to-do families who served for honour, and came to the court to acquire good manners and as an introduction to a civil or military career. The starost provided the keep of their horses, and also paid weekly wages of two florins to their grooms. Each of these noble-men had besides a groom another servant who waited on his master at table, standing behind his chair and dining on what he left on his plate. Those of the second class were paid for their services and had fixed duties to perform. Their pay amounted to from 300 to 1,000 florins (a florin being about the value of sixpence), in addition to which gratuities and presents were often given. Excepting the chaplain, doctor, and secretary, they did not, like the preceding class, have the honour of sitting with their master at table. With regard to this privilege it

is, however, worth noticing that those courtiers who enjoyed it derived materially hardly any advantage from it, for on week-days wine was served only to the family and their guests, and the dishes of roast meat were arranged pyramidally, so that fowl and venison went to those at the head of the table, and those sitting farther down had to content themselves with the coarser kinds of meat—with beef, pork, &c. The duties of the third class of followers, a dozen young men from fifteen to twenty years of age, consisted in accompanying the family on foot or on horseback, and doing their messages, such as carrying presents and letters of invitation. The second and third classes were under the jurisdiction of the house-steward, who, in the case of the young gentlemen, was not sparing in the application of the cat. A strict injunction was laid on all to appear in good clothes. As to the other servants of the castle, the authoress thought she would find it difficult to specify them; indeed, did not know even the number of their musicians, cooks, Heyducs, Cossacks, and serving maids and men. She knew, however, that every day five tables were served, and that from morning to night two persons were occupied in distributing the things necessary for the kitchen. More impressive even than a circumstantial account like this are briefly-stated facts such as the following: that the Palatine Stanislas Jablonowski kept a retinue of 2,300 soldiers and 4,000 courtiers, valets, armed attendants, huntsmen, falconers, fishers, musicians, and actors; and that Janusz, Prince of Ostrog, left at his death a majorat of eighty towns and boroughs, and 2,760 villages, without counting the towns and villages of his starosties. The magnates who distinguished themselves during the reign of Stanislas Augustus (1764—1795) by the brilliance

and magnificence of their courts were the Princes Czartoryski and Radziwill, Count Potocki, and Bishop Soltyk of Cracovia. Our often-quoted English traveller informs us that the revenue of Prince Czartoryski amounted to nearly 100,000 pounds per annum, and that his style of living corresponded with this income. The Prince kept an open table at which there rarely sat down less than from twenty to thirty persons. [FOOTNOTE: Another authority informs us that on great occasions the Czartoryskis received at their table more than twenty thousand persons.] The same informant has much to say about the elegance and luxury of the Polish nobility in their houses and villas, in the decoration and furniture of which he found the French and English styles happily blended. He gives a glowing account of the fetes at which he was present, and says that they were exquisitely refined and got up regardless of expense.

Whatever changes the national character of the Poles has undergone in the course of time, certain traits of it have remained unaltered, and among these stands forth predominantly their chivalry. Polish bravery is so universally recognised and admired that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon it. For who has not heard at least of the victorious battle of Czotzim, of the delivery of Vienna, of the no less glorious defeats of Maciejowice and Ostrolenka, and of the brilliant deeds of Napoleon's Polish Legion? And are not the names of Poland's most popular heroes, Sobieski and Kosciuszko, household words all the world over? Moreover, the Poles have proved their chivalry not only by their valour on the battle-field, but also by their devotion to the fair sex. At banquets in the good olden time it was no uncommon occurrence to see a Pole kneel down before his lady, take off one of her shoes, and drink

out of it. But the women of Poland seem to be endowed with a peculiar power. Their beauty, grace, and bewitching manner inflame the heart and imagination of all that set their eyes on them. How often have they not conquered the conquerors of their country? [FOOTNOTE: The Emperor Nicholas is credited with the saying: "Je pourrais en finir des Polonais si je venais a bout des Polonaises."] They remind Heine of the tenderest and loveliest flowers that grow on the banks of the Ganges, and he calls for the brush of Raphael, the melodies of Mozart, the language of Calderon, so that he may conjure up before his readers an Aphrodite of the Vistula. Liszt, bolder than Heine, makes the attempt to portray them, and writes like an inspired poet. No Pole can speak on this subject without being transported into a transcendental rapture that illumines his countenance with a blissful radiance, and inspires him with a glowing eloquence which, he thinks, is nevertheless beggared by the matchless reality.

The French of the North—for thus the Poles have been called—are of a very excitable nature; easily moved to anger, and easily appeased; soon warmed into boundless enthusiasm, and soon also manifesting lack of perseverance. They feel happiest in the turmoil of life and in the bustle of society. Retirement and the study of books are little to their taste. Yet, knowing how to make the most of their limited stock of knowledge, they acquit themselves well in conversation. Indeed, they have a natural aptitude for the social arts which insures their success in society, where they move with ease and elegance. Their oriental mellifluousness, hyperbolism, and obsequious politeness of speech have, as well as the Asiatic appearance of their features and dress, been noticed by all travellers in

Poland. Love of show is another very striking trait in the character of the Poles. It struggles to manifest itself among the poor, causes the curious mixture of splendour and shabbiness among the better-situated people, and gives rise to the greatest extravagances among the wealthy. If we may believe the chroniclers and poets, the entertainments of the Polish magnates must have often vied with the marvellous feasts of imperial Rome. Of the vastness of the households with which these grands seigneurs surrounded themselves, enough has already been said. Perhaps the chief channel through which this love of show vented itself was the decoration of man and horse. The entrance of Polish ambassadors with their numerous suites has more than once astonished the Parisians, who were certainly accustomed to exhibitions of this kind. The mere description of some of them is enough to dazzle one—the superb horses with their bridles and stirrups of massive silver, and their caparisons and saddles embroidered with golden flowers; and the not less superb men with their rich garments of satin or gold cloth, adorned with rare furs, their bonnets surmounted by bright plumes, and their weapons of artistic workmanship, the silver scabbards inlaid with rubies. We hear also of ambassadors riding through towns on horses loosely shod with gold or silver, so that the horse-shoes lost on their passage might testify to their wealth and grandeur. I shall quote some lines from a Polish poem in which the author describes in detail the costume of an eminent nobleman in the early part of this century:—

He was clad in the uniform of the palatinate: a
embroidered with gold, an overcoat of Tours sil
with fringes, a belt of brocade from which hung

a hilt of morocco. At his neck glittered a clas
diamonds. His square white cap was surmounted b
magnificent plume, composed of tufts of herons'
is only on festive occasions that such a rich h
which each feather costs a ducat, is put on.

The belt above mentioned was one of the most essential parts and the chief ornament of the old Polish national dress, and those manufactured at Sluck had especially a high reputation. A description of a belt of Sluck, "with thick fringes like tufts," glows on another page of the poem from which I took my last quotation:—

On one side it is of gold with purple flowers;
it is of black silk with silver checks. Such a
worn on either side: the part woven with gold f
days; the reverse for days of mourning.

A vivid picture of the Polish character is to be found in Mickiewicz's epic poem, Pan Tadeusz, from which the above quotations are taken.

[FOOTNOTE: I may mention here another interesting book illustrative of Polish character and life, especially in the second half of the eighteenth century, which has been of much use to me—namely, Count Henry Rzewuski's Memoirs of Pan Severin Soplica, translated into German, and furnished with an instructive preface by Philipp Lubenstein.]

He handles his pencil lovingly; proclaiming with just pride the virtues of his countrymen, and revealing with a kindly smile their weaknesses. In this truest, perhaps, of all the portraits that have ever been drawn of the Poles, we see the gallantry and devotion, the generosity and hospitality, the grace and liveliness in social intercourse, but also the

excitability and changefulness, the quickly inflamed enthusiasm and sudden depression, the restlessness and turbulence, the love of outward show and of the pleasures of society, the pompous pride, boastfulness, and other little vanities, in short, all the qualities, good and bad, that distinguish his countrymen. Heinrich Heine, not always a trustworthy witness, but in this case so unusually serious that we will take advantage of his acuteness and conciseness, characterises the Polish nobleman by the following precious mosaic of adjectives: "hospitable, proud, courageous, supple, false (this little yellow stone must not be lacking), irritable, enthusiastic, given to gambling, pleasure-loving, generous, and overbearing." Whether Heine was not mistaken as to the presence of the little yellow stone is a question that may have to be discussed in another part of this work. The observer who, in enumerating the most striking qualities of the Polish character, added "MISTRUSTFULNESS and SUSPICIOUSNESS engendered by many misfortunes and often-disappointed hopes," came probably nearer the truth. And this reminds me of a point which ought never to be left out of sight when contemplating any one of these portraits—namely, the time at which it was taken. This, of course, is always an important consideration; but it is so in a higher degree in the case of a nation whose character, like the Polish, has at different epochs of its existence assumed such varied aspects. The first great change came over the national character on the introduction of elective kingship: it was, at least so far as the nobility was concerned, a change for the worse—from simplicity, frugality, and patriotism, to pride, luxury, and selfishness; the second great change was owing to the disasters that befell the nation in the latter half of

the last century: it was on the whole a change for the better, purifying and ennobling, calling forth qualities that till then had lain dormant. At the time the events I have to relate take us to Poland, the nation is just at this last turning-point, but it has not yet rounded it. To what an extent the bad qualities had overgrown the good ones, corrupting and deadening them, may be gathered from contemporary witnesses. George Forster, who was appointed professor of natural history at Wilna in 1784, and remained in that position for several years, says that he found in Poland "a medley of fanatical and almost New Zealand barbarity and French super-refinement; a people wholly ignorant and without taste, and nevertheless given to luxury, gambling, fashion, and outward glitter."

Frederick II describes the Poles in language still more harsh; in his opinion they are vain in fortune, cringing in misfortune, capable of anything for the sake of money, spendthrifts, frivolous, without judgment, always ready to join or abandon a party without cause. No doubt there is much exaggeration in these statements; but that there is also much truth in them, is proved by the accounts of many writers, native and foreign, who cannot be accused of being prejudiced against Poland. Rulhiere, and other more or less voluminous authorities, might be quoted; but, not to try the patience of the reader too much, I shall confine myself to transcribing a clenching remark of a Polish nobleman, who told our old friend, the English traveller, that although the name of Poland still remained, the nation no longer existed. "An universal corruption and venality pervades all ranks of the people. Many of the first nobility do not blush to receive pensions from foreign courts: one professes himself publicly an Austrian, a second a Prussian, a

third a Frenchman, and a fourth a Russian."

CHAPTER I.

FREDERICK CHOPIN'S ANCESTORS.—HIS FATHER NICHOLAS CHOPIN'S BIRTH, YOUTH, ARRIVAL AND EARLY VICISSITUDES IN POLAND, AND MARRIAGE.—BIRTH AND EARLY INFANCY OF FREDERICK CHOPIN.—HIS PARENTS AND SISTERS.

GOETHE playfully describes himself as indebted to his father for his frame and steady guidance of life, to his mother for his happy disposition and love of story-telling, to his grandfather for his devotion to the fair sex, to his grandmother for his love of finery. Schopenhauer reduces the law of heredity to the simple formula that man has his moral nature, his character, his inclinations, and his heart from his father, and the quality and tendency of his intellect from his mother. Buckle, on the other hand, questions hereditary transmission of mental qualities altogether. Though little disposed to doubt with the English historian, yet we may hesitate to assent to the proposition of the German philosopher; the adoption of a more scientific doctrine, one that recognises a process of compensation, neutralisation, and accentuation, would probably bring us nearer the truth. But whatever the complicated working of the law of heredity may be, there can be no doubt that the tracing of a remarkable man's pedigree is always an interesting and rarely an entirely idle

occupation. Pursuing such an inquiry with regard to Frederick Chopin, we find ourselves, however, soon at the end of our tether. This is the more annoying, as there are circumstances that particularly incite our curiosity. The "Journal de Rouen" of December 1, 1849, contains an article, probably by Amedee de Mereaux, in which it is stated that Frederick Chopin was descended from the French family Chopin d'Arnouville, of which one member, a victim of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, had taken refuge in Poland. [Footnote: In scanning the Moniteur of 1835, I came across several prefects and sous-prefects of the name of Choppin d'Arnouville. (There are two communes of the name of Arnouville, both are in the departement of the Seine et Oise—the one in the arrondissement Mantes, the other in the arrondissement Pontoise. This latter is called Arnouville-les-Gonesse.) I noticed also a number of intimations concerning plain Chopins and Choppins who served their country as maires and army officers. Indeed, the name of Chopin is by no means uncommon in France, and more than one individual of that name has illustrated it by his achievements—to wit: The jurist Rene Chopin or Choppin (1537—1606), the litterateur Chopin (born about 1800), and the poet Charles-Auguste Chopin (1811—1844).] Although this confidently-advanced statement is supported by the inscription on the composer's tombstone in Pere Lachaise, which describes his father as a French refugee, both the Catholicism of the latter and contradictory accounts of his extraction caution us not to put too much faith in its authenticity. M. A. Szulc, the author of a Polish book on Chopin and his works, has been told that Nicholas Chopin, the father of Frederick, was the natural son of a Polish nobleman, who, having come with King

Stanislas Leszczynski to Lorraine, adopted there the name of Chopin. From Karasowski we learn nothing of Nicholas Chopin's parentage. But as he was a friend of the Chopin family, and from them got much of his information, this silence might with equal force be adduced for and against the correctness of Szulc's story, which in itself is nowise improbable. The only point that could strike one as strange is the change of name. But would not the death of the Polish ruler and the consequent lapse of Lorraine to France afford some inducement for the discarding of an unpronounceable foreign name? It must, however, not be overlooked that this story is but a hearsay, relegated to a modest foot-note, and put forward without mention of the source whence it is derived. [FOOTNOTE: Count Wodzinski, who leaves Nicholas Chopin's descent an open question, mentions a variant of Szulc's story, saying that some biographers pretended that Nicholas Chopin was descended from one of the name of Szop, a soldier, valet, or heyduc (reitre, valet, ou heiduque) in the service of Stanislas Leszczinski, whom he followed to Lorraine.] Indeed, until we get possession of indisputable proofs, it will be advisable to disregard these more or less fabulous reports altogether, and begin with the first well-ascertained fact—namely, Nicholas Chopin's birth, which took place at Nancy, in Lorraine, on the 17th of August, 1770. Of his youth nothing is known except that, like other young men of his country, he conceived a desire to visit Poland. Polish descent would furnish a satisfactory explanation of Nicholas' sentiments in regard to Poland at this time and subsequently, but an equally satisfactory explanation can be found without having recourse to such a hazardous assumption.

In 1735 Stanislas Leszczynski, who had been King

of Poland from 1704 to 1709, became Duke of Lorraine and Bar, and reigned over the Duchies till 1766, when an accident—some part of his dress taking fire—put an end to his existence. As Stanislas was a wise, kind-hearted, and benevolent prince, his subjects not only loved him as long as he lived, but also cherished his memory after his death, when their country had been united to France. The young, we may be sure, would often hear their elders speak of the good times of Duke Stanislas, of the Duke (the philosophe bienfaisant) himself, and of the strange land and people he came from. But Stanislas, besides being an excellent prince, was also an amiable, generous gentleman, who, whilst paying due attention to the well-being of his new subjects, remained to the end of his days a true Pole. From this circumstance it may be easily inferred that the Court of Stanislas proved a great attraction to his countrymen, and that Nancy became a chief halting-place of Polish travellers on their way to and from Paris. Of course, not all the Poles that had settled in the Duchies during the Duke's reign left the country after his demise, nor did their friends from the fatherland altogether cease to visit them in their new home. Thus a connection between the two countries was kept up, and the interest taken by the people of the west in the fortunes of the people in the east was not allowed to die. Moreover, were not the Academie de Stanislas founded by the Duke, the monument erected to his memory, and the square named after him, perpetual reminders to the inhabitants of Nancy and the visitors to that town?

Nicholas Chopin came to Warsaw in or about the year 1787. Karasowski relates in the first and the second German edition of his biography of Frederick Chopin that the Staroscina [FOOTNOTE: The wife of

a starosta (vide p. 7.)] Laczynska made the acquaintance of the latter's father, and engaged him as tutor to her children; but in the later Polish edition he abandons this account in favour of one given by Count Frederick Skarbek in his Pamietniki (Memoirs). According to this most trustworthy of procurable witnesses (why he is the most trustworthy will be seen presently), Nicholas Chopin's migration to Poland came about in this way. A Frenchman had established in Warsaw a manufactory of tobacco, which, as the taking of snuff was then becoming more and more the fashion, began to flourish in so high a degree that he felt the need of assistance. He proposed, therefore, to his countryman, Nicholas Chopin, to come to him and take in hand the book-keeping, a proposal which was readily accepted.

The first impression of the young Lorrainer on entering the land of his dreams cannot have been altogether of a pleasant nature. For in the summer of 1812, when, we are told, the condition of the people had been infinitely ameliorated by the Prussian and Russian governments, M. de Pradt, Napoleon's ambassador, found the nation in a state of semi-barbarity, agriculture in its infancy, the soil parched like a desert, the animals stunted, the people, although of good stature, in a state of extreme poverty, the towns built of wood, the houses filled with vermin, and the food revolting. This picture will not escape the suspicion of being overdrawn. But J.G. Seume, who was by no means over-squeamish, and whom experience had taught the meaning of "to rough it," asserts, in speaking of Poland in 1805, that, Warsaw and a few other places excepted, the dunghill was in most houses literally and without exaggeration the cleanest spot, and the only one where one could stand without loathing. But if the

general aspect of things left much to be desired from a utilitarian point of view, its strangeness and picturesqueness would not fail to compensate an imaginative youth for the want of order and comfort. The strong contrast of wealth and poverty, of luxury and distress, that gave to the whole country so melancholy an appearance, was, as it were, focussed in its capital. Mr. Coxe, who visited Warsaw not long before Nicholas Chopin's arrival there, says:—

> *The streets are spacious, but ill-paved; the ch*
> *public buildings large and magnificent, the pal*
> *nobility are numerous and splendid; but the gre*
> *the houses, especially the suburbs, are mean ar*
> *constructed wooden hovels.*

What, however, struck a stranger most, was the throngs of humanity that enlivened the streets and squares of Warsaw, the capital of a nation composed of a medley of Poles, Lithuanians, Red and White Russians, Germans, Muscovites, Jews, and Wallachians, and the residence of a numerous temporary and permanent foreign population. How our friend from quiet Nancy—which long ago had been deserted by royalty and its train, and where literary luminaries, such as Voltaire, Madame du Chatelet, Saint Lambert, &c., had ceased to make their fitful appearances—must have opened his eyes when this varied spectacle unfolded itself before him.

> *The streets of stately breadth, formed of palac*
> *finest Italian taste and wooden huts which at e*
> *threatened to tumble down on the heads of the i*
> *these buildings Asiatic pomp and Greenland dirt*
> *union, an ever-bustling population, formir*
> *masked procession, the most striking contrasts.*

Jews, and monks in all kinds of habits; nuns of
discipline, entirely veiled and wrapped in medi
the large squares troops of young Polesses in l
silk mantles engaged in conversation; venerable
gentlemen with moustaches, caftan, girdle, swor
and red boots; and the new generation in the mo
Parisian fashion. Turks, Greeks, Russians, Ital
French in an ever-changing throng; moreover, ar
tolerant police that interfered nowise with the
amusements, so that in squares and streets ther
incessantly Pulchinella theatres, dancing bears
monkeys, before which the most elegant carriage
porters stopped and stood gaping.

Thus pictures J. E. Hitzig, the biographer of E. Th. A. Hoffmann, and himself a sojourner in Warsaw, the life of the Polish capital in 1807. When Nicholas Chopin saw it first the spectacle in the streets was even more stirring, varied, and brilliant; for then Warsaw was still the capital of an independent state, and the pending and impending political affairs brought to it magnates from all the principal courts of Europe, who vied with each other in the splendour of their carriages and horses, and in the number and equipment of their attendants.

In the introductory part of this work I have spoken of the misfortunes that befel Poland and culminated in the first partition. But the buoyancy of the Polish character helped the nation to recover sooner from this severe blow than could have been expected. Before long patriots began to hope that the national disaster might be turned into a blessing. Many circumstances favoured the realisation of these hopes. Prussia, on discovering that her interests no longer coincided with those of her partners of 1772, changed sides, and by-and-by even went the length of concluding a defensive and offensive alliance with the Polish Republic. She, with England and other

governments, backed Poland against Russia and Austria. Russia, moreover, had to turn her attention elsewhere. At the time of Nicholas Chopin's arrival, Poland was dreaming of a renascence of her former greatness, and everyone was looking forward with impatience to the assembly of the Diet which was to meet the following year. Predisposed by sympathy, he was soon drawn into the current of excitement and enthusiasm that was surging around him. Indeed, what young soul possessed of any nobleness could look with indifference on a nation struggling for liberty and independence. As he took a great interest in the debates and transactions of the Diet, he became more and more acquainted with the history, character, condition, and needs of the country, and this stimulated him to apply himself assiduously to the study of the national language, in order to increase, by means of this faithful mirror and interpreter of a people's heart and mind, his knowledge of these things. And now I must ask the reader to bear patiently the infliction of a brief historical summary, which I would most willingly spare him, were I not prevented by two strong reasons. In the first place, the vicissitudes of Nicholas Chopin's early life in Poland are so closely bound up with, or rather so much influenced by, the political events, that an intelligible account of the former cannot be given without referring to the latter; and in the second place, those same political events are such important factors in the moulding of the national character, that, if we wish to understand it, they ought not to be overlooked.

The Diet which assembled at the end of 1788, in order to prevent the use or rather abuse of the liberum veto, soon formed itself into a confederation, abolished in 1789 the obnoxious Permanent Council,

and decreed in 1791, after much patriotic oratory and unpatriotic obstruction, the famous constitution of the 3rd of May, regarded by the Poles up to this day with loving pride, and admired and praised at the time by sovereigns and statesmen, Fox and Burke among them. Although confirming most of the privileges of the nobles, the constitution nevertheless bore in it seeds of good promise. Thus, for instance, the crown was to pass after the death of the reigning king to the Elector of Saxony, and become thenceforth hereditary; greater power was given to the king and ministers, confederations and the liberum veto were declared illegal, the administration of justice was ameliorated, and some attention was paid to the rights and wrongs of the third estate and peasantry. But the patriots who already rejoiced in the prospect of a renewal of Polish greatness and prosperity had counted without the proud selfish aristocrats, without Russia, always ready to sow and nurture discord. Hence new troubles—the confederation of Targowica, Russian demands for the repeal of the constitution and unconditional submission to the Empress Catharine II, betrayal by Prussia, invasion, war, desertion of the national cause by their own king and his joining the conspirators of Targowica, and then the second partition of Poland (October 14, 1793), implying a further loss of territory and population. Now, indeed, the events were hastening towards the end of the sad drama, the finis poloniae. After much hypocritical verbiage and cruel coercion and oppression by Russia and Prussia, more especially by the former, outraged Poland rose to free itself from the galling yoke, and fought under the noble Kosciuszko and other gallant generals with a bravery that will for ever live in the memory of men. But however glorious the attempt, it

was vain. Having three such powers as Russia, Prussia, and Austria against her, Poland, unsupported by allies and otherwise hampered, was too weak to hold her own. Without inquiring into the causes and the faults committed by her commanders, without dwelling on or even enumerating the vicissitudes of the struggle, I shall pass on to the terrible closing scene of the drama—the siege and fall of Praga, the suburb of Warsaw, and the subsequent massacre. The third partition (October 24, 1795), in which each of the three powers took her share, followed as a natural consequence, and Poland ceased to exist as an independent state. Not, however, for ever; for when in 1807 Napoleon, after crushing Prussia and defeating Russia, recast at Tilsit to a great extent the political conformation of Europe, bullying King Frederick William III and flattering the Emperor Alexander, he created the Grand Duchy of Warsaw, over which he placed as ruler the then King of Saxony.

Now let us see how Nicholas Chopin fared while these whirlwinds passed over Poland. The threatening political situation and the consequent general insecurity made themselves at once felt in trade, indeed soon paralysed it. What more particularly told on the business in which the young Lorrainer was engaged was the King's desertion of the national cause, which induced the great and wealthy to leave Warsaw and betake themselves for shelter to more retired and safer places. Indeed, so disastrous was the effect of these occurrences on the Frenchman's tobacco manufactory that it had to be closed. In these circumstances Nicholas Chopin naturally thought of returning home, but sickness detained him. When he had recovered his health, Poland was rising under Kosciuszko. He then joined

the national guard, in which he was before long promoted to the rank of captain. On the 5th of November, 1794, he was on duty at Praga, and had not his company been relieved a few hours before the fall of the suburb, he would certainly have met there his death. Seeing that all was lost he again turned his thoughts homewards, when once more sickness prevented him from executing his intention. For a time he tried to make a living by teaching French, but ere long accepted an engagement as tutor in the family—then living in the country—of the Staroscina Laczynska, who meeting him by chance had been favourably impressed by his manners and accomplishments. In passing we may note that among his four pupils (two girls and two boys) was one, Mary, who afterwards became notorious by her connection with Napoleon I., and by the son that sprang from this connection, Count Walewski, the minister of Napoleon III. At the beginning of this century we find Nicholas Chopin at Zelazowa Wola, near Sochaczew, in the house of the Countess Skarbek, as tutor to her son Frederick. It was there that he made the acquaintance of Justina Krzyzanowska, a young lady of noble but poor family, whom he married in the year 1806, and who became the mother of four children, three daughters and one son, the latter being no other than Frederick Chopin, the subject of this biography. The position of Nicholas Chopin in the house of the Countess must have been a pleasant one, for ever after there seems to have existed a friendly relation between the two families. His pupil, Count Frederick Skarbek, who prosecuted his studies at Warsaw and Paris, distinguished himself subsequently as a poet, man of science, professor at the University of Warsaw, state official, philanthropist, and many-sided author—

more especially as a politico—economical writer. When in his Memoirs the Count looks back on his youth, he remembers gratefully and with respect his tutor, speaking of him in highly appreciative terms. In teaching, Nicholas Chopin's chief aim was to form his pupils into useful, patriotic citizens; nothing was farther from his mind than the desire or unconscious tendency to turn them into Frenchmen. And now approaches the time when the principal personage makes his appearance on the stage.

Frederick Chopin, the only son and the third of the four children of Nicholas and Justina Chopin, was born on February 22, 1810,

[FOOTNOTE: See Preface, p. xii. In the earlier editions the date given was March 1,1809, as in the biography by Karasowski, with whom agree the earlier J. Fontana (Preface to Chopin's posthumous works.—1855), C. Sowinski (Les musiciens polonais et slaves.—1857), and the writer of the Chopin article in Mendel's Musikalisches Conversations-Lexikon (1872). According to M. A. Szulc (Fryderyk Chopin.—1873) and the inscription on the memorial (erected in 1880) in the Holy Cross Church at Warsaw, the composer was born on March 2, 1809. The monument in Pere Lachaise, at Paris, bears the date of Chopin's death, but not that of his birth. Felis, in his Biographie universelle des musiciens, differs widely from these authorities. The first edition (1835—1844) has only the year—1810; the second edition (1861—1865) adds month and day—February 8.]

in a mean little house at Zelazowa Wola, a village about twenty-eight English miles from Warsaw belonging to the Countess Skarbek.

[FOOTNOTE: Count Wodzinski, after indicating the general features of Polish villages—the dwor

(manor-house) surrounded by a "bouquet of trees"; the barns and stables forming a square with a well in the centre; the roads planted with poplars and bordered with thatched huts; the rye, wheat, rape, and clover fields, &c.—describes the birthplace of Frederick Chopin as follows: "I have seen there the same dwor embosomed in trees, the same outhouses, the same huts, the same plains where here and there a wild pear-tree throws its shadow. Some steps from the mansion I stopped before a little cot with a slated roof, flanked by a little wooden perron. Nothing has been changed for nearly a hundred years. A dark passage traverses it. On the left, in a room illuminated by the reddish flame of slowly-consumed logs, or by the uncertain light of two candles placed at each extremity of the long table, the maid-servants spin as in olden times, and relate to each other a thousand marvellous legends. On the right, in a lodging of three rooms, so low that one can touch the ceiling, a man of some thirty years, brown, with vivacious eyes, the face closely shaven." This man was of course Nicholas Chopin. I need hardly say that Count Wodzinski's description is novelistically tricked out. His accuracy may be judged by the fact that a few pages after the above passage he speaks of the discoloured tiles of the roof which he told his readers before was of slate.]

The son of the latter, Count Frederick Skarbek, Nicholas Chopin's pupil, a young man of seventeen, stood godfather and gave his name to the new-born offspring of his tutor. Little Frederick's residence at the village cannot have been of long duration.

The establishment of the Grand Duchy of Warsaw in 1807 had ushered in a time big with chances for a capable man, and we may be sure that a young husband and father, no doubt already on the look-

out for some more lucrative and independent employment, was determined not to miss them. Few peaceful revolutions, if any, can compare in thoroughness with the one that then took place in Poland; a new sovereign ascended the throne, two differently-constituted representative bodies superseded the old Senate and Diet, the French code of laws was introduced, the army and civil service underwent a complete re-organisation, public instruction obtained a long-needed attention, and so forth. To give an idea of the extent of the improvement effected in matters of education, it is enough to mention that the number of schools rose from 140 to 634, and that a commission was formed for the publication of suitable books of instruction in the Polish language. Nicholas Chopin's hopes were not frustrated; for on October 1, 1810, he was appointed professor of the French language at the newly-founded Lyceum in Warsaw, and a little more than a year after, on January 1, 1812, to a similar post at the School of Artillery and Engineering.

The exact date when Nicholas Chopin and his family settled in Warsaw is not known, nor is it of any consequence. We may, however, safely assume that about this time little Frederick was an inhabitant of the Polish metropolis. During the first years of his life the parents may have lived in somewhat straitened circumstances. The salary of the professorship, even if regularly paid, would hardly suffice for a family to live comfortably, and the time was unfavourable for gaining much by private tuition. M. de Pradt, describing Poland in 1812, says: —

Nothing could exceed the misery of all classes.
not paid, the officers were in rags, the best h

ruins, the greatest lords were compelled to lea
want of money to provide for their tables. No p
society, no invitations as in Paris and in Lond
princesses quit Warsaw from the most extreme di
Princess Radziwill had brought two women from F
France, she wished to send them back, but had t
because she was unable to pay their salaries an
expenses. I saw in Warsaw two French physicians
me that they could not procure their fees even
greatest lords.

But whatever straits the parents may have been put to, the weak, helpless infant would lack none of the necessaries of life, and enjoy all the reasonable comforts of his age.

When in 1815 peace was restored and a period of quiet followed, the family must have lived in easy circumstances; for besides holding appointments as professor at some public schools (under the Russian government he became also one of the staff of teachers at the Military Preparatory School), Nicholas Chopin kept for a number of years a boarding-school, which was patronised by the best families of the country. The supposed poverty of Chopin's parents has given rise to all sorts of misconceptions and misstatements. A writer in Larousse's "Grand dictionnaire universel du XIXe siecle" even builds on it a theory explanatory of the character of Chopin and his music: "Sa famille d'origine francaise," he writes, "jouissait d'une mediocre fortune; de la, peut-etre, certains froissements dans l'organisation nerveuse et la vive sensibilite de l'enfant, sentiments qui devaient plus tard se refleter dans ses oeuvres, empreintes generalement d'une profonde melancolie." If the writer of the article in question had gone a little farther back, he might have found a sounder basis

for his theory in the extremely delicate physical organisation of the man, whose sensitiveness was so acute that in early infancy he could not hear music without crying, and resisted almost all attempts at appeasing him.

The last-mentioned fact, curious and really noteworthy in itself, acquires a certain preciousness by its being the only one transmitted to us of that period of Chopin's existence. But this scantiness of information need not cause us much regret. During the first years of a man's life biography is chiefly concerned with his surroundings, with the agencies that train his faculties and mould his character. A man's acts and opinions are interesting in proportion to the degree of consolidation attained by his individuality. Fortunately our material is abundant enough to enable us to reconstruct in some measure the milieu into which Chopin was born and in which he grew up. We will begin with that first circle which surrounds the child—his family. The negative advantages which our Frederick found there—the absence of the privations and hardships of poverty, with their depressing and often demoralising influence—have already been adverted to; now I must say a few words about the positive advantages with which he was favoured. And it may be at once stated that they cannot be estimated too highly. Frederick enjoyed the greatest of blessings that can be bestowed upon mortal man—viz., that of being born into a virtuous and well-educated family united by the ties of love. I call it the greatest of blessings, because neither catechism and sermons nor schools and colleges can take the place,, or compensate for the want, of this education that does not stop at the outside, but by its subtle, continuous action penetrates to the very heart's core and pervades the

whole being. The atmosphere in which Frederick lived was not only moral and social, but also distinctly intellectual.

The father, Nicholas Chopin, seems to have been a man of worth and culture, honest of purpose, charitable in judgment, attentive to duty, and endowed with a good share of prudence and commonsense. In support of this characterisation may be advanced that among his friends he counted many men of distinction in literature, science, and art; that between him and the parents of his pupils as well as the pupils themselves there existed a friendly relation; that he was on intimate terms with several of his colleagues; and that his children not only loved, but also respected him. No one who reads his son's letters, which indeed give us some striking glimpses of the man, can fail to notice this last point. On one occasion, when confessing that he had gone to a certain dinner two hours later than he had been asked, Frederick foresees his father's anger at the disregard for what is owing to others, and especially to one's elders; and on another occasion he makes excuses for his indifference to non-musical matters, which, he thinks, his father will blame. And mark, these letters were written after Chopin had attained manhood. What testifies to Nicholas Chopin's, abilities as a teacher and steadiness as a man, is the unshaken confidence of the government: he continued in his position at the Lyceumtill after the revolution in 1831, when this institution, like many others, was closed; he was then appointed a member of the board for the examination of candidates for situations as schoolmasters, and somewhat later he became professor of the French language at the Academy of the Roman Catholic Clergy.

It is more difficult, or rather it is impossible, to

form anything like a clear picture of his wife, Justina Chopin. None of those of her son's letters that are preserved is addressed to her, and in those addressed to the members of the family conjointly, or to friends, nothing occurs that brings her nearer to us, or gives a clue to her character. George Sand said that she was Chopin's only passion. Karasowski describes her as "particularly tender-hearted and rich in all the truly womanly virtues.....For her quietness and homeliness were the greatest happiness." K. W. Wojcicki, in "Cmentarz Powazkowski" (Powazki Cemetery), expresses, himself in the same strain. A Scotch lady, who had seen Justina Chopin in her old age, and conversed with her in French, told me that she was then "a neat, quiet, intelligent old lady, whose activeness contrasted strongly with the languor of her son, who had not a shadow of energy in him." With regard to the latter part of this account, we must not overlook the fact that my informant knew Chopin only in the last year of his life—i.e., when he was in a very suffering state of mind and body. This is all the information I have been able to collect regarding the character of Chopin's mother. Moreover, Karasowski is not an altogether trustworthy informant; as a friend of the Chopin family he sees in its members so many paragons of intellectual and moral perfection. He proceeds on the de mortuis nil nisi bonum principle, which I venture to suggest is a very bad principle. Let us apply this loving tenderness to our living neighbours, and judge the dead according to their merits. Thus the living will be doubly benefited, and no harm be done to the dead. Still, the evidence before us—including that exclamation about his "best of mothers" in one of Chopin's letters, written from Vienna, soon after the outbreak of the Polish

insurrection in 1830: "How glad my mamma will be that I did not come back!"—justifies us, I think, in inferring that Justina Chopin was a woman of the most lovable type, one in whom the central principle of existence was the maternal instinct, that bright ray of light which, dispersed in its action, displays itself in the most varied and lovely colours. That this principle, although often all-absorbing, is not incompatible with the wider and higher social and intellectual interests is a proposition that does not stand in need of proof. But who could describe that wondrous blending of loving strength and lovable weakness of a true woman's character? You feel its beauty and sublimity, and if you attempt to give words to your feeling you produce a caricature.

The three sisters of Frederick all manifested more or less a taste for literature. The two elder sisters, Louisa (who married Professor Jedrzejewicz, and died in 1855) and Isabella (who married Anton Barcinski—first inspector of schools, and subsequently director of steam navigation on the Vistula—and died in 1881), wrote together for the improvement of the working classes. The former contributed now and then, also after her marriage, articles to periodicals on the education of the young. Emilia, the youngest sister, who died at the early age of fourteen (in 1827), translated, conjointly with her sister Isabella, the educational tales of the German author Salzmann, and her poetical efforts held out much promise for the future.

CHAPTER II

FREDERICK'S FIRST MUSICAL INSTRUCTION AND MUSIC-MASTER, ADALBERT ZYWNY.—HIS DEBUT AND SUCCESS AS A PIANIST.—HIS EARLY INTRODUCTION INTO ARISTOCRATIC SOCIETY AND CONSTANT INTERCOURSE WITH THE ARISTOCRACY.—HIS FIRST COMPOSITIONS.—HIS STUDIES AND MASTER IN HARMONY, COUNTERPOINT, AND COMPOSITION, JOSEPH ELSNER.

OUR little friend, who, as we have seen, at first took up a hostile attitude towards music—for his passionate utterances, albeit inarticulate, cannot well be interpreted as expressions of satisfaction or approval—came before long under her mighty sway. The pianoforte threw a spell over him, and, attracting him more and more, inspired him with such a fondness as to induce his parents to provide him, notwithstanding his tender age, with an instructor. To lessen the awfulness of the proceeding, it was arranged that one of the elder sisters should join him in his lessons. The first and only pianoforte teacher of him who in the course of time became one of the greatest and most original masters of this instrument, deserves some attention from us. Adalbert Zywny [FOOTNOTE: This is the usual spelling of the name, which, as the reader will see further on, its possessor wrote Ziwny. Liszt calls him Zywna.], a native of Bohemia, born in 1756, came to Poland, according to Albert Sowinski (Les musiciens polonais et slaves), during the reign of Stanislas Augustus Poniatowski (1764—1795), and after staying for some time as pianist at the court of Prince Casimir Sapieha, settled in Warsaw as a teacher of

music, and soon got into good practice, "giving his lessons at three florins (eighteen pence) per hour very regularly, and making a fortune." And thus teaching and composing (he is said to have composed much for the pianoforte, but he never published anything), he lived a long and useful life, dying in 1842 at the age of 86 (Karasowski says in 1840). The punctual and, no doubt, also somewhat pedantic music-master who acquired the esteem and goodwill of his patrons, the best families of Warsaw, and a fortune at the same time, is a pleasant figure to contemplate. The honest orderliness and dignified calmness of his life, as I read it, are quite refreshing in this time of rush and gush. Having seen a letter of his, I can imagine the heaps of original MSS., clearly and neatly penned with a firm hand, lying carefully packed up in spacious drawers, or piled up on well-dusted shelves. Of the man Zywny and his relation to the Chopin family we get some glimpses in Frederick's letters. In one of the year 1828, addressed to his friend Titus Woyciechowski, he writes: "With us things are as they used to be; the honest Zywny is the soul of all our amusements." Sowinski informs us that Zywny taught his pupil according to the classical German method—whatever that may mean—at that time in use in Poland. Liszt, who calls him "an enthusiastic student of Bach," speaks likewise of "les errements d'une ecole entierement classique." Now imagine my astonishment when on asking the well-known pianoforte player and composer Edouard Wolff, a native of Warsaw, [Fooynote: He died at Paris on October 16, 1880.] what kind of pianist Zywny was, I received the answer that he was a violinist and not a pianist. That Wolff and Zywny knew each other is proved beyond doubt by the above-mentioned letter of Zywny's, introducing the

former to Chopin, then resident in Paris. The solution of the riddle is probably this. Zywny, whether violinist or not, was not a pianoforte virtuoso—at least, was not heard in public in his old age. The mention of a single name, that of Wenzel W. Wurfel, certainly shows that he was not the best pianist in Warsaw. But against any such depreciatory remarks we have to set Chopin's high opinion of Zywny's teaching capability. Zywny's letter, already twice alluded to, is worth quoting. It still further illustrates the relation in which master and pupil stood to each other, and by bringing us in close contact with the former makes us better acquainted with his character. A particularly curious fact about the letter —considering the nationality of the persons concerned—is its being written in German. Only a fac-simile of the original, with its clear, firm, though (owing to the writer's old age) cramped penmanship, and its quaint spelling and capricious use of capital and small initials, could fully reveal the expressiveness of this document. However, even in the translation there may be found some of the man's characteristic old-fashioned formality, grave benevolence, and quiet homeliness. The outside of the sheet on which the letter is written bears the words, "From the old music-master Adalbert Ziwny [at least this I take to be the meaning of the seven letters followed by dots], kindly to be transmitted to my best friend, Mr. Frederick Chopin, in Paris." The letter itself runs as follows:—

DEAREST MR. F. CHOPIN,—Wishing you perfect heal
honour to write to you through Mr. Eduard Wolf.
The language of the first sentence is neither i
otherwise precise. I shall keep throughout as c
possible to the original, and also retain the p

spelling of proper names.] I recommend him to y
friendship. Your whole family and I had also th
hearing at his concert the Adagio and Rondo fro
Concerto, which called up in our minds the most
remembrance of you. May God give you every pros
all well, and wish so much to see you again. Me
you through Mr. Wolf my heartiest kiss, and rec
myself to your esteemed friendship, I remain yo
friend,

ADALBERT ZIWNY.

Warsaw, the 12th of June, 1835.

N.B.—Mr. Kirkow, the merchant, and his son Geor
at Mr. Reinschmid's at your farewell party, rec
themselves to you, and wish you good health. Ad

Julius Fontana, the friend and companion of Frederick, after stating (in his preface to Chopin's posthumous works) that Chopin had never another pianoforte teacher than Zywny, observes that the latter taught his pupil only the first principles. "The progress of the child was so extraordinary that his parents and his professor thought they could do no better than abandon him at the age of 12 to his own instincts, and follow instead of directing him." The progress of Frederick must indeed have been considerable, for in Clementina Tanska-Hofmanowa's Pamiatka po dobrej matce (Memorial of a good Mother) [FOOTNOTE: Published in 1819.] the writer relates that she was at a soiree at Gr——'s, where she found a numerous party assembled, and heard in the course of the evening young Chopin play the piano —"a child not yet eight years old, who, in the opinion of the connoisseurs of the art, promises to replace Mozart." Before the boy had completed his ninth year his talents were already so favourably

known that he was invited to take part in a concert which was got up by several persons of high rank for the benefit of the poor. The bearer of the invitation was no less a person than Ursin Niemcewicz, the publicist, poet, dramatist, and statesman, one of the most remarkable and influential men of the Poland of that day. At this concert, which took place on February 24, 1818, the young virtuoso played a concerto by Adalbert Gyrowetz, a composer once celebrated, but now ignominiously shelved—sic transit gloria mundi—and one of Riehl's "divine Philistines." An anecdote shows that at that time Frederick was neither an intellectual prodigy nor a conceited puppy, but a naive, modest child that played the pianoforte, as birds sing, with unconscious art. When he came home after the concert, for which of course he had been arrayed most splendidly and to his own great satisfaction, his mother said to him: "Well, Fred, what did the public like best?"—"Oh, mamma," replied the little innocent, "everybody was looking at my collar."

The debut was a complete success, and our Frederick—Chopinek (diminutive of Chopin) they called him—became more than ever the pet of the aristocracy of Warsaw. He was invited to the houses of the Princes Czartoryski, Sapieha, Czetwertynski, Lubecki, Radziwill, the Counts Skarbek, Wolicki, Pruszak, Hussarzewski, Lempicki, and others. By the Princess Czetwertynska, who, says Liszt, cultivated music with a true feeling of its beauties, and whose salon was one of the most brilliant and select of Warsaw, Frederick was introduced to the Princess Lowicka, the beautiful Polish wife of the Grand Duke Constantine, who, as Countess Johanna Antonia Grudzinska, had so charmed the latter that, in order to obtain the Emperor's consent to his marriage with

her, he abdicated his right of succession to the throne. The way in which she exerted her influence over her brutal, eccentric, if not insane, husband, who at once loved and maltreated the Poles, gained her the title of "guardian angel of Poland." In her salon Frederick came of course also in contact with the dreaded Grand Duke, the Napoleon of Belvedere (thus he was nicknamed by Niemcewicz, from the palace where he resided in Warsaw), who on one occasion when the boy was improvising with his eyes turned to the ceiling, as was his wont, asked him why he looked in that direction, if he saw notes up there. With the exalted occupants of Belvedere Frederick had a good deal of intercourse, for little Paul, a boy of his own age, a son or adopted son of the Grand Duke, enjoyed his company, and sometimes came with his tutor, Count de Moriolles, to his house to take him for a drive. On these occasions the neighbours of the Chopin family wondered not a little what business brought the Grand Duke's carriage, drawn by four splendid horses, yoked in the Russian fashion—i.e., all abreast—to their quarter.

Chopin's early introduction into aristocratic society and constant intercourse with the aristocracy is an item of his education which must not be considered as of subordinate importance. More than almost any other of his early disciplines, it formed his tastes, or at least strongly assisted in developing certain inborn traits of his nature, and in doing this influenced his entire moral and artistic character. In the proem I mentioned an English traveller's encomiums on the elegance in the houses, and the exquisite refinement in the entertainments, of the wealthy nobles in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. We may be sure that in these respects the present century was

not eclipsed by its predecessors, at least not in the third decade, when the salons of Warsaw shone at their brightest. The influence of French thought and manners, for the importation and spreading of which King Stanislas Leszczinski was so solicitous that he sent at his own expense many young gentlemen to Paris for their education, was subsequently strengthened by literary taste, national sympathies, and the political connection during the first Empire. But although foreign notions and customs caused much of the old barbarous extravagance and also much of the old homely simplicity to disappear, they did not annihilate the national distinctiveness of the class that was affected by them. Suffused with the Slavonic spirit and its tincture of Orientalism, the importation assumed a character of its own. Liszt, who did not speak merely from hearsay, emphasises, in giving expression to his admiration of the elegant and refined manners of the Polish aristocracy, the absence of formalism and stiff artificiality:—

> *In these salons [he writes] the rigorously obse*
> *proprieties were not a kind of ingeniously-cons*
> *corsets that served to hide deformed hearts; th*
> *necessitated the spiritualisation of all contac*
> *elevation of all rapports, the aristocratisatic*
> *impressions.*

But enough of this for the present.

A surer proof of Frederick's ability than the applause and favour of the aristocracy was the impression he made on the celebrated Catalani, who, in January, 1820, gave four concerts in the town-hall of Warsaw, the charge for admission to each of which was, as we may note in passing, no less than thirty Polish florins (fifteen shillings). Hearing much

of the musically-gifted boy, she expressed the wish to have him presented to her. On this being done, she was so pleased with him and his playing that she made him a present of a watch, on which were engraved the words: "Donne par Madame Catalani a Frederic Chopin, age de dix ans."

As yet I have said nothing of the boy's first attempts at composition. Little Frederick began to compose soon after the commencement of his pianoforte lessons and before he could handle the pen. His master had to write down what the pupil played, after which the youthful maestro, often dissatisfied with his first conception, would set to work with the critical file, and try to improve it. He composed mazurkas, polonaises, waltzes, &c. At the age of ten he dedicated a march to the Grand Duke Constantine, who had it scored for a military band and played on parade (subsequently it was also published, but without the composer's name), and these productions gave such evident proof of talent that his father deemed it desirable to get his friend Elsner to instruct him in harmony and counterpoint. At this time, however, it was not as yet in contemplation that Frederick should become a professional musician; on the contrary, he was made to understand that his musical studies must not interfere with his other studies, as he was then preparing for his entrance into the Warsaw Lyceum. As we know that this event took place in 1824, we know also the approximate time of the commencement of Elsner's lessons. Fontana says that Chopin began these studies when he was already remarkable as a pianist. Seeing how very little is known concerning the nature and extent of Chopin's studies in composition, it may be as well to exhaust the subject at once. But before I do so I must make

the reader acquainted with the musician who, as Zyvny was Chopin's only pianoforte teacher, was his only teacher of composition.

Joseph Elsner, the son of a cabinet and musical instrument maker at Grottkau, in Silesia, was born on June 1, 1769. As his father intended him for the medical profession, he was sent in 1781 to the Latin school at Breslau, and some years later to the University at Vienna. Having already been encouraged by the rector in Grottkau to cultivate his beautiful voice, he became in Breslau a chorister in one of the churches, and after some time was often employed as violinist and singer at the theatre. Here, where he got, if not regular instruction, at least some hints regarding harmony and kindred matters (the authorities are hopelessly at variance on this and on many other points), he made his first attempts at composition, writing dances, songs, duets, trios, nay, venturing even on larger works for chorus and orchestra. The musical studies commenced in Breslau were continued in Vienna; preferring musical scores to medical books, the conversations of musicians to the lectures of professors, he first neglected and at last altogether abandoned the study of the healing art. A. Boguslawski, who wrote a biography of Elsner, tells the story differently and more poetically. When, after a long illness during his sojourn in Breslau, thus runs his version, Elsner went, on the day of the Holy Trinity in the year 1789, for the first time to church, he was so deeply moved by the sounds of the organ that he fainted. On recovering he felt his whole being filled with such ineffable comfort and happiness that he thought he saw in this occurrence the hand of destiny. He, therefore, set out for Vienna, in order that he might draw as it were at the fountain-head the great principles of his art. Be

this as it may, in 1791 we hear of Elsner as violinist in Brunn, in 1792 as musical conductor at a theatre in Lemberg—where he is busy composing dramatic and other works—and near the end of the last century as occupant of the same post at the National Theatre in Warsaw, which town became his home for the rest of his life. There was the principal field of his labours; there he died, after a sojourn of sixty-two years in Poland, on April 18, 1854, leaving behind him one of the most honoured names in the history of his adopted country. Of the journeys he undertook, the longest and most important was, no doubt, that to Paris in 1805. On the occasion of this visit some of his compositions were performed, and when Chopin arrived there twenty-five years afterwards, Elsner was still remembered by Lesueur, who said: "Et que fait notre bon Elsner? Racontez-moi de ses nouvelles." Elsner was a very productive composer: besides symphonies, quartets, cantatas, masses, an oratorio, &c., he composed twenty-seven Polish operas. Many of these works were published, some in Warsaw, some in various German towns, some even in Paris. But his activity as a teacher, conductor, and organiser was perhaps even more beneficial to the development of the musical art in Poland than that as a composer. After founding and conducting several musical societies, he became in 1821 director of the then opened Conservatorium, at the head of which he continued to the end of its existence in 1830. To complete the idea of the man, we must not omit to mention his essay In how far is the Polish language suitable for music? As few of his compositions have been heard outside of Poland, and these few long ago, rarely, and in few places, it is difficult to form a satisfactory opinion with regard to his position as a composer. Most accounts, however,

agree in stating that he wrote in the style of the modern Italians, that is to say, what were called the modern Italians in the later part of the last and the earlier part of this century. Elsner tried his strength and ability in all genres, from oratorio, opera, and symphony, down to pianoforte variations, rondos, and dances, and in none of them did he fail to be pleasing and intelligible, not even where, as especially in his sacred music, he made use—a sparing use—of contrapuntal devices, imitations, and fugal treatment. The naturalness, fluency, effectiveness, and practicableness which distinguish his writing for voices and instruments show that he possessed a thorough knowledge of their nature and capability. It was, therefore, not an empty rhetorical phrase to speak of him initiating his pupils "a la science du contre-point et aux effets d'une savante instrumentation."

[FOOTNOTE: "The productions of Elsner," says Fetis, "are in the style of Paer and Mayer's music. In his church music there is a little too much of modern and dramatic forms; one finds in them facility and a natural manner of making the parts sing, but little originality and variety in his ideas. Elsner writes with sufficient purity, although he shows in his fugues that his studies have not been severe."]

For the pupils of the Conservatorium he wrote vocal pieces in from one to ten parts, and he composed also a number of canons in four and five parts, which fact seems to demonstrate that he had no ill-will against the scholastic forms. And now I shall quote a passage from an apparently well-informed writer [FOOTNOTE: The writer of the article Elsner in Schilling's Universal-Lexikon der Tonkunst] (to whom I am, moreover, otherwise indebted in this sketch), wherein Elsner is blamed for

certain shortcomings with which Chopin has been often reproached in a less charitable spirit. The italics, which are mine, will point out the words in question:—

> *One forgives him readily [in consideration of t*
> *excellence of his style] THE OFFENCES AGAINST T*
> *HARMONIC CONNECTION THAT OCCUR HERE AND THERE,*
> *FACILITY WITH WHICH HE SOMETIMES DISREGARDS THE*
> *OF STRICT PART-WRITING, especially in the drama*
> *where he makes effect apparently the ultimate a*
> *indefatigable endeavours.*

The wealth of melody and technical mastery displayed in "The Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ" incline Karasowski to think that it is the composer's best work. When the people at Breslau praised Elsner's "Echo Variations" for orchestra, Chopin exclaimed: "You must hear his Coronation Mass, then only can you judge of him as a composer." To characterise Elsner in a few words, he was a man of considerable musical aptitude and capacity, full of nobleness of purpose, learning, industry, perseverance, in short, possessing all qualities implied by talent, but lacking those implied by genius.

A musician travelling in 1841 in Poland sent at the time to the Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik a series of "Reiseblatter" (Notes of Travel), which contain so charming and vivid a description of this interesting personality that I cannot resist the temptation to translate and insert it here almost without any abridgment. Two noteworthy opinions of the writer may be fitly prefixed to this quotation—namely, that Elsner was a Pole with all his heart and soul, indeed, a better one than thousands that are natives of the

country, and that, like Haydn, he possessed the quality of writing better the older he grew:—

The first musical person of the town [Warsaw] i
old, youthful Joseph Elsner, a veteran master c
is as amiable as he is truly estimable. In our
meets with a notable Polish musician who has nc
composition under Pan [i.e., Mr.] Elsner; and h
his pupils, and all speak of him with enthusias
according to the Polish fashion, kiss the old m
shoulder, whereupon he never forgets to kiss th
both cheeks. Even Charles Kurpinski, the pensic
Capelhneister of the Polish National Theatre, w
already grey, is, if I am not very much misinfc
pupil of Joseph Elsner's. One is often mistaker
to the outward appearance of a celebrated man;
forms often a false idea of him before one has
knows a portrait of him. I found Elsner almost
had imagined him. Wisocki, the pianist, also a
took me to him. Pan Elsner lives in the Dom Pya
Piarists]. One has to start early if one wishes
at home; for soon after breakfast he goes out,
returns to his cell before evening. He inhabits
genuine church composer, two cells of the old F
Monastery in Jesuit Street, and in the dark pas
lead to his rooms one sees here and there fadec
pictures of saints lying about, and old church
hanging down. The old gentleman was still in be
arrived, and sent his servant to ask us to wait
the anteroom, promising to be with us immediate
walls of this room, or rather cell, were hung t
with portraits of musicians, among them some ve
and faces. Mr. Elsner has continued this collec
the present time; also the portraits of Liszt,
Chopin, and Clara Wieck shine down from the olc
walls. I had scarcely looked about me in this l
for a few minutes, when the door of the adjoini
opened, and a man of medium height (not to say
somewhat stout, with a round, friendly countena

hair, but very lively eyes, enveloped in a warm
gown, stepped up to us, comfortably but quickly
welcome. Wisocki kissed him, according to the F
as a token of respect, on the right shoulder, a
me to him, whereupon the old friendly gentleman
with me and said some kindly words.

This, then, was Pan Joseph Elsner, the ancestor
Polish music, the teacher of Chopin, the fine c
cautious guide of original talents. For he does
done only too often by other teachers in the ar
on screwing all pupils to the same turning-lath
they themselves were formed, who always do their
ingraft their own I on the pupil, so that he ma
excellent a man as they imagine themselves to b
Elsner did not proceed thus. When all the peopl
thought Frederick Chopin was entering on a wron
his was not music at all, that he must keep to
Hummel, otherwise he would never do anything de
clever Pan Elsner had already very clearly perc
poetic kernel there was in the pale young dream
before felt very clearly that he had before him
of a new epoch of pianoforte-playing, and was t
upon him a cavesson, knowing well that such a r
thoroughbred may indeed be cautiously led, but
trained and fettered in the usual way if he is

Of Chopin's studies under this master we do not know much more than of his studies under Zywny. Both Fontana and Sowinski say that he went through a complete course of counterpoint and composition. Elsner, in a letter written to Chopin in 1834, speaks of himself as "your teacher of harmony and counterpoint, of little merit, but fortunate." Liszt writes:—

Joseph Elsner taught Chopin those things that a
difficult to learn and most rarely known: to be
to one's self, and to value the advantages that

obtained by dint of patience and labour.

What other accounts of the matter under discussion I have got from books and conversations are as general and vague as the foregoing. I therefore shall not weary the reader with them. What Elsner's view of teaching was may be gathered from one of his letters to his pupil. The gist of his remarks lies in this sentence:—

That with which the artist (who learns continua surroundings) astonishes his contemporaries, he attain by himself and through himself.

Elsner had insight and self-negation (a rare quality with teachers) enough to act up to his theory, and give free play to the natural tendencies of his pupil's powers. That this was really the case is seen from his reply to one who blamed Frederick's disregard of rules and custom:—

Leave him in peace [he said], his is an uncommo his gifts are uncommon. He does not strictly ac customary method, but he has one of his own, ar reveal in his works an originality which in suc not been found in anyone.

The letters of master and pupil testify to their unceasing mutual esteem and love. Those of the master are full of fatherly affection and advice, those of the pupil full of filial devotion and reverence. Allusions to and messages for Elsner are very frequent in Chopin's letters. He seems always anxious that his old master should know how he fared, especially hear of his success. His sentiments regarding Elsner reveal themselves perhaps nowhere more strikingly than in an incidental remark which

escapes him when writing to his friend Woyciechowski. Speaking of a new acquaintance he has made, he says, "He is a great friend of Elsner's, which in my estimation means much." No doubt Chopin looked up with more respect and thought himself more indebted to Elsner than to Zywny; but that he had a good opinion of both his masters is evident from his pithy reply to the Viennese gentleman who told him that people were astonished at his having learned all he knew at Warsaw: "From Messrs. Zywny and Elsner even the greatest ass must learn something."

CHAPTER III

FREDERICK ENTERS THE WARSAW LYCEUM.—VARIOUS EDUCATIONAL INFLUENCES.—HIS FATHER'S FRIENDS.—RISE OF ROMANTICISM IN POLISH LITERATURE.—FREDERICK'S STAY AT SZAFARNIA DURING HIS FIRST SCHOOL HOLIDAYS.—HIS TALENT FOR IMPROVISATION.—HIS DEVELOPMENT AS A COMPOSER AND PIANIST.—HIS PUBLIC PERFORMANCES.—PUBLICATION OF OP. I.—EARLY COMPOSITIONS.—HIS PIANOFORTE STYLE.

FREDERICK, who up to the age of fifteen was taught at home along with his father's boarders, became in 1824 a pupil of the Warsaw Lyceum, a kind of high-school, the curriculum of which comprised Latin, Greek, modern languages,

mathematics, history, &c. His education was so far advanced that he could at once enter the fourth class, and the liveliness of his parts, combined with application to work, enabled him to distinguish himself in the following years as a student and to carry off twice a prize. Polish history and literature are said to have been his favourite studies.

Liszt relates that Chopin was placed at an early age in one of the first colleges of Warsaw, "thanks to the generous and intelligent protection which Prince Anton Radziwill always bestowed upon the arts and upon young men of talent." This statement, however, has met with a direct denial on the part of the Chopin family, and may, therefore, be considered as disposed of. But even without such a denial the statement would appear suspicious to all but those unacquainted with Nicholas Chopin's position. Surely he must have been able to pay for his son's schooling! Moreover, one would think that, as a professor at the Lyceum, he might even have got it gratis. As to Frederick's musical education in Warsaw, it cannot have cost much. And then, how improbable that the Prince should have paid the comparatively trifling school-fees and left the young man when he went abroad dependent upon the support of his parents! The letters from Vienna (1831) show unmistakably that Chopin applied to his father repeatedly for money, and regretted being such a burden to him. Further, Chopin's correspondence, which throws much light on his relation to Prince Radziwili, contains nothing which would lead one to infer any such indebtedness as Liszt mentions. But in order that the reader may be in possession of the whole evidence and able to judge for himself, I shall place before him Liszt's curiously circumstantial account in its entirety:—

The Prince bestowed upon him the inappreciable
education, no part of which remained neglected.
mind enabling him to understand the exigencies
career, he, from the time of his protege's ente
college to the entire completion of his studies
pension through the agency of a friend, M. Anto
Korzuchowski, [FOOTNOTE: Liszt should have call
gentleman Adam Kozuchowski.] who always maintai
relations and a constant friendship with Chopin

Liszt's informant was no doubt Chopin's Paris friend Albert Grzymala, [FOOTNOTE: M. Karasowski calls this Grzymala erroneously Francis. More information about this gentleman will be given in a subsequent chapter.] who seems to have had no connection with the Chopin family in Poland. Karasowski thinks that the only foundation of the story is a letter and present from Prince Radziwill—acknowledgments of the dedication to him of the Trio, Op. 8—which Adam Kozuchowski brought to Chopin in 1833. [FOOTNOTE: M. Karasowski, Fryderyk Chopin, vol. i., p. 65.]

Frederick was much liked by his school-fellows, which, as his manners and disposition were of a nature thoroughly appreciated by boys, is not at all to be wondered at. One of the most striking features in the character of young Chopin was his sprightliness, a sparkling effervescence that manifested itself by all sorts of fun and mischief. He was never weary of playing pranks on his sisters, his comrades, and even on older people, and indulged to the utmost his fondness for caricaturing by pictorial and personal imitations. In the course of a lecture the worthy rector of the Lyceum discovered the scapegrace making free with the face and figure of no less a person than his own rectorial self.

Nevertheless the irreverent pupil got off easily, for the master, with as much magnanimity as wisdom, abstained from punishing the culprit, and, in a subscript which he added to the caricature, even praised the execution of it. A German Protestant pastor at Warsaw, who made always sad havoc of the Polish language, in which he had every Sunday to preach one of his sermons, was the prototype of one of the imitations with which Frederick frequently amused his friends. Our hero's talent for changing the expression of his face, of which George Sand, Liszt, Balzac, Hiller, Moscheles, and other personal acquaintances, speak with admiration, seems already at this time to have been extraordinary. Of the theatricals which the young folks were wont to get up at the paternal house, especially on the name-days of their parents and friends, Frederick was the soul and mainstay. With a good delivery he combined a presence of mind that enabled him to be always ready with an improvisation when another player forgot his part. A clever Polish actor, Albert Piasecki, who was stage-manager on these occasions, gave it as his opinion that the lad was born to be a great actor. In after years two distinguished members of the profession in France, M. Bocage and Mdme. Dorval, expressed similar opinions. For their father's name-day in 1824, Frederick and his sister Emilia wrote conjointly a one-act comedy in verse, entitled THE MISTAKE; OR, THE PRETENDED ROGUE, which was acted by a juvenile company. According to Karasowski, the play showed that the authors had a not inconsiderable command of language, but in other respects could not be called a very brilliant achievement. Seeing that fine comedies are not often written at the ages of fifteen and eleven, nobody will be in the least surprised at the result.

These domestic amusements naturally lead us to inquire who were the visitors that frequented the house. Among them there was Dr. Samuel Bogumil Linde, rector of the Lyceum and first librarian of the National Library, a distinguished philologist, who, assisted by the best Slavonic scholars, wrote a valuable and voluminous "Dictionary of the Polish Language," and published many other works on the Slavonic languages. After this oldest of Nicholas Chopin's friends I shall mention Waclaw Alexander Maciejowski, who, like Linde, received his university education in Germany, taught then for a short time at the Lyceum, and became in 1819 a professor at the University of Warsaw. His contributions to various branches of Slavonic history (law, literature, &c.) are very numerous. However, one of the most widely known of those who were occasionally seen at Chopin's home was Casimir Brodzinski, the poet, critic, and champion of romanticism, a prominent figure in Polish literary history, who lived in Warsaw from about 1815 to 1822, in which year he went as professor of literature to the University of Cracow. Nicholas Chopin's pupil, Count Frederick Skarbek, must not be forgotten; he had now become a man of note, being professor of political economy at the university, and author of several books that treat of that science. Besides Elsner and Zywny, who have already been noticed at some length, a third musician has to be numbered among friends of the Chopin family—namely, Joseph Javurek, the esteemed composer and professor at the Conservatorium; further, I must yet make mention of Anton Barcinski, professor at the Polytechnic School, teacher at Nicholas Chopin's institution, and by-and-by his son-in-law; Dr. Jarocki, the zoologist; Julius Kolberg, the engineer; and Brodowski, the painter.

These and others, although to us only names, or little more, are nevertheless not without their significance. We may liken them to the supernumeraries on the stage, who, dumb as they are, help to set off and show the position of the principal figure or figures.

The love of literature which we have noticed in the young Chopins, more particularly in the sisters, implanted by an excellent education and fostered by the taste, habits, and encouragement of their father, cannot but have been greatly influenced and strengthened by the characters and conversation of such visitors. And let it not be overlooked that this was the time of Poland's intellectual renascence—a time when the influence of man over man is greater than at other times, he being, as it were, charged with a kind of vivifying electricity. The misfortunes that had passed over Poland had purified and fortified the nation—breathed into it a new and healthier life. The change which the country underwent from the middle of the eighteenth to the earlier part of the nineteenth century was indeed immense. Then Poland, to use Carlyle's drastic phraseology, had ripened into a condition of "beautifully phosphorescent rot-heap"; now, with an improved agriculture, reviving commerce, and rising industry, it was more prosperous than it had been for centuries. As regards intellectual matters, the comparison with the past was even more favourable to the present. The government that took the helm in 1815 followed the direction taken by its predecessors, and schools and universities flourished; but a most hopeful sign was this, that whilst the epoch of Stanislas Augustus was, as Mickiewicz remarked (in Les Slaves), little Slavonic and not even national, now the national spirit pervaded the whole intellectual atmosphere, and incited workers in all

branches of science and art to unprecedented efforts. To confine ourselves to one department, we find that the study of the history and literature of Poland had received a vigorous impulse, folk-songs were zealously collected, and a new school of poetry, romanticism, rose victoriously over the fading splendour of an effete classicism. The literature of the time of Stanislas was a court and salon literature, and under the influence of France and ancient Rome. The literature that began to bud about 1815, and whose germs are to be sought for in the preceding revolutionary time, was more of a people's literature, and under the influence of Germany, England, and Russia. The one was a hot-house plant, the other a garden flower, or even a wild flower. The classics swore by the precepts of Horace and Boileau, and held that among the works of Shakespeare there was not one veritable tragedy. The romanticists, on the other hand, showed by their criticisms and works that their sympathies were with Schiller, Goethe, Burger, Byron, Shukovski, &c. Wilna was the chief centre from which this movement issued, and Brodziriski one of the foremost defenders of the new principles and the precursor of Mickiewicz, the appearance of whose ballads, romances, "Dziady" and "Grazyna" (1822), decided the war in favour of romanticism. The names of Anton Malczewski, Bogdan Zaleski, Severyn Goszczynski, and others, ought to be cited along with that of the more illustrious Mickiewicz, but I will not weary the reader either with a long disquisition or with a dry enumeration. I have said above that Polish poetry had become more of a people's poetry. This, however, must not be understood in the sense of democratic poetry.

The Polish poets [says C. Courriere, to whose

"Histoire de la litterature chez les Slaves" I am much indebted] ransacked with avidity the past of their country, which appeared to them so much the more brilliant because it presented a unique spectacle in the history of nations. Instead of breaking with the historic traditions they respected them, and gave them a new lustre, a new life, by representing them under a more beautiful, more animated, and more striking form. In short, if Polish romanticism was an evolution of poetry in the national sense, it did not depart from the tendencies of its elder sister, for it saw in the past only the nobility; it was and remained, except in a few instances, aristocratic.

Now let us keep in mind that this contest of classicism and romanticism, this turning away from a dead formalism to living ideals, was taking place at that period of Frederick Chopin's life when the human mind is most open to new impressions, and most disposed to entertain bold and noble ideas. And, further, let us not undervalue the circumstance that he must have come in close contact with one of the chief actors in this unbloody revolution.

Frederick spent his first school holidays at Szafarnia, in Mazovia, the property of the Dziewanowski family. In a letter written on August 19, 1824, he gives his friend and school-fellow William Kolberg, some account of his doings there—of his strolls and runs in the garden, his walks and drives to the forest, and above all of his horsemanship. He tells his dear Willie that he manages to keep his seat, but would not like to be asked how. Indeed, he confesses that, his equestrian accomplishments amount to no more than to letting the horse go slowly where it lists, and sitting on it, like a monkey, with fear. If he had not yet met with an accident, it was because the horse had so far not

felt any inclination to throw him off. In connection with his drives—in britzka and in coach—he does not forget to mention that he is always honoured with a back-seat. Still, life at Szafarnia was not unmixed happiness, although our hero bore the ills with admirable stoicism:—

Very often [he writes] the flies sit on my pron
this, however, is of no consequence, it is the
little animals. The mosquitoes bite me—this toc
of no consequence, for they don't bite me in th

The reader sees from this specimen of epistolary writing that Frederick is still a boy, and if I had given the letter in extenso, the boyishness would have been even more apparent, in the loose and careless style as well as in the frolicsome matter.

His letters to his people at home took on this occasion the form of a manuscript newspaper, called, in imitation of the "Kuryer Warszawski" ("Warsaw Courier"), "Kuryer Szafarski" ("Szafarnia Courier"), which the editor, in imitation of the then obtaining press regulation, did not send off until it had been seen and approved of by the censor, Miss Dziewanowska. One of the numbers of the paper contains among other news the report of a musical gathering of "some persons and demi-persons" at which, on July 15, 1824, Mr. Pichon (anagram of Chopin) played a Concerto of Kalkbrenner's and a little song, the latter being received by the youthful audience with more applause than the former.

Two anecdotes that relate to this stay at Szafarnia further exemplify what has already been said of Frederick's love of fun and mischief. Having on one of his visits to the village of Oberow met some Jews who had come to buy grain, he invited them to his

room, and there entertained them with music, playing to them "Majufes."

[FOOTNOTE: Karasowski describes "Majufes" as a kind of Jewish wedding march. Ph. Lobenstein says that it means "the beautiful, the pleasing one." With this word opened a Hebrew song which dates from the time of the sojourn of the Jews in Spain, and which the orthodox Polish Jews sing on Saturdays after dinner, and whose often-heard melody the Poles imitate as a parody of Jewish singing.]

His guests were delighted—they began to dance, told him that he played like a born Jew, and urged him to come to the next Jewish wedding and play to them there. The other anecdote would be a very ugly story were it not for the redeeming conclusion. Again we meet with one of the numerous, but by no means well-loved, class of Polish citizens. Frederick, having heard that a certain Jew had bought grain from Mr. Romecki, the proprietor of Oberow, sent this gentleman a letter purporting to be written by the grain-dealer in question, in which he informed him that after reconsidering the matter he would rather not take the grain. The imitation of the jargon in use among the Polish Jews was so good, and the spelling and writing so bad, that Mr. Romecki was taken in. Indeed, he flew at once into such a passion that he sent for the Jew with the intention of administering to him a sound thrashing. Only Frederick's timely confession saved the poor fellow from his undeserved punishment. But enough of Szafarnia, where the young scapegrace paid so long a holiday visit (from his letter to William Kolberg we learn that he would not see his friend for four weeks more), and where, judging from what has already been told, and also from a remark in the same letter, he must have "enjoyed himself pretty well." And now we will

return to Warsaw, to Nicholas Chopin's boarding-school.

To take away any bad impression that may be left by the last anecdote, I shall tell another of a more pleasing character, which, indeed, has had the honour of being made the subject of a picture. It was often told, says Karasowski, by Casimir Wodzinski, a boarder of Nicholas Chopin's. One day when the latter was out, Barcinski, the assistant master, could not manage the noisy boys. Seeing this, Frederick, who just then happened to come into the room, said to them that he would improvise a pretty story if they would sit down and be quiet. This quickly restored silence. He thereupon had the lights extinguished, took his seat at the piano, and began as follows:—

Robbers set out to plunder a house. They come
nearer. Then they halt, and put up the ladders
brought with them. But just when they are abou
through the windows, they hear a noise within.
them a fright. They run away to the woods. The
stillness and darkness of the night, they lie
before long fall fast asleep.

When Frederick had got to this part of the story he began to play softer and softer, and ever softer, till his auditors, like the robbers, were fast asleep. Noticing this he stole out of the room, called in the other inmates of the house, who came carrying lights with them, and then with a tremendous, crashing chord disturbed the sweet slumbers of the evil-doers.

Here we have an instance of "la richesse de son improvisation," by which, as Fontana tells us, Chopin, from his earliest youth, astonished all who had the good fortune to hear him. Those who think

that there is no salvation outside the pale of absolute music, will no doubt be horror-stricken at the heretical tendency manifested on this occasion by an otherwise so promising musician. Nay, even the less orthodox, those who do not altogether deny the admissibility of programme-music if it conforms to certain conditions and keeps within certain limits, will shake their heads sadly. The duty of an enthusiastic biographer, it would seem, is unmistakable; he ought to justify, or, at least, excuse his hero—if nothing else availed, plead his youth and inexperience. My leaving the poor suspected heretic in the lurch under these circumstances will draw upon me the reproach of remissness; but, as I have what I consider more important business on hand, I must not be deterred from proceeding to it by the fear of censure.

The year 1825 was, in many respects, a memorable one in the life of Chopin. On May 27 and June 10 Joseph Javurek, whom I mentioned a few pages back among the friends of the Chopin family, gave two concerts for charitable purposes in the large hall of the Conservatorium. At one of these Frederick appeared again in public. A Warsaw correspondent of the "Leipzig Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung" says in the course of one of his letters:—

The Academist Chopin performed the first Allegı
Moscheles' Pianoforte Concerto in F [G?] minor,
improvisation on the aeolopantaleon. This instı
invented by the cabinet-maker Dlugosz, of this
the aeolomelodicon [FOOTNOTE: An instrument of
species, invented by Professor Hoffmann, and cc
the mechanician Brunner, of Warsaw.] with the p
forte....Young Chopin distinguished himself in
improvisation by wealth of musical ideas, and u

this instrument, of which he is a thorough mast
great impression.

Unfortunately we learn nothing of Chopin's rendering of the movement from Moscheles' Concerto. Still, this meagre notice, written by a contemporary—an ear-witness, who wrote down his impressions soon after the performance—is very precious, indeed more precious than the most complete and elaborate criticism written fifty years after the occurrence would be. I cannot help thinking that Karasowski somewhat exaggerates when he says that Chopin's pianoforte playing transported the audience into a state of enthusiasm, and that no concert had a brilliant success unless he took part in it. The biographer seems either to trust too much to the fancy-coloured recollections of his informants, or to allow himself to be carried away by his zeal for the exaltation of his hero. At any rate, the tenor of the above-quoted notice, laudatory as it is, and the absence of Chopin's name from other Warsaw letters, do not remove the doubts which such eulogistic superlatives raise in the mind of an unbiassed inquirer. But that Chopin, as a pianist and as a musician generally, had attained a proficiency far beyond his years becomes evident if we examine his compositions of that time, to which I shall presently advert. And that he had risen into notoriety and saw his talents appreciated cannot be doubted for a moment after what has been said. Were further proof needed, we should find it in the fact that he was selected to display the excellences of the aeolomelodicon when the Emperor Alexander I, during his sojourn in Warsaw in 1825, [FOOTNOTE: The Emperor Alexander opened the Diet at Warsaw on May 13, 1825, and closed it on June 13.] expressed the wish to hear this instrument. Chopin's

performance is said to have pleased the august auditor, who, at all events, rewarded the young musician with a diamond ring.

A greater event than either the concert or the performance before the Emperor, in fact, THE event of the year 1825, was the publication of Chopin's Opus 1. Only he who has experienced the delicious sensation of seeing himself for the first time in print can realise what our young author felt on this occasion. Before we examine this work, we will give a passing glance at some less important early compositions of the maestro which were published posthumously.

There is first of all a Polonaise in G sharp minor, said to be of the year 1822, [FOOTNOTE: See No. 15 of the Posthumous Works in the Breitkopf and Hartel edition.] but which, on account of the savoir-faire and invention exhibited in it, I hold to be of a considerably later time. Chopin's individuality, it is true, is here still in a rudimentary state, chiefly manifested in the light-winged figuration; the thoughts and the expression, however, are natural and even graceful, bearing thus the divine impress. The echoes of Weber should be noted. Of two mazurkas, in G and B flat major, of the year 1825, the first is, especially in its last part, rather commonplace; the second is more interesting, because more suggestive of better things, which the first is only to an inconsiderable extent. In No. 2 we meet already with harmonic piquancies which charmed musicians and lovers of music so much in the later mazurkas. Critics and students will not overlook the octaves between, treble and bass in the second bar of part two in No. 1. A. Polonaise in B flat minor, superscribed "Farewell to William Kolberg," of the year 1826, has not less naturalness and grace

than the Polonaise of 1822, but in addition to these qualities, it has also at least one thought (part 1) which contains something of the sweet ring of Chopinian melancholy. The trio of the Polonaise is headed by the words: "Au revoir! after an aria from 'Gazza ladra'." Two foot-notes accompany this composition in the Breitkopf and Hartel edition (No. 16 of the Posthumous Works). The first says that the Polonaise was composed "at Chopin's departure from [should be 'for'] Reinerz"; and the second, in connection with the trio, that "some days before Chopin's departure the two friends had been present at a performance of Rossini's opera." There is one other early posthumously-published work of Chopin's, whose status, however, differs from the above-mentioned ones in this, that the composer seems to have intended to publish it. The composition in question is the Variations sur un air national allemand.

Szulc says that Oskar Kolberg related that he had still in his possession these Variations on the theme of Der Schweizerbub, which Chopin composed between his twelfth and seventeenth years at the house of General Sowinski's wife in the course of "a few quarter-hours." The Variations sur un air national allemand were published after the composer's death along with his Sonata, Op. 4, by Haslinger, of Vienna, in 1851. They are, no doubt, the identical composition of which Chopin in a letter from Vienna (December 1, 1830) writes: "Haslinger received me very kindly, but nevertheless would publish neither the Sonata nor the Second Variations." The First Variations were those on La ci darem, Op. 2, the first of his compositions that was published in Germany. Without inquiring too curiously into the exact time of its production and

into the exact meaning of "a few quarter-hours," also leaving it an open question whether the composer did or did not revise his first conception of the Variations before sending them to Vienna, I shall regard this unnumbered work—which, by the way, in the Breitkopf and Hartel edition is dated 1824—on account of its greater simplicity and inferior interest, as an earlier composition than the Premier Rondeau (C minor), Op. 1, dedicated to Mdme. de Linde (the wife of his father's friend and colleague, the rector Dr. Linde), a lady with whom Frederick often played duets. What strikes one at once in both of them is the almost total absence of awkwardness and the presence of a rarely-disturbed ease. They have a natural air which is alike free from affected profundity and insipid childishness. And the hand that wrote them betrays so little inexperience in the treatment of the instrument that they can hold their ground without difficulty and honourably among the better class of light drawing-room pieces. Of course, there are weak points: the introduction to the Variations with those interminable sequences of dominant and tonic chords accompanying a stereotyped run, and the want of cohesiveness in the Rondo, the different subjects of which are too loosely strung together, may be instanced. But, although these two compositions leave behind them a pleasurable impression, they can lay only a small claim to originality. Still, there are slight indications of it in the tempo di valse, the concluding portion of the Variations, and more distinct ones in the Rondo, in which it is possible to discover the embryos of forms—chromatic and serpentining progressions, &c. —which subequently develop most exuberantly. But if on the one hand we must admit that the composer's individuality is as yet weak, on the other

hand we cannot accuse him of being the imitator of any one master—such a dominant influence is not perceptible.

[FOOTNOTE: Schumann, who in 1831 became acquainted with Chopin's Op. 2, and conceived an enthusiastic admiration for the composer, must have made inquiries after his Op. 1, and succeeded in getting it. For on January 1832, he wrote to Frederick Wieck: "Chopin's first work (I believe firmly that it is his tenth) is in my hands: a lady would say that it was very pretty, very piquant, almost Moschelesque. But I believe you will make Clara [Wieck's daughter, afterwards Mdme. Schumann] study it; for there is plenty of Geist in it and few difficulties. But I humbly venture to assert that there are between this composition and Op. 2 two years and twenty works"]

All this, however, is changed in another composition, the Rondeau a la Mazur, Op. 5, dedicated to the Comtesse Alexandrine de Moriolles (a daughter of the Comte de Moriolles mentioned in Chapter II), which, like the Rondo, Op. 1, was first published in Warsaw, and made its appearance in Germany some years later. I do not know the exact time of its composition, but I presume it was a year or two after that of the previously mentioned works. Schumann, who reviewed it in 1836, thought it had perhaps been written in the eighteenth year of the composer, but he found in it, some confused passages excepted, no indications of the author's youth. In this Rondeau a la Mazur the individuality of Chopin and with it his nationality begin to reveal themselves unmistakably. Who could fail to recognise him in the peculiar sweet and persuasive flows of sound, and the serpent-like winding of the melodic outline, the wide-spread chords, the chromatic progressions, the

dissolving of the harmonies and the linking of their constituent parts! And, as I have said elsewhere in speaking of this work: "The harmonies are often novel, and the matter is more homogeneous and better welded into oneness."

Chopin's pianoforte lessons, as has already been stated, came to an end when he was twelve years old, and thenceforth he was left to his own resources.

> *The school of that time [remarks Fontana] could suffice him, he aimed higher, and felt himself towards an ideal which, at first vague, before greater distinctness. It was then that, in tryi strength, he acquired that touch and style, so those of his predecessors, and that he succeede at last that execution which since then has bee admiration of the artistic world.*

The first stages of the development of his peculiar style may be traced in the compositions we have just now discussed. In the variations and first Rondo which Chopin wrote at or before the age of fifteen, the treatment of the instrument not only proves that he was already as much in his element on the pianoforte as a fish in the water, but also shows that an as yet vaguely-perceived ideal began to beckon him onward. Karasowski, informed by witnesses of the boy's studies in pianoforte playing, relates that Frederick, being struck with the fine effect of a chord in extended harmony, and unable, on account of the smallness of his hands, to strike the notes simultaneously, set about thinking how this physical obstacle could be overcome. The result of his cogitations was the invention of a contrivance which he put between his fingers and kept there even during the night, by this means endeavouring to

increase the extensibility and flexibility of his hands. Who, in reading of this incident in Chopin's life, is not reminded of Schumann and his attempt to strengthen his fingers, an attempt that ended so fatally for his prospects as a virtuoso! And the question, an idle one I admit, suggests itself: Had Chopin been less fortunate than he was, and lost, like Schumann, the command of one of his hands before he had formed his pianoforte style, would he, as a composer, have risen to a higher position than we know him to have attained, or would he have achieved less than he actually did? From the place and wording of Karasowski's account it would appear that this experiment of Chopin's took place at or near the age of ten. Of course it does not matter much whether we know or do not know the year or day of the adoption of the practice, what is really interesting is the fact itself. I may, however, remark that Chopin's love of wide-spread chords and skips, if marked at all, is not strongly marked in the Variations on the German air and the first Rondo. Let the curious examine with regard to this matter the Tempo di Valse of the former work, and bars 38-43 of the Piu lento of the latter. In the Rondeau a la Mazur, the next work in chronological order, this peculiarity begins to show itself distinctly, and it continues to grow in the works that follow. It is not my intention to weary the reader with microscopical criticism, but I thought the first manifestations of Chopin's individuality ought not to be passed over in silence. As to his style, it will be more fully discussed in a subsequent chapter, where also the seeds from which it sprang will be pointed out.

CHAPTER IV.

FREDERICK WORKS TOO HARD.—PASSES PART OF HIS HOLIDAYS (1826) IN REINERZ.—STAYS ALSO AT STRZYZEWO, AND PAYS A VISIT TO PRINCE RADZIWILL.—HE TERMINATES HIS STUDIES AT THE LYCEUM (1827). ADOPTION OF MUSIC AS HIS PROFESSION.—EXCURSIONS.—FOLK-MUSIC AND THE POLISH PEASANTRY.—SOME MORE COMPOSITIONS.—PROJECTED TRAVELS FOR HIS IMPROVEMENT.—HIS OUTWARD APPEARANCE AND STATE OF HEALTH.

THE art which had attracted the child took every day a stronger hold of the youth. Frederick was not always in that sportive humour in which we have seen him repeatedly. At times he would wander about silent and solitary, wrapped in his musical meditations. He would sit up late, busy with his beloved music, and often, after lying down, rise from his bed in the middle of the night in order, to strike a few chords or try a short phrase—to the horror of the servants, whose first thought was of ghosts, the second that their dear young master was not quite right in his mind. Indeed, what with his school-work and his musical studies, our young friend exerted himself more than was good for him. When, therefore, in the holidays of 1826 his youngest sister, Emilia, was ordered by the physicians to go to

Reinerz, a watering-place in Prussian Silesia, the parents thought it advisable that the too diligent Frederick should accompany her, and drink whey for the benefit of his health. The travelling party consisted of the mother, two sisters, and himself. A letter which he wrote on August 28, 1826, to his friend William Kolberg, furnishes some information about his doings there. It contains, as letters from watering-places usually do, criticisms of the society and accounts of promenadings, excursions, regular meals, and early hours in going to bed and in rising. As the greater part of the contents can be of no interest to us, I shall confine myself to picking up what seems to me worth preserving. He had been drinking whey and the waters for a fortnight and found he was getting somewhat stouter and at the same time lazy. People said he began to look better. He enjoyed the sight of the valleys from the hills which surround Reinerz, but the climbing fatigued him, and he had sometimes to drag himself down on all-fours. One mountain, the rocky Heuscheuer, he and other delicate persons were forbidden to ascend, as the doctor was afraid that the sharp air at the top would do his patients harm. Of course, Frederick tried to make fun of everything and everyone—for instance, of the wretched wind-band, which consisted of about a dozen "caricatures," among whom a lean bassoon-player with a snuffy hook-nose was the most notable. To the manners of the country, which in some respects seem to have displeased him, he got gradually accustomed.

At first I was astonished that in Silesia the w
generally more than the men, but as I am doing
just now I have no difficulty in falling in wit
arrangement.

During his stay at Reinerz he gave also a concert on behalf of two orphans who had come with their sick mother to this watering-place, and at her death were left so poor as to be unable even to pay the funeral expenses and to return home with the servant who took care of them.

From Reinerz Frederick went to Strzyzewo, the property of Madame Wiesiolowska, his godmother, and sister of his godfather, Count Frederick Skarbek. While he was spending here the rest of his holidays, he took advantage of an invitation he had received from Prince Radziwill (governor of the grand duchy of Posen, and, through his wife, a daughter of Prince Ferdinand, related to the royal family of Prussia) to visit him at his country-seat Antonin, which was not very far from Strzyzewo. The Prince, who had many relations in Poland, and paid frequent visits to that country, must on these occasions have heard of and met with the musical prodigy that was the pet of the aristocracy. Moreover, it is on record that he was present at the concert at Warsaw in 1825 at which Frederick played. We have already considered and disposed of the question whether the Prince, as has been averred by Liszt, paid for young Chopin's education. As a dilettante Prince Radziwill occupied a no less exalted position in art and science than as a citizen and functionary in the body politic. To confine ourselves to music, he was not only a good singer and violoncellist, but also a composer; and in composition he did not confine himself to songs, duets, part-songs, and the like, but undertook the ambitious and arduous task of writing music to the first part of Goethe's Faust. By desire of the Court the Berlin Singakademie used to bring this work to a hearing once every year, and they gave a performance of it even as late as 1879. An

enthusiastic critic once pronounced it to be among modern works one of those that evince most genius. The vox populi seems to have repealed this judgment, or rather never to have taken cognisance of the case, for outside Berlin the work has not often been heard. Dr. Langhans wrote to me after the Berlin performance in 1879:—

> *I heard yesterday Radziwill's Faust for the fir*
> *I may add, with much satisfaction; for the old-*
> *things to be found in it (for instance, the uti*
> *Mozart's C minor Quartet fugue as overture, the*
> *polyphonous treatment of the choruses, &c.) are*
> *compensated for by numerous traits of genius, a*
> *thorough knowledge and the earnest intention wi*
> *work is conceived and executed. He dares increc*
> *the way of combining speech and song. That this*
> *is an inartistic one, on that point we are no c*
> *but what he has effected by this means is never*
> *highest degree remarkable....*

By-and-by Chopin will pay the Prince a longer visit, and then we shall learn what he thought of Faust, and how he enjoyed himself at this nobleman's house.

Chopin's studies at the Lyceum terminated in the year 1827. Through his final examination, however, he did not pass so brilliantly as through his previous ones; this time he carried off no prize. The cause of this falling-off is not far to seek; indeed, has already been hinted at. Frederick's inclination and his successes as a pianist and composer, and the persuasions of Elsner and other musical friends, could not but lessen and at last altogether dispel any doubts and misgivings the parents may at first have harboured. And whilst in consequence of this change of attitude they became less exacting with their son

in the matter of school-work, the latter, feeling the slackening of the reins, would more and more follow his natural bent. The final examination was to him, no doubt, a kind of manumission which freed him from the last remnant of an oppressive bondage. Henceforth, then, Chopin could, unhindered by disagreeable tasks or other obstacles, devote his whole time and strength to the cultivation of his chosen art. First, however, he spent now, as in the preceding year, some weeks with his friends in Strzyzewo, and afterwards travelled to Danzig, where he visited Superintendent von Linde, a brother of the rector of the Warsaw Lyceum.

Chopin was fond of listening to the singing and fiddling of the country people; and everyone acquainted with the national music of Poland as well as with the composer's works knows that he is indebted to it for some of the most piquant rhythmic, melodic, and even harmonic peculiarities of his style. These longer stays in the country would offer him better opportunities for the enjoyment and study of this land of music than the short excursions which he occasionally made with his father into the neighbourhood of Warsaw. His wonder always was who could have composed the quaint and beautiful strains of those mazurkas, polonaises, and krakowiaks, and who had taught these simple men and women to play and sing so truly in tune. The conditions then existing in Poland were very favourable to the study of folk-lore of any kind. Art-music had not yet corrupted folk-music; indeed, it could hardly be said that civilisation had affected the lower strata of society at all. Notwithstanding the emancipation of the peasants in 1807, and the confirmation of this law in 1815—a law which seems to have remained for a long time and in a great

measure a dead letter—the writer of an anonymous book, published at Boston in 1834, found that the freedom of the wretched serfs in Russian Poland was much the same as that of their cattle, they being brought up with as little of human cultivation; nay, that the Polish peasant, poor in every part of the country, was of all the living creatures he had met with in this world or seen described in books, the most wretched. From another publication we learn that the improvements in public instruction, however much it may have benefited the upper classes, did not affect the lowest ones: the parish schools were insufficient, and the village schools not numerous enough. But the peasants, although steeped in superstition and ignorance, and too much addicted to brandy-drinking with its consequences—quarrelsomeness and revengefulness—had not altogether lost the happier features of their original character—hospitality, patriotism, good-naturedness, and, above all, cheerfulness and love of song and dance. It has been said that a simple Slavonic peasant can be enticed by his national songs from one end of the world to the other. The delight which the Slavonic nations take in dancing seems to be equally great. No other nation, it has been asserted, can compare with them in ardent devotion to this amusement. Moreover, it is noteworthy that song and dance were in Poland—as they were of course originally everywhere—intimately united. Heine gives a pretty description of the character of the Polish peasant:—

It cannot be denied [he writes] that the Polish
often more head and heart than the German peasa
districts. Not infrequently did I find in the m
that original wit (not Gemuthswitz, humour) whi

occasion bubbles forth with wonderful iridescer
dreamy sentimental trait, that brilliant flashi
Ossianic feeling for nature whose sudden outbre
passionate occasions are as involuntary as the
blood into the face.

The student of human nature and its reflex in art will not call these remarks a digression; at least, not one deserving of censure.

We may suppose that Chopin, after his return to Warsaw and during the following winter, and the spring and summer of 1828, continued his studies with undiminished and, had this been possible, with redoubled ardour. Some of his compositions that came into existence at this time were published after his death by his friend Julius Fontana, who was a daily visitor at his parents' house. We have a Polonaise (D minor) and a Nocturne (E minor) of 1827, and another Polonaise (B flat) and the Rondo for two pianos of 1828. The Sonata, Op. 4, and La ci darem la mano, varie for pianoforte, with orchestral accompaniments, belong also to this time. The Trio (Op. 8), although not finished till 1829, was begun and considerably advanced in 1828. Several of the above compositions are referred to in a letter written by him on September 9, 1828, to one of his most intimate friends, Titus Woyciechowski. The Rondo in C had originally a different form and was recast by him for two pianos at Strzyzewo, where he passed the whole summer of 1828. He tried it with Ernemann, a musician living in Warsaw, at the warehouse of the pianoforte-manufacturer Buchholtz, and was pretty well pleased with his work.

We intend to play it some day at the Ressource.
compositions, I have nothing to show except the

unfinished Trio (G minor), which I began after
departure. The first Allegro I have already tri
accompaniment. It appears to me that this trio
same fate as my sonata and the variations. Both
in Vienna; the first I have, as a pupil of Elsn
dedicated to him, and on the second I have plac
too boldly) your name. I followed in this the i
heart and you will not take it unkindly.

The opportunities which Warsaw offered being considered insufficient for the completion of his artistic education, ways and means were discussed as to how his wants could be best provided for. The upshot of the discussions was the project of excursions to Berlin and Vienna. As, however, this plan was not realised till the autumn of 1828, and no noteworthy incidents or interesting particulars concerning the intervening period of his life have become known, I shall utilise this break in the narrative by trying my hand at a slight sketch of that terra incognita, the history of music in Poland, more particularly the history of the musical life in Warsaw, shortly before and in Chopin's time. I am induced to undertake this task by the consideration that a knowledge of the means of culture within the reach of Chopin during his residence in the Polish capital is indispensable if we wish to form a clear and complete idea of the artist's development, and that such a knowledge will at the same time help us to understand better the contents of some of the subsequent portions of this work. Before, however, I begin a new chapter and with it the above-mentioned sketch, I should like to advert to a few other matters.

The reader may perhaps already have asked the question—What was Chopin like in his outward appearance? As I have seen a daguerreotype from a

picture painted when he was seventeen, I can give some sort of answer to this question. Chopin's face was clearly and finely cut, especially the nose with its wide nostrils; the forehead was high, the eyebrows delicate, the lips thin, and the lower one somewhat protruding. For those who know A. Bovy's medallion I may add that the early portrait is very like it; only, in the latter, the line formed by the lower jawbone that runs from the chin towards the ear is more rounded, and the whole has a more youthful appearance. As to the expression, it is not only meditative but even melancholy. This last point leads me naturally to another question. The delicate build of Chopin's body, his early death preceded by many years of ill-health, and the character of his music, have led people into the belief that from childhood he was always sickly in body, and for the most part also melancholy in disposition. But as the poverty and melancholy, so also disappears on closer investigation the sickliness of the child and youth. To jump, however, from this to the other extreme, and assert that he enjoyed vigorous health, would be as great a mistake. Karasowski, in his eagerness to controvert Liszt, although not going quite this length, nevertheless overshoots the mark. Besides it is a misrepresentation of Liszt not to say that the passage excerpted from his book, and condemned as not being in accordance with the facts of the case, is a quotation from G. Sand's novel Lucrezia Floriani (of which more will be said by-and-by), in which the authoress is supposed, although this was denied by her, to have portrayed Chopin. Liszt is a poet, not a chronicler; he must be read as such, and not be taken au pied de la lettre. However, even Karasowski, in whom one notices a perhaps unconscious anxiety to keep out of sight anything which might throw doubt

on the health and strength of his hero, is obliged to admit that Chopin was "delicate," although he hastens to add, "but nevertheless healthy and pretty strong." It seems to me that Karasowski makes too much of the statement of a friend of Chopin's—namely, that the latter was, up to manhood, only once ill, and then with nothing worse than a cold. Indeed, in Karasowski's narrative there are not wanting indications that the health of Chopin cannot have been very vigorous; nor his strength have amounted to much; for in one place we read that the youth was no friend of long excursions on foot, and preferred to lie down and dream under beautiful trees; in another place, that his parents sent him to Reinerz and some years afterwards to Vienna, because they thought his studies had affected his health, and that rest and change of air and scene would restore his strength. Further, we are told that his mother and sisters never tired of recommending him to wrap up carefully in cold and wet weather, and that, like a good son and brother, he followed their advice. Lastly, he objected to smoking. Some of the items of this evidence are very trivial, but taken collectively they have considerable force. Of greater significance are the following additional items. Chopin's sister Emilia was carried off at the age of fourteen by pulmonary disease, and his father, as a physician informed me, died of a heart and chest complaint. Stephen Heller, who saw Chopin in 1830 in Warsaw, told me that the latter was then in delicate health, thin and with sunken cheeks, and that the people of Warsaw said that he could not live long, but would, like so many geniuses, die young. The real state of the matter seems to me to have been this. Although Chopin in his youth was at no time troubled with any serious illness, he enjoyed

but fragile health, and if his frame did not alreadv contain the seeds of the disease to which he later fell a prey, it was a favourable soil for their reception. How easily was an organisation so delicately framed over-excited and disarranged! Indeed, being vivacious, active, and hard-working, as he was, he lived on his capital. The fire of youth overcame much, not, however, without a dangerous waste of strength, the lamentable results of which we shall see before we have gone much farther. This statement of the case we find, I think, confirmed by Chopin's correspondence—the letter written at Reinerz is in this respect noteworthy.

CHAPTER V.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN POLAND BEFORE AND IN CHOPIN'S TIME.

THE golden age of Polish music, which coincides with that of Polish literature, is the sixteenth century, the century of the Sigismonds. The most remarkable musician of that time, and probably the greatest that Poland produced previous to the present century, was Nicolas Gomolka, who studied music in Italy, perhaps under Palestrina, in whose style he wrote. Born in or about the beginning of the second half of the sixteenth century, he died on March 5, 1609. During the reigns of the kings of the house of Saxony (1697-1763) instrumental music is said to have made much progress. Be this as it may,

there was no lack of opportunities to study good examples. Augustus the Strong (I. of Saxony and II of Poland) established a special Polish band, called, in contradistinction to the Grosse Kammermusik (Great Chamber-band) in Dresden, Kleine Kammermusik (Little Chamber-band), whose business it was to be in attendance when his majesty went to Poland. These visits took place usually once a year, and lasted from, August to December, but sometimes were more frequent, and shorter or longer, just as occasion might call for. Among the members of the Polish band—which consisted of a leader (Premier), four violins, one oboe, two French horns, three bassoons, and one double bass—we meet with such well-known men as Johann Joachim Quanz and Franz Benda. Their conductor was Alberto Ristori, who at the same time held the post of composer to the Italian actors, a company that, besides plays, performed also little operas, serenades, intermezzi, &c. The usual retinue of the King on his visits to Poland included also a part of the French ballet and comedy. These travels of the artistic forces must have been rich in tragic, comic, and tragi-comic incidents, and would furnish splendid material for the pen of a novelist. But such a journey from the Saxon capital to Warsaw, which took about eight days, and cost on an average from 3,000 to 3,500 thalers (450 to 525 pounds), was a mere nothing compared with the migration of a Parisian operatic company in May, 1700. The ninety-three members of which it was composed set out in carriages and drove by Strasburg to Ulm, there they embarked and sailed to Cracow, whence the journey was continued on rafts. [FOOTNOTE: M. Furstenau, Zur Geschichte der Music und des Theaters am Hofe zu Dresden.] So much for artistic tours at the beginning of the

eighteenth century. Frederick Augustus (II of Saxony and III of Poland, 1733-1763) dissolved the Polish band, and organised a similar body which was destined solely for Poland, and was to be resident there. It consisted in 1753 of an organist, two singers, twenty instrumentalists (almost all Germans), and a band-servant, their salary amounting to 5,383 thalers, 10 groschen (a little more than 805 pounds). Notwithstanding this new arrangement, the great Dresden band sometimes accompanied the King to Poland, and when it did not, some of its members at least had to be in attendance for the performance of the solos at the chamber concerts and in the operas. Also such singers, male and female, as were required for the operas proposed for representation had to take to the road. Hasse and his wife Faustina came several times to Poland. That the constellation of the Dresden musical establishment, in its vocal as well as instrumental department, was one of the most brilliant imaginable is sufficiently proved by a glance at the names which we meet with in 1719: Lotti, Heinichen, Veracini, Volumier, Senesino, Tesi, Santa Stella Lotti, Durastanti, &c. Rousseau, writing in 1754, calls the Dresden orchestra the first in Europe. And Burney says in 1772 that the instrumental performers had been some time previously of the first class. No wonder, then, if the visits of such artists improved the instrumental music of Poland.

From Sowinski's Les Musiciens Polonais we learn that on great occasions the King's band was reinforced by those of Prince Czartoryski and Count Wielhorski, thus forming a body of 100 executants. This shows that outside the King's band good musicians were to be found in Poland. Indeed, to keep in their service private bands of native and

foreign singers and players was an ancient custom among the Polish magnates; it obtained for a long time, and had not yet died out at the beginning of this century. From this circumstance, however, we must not too rashly conclude that these wealthy noblemen were all animated by artistic enthusiasm. Ostentatiousness had, I am afraid, more to do with it than love of art for art's sake. Music was simply one of the indispensable departments of their establishments, in the splendour and vastness of which they tried to outdo each other and vie with sovereign rulers. The promiscuous enumeration of musicians, cooks, footmen, &c., in the lady's description of a nobleman's court which I referred to in the proem, is in this respect very characteristic. Towards the middle of the last century Prince Sanguszko, who lived at Dubno, in Volhynia, had in his service no less than two bands, to which was sometimes joined a third belonging to Prince Lubomirski. But, it will be asked, what music did they play? An author of Memoirs of the reign of Augustus III tells us that, according to the Polish fashion, they had during meal-times to play national airs, polonaises, mazurkas, &c., arranged for wind-instruments, with or without violins. For special occasions the Prince got a new kind of music, then much in favour—viz., a band of mountaineers playing on flutes and drums. And while the guests were sitting at the banquet, horns, trumpets, and fifes sounded fanfares. Besides the ordinary and extraordinary bands, this exalted personage had among his musical retainers a drummer who performed solos on his instrument. One is glad to learn that when the Prince was alone or had little company, he took delight in listening to trios for two violins and bass, it being then the fashion to play

such ensemble pieces. Count Ilinski, the father of the composer John Stanislas Ilinski, engaged for his private theatre two companies, one from Germany and one from Italy. The persons employed in the musical department of his household numbered 124. The principal band, conducted by Dobrzyrnski pere, a good violinist and conductor, consisted of four violins, one viola, one violoncello, one double bass, one flute, one oboe, one clarinet, and one bassoon. Villagers were trained by these players to assist them. Then there was yet another band, one of wind instruments, under the direction of Karelli, a pupil of the Russian composer Bartnianski [Footnote: The Russian Palestrina, whose name is oftener met with in the forms of Bortnianski and Bortniansky]. The chorus was composed of twenty four voices, picked from the young people on Count Ilinski's estates. However questionable the taste of many of these noble art patrons may have been, there were not wanting some who cultivated music with a purer spirit. Some of the best bands were those of the Princes D. Radziwill, Adam Czartoryski, F. Sulkowski, Michael Lubomirski, Counts Ilinski, Oginski, and Wielhorski. Our inquiry into the cultivation of music at the courts of the Polish magnates has carried us beyond the point we had reached in our historical survey. Let us now retrace our steps.

The progress of music above spoken of was arrested by the anarchy and the civil and other wars that began to rage in Poland with such fury in the middle of the last century. King Stanislas Poniatowski (1764-1795) is credited with having exercised great influence on the music of Poland; at any rate, he patronised the arts and sciences right royally. The Italian opera at Warsaw cannot have

been of mean standing, seeing that artists such as the composers Paisiello and Cimarosa, and the great violinist, composer, and conductor Pugnani, with his pupil Viotti (the latter playing second violin in the orchestra), were members of the company. And the King's band of foreign and native players has been called one of the best in Europe. Still, all this was but the hothouse bloom of exotics. To bring about a natural harvest of home produce something else was wanted than royal patronage, and this something sprang from the series of disasters that befell the nation in the latter half of the last century, and by shaking it to its very heart's core stirred up its nobler self. As in literature, so in music, the national element came now more and more into action and prominence.

Up to 1778 there had been heard in Poland only Italian and French operas; in this year, for the first time, a Polish opera was put on the stage. It is true the beginning was very modest. The early attempts contained few ensemble pieces, no choruses, and no complex finales. But a new art does not rise from the mind of a nation as Minerva is said to have risen from the head of Jupiter. Nay, even the fact that the first three composers of Polish operas (Kamienski, Weynert, and Kajetani) were not Poles, but foreigners endeavouring to write in the Polish style, does not destroy the significance of the movement. The following statistics will, no doubt, take the reader by surprise:—From the foundation of the national Polish opera in 1778 till April 20, 1859, 5,917 performances of 285 different operas with Polish words took place in Poland. Of these 92 were national Polish operas, the remaining 193 by Italian, French, and German composers; 1,075 representations being given of the former, 4,842 of

the latter. The libretti of 41 of the 92 Polish operas were originals, the other 51 were translations. And, lastly, the majority of the 16 musicians who composed the 92 Polish operas were not native Poles, but Czechs, Hungarians, and Germans [FOOTNOTE: Ladislas von Trocki, Die Entwickelung der Oper in Polen. (Leipzig, 1867.)]

A step hardly less important than the foundation of a national opera was the formation, in 1805, of a Musical Society, which had for its object the improvement as well as the amusement of its members. The idea, which originated in the head of one of the Prussian officials then in Warsaw, finding approval, and the pecuniary supplies flowing in abundantly, the Oginski Palace was rented and fitted up, two masters were engaged for the teaching of solo and choral singing, and a number of successful concerts were given. The chief promoters seem to have been Count Krasinski and the two Prussian officials Mosqua and E. Th. A. Hoffmann. In the last named the reader will recognise the famous author of fantastic tales and of no less fantastic musical criticisms, the conductor and composer of operas and other works, &c. According to his biographer, J. E. Hitzig, Hoffmann did not take much interest in the proceedings of the Musical Ressource (that was the name of the society) till it bought the Mniszech Palace, a large building, which, having been damaged by fire, had to undergo extensive repairs. Then, indeed, he set to work with a will, planned the arrangement and fitting-up of the rooms, designed and partly painted the decorations—not without freely indulging his disposition for caricature—and when all was ready, on August 3, 1806 (the King of Prussia's birthday), conducted the first concert in the splendid new hall. The activity of the society was

great, and must have been beneficial; for we read that they had every Sunday performances of quartets and other kinds of chamber music, that ladies frequently came forward with pianoforte sonatas, and that when the celebrated violinist Moser, of Berlin, visited Warsaw, he made them acquainted with the finest quartets of Mozart and Haydn. Still, I should not have dwelt so long on the doings of the Musical Ressource were it not that it was the germ of, or at least gave the impulse to, even more influential associations and institutions that were subsequently founded with a view to the wider diffusion and better cultivation of the musical art in Poland. After the battle of Jena the French were not long in making their appearance in Warsaw, whereby an end was put to Prussia's rule there, and her officials were sent about, or rather sent out of, their business. Thus the Musical Ressource lost many of its members, Hoffmann and Mosqua among others. Still, it survived, and was reconstructed with more national elements. In Frederick Augustus of Saxony's reign it is said to have been transformed into a school of singing.

The year 1815 brought into existence two musical institutions that deserve to be noticed—society for the cultivation of church music, which met at the College of the Pianists, and had at its head Count Zabiello as president and Elsner as conductor; and an association, organised by the last-named musician, and presided over by the Princess Sophia Zamoyska, which aimed at the advancement of the musical art in Poland, and provided for the education of music teachers for schools, organists for churches, and singers for the stage. Although I try to do my best with the unsatisfactory and often contradictory newspaper reports and dictionary articles from which

I have to draw my data, I cannot vouch for the literal correctness of my notes. In making use of Sowinski's work I am constantly reminded of Voltaire's definition of dictionaries: "Immenses archives de mensonges et d'un peu de verite." Happy he who need not consult them! In 1816 Elsner was entrusted by the minister Staszyc with the direction of a school of dramatic singing and recitation; and in 1821, to crown all previous efforts, a conservatorium was opened, the programme of which might almost have satisfied a Berlioz. The department of instrumental music not only comprised sections for the usual keyed, stringed, and wind instruments, but also one for instruments of percussion. Solo and choral singing were to be taught with special regard to dramatic expression. Besides these and the theoretical branches of music, the curriculum included dancing, Polish literature, French, and Italian. After reading the programme it is superfluous to be informed that the institution was chiefly intended for the training of dramatic artists. Elsner, who was appointed director, selected the teaching staff, with one exception, however, that of the first singing-master, for which post the Government engaged the composer Carlo Evasio Soliva, a pupil of Asioli and Frederici.

The musical taste and culture prevailing in Poland about 1819 is pretty accurately described by a German resident at Cracow. So far as music was concerned Poland had hitherto been ignored by the rest of Europe, and indeed could lay no claim to universal notice in this respect. But the improved culture and greater insight which some had acquired in foreign lands were good seeds that began to bear fruit. As yet, however, the greater part of the public took little or no interest in the better class of music,

and was easily pleased and satisfied with polonaises, mazurkas, and other trivial things. In fact, the music in Cracow, notwithstanding the many professional musicians and amateurs living there, was decidedly bad, and not comparable to the music in many a small German town. In Warsaw, where the resources were more plentiful, the state of music was of course also more prosperous. Still, as late as 1815 we meet with the complaint that what was chiefly aimed at in concerts was the display of virtuosity, and that grand, serious works were neglected, and complete symphonies rarely performed. To remedy this evil, therefore, 150 amateurs combined and organised in 1818 a concert institution. Their concerts took place once a week, and at every meeting a new and entire symphony, an overture, a concerto, an aria, and a finale, were performed. The names of Beethoven, Haydn, Mozart, Cherubini, Spohr, Mehul, Romberg, &c., were to be found on their programmes. Strange to say, there were no less than seven conductors: Lessel, Lentz, Wurfel, Haase, Javurek, Stolpe, and Peschke, all good musicians. The orchestra consisted in part of amateurs, who were most numerous among the violins, tenors, and violoncellos. The solo department seems to have been well stocked. To confine ourselves to one instrument, they could pride themselves on having four excellent lady pianists, one of whom distinguished herself particularly by the wonderful dexterity with which she played the most difficult compositions of Beethoven, Field, Ries, and Dussek. Another good sign of the improving taste was a series of twenty-four matinees given on Sundays from twelve to two during the winter of 1818-1819 by Carl Arnold, and much patronised by the highest nobility. The concert-giver, a clever pianist and composer, who enjoyed in his day a good

reputation in Germany, Russia, and Poland, produced at every matinee a new pianoforte concerto by one of the best composers—sometimes one of his own—and was assisted by the quartet party of Bielawski, a good violinist, leader in the orchestra, and professor at the Conservatorium. Although Arnold's stay was not of long duration, his departure did not leave the town without good pianists. Indeed, it is a mistake to suppose that Warsaw was badly off with regard to musicians. This will be evident to the reader as soon as I have named some of those living there in the time of Chopin. Wenzel W. Wurfel, one of the professors at the Conservatorium, who stayed in Warsaw from 1815 to 1824, and afterwards went to Vienna, where he became conductor at the Karnthnerthor Theater, was an esteemed pianist and composer, and frequently gave concerts, at one of which he played Field's Concerto in C.

[FOOTNOTE: Wenzel Wilhelm Wurfel, in most dictionaries called Wilhelm Wurfel (exceptions are: E. Bernsdorf's "Neues Universal-Lexikon der Tonkunst", and Dr. Hugo Riemann's "Opern-Handbuch"). A Warsaw correspondent of a German musical paper called him Waclaw Wurfel. In Whistling's "Handbuch der musikalischen Literatur" his Christian names are only indicated by initials—W. W.]

If we scan the list of professors at the Conservatorium we find other musicians whose reputation was not confined to the narrow limits of Warsaw or even Poland. There was, for instance, the pianist and composer Franz Lessel, the favourite pupil of Haydn; and, further, that interesting character Heinrich Gerhard Lentz, who, born and educated at Cologne, went in 1784 to Paris, played with success his first concerto at the Concert

Spirituel, published some of his compositions and taught in the best families, arrived in London in 1791, lived in friendly intercourse with Clementi and Haydn, and had compositions of his performed at Solomon's concerts, returned to Germany in 1795, stayed with Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia till Dussek supplanted him, and so, wandering about, reached Warsaw, where he gave lessons, founded a pianoforte manufactory, became professor of the organ at the Conservatorium, married twice, and died in 1839. The only other professor at the Conservatorium about whom I shall say a few words is C. E. Soliva, whose name and masters I have already mentioned. Of his works the opera "La testa di bronzo" is the best known. I should have said "was," for nobody now knows anything of his. That loud, shallow talker Count Stendhal, or, to give him his real name, Marie Henry Beyle, heard it at Milan in 1816, when it was first produced. He had at first some difficulty in deciding whether Soliva showed himself in that opera a plagiarist of Mozart or a genius. Finally he came to the conclusion that—

> *there is in it a warmth, a dramatic life, and a*
> *all its effects, which are decidedly not in the*
> *Mozart. But Soliva, who is a young man and full*
> *warmest admiration for Mozart, has imbibed cert*
> *his colouring.*

The rest is too outrageously ridiculous to be quot
purely literary merits and his achievements in fic
agree with Berlioz, who remarks, a propos of this
Rossini, that he writes "les plus irritantes stupi
dont il croyait avoir le secret." To which cutting
a no less cutting one of M. Lavoix fils, who, alth
an "ecrivain d'esprit," applies to him the appella
d'ignorance en musique." I would go a step farther
writers. Beyle is an ignorant braggart, not only i

generally, and such esprit as his art criticisms e
more common than it unfortunately now is, if he we
in conceit and arrogance. The pillorying of a humb
object that the reader will excuse the digression,
show what miserable instruments a poor biographer
make use of. Another informant, unknown to fame, b
trustworthy, furnishes us with an account of Soliv
writer in question disapproves of the Italian mast
teaching singing, and says that as a composer his
was inferior to his power of construction; and, fu
acquainted with the scores of the best musicians o
expert in accompanying on the pianoforte. As Elsne
pianist and composer Javurek have already been int
I shall advert only to one other of the older Wars
Charles Kurpinski, the most talented and influenti
then living in Poland. To him and Elsner is chiefl
which Polish music made in the first thirty years
Kurpinski came to Warsaw in 1810, was appointed se
the National Opera-house, afterwards rose to the p
conductor, was nominated maitre de chapelle de la
made a Knight of the St. Stanislas Order, &c. He i
composition by diligently studying Mozart's scores
supply the theatre with dramatic works. Besides ma
&c., he composed twenty-four operas, and published
works and a sketch of the history of the Polish op
by nature endowed with fine musical qualities, uni
energy with easy productivity. Chopin did homage t
countryman in introducing into his Grande Fantaisi
polonais, Op. 13, a theme of Kurpinski's. Two your
1800, must yet be mentioned to compete the picture
Ernemann, a pupil of Mendelssohn's pianoforte-mast
played with success in Poland and Germany, and has
contemporaries as a finished and expressive, but n
His pleasing compositions are of an instructive an
character. The other of the two was Joseph Christo
of very different mettle. After studying philosoph
composing at the house of Count Potocki in Lemberg
Etudes, Op. 20 (published at Vienna, reprinted at
by Kalkbrenner in his Methode, quoted by Fetis and
Methode des Methodes, and played in part by Liszt

he tried in 1829 his luck in Warsaw. Schumann thou
Kessler had the stuff in him to do something great
forward with expectation to what he would yet acc
studies might be dry, but he was assuredly a "Mann
poetischem Geist." He dedicated his twenty-four Pr
Chopin, and Chopin his twenty-four Preludes, Op. 2
say, the German edition.

By this time the reader must have found out that Warsaw was not such a musical desert as he may at first have imagined. Perfect renderings of great orchestral works, it is true, seem to have been as yet unattainable, and the performances of operas failed likewise to satisfy a pure and trained taste. Nay, in 1822 it was even said that the opera was getting worse. But when the fruits of the Conservatorium had had time to ripen and could be gathered in, things would assume a more promising aspect. Church music, which like other things had much deteriorated, received a share of the attention which in this century was given to the art. The best singing was in the Piarist and University churches. In the former the bulk of the performers consisted of amateurs, who, however, were assisted by members of the opera. They sang Haydn's masses best and oftenest. In the other church the executants were students and professors, Elsner being the conductor. Besides these choirs there existed a number of musical associations in connection with different churches in Warsaw. Indeed, it cannot be doubted that great progress was made in the first thirty years of this century, and had it not been for the unfortunate insurrection of 1830, Poland would have succeeded in producing a national art and taking up an honourable position among the great musical powers of Europe, whereas now it can boast only of individual artists of more or less skill and originality.

The musical events to which the death of the Emperor Alexander I. gave occasion in 1826, show to some extent the musical capabilities of Warsaw. On one day a Requiem by Kozlowski (a Polish composer, then living in St. Petersburg; b. 1757, d. 1831), with interpolations of pieces by other composers, was performed in the Cathedral by two hundred singers and players under Soliva. On another day Mozart's Requiem, with additional accompaniments by Kurpinski (piccolos, flutes, oboes, clarinets, and horns to the Dies irae and Sanctus; harps to the Hostias and Benedictus; and a military brass-band to the closing chorus!!!), was given in the same place by two hundred and fifty executants under the last-mentioned musician. And in the Lutheran church took place a performance of Elsner's Requiem for male voices, violoncellos, bassoons, horns, trumpets, trombones, and drums.

Having made the reader acquainted with the musical sphere in which Chopin moved, I shall take up the thread of the narrative where I left it, and the reader may follow without fear of being again detained by so long an interruption.

CHAPTER VI

Fourteen days in Berlin (From September 14 to 28, 1828).—Return by Posen (Prince Radziwill) and Zullichau (anecdotes) to Warsaw.—Chopin's doings there in the following winter and spring.—his home-

life, companions, and preparations for a journey to Vienna.

Chopin, leaving his apprenticeship behind him, was now entering on that period of his life which we may call his Wanderjahre (years of travel). This change in his position and circumstances demands a simultaneous change in the manner of the biographical treatment. Hitherto we have been much occupied with the agencies that made and moulded the man, henceforth we shall fix our main attention on his experiences, actions, and utterances. The materials at our disposal become now more abundant and more trustworthy. Foremost in importance among them, up to Chopin's arrival in Paris, are the letters he wrote at that time, the publication of which we owe to Karasowski. As they are, however, valuable only as chronicles of the writer's doings and feelings, and not, like Mendelssohn's and Berlioz's, also as literary productions, I shall, whilst fully availing myself of the information they contain, confine my quotations from them to the characteristic passages.

Chopin's long-projected and much-desired visit to Berlin came about in this way. In 1828 Frederick William III of Prussia requested the Berlin University to invite the most eminent natural philosophers to take part in a congress to be held in that city under the presidency of Alexander von Humboldt. Nicholas Chopin's friend Dr. Jarocki, the zoologist and professor at the Warsaw University, who had studied and obtained his degree at Berlin, was one of those who were honoured with an invitation. The favourable opportunity which thus presented itself to the young musician of visiting in good company one of the centres of civilisation—for the professor intended to comply with the invitation, and was

willing to take his friend's son under his wing—was not allowed to slip by, on the contrary, was seized eagerly. With what feelings, with what an infinitude of youthful hopes and expectations, Chopin looked forward to this journey may be gathered from some expressions in a letter of his (September 9, 1828) addressed to Titus Woyciechowski, where he describes himself as being at the time of writing "like a madman," and accounts for his madness by the announcement: "For I am going to-day to Berlin." To appear in public as a pianist or composer was not one of the objects he had in view. His dearest wishes were to make the acquaintance of the musical celebrities of Berlin, and to hear some really good music. From a promised performance of Spontini's Ferdinand Cortez he anticipated great things.

Professor Jarocki and Chopin left Warsaw on the 9th of September, 1828, and after five days' posting arrived in Berlin, where they put up at the Kronprinz. Among the conveniences of this hotel our friend had the pleasant surprise of finding a good grand piano. He played on it every day, and was rewarded for his pains not only by the pleasure it gave him, but also by the admiration of the landlord. Through his travelling companion's friend and teacher, M. H. K. Lichtenstein, professor of zoology and director of the Zoological Museum, who was a member of the Singakademie and on good terms with Zelter, the conductor of that society, he hoped to be made acquainted with the most distinguished musicians of the Prussian capital, and looked to Prince Radziwill for an introduction to the musical autocrat Spontini, with whom Lichtenstein was not on a friendly footing. In these hopes, however, Chopin was disappointed, and had to content himself with looking at the stars from afar. Speaking of a

performance of the Singakademie at which he was present, he says:—

> *Spontini, Zelter, and Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy were there; but I spoke to none of these gentlemen, as I do not think it becoming to introduce myself.*

It is not difficult to discover the circumstances that in this respect caused matters to turn out so little in accordance with the young man's wishes. Prince Radziwill was not in Berlin when Chopin arrived, and, although he was expected, perhaps never came, or came too late to be of any use. As to Lichtenstein, his time was too much taken up by his duties as secretary to the congress. Had this not been so, the professor could not only have brought the young artist in contact with many of the musical celebrities in Berlin, but also have told him much about his intimate friend Carl Maria von Weber, who had died little more than two years before. Lichtenstein's connection with Weber was probably the cause of his disagreement with Spontini, alluded to by Chopin. The latter relates in an off-hand way that he was introduced to and exchanged a few words with the editor of the Berliner Musikzeitung, without mentioning that this was Marx. The great theorist had of course then still to make his reputation.

One cannot help wondering at the absence from Chopin's Berlin letters of the name of Ludwig Berger, who, no doubt, like Bernhard Klein, Rungenhagen, the brothers Ganz, and many another composer and virtuoso in Berlin, was included in the collective expression "distinguished musicians." But one would have thought that the personality of the pupil of Clementi, the companion of A. Klengel, the friend of Steibelt, Field, and Crotch, and the teacher of

Mendelssohn and Taubert, would have particularly interested a young pianist. Berger's compositions cannot have been unknown to Chopin, who, moreover, must have heard of him from his Warsaw acquaintance Ernemann. However, be this as it may, our friend was more fortunate as regards hearing good music, which certainly was a more important business than interviewing celebrities, often, alas, so refrigerating in its effect on enthusiastic natures. Before his departure from Warsaw Chopin wrote:—"It is much to hear a really good opera, were it only once; it enables one to form an idea of what a perfect performance is like." Although the most famous singers were on leave of absence, he greatly enjoyed the performances of Spontini's "Ferdinand Cortez", Cimarosa's "Die heimliche Eke" ("Il Matrimonio segreto"), Onslow's "Der Hausirer" ("Le colporteur"), and Winter's "Das unterbrochene Opferfest." Still, they gave rise to some "buts," which he thought would be wholly silenced only in Paris; nay, one of the two singers he liked best, Fraulein von Schatzel (Signora Tibaldi was the other), reminded him by her omissions of chromatic scales even of Warsaw. What, however, affected him more than anything else was Handel's "Ode on St. Cecilia's Day," which he heard at the Singakademie; it came nearest, he said, to the ideal of sublime music which he harboured in his soul. A propos of another musical event he writes:—

> *To-morrow the "Freischutz" will be performed; t*
> *fulfilment of my most ardent wish. When I hear*
> *able to make a comparison between the singers h*
> *own.*

The "Freischutz" made its first appearance on the

Warsaw stage in 1826, and therefore was known to Chopin; whereas the other operas were either unknown to him or were not considered decisive tests.

Music and things connected with music, such as music-shops and pianoforte-manufactories, took up Chopin's attention almost exclusively. He declines with thanks the offer of a ticket for the meetings of the congress:—

> *I should gain little or nothing for my mind fro*
> *discussions, because I am too little of a savar*
> *moreover, the professional gentlemen might perh*
> *me, the layman, and think: "How comes Saul amor*
> *prophets?"*

Of the Royal Library, to which he went with Professor Jarocki, he has no more to say than that "it is very large, but contains few musical works"; and when he visits the Zoological Museum, he thinks all the time what a bore it is, and how he would rather be at Schlesinger's, the best music-shop in the town, and an enterprising publishing house. That he neglects many things which educated men generally prize, he feels himself, and expresses the fear that his father will reproach him with one-sidedness. In his excuse he says:—

> *I have come to Berlin for my musical education,*
> *library of Schlesinger, consisting of the most*
> *works of the composers of all countries and tim*
> *interest me more than any other collections.*

The words, he adds, add nothing to the strength of his argument.

It is a comfort to think that I, too, shall yet
Schlesinger's, and that it is always good for a
see much, as from everything something may be l

According to Karasowski, who reports, no doubt faithfully, what he has heard, Chopin was so well versed in all the branches of science, which he cultivated at the Lyceum, that all who knew him were astonished at his attainments, and prognosticated for him a brilliant future. I am afraid the only authorities for this statement were the parents, the sisters, and other equally indiscriminately-admiring connections, who often discover genius where it is hidden from the cold, unfeeling world outside this sympathetic circle. Not that I would blame an amiable weakness without which love, friendship, in short, happiness were well-nigh impossible. Only a biographer who wishes to represent a man as he really was, and not as he appeared to be to one or more individuals, has to be on his guard against it. Let us grant at once that Chopin made a good figure at the Lyceum—indeed, a quick-witted boy who found help and encouragement at home (the secret of almost all successful education) could hardly do otherwise. But from this to a master of all the arts, to an admirable Crichton, is a great step. Where there is genius there is inclination. Now, however well Chopin acquitted himself of his school-tasks—and even therein you will remember a falling-off was noticeable when outward pressure ceased—science and kindred subjects were subsequently treated by him with indifference. The thorough training which he received in general knowledge entirely failed to implant in him the dispositions of a scholar or thinker. His nature was perhaps a soil unfavourable

to such growths, and certainly already preoccupied by a vegetation the luxuriance of which excluded, dwarfed, or crushed everything else. The truth of these remarks is proved by Chopin's letters and his friends' accounts of his tastes and conversation. In connection with this I may quote a passage from a letter which Chopin wrote immediately before starting on his Berlin trip. Jedrzejewicz, a gentleman who by-and-by became Chopin's brother-in-law, and was just then staying in Paris, made there the acquaintance of the Polish musician Sowinski. The latter hearing thus of his talented countryman in Warsaw, and being co-editor with Fetis of the "Revue musicale" (so at least we read in the letter in question, but it is more likely that Sowinski was simply a contributor to the paper), applied to him for a description of the state of music in Poland, and biographical notes on the most celebrated executants and composers. Now let us see what Chopin says in reference to this request.

> *All these are things with which I have no inter*
> *meddle. I shall write to him from Berlin that t*
> *not in my line, and that, moreover, I cannot ye*
> *judgment such as would be worthy of a Parisian*
> *must contain only mature and competent opinions*

How much of this is self-knowledge, modesty, or disinclination, I leave the reader to decide, who, no doubt, will smile at the young man's innocence in imagining that Parisian, or, indeed, any journals distinguish themselves generally by maturity and competence of judgment.

At the time of the Berlin visit Chopin was a lively, well-educated, and well-mannered youth, who walked through life pleased and amused with its

motley garb, but as yet unconscious of the deeper truths, and the immensities of joy and sadness, of love and hate, that lie beneath. Although the extreme youthfulness, nay boyishness, of the letters written by him at that time, and for some time after, makes him appear younger than he really was, the criticisms and witticisms on what is going on around which they contain, show incontestably that he had more than the usual share of clear and quick-sightedness. His power of observation, however, was directed rather to dress, manners, and the peculiarities and eccentricities of outward appearance generally, than to the essentials which are not always indicated and are often hidden by them. As to his wit, it had a decided tendency towards satire and caricature. He notices the pleasing orderliness and cleanliness of the otherwise not well-favoured surroundings of Berlin as he approaches, considers the city itself too much extended for the number of its inhabitants, of whom it could hold twice as many, is favourably impressed by the fine large palace, the spacious well-built streets, the picturesque bridges, and congratulates himself that he and his fellow-traveller did not take lodgings in the broad but rather too quiet Franzosische Strasse. Yes, our friend is fond of life and society. Whether he thought man the proper study of mankind or not, as Pope held, he certainly found it the most attractive. The passengers in the stage-coach were to him so many personages of a comedy. There was an advocate who tried to shine with his dull jokes, an agriculturist to whom travelling had given a certain varnish of civilisation, and a German Sappho who poured forth a stream of pretentious and at the same time ludicrous complaints. The play unwittingly performed by these unpaid actors was enjoyed by

our friend with all the zest the feeling of superiority can give. What a tragi-comical arrangement it is that in this world of ours everybody is laughing at everybody else! The scientists of the congress afforded Chopin an almost unlimited scope for the exercise of his wit. Among them he found so many curious and various specimens that he was induced not only to draw but also to classify them. Having already previously sent home some sketches, he concludes one of his letters with the words "the number of caricatures is increasing." Indeed, there seems to have been only one among these learned gentlemen who impressed him with a feeling of respect and admiration—namely, Alexander von Humboldt. As Chopin's remarks on him are the best part of his three Berlin letters, I shall quote them in full. On seeing Von Humboldt at Lichtenstein's he writes:—

> *He is not above middle height, and his countena*
> *called beautiful; but the somewhat protruding,*
> *well-moulded forehead, and the deep inquiring e*
> *the all-embracing mind which animates this huma*
> *much-travelled savant. Humboldt spoke French, a*
> *his mother-tongue.*

One of the chief events of Chopin's visit to Berlin was, according to his own account, his second dinner with the natural philosophers, which took place the day before the close of the congress, and was very lively and entertaining:—

Many appropriate songs were sung in which every one joined with more or less energy. Zelter conducted; he had standing before him on a red pedestal as a sign of his exalted musical dignity a large gilt goblet, which seemed to give him much

pleasure. On this day the food was much better than usual. People say the natural philosophers had at their meetings been specially occupied with the amelioration of roasts, sauces, soups, and the like.

"The Berliners are such an impertinent race," says Goethe, "that to keep one's self above water one must have Haare auf den Zahnen, and at times be rude." Such a judgment prepares one for much, but not for what Chopin dares to say:—

> *Marylski [one of his Warsaw friends] has not th*
> *shadow of taste if he asserts that the ladies d*
> *prettily. They deck themselves out, it is true;*
> *pity for the fine stuffs which are cut up for s*

What blasphemy!

After a fortnight's stay in the Prussian capital Professor Jarocki and Chopin turned homeward on September 28, 1828. They did not, however, go straight to Warsaw, but broke their journey at Posen, where they remained two days "in gratiam of an invitation from Archbishop Wolicki." A great part of the time he was at Posen he spent at the house of Prince Radziwill, improvising and playing sonatas of Mozart, Beethoven, and Hummel, either alone or with Capellmeister Klingohr. On October 6 the travellers arrived in Warsaw, which Chopin was so impatient to reach that the professor was prevailed upon to take post-horses from Lowicz. Before I have done with this trip to Berlin I must relate an incident which occurred at a stage between Frankfort on the Oder and Posen.

On arriving at Zullichau our travellers were informed by the postmaster that they would have to wait an hour for horses. This announcement opened up an anything but pleasing prospect. The professor

and his companion did the best that could be done in these distressing circumstances—namely, took a stroll through the small town, although the latter had no amenities to boast of, and the fact of a battle having been fought there between the Russians and Prussians in 1759 would hardly fire their enthusiasm. Matters, however, became desperate when on their return there was still neither sign nor sound of horses. Dr. Jarocki comforted himself with meat and drink, but Chopin began to look uneasily about him for something to while away the weariness of waiting. His search was not in vain, for in an adjoining room he discovered an old piano of unpromising appearance, which, on being opened and tried, not only turned out to be better than it looked, but even in tune. Of course our artist did not bethink himself long, but sat down at once, and launched out into an improvisation on a Polish air. One of his fellow-passengers, a German, and an inveterate smoker, attracted by the music, stepped in, and was soon so wrapped up in it that he forgot even his pipe. The other passengers, the postmaster, his buxom wife, and their pretty daughters, came dropping in, one after the other. But when this peaceful conventicle had for some time been listening silently, devoutly, and admiringly, lo, they were startled by a stentorian voice bawling into the room the words:—"Gentlemen, the horses are put in." The postmaster, who was indignant at this untimely interruption, begged the musician to continue. But Chopin said that they had already waited too long, it was time to depart. Upon this there was a general commotion; the mistress of the house solicited and cajoled, the young ladies bashfully entreated with their eyes, and all pressed around the artist and supported the request, the postmaster even offering

extra horses if Chopin would go on with his playing. Who could resist? Chopin sat down again, and resumed his fantasia. When he had ended, a servant brought in wine, the postmaster proposed as a toast "the favourite of Polyhymnia," and one of the audience, an old musician, gave voice to his feelings by telling the hero that, "if Mozart had heard you, he would have shaken hands with you and exclaimed 'Bravo!' An insignificant man like me dare not do that." After Chopin had played a mazurka as a wind-up, the tall postmaster took him in his arms, carried him to the coach—the pockets of which the ladies had already filled with wine and eatables—and, bidding him farewell, said that as long as he lived he would think with enthusiasm of Frederick Chopin.

We can have no difficulty in believing the statement that in after-life our artist recalled with pleasure this incident at the post-house of Zullichau, and that his success among these unsophisticated people was dearer to him than many a more brilliant one in the great world of art and fashion. But, it may be asked, did all this happen in exactly the same way in which it is told here? Gentle reader, let us not inquire too curiously into this matter. Of course you have heard of myth-making and legend-making. Well, anecdote-making is a process of a similar nature, a process of accumulation and development. The only difference between the process in the first two cases and that in the third is, that the former is carried on by races, the latter by individuals. A seed-corn of fact falls on the generous soil of the poetic imagination, and forthwith it begins to expand, to sprout, and to grow into flower, shrub, or tree. But there are well and ill-shapen plants, and monstrosities too. The above anecdote is a specimen of the first kind. As a specimen of the last kind may

be instanced an undated anecdote told by Sikorski and others. It is likewise illustrative of Chopin's power and love of improvisation. The seed-corn of fact in the case seems to be that one Sunday, when playing during divine service in the Wizytek Church, Chopin, taking for his subjects some motives of the part of the Mass that had just been performed, got so absorbed in his improvisation that he entirely forgot all his surroundings, and turned a deaf ear to the priest at the altar, who had already for the second time chanted 'Per omnia saecula saeculurum.' This is a characteristic as well as a pretty artist-story, which, however, is marred, I think, by the additions of a choir that gathers round the organist and without exception forgets like him time and place, and of a mother superior who sends the sacristan to remind those music-enthusiasts in the organ-gallery of the impatiently waiting priest and acolyte, &c. Men willingly allow themselves to be deceived, but care has to be taken that their credulity be not overtaxed. For if the intention is perceived, it fails in its object; as the German poet says:—"So fuehrt man Absicht und man ist verstimmt."

On the 6th of October, as has already been said, Chopin returned to Warsaw. Judging from a letter written by him at the end of the year (December 27, 1828) to his friend Titus Woyciechowski, he was busy composing and going to parties. The "Rondeau a la Krakowiak," Op. 14, was now finished, and the Trio, Op. 8, was nearly so. A day on which he had not been musically productive seems to have been regarded by him as a lost day. The opening phrase of the following quotation reminds one of the famous exclamation of the Emperor Titus:—

During the last week I have composed nothing wo
God or of man. I run from Ananias to Caiaphas;
shall be at Madame Wizegerod's, from there I sh
musical soiree at Miss Kicka's. You know how pl
to be forced to improvise when one is tired! I
such happy thoughts as come sometimes under my
am with you. And then the miserable instruments

In the same letter he relates that his parents are preparing a small room for him:—

A staircase leads from the entrance directly in
shall have an old writing-desk, and this nook w
retreat.

This remark calls up a passage in a letter written two years later from Vienna to his friend John Matuszynski:—

When your former colleagues, for instance, Rost
Schuch, Freyer, Kyjewski, Hube, &c., are holdin
converse in my room, then think that I am laugh
enjoying myself with you.

A charming little genre picture of Chopin's home-life is to be found in one of his letters from Vienna (December 1, 1830) Having received news from Warsaw, he writes:—

The joy was general, for Titus also had letters
thank Celinski lor the enclosed note; it brough
to me the time when I was still amongst you: it
as if I were sitting at the piano and Celinski
opposite me looking at Mr. Zywny, who just then
Linowski to a pinch of snuff. Only Matuszynski
make the group complete.

Several names in the above extract remind me that I ought to say a few words about the young men with whom Chopin at that time associated. Many of them were no doubt companions in the noblest sense of the word. Of this class may have been Celinski, Hube, Eustachius Marylski, and Francis Maciejowski (a nephew of the previously-mentioned Professor Waclaw Maciejowski), who are more or less frequently mentioned in Chopin's correspondence, but concerning whom I have no information to give. I am as badly informed about Dziewanowski, whom a letter quoted by Karasowski shows to have been a friend of Chopin's. Of two other friends, Stanislas Kozmian and William Kolberg, we know at least that the one was a few years ago still living at Posen and occupied the post of President of the Society of the Friends of Science, and that the other, to whom the earliest letters of Chopin that have come down to us are addressed, became, not to mention lesser offices and titles, a Councillor of State, and died on June 4,1877. Whatever the influence of the friends I have thus far named may have been on the man Chopin, one cannot but feel inclined to think that Stephen Witwicki and Dominic Magnuszewski, especially the former, must have had a greater influence on the artist. At any rate, these two poets, who made their mark in Polish literature, brought the musician in closest contact with the strivings of the literary romanticism of those days. In later years Chopin set several of Witwicki's songs to music. Both Magnuszewski and Witwicki lived afterwards, like Chopin, in Paris, where they continued to associate with him. Of the musical acquaintances we have to notice first and foremost Julius Fontana, who himself said that he was a daily visitor at Chopin's house. The latter writes in the above-mentioned letter

(December 27, 1828) to Titus Woyciechowski:—

The Rondo for two pianos, this orphan child, ha
father in Fontana (you may perhaps have seen hi
house, he attends the university); he studied i
than a month, but then he did learn it, and not
tried how it would sound at Buchholtz's.

Alexander Rembielinski, described as a brilliant pianist and a composer in the style of Fesca, who returned from Paris to Warsaw and died young, is said to have been a friend of Chopin's. Better musicians than Fontana, although less generally known in the western part of Europe, are Joseph Nowakowski and Thomas Nidecki. Chopin, by some years their junior, had intercourse with them during his residence in Poland as well as afterwards abroad. It does not appear that Chopin had what can rightly be called intimate friends among the young Polish musicians. If we may believe the writer of an article in Sowinski's Dictionary, there was one exception. He tells us that the talented Ignaz Felix Dobrzynski was a fellow-pupil of Chopin's, taking like him private lessons from Elsner. Dobrzynski came to Warsaw in 1825, and took altogether thirty lessons.

Working together under the same master, having
manner of seeing and feeling, Frederick Chopin
Dobrzynski became united in a close friendship.
aims, the same artistic tendency to seek the UN
characterised their efforts. They communicated
their ideas and impressions, followed different
arrive at the same goal.

This unison of kindred minds is so beautiful that one cannot but wish it to have been a fact. Still, I must not hide the circumstance that neither Liszt nor

Karasowski mentions Dobrzynski as one of Chopin's friends, and the even more significant circumstance that he is only mentioned twice and en passant in Chopin's letters. All this, however, does not necessarily nullify the lexicographer's statements, and until contradictory evidence is forthcoming we may hold fast by so pleasing and ennobling a creed.

The most intimate of Chopin's early friends, indeed, of all his friends—perhaps the only ones that can be called his bosom friends—have still to be named, Titus Woyciechowski and John Matuszynski. It was to them that Chopin wrote his most interesting and self-revealing letters. We shall meet them and hear of them often in the course of this narrative, for their friendship with the musician was severed only by death. It will therefore suffice to say here that Titus Woyciechowski, who had been Chopin's school-fellow, lived, at the period of the latter's life we have now reached, on his family estates, and that John Matuszynski was then studying medicine in Warsaw.

In his letter of December 27, 1828, Chopin makes some allusions to the Warsaw theatres. The French company had played Rataplan, and at the National Theatre they had performed a comedy of Fredro's, Weber's Preciosa, and Auber's Macon. A musical event whichmust have interested Chopin much more than the performances of the two last-mentioned works took place in the first half of the year 1829—namely, Hummel's appearance in Warsaw. He and Field were, no doubt, those pianists who through the style of their compositions most influenced Chopin. For Hummel's works Chopin had indeed a life-long admiration and love. It is therefore to be regretted that he left in his letters no record of the impression which Hummel, one of the four most distinguished representatives of pianoforte-playing of that time,

made upon him. It is hardly necessary to say that the other three representatives—of different generations and schools let it be understood—were Field, Kalkbrenner, and Moscheles. The only thing we learn about this visit of Hummel's to Warsaw is that he and the young Polish pianist made a good impression upon each other. As far as the latter is concerned this is a mere surmise, or rather an inference from indirect proofs, for, strange to say, although Chopin mentions Hummel frequently in his letters, he does not write a syllable that gives a clue to his sentiments regarding him. The older master, on the other hand, shows by his inquiries after his younger brother in art and the visits he pays him that he had a real regard and affection for him.

It is also to be regretted that Chopin says in his letters nothing of Paganini's appearance in Warsaw. The great Italian violinist, who made so deep an impression on, and exercised so great an influence over, Liszt, cannot have passed by without producing some effect on Chopin. That the latter had a high opinion of Paganini may be gathered from later utterances, but what one would like is a description of his feelings and thoughts when he first heard him. Paganini came to Warsaw in 1829, after his visit to Berlin. In the Polish capital he was worshipped with the same ardour as elsewhere, and also received the customary tributes of applause, gold, and gifts. From Oreste Bruni's Niccolo Paganini, celebre violinista Genovese, we learn that his Warsaw worshippers presented him with a gold snuff-box, which bore the following inscription:—Al Cav. Niccolo Paganini. Gli ammiratori del suo talento. Varsovia 19 Luglio 1829.

Some months after this break in what he, no doubt, considered the monotonous routine of Warsaw life, our friend made another excursion, one

of far greater importance in more than one respect than that to Berlin. Vienna had long attracted him like a powerful magnet, the obstacles to his going thither were now removed, and he was to see that glorious art-city in which Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert, and many lesser but still illustrious men had lived and worked.

CHAPTER VII

CHOPIN JOURNEYS TO VIENNA BY WAY OF CRACOW AND OJCOW.—STAYS THERE FOR SOME WEEKS, PLAYING TWICE IN PUBLIC.—RETURNS TO WARSAW BY WAY OF PRAGUE, DRESDEN, AND BRESLAU.

IT was about the middle of July, 1829, that Chopin, accompanied by his friends Celinski, Hube, and Francis Maciejowski, set out on his journey to Vienna. They made a week's halt at the ancient capital of the Polish Republic, the many-towered Cracow, which rises picturesquely in a landscape of great loveliness. There they explored the town and its neighbourhood, both of which are rich in secular and ecclesiastical buildings, venerable by age and historical associations, not a few of them remarkable also as fine specimens of architecture. Although we have no detailed account of Chopin's proceedings, we may be sure that our patriotic friend did not neglect to look for and contemplate the vestiges of his nation's past power and greatness: the noble royal

palace, degraded, alas, into barracks for the Austrian soldiery; the grand, impressive cathedral, in which the tombs of the kings present an epitome of Polish history; the town-hall, a building of the 14th century; the turreted St. Florian's gate; and the monumental hillock, erected on the mountain Bronislawa in memory of Kosciuszko by the hands of his grateful countrymen, of which a Frenchman said:—"Void une eloquence touts nouvelle: un peuple qui ne peut s'exprimer par la parole ou par les livres, et qui parle par des montagnes." On a Sunday afternoon, probably on the 24th of July, the friends left Cracow, and in a rustic vehicle drove briskly to Ojcow. They were going to put up not in the place itself, but at a house much patronised by tourists, lying some miles distant from it and the highway. This circumstance led to something like a romantic incident, for as the driver was unacquainted with the bye-roads, they got into a small brook, "as clear and silvery bright as brooks in fairytales," and having walls of rock on the right and left, they were unable to extricate themselves "from this labyrinth." Fortunately they met towards nine o'clock in the evening two peasants who conducted them to their destination, the inn of Mr. Indyk, in which also the Polish authoress Clementina Tanska, who has described this district in one of her works, had lodged—a fact duly reported by Chopin to his sister Isabella and friend Titus. Arriving not only tired but also wet to above the knees, his first business was to guard against taking a cold. He bought a Cracow double-woven woollen night-cap, which he cut in two pieces and wrapped round his feet. Then he sat down by the fire, drank a glass of red wine, and, after talking for a little while longer, betook himself to bed, and slept the sleep of the just. Thus ended the adventure of that day, and,

to all appearance, without the dreaded consequences of a cold. The natural beauties of the part of the country where Chopin now was have gained for it the name of Polish Switzerland. The principal sights are the Black Cave, in which during the bloody wars with the Turks and Tartars the women and children used to hide themselves; the Royal Cave, in which, about the year 1300, King Wladyslaw Lokietek sought refuge when he was hardly pressed by the usurper Wenceslas of Bohemia; and the beautifully-situated ruins of Ojcow Castle, once embowered in thick forests. Having enjoyed to the full the beauties of Polish Switzerland, Chopin continued his journey merrily and in favourable weather through the picturesque countries of Galicia, Upper Silesia, and Moravia, arriving in Vienna on July 31.

Chopin's letters tell us very little of his sight-seeing in the Austrian capital, but a great deal of matters that interest us far more deeply. He brought, of course, a number of letters of introduction with him. Among the first which he delivered was one from Elsner to the publisher Hashnger, to whom Chopin had sent a considerable time before some of his compositions, which, however, still remained in manuscript. Haslinger treated Elsner's pupil with an almost embarrassing politeness, and, without being reminded of the MSS. in question, informed his visitor that one of them, the variations on La ci darem la mano, would before long appear in the Odeon series. "A great honour for me, is it not?" writes the happy composer to his friend Titus. The amiable publisher, however, thought that Chopin would do well to show the people of Vienna what his difficult and by no means easily comprehensible composition was like. But the composer was not readily persuaded. The thought of playing in the city

where Mozart and Beethoven had been heard frightened him, and then he had not touched a piano for a whole fortnight. Not even when Count Gallenberg entered and Haslinger presented Chopin to him as a coward who dare not play in public was the young virtuoso put on his mettle. In fact, he even declined with thanks the theatre which was placed at his disposal by Count Gallenberg, who was then lessee of the Karnthnerthor Theatre, and in whom the reader has no doubt recognised the once celebrated composer of ballets, or at least the husband of Beethoven's passionately-loved Countess Giulia Guicciardi. Haslinger and Gallenberg were not the only persons who urged him to give the Viennese an opportunity to hear him. Dining at the house of Count Hussarzewski, a worthy old gentleman who admired his young countryman's playing very much, Chopin was advised by everybody present—and the guests belonged to the best society of Vienna—to give a concert. The journalist Blahetka, best known as the father of his daughter, was not sparing in words of encouragement; and Capellmeister Wurfel, who had been kind to Chopin in Warsaw, told him plainly that it would be a disgrace to himself, his parents, and his teachers not to make a public appearance, which, he added, was, moreover, a politic move for this reason, that no one who has composed anything new and wishes to make a noise in the world can do so unless he performs his works himself. In fact, everybody with whom he got acquainted was of the same opinion, and assured him that the newspapers would say nothing but what was flattering. At last Chopin allowed himself to be persuaded, Wurfel took upon him the care of making the necessary arrangements, and already the next morning the bills announced the coming event to the

public of Vienna. In a long postscript of a long and confused letter to his people he writes: "I have made up my mind. Blahetka asserts that I shall create a furore, 'being,' as he expressed it, 'an artist of the first rank, and occupying an honourable place by the side of Moscheles, Herz, and Kalkbrenner.'" To all appearance our friend was not disposed to question the correctness of this opinion; indeed, we shall see that although he had his moments of doubting, he was perfectly conscious of his worth. No blame, however, attaches to him on this account; self-respect and self-confidence are not only irreprehensible but even indispensable—that is, indispensable for the successful exercise of any talent. That our friend had his little weaknesses shall not be denied nor concealed. I am afraid he cannot escape the suspicion of having possessed a considerable share of harmless vanity. "All journalists," he writes to his parents and sisters, "open their eyes wide at me, and the members of the orchestra greet me deferentially because I walk with the director of the Italian opera arm-in-arm." Two pianoforte-manufacturers—in one place Chopin says three—offered to send him instruments, but he declined, partly because he had not room enough, partly because he did not think it worth while to begin to practise two days before the concert. Both Stein and Graff were very obliging; as, however, he preferred the latter's instruments, he chose one of this maker's for the concert, and tried to prevent the other from taking offence by speaking him fair.

Chopin made his first public appearance in Vienna at the Karnthnerthor Theatre on August 11, 1829. The programme comprised the following items: Beethoven's Overture to Prometheus; arias of Rossini's and Vaccaj's, sung by Mdlle. Veltheim,

singer to the Saxon Court; Chopin's variations on La ci darem la mano and Krakowiak, rondeau de concert (both for pianoforte and orchestra), for the latter of which the composer substituted an improvisation; and a short ballet. Chopin, in a letter to his people dated August 12, 1829, describes the proceedings thus:—

Yesterday—i.e., Tuesday, at 7 p.m., I made my d
Imperial Opera-house before the public of Vienn
evening concerts in the theatre are called here
academies." As I claimed no honorarium, Count C
hastened on my appearance.

In a letter to Titus Woyciechowski, dated September 12, 1829, he says:—

The sight of the Viennese public did not at all
and I sat down, pale as I was, at a wonderful i
Graff's, at the time perhaps the best in Vienna
had a painted young man, who turned the leaves
Variations, and who prided himself on having re
same service to Moscheles, Hummel, and Herz. Be
I say that I played in a desperate mood; nevert
Variations produced so much effect that I was c
several times. Mdlle. Veltheim sang very beauti
improvisation I know only that it was followed
applause and many recalls.

To the cause of the paleness and the desperate mood I shall advert anon. Chopin was satisfied, nay, delighted with his success; he had a friendly greeting of "Bravo!" on entering, and this "pleasant word" the audience repeated after each Variation so impetuously that he could not hear the tuttis of the orchestra. At the end of the piece he was called back twice. The improvisation on a theme from La Dame

blanche and the Polish tune Chmiel, which he substituted for the Krakowiak, although it did not satisfy himself, pleased, or as Chopin has it, "electrified" the audience. Count Gallenberg commended his compositions, and Count Dietrichstein, who was much with the Emperor, came to him on the stage, conversed with him a long time in French, complimented him on his performance, and asked him to prolong his stay in Vienna. The only adverse criticism which his friends, who had posted themselves in different parts of the theatre, heard, was that of a lady who remarked, "Pity the lad has not a better tournure." However, the affair did not pass off altogether without unpleasant incidents:—

The members of the orchestra [Chopin writes to Titus Woyciechowski] showed me sour faces at th what vexed them most was that I wished to make a new composition. I began with the Variations dedicated to you; they were to be followed by t Krakowiak. We got through the Variations well, the other hand, went so badly that we had to be the beginning; the cause of this was said to be writing. I ought to have placed the figures abo below the rests (that being the way to which th musicians are accustomed). Enough, these gentle faces that I already felt inclined to send word evening that I was ill. Demar, the manager, not disposition of the members of the orchestra, wh like Wurfel. The latter wished to conduct himse orchestra refused (I don't know for what reason under his direction. Mr. Demar advised me to in which proposal the orchestra looked surprised. irritated by what had happened that in my despe agreed to it; and who knows if my bad humour ar were not the causes of the great success which obtained.

Although Chopin passes off lightly the grumbling and grimacing of the members of the orchestra respecting the bad writing of his music, they seem to have had more serious reasons for complaint than he alleges in the above quotation. Indeed, he relates himself that after the occurrence his countryman Nidecki, who was very friendly to him and rejoiced at his success, looked over the orchestral parts of the Rondo and corrected them. The correction of MSS. was at no time of his life a strong point of Chopin's. That the orchestra was not hostile to him appears from another allusion of his to this affair:—

The orchestra cursed my badly-written music, ar
all favourably inclined towards me until I bega
improvisation; but then it joined in the applau
public. From this I saw that it had a good opir
Whether the other artists had so too I did not
but why should they be against me? They must se
not play for the sake of material advantages.

After such a success nothing was more natural than that Chopin should allow himself to be easily persuaded to play again—il n'y a que le premier pas qui coute—but he said he would not play a third time. Accordingly, on August 18, he appeared once more on the stage of the Karnthnerthor Theatre. Also this time he received no payment, but played to oblige Count Gallenberg, who, indeed, was in anything but flourishing circumstances. On this occasion Chopin succeeded in producing the Krakowiak, and repeated, by desire of the ladies, the Variations. Two other items of the programme were Lindpaintner's Overture to Der Bergkonig and a polonaise of Mayseder's played by the violinist Joseph Khayl, a very young pupil of Jansa's.

The rendering of the Rondo especially [Chopin w
pleasure, because Gyrowetz, Lachner, and other
even the orchestra, were so charmed—excuse the
that they called me back twice.

In another letter he is more loquacious on the subject:—

If the public received me kindly on my first ap
was yesterday still more hearty. When I appeare
I was greeted with a twice-repeated, long-susta
The public had gathered in greater numbers than
concert. The financier of the theatre, Baron—I
remember his name—thanked me for the recette an
if the attendance was great, it was not on acco
ballet, which had already been often performed.
I have won the good opinion of all professionals
from Capellmeister Lachner to the pianoforte-tu
praise my composition.

The press showed itself not less favourable than the public. The fullest account of our artist's playing and compositions, and the impression they produced on this occasion, I found on looking over the pages of the Wiener Theaterzeitung. Chopin refers to it prospectively in a letter to his parents, written on August 19. He had called on Bauerle, the editor of the paper, and had been told that a critique of the concert would soon appear. To satisfy his own curiosity and to show his people that he had said no more than what was the truth in speaking of his success, he became a subscriber to the Wiener Theaterzeitung, and had it sent to Warsaw. The criticism is somewhat long, but as this first step into the great world of art was an event of superlative importance to Chopin, and is one of more than ordinary interest to us, I do not hesitate to transcribe

it in full so far as it relates to our artist. Well, what we read in the Wiener Theaterzeitung of August 20, 1829, is this:—

[Chopin] surprised people, because they discove
only a fine, but a really very eminent talent;
the originality of his playing and compositions
almost attribute to him already some genius, at
far as unconventional forms and pronounced indi
concerned. His playing, like his compositions—c
heard on this occasion only variations—has a ce
character of modesty which seems to indicate th
not the aim of this young man, although his exe
conquered difficulties the overcoming of which
the home of pianoforte virtuosos, could not fai
astonishment; nay, with almost ironical naivete
into his head to entertain a large audience wit
music. And lo, he succeeded in this. The unpre
rewarded him with lavish applause. His touch, a
and sure, has little of that brilliance by whic
virtuosos announce themselves as such in the fi
emphasised but little, like one conversing in a
clever people, not with that rhetorical aplomb
considered by virtuosos as indispensable. He pl
quietly, without the daring elan which generall
distinguishes the artist from the amateur. Neve
fine-feeling and acute-judging public recognise
this youth, who is a stranger and as yet unknow
true artist; and this evening afforded the unpr
observer the pleasing spectacle of a public whi
as a moral person, showed itself a true connois
virtuoso in the comprehension and appreciation
performance which, in no wise grandiose, was ne
gratifying.

There were defects noticeable in the young man'
among which are perhaps especially to be mentic
observance of the indication by accent of the c
musical phrases. Nevertheless, he was recognise

of whom the best may be expected as soon as he
more....As in his playing he was like a beauti
that stands free and full of fragrant blossoms
fruits, so he manifested as much estimable indi
his compositions, where new figures, new passag
unfolded themselves in the introduction, in the
second, and fourth Variations, and in the concl
metamorphosis of Mozart's theme into a polacca.

Such is the ingenuousness of the young virtuos
undertook to come forward at the close of the c
free fantasia before a public in whose eyes few
with the exception of Beethoven and Hummel, hav
favour. If the young man by a manifold change o
aimed especially at amusement, the calm flow of
and their firm connection and chaste developmen
nevertheless a sufficient proof of his capabili
this rare gift. Mr. Chopin gave to-day so much
small audience that one cannot help wishing he
performance play before a larger one....

Although the critic of the Wiener Theaterzeitung is more succinct in his report (September 1, 1829) of the second concert, he is not less complimentary. Chopin as a composer as well as an executant justified on this occasion the opinion previously expressed about him.

He is a young man who goes his own way, and kno
please in this way, although his style of playi
differs greatly from that of other virtuosos; a
chiefly in this, that the desire to make good m
predominates noticeably in his case over the de
please. Also to-day Mr. Chopin gave general sat

These expressions of praise are so enthusiastic that a suspicion might possibly arise as to their trustworthiness. But this is not the only laudatory account to be found in the Vienna papers. Der

Sammler, for instance, remarked: "In Mr. Chopin we made the acquaintance of one of the most excellent pianists, full of delicacy and deepest feeling." The Wiener Zeitschrift fur Kunst, Literatur, Theater und Mode, too, had appreciative notices of the concerts.

He executes the greatest difficulties with accu
precision, and renders all passages with neatne
tribute of applause which the public paid to th
artist was very great; the concert-piece with c
Variations) especially pleased.

This was written after the first concert, and printed on August 22, 1829. From the criticism on the second concert, which appeared in the same paper a week later (August 29), I cull the following sentences:—

Chopin performed a new Rondo for pianoforte and
his own composition. This piece is written thro
chromatic style, rarely rises to geniality, but
which are distinguished by depth and thoughtful
On the whole, however, he seems to be somewhat
variety. The master showed in it his dexterity
to perfection, and conquered the greatest diffi
felicity. A longer stay in Vienna might be to t
of his touch as well as of his ensemble playing
orchestra. He received much applause, and was r
called back....At the close Mr. Chopin played t
Variations on a theme of Mozart's, which he had
performed with so much bravura and felicity at
concert. The pleasing and yet substantial varie
composition as well as the fine, successful pla
also to-day loud applause for the pianist. Conn
amateurs manifested joyously and loudly their r
his clever playing. This young man...shows in h
compositions a serious striving to interweave h
combinations the orchestra with the pianoforte.

In conclusion, let me quote one other journal, this time a purely musical one—namely, the Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung (No. 46, November 18, 1829). The notice, probably written by that debauched genius F.A. Kanne, runs thus:—

Mr. Chopin, a pianist from Warsaw, according to
pupil of Wurfel's [which report was of course k
before us a master of the first rank. The exqui
of his touch, his indescribable mechanical dext
finished shading and portamento, which reflect
feeling; the lucidity of his interpretation, ar
compositions, which bear the stamp of great ger
variazioni di bravura, rondo, free fantasia—rev
virtuoso most liberally endowed by nature, who,
previous blasts of trumpets, appears on the hor
of the most brilliant meteors.

Still, the sweets of success were not altogether without some admixture of bitterness, as we may perceive from the following remarks of Chopin's:—

I know that I have pleased the ladies and the m
Gyrowetz, who sat beside Celinski, made a terri
shouted "Bravo." Only the out-and-out Germans s
have been quite satisfied.

And this, after having a few days before attributed the applause to the Germans, who "could appreciate improvisations." Tantae animis coelestibus irae? But what was the reason of this indignation? Simply this: a gentleman, who after the second concert came into the coffee-room of the hotel where Chopin was staying, on being asked by some of the guests how he liked the performance, answered laconically, "the ballet was very pretty"; and, although they put some further questions, he would say no more, having no

doubt noticed a certain person. And hinc illae lacrimae. Our sensitive friend was indeed so much ruffled at this that he left the room in a pet and went to bed, so as not to hinder, as he explains, the outpouring of the gentleman's feelings. The principal stricture passed on the virtuoso was that he played too softly, or, rather, too delicately. Chopin himself says that on that point all were unanimous. But the touchy artist, in true artist fashion— or shall we be quite just and say "in true human fashion"? adds:—

> *They are accustomed to the drumming of the nati*
> *virtuosos. I fear that the newspapers will repr*
> *the same thing, especially as the daughter of a*
> *said to drum frightfully. However, it does not*
> *this cannot be helped, I would rather that peop*
> *too delicately than too roughly.*

When Count Moritz Lichnowski, to whom Chopin was introduced by Wurfel, learned after the first concert that the young virtuoso was going to play again, he offered to lend him his own piano for the occasion, for he thought Chopin's feebleness of tone was owing to the instrument he had used. But Chopin knew perfectly the real state of the matter: "This is my manner of playing, which pleases the ladies so very much." Chopin was already then, and remained all his life, nay, even became more and more, the ladies' pianist par excellence. By which, however, I do not mean that he did not please the men, but only that no other pianist was equally successful in touching the most tender and intimate chords of the female heart. Indeed, a high degree of refinement in thought and feeling combined with a poetic disposition are indispensable requisites for an adequate appreciation of Chopin's compositions and

style of playing. His remark, therefore, that he had captivated the learned and the poetic natures, was no doubt strictly correct with regard to his success in Vienna; but at the same time it may be accepted as a significant foreshadowing of his whole artistic career. Enough has now been said of these performances, and, indeed, too much, were it not that to ascertain the stage of development reached by an original master, and the effect which his efforts produced on his artistically-cultivated contemporaries, are objects not undeserving a few pages of discussion.

During the twenty days which Chopin spent in Vienna he displayed great activity. He was always busy, and had not a moment to spare. His own public performances did not make him neglect those of others. He heard the violinist Mayseder twice, and went to representations of Boieldieu's "La Dame blanche," Rossini's "Cenerentola," Meyerbeer's "Crociato in Egitto," and other operas. He also visited the picture gallery and the museum of antiquities, delivered letters of introduction, made acquaintances, dined and drank tea with counts and countesses, &c. Wherever Chopin goes we are sure to see him soon in aristocratic and in Polish society.

> *Everybody says that I have pleased the nobility exceedingly The Schwarzenbergs, Wrbnas, &c., we enraptured by the delicacy and elegance of my p further proof I may mention the visit which Cou Dietrichstein paid me on the stage.*

Chopin called repeatedly on the "worthy old gentleman" Count Hussarzewski and his "worthy lady," with whom he dined once, and who wished him to stay for dinner when he made his farewell

call. With the Countess Lichnowska and her daughter he took tea two days after the first concert. They were inexpressibly delighted to hear that he was going to give a second, asked him to visit them on his way through Vienna to Paris, and promised him a letter of introduction to a sister of the Count's. This Count Lichnowski was Count Moritz Lichnowski, the friend of Beethoven, to whom the great master dedicated the Variations, Op. 35, and the Sonata, Op. 90, in which are depicted the woes and joys of the Count's love for the singer Mdlle. Strammer, who afterwards became his wife, and, in fact, was the Countess Lichnowska with whom Chopin became acquainted.

[Footnote: Count Moritz Lichnowski must not be confounded with his elder brother Prince Carl Lichnowski, the pupil and friend of Mozart, and the friend and patron of Beethoven, to whom the latter dedicated his Op. 1, and who died in 1814.]

Among the letters of introduction which Chopin brought with him there was also one for Schuppanzigh, whose name is in musical history indissolubly connected with those of Beethoven and Lichnowski. The eminent quartet leader, although his quartet evenings were over, held out to Chopin hopes of getting up another during his visitor's stay in Vienna—he would do so, he said, if possible. To no one, however, either professional or amateur, was Chopin so much indebted for guidance and furtherance as to his old obliging friend Wurfel, who introduced him not only to Count Gallenberg, Count Lichnowski, and Capellmeister Seyfried, but to every one of his acquaintances who either was a man of influence or took an interest in musical matters. Musicians whose personal acquaintance Chopin said he was glad to make were: Gyrowetz, the author of

the concerto with which little Frederick made his debut in Warsaw at the age of nine, an estimable artist, as already stated, who had the sad misfortune to outlive his popularity; Capellmeister Seyfried, a prolific but qualitatively poor composer, best known to our generation as the editor of Albrechtsberger's theoretical works and Beethoven's studies; Conradin Kreutzer, who had already distinguished himself as a virtuoso on the clarinet and pianoforte, and as a conductor and composer, but had not yet produced his "Nachtlager"; Franz Lachner, the friend of Franz Schubert, then a young active conductor and rising composer, now one of the most honoured veterans of his art. With Schuppanzigh's pupil Mayseder, the prince of the Viennese violinists of that day, and indeed one of the neatest, most graceful, and elegant, although somewhat cold, players of his instrument, Chopin had a long conversation. The only critical comments to be found in Chopin's letters on the musicians he came in contact with in the Austrian capital refer to Czerny, with whom he got well acquainted and often played duets for two pianos. Of him the young Polish musician said, "He is a good man, but nothing more." And after having bidden him farewell, he says, "Czerny was warmer than all his compositions." However, it must not be supposed that Chopin's musical acquaintances were confined to the male sex; among them there was at least one belonging to the better and fairer half of humanity—a pianist-composer, a maiden still in her teens, and clever and pretty to boot, who reciprocated the interest he took in her. According to our friend's rather conceited statement I ought to have said—but it would have been very ungallant to do so—he reciprocated the interest she took in him. The reader has no doubt already guessed that I am speaking of

Leopoldine Blahetka.

On the whole, Chopin passed his time in Vienna both pleasantly and profitably, as is well shown by his exclamation on the last day of his stay: "It goes crescendo with my popularity here, and this gives me much pleasure." The preceding day Schuppanzigh had said to him that as he left so soon he ought not to be long in coming back. And when Chopin replied that he would like to return to perfect himself, the by-standers told him he need not come for that purpose as he had no longer anything to learn. Although the young musician remarks that these were compliments, he cannot help confessing that he likes to hear them; and of course one who likes to hear them does not wholly disbelieve them, but considers them something more than a mere flatus vocis. "Nobody here," Chopin writes exultingly, "will regard me as a pupil." Indeed, such was the reception he met with that it took him by surprise. "People wonder at me," he remarked soon after his arrival in Vienna, "and I wonder at them for wondering at me." It was incomprehensible to him that the artists and amateurs of the famous musical city should consider it a loss if he departed without giving a concert. The unexpected compliments and applause that everywhere fell upon his ear, together with the many events, experiences, and thoughts that came crowding upon him, would have caused giddiness in any young artist; Chopin they made drunk with excitement and pleasure. The day after the second concert he writes home: "I really intended to have written about something else, but I can't get yesterday out of my head." His head was indeed brimful, or rather full to overflowing, of whirling memories and expectations which he poured into the news—budgets destined for his parents, regardless of

logical sequence, just as they came uppermost. The clear, succinct accounts of his visit which he gives to his friend Titus after his return to Warsaw contrast curiously with the confused interminable letters of shreds and patches he writes from Vienna. These latter, however, have a value of their own; they present one with a striking picture of the state of his mind at that time. The reader may consider this part of the biography as an annotated digest of Chopin's letters, of those addressed to his parents as well as of those to his friend Woyciechowski.

At last came the 19th of August, the day of our travelling-party's departure. Chopin passed the whole forenoon in making valedictory visits, and when in the afternoon he had done packing and writing, he called once more on Haslinger—who promised to publish the Variations in about five weeks—and then went to the cafe opposite the theatre, where he was to meet Gyrowetz, Lachner, Kreutzer, and others. The rest shall be told in Chopin's own words:—

> *After a touching parting—it was really a touchi*
> *when Miss Blahetka gave me as a souvenir her cc*
> *bearing her own signature, and her father sent*
> *compliments to you [Chopin's father] and dear m*
> *congratulating you on having such a son; when y*
> *[one of the well-known family of pianoforte-mar*
> *musicians] wept, and Schuppanzigh, Gyrowetz, ir*
> *the other artists, were much moved—well then, a*
> *touching parting and having promised to return*
> *stepped into the stage-coach.*

This was at nine o'clock in the evening, and Chopin and his fellow-travellers, accompanied for half-an-hour by Nidecki and some other Poles, leaving behind Vienna and Vienna friends, proceeded on their way to Bohemia.

Prague was reached by our travellers on August 21. The interesting old town did not display its beauties in vain, for Chopin writes admiringly of the fine views from the castle hill, of the castle itself, of "the majestic cathedral with a silver statue of St. John, the beautiful chapel of St. Wenceslas, inlaid with amethysts and other precious stones," and promises to give a fuller and more detailed description of what he has seen by word of mouth. His friend Maciejowski had a letter of introduction to Waclaw Hanka, the celebrated philologist and librarian of the National Museum, to whom Chopin introduced himself as the godson of Count Skarbek. On visiting the museum they were asked, like all on whom the librarian bestowed his special attention, to write their names in the visitors' book. Maciejowski wrote also four mazurka strophes eulogising Hanka's scientific achievements, and Chopin set them to music. The latter brought with him from Vienna six letters of introduction—one from Blahetka and five from Wurfel—which were respectively addressed to Pixis, to the manager of the theatre, and to other musical big-wigs. The distinguished violin-virtuoso, professor at the Conservatorium, and conductor at the theatre, Frederick Pixis (1786—1842), received Chopin very kindly, gave up some lessons that he might keep him longer and talk with him, and invited him to come again in the afternoon, when he would meet August Alexander Klengel, of Dresden, whose card Chopin had noticed on the table. For this esteemed pianist and famous contrapuntist he had also a letter of introduction, and he was glad to meet him in Prague, as he otherwise would have missed seeing him, Klengel being on his way to Vienna and Italy. They made each other's acquaintance on the stairs leading to Pixis' apartments.

I heard him play his fugues for two hours; I di
they did not ask me to do so. Klengel's renderi
but I must confess I had expected something bet
of you not to mention this remark of mine to ot

Elsewhere he writes:—

Of all the artists whose acquaintance I have ma
pleased me most. He played me his fugues (one n
they are a continuation of those of Bach. There
eight of them, and the same number of canons).
difference between him and Czerny!

Klengel's opus magnum, the "Canons et Fugues dans tons les tons majeurs et mineurs pour le piano, en deux parties," did not appear till 1854, two years after his death, although it had been completed some decades previously. He carried it about with him on all his travels, unceasingly improving and perfecting it, and may be said to have worked at it for the space of half his life. The two artists who met at Pixis' house got on well together, unlike as they were in their characters and aims. Chopin called on Klengel before the latter's departure from Prague, and spent two hours with him in conversation, neither of them being for a moment at a loss for material to talk about. Klengel gave Chopin a letter of introduction to Morlacchi, the address of which ran: Al ornatissimo Signore Cavaliere Morlacchi, primo maestro della capella Reale, and in which he asked this gentleman to make the bearer acquainted with the musical life of Dresden. How favourably Klengel had impressed his younger brother in art may be gathered from the above-quoted and the following remarks: "He was to me a very agreeable acquaintance, whom I esteem more highly than Czerny, but of this also don't speak,

my beloved ones."

[FOOTNOTE: Their disparity of character would have revealed itself unpleasantly to both parties if the grand seigneur Chopin had, like Moritz Hauptmann, been the travelling-companion of the meanly parsimonious Klengel, who to save a few bajocchi left the hotels with uncleaned boots, and calculated the worth of the few things he cared for by scudi.—See Moritz Hauptmann's account of his "canonic" travelling-companion's ways and procedures in the letters to Franz Hauser, vol. i., p. 64, and passim.]

The reader will no doubt notice and admire the caution of our young friend. Remembering that not even Paganini had escaped being censured in Prague, Chopin felt no inclination to give a concert, as he was advised to do. A letter in which he describes his Prague experiences reveals to us one of his weaknesses—one, however, which he has in common with many men of genius. A propos of his bursting into a wrong bedroom he says: "I am absent-minded, you know."

After three pleasant days at Prague the quatrefoil of friends betook themselves again to the road, and wended their way to Teplitz, where they arrived the same evening, and stopped two nights and one day. Here they fell in with many Poles, by one of whom, Louis Lempicki, Chopin was introduced to Prince Clary and his family, in whose castle he spent an evening in very aristocratic society. Among the guests were an Austrian prince, an Austrian and a Saxon general, a captain of the English navy, and several dandies whom Chopin suspected to be Austrian princes or counts. After tea he was asked by the mother of the Princess Clary, Countess Chotek, to play something. Chopin at once went to the piano,

and invited those present to give him a theme to improvise upon.

> *Hereupon [he relates] I heard the ladies, who h*
> *near a table, whisper to each other: "Un theme,*
> *Three young princesses consulted together and a*
> *to Mr. Fritsche, the tutor of Prince Clary's or*
> *with the approbation of all present, said to me*
> *principal theme of Rossini's 'Moses'." I improv*
> *appears, very successfully, for General Leiser*
> *Saxon general] afterwards conversed with me for*
> *and when he heard that I intended to go to Dres*
> *at once to Baron von Friesen as follows: "Monsi*
> *Chopin est recommande de la part du General Lei*
> *le Baron de Friesen, Maitre de Ceremonie de S.M*
> *Saxe, pour lui etre utile pendant son sejour a*
> *lui procurer la connaissance de plusieurs de no*
> *And he added, in German: "Herr Chopin is himsel*
> *most excellent pianists whom I know."*

In short, Chopin was made much of; had to play four times, received an invitation to dine at the castle the following day, &c., &c. That our friend, in spite of all these charming prospects, leaving behind him three lovely princesses, and who knows what other aristocratic amenities, rolled off the very next morning at five o'clock in a vehicle hired at the low price of two thalers—i.e., six shillings—must be called either a feat of superhuman heroism or an instance of barbarous insensibility—let the reader decide which. Chopin's visit to Teplitz was not part of his original plan, but the state of his finances was so good that he could allow himself some extravagances. Everything delighted him at Teplitz, and, short as his stay was, he did the sight-seeing thoroughly—we have his own word for it that he saw everything worth seeing, among the rest Dux, the

castle of the Waldsteins, with relics of their ancestor Albrecht Waldstein, or Wallenstein.

Leaving Teplitz on the morning of August 26, he arrived in the evening of the same day in Dresden in good health and good humour. About this visit to Dresden little is to be said. Chopin had no intention of playing in public, and did nothing but look about him, admiring nature in Saxon Switzerland, and art in the "magnificent" gallery. He went to the theatre where Goethe's Faust (the first part), adapted by Tieck, was for the first time produced on the stage, Carl Devrient impersonating the principal part. "An awful but grand imagination! In the entr'actes portions from Spohr's opera "Faust" were performed. They celebrated today Goethe's eightieth birthday." It must be admitted that the master-work is dealt with rather laconically, but Chopin never indulges in long aesthetical discussions. On the following Saturday Meyerbeer's "Il Crociato" was to be performed by the Italian Opera—for at that time there was still an Italian Opera in Dresden. Chopin, however, did not stay long enough to hear it, nor did he very much regret missing it, having heard the work already in Vienna. Although Baron von Friesen received our friend most politely, he seems to have been of no assistance to him. Chopin fared better with his letter of introduction to Capellmeister Morlacchi, who returned the visit paid him and made himself serviceable. And now mark this touch of boyish vanity: "Tomorrow morning I expect Morlacchi, and I shall go with him to Miss Pechwell's. That is to say, I do not go to him, but he comes to me. Yes, yes, yes!" Miss Pechwell was a pupil of Klengel's, and the latter had asked Morlacchi to introduce Chopin to her. She seems to have been not only a technically skilful, fine-feeling, and thoughtful musician, but also in

other respects a highly-cultivated person. Klengel called her the best pianist in Dresden. She died young, at the age of 35, having some time previously changed her maiden name for that of Madame Pesadori. We shall meet her again in the course of this biography.

Of the rest of Chopin's journey nothing is known except that it led him to Breslau, but when he reached and left it, and what he did there, are open questions, and not worth troubling about. So much, however, is certain, that on September 12, 1829, he was settled again in his native city, as is proved by a letter bearing that date.

CHAPTER VIII

THE WORKS OF CHOPIN'S FIRST PERIOD.

The only works of Chopin we have as yet discussed are—if we leave out of account the compositions which the master neither published himself nor wished to be published by anybody else—the "Premier Rondeau," Op. 1, the "Rondeau a la Mazur," Op. 5, and "Variations sur un air allemand" (see Chapter III). We must retrace our steps as far back as 1827, and briefly survey the composer's achievements up to the spring of 1829, when a new element enters into his life and influences his artistic work. It will be best to begin with a chronological enumeration of those of Chopin's compositions of the time indicated that have come down to us. In 1827

came into existence or were finished: a Mazurka (Op. 68, No. 2), a Polonaise (Op. 71, No. 1), and a Nocturne (Op. 72); in 1828, "La ci darem la mano, varie" for piano and orchestra (Op. 2), a Polonaise (Op. 71, No. 2), a Rondo for two pianos (Op. 73), a Sonata (Op. 4), a Fantasia on Polish airs for piano and orchestra (Op. 13), a Krakowiak, "Grand Rondeau de Concert," likewise for piano and orchestra (Op. 14), and a Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello (Op. 8); in 1829, a Polonaise (Op. 71, No. 3), a Waltz (Op. 69, No. 2), another Waltz (in E major, without opus number), and a Funeral March (Op. 726). I will not too confidently assert that every one of the last four works was composed in the spring or early summer of 1829; but whether they were or were not, they may be properly ranged with those previously mentioned of 1827 and 1828. The works that bear a higher opus number than 65 were published after the composer's death by Fontana. The Waltz without opus number and the Sonata, Op. 4, are likewise posthumous publications.

The works enumerated above may be divided into three groups, the first of which comprises the Sonata, the Trio, and the Rondo for two pianos.

The Sonata (in C minor) for piano, Op. 4, of which Chopin wrote as early as September 9, 1828, that it had been for some time in the hands of Haslinger at Vienna, was kept by this publisher in manuscript till after the composer's death, being published only in July, 1851. "As a pupil of his I dedicated it to Elsner," says Chopin. It is indeed a pupil's work—an exercise, and not a very successful one. The exigencies of the form overburdened the composer and crushed all individuality out of him. Nowhere is Chopin so little himself, we may even say so unlike himself. The distribution of keys and the character of the themes

show that the importance of contrast in the construction of larger works was still unsuspected by him. The two middle movements, a Menuetto and a Larghetto—although in the latter the self-imposed fetters of the 5-4 time prevent the composer from feeling quite at his ease—are more attractive than the rest. In them are discernible an approach to freedom and something like a breath of life, whereas in the first and the last movement there is almost nothing but painful labour and dull monotony. The most curious thing, however, about this work is the lumbering passage-writing of our graceful, light-winged Chopin.

Infinitely superior to the Sonata is the Trio for piano, violin, and violoncello, Op. 8, dedicated to Prince Anton Radziwill, which was published in March, 1833. It was begun early in 1828, was "not yet finished" on September 9, and "not yet quite finished" on December 27 of that year. Chopin tried the first movement in the summer of 1828, and we may assume that, a few details and improvements excepted, the whole was completed at the beginning of 1829. A considerable time, however, elapsed before the composer declared it ready for the press. On August 31, 1830, he writes:—

> *I tried the Trio last Sunday and was satisfied perhaps because I had not heard it for a long t you will say, "What a happy man!" Something occ hearing it—namely, that it would be better to e instead of the violin, for with the violin the dominates most, whilst in my Trio it is hardly viola would stand in a more proper relation to violoncello. Then the Trio will be ready for th*

The composer did not make the intended

alteration, and in this he was well advised. For his remarks betray little insight; what preciousness they possess they owe for the most part to the scarcity of similar discussions of craftsmanship in his letters. From the above dates we see that the composer bestowed much time, care, and thought upon the work. Indeed, there can be no doubt that as regards conventional handling of the sonata-form Chopin has in no instance been more successful. Were we to look upon this work as an exercise, we should have to pronounce it a most excellent one. But the ideal content, which is always estimable and often truly beautiful as well as original, raises it high above the status of an exercise. The fundamental fault of the Trio lies in this, that the composer tried to fill a given form with ideas, and to some extent failed to do so—the working-out sections especially testify to the correctness of this opinion. That the notion of regarding form as a vessel—a notion oftener acted upon than openly professed—is a mischievous one will hardly be denied, and if it were denied, we could not here discuss so wide a question as that of "What is form?" The comparatively ineffective treatment of the violin and violoncello also lays the composer open to censure. Notwithstanding its weaknesses the work was received with favour by the critics, the most pronounced conservatives not excepted. That the latter gave more praise to it than to Chopin's previously-published compositions is a significant fact, and may be easily accounted for by the less vigorous originality and less exclusive individuality of the Trio, which, although superior in these respects to the Sonata, Op. 4, does not equal the composer's works written in simpler forms. Even the most hostile of Chopin's critics, Rellstab, the editor of the Berlin musical journal Iris, admits—

after censuring the composer's excessive striving after originality, and the unnecessarily difficult pianoforte passages with their progressions of intervals alike repellent to hand and ear—that this is "on the whole a praiseworthy work, which, in spite of some excursions into deviating bye-paths, strikes out in a better direction than the usual productions of the modern composers" (1833, No. 21). The editor of the Leipzig "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," a journal which Schumann characterises as "a sleepy place," is as eulogistic as the most rabid Chopin admirer could wish. Having spoken of the "talented young man" as being on the one hand under the influence of Field, and on the other under that of Beethoven, he remarks:—

> *In the Trio everything is new: the school, whic*
> *romantic; the art of pianoforte-playing, the ir*
> *the originality, or rather the genius—which, ir*
> *expression of a passion, unites, mingles, and a*
> *strangely with that amiable tenderness [Innigke*
> *shifting image of the passion hardly leaves the*
> *time to seize it firmly and securely, as he wou*
> *even the position of the phrases is unusual. Al*
> *however, would be ambiguous praise did not the*
> *is both old and new, breathe through the new fo*
> *a soul.*

I place these criticisms before the reader as historical documents, not as final decisions and examples of judicial wisdom. In fact, I accept neither the strictures of the one nor the sublimifications of the other, although the confident self-assertion of the former and the mystic vagueness of the latter ought, according to use and wont, to carry the weight of authority with them. Schumann, the Chopin champion par excellence, saw clearer, and, writing

three years later (1836), said that the Trio belonged to Chopin's earlier period when the composer still allowed the virtuoso some privileges. Although I cannot go so far as this too admiring and too indulgent critic, and describe the work as being "as noble as possible, more full of enthusiasm than the work of any other poet [so schwarmerisch wie noch kein Dichter gesungen], original in its smallest details, and, as a whole, every note music and life," I think that it has enough of nobility, enthusiasm, originality, music, and life, to deserve more attention than it has hitherto obtained.

Few classifications can at one and the same time lay claim to the highest possible degree of convenience—the raison d'etre of classifications—and strict accuracy. The third item of my first group, for instance, might more properly be said to stand somewhere between this and the second group, partaking somewhat of the nature of both. The Rondo, Op. 73, was not originally written for two pianos. Chopin wrote on September 9, 1828, that he had thus rearranged it during a stay at Strzyzewo in the summer of that year. At that time he was pretty well pleased with the piece, and a month afterwards talked of playing it with his friend Fontana at the Ressource. Subsequently he must have changed his opinion, for the Rondo did not become known to the world at large till it was published posthumously. Granting certain prettinesses, an unusual dash and vigour, and some points of interest in the working-out, there remains the fact that the stunted melodies signify little and the too luxuriant passage-work signifies less, neither the former nor the latter possessing much of the charm that distinguishes them in the composer's later works. The original in this piece is confined to the passage-work, and has

not yet got out of the rudimentary stage. Hence, although the Rondo may not be unworthy of finding occasionally a place in a programme of a social gathering with musical accompaniments and even of a non-classical concert, it will disappoint those who come to it with their expectations raised by Chopin's chefs-d'oeuvre, where all is poetry and exquisiteness of style.

The second group contains Chopin's concert-pieces, all of which have orchestral accompaniments. They are: (1) "La ci darem la mano, varie pour le piano," Op. 2; (2) "Grande Fantaisie sur des airs polonais," Op. 13; (3) "Krakowiak, Grande Rondeau de Concert," Op. 14. Of these three the first, which is dedicated to Titus Woyciechowski, has become the most famous, not, however, on account of its greater intrinsic value, but partly because the orchestral accompaniments can be most easily dispensed with, and more especially because Schumann has immortalised it by—what shall I call it?—a poetic prose rhapsody. As previously stated, the work had already in September, 1828, been for some time at Vienna in the hands of Haslinger; it was probably commenced as far back as 1827, but it did not appear in print till 1830. [FOOTNOTE: It appeared in a serial publication entitled Odeon, which was described on the title-page as: Ausgewahlte grosse Concertstucke fur verschiedene Instrumente (Selected Grand Concert-Pieces for different instruments).] On April 10 of that year Chopin writes that he expects it impatiently. The appearance of these Variations, the first work of Chopin published outside his own country, created a sensation. Of the impression which he produced with it on the Viennese in 1829 enough has been said in the preceding chapter. The Allgemeine musikalische

Zeitung received no less than three reviews of it, two of them—that of Schumann and one by "an old musician"—were accepted and inserted in the same number of the paper (1831, Vol. xxxiii., No. 49); the third, by Friedrich Wieck, which was rejected, found its way in the following year into the musical journal Caecilia. Schumann's enthusiastic effusion was a prophecy rather than a criticism. But although we may fail to distinguish in Chopin's composition the flirting of the grandee Don Juan with the peasant-girl Zerlina, the curses of the duped lover Masetto, and the jeers and laughter of the knavish attendant Leporello, which Schumann thought he recognised, we all obey most readily and reverently his injunction, "Hats off, gentlemen: a genius!" In these words lies, indeed, the merit of Schumann's review as a criticism. Wieck felt and expressed nearly the same, only he felt it less passionately and expressed it in the customary critical style. The "old musician," on the other hand, is pedantically censorious, and the redoubtable Rellstab (in the Iris) mercilessly condemnatory. Still, these two conservative critics, blinded as they were by the force of habit to the excellences of the rising star, saw what their progressive brethren overlooked in the ardour of their admiration—namely, the super-abundance of ornament and figuration. There is a grain of truth in the rather strong statement of Rellstab that the composer "runs down the theme with roulades, and throttles and hangs it with chains of shakes." What, however, Rellstab and the "old musician"—for he, too, exclaims, "nothing but bravura and figuration!"—did not see, but what must be patent to every candid and unprejudiced observer, are the originality, piquancy, and grace of these fioriture, roulades, &c., which, indeed, are unlike anything

that was ever heard or seen before Chopin's time. I say "seen," for the configurations in the notation of this piece are so different from those of the works of any other composer that even an unmusical person could distinguish them from all the rest; and there is none of the timid groping, the awkward stumbling of the tyro. On the contrary, the composer presents himself with an ease and boldness which cannot but command admiration. The reader will remember what the Viennese critic said about Chopin's "aim"; that it was not to dazzle by the superficial means of the virtuoso, but to impress by the more legitimate ones of the genuine musician. This is true if we compare the Chopin of that day with his fellow-virtuosos Kalkbrenner, Herz, &c.; but if we compare him with his later self, or with Mozart, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, Schumann, &c., the case is different. Indeed, there can be no doubt but that in this and the other pieces of this group, Chopin's aim was that of the virtuoso, only his nature was too rich, too noble, to sink into the inanity of an insipid, conventional brilliancy. Moreover, whilst maintaining that in the works specified language outruns in youthful exuberance thought and emotion, I hasten to add that there are premonitory signs—for instance, in the Op. 2 under discussion, more especially in the introduction, the fifth variation, and the Finale—of what as yet lies latent in the master's undeveloped creative power.

The Grande Fantaisie sur des airs polonais (A major) for the pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 13, dedicated to J. P. Pixis, and published in April, 1834, and the Krakowiak, Grand Rondeau de Concert (F major) for the pianoforte and orchestra, Op. 14, dedicated to the Princesse Adam Czartoryska, and published in June, 1834, are the most overtly Polish

works of Chopin. Of the composition of the former, which, according to Karasowski, was sketched in 1828, the composer's letters give no information; but they contain some remarks concerning the latter. We learn that the score of the Krakowiak was finished by December 27, 1828, and find the introduction described as having "as funny an appearance as himself in his pilot-cloth overcoat." In the Fantasia the composer introduces and variates a Polish popular song (Juz miesiac zaszedl), and an air by the Polish composer Kurpinski, and concludes with a Kujawiak, a dance of the mazurka species, in 3-4 time, which derives its name from the district called Kujawia. In connection with this composition I must not omit to mention that the first variation on the Polish popular song contains the germ of the charming Berceuse (Op. 57). The Rondo, Op. 14, has the character of a Krakowiak, a dance in 2-4 time which originated in Cracovia. In no other compositions of the master do the national elements show themselves in the same degree of crudity; indeed, after this he never incorporates national airs and imitates so closely national dances. Chopin remains a true Pole to the end of his days, and his love of and attachment to everything Polish increase with the time of absence from his native country. But as the composer grows in maturity, he subjects the raw material to a more and more thorough process of refinement and development before he considers it fit for artistic purposes; the popular dances are spiritualised, the national characteristics and their corresponding musical idioms are subtilised and individualised. I do not agree with those critics who think it is owing to the strongly-marked, exclusive Polish national character that these two works have gained so little sympathy in the musical world; there

are artistic reasons that account for the neglect, which is indeed so great that I do not remember having heard or read of any virtuoso performing either of these pieces in public till a few years ago, when Chopin's talented countrywoman Mdlle. Janotha ventured on a revival of the Fantasia, without, however, receiving, in spite of her finished rendering, much encouragement. The works, as wholes, are not altogether satisfactory in the matter of form, and appear somewhat patchy. This is especially the case in the Fantasia, where the connection of parts is anything but masterly. Then the arabesk-element predominates again quite unduly. Rellstab discusses the Fantasia with his usual obtuseness, but points out correctly that Chopin gives only here and there a few bars of melody, and never a longer melodic strain. The best parts of the works, those that contain the greatest amount of music, are certainly the exceedingly spirited Kujawiak and Krakowiak. The unrestrained merriment that reigns in the latter justifies, or, if it does not justify, disposes us to forgive much. Indeed, the Rondo may be said to overflow with joyousness; now the notes run at random hither and thither, now tumble about head over heels, now surge in bold arpeggios, now skip from octave to octave, now trip along in chromatics, now vent their gamesomeness in the most extravagant capers.

The orchestral accompaniments, which in the Variations, Op. 2, are of very little account, show in every one of the three works of this group an inaptitude in writing for any other instrument than the piano that is quite surprising considering the great musical endowments of Chopin in other respects. I shall not dwell on this subject now, as we shall have to consider it when we come to the

composer's concertos.

The fundamental characteristics of Chopin's style—the loose-textured, wide-meshed chords and arpeggios, the serpentine movements, the bold leaps—are exaggerated in the works of this group, and in their exaggeration become grotesque, and not unfrequently ineffective. These works show us, indeed, the composer's style in a state of fermentation; it has still to pass through a clearing process, in which some of its elements will be secreted and others undergo a greater or less change. We, who judge Chopin by his best works, are apt to condemn too precipitately the adverse critics of his early compositions. But the consideration of the luxuriance and extravagance of the passage-work which distinguish them from the master's maturer creations ought to caution us and moderate our wrath. Nay more, it may even lead us to acknowledge, however reluctantly, that amidst the loud braying of Rellstab there occurred occasionally utterances that were by no means devoid of articulation and sense. Take, for instance, this—I do not remember just now a propos of which composition, but it is very appropriate to those we are now discussing:—"The whole striving of the composer must be regarded as an aberration, based on decided talent, we admit, but nevertheless an aberration." You see the most hostile of Chopin's critics does not deny his talent; indeed, Rellstab sometimes, especially subsequently, speaks quite patronisingly about him. I shall take this opportunity to contradict the current notion that Chopin had just cause to complain of backwardness in the recognition of his genius, and even of malicious attacks on his rising reputation. The truth of this is already partly disproved by the foregoing, and it will

be fully so by the sequel.

The pieces which I have formed into a third group show us the composer free from the fetters that ambition and other preoccupations impose. Besides Chopin's peculiar handling we find in them more of his peculiar sentiment. If the works of the first group were interesting as illustrating the development of the student, those of the second group that of the virtuoso, and those of both that of the craftsman, the works of the third group furnish us most valuable documents for the history of the man and poet. The foremost in importance of the pieces comprised in this group are no doubt the three polonaises, composed respectively in the years 1827, 1828, and 1829. The bravura character is still prominent, but, instead of ruling supreme, it becomes in every successive work more and more subordinate to thought and emotion. These polonaises, although thoroughly Chopinesque, nevertheless differ very much from his later ones, those published by himself, which are generally more compact and fuller of poetry. Moreover, I imagine I can see in several passages the influence of Weber, whose Polonaise in E flat minor, Polacca in E major, Sonata in A flat major, and Invitation a la Valse (to mention a few apposite instances), respectively published in 1810, 1819, 1816, and 1821, may be supposed to have been known to Chopin. These reminiscences, if such they are, do not detract much from the originality of the compositions; indeed, that a youth of eighteen should have attained such a strongly-developed individuality as the D minor Polonaise exhibits, is truly wonderful.

The Nocturne of the year 1827 (Op. 72, No. 1, E minor) is probably the poorest of the early compositions, but excites one's curiosity as the first

specimen of the kind by the incomparable composer of nocturnes. Do not misunderstand me, however, and imagine that I wish to exalt Chopin at the expense of another great musician. Field has the glory not only of having originated the genre, but also of having produced examples that have as yet lost nothing, or very little, of their vitality. His nocturnes are, indeed, a rich treasure, which, undeservedly neglected by the present generation, cannot be superseded by those of his illustrious, and now favoured successor. On the other hand, although Field's priority and influence on Chopin must be admitted, the unprejudiced cannot but perceive that the latter is no imitator. Even where, as for instance in Op. 9, Nos. 1 and 2, the mejody or the form of the accompaniment shows a distinct reminiscence of Field, such is the case only for a few notes, and the next moment Chopin is what nobody else could be. To watch a great man's growth, to trace a master's noble achievements from their humble beginnings, has a charm for most minds. I, therefore, need not fear the reader's displeasure if I direct his attention to some points, notable on this account—in this case to the wide-meshed chords and light-winged flights of notes, and the foreshadowing of the Coda of Op. 9.

Of 1827 we have also a Mazurka in A minor, Op. 68, No. 2. It is simple and rustic, and at the same time graceful. The trio (poco piu mosso), the more original portion of the Mazurka, reappears in a slightly altered form in later mazurkas. It is these foreshadowings of future beauties, that make these early works so interesting. The above-mentioned three polonaises are full of phrases, harmonic, progressions, &c., which are subsequently reutilised in a. purer, more emphatic, more developed, more epigrammatic, or otherwise more perfect form. We

notice the same in the waltzes which remain yet to be discussed here.

Whether these Waltzes (in B minor, Op. 69, No. 2; and in E major, without opus number) were really written in the early part of 1829, or later on in the year, need not be too curiously inquired into. As I have already remarked, they may certainly be classed along with the above-discussed works. The first is the more interesting of them. In both we meet with passages that point to more perfect specimens of the kind—for instance, certain rhythmical motives, melodic inflections, and harmonic progressions, to the familiar Waltzes in E flat major (Op. 18) and in A flat major (Op. 34, No. 1); and the D major portion of the Waltz in B minor, to the C major part of the Waltz in A minor (Op. 34, No. 2). This concludes our survey of the compositions of Chopin's first period.

In the legacy of a less rich man, the Funeral March in C minor, Op. 72b, composed (according to Fontana) in 1829, [FOOTNOTE: In Breitkopf and Hartel's Gesammtausgabe of Chopin's works will be found 1826 instead of 1829. This, however, is a misprint, not a correction.]would be a notable item; in that of Chopin it counts for little. Whatever the shortcomings of this composition are, the quiet simplicity and sweet melancholy which pervade it must touch the hearer. But the master stands in his own. light; the famous Funeral March in B flat minor, from the Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35, composed about ten years later, eclipses the more modest one in C minor. Beside the former, with its sublime force and fervency of passion and imposing mastery of the resources of the art, the latter sinks into weak insignificance, indeed, appears a mere puerility. Let us note in the earlier work the

anticipation, (bar 12) of a motive of the chef-d'ceuvre (bar 7), and reminiscences of the Funeral March from Beethoven's. Sonata in A flat major, Op. 26.

CHAPTER IX.

CHOPIN'S FIRST LOVE.—FRIENDSHIP WITH TITUS WOYCIECHOWSKI.—LIFE IN WARSAW AFTER RETURNING FROM VIENNA.—VISIT TO PRINCE RADZIWILL AT ANTONIN (OCTOBER, 1829).—NEW COMPOSITIONS.—GIVES TWO CONCERTS.

IN the preceding chapter I alluded to a new element that entered into the life of Chopin and influenced his artistic work. The following words, addressed by the young composer on October 3, 1829, to his friend Titus Woyciechowski, will explain what kind of element it was and when it began to make itself felt:—

> *Do not imagine that [when I speak of the advant*
> *desirability of a stay in Vienua] I am thinkinc*
> *Blahetka, of whom I have written to you; I have*
> *my misfortune—already found my ideal, which I w*
> *faithfully and sincerely. Six months have elaps*
> *not yet exchanged a syllable with her of whom I*
> *night. Whilst my thoughts were with her I compc*
> *of my Concerto, and early this morning she insp*
> *which I send along with this letter.*

The influence of the tender passion on the development of heart and mind cannot be rated too highly; it is in nine out of ten, if not in ninety-nine

out of a hundred cases that which transforms the rhymer into a poet, the artificer into an artist. Chopin confesses his indebtedness to Constantia, Schumann his to Clara. But who could recount all the happy and hapless loves that have made poets? Countless is the number of those recorded in histories, biographies, and anecdotes; greater still the number of those buried in literature and art, the graves whence they rise again as flowers, matchless in beauty, unfading, and of sweetest perfume. Love is indeed the sun that by its warmth unfolds the multitudinous possibilities that lie hidden, often unsuspected, in the depths of the human soul. It was, then, according to Chopin, about April, 1829, that the mighty power began to stir within him; and the correspondence of the following two years shows us most strikingly how it takes hold of him with an ever-increasing firmness of grasp, and shakes the whole fabric of his delicate organisation with fearful violence. The object of Chopin's passion, the being whom he worshipped and in whom he saw the realisation of his ideal of womanhood, was Constantia Gladkowska, a pupil at the Warsaw Conservatorium, of whom the reader will learn more in the course of this and the next chapter.

What reveals perhaps more distinctly than anything else Chopin's idiosyncrasy is his friendship for Titus Woyciechowski. At any rate, it is no exaggeration to say that a knowledge of the nature of Chopin's two passions, his love and his friendship—for this, too, was a passion with him—gives into our hands a key that unlocks all the secrets of his character, of his life, and of their outcome—his artistic work. Nay more, with a full comprehension of, and insight into, these passions we can foresee the sufferings and disappointments which he is fated

to endure. Chopin's friendship was not a common one; it was truly and in the highest degree romantic. To the sturdy Briton and gay Frenchman it must be incomprehensible, and the German of four or five generations ago would have understood it better than his descendant of to-day is likely to do. If we look for examples of such friendship in literature, we find the type nowhere so perfect as in the works of Jean Paul Richter. Indeed, there are many passages in the letters of the Polish composer that read like extracts from the German author: they remind us of the sentimental and other transcendentalisms of Siebenkas, Leibgeber, Walt, Vult, and others. There was somethine in Chopin's warm, tender, effusive friendship that may be best characterised by the word "feminine." Moreover, it was so exacting, or rather so covetous and jealous, that he had often occasion to chide, gently of course, the less caressing and enthusiastic Titus. Let me give some instances.

December 27th, 1828.—If I scribble to-day agair nonsense, I do so only in order to remind you t much locked in my heart as ever, and that I am I was. You do not like to be kissed; but to-day permit me to do so.

The question of kissing is frequently brought up.

September 12th, 1829.—I embrace you heartily, a on your lips if you will permit me.

October 20th, 1829.—I embrace you heartily—many writes this at the end ol his letter, but most with little thought of what they are writing. I believe me, my dearest friend, that I do so sir truly as my name is Fred.

September 4th, 1830.—Time passes, I must wash n
not kiss me now...but you would not kiss me in
if I anointed myself with Byzantine oils—unless
to do so by magnetic means.

Did we not know the writer and the person addressed, one might imagine that the two next extracts were written by a lover to his mistress or vice versa.

November 14th, 1829.—You, my dearest one, do nc
portrait. Believe me I am always with you, and
forget you till the end of my life.

May 15th, 1830.—You have no idea how much I lov
only could prove it to you! What would I not gi
once again right heartily embrace you!

One day he expresses the wish that he and his friend should travel together. But this was too commonplace a sentiment not to be refined upon. Accordingly we read in a subsequent letter as follows:—

September 18th, 1830.—I should not like to trav
for I look forward with the greatest delight to
when we shall meet abroad and embrace each othe
worth more than a thousand monotonous days pass
the journey.

From another passage in one of these letters we ge
influence Titus Woyciechowski exercised on his fri

April 10, 1830.—Your advice is good. I have alr
some invitations for the evening, as if I had h
presentiment of it—for I think of you in almost
undertake. I do not know whether it comes from
learned from you how to feel and perceive; but
anything I should much like to know whether it

and I believe that my second Concerto (E minor)
value for me until you have heard it and approv

I quoted the above passage to show how Chopin felt that this friendship had been a kind of education to him, and how he valued his friend's opinion of his compositions—he is always anxious to make Titus acquainted with anything new he may have composed. But in this passage there is another very characteristic touch, and it may easily be overlooked, or at least may not receive the attention which it deserves—I allude to what Chopin says of having had "a presentiment." In superstitiousness he is a true child of his country, and all the enlightenment of France did not succeed in weaning him from his belief in dreams, presentiments, good and evil days, lucky and unlucky numbers, &c. This is another romantic feature in the character of the composer; a dangerous one in the pursuit of science, but advantageous rather than otherwise in the pursuit of art. Later on I shall have to return to this subject and relate some anecdotes, here I shall confine myself to quoting a short passage from one of his early letters.

April 17, 1830.—If you are in Warsaw during the
the Diet, you will come to my concert—I have so
a presentiment, and when I also dream it, I sha
believe it.

And now, after these introductory explanations, we will begin the chapter in right earnest by taking up the thread of the story where we left it. On his return to Warsaw Chopin was kept in a state of mental excitement by the criticisms on his Vienna performances that appeared in German papers. He does not weary of telling his friend about them, transcribing portions of them, and complaining of

Polish papers which had misrepresented the drift and mistranslated the words of them. I do not wonder at the incorrectness of the Polish reports, for some of these criticisms are written in as uncouth, confused, and vague German as I ever had the misfortune to turn into English. One cannot help thinking, in reading what Chopin says with regard to these matters, that he showed far too much concern about the utterances of the press, and far too much sensitiveness under the infliction of even the slightest strictures. That, however, the young composer was soon engaged on new works may be gathered from the passage (Oct. 3, 1829), quoted at the commencement of this chapter, in which he speaks of the Adagio of a concerto, and a waltz, written whilst his thoughts were with his ideal. These compositions were the second movement of the F minor Concerto and the Waltz, Op. 70, No. 3. But more of this when we come to discuss the works which Chopin produced in the years 1829 and 1830.

One of the most important of the items which made up our friend's musical life at this time was the weekly musical meetings at the house of Kessler, the pianist-composer characterised in Chapter X. There all the best artists of Warsaw assembled, and the executants had to play prima vista whatever was placed before them. Of works performed at two of these Friday evening meetings, we find mentioned Spohr's Octet, described by Chopin as "a wonderful work"; Ries's Concerto in C sharp minor (played with quartet accompaniment), Hummel's Trio in E major, Prince Louis Ferdinand of Prussia's Quartet, and Beethoven's last Trio, which, Chopin says, he could not but admire for its magnificence and grandeur. To Brzezina's music-shop he paid a visit every day, without finding there, however, anything new,

except a Concerto by Pixis, which made no great impression upon him. That Chopin was little satisfied with his situation may be gathered from the following remarks of his:—

You cannot imagine how sad Warsaw is to me; if
happy in my home circle I should not like to li
how bitter it is to have no one with whom one c
and sorrow; oh, how dreadful to feel one's hear
and to be unable to express one's complaints to
soul! You know full well what I mean. How often
piano all that I should like to impart to you!

Of course the reader, who is in the secret, knows as well as Titus knew, to whom the letter was addressed, that Chopin alludes to his love. Let us mark the words in the concluding sentence about the conversations with his piano. Chopin was continually occupied with plans for going abroad. In October, 1829, he writes that, wherever fate may lead him, he is determined not to spend the winter in Warsaw. Nevertheless, more than a year passed away before he said farewell to his native city. He himself wished to go to Vienna, his father seems to have been in favour of Berlin. Prince Radziwill and his wife had kindly invited him to come to the Prussian capital, and offered him apartments in their palais. But Chopin was unable to see what advantages he could derive from a stay in Berlin. Moreover, unlike his father, he believed that this invitation was no more than "de belles paroles." By the way, these remarks of Chopin's furnish a strong proof that the Prince was not his patron and benefactor, as Liszt and others have maintained. While speaking of his fixed intention to go somewhere, and of the Prince's invitation, Chopin suddenly exclaims with truly Chopinesque indecision and capriciousness:—

But what is the good of it all? Seeing that I h
many new works, perhaps the wisest thing I can
here.

Leaving this question undecided, he undertook in October, 1829, a journey to Posen, starting on the 20th of that month. An invitation from Prince Radziwill was the inducement that led him to quit the paternal roof so soon after his return to it. His intention was to remain only a fortnight from home, and to visit his friends, the Wiesiolowskis, on the way to Antonin. Chopin enjoyed himself greatly at the latter place. The wife of the Prince, a courteous and kindly lady, who did not gauge a man's merits by his descent, found the way to the heart of the composer by wishing to hear every day and to possess as soon as possible his Polonaise in F minor (Op. 71, No. 3). The young Princesses, her daughters, had charms besides those of their beauty. One of them played the piano with genuine musical feeling.

I have written [reports Chopin to his friend Ti
November 14, 1829] during my visit at Prince Ra
Alla Polacca with violoncello. It is nothing mo
brilliant salon piece, such as pleases ladies.
Princess Wanda to practise it, so that it might
I had taught her. She is only seventeen years o
beautiful; it would be delightful to have the p
placing her pretty fingers on the keys. But, jo
her soul is endowed with true musical feeling,
not need to tell her whether she is to play cre
or pianissimo.

According to Liszt, Chopin fondly remembered his visits to Antonin, and told many an anecdote in connection with them.

The Princess Elisa, one of the daughters of Pri
who died in the first bloom of her life, left h
the sweet image of an angel exiled for a short
below.

A passage in the letter of Chopin from which I last quoted throws also a little light on his relation to her.

You wished one of my portraits; if I could only
one of Princess Elisa's, I should certainly hav
she has two portraits of me in her album, and i
these drawings are very good likenesses.

The musical Prince would naturally be attracted by, and take an interest in, the rising genius. What the latter's opinion of his noble friend as a composer was, he tells Titus Woyciechowski at some length. I may here say, once for all, that all the letters from which extracts are given in this chapter are addressed to this latter.

You know how the Prince loves music; he showed
and I found in it some things that are really b
indeed, in part even grandly conceived. In cont
should not at all have credited the Namiestnik
lord-lieutenant] with such music! Among other t
struck by a scene in which Mephistopheles allur
the window by his singing and guitar-playing, w
same time a chorale is heard from the neighbour
This is sure to produce a great effect at a per
mention this only that you may form an idea of
conceptions. He is a great admirer of Gluck. Th
has, in his opinion, significance only in so fa
illustrates the situation and emotion; the over
therefore, has no close, and leads at once into
introduction. The orchestra is placed behind th

always invisible, in order that the attention c
may not be diverted by external, such as the mo
conductor and executants.

Chopin enjoyed himself so much at Antonin that if he had consulted only his pleasure he would have stayed till turned out by his host. But, although he was asked to prolong his visit, he left this "Paradise" and the "two Eves" after a sojourn of eight days. It was his occupations, more especially the F minor Concerto, "impatiently waiting for its Finale," that induced him to practise this self-denial. When Chopin had again taken possession of his study, he no doubt made it his first business, or at least one of the first, to compose the wanting movement, the Rondo, of his Concerto; as, however, there is an interval of more than four months in his extant letters, we hear no more about it till he plays it in public. Before his visit to Antonin (October 20, 1829) he writes to his friend that he has composed "a study in his own manner," and after the visit he mentions having composed "some studies."

Chopin seems to have occasionally played at the Ressource. The reader will remember the composer's intention of playing there with Fontana his Rondo for two pianos. On November 14, 1829, Chopin informs his friend Titus that on the preceding Saturday Kessler performed Hummel's E major Concerto at the Ressource, and that on the following Saturday he himself would perhaps play there, and in the case of his doing so choose for his piece his Variations, Op. 2. Thus composing, playing, and all the time suffering from a certain loneliness—"You cannot imagine how everywhere in Warsaw I now find something wanting! I have nobody with whom I can speak, were it only two words, nobody whom I can really trust"—the day came when he gave his

first concert in his native city. This great event took place on March 17, 1830, and the programme contained the following pieces:—

PART I

1. Overture to the Opera "Leszek Bialy," by Els

2. Allegro from the Concerto in F minor, compos
by F. Chopin.

3. Divertissement for the French horn, composed
Gorner.

4. Adagio and Rondo from the Concerto in F minc
and played by Chopin.

PART II

1. Overture to the Opera "Cecylja Piaseczynska,
Kurpinski.

2. Variations by Paer, sung by Madame Meier.

3. Pot-pourri on national airs, composed and pl
Chopin.

Three days before the concert, which took place in the theatre, neither box nor reserved seat was to be had. But Chopin complains that on the whole it did not make the impression he expected. Only the Adagio and Rondo of his Concerto had a decided success. But let us see the concert-giver's own account of the proceedings.

The first Allegro of the F minor Concerto (not
to all) received indeed the reward of a "Bravo,
believe this was given because the public wishe

it understands and knows how to appreciate seri
There are people enough in all countries who li
the air of connoisseurs! The Adagio and Rondo p
great effect. After these the applause and the
really from the heart; but the Pot-pourri on Po
missed its object entirely. There was indeed so
but evidently only to show the player that the
not been bored.

We now hear again the old complaint that Chopin's playing was too delicate. The opinion of the pit was that he had not played loud enough, whilst those who sat in the gallery or stood in the orchestra seem to have been better satisfied. In one paper, where he got high praise, he was advised to put forth more energy and power in the future; but Chopin thought he knew where this power was to be found, and for the next concert got a Vienna instrument instead of his own Warsaw one. Elsner, too, attributed the indistinctness of the bass passages and the weakness of tone generally to the instrument. The approval of some of the musicians compensated Chopin to some extent for the want of appreciation and intelligence shown by the public at large "Kurpinski thought he discovered that evening new beauties in my Concerto, and Ernemann was fully satisfied with it." Edouard Wolff told me that they had no idea in Warsaw of the real greatness of Chopin. Indeed, how could they? He was too original to be at once fully understood. There are people who imagine that the difficulties of Chopin's music arise from its Polish national characteristics, and that to the Poles themselves it is as easy as their mother-tongue; this, however, is a mistake. In fact, other countries had to teach Poland what is due to Chopin. That the aristocracy of Paris, Polish and native, did not comprehend the whole Chopin, although it may

have appreciated and admired his sweetness, elegance, and exquisiteness, has been remarked by Liszt, an eye and ear-witness and an excellent judge. But his testimony is not needed to convince one of the fact. A subtle poet, be he ever so national, has thoughts and corresponding language beyond the ken of the vulgar, who are to be found in all ranks, high and low. Chopin, imbued as he was with the national spirit, did nevertheless not manifest it in a popularly intelligible form, for in passing through his mind it underwent a process of idealisation and individualisation. It has been repeatedly said that the national predominates over the universal in Chopin's music; it is a still less disputable truth that the individual predominates therein over the national. There are artist-natures whose tendency is to expand and to absorb; others again whose tendency is to contract and to exclude. Chopin is one of the most typical instances of the latter; hence, no wonder that he was not at once fully understood by his countrymen. The great success which Chopin's subsequent concerts in Warsaw obtained does not invalidate E. Wolff's statement, which indeed is confirmed by the composer's own remarks on the taste of the public and its reception of his compositions. Moreover, we shall see that those pieces pleased most in which, as in the Fantasia and Krakowiak, the national raw material was merely more or less artistically dressed up, but not yet digested and assimilated; if the Fantasia left the audience cold at the first concert, this was no doubt owing to the inadequacy of the performance.

No sooner was the first concert over than, with his head still full of it, Chopin set about making preparations for a second, which took place within a week after the first. The programme was as follows:

—

PART I

1. Symphony by Nowakowski.

2. Allegro from the Concerto in F minor, composed and played by Chopin.

3. Air Varie by De Beriot, played by Bielawski.

4. Adagio and Rondo from the Concerto in F minor, composed and played by Chopin.

PART II

1. Rondo Krakowiak, composed and played by Chopin.

2. Aria from "Elena e Malvina" by Soliva, sung by Madame Meier.

3. Improvisation on national airs.

This time the audience, which Chopin describes as having been more numerous than at any other concert, was satisfied. There was no end to the applause, and when he came forward to bow his acknowledgments there were calls of "Give another concert!" The Krakowiak produced an immense effect, and was followed by four volleys of applause. His improvisation on the Polish national air "W miescie dziwne obyczaje" pleased only the people in the dress-circle, although he did not improvise in the way he had intended to do, which would not have been suitable for the audience that was present. From this and another remark, that few of the haute volee had as yet heard him, it appears that the aristocracy, for the most part living on their estates, was not largely represented at the concert. Thinking as he did of the public, he was surprised that the Adagio had found such general favour, and that he heard everywhere the most flattering remarks. He was also told that "every note sounded like a bell,"

and that he had "played much better on the second than on the first instrument." But although Elsner held that Chopin could only be judged after the second concert, and Kurpinski and others expressed their regret that he did not play on the Viennese instrument at the first one, he confesses that he would have preferred playing on his own piano. The success of the concerts may be measured by the following facts: A travelling virtuoso and former pupil of the Paris Conservatoire, Dunst by name, offered in his enthusiasm to treat Chopin with champagne; the day after the second concert a bouquet with a poem was sent to him; his fellow-student Orlowski wrote mazurkas and waltzes on the principal theme of the Concerto, and published them in spite of the horrified composer's request that he should not do so; Brzezina, the musicseller, asked him for his portrait, but, frightened at the prospect of seeing his counterfeit used as a wrapper for butter and cheese, Chopin declined to give it to him; the editor of the "Courier" inserted in his paper a sonnet addressed to Chopin. Pecuniarily the concerts were likewise a success, although the concert-giver was of a different opinion. But then he seems to have had quite prima donna notions about receipts, for he writes very coolly: "From the two concerts I had, after deduction of all expenses, not as much as 5,000 florins (about 125 pounds)." Indeed, he treats this part of the business very cavalierly, and declares that money was no object with him. On the utterances of the papers, which, of course, had their say, Chopin makes some sensible and modest comments.

After my concerts there appeared many criticism
(especially in the "Kuryer Polski") abundant pr
awarded to me, it was nevertheless not too extr

"Official Journal" has also devoted some columr praise; one of its numbers contained, among otl such stupidities—well meant, no doubt—that I wa desperate till I had read the answer in the "Ga which justly takes away what the other papers h exaggeration attributed to me. In this article that the Poles will one day be as proud of me a are of Mozart, which is palpable nonsense. But all, the critic says further: "That if I had fa hands of a pedant or a Rossinist (what a stupic I could not have become what I am." Now, althou nothing, he is right in so far that my performa still less than it actually is if I had not stu Elsner.

Gratifying as the praise of the press no doubt was to Chopin, it became a matter of small account when he thought of his friend's approving sympathy. "One look from you after the concert would have been worth more to me than all the laudations of the critics here." The concerts, however, brought with them annoyances as well as pleasures. While one paper pointed out Chopin's strongly-marked originality, another advised him to hear Rossini, but not to imitate him. Dobrzynski, who expected that his Symphony would be placed on one of the programmes, was angry with Chopin for not doing so; a lady acquaintance took it amiss that a box had not been reserved for her, and so on. What troubled our friend most of all, and put him quite out of spirits, was the publication of the sonnet and of the mazurkas; he was afraid that his enemies would not let this opportunity pass, and attack and ridicule him. "I will no longer read what people may now write about me," he bursts out in a fit of lachrymose querulousness. Although pressed from many sides to give a third concert, Chopin decided to postpone it till shortly before his departure, which, however, was

farther off than he imagined. Nevertheless, he had already made up his mind what to play—namely, the new Concerto (some parts of which had yet to be composed) and, by desire, the Fantasia and the Variations.

CHAPTER X.

1829-1830.

MUSIC IN THE WARSAW SALONS.—MORE ABOUT CHOPIN'S CAUTION.—MUSICAL VISITORS TO THE POLISH CAPITAL: WORLITZER, MDLLE. DE BELLEVILLE, MDLLE. SONTAG, &c.—SOME OF CHOPIN'S ARTISTIC AND OTHER DOINGS; VISIT TO POTURZYN.—HIS LOVE FOR CONSTANTIA GLADKOWSKA.—INTENDED AND FREQUENTLY-POSTPONED DEPARTURE FOR ABROAD; IRRESOLUTION.—THE E MINOR CONCERTO AND HIS THIRD CONCERT IN WARSAW.—DEPARTS AT LAST.

After the turmoil and agitation of the concerts, Chopin resumed the even tenor of his Warsaw life, that is to say, played, composed, and went to parties. Of the latter we get some glimpses in his letters, and they raise in us the suspicion that the salons of Warsaw were not overzealous in the cultivation of the classics. First we have a grand musical soiree at the house of General Filipeus, [F-ootnote: Or Philippeus] the intendant of the Court of the Grand Duke Constantine. There the Swan of Pesaro was

evidently in the ascendant, at any rate, a duet from "Semiramide" and a buffo duet from "Il Turco in Italia" (in this Soliva took a part and Chopin accompanied) were the only items of the musical menu thought worth mentioning by the reporter. A soiree at Lewicki's offers matter of more interest. Chopin, who had drawn up the programme, played Hummel's "La Sentinelle" and his Op. 3, the Polonaise for piano and violoncello composed at Antonin with a subsequently-added introduction; and Prince Galitzin was one of the executants of a quartet of Rode's. Occasionally, however, better works were performed. Some months later, for instance, at the celebration of a gentleman's name-day, Spohr's Quintet for piano, flute, clarinet, horn, and bassoon was played. Chopin's criticism on this work is as usual short:—

> *Wonderfully beautiful, but not quite suitable f*
> *Everything Spohr has written for the piano is v*
> *indeed, sometimes it is impossible to find any*
> *his passages.*

On Easter-day, the great feasting day of the Poles, Chopin was invited to breakfast by the poet Minasowicz. On this occasion he expected to meet Kurpinski; and as in the articles which had appeared in the papers a propos of his concerts the latter and Elsner had been pitted against each other, he wondered what would be the demeanour of his elder fellow-countryman and fellow-composer towards him. Remembering Chopin's repeated injunctions to his parents not to mention to others his remarks on musicians, we may be sure that in this as in every other case Chopin proceeded warily. Here is another striking example of this characteristic and highly-

developed cautiousness. After hearing the young pianist Leskiewicz play at a concert he writes:—

It seems to me that he will become a better pla
Krogulski; but I have not yet dared to express
although I have been often asked to do so.

In the first half of April, 1830, Chopin was so intent on finishing the compositions he had begun that, greatly as he wished to pay his friend Titus Woyciechowski a visit at his country-seat Poturzyn, he determined to stick to his work. The Diet, which had not been convoked for five years, was to meet on the 28th of May. That there would be a great concourse of lords and lordlings and their families and retinues followed as a matter of course. Here, then, was an excellent opportunity for giving a concert. Chopin, who remembered that the haute voice had not yet heard him, did not overlook it. But be it that the Concerto was not finished in time, or that the circumstances proved less favourable than he had expected, he did not carry out his plan. Perhaps the virtuosos poured in too plentifully. In those days the age of artistic vagrancy had not yet come to an end, and virtuosity concerts were still flourishing most vigorously. Blahetka of Vienna, too, had a notion of coming with his daughter to Warsaw and giving some concerts there during the sitting of the Diet. He wrote to Chopin to this effect, and asked his advice. The latter told him that many musicians and amateurs had indeed often expressed a desire to hear Miss Blahetka, but that the expenses of a concert and the many distinguished artists who had arrived or were about to arrive made the enterprise rather hazardous.

Now [says Chopin, the cautious, to his friend] cannot say that I have not sufficiently informe state of things here! It is not unlikely that h should be glad to see them, and would do what I procure a full house for his daughter. I should willingly play with her on two pianos, for you how kindly an interest this German [Mr. Blahetk at Vienna.

Among the artists who came to Warsaw were: the youthful Worlitzer, who, although only sixteen years of age, was already pianist to the King of Prussia; the clever pianist Mdlle. de Belleville, who afterwards became Madame Oury; the great violinist Lipinski, the Polish Paganini; and the celebrated Henrietta Sontag, one of the brightest stars of the time. Chopin's intercourse with these artists and his remarks on them are worth noting: they throw light on his character as a musician and man as well as on theirs. He relates that Worlitzer, a youth of Jewish extraction, and consequently by nature very talented, had called on him and played to him several things famously, especially Moscheles' "Marche d'Alexandre variée." Notwithstanding the admitted excellence of Worlitzer's playing, Chopin adds—not, however, without a "this remains between us two"—that he as yet lacks much to deserve the title of Kammer-Virtuos. Chopin thought more highly of Mdlle. de Belleville, who, he says, "plays the piano beautifully; very airily, very elegantly, and ten times better than Worlitzer." What, we may be sure, in no wise diminished his good opinion of the lady was that she had performed his Variations in Vienna, and could play one of them by heart. To picture the object of Chopin's artistic admiration a little more clearly, let me recall to the reader's memory Schumann's

characterisation of Mdlle. de Belleville and Clara Wieck.

They should not be compared. They are different
different schools. The playing of the Bellevill
technically the finer of the two; Clara's is mo
impassioned. The tone of the Belleville caresse
not penetrate beyond the ear; that of Clara rea
heart. The one is a poetess; the other is poetr

Chopin's warmest admiration and longest comments were, however, reserved for Mdlle. Sontag. Having a little more than a year before her visit to Warsaw secretly married Count Rossi, she made at the time we are speaking of her last artistic tour before retiring, at the zenith of her fame and power, into private life. At least, she thought then it was her last tour; but pecuniary losses and tempting offers induced her in 1849 to reappear in public. In Warsaw she gave a first series of five or six concerts in the course of a week, went then by invitation of the King of Prussia to Fischbach, and from there returned to Warsaw. Her concerts were remarkable for their brevity. She usually sang at them four times, and between her performances the orchestra played some pieces. She dispensed altogether with the assistance of other virtuosos. But Chopin remarks that so great was the impression she made as a vocalist and the interest she inspired as an artist that one required some rest after her singing. Here is what the composer writes to his friend about her (June 5, 1830):—

...It is impossible for me to describe to you h
acquaintance with this "God-sent one" (as some
enthusiasts justly call her) has given me. Prir

introduced me to her, for which I feel greatly
him. Unfortunately, I profited little by her ei
with us, and I saw how she was bored by dull vi
senators, woyewods, castellans, ministers, gene
adjutants, who only sat and stared at her while
talking about quite indifferent things. She rec
very kindly, for she is so very good-natured th
be unamiable to anyone. Yesterday, when she was
on her bonnet previously to going to the rehear
obliged to lock the door of her room, because t
the ante-room could not keep back the large num
callers. I should not have one to her if she ha
me, Radziwill having asked me to write out a sc
has arranged for her. This is an Ukraine popula
("Dumka") with variations. The theme and finale
beautiful, but the middle section does not plea
pleases Mdlle. Sontag even less than me). I hav
some alterations, but it is still good for noth
she leaves after to-day's concert, because I sh
this business, and when Radziwill comes at the
Diet he may perhaps relinquish his variations.

Mdlle. Sontag is not beautiful, but in the high
captivating; she enchants all with her voice, w
not very powerful, but magnificently cultivated
diminuendo is the non plus ultra that can be he
portamento wonderfully fine; her chromatic scal
toward the upper part of her voice, unrivalled.
an aria by Mercadante, very, very beautifully;
by Rode, especially the last roulades, more tha
The variations on the Swiss theme pleased so mu
having several times bowed her acknowledgments
applause, she had to sing them da capo. The sam
happened to her yesterday with the last of Rode
She has, moreover, performed the cavatina from
as well as several arias from "La Gazza ladra"
Freischutz". Well, you will hear for yourself w
difference there is between her erformances and
hitherto heard here. On one occasion was with h
came with the Misses Gladkowska [the idea!] and

had to sing to her his duet which concludes wit
"barbara sorte"—you may perhaps remember it. Mi
remarked to me, in confidence, that both voices
beautiful, but already somewhat worn, and that
must change their method of singing entirely if
wish to run the risk of losing their voices wit
She said, in my presence, to Miss Wolkow that s
much facility and taste, but had une voix trop
invited both ladies in the most friendly manner
more frequently, promising to do all in her pow
teach them her own manner of singing. Is this n
unusual politeness? Nay, I even believe it is c
great that it made upon me the impression of na
a certain naivete; for it is hardly to be belie
human being can be so natural unless it knows a
resources of coquetry. In her neglige Miss Sont
hundred times more beautiful and pleasing than
evening-dress. Nevertheless, those who have not
the morning are charmed with her appearance at
On her return she will give concerts up to the
month; then, as she herself told me, she intend
Petersburg. Therefore, be quick, dear friend, a
once, so that you may not miss more than the fi
she has already given.

From the concluding sentence it would appear that Chopin had talked himself out on the subject; this, however, is not the case, for after imparting some other news he resumes thus:—

But I have not yet told you all about Miss Sont
her rendering some entirely new broderies, with
produces great effect, but not in the same way
Perhaps the cause lies in this, that hers is a
She seems to exhale the perfume of a fresh bouq
over the parterre, and, now caresses, now plays
voice; but she rarely moves to tears. Radziwill
hand, thinks that she sings and acts the last s
Desdemona in Othello in such a manner that nobo

from weeping. To-day I asked her if she would s
sometime this scene in costume (she is said to
excellent actress); she answered me that it was
had often seen tears in the eyes of the audienc
acting excited her too much, and she had resolv
as rarely as possible on the stage. You have bu
if you wish to rest from your rustic cares. Mis
sing you something, and you will awake to life
gather new strength for your labours.

Mdlle. Sontag was indeed a unique artist. In power and fulness of voice, in impassioned expression, in dazzling virtuosity, and in grandeur of style, she might be inferior to Malibran, Catalani, and Pasta; but in clearness and sweetness of voice, in purity of intonation, in airiness, neatness, and elegance of execution, and in exquisiteness of taste, she was unsurpassed. Now, these were qualities particularly congenial to Chopin; he admired them enthusiastically in the eminent vocalist, and appreciated similar qualities in the pleasing pianist Mdlle. de Belleville. Indeed, we shall see in the sequel that unless an artist possessed these qualities Chopin had but little sympathy to bestow upon him. He was, however, not slow to discover in these distinguished lady artists a shortcoming in a direction where he himself was exceedingly strong—namely, in subtlety and intensity of feeling. Chopin's opinion of Mdlle. Sontag coincides on the whole with those of other contemporaries; nevertheless, his account contributes some details which add a page to her biography, and a few touches to her portraiture. It is to be regretted that the arrival of Titus Woyciechowski in Warsaw put for a time an end to Chopin's correspondence with him, otherwise we should, no doubt, have got some more information about Mdlle. Sontag and other artists.

While so many stars were shining, Chopin's light seems to have been under an eclipse. Not only did he not give a concert, but he was even passed over on the occasion of a soiree musicale at court to which all the most distinguished artists then assembled at Warsaw were invited—Mdlle. Sontag, Mdlle. de Belleville, Worlitzer, Kurpinski, &c. "Many were astonished," writes Chopin, "that I was not invited to play, but *I* was not astonished." When the sittings of the Diet and the entertainments that accompanied them came to a close Chopin paid a visit to his friend Titus at Poturzyn, and on his return thence proceeded with his parents to Zelazowa Wola to stay for some time at the Count of Skarbek's. After leaving Poturzyn the picture of his friend's quiet rural life continually rose up in Chopin's mind. A passage in one of his letters which refers to his sojourn there seems to me characteristic of the writer, suggestive of moods consonant with his nocturnes and many cantilene in his other works:—

> *I must confess that I look back to it with grea*
> *feel always a certain longing for your beautifu*
> *seat. The weeping-willow is always present to m*
> *arbaleta! oh, I remember it so fondly! Well, yo*
> *me so much about it that I am punished thereby*
> *sins.*

And has he forgotten his ideal? Oh, no! On the contrary, his passion grows stronger every day. This is proved by his frequent allusions to her whom he never names, and by those words of restless yearning and heart-rending despair that cannot be read without exciting a pitiful sympathy. As before long we shall get better acquainted with the lady and hear more of her—she being on the point of leaving the

comparative privacy of the Conservatorium for the boards that represent the world—it may be as well to study the symptoms of our friend's interesting malady.

The first mention of the ideal we find in the letter dated October 3, 1829, wherein he says that he has been dreaming of her every night for the past six months, and nevertheless has not yet spoken to her. In these circumstances he stood in need of one to whom he might confide his joys and sorrows, and as no friend of flesh and blood was at hand, he often addressed himself to the piano. And now let us proceed with our investigation.

March 27, 1830.—At no time have I missed you so
I have nobody to whom I can open my heart.

April 17, 1830.—In my unbearable longing I feel
soon as I receive a letter from you. To-day thi
more necessary than ever. I should like to chas
thoughts that poison my joyousness; but, in spi
is pleasant to play with them. I don't know mys
want; perhaps I shall be calmer after writing t

Farther on in the same letter he says:—

How often do I take the night for the day, and
the night! How often do I live in a dream and s
the day, worse than if I slept, for I feel alwa
and instead of finding refreshment in this stup
sleep, I vex and torment myself so that I canno
strength.

It may be easily imagined with what interest one so far gone in love watched the debut of Miss Gladkowska as Agnese in Paer's opera of the same name. Of course he sends a full account of the event

to his friend. She looked better on the stage than in the salon; left nothing to be desired in her tragic acting; managed her voice excellently up to the high j sharp and g; shaded in a wonderful manner, and charmed her slave when she sang an aria with harp accompaniment. The success of the lady, however, was not merely in her lover's imagination, it was real; for at the close of the opera the audience overwhelmed her with never-ending applause. Another pupil of the Conservatorium, Miss Wolkow, made her debut about the same time, discussions of the comparative merits of the two ladies, on the choice of the parts in which they were going to appear next, on the intrigues which had been set on foot for or against them, &c., were the order of the day. Chopin discusses all these matters with great earnestness and at considerable length; and, while not at all stingy in his praise of Miss Wolkow, he takes good care that Miss Gladkowska does not come off a loser:—

> *Ernemann is of our opinion [writes Chopin] that*
> *easily be compared to Miss Gladkowska, especial*
> *just intonation and genuine warmth of feeling,*
> *manifests itself fully only on the stage, and c*
> *the audience. Miss Wolkow made several times sl*
> *whereas Miss Gladkowska, although she has only*
> *twice in Agnese, did not allow the least doubtf*
> *pass her lips.*

The warmer applause given to Miss Wolkow did not disturb so staunch a partisan; he put it to the account of Rossini's music which she sang.

When Chopin comes to the end of his account of Miss Gladkowska's first appearance on the stage, he abruptly asks the question: "And what shall I do

now?" and answers forthwith: "I will leave next month; first, however, I must rehearse my Concerto, for the Rondo is now finished." But this resolve is a mere flash of energy, and before we have proceeded far we shall come on words which contrast strangely with what we have read just now. Chopin has been talking about his going abroad ever so long, more especially since his return from Vienna, and will go on talking about it for a long time yet. First he intends to leave Warsaw in the winter of 1829-1830; next he makes up his mind to start in the summer of 1830, the question being only whether he shall go to Berlin or Vienna; then in May, 1830, Berlin is already given up, but the time of his departure remains still to be fixed. After this he is induced by the consideration that the Italian Opera season at Vienna does not begin till September to stay at home during the hot summer months. How he continues to put off the evil day of parting from home and friends we shall see as we go on. I called Chopin's vigorously-expressed resolve a flash of energy. Here is what he wrote not much more than a week after (on August 31, 1830):—

> *I am still here; indeed, I do not feel inclined*
> *Next month, however, I shall certainly go. Of c*
> *follow my vocation and reason, which latter wou*
> *sorry plight if it were not strong enough to ma*
> *other thing in my head.*

But that his reason was in a sorry plight may be gathered from a letter dated September 4, 1830, which, moreover, is noteworthy, as in the confessions which it contains are discoverable the key-notes of the principal parts that make up the symphony of his character.

I tell you my ideas become madder and madder ev
still sitting here, and cannot make up my mind
definitively the day of my departure. I have al
presentiment that I shall leave Warsaw never to
I am convinced that I shall say farewell to my
Oh, how sad it must be to die in any other plac
one was born! What a great trial it would be to
beside my death-bed an unconcerned physician ar
instead of the dear faces of my relatives! Beli
I many a time should like to go to you and seek
oppressed heart; but as this is not possible, I
without knowing why, into the street. But there
allays or diverts my longing. I return home to.
indescribably... I have not yet rehearsed my Co
case I shall leave all my treasures behind me h
In Vienna I shall be condemned to sigh and groa
consequence of having no longer a free heart! Y
this indescribable power so well, explain to me
feeling which makes men always expect from the
something better than the preceding day has bes
them? "Do not be so foolish!" That is all the a
give myself; if you know a better, tell me, pra

After saying that his plan for the winter is to stay two months in Vienna and pass the rest of the season in Milan, "if it cannot be helped," he makes some remarks of no particular interest, and then comes back to the old and ever new subject, the cud that humanity has been chewing from the time of Adam and Eve, and will have to chew till the extinction of the race, whether pessimism or optimism be the favoured philosophy.

Since my return I have not yet visited her, and
openly that I often attribute the cause of my c
her; it seems to me as if people shared this vi
affords me a certain satisfaction. My father sm
but if he knew all, he would perhaps weep. Inde

seemingly quite contented, whilst my heart....

This is one of the occasions, which occur so frequently in Chopin's letters, where he breaks suddenly off in the course of his emotional outpourings, and subsides into effective silence. On such occasions one would like to see him go to the piano and hear him finish the sentence there. "All I can write to you now is indeed stupid stuff; only the thought of leaving Warsaw..." Another musical opportunity! Where words fail, there music begins.

Only wait, the day will come when you will not
better. Man is not always happy; sometimes only
of happiness are granted to him in this life; t
should we shun this rapture which cannot last l

After this the darkness of sadness shades gradually into brighter hues:—

As on the one hand I consider intercourse with
world a sacred duty, so, on the other hand, I r
devilish invention, and it would be better if n
have said enough!...

The reader knows already the rest of the letter; it is the passage in which Chopin's love of fun gets the better of his melancholy, his joyous spirits of his sad heart, and where he warns his friend, as it were with a bright twinkle in his tearful eyes and a smile on his face, not to kiss him at that moment, as he must wash himself. This joking about his friend's dislike to osculation is not without an undercurrent of seriousness; indeed, it is virtually a reproach, but a reproach cast in the most delicate form and attired in feminine coquetry.

On September 18, 1830, Chopin is still in Warsaw. Why he is still there he does not know; but he feels unspeakably happy where he is, and his parents make no objections to this procrastination.

To-morrow I shall hold a rehearsal [of the E mi
with quartet, and then drive to—whither? Indeed
feel inclined to go anywhere; but I shall on no
in Warsaw. If you have, perhaps, a suspicion th
dear to me retains me here, you are mistaken, I
others. I assure you I should be ready to make
if only my own self were concerned, and I—altho
love—had yet to keep my unfortunate feelings co
bosom for some years to come.

Is it possible to imagine anything more inconsistent and self-delusive than these ravings of our friend? Farther on in this very lengthy epistle we come first of all once more to the pending question.

I was to start with the Cracow post for Vienna
this day week, but finally I have given up that
will understand why. You may be quite sure that
egoist, but, as I love you, am also willing to
anything for the sake of others. For the sake o
say, but not for the sake of outward appearance
opinion, which is in high esteem among us, but
be sure, does not influence me, goes even so fa
it a misfortune if one wears a torn coat, a sha
the like. If I should fail in my career, and ha
nothing to eat, you must appoint me as clerk at
There, in a room above the stables, I shall be
was last summer in your castle. As long as I am
health I shall willingly continue to work all n
often considered the question, whether I am rea
whether I could work more without overexerting
Joking apart, I have convinced myself that I am
idler, and that I am able to work twice as much

demands it.

It often happens that he who wishes to better t
which others have formed of him makes it worse;
as regards you, I can make it neither better nc
if I occasionally praise myself. The sympathy v
for you forces your heart to have the same symp
feelings for me. You are not master of your thc
command mine; when I have once taken one into n
not let it be taken from me, just as the trees
themselves be robbed of their green garment whi
the charm of youth. With me it will be green ir
that is, only in the head, but—God help me—in t
greatest ardour, therefore, no one need wonder
vegetation is so luxuriant. Enough...yours for
now I notice that I have talked too much nonser
yesterday's impression [he refers to the name-c
already mentioned] has not yet quite passed awa
sleepy and tired, because I danced too many maz

Around your letters I twine a little ribbon whi
once gave me. I am glad the two lifeless things
and the ribbon, agree so well together, probabl
although they do not know each other, they yet
both come from a hand dear to me.

Even the most courteous of mortals, unless he be wholly destitute of veracity, will hesitate to deny the truth of Chopin's confession that he has been talking nonsense. But apart from the vagueness and illogicalness of several of the statements, the foregoing effusion is curious as a whole: the thoughts turn up one does not know where, how, or why—their course is quite unaccountable; and if they passed through his mind in an unbroken connection, he fails to give the slightest indication of it. Still, although Chopin's philosophy of life, poetical rhapsodies, and meditations on love and friendship, may not afford us much light, edification, or

pleasure, they help us substantially to realise their author's character, and particularly his temporary mood.

Great as was the magnetic power of the ideal over Chopin, great as was the irresolution of the latter, the long delay of his departure must not be attributed solely to these causes. The disturbed state of Europe after the outbreak of the July revolution in Paris had also something to do with this interminable procrastination. Passports could only be had for Prussia and Austria, and even for these countries not by everyone. In France the excitement had not yet subsided, in Italy it was nearing the boiling point. Nor were Vienna, whither Chopin intended to go first, and the Tyrol, through which he would have to pass on his way to Milan, altogether quiet. Chopin's father himself, therefore, wished the journey to be postponed for a short time. Nevertheless, our friend writes on September 22 that he will start in a few weeks: his first goal is Vienna, where, he says, they still remember him, and where he will forge the iron as long as it is hot. But now to the climax of Chopin's amorous fever.

I regret very much [he writes on September 22,
must write to you when, as to-day, I am unable
thoughts. When I reflect on myself I get into a
am in danger of losing my reason. When I am los
thoughts—which is often the case with me—horses
trample upon me, and yesterday this nearly happ
street without my noticing it. Struck in the ch
glance of my ideal, I ran in a moment of pleasa
the street, and it was not till about a quarter
afterwards that I regained my full consciousnes
sometimes so mad that I am frightened at myself

The melancholy cast of the letters cited in this

chapter must not lead us to think that despondence was the invariable state of Chopin's mind. It is more probable that when his heart was saddest he was most disposed to write to his friend his confessions and complaints, as by this means he was enabled to relieve himself to some extent of the burden that oppressed him. At any rate, the agitations of love did not prevent him from cultivating his art, for even at the time when he felt the tyranny of the passion most potently, he mentions having composed "some insignificant pieces," as he modestly expresses himself, meaning, no doubt, "short pieces." Meanwhile Chopin had also finished a composition which by no means belongs to the category of "insignificant pieces"—namely, the Concerto in E minor, the completion of which he announces on August 21, 1830. A critical examination of this and other works will be found in a special chapter, at present I shall speak only of its performance and the circumstances connected with it.

On September 18, 1830, Chopin writes that a few days previously he rehearsed the Concerto with quartet accompaniment, but that it does not quite satisfy him:—

> *Those who were present at the rehearsal say tha*
> *is the most successful movement (probably becau*
> *easily intelligible). How it will sound with th*
> *cannot tell you till next Wednesday, when I sha*
> *Concerto for the first time in this guise. To-m*
> *have another rehearsal with quartet.*

To a rehearsal with full orchestra, except trumpets and drums (on September 22, 1830), he invited Kurpinski, Soliva, and the select musical world of Warsaw, in whose judgment, however, he professes

to have little confidence. Still, he is curious to know how—

> *the Capellmeister [Kurpinski] will look at the*
> *[Soliva], Czapek at Kessler, Filipeus at Dobrzy*
> *at Kaczynski, Ledoux at Count Sohyk, and Mr. P.*
> *has never before occurred that all these gentle*
> *assembled in one place; I alone shall succeed i*
> *do it only out of curiosity!*

The musicians in this company, among whom are Poles, Czechs, Germans, Italians, &c., give us a good idea of the mixed character of the musical world of Warsaw, which was not unlike what the musical world of London is still in our day. From the above remark we see that Chopin had neither much respect nor affection for his fellow-musicians; indeed, there is not the slightest sign in his letters that an intimacy existed between him and any one of them. The rehearsals of the Concerto keep Chopin pretty busy, and his head is full of the composition. In the same letter from which I quoted last we find the following passage:—

> *I heartily beg your pardon for my hasty letter*
> *have still to run quickly to Elsner in order to*
> *that he will come to the rehearsal. Then I have*
> *provide the desks and mutes, which I had yester*
> *forgotten; without the latter the Adagio would*
> *insignificant, and its success doubtful. The Ro*
> *effective, the first Allegro vigorous. Cursed s*
> *if it is anyone's fault that I am conceited it*
> *egoist; he who associates with such a person be*
> *him. But in one point I am as yet unlike you. I*
> *make up my mind quickly. But I have the firm wi*
> *secret intention actually to depart on Saturday*
> *pardon, and in spite of lamentations, tears, an*

My music in the trunk, a certain ribbon on my h
full of anxiety: thus into the post-chaise. To
everywhere in the town tears will flow in strea
Copernicus to the fountain, from the bank to th
King Sigismund; but I shall be cold and unfeeli
and laugh at all those who wish to take such a
farewell of me!

After the rehearsal of the Concerto with orchestra, which evidently made a good impression upon the much-despised musical world of Warsaw, Chopin resolved to give, or rather his friends resolved for him that he should give, a concert in the theatre on October 11, 1830. Although he is anxious to know what effect his Concerto will produce on the public, he seems little disposed to play at any concert, which may be easily understood if we remember the state of mind he is in.

You can hardly imagine [he writes] how everythi
me impatient, and bores me, in consequence of t
within me against which I cannot struggle.

The third and last of his Warsaw concerts was to be of a more perfect type than the two preceding ones; it was to be one "without those unlucky clarinet and bassoon solos," at that time still so much in vogue. To make up for this quantitative loss Chopin requested the Misses Gladkowska and Wolkow to sing some arias, and obtained, not without much trouble, the requisite permission for them from their master, Soliva, and the Minister of Public Instruction, Mostowski. It was necessary to ask the latter's permission, because the two young ladies were educated as singers at the expense of the State.

The programme of the concert was as follows:—

PART I

1. Symphony by Gorner.

2. First Allegro from the Concerto in E minor, played by Chopin.

3. Aria with Chorus by Soliva, sung by Miss Wol

4. Adagio and Rondo from the Concerto in E minc and played by Chopin.

PART II

1. Overture to "Guillaume Tell" by Rossini.

2. Cavatina from "La Donna del lago" by Rossini Gladkowska.

3. Fantasia on Polish airs, composed and playec

The success of the concert made Chopin forget his sorrows. There is not one complaint in the letter in which he gives an account of it; in fact, he seems to have been enjoying real halcyon days. He had a full house, but played with as little nervousness as if he had been playing at home. The first Allegro of the Concerto went very smoothly, and the audience rewarded him with thundering applause. Of the reception of the Adagio and Rondo we learn nothing except that in the pause between the first and second parts the connoisseurs and amateurs came on the stage, and complimented him in the most flattering terms on his playing. The great success, however, of the evening was his performance of the Fantasia on Polish airs. "This time I understood myself, the orchestra understood me, and the audience

understood us." This is quite in the bulletin style of conquerors; it has a ring of "veni, vidi, vici" about it. Especially the mazurka at the end of the piece produced a great effect, and Chopin was called back so enthusiastically that he was obliged to bow his acknowledgments four times. Respecting the bowing he says: "I believe I did it yesterday with a certain grace, for Brandt had taught me how to do it properly." In short, the concert-giver was in the best of spirits, one is every moment expecting him to exclaim: "Seid umschlungen Millionen, diesen Kuss der ganzen Welt." He is pleased with himself and Streicher's piano on which he had played; pleased with Soliva, who kept both soloist and orchestra splendidly in order; pleased with the impression the execution of the overture made; pleased with the blue-robed, fay-like Miss Wolkow; pleased most of all with Miss Gladkowska, who "wore a white dress and roses in her hair, and was charmingly beautiful." He tells his friend that:

she never sang so well as on that evening (exce
"Agnese"). You know "O! quante lagrime per te v
tutto detesto down to the lower b came out so n
that Zielinski declared this b alone was worth
ducats.

In Vienna the score and parts of the Krakowiak had been found to be full of mistakes, it was the same with the Concerto in Warsaw. Chopin himself says that if Soliva had not taken the score with him in order to correct it, he (Chopin) did not know what might have become of the Concerto on the evening of the concert. Carl Mikuli, who, as well as his fellow-pupil Tellefsen, copied many of Chopin's MSS., says that they were full of slips of the pen,

such as wrong notes and signatures, omissions of accidentals, dots, and intervals of chords, and incorrect markings of slurs and 8va's.

Although Chopin wrote on October 5, 1830, that eight days after the concert he would certainly be no longer in Warsaw, that his trunk was bought, his whole outfit ready, the scores corrected, the pocket-handkerchiefs hemmed, the new trousers and the new dress-coat tried on, &c., that, in fact, nothing remained to be done but the worst of all, the leave-taking, yet it was not till the 1st of November, 1830, that he actually did take his departure. Elsner and a number of friends accompanied him to Wola, the first village beyond Warsaw. There the pupils of the Conservatorium awaited them, and sang a cantata composed by Elsner for the occasion. After this the friends once more sat down together to a banquet which had been prepared for them. In the course of the repast a silver goblet filled with Polish earth was presented to Chopin in the name of all.

May you never forget your country [said the spe
according to Karasowski], wherever you may wanc
may you never cease to love it with a warm, fai
Remember Poland, remember your friends, who cal
pride their fellow-countryman, who expect great
you, whose wishes and prayers accompany you!

How fully Chopin realised their wishes and expectations the sequel will show: how much such loving words must have affected him the reader of this chapter can have no difficulty in understanding. But now came pitilessly the dread hour of parting. A last farewell is taken, the carriage rolls away, and the traveller has left behind him all that is dearest to him —parents, sisters, sweetheart, and friends. "I have

always a presentiment that I am leaving Warsaw never to return to it; I am convinced that I shall say an eternal farewell to my native country." Thus, indeed, destiny willed it. Chopin was never to tread again the beloved soil of Poland, never to set eyes again on Warsaw and its Conservatorium, the column of King Sigismund opposite, the neighbouring church of the Bernardines (Constantia's place of worship), and all those things and places associated in his mind with the sweet memories of his youth and early manhood.

CHAPTER XI.

CHOPIN IS JOINED AT KALISZ BY TITUS WOYCIECHOWSKI.—FOUR DAYS AT BRESLAU: HIS VISITS TO THE THEATRE; CAPELLMEISTER SCHNABEL; PLAYS AT A CONCERT; ADOLF HESSE. —SECOND VISIT TO DRESDEN: MUSIC AT THEATRE AND CHURCH; GERMAN AND POLISH SOCIETY; MORLACCHI, SIGNORA PALAZZESI, RASTRELLI, ROLLA, DOTZAUER, KUMMER, KLENGEL, AND OTHER MUSICIANS; A CONCERT TALKED ABOUT BUT NOT GIVEN; SIGHT-SEEING.— AFTER A WEEK, BY PRAGUE TO VIENNA.— ARRIVES AT VIENNA TOWARDS THE END OF NOVEMBER, 1830.

Thanks to Chopin's extant letters to his family and friends it is not difficult to give, with the help of some knowledge of the contemporary artists and of

the state of music in the towns he visited, a pretty clear account of his experiences and mode of life during the nine or ten months which intervene between his departure from Warsaw and his arrival in Paris. Without the letters this would have been impossible, and for two reasons: one of them is that, although already a notable man, Chopin was not yet a noted man; and the other, that those with whom he then associated have, like himself, passed away from among us.

Chopin, who, as the reader will remember, left Warsaw on November 1, 1830, was joined at Kalisz by Titus Woyciechowski. Thence the two friends travelled together to Vienna. They made their first halt at Breslau, which they reached on November 6. No sooner had Chopin put up at the hotel Zur goldenen Gans, changed his dress, and taken some refreshments, than he rushed off to the theatre. During his stay in Breslau he was present at three performances—at Raimund's fantastical comedy "Der Alpenkonig und der Menschenfeind", Auber's "Maurer und Schlosser (Le Macon)," and Winter's "Das unterbrochene Opferfest", a now superannuated but then still popular opera. The players succeeded better than the singers in gaining the approval of their fastidious auditor, which indeed might have been expected. As both Chopin and Woyciechowski were provided with letters of introduction, and the gentlemen to whom they were addressed did all in their power to make their visitors' sojourn as pleasant as possible, the friends spent in Breslau four happy days. It is characteristic of the German musical life in those days that in the Ressource, a society of that town, they had three weekly concerts at which the greater number of the performers were amateurs. Capellmeister Schnabel, an old

acquaintance of Chopin's, had invited the latter to come to a morning rehearsal. When Chopin entered, an amateur, a young barrister, was going to rehearse Moscheles' E flat major Concerto. Schnabel, on seeing the newcomer, asked him to try the piano. Chopin sat down and played some variations which astonished and delighted the Capellmeister, who had not heard him for four years, so much that he overwhelmed him with expressions of admiration. As the poor amateur began to feel nervous, Chopin was pressed on all sides to take that gentleman's place in the evening. Although he had not practised for some weeks he consented, drove to the hotel, fetched the requisite music, rehearsed, and in the evening performed the Romanza and Rondo of his E minor Concerto and an improvisation on a theme from Auber's "La Muette" ("Masaniello"). At the rehearsal the "Germans" admired his playing; some of them he heard whispering "What a light touch he has!" but not a word was said about the composition. The amateurs did not know whether it was good or bad. Titus Woyciechowski heard one of them say "No doubt he can play, but he can't compose." There was, however, one gentleman who praised the novelty of the form, and the composer naively declares that this was the person who understood him best. Speaking of the professional musicians, Chopin remarks that, with the exception of Schnabel, "the Germans" were at a loss what to think of him. The Polish peasants use the word "German" as an invective, believe that the devil speaks German and dresses in the German fashion, and refuse to take medicine because they hold it to be an invention of the Germans and, consequently, unfit for Christians. Although Chopin does not go so far, he is by no means free from this national antipathy. Let his susceptibility be ruffled by

Germans, and you may be sure he will remember their nationality. Besides old Schnabel there was among the persons whose acquaintance Chopin made at Breslau only one other who interests us, and interests us more than that respectable composer of church music; and this one was the organist and composer Adolph Frederick Hesse, then a young man of Chopin's age. Before long the latter became better acquainted with him. In his account of his stay and playing in the Silesian capital, he says of him only that "the second local connoisseur, Hesse, who has travelled through the whole of Germany, paid me also compliments."

Chopin continued his journey on November 10, and on November 12 had already plunged into Dresden life. Two features of this, in some respects quite unique, life cannot but have been particularly attractive to our traveller—namely, its Polish colony and the Italian opera. The former owed its origin to the connection of the house of Saxony with the crown of Poland; and the latter, which had been patronised by the Electors and Kings for hundreds of years, was not disbanded till 1832. In 1817, it is true, Weber, who had received a call for that purpose, founded a German opera at Dresden, but the Italian opera retained the favour of the Court and of a great part of the public, in fact, was the spoiled child that looked down upon her younger sister, poor Cinderella. Even a Weber had to fight hard to keep his own, indeed, sometimes failed to do so, in the rivalry with the ornatissimo Signore Cavaliere Morlacchi, primo maestro della capella Reale.

Chopin's first visit was to Miss Pechwell, through whom he got admission to a soiree at the house of Dr. Kreyssig, where she was going to play and the prima donna of the Italian opera to sing. Having

carefully dressed, Chopin made his way to Dr. Kreyssig's in a sedan-chair. Being unaccustomed to this kind of conveyance he had a desire to kick out the bottom of the "curious but comfortable box," a temptation which he, however—to his honour be it recorded—resisted. On entering the salon he found there a great number of ladies sitting round eight large tables:—

> *No sparkling of diamonds met my eye, but the mo*
> *glitter of a host of steel knitting-needles, wh*
> *ceaselessly in the busy hands of these ladies.*
> *ladies and knitting-needles was so large that i*
> *had planned an attack upon the gentlemen that w*
> *the latter would have been in a sorry plight. N*
> *have been left to them but to make use of their*
> *weapons, for there was as little lack of eye-gl*
> *bald heads.*

The clicking of knitting-needles and the rattling of teacups were suddenly interrupted by the overture to the opera "Fra Diavolo," which was being played in an adjoining room. After the overture Signora Palazzesi sang "with a bell-like, magnificent voice, and great bravura." Chopin asked to be introduced to her. He made likewise the acquaintance of the old composer and conductor Vincent Rastrelli, who introduced him to a brother of the celebrated tenor Rubini.

At the Roman Catholic church, the Court Church, Chopin met Morlacchi, and heard a mass by that excellent artist. The Neapolitan sopranists Sassaroli and Tarquinio sang, and the "incomparable Rolla" played the solo violin. On another occasion he heard a clever but dry mass by Baron von Miltitz, which was performed under the direction of Morlacchi, and in which the celebrated violoncello virtuosos

Dotzauer and Kummer played their solos beautifully, and the voices of Sassaroli, Muschetti, Babnigg, and Zezi were heard to advantage. The theatre was, as usual, assiduously frequented by Chopin. After the above-mentioned soiree he hastened to hear at least the last act of "Die Stumme von Portici" ("Masaniello"). Of the performance of Rossini's "Tancredi," which he witnessed on another evening, he praised only the wonderful violin playing of Rolla and the singing of Mdlle. Hahnel, a lady from the Vienna Court Theatre. Rossini's "La Donna del lago," in Italian, is mentioned among the operas about to be performed. What a strange anomaly, that in the year 1830 a state of matters such as is indicated by these names and facts could still obtain in Dresden, one of the capitals of musical Germany! It is emphatically a curiosity of history.

Chopin, who came to Rolla with a letter of introduction from Soliva, was received by the Italian violinist with great friendliness. Indeed, kindness was showered upon him from all sides. Rubini promised him a letter of introduction to his brother in Milan, Rolla one to the director of the opera there, and Princess Augusta, the daughter of the late king, and Princess Maximiliana, the sister-in-law of the reigning king, provided him with letters for the Queen of Naples, the Duchess of Lucca, the Vice-Queen of Milan, and Princess Ulasino in Rome. He had met the princesses and played to them at the house of the Countess Dobrzycka, Oberhofmeisterin of the Princess Augusta, daughter of the late king, Frederick Augustus.

The name of the Oberhofmeisterin brings us to the Polish society of Dresden, into which Chopin seems to have found his way at once. Already two days after his arrival he writes of a party of Poles with

whom he had dined. At the house of Mdme. Pruszak he made the acquaintance of no less a person than General Kniaziewicz, who took part in the defence of Warsaw, commanded the left wing in the battle of Maciejowice (1794), and joined Napoleon's Polish legion in 1796. Chopin wrote home: "I have pleased him very much; he said that no pianist had made so agreeable an impression on him."

To judge from the tone of Chopin's letters, none of all the people he came in contact with gained his affection in so high a degree as did Klengel, whom he calls "my dear Klengel," and of whom he says that he esteems him very highly, and loves him as if he had known him from his earliest youth. "I like to converse with him, for from him something is to be learned." The great contrapuntist seems to have reciprocated this affection, at any rate he took a great interest in his young friend, wished to see the scores of his concertos, went without Chopin's knowledge to Morlacchi and to the intendant of the theatre to try if a concert could not be arranged within four days, told him that his playing reminded him of Field's, that his touch was of a peculiar kind, and that he had not expected to find him such a virtuoso. Although Chopin replied, when Klengel advised him to give a concert, that his stay in Dresden was too short to admit of his doing so, and thought himself that he could earn there neither much fame nor much money, he nevertheless was not a little pleased that this excellent artist had taken some trouble in attempting to smooth the way for a concert, and to hear from him that this had been done not for Chopin's but for Dresden's sake; our friend, be it noted, was by no means callous to flattery. Klengel took him also to a soiree at the house of Madame Niesiolawska, a Polish lady, and at

supper proposed his health, which was drunk in champagne.

There is a passage in one of Chopin's letters which I must quote; it tells us something of his artistic taste outside his own art:—

> *The Green Vault I saw last time I was here, and enough for me; but I revisited with great interest picture gallery. If I lived here I would go to for there are pictures in it at the sight of wh I hear music.*

Thus our friend spent a week right pleasantly and not altogether unprofitably in the Saxon Athens, and spent it so busily that what with visits, dinners, soirees, operas, and other amusements, he leaving his hotel early in the morning and returning late at night, it passed away he did not know how.

Chopin, who made also a short stay in Prague—of which visit, however, we have no account—arrived in Vienna in the latter part of November, 1830. His intention was to give some concerts, and to proceed in a month or two to Italy. How the execution of this plan was prevented by various circumstances we shall see presently. Chopin flattered himself with the belief that managers, publishers, artists, and the public in general were impatiently awaiting his coming, and ready to receive him with open arms. This, however, was an illusion. He overrated his success. His playing at the two "Academies" in the dead season must have remained unnoticed by many, and was probably forgotten by not a few who did notice it. To talk, therefore, about forging the iron while it was hot proved a misconception of the actual state of matters. It is true his playing and compositions had made a certain impression,

especially upon some of the musicians who had heard him. But artists, even when free from hostile jealousy, are far too much occupied with their own interests to be helpful in pushing on their younger brethren. As to publishers and managers, they care only for marketable articles, and until an article has got a reputation its marketable value is very small. Nine hundred and ninety-nine out of a thousand judge by names and not by intrinsic worth. Suppose a hitherto unknown statue of Phidias, a painting of Raphael, a symphony of Beethoven, were discovered and introduced to the public as the works of unknown living artists, do you think they would receive the same universal admiration as the known works of the immortal masters? Not at all! By a very large majority of the connoisseurs and pretended connoisseurs they would be criticised, depreciated, or ignored. Let, however, the real names of the authors become known, and the whole world will forthwith be thrown into ecstasy, and see in them even more beauties than they really possess. Well, the first business of an artist, then, is to make himself a reputation, and a reputation is not made by one or two successes. A first success, be it ever so great, and achieved under ever so favourable circumstances, is at best but the thin end of the wedge which has been got in, but which has to be driven home with much vigour and perseverance before the work is done. "Art is a fight, not a pleasure-trip," said the French painter Millet, one who had learnt the lesson in the severe school of experience. Unfortunately for Chopin, he had neither the stuff nor the stomach for fighting. He shrank back at the slightest touch like a sensitive plant. He could only thrive in the sunshine of prosperity and protected against all those inimical influences and obstacles that cause hardier natures to

put forth their strength, and indeed are necessary for the full unfolding of all their capabilities. Chopin and Titus Woyciechowski put up at the hotel Stadt London, but, finding the charges too high, they decamped and stayed at the hotel Goldenes Lamm till the lodgings which they had taken were evacuated by the English admiral then in possession of them. From Chopin's first letter after his arrival in the Austrian capital his parents had the satisfaction of learning that their son was in excellent spirits, and that his appetite left nothing to be desired, especially when sharpened by good news from home. In his perambulations he took particular note of the charming Viennese girls, and at the Wilde Mann, where he was in the habit of dining, he enjoyed immensely a dish of Strudeln. The only drawback to the blissfulness of his then existence was a swollen nose, caused by the change of air, a circumstance which interfered somewhat with his visiting operations. He was generally well received by those on whom he called with letters of introduction. In one of the two exceptional cases he let it be understood that, having a letter of introduction from the Grand Duke Constantine to the Russian Ambassador, he was not so insignificant a person as to require the patronage of a banker; and in the other case he comforted himself with the thought that a time would come when things would be changed.

In the letter above alluded to (December 1, 1830) Chopin speaks of one of the projected concerts as if it were to take place shortly; that is to say, he is confident that, such being his pleasure, this will be the natural course of events. His Warsaw acquaintance Orlowski, the perpetrator of mazurkas on his concerto themes, was accompanying the

violinist Lafont on a concert-tour. Chopin does not envy him the honour:—

> *Will the time come [he writes] when Lafont will*
> *Does this question sound arrogant? But, God wil*
> *come to pass some day.*

Wurfel has conversations with him about the arrangements for a concert, and Graff, the pianoforte-maker, advises him to give it in the Landstandische Saal, the finest and most convenient hall in Vienna. Chopin even asks his people which of his Concertos he should play, the one in F or the one in E minor. But disappointments were not long in coming. One of his first visits was to Haslinger, the publisher of the Variations on "La ci darem la mano," to whom he had sent also a sonata and another set of variations. Haslinger received him very kindly, but would print neither the one nor the other work. No wonder the composer thought the cunning publisher wished to induce him in a polite and artful way to let him have his compositions gratis. For had not Wurfel told him that his Concerto in F minor was better than Hummel's in A flat, which Haslinger had just published, and had not Klengel at Dresden been surprised to hear that he had received no payment for the Variations? But Chopin will make Haslinger repent of it. "Perhaps he thinks that if he treats my compositions somewhat en bagatelle, I shall be glad if only he prints them; but henceforth nothing will be got from me gratis; my motto will be 'Pay, animal!'" But evidently the animal wouldn't pay, and in fact did not print the compositions till after Chopin's death. So, unless the firm of Haslinger mentioned that he will call on him as soon as he has a room wherein he can receive a visit in return, the name of

Lachner does not reappear in the correspondence.

In the management of the Karnthnerthor Theatre, Louis Duport had succeeded, on September 1, 1830, Count Gallenberg, whom severe losses obliged to relinquish a ten years' contract after the lapse of less than two years. Chopin was introduced to the new manager by Hummel.

He (Duport) [writes Chopin on December 21 to hi
formerly a celebrated dancer, and is said to be
niggardly; however, he received me in an extrem
manner, for perhaps he thinks I shall play for
is mistaken there! We entered into a kind of ne
nothing definite was settled. If Mr. Duport ofi
little, I shall give my concert in the large Re

But the niggardly manager offered him nothing at all, and Chopin did not give a concert either in the Redoutensaal or elsewhere, at least not for a long time. Chopin's last-quoted remark is difficult to reconcile with what he tells his friend Matuszyriski four days later: "I have no longer any thought of giving a concert." In a letter to Elsner, dated January 26, 1831, he writes:—

I meet now with obstacles on all sides. Not onl
series of the most miserable pianoforte concert
all true music and make the public suspicious,
occurrences in Poland have also acted unfavoura
position. Nevertheless, I intend to have during
a performance of my first Concerto, which has m
Wurfel's full approval.

It would, however, be a great mistake to ascribe the failure of Chopin's projects solely to the adverse circumstances pointed out by him. The chief causes lay in himself. They were his want of energy and of

decision, constitutional defects which were of course intensified by the disappointment of finding indifference and obstruction where he expected enthusiasm and furtherance, and by the outbreak of the revolution in Poland (November 30, 1830), which made him tremble for the safety of his beloved ones and the future of his country. In the letter from which I have last quoted Chopin, after remarking that he had postponed writing till he should be able to report some definite arrangement, proceeds to say: —

> *But from the day that I heard of the dreadful c*
> *our fatherland, my thoughts have been occupied*
> *anxiety and longing for it and my dear ones. Ma*
> *himself useless trouble in trying to convince m*
> *artist is, or ought to be, a cosmopolitan. And,*
> *this were really the case, as an artist I am st*
> *cradle, but as a Pole already a man. I hope, th*
> *you will not be offended with me for not yet ha*
> *thought of making arrangements for a concert.*

What affected Chopin most and made him feel lonely was the departure of his friend Woyciechowski, who on the first news of the insurrection returned to Poland and joined the insurgents. Chopin wished to do the same, but his parents advised him to stay where he was, telling him that he was not strong enough to bear the fatigues and hardships of a soldier's life. Nevertheless, when Woyciechowski was gone an irresistible home-sickness seized him, and, taking post-horses, he tried to overtake his friend and go with him. But after following him for some stages without making up to him, his resolution broke down, and he returned to Vienna. Chopin's characteristic irresolution shows itself again at this

time very strikingly, indeed, his letters are full of expressions indicating and even confessing it. On December 21, 1830, he writes to his parents:—

I do not know whether I ought to go soon to Ita
little longer? Please, dearest papa, let me kno
best mother's will in this matter.

And four days afterwards he writes to Matuszynski:—

You know, of course, that 1 have letters from t
of Saxony to the Vice-Queen in Milan, but what
parents leave me to choose; I wish they would g
instructions. Shall I go to Paris? My acquainta
advise me to wait a little longer. Shall I retu
I stay here? Shall I kill myself? Shall I not w
any more?

Chopin's dearest wish was to be at home again. "How I should like to be in Warsaw!" he writes. But the fulfilment of this wish was out of the question, being against the desire of his parents, of whom especially the mother seems to have been glad that he did not execute his project of coming home.

I would not like to be a burden to my father; w
this fear I should return home at once. I am of
mood that I curse the moment of my departure fr
home! You will understand my situation, and tha
departure of Titus too much has fallen upon me

The question whether he should go to Italy or to France was soon decided for him, for the suppressed but constantly-increasing commotion which had agitated the former country ever since the July revolution at last vented itself in a series of

insurrections. Modena began on February 3,1831, Bologna, Ancona, Parma, and Rome followed. While the "where to go" was thus settled, the "when to go" remained an open question for many months to come. Meanwhile let us try to look a little deeper into the inner and outer life which Chopin lived at Vienna.

The biographical details of this period of Chopin's life have to be drawn almost wholly from his letters. These, however, must be judiciously used. Those addressed to his parents, important as they are, are only valuable with regard to the composer's outward life, and even as vehicles of such facts they are not altogether trustworthy, for it is always his endeavour to make his parents believe that he is well and cheery. Thus he writes, for instance, to his friend Matuszyriski, after pouring forth complaint after complaint:—"Tell my parents that I am very happy, that I am in want of nothing, that I amuse myself famously, and never feel lonely." Indeed, the Spectator's opinion that nothing discovers the true temper of a person so much as his letters, requires a good deal of limitation and qualification. Johnson's ideas on the same subject may be recommended as a corrective. He held that there was no transaction which offered stronger temptations to fallacy and sophistication than epistolary intercourse:—

In the eagerness of conversation the first emot
mind burst out before they are considered. In t
business, interest and passion have their genu
a friendly letter is a calm and deliberate per
cool of leisure, in the stillness of solitude,
man sits down by design to depreciate his own c
Friendship has no tendency to secure veracity;
can a man so much wish to be thought better tha

him whose kindness he desires to gain or keep?

These one-sided statements are open to much criticism, and would make an excellent theme for an essay. Here, however, we must content ourselves with simply pointing out that letters are not always calm and deliberate performances, but exhibit often the eagerness of conversation and the impulsiveness of passion. In Chopin's correspondence we find this not unfrequently exemplified. But to see it we must not turn to the letters addressed to his parents, to his master, and to his acquaintances—there we find little of the real man and his deeper feelings—but to those addressed to his bosom-friends, and among them there are none in which he shows himself more openly than in the two which he wrote on December 25, 1830, and January 1, 1831, to John Matuszynski. These letters are, indeed, such wonderful revelations of their writer's character that I should fail in my duty as his biographer were I to neglect to place before the reader copious extracts from them, in short, all those passages which throw light on the inner working of this interesting personality.

Dec. 25, 1830.—I longed indescribably for your
know why. How happy news of my angel of peace a
me! How I should like to touch all the strings
call up stormy feelings, but also awaken again
whose half-dying echo is still flitting on the
Danube-songs which the warriors of King John Sc

You advised me to choose a poet. But you know I
undecided being, and succeeded only once in my
a good choice.

The many dinners, soirees, concerts, and balls
to go to only bore me. I am sad, and feel so lo

forsaken here. But I cannot live as I would! I
appear with a cheerful countenance in the salor
am again in my room I give vent to my feelings
to which, as my best friend in Vienna, I disclo
sufferings. I have not a soul to whom I can ful
myself, and yet I must meet everyone like a fri
are, indeed, people here who seem to love me, t
portrait, seek my society; but they do not make
want of you [his friends and relations]. I lack
I am at rest only when I read your [his friends
relations'] letters, and picture to myself the
Sigismund, or gaze at the ring [Constantia's],
jewel. Forgive me, dear Johnnie, for complainir
you; but my heart grows lighter when I speak to
you I have indeed always told all that affected
receive my little note the day before yesterday
don't care much for my scribbling, for you are
read and read your letters again and again.

Dr. Freyer has called on me several times; he h
from Schuch that I was in Vienna. He told me a
interesting news, and enjoyed your letter, whic
him up to a certain passage. This passage has m
sad. Is she really so much changed in appearanc
was ill? One could easily fancy her being so, a
very sensitive disposition. Perhaps she only ap
you, or was she afraid of anything? God forbid
should suffer in any way on my account. Set her
and tell her that as long as my heart beats I s
to adore her. Tell her that even after my death
shall be strewn under her feet. Still, all this
little, and you might tell her a great deal mor

I shall write to her myself; indeed, I would ha
long ago to free myself from my torments; but i
should fall into strange hands, might this not
reputation? Therefore, dear friend, be you the
of my feelings; speak for me, "et j'en convienc
French words of yours flashed through me like l
Viennese gentleman who walked beside me in the

was reading your letter, seized me by the arm,
able to hold me. He did not know what had happe
should have liked to embrace and kiss all the p
I felt happier than I had done for a long time,
received the first letter from you. Perhaps I w
Johnnie, with my passionateness; but it is diff
to conceal from you anything that moves my hear

The day before yesterday I dined at Madame Beye
is likewise Constantia. I like her society, her
indescribably dear Christian name is sufficient
for my partiality; it gives me even pleasure wh
pocket-handkerchiefs or napkins marked "Constar
into my hands.

I walked alone, and slowly, into St. Stephen's.
was as yet empty. To view the noble, magnificer
truly devout spirit I leant against a pillar in
corner of this house of God. The grandeur of th
cannot be described, one must see St. Stephen's
own eyes. Around me reigned the profoundest sil
was interrupted only by the echoing footsteps o
sacristan who came to light the candles. Behind
grave, before me a grave, only above me I saw n
moment I felt my loneliness and isolation. When
were burning and the Cathedral began to fill wi
wrapped myself up more closely in my cloak (you
in which I used to walk through the suburb of C
hastened to be present at the Mass in the Imper
Chapel. Now, however, I walked no longer alone,
through the beautiful streets of Vienna in merr
the Hofburg, where I heard three movements of a
performed by sleepy musicians. At one o'clock i
I reached my lodgings. I dreamt of you, of her,
dear children [his sisters].

The first thing I did to-day was to indulge mys
melancholy fantasias on my piano.

Advise me what to do. Please ask the person who

exercised so powerful an influence over me in W
me know her opinion; according to that I shall

Let me hear once more from you before you take
Vienna, poste restante. Go and see my parents a
Visit my sisters often, as long as you are stil
so that they may think that you are coming to m
am in the other room. Sit down beside them that
imagine I am there too; in one word, be my subs
house of my parents.

I shall conclude, dear Johnnie, for now it is r
Embrace all my dear colleagues for me, and beli
shall not cease to love you until I cease to lo
are dearest to me, my parents and her.

My dearest friend, do write me soon a few lines
show her this letter, if you think fit to do so

My parents don't know that I write to you. You
of it, but must by no means show them the lette
yet take leave of my Johnnie; but I shall be ou
you naughty one! If W...loves you as heartily a
then would Con...No, I cannot complete the name
too unworthy. Ah! I could tear out my hair when
I could be forgotten by her!

My portrait, of which only you and I are to kno
good likeness; if you think it would give her p
would send it to her through Schuch.

January 1, 1831.—There you have what you wanted
received the letter? Have you delivered any of
it contained? To-day I still regret what I have
full of sweet hopes, and now am tormented by an
doubts. Perhaps she mocks at me—laughs at me? F
does she love me? This is what my passionate he
wicked AEsculapius, you were at the theatre, yo
incessantly with your opera-glass; if this is t
thunderbolt shall...Do not forfeit my confidenc

I write to you I do so only for my own sake, fo
deserve it.

Just now when I am writing I am in a strange st
if I were with you [with his dear ones], and we
dreaming what I see and hear here. The voices w
around me, and to which my ear is not accustome
me for the most part only an impression like th
carriages or any other indifferent noise. Only
that of Titus could to-day wake me out of my to
death are perfectly alike to me. Tell, however,
that I am very happy, that I am in want of noth
amuse myself famously, and never feel lonely.

If she mocks at me, tell her the same; but if s
kindly for me, shows some concern about me, whi
that she may make her mind easy; but add also t
her I feel everywhere lonely and unhappy. I am
this I do not write to my parents. Everybody as
matter with me. I should like to answer that I
good spirits. However, you know best what troub
Although there is no lack of entertainment and
here, I rarely feel inclined for amusement.

To-day is the first of January. Oh, how sadly t
begins for me! I love you [his friends] above a
Write as soon as possible. Is she at Radom? Hav
up redoubts? My poor parents! How are my frienc

I could die for you, for you all! Why am I doom
so lonely and forsaken? You can at least open y
each other and comfort each other. Your flute w
enough to lament! How much more will my piano h

You write that you and your regiment are going
field; how will you forward the note? Be sure y
it by a messenger; be cautious! The parents mig
they might perhaps view the matter in a false l

I embrace you once more. You are going to the w

a colonel. May all pass off well! Why may I not your drummer?

Forgive the disorder in my letter, I write as I intoxicated.

The disorder of the letters is indeed very striking; it is great in the foregoing extracts, and of course ten times greater with the interspersed descriptions, bits of news, and criticisms on music and musicians. I preferred separating the fundamental and always-recurring thoughts, the all-absorbing and predominating feelings, from the more superficial and passing fancies and affections, and all those matters which were to him, if not of total indifference, at least of comparatively little moment; because such a separation enables us to gain a clearer and fuller view of the inner man and to judge henceforth his actions and works with some degree of certainty, even where his own accounts and comments and those of trustworthy witnesses fail us. The psychological student need not be told to take note of the disorder in these two letters and of their length (written to the same person within less than a week, they fill nearly twelve printed pages in Karasowski's book), he will not be found neglecting such important indications of the temporary mood and the character of which it is a manifestation. And now let us take a glance at Chopin's outward life in Vienna.

I have already stated that Chopin and Woyciechowski lived together. Their lodgings, for which they had to pay their landlady, a baroness, fifty florins, were on the third story of a house in the Kohlmarkt, and consisted of three elegant rooms. When his friend left, Chopin thought the rent too high for his purse, and as an English family was

willing to pay as much as eighty florins, he sublet the rooms and removed to the fourth story, where he found in the Baroness von Lachmanowicz an agreeable young landlady, and had equally roomy apartments which cost him only twenty florins and pleased him quite well. The house was favourably situated, Mechetti being on the right, Artaria on the left, and the opera behind; and as people were not deterred by the high stairs from visiting him, not even old Count Hussarzewski, and a good profit would accrue to him from those eighty florins, he could afford to laugh at theprobable dismay of his friends picturing him as "a poor devil living in a garret," and could do so the more heartily as there was in reality another story between him and the roof. He gives his people a very pretty description of his lodgings and mode of life:—

I live on the fourth story, in a fine street, k
strain my eyes in looking out of the window whe
see what is going on beneath. You will find my
album when I am at home again. Young Hummel [a
composer] is so kind as to draw it for me. It r
has five windows; the bed is opposite to them.
piano stands on the right, the sofa on the left
windows there is a mirror, in the middle of the
large, round mahogany table; the floor is polis
"The gentleman does not receive visitors in the
hence I can be amongst you in my thoughts. Earl
morning the unbearably-stupid servant wakes me;
my coffee, and often drink it cold because I fo
breakfast over my playing. Punctually at nine c
my German master; then I generally write; and a
Hummel comes to work at my portrait, while Nide
concerto. And all this time I remain in my comf
dressing-gown, which I do not take off till twe
At that hour a very worthy German makes his app
Leibenfrost, who works in the law-courts here.

is fine I take a walk with him on the Glacis, t
together at a restaurant, Zur bohmischen Kochir
frequented by all the university students; and
(as is the custom here) to one of the best cofi
After this I make calls, return home in the twi
myself into evening-dress, and must be off to s
day here, to-morrow there. About eleven or twel
later) I return home, play, laugh, read, lie dc
the light, sleep, and dream of you, my dear one

If is evident that there was no occasion to fear that Chopin would kill himself with too hard work. Indeed, the number of friends, or, not to misuse this sacred name, let us rather say acquaintances, he had, did not allow him much time for study and composition. In his letters from Vienna are mentioned more than forty names of families and single individuals with whom he had personal intercourse. I need hardly add that among them there was a considerable sprinkling of Poles. Indeed, the majority of the houses where he was oftenest seen, and where he felt most happy, were those of his countrymen, or those in which there was at least some Polish member, or which had some Polish connection. Already on December 1, 1830, he writes home that he had been several times at Count Hussarzewski's, and purposes to pay a visit at Countess Rosalia Rzewuska's, where he expects to meet Madame Cibbini, the daughter of Leopold Kozeluch and a pupil of Clementi, known as a pianist and composer, to whom Moscheles dedicated a sonata for four hands, and who at that time was first lady-in-waiting to the Empress of Austria. Chopin had likewise called twice at Madame Weyberheim's. This lady, who was a sister of Madame Wolf and the wife of a rich banker, invited him to a soiree "en petit cercle des amateurs," and some weeks later to a

soiree dansante, on which occasion he saw "many young people, beautiful, but not antique [that is to say not of the Old Testament kind], "refused to play, although the lady of the house and her beautiful daughters had invited many musical personages, was forced to dance a cotillon, made some rounds, and then went home. In the house of the family Beyer (where the husband was a Pole of Odessa, and the wife, likewise Polish, bore the fascinating Christian name Constantia—the reader will remember her) Chopin felt soon at his ease. There he liked to dine, sup, lounge, chat, play, dance mazurkas, &c. He often met there the violinist Slavik, and the day before Christmas played with him all the morning and evening, another day staying with him there till two o'clock in the morning. We hear also of dinners at the house of his countrywoman Madame Elkan, and at Madame Schaschek's, where (he writes in July, 1831) he usually met several Polish ladies, who by their hearty hopeful words always cheered him, and where he once made his appearance at four instead of the appointed dinner hour, two o'clock. But one of his best friends was the medical celebrity Dr. Malfatti, physician-in-ordinary to the Emperor of Austria, better remembered by the musical reader as the friend of Beethoven, whom he attended in his last illness, forgetting what causes for complaint he might have against the too irritable master. Well, this Dr. Malfatti received Chopin, of whom he had already heard from Wladyslaw Ostrowski, "as heartily as if I had been a relation of his" (Chopin uses here a very bold simile), running up to him and embracing him as soon as he had got sight of his visiting-card. Chopin became a frequent guest at the doctor's house; in his letters we come often on the announcement that he has dined or is going to dine

on such or such a day at Dr. Malfatti's.

December 1, 1830.—On the whole things are going me, and I hope with God's help, who sent Malfat assistance—oh, excellent Malfatti!—that they wi still.

December 25, 1830.—I went to dine at Malfatti's excellent man thinks of everything; he is even set before us dishes prepared in the Polish fas

May 14, 1831.—I am very brisk, and feel that go the best comfort in misfortune. Perhaps Malfatt strengthened me so much that I feel better thar If this is really the case, I must doubly regre Malfatti has gone with his family into the cour no idea how beautiful the villa is in which he day week I was there with Hummel. After this an physician had taken us over his house he showed garden. When we stood at the top of the hill, t had a splendid view, we did not wish to go down Court honours Malfatti every year with a visit. Duchess of Anhalt-Cothen as a neighbour; I shou if she envied him his garden. On one side one s lying at one's feet, and in such a way that one it was joined to Schoenbrunn; on the other side mountains picturesquely dotted with convents ar Gazing on this romantic panorama one entirely f noisy bustle and proximity of the capital.

This is one of the few descriptive passages to be letters—men and their ways interested him more tha But to return from the villa to its owner, Chopin his relation to the doctor unequivocally in the fo statement:—"Malfatti really loves me, and I am not it." Indeed, the doctor seems to have been a true and counsel. He aided him with his influence in va for instance, we read that he promised to introduc Tatyszczew, the wife of the Russian Ambassador, ar

the president of the musical society, whom Chopin personage to know. At Malfatti's he made also the artists whom he would, perhaps, have had no opport elsewhere. One of these was the celebrated tenor W Malfatti's in the afternoon of Christmas-day, and dining there, says: "I accompanied by heart the ar he sang in a masterly style. Wild and Miss Heinefe of the Court Opera." Of a celebration of Malfatti' gives the following graphic account in a letter to June 25, 1831:— Mechetti, who wished to surprise h persuaded the Misses Emmering and Lutzer, and th

> *Cicimara, and your Frederick to perform some mu honoured man's house; almost from beginning to performance was deserving of the predicate "par heard the quartet from Moses better sung; but M sang "O quante lagrime" at my farewell concert much more expression. Wild was in excellent voi acted in a way as Capellmeister.*

To this he adds the note:—

> *Cicimara said there was nobody in Vienna who ac well as I. And I thought, "Of that I have been convinced." A considerable number of people sto terrace of the house and listened to our concer shone with wondrous beauty, the fountains rose of pearls, the air was filled with the fragranc orangery; in short, it was an enchanting night, surroundings were magnificent! And now I will d the drawing-room in which we were. High windows top to bottom, look out upon the terrace, from a splendid view of the whole of Vienna. The wal with large mirrors; the lights were faint: but greater was the effect of the moonlight which s through the windows. The cabinet to the left of room and adjoining it gives, on account of its dimensions, an imposing aspect to the whole apa ingenuousness and courtesy of the host, the ele genial society, the generally-prevailing jovial excellent supper, kept us long together.*

Here Chopin is seen at his best as a letter writer; it would be difficult to find other passages of equal excellence. For, although we meet frequently enough with isolated pretty bits, there is not one single letter which, from beginning to end, as a whole as well as in its parts, has the perfection and charm of Mendelssohn's letters.

CHAPTER XII

VIENNA MUSICAL LIFE.—KARNTHNERTHOR THEATRE.—SABINE HEINEFETTER.—CONCERTS: HESSE, THALBERG, DOHLER, HUMMEL, ALOYS SCHMITT, CHARLES CZERNY, SLAVIK, MERK, BOCKLET, ABBE STABLER, KIESEWETTER, KANDLER.—THE PUBLISHERS HASLINGER, DIABELLI, MECHETTI, AND JOSEPH CZERNY.—LANNER AND STRAUSS.—CHOPIN PLAYS AT A CONCERT OF MADAME GARZIA-VESTRIS AND GIVES ONE HIMSELF.—HIS STUDIES AND COMPOSITIONS OF THAT TIME.—HIS STATE OF BODY AND MIND.—PREPARATIONS FOR AND POSTPONEMENT OF HIS DEPARTURE.—SHORTNESS OF MONEY.—HIS MELANCHOLY.—TWO EXCURSIONS.—LEAVES FOR MUNICH.—HIS CONCERT AT MUNICH.—HIS STAY AT STUTTGART.—PROCEEDS TO PARIS.

The allusions to music and musicians lead us naturally to inquire further after Chopin's musical experiences in Vienna.

January 26, 1831.—If I had not made [he writes] exceedingly interesting acquaintance of the mos artists of this place, such as Slavik, Merk, Bo forth [this "so forth" is tantalising], I shoul little satisfied with my stay here. The Opera i Wild and Miss Heinefetter fascinate the Viennes a pity that Duport brings forward so few new op thinks more of his pocket than of art.

What Chopin says here and elsewhere about Duport's stinginess tallies with the contemporary newspaper accounts. No sooner had the new manager taken possession of his post than he began to economise in such a manner that he drove away men like Conradin Kreutzer, Weigl, and Mayseder. During the earlier part of his sojourn in Vienna Chopin remarked that excepting Heinefetter and Wild, the singers were not so excellent as he had expected to find them at the Imperial Opera. Afterwards he seems to have somewhat extended his sympathies, for he writes in July, 1831:—

Rossini's "Siege of Corinth" was lately very we here, and I am glad that I had the opportunity this opera. Miss Heinefetter and Messrs. Wild, Forti, in short, all the good singers in Vienna this opera and did their best.

Chopin's most considerable criticism of this time is one on Miss Heinefetter in a letter written on December 25, 1830; it may serve as a pendant to his criticism on Miss Sontag which I quoted in a preceding chapter.

Miss Heinefetter has a voice such as one seldom sings always in tune; her coloratura is like sc

in short, everything is faultless. She looks pa
well when dressed as a man. But she is cold: I
almost frozen in the stalls. In "Othello" she c
more than in the "Barber of Seville," where she
finished coquette instead of a lively, witty gi
in "Titus" she looks really quite splendid. In
is to appear in the "Thieving Magpie" ["La Gaza
am anxious to hear it. Miss Woikow pleased me b
Rosina in the "Barber"; but, to be sure, she ha
delicious voice as the Heinefetter. I wish I ha

The opera at the Karnthnerthor Theatre with all its shortcomings was nevertheless the most important and most satisfactory musical institution of the city. What else, indeed, had Vienna to offer to the earnest musician? Lanner and Strauss were the heroes of the day, and the majority of other concerts than those given by them were exhibitions of virtuosos. Imagine what a pass the musical world of Vienna must have come to when Stadler, Kiesewetter, Mosel, and Seyfried could be called, as Chopin did call them, its elite! Abbe Stadler might well say to the stranger from Poland that Vienna was no longer what it used to be. Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, and Schubert had shuffled off their mortal coil, and compared with these suns their surviving contemporaries and successors—Gyrowetz, Weigl, Stadler, Conradin Kreutzer, Lachner, &c.—were but dim and uncertain lights.

With regard to choral and orchestral performances apart from the stage, Vienna had till more recent times very little to boast of. In 1830-1831 the Spirituel-Concerte (Concerts Spirituels) were still in existence under the conductorship of Lannoy; but since 1824 their number had dwindled down from eighteen to four yearly concerts. The programmes were made up of a symphony and some sacred

choruses. Beethoven, Mozart, and Haydn predominated among the symphonists; in the choral department preference was given to the Austrian school of church music; but Cherubim also was a great favourite, and choruses from Handel's oratorios, with Mosel's additional accompaniments, were often performed. The name of Beethoven was hardly ever absent from any of the programmes. That the orchestra consisted chiefly of amateurs, and that the performances took place without rehearsals (only difficult new works got a rehearsal, and one only), are facts which speak for themselves. Franz Lachner told Hanslick that the performances of new and in any way difficult compositions were so bad that Schubert once left the hall in the middle of one of his works, and he himself (Lachner) had felt several times inclined to do the same. These are the concerts of which Beethoven spoke as Winkelmusik, and the tickets of which he denominated Abtrittskarten, a word which, as the expression of a man of genius, I do not hesitate to quote, but which I could not venture to translate. Since this damning criticism was uttered, matters had not improved, on the contrary, had gone from bad to worse. Another society of note was the still existing and flourishing Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde. It, too, gave four, or perhaps five yearly concerts, in each of which a symphony, an overture, an aria or duet, an instrumental solo, and a chorus were performed. This society was afflicted with the same evil as the first-named institution. It was a

> *gladdening sight [we are told] to see counts ar*
> *superiors and subalterns, professors and studer*
> *ladies and simple burghers' daughters side by s*
> *harmoniously exerting themselves for the love c*

As far as choral singing is concerned the example deserves to be followed, but the matter stands differently with regard to instrumental music, a branch of the art which demands not only longer and more careful, but also constant, training. Although the early custom of drawing lots, in order to determine who were to sing the solos, what places the players were to occupy in the orchestra, and which of the four conductors was to wield the baton, had already disappeared before 1831, yet in 1841 the performances of the symphonies were still so little "in the spirit of the composers" (a delicate way of stating an ugly fact) that a critic advised the society to imitate the foreign conservatoriums, and reinforce the band with the best musicians of the capital, who, constantly exercising their art, and conversant with the works of the great masters, were better able to do justice to them than amateurs who met only four times a year. What a boon it would be to humanity, what an increase of happiness, if amateurs would allow themselves to be taught by George Eliot, who never spoke truer and wiser words than when she said:—"A little private imitation of what is good is a sort of private devotion to it, and most of us ought to practise art only in the light of private study—preparation to understand and enjoy what the few can do for us." In addition to the above I shall yet mention a third society, the Tonkunstler-Societat, which, as the name implies, was an association of musicians. Its object was the getting-up and keeping-up of a pension fund, and its artistic activity displayed itself in four yearly concerts. Haydn's "Creation" and "Seasons" were the stock pieces of the society's repertoire, but in 1830 and 1831 Handel's "Messiah" and "Solomon" and Lachner's "Die vier Menschenalter" were also

performed.

These historical notes will give us an idea of what Chopin may have heard in the way of choral and orchestral music. I say "may have heard," because not a word is to be found in his extant letters about the concerts of these societies. Without exposing ourselves to the reproach of rashness, we may, however, assume that he was present at the concert of the Gesellschaft der Musikfreunde on March 20, 1831, when among the items of the programme were Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, and the first movement of a concerto composed and played by Thalberg. On seeing the name of one of the most famous pianists contemporary with Chopin, the reader has, no doubt, at once guessed the reason why I assumed the latter's presence at the concert. These two remarkable, but in their characters and aims so dissimilar, men had some friendly intercourse in Vienna. Chopin mentions Thalberg twice in his letters, first on December 25, 1830, and again on May 28, 1831. On the latter occasion he relates that he went with him to an organ recital given by Hesse, the previously-mentioned Adolf Hesse of Breslau, of whom Chopin now remarked that he had talent and knew how to treat his instrument. Hesse and Chopin must have had some personal intercourse, for we learn that the former left with the latter an album leaf. A propos of this circumstance, Chopin confesses in a letter to his people that he is at a loss what to write, that he lacks the requisite wit. But let us return to the brilliant pianist, who, of course, was a more interesting acquaintance in Chopin's, eyes than the great organist. Born in 1812, and consequently three years younger than Chopin, Sigismund Thalberg had already in his fifteenth year played with success in public, and at the age of sixteen

published Op. 1, 2, and 3. However, when Chopin made his acquaintance, he had not yet begun to play only his own compositions (about that time he played, for instance, Beethoven's C minor Concerto at one of the Spirituel-Concerte, where since 1830 instrumental solos were occasionally heard), nor had he attained that in its way unique perfection of beauty of tone and elegance of execution which distinguished him afterwards. Indeed, the palmy days of his career cannot be dated farther back than the year 1835, when he and Chopin met again in Paris; but then his success was so enormous that his fame in a short time became universal, and as a virtuoso only one rival was left him—Liszt, the unconquered. That Chopin and Thalberg entertained very high opinions of each other cannot be asserted. Let the reader judge for himself after reading what Chopin says in his letter of December 25, 1830:—

> *Thalberg plays famously, but he is not my man. than I, pleases the ladies very much, makes pot "La Muette" ["Masaniello"], plays the forte anc the pedal, but not with the hand, takes tenths do octaves, and wears studs with diamonds. Mosc at all astonish him; therefore it is no wonder tuttis of my concerto have pleased him. He, toc concertos.*

Chopin was endowed with a considerable power of sarcasm, and was fond of cultivating and exercising it. This portraiture of his brother-artist is not a bad specimen of its kind, although we shall meet with better ones.

Another, but as yet unfledged, celebrity was at that time living in Vienna, prosecuting his studies under Czerny—namely, Theodor Dohler. Chopin, who went

to hear him play some compositions of his master's at the theatre, does not allude to him again after the concert; but if he foresaw what a position as a pianist and composer he himself was destined to occupy, he could not suspect that this lad of seventeen would some day be held up to the Parisian public by a hostile clique as a rival equalling and even surpassing his peculiar excellences. By the way, the notion of anyone playing compositions of Czerny's at a concert cannot but strangely tickle the fancy of a musician who has the privilege of living in the latter part of the nineteenth century.

Besides the young pianists with a great future before them Chopin came also in contact with aging pianists with a great past behind them. Hummel, accompanied by his son, called on him in the latter part of December, 1830, and was extraordinarily polite. In April, 1831, the two pianists, the setting and the rising star, were together at the villa of Dr. Malfatti. Chopin informed his master, Elsner, for whose masses he was in quest of a publisher, that Haslinger was publishing the last mass of Hummel, and added:— For he now lives only by and for Hummel.

It is rumoured that
the last compositions of Hummel do not sell wel
is said to have paid a high price for them. The
lays all MSS. aside, and prints only Strauss's

Unfortunately there is not a word which betrays Chopin's opinion of Hummel's playing and compositions. We are more fortunate in the case of another celebrity, one, however, of a much lower order. In one of the prosaic intervals, of the sentimental rhapsody, indited on December 25,

1830, there occur the following remarks:—

> *The pianist Aloys Schmitt of Frankfort-on-the-M*
> *for his excellent studies, is at present here;*
> *above forty. I have made his acquaintance; he p*
> *visit me. He intends to give a concert here, ar*
> *admit that he is a clever musician. I think we*
> *understand each other with regard to music.*

Having looked at this picture, let the reader look also at this other, dashed off a month later in a letter to Elsner:—

> *The pianist Aloys Schmitt has been flipped on t*
> *critics, although he is already over forty yeai*
> *composes eighty-years-old music.*

From the contemporary journals we learn that, at the concert mentioned by Chopin, Schmitt afforded the public of Vienna an opportunity of hearing a number of his own compositions—which were by no means short drawing-room pieces, but a symphony, overture, concerto, concertino, &c.—and that he concluded his concert with an improvisation. One critic, at least, described his style of playing as sound and brilliant. The misfortune of Schmitt was to have come too late into the world—respectable mediocrities like him always do that—he never had any youth. The pianist on whom Chopin called first on arriving in Vienna was Charles Czerny, and he

> *was, as he is always (and to everybody), very p*
> *asked, "Hat fleissig studirt?" [Have you studie*
> *He has again arranged an overture for eight pia*
> *sixteen performers, and seems to be very happy*

Only in the sense of belonging rather to the outgoing than to the incoming generation can Czerny be reckoned among the aged pianists, for in 1831 he was not above forty years of age and had still an enormous capacity for work in him—hundreds and hundreds of original and transcribed compositions, thousands and thousands of lessons. His name appears in a passage of one of Chopin's letters which deserves to be quoted for various reasons: it shows the writer's dislike to the Jews, his love of Polish music, and his contempt for a kind of composition much cultivated by Czerny. Speaking of the violinist Herz, "an Israelite," who was almost hissed when he made his debut in Warsaw, and whom Chopin was going to hear again in Vienna, he says:—

> *At the close of the concert Herz will play his*
> *on Polish airs. Poor Polish airs! You do not ir*
> *suspect how you will be interlarded with "maju*
> *49, foot-note], and that the title of "Polish n*
> *given you to entice the public. If one is so ou*
> *discuss the respective merits of genuine Polish*
> *this imitation of it, and to place the former a*
> *latter, people declare one to be mad, and do th*
> *more readily because Czerny, the oracle of Vier*
> *hitherto in the fabrication of his musical dair*
> *produced Variations on a Polish air.*

Chopin had not much sympathy with Czerny the musician, but seems to have had some liking for the man, who indeed was gentle, kind, and courteous in his disposition and deportment.

A much more congenial and intimate connection existed between Chopin, Slavik, and Merk. [FOOTNOTE: Thus the name is spelt in Mendel's Musikalisches Conversations-Lexikon and by E. A. Melis, the Bohemian writer on music. Chopin spells it

Slawik. The more usual spelling, however, is Slawjk; and in C.F. Whistling's Handbuch der musikalischen Literatur (Leipzig, 1828) it is Slavjk.] Joseph Slavik had come to Vienna in 1825 and had at once excited a great sensation. He was then a young man of nineteen, but technically already superior to all the violinists that had been heard in the Austrian capital. The celebrated Mayseder called him a second Lipinski. Pixis, his master at the Conservatorium in Prague, on seeing some of this extraordinary pupil's compositions—a concerto, variations, &c.—had wondered how anyone could write down such mad, unplayable stuff. But Slavik before leaving Prague proved at a farewell concert that there was at least one who could play the mad stuff. All this, however, was merely the prelude to what was yet to come. The appearance of Paganini in 1828 revealed to him the, till then, dimly-perceived ideal of his dreams, and the great Italian violinist, who took an interest in this ardent admirer and gave him some hints, became henceforth his model. Having saved a little money, he went for his further improvement to Paris, studying especially under Baillot, but soon returned to accept an engagement in the Imperial Band. When after two years of hard practising he reappeared before the public of Vienna, his style was altogether changed; he mastered the same difficulties as Paganini, or even greater ones, not, however, with the same unfailing certainty, nor with an always irreproachable intonation. Still, there can be no doubt that had not a premature death (in 1833, at the age of twenty-seven) cut short his career, he would have spread his fame all over the world. Chopin, who met him first at Wurfel's, at once felt a liking for him, and when on the following day he heard him play after dinner at Beyer's, he was more

pleased with his performance than with that of any other violinist except Paganini. As Chopin's playing was equally sympathetic to Slavik, they formed the project of writing a duet for violin and piano. In a letter to his friend Matuszynski (December 25, 1830) Chopin writes:—

I have just come from the excellent violinist S
the exception of Paganini, I never heard a viol
him. Ninety-six staccato notes in one bow! It i
incredible! When I heard him I felt inclined to
lodgings and sketch variations on an Adagio [wh
previously agreed to take for their theme] of E

The sight of the post-office and a letter from his Polish friends put the variations out of his mind, and they seem never to have been written, at least nothing has been heard of them. Some remarks on Slavik in a letter addressed to his parents (May 28, 1831) show Chopin's admiration of and affection for his friend still more distinctly:—

He is one of the Viennese artists with whom I h
really friendly and intimate intercourse. He pl
second Paganini, but a rejuvenated one, who wil
time surpass the first. I should not believe it
had not heard him so often....Slavik fascinates
and brings tears into his eyes.

Shortly after falling in with Slavik, Chopin met Merk, probably at the house of the publisher Mechetti, and on January 1, 1831, he announces to his friend in Warsaw with unmistakable pride that "Merk, the first violoncellist in Vienna," has promised him a visit. Chopin desired very much to become acquainted with him because he thought that Merk, Slavik, and himself would form a capital trio. The

violoncellist was considerably older than either pianist or violinist, being born in 1795. Merk began his musical career as a violinist, but being badly bitten in the arm by a big dog, and disabled thereby to hold the violin in its proper position (this is what Fetis relates), he devoted himself to the violoncello, and with such success as to become the first solo player in Vienna. At the time we are speaking of he was a member of the Imperial Orchestra and a professor at the Conservatorium. He often gave concerts with Mayseder, and was called the Mayseder of the violoncello. Chopin, on hearing him at a soiree of the well-known autograph collector Fuchs, writes home:—

Limmer, one of the better artists here in Vienn
some of his compositions for four violoncelli.
expressive playing, made them, as usual, more k
they really are. People stayed again till midni
took a fancy to play with me his variations. He
he liked to play with me, and it is always a gr
me to play with him. I think we look well toget
first violoncellist whom I really admire.

Of Chopin's intercourse with the third of the "exceedingly interesting acquaintances" whom he mentions by name, we get no particulars in his letters. Still, Carl Maria von Bocklet, for whom Beethoven wrote three letters of recommendation, who was an intimate friend of Schubert's, and whose interpretations of classical works and power of improvisation gave him one of the foremost places among the pianists of the day, cannot have been without influence on Chopin. Bocklet, better than any other pianist then living in Vienna, could bring the young Pole into closer communication with the German masters of the preceding generation; he

could, as it were, transmit to him some of the spirit that animated Beethoven, Schubert, and Weber. The absence of allusions to Bocklet in Chopin's letters does not, however, prove that he never made any, for the extant letters are only a small portion of those he actually wrote, many of them having in the perturbed state of Poland never reached their destination, others having been burnt by his parents for fear of the Russian police, and some, no doubt, having been lost through carelessness or indifference.

The list of Chopin's acquaintances is as yet far from being exhausted. He had conversations with old Abbe Stadler, the friend of Haydn and Mozart, whose Psalms, which he saw in MS., he admired. He also speaks of one of the performances of old, sacred, and secular music which took place at Kiesewetter's house as if he were going to it. But a musician of Chopin's nature would not take a very lively interest in the historical aspect of the art; nor would the learned investigator of the music of the Netherlanders, of the music of the Arabs, of the life and works of Guido d'Arezzo, &c., readily perceive the preciousness of the modern composer's originality. At any rate, Chopin had more intercourse with the musico-literary Franz Kandler, who wrote favourable criticisms on his performances as a composer and player, and with whom he went on one occasion to the Imperial Library, where the discovery of a certain MS. surprised him even more than the magnitude and order of the collection, which he could not imagine to be inferior to that of Bologna—the manuscript in question being no other than his Op. 2, which Haslinger had presented to the library. Chopin found another MS. of his, that of the Rondo for two pianos, in Aloys Fuchs's famous collection of autographs, which then comprised 400

numbers, but about the year 1840 had increased to 650 numbers, most of them complete works. He must have understood how to ingratiate himself with the collector, otherwise he would hardly have had the good fortune to be presented with an autograph of Beethoven.

Chopin became also acquainted with almost all the principal publishers in Vienna. Of Haslinger enough has already been said. By Czerny Chopin was introduced to Diabelli, who invited him to an evening party of musicians. With Mechetti he seems to have been on a friendly footing. He dined at his house, met him at Dr. Malfatti's, handed over to him for publication his Polonaise for piano and violoncello (Op. 3), and described him as enterprising and probably persuadable to publish Elsner's masses. Joseph Czerny, no relation of Charles's, was a mere business acquaintance of Chopin's. Being reminded of his promise to publish a quartet of Elsner's, he said he could not undertake to do so just then (about January 26, 1831), as he was publishing the works of Schubert, of which many were still in the press.

> *Therefore [writes Chopin to his master] I fear*
> *have to wait. Czerny, I have found out now, is*
> *richest publishers here, and consequently canno*
> *the publication of a work which is not performe*
> *or at the Romische Kaiser. Waltzes are here cal*
> *Lanner and Strauss, who lead the performances,*
> *In saying this, however, I do not mean that all*
> *are of this opinion; on the contrary, there are*
> *laugh at it. Still, it is almost only waltzes t*
> *published.*

It is hardly possible for us to conceive the enthusiasm and ecstasy into which the waltzes of the

two dance composers transported Vienna, which was divided into two camps:—

> *The Sperl and Volksgarten [says Hanslick] were*
> *and Lanner days the favourite and most frequent*
> *localities." In the year 1839 Strauss and Lanne*
> *each of them published more than too works. The*
> *thrown into ecstasy by every new set of waltzes*
> *articles appeared on Strauss, and Lanner, enthu*
> *humorous, pathetic, and certainly longer than t*
> *devoted to Beethoven and Mozart.*

These glimpses of the notabilities and manners of a by-gone generation, caught, as it were, through the chinks of the wall which time is building up between the past and the present, are instructive as well as amusing. It would be a great mistake to regard these details, apparently very loosely connected with the life of Chopin, as superfluous appendages to his biography. A man's sympathies and antipathies are revelations of his nature, and an artist's surroundings make evident his position and merit, the degree of his originality being undeterminable without a knowledge of the time in which he lived. Moreover, let the impatient reader remember that, Chopin's life being somewhat poor in incidents, the narrative cannot be an even-paced march, but must be a series of leaps and pauses, with here and there an intervening amble, and one or two brisk canters.

Having described the social and artistic sphere, or rather spheres, in which Chopin moved, pointed out the persons with whom he most associated, and noted his opinions regarding men and things, almost all that is worth telling of his life in the imperial city is told—almost all, but not all. Indeed, of the latter half of his sojourn there some events have yet to be

recorded which in importance, if not in interest, surpass anything that is to be found in the preceding and the foregoing part of the present chapter. I have already indicated that the disappointment of Chopin's hopes and the failure of his plans cannot altogether be laid to the charge of unfavourable circumstances. His parents must have thought so too, and taken him to task about his remissness in the matter of giving a concert, for on May 14, 1831, Chopin writes to them:—"My most fervent wish is to be able to fulfil your wishes; till now, however, I found it impossible to give a concert." But although he had not himself given a concert he had had an opportunity of presenting himself in the best company to the public of Vienna. In the "Theaterzeitung" of April 2, 1831, Madame Garzia-Vestris announced a concert to be held in the Redoutensaal during the morning hours of April 4, in which she was to be assisted by the Misses Sabine and Clara Heinefetter, Messrs. Wild, Chopin, Bohm (violinist), Hellmesberger (violinist, pupil of the former), Merk, and the brothers Lewy (two horn-players). Chopin was distinguished from all the rest, as a homo ignotus et novus, by the parenthetical "pianoforte-player" after his name, no such information being thought necessary in the case of the other artists. The times are changed, now most readers require parenthetical elucidation after each name except that of Chopin. "He has put down the mighty from their seat and has exalted them of low degree!" The above-mentioned exhortation of his parents seems to have had the desired effect, and induced Chopin to make an effort, although now the circumstances were less favourable to his giving a concert than at the time of his arrival. The musical season was over, and many people had left the

capital for their summer haunts; the struggle in Poland continued with increasing fierceness, which was not likely to lessen the backwardness of Austrians in patronising a Pole; and in addition to this, cholera had visited the country and put to flight all who were not obliged to stay. I have not been able to ascertain the date and other particulars of this concert. Through Karasowski we learn that it was thinly attended, and that the receipts did not cover the expenses. The "Theaterzeitung," which had given such full criticisms of Chopin's performances in 1829, says not a word either of the matinee or of the concert, not even the advertisement of the latter has come under my notice. No doubt Chopin alludes to criticisms on this concert when he writes in the month of July:—

> *Louisa [his sister] informs me that Mr. Elsner pleased with the criticism; I wonder what he wi others, he who was my teacher of composition?*

Kandler, the Vienna correspondent of the "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," after discussing in that paper (September 21, 1831) the performances of several artists, among others that of the clever Polish violin-virtuoso Serwaczynski, turns to "Chopin, also from the Sarmatian capital, who already during his visit last year proved himself a pianist of the first rank," and remarks:—

> *The execution of his newest Concerto in E mino composition, gave no cause to revoke our former who is so upright in his dealings with genuine deserving our genuine esteem.*

All things considered, I do not hesitate to accept

Liszt's statement that the young artist did not produce such a sensation as he had a right to expect. In fact, notwithstanding the many pleasant social connections he had, Chopin must have afterwards looked back with regret, probably with bitterness, on his eight months' sojourn in Vienna. Not only did he add nothing to his fame as a pianist and composer by successful concerts and new publications, but he seems even to have been sluggish in his studies and in the production of new works. How he leisurely whiled away the mornings at his lodgings, and passed the rest of the day abroad and in society, he himself has explicitly described. That this was his usual mode of life at Vienna, receives further support from the self-satisfaction with which he on one occasion mentions that he had practised from early morning till two o'clock in the afternoon. In his letters we read only twice of his having finished some new compositions. On December 21, 1830, he writes:—

I wished to enclose my latest waltz, but the po
depart, and I have no longer time to copy it, t
shall send it another time. The mazurkas, too,
to get copied, but they are not intended for da

And in the month of July, 1831, "I have written a polonaise, which I must leave here for Wurfel." There are two more remarks about compositions, but of compositions which were never finished, perhaps never begun. One of these remarks refers to the variations on a theme of Beethoven's, which he intended to compose conjointly with Slavik, and has already been quoted; the other refers to a grander project. Speaking of Nidecki, who came every morning to his lodgings and practised his (Chopin's)

concerto, he says (December 21, 1830):—

If I succeed in writing a concerto for two piar satisfy myself, we intend to appear at once wit public; first, however, I wish to play once alc

What an interesting, but at the same time what a gigantic, subject to write on the history of the unrealised plans of men of genius would be! The above-mentioned waltz, polonaise, and mazurkas do not, of course, represent the whole of Chopin's output as a composer during the time of his stay in Vienna; but we may surmise with some degree of certainty that few works of importance have to be added to it. Indeed, the multiplicity of his social connections and engagements left him little time for himself, and the condition of his fatherland kept him in a constant state of restlessness. Poland and her struggle for independence were always in his mind; now he laments in his letters the death of a friend, now rejoices at a victory, now asks eagerly if such or such a piece of good news that has reached him is true, now expresses the hope that God will be propitious to their cause, now relates that he has vented his patriotism by putting on the studs with the Polish eagles and using the pocket-handkerchief with the Kosynier (scythe-man) depicted on it.

What is going on at home? [he writes, on May 28 always dreaming of you. Is there still no end t bloodshed? I know your answer: "Patience!" I, t comfort myself with that.

But good health, he finds, is the best comfort in misfortune, and if his bulletins to his parents could be trusted he was in full enjoyment of it.

Zacharkiewicz of Warsaw called on me; and when me at Szaszek's, she did not know how to suffic her astonishment at my having become such a stu have let my whiskers grow only on the right sic are growing very well; on the left side they ar at all, for one sits always with the right side public.

Although his "ideal" is not there to retain him, yet he cannot make up his mind to leave Vienna. On May 28, he writes:—

How quickly this dear time passes! It is alread May, and I am still in Vienna. June will come, probably be still here, for Kumelski fell ill a to take to bed again.

It was not only June but past the middle of July before Chopin left, and I am afraid he would not always have so good an excuse for prolonging his stay as the sickness of his travelling-companion. On June 25, however, we hear of active preparations being made for departure.

I am in good health, that is the only thing tha for it seems as if my departure would never tak all know how irresolute I am, and in addition t with obstacles at every step. Day after day I a passport, and I run from Herod to Pontius Pilat back what I deposited at the police office. To- even more agreeable news—namely, that my passpo mislaid, and that they cannot find it; I have e an application for a new one. It is curious how imaginable misfortune befalls us poor Poles. Al ready to depart, I am unable to set out.

Chopin had been advised by Mr. Beyer to have

London instead of Paris put as a visa in his passport. The police complied with his request that this should be done, but the Russian Ambassador, after keeping the document for two days, gave him only permission to travel as far as Munich. But Chopin did not care so long as he got the signature of the French Ambassador. Although his passport contained the words "passant par Paris a Londres," and he in after years in Paris sometimes remarked, in allusion to these words, "I am here only in passing," he had no intention of going to London. The fine sentiment, therefore, of which a propos of this circumstance some writers have delivered themselves was altogether misplaced. When the difficulty about the passport was overcome, another arose: to enter Bavaria from cholera-stricken Austria a passport of health was required. Thus Chopin had to begin another series of applications, in fact, had to run about for half a day before he obtained this additional document.

Chopin appears to have been rather short of money in the latter part of his stay in Vienna—a state of matters with which the financial failure of the concert may have had something to do. The preparations for his departure brought the pecuniary question still more prominently forward. On June 25, 1831, he writes to his parents:—

> *I live as economically as possible, and take as*
> *every kreuzer as of that ring in Warsaw [the or*
> *the Emperor Alexander]. You may sell it, I have*
> *you so much.*

He must have talked about his shortness of money to some of his friends in Vienna, for he mentions that the pianist-composer Czapek, who calls on him every

day and shows him much kindness, has offered him money for the journey should he stand in need of it. One would hardly have credited Chopin with proficiency in an art in which he nevertheless greatly excelled—namely, in the art of writing begging letters. How well he understood how to touch the springs of the parental feelings the following application for funds will prove.

July, 1831.—But I must not forget to mention th
probably be obliged to draw more money from the
than my dear father has allowed me. I am very e
but, God knows, I cannot help it, for otherwise
to leave with an almost empty purse. God preser
sickness; were, however, anything to happen to
perhaps reproach me for not having taken more.
consider that I have already lived on this mone
June, and July, and that I have now to pay more
than I did in winter. I do not do this only bec
feel I ought to do so, but also in consequence
advice of others. I am very sorry that I have t
it; my papa has already spent more than three q
me; I know also very well how difficult it is t
Believe me, my dearest ones, it is harder for m
for you to give. God will not fail to assist us
future, punctum!

Chopin was at this time very subject to melancholy, and did not altogether hide the fact even from his parents. He was perhaps thinking of the "lengthening chain" which he would have to drag at this new remove. He often runs into the street to seek Titus Woyciechowski or John Matuszynski. One day he imagines he sees the former walking before him, but on coming up to the supposed friend is disgusted to find "a d—— Prussian."

I lack nothing [he writes in July, 1831] except
more spirit! I often feel unstrung, but sometim
I used to be at home. When I am sad I go to Mac
there I generally meet several amiable Polish l
their hearty, hopeful words always cheer me up,
begin at once to imitate the generals here. Thi
joke of mine; but those who saw it almost died
But alas, there are days when not two words car
me, nor can anyone find out what is the matter
to divert myself, I generally take a thirty-kre
Hietzing, or somewhere else in the neighbourhoc

This is a valuable bit of autobiography; it sets forth clearly Chopin's proneness to melancholy, which, however, easily gave way to his sportiveness. That low spirits and scantiness of money did not prevent Chopin from thoroughly enjoying himself may be gathered from many indications in his letters; of these I shall select his descriptions of two excursions in the neighbourhood of Vienna, which not only make us better acquainted with the writer, but also are interesting in themselves.

June 25, 1831.—The day before yesterday we were
Kumelski and Czapek...on the Kahlenberg and Leo
was a magnificent day; I have never had a finer
the Leopoldsberg one sees all Vienna, Wagram, A
Pressburg, even Kloster-Neuburg, the castle in
the Lion-hearted lived for a long time as a pri
the whole of the upper part of the Danube lay b
eyes. After breakfast we ascended the Kahlenber
John Sobieski pitched his camp and caused the r
fired which announced to Count Starhemberg, the
Vienna, the approach of the Polish army. There
Camaldolese Monastery in which the King knighte
James before the attack on the Turks and himsel
acolyte at the Mass. I enclose for Isabella a l
from that spot, which is now covered with plant
we went in the evening to the Krapfenwald, a be

valley, where we saw a comical boys' trick. The
fellows had enveloped themselves from head to f
and looked like walking bushes. In this costume
from one visitor to another. Such a boy covered
and his head adorned with twigs is called a "Pf
[Whitsuntide-King]. This drollery is customary
Whitsuntide.

The second excursion is thus described:—

July, 1831.—The day before yesterday honest Wur
me; Czapek, Kumelski, and many others also came
together to St. Veil—a beautiful place; I could
same of Tivoli, where they have constructed a k
caroitsscl, or rather a track with a sledge, wh
Rutsch. It is a childish amusement, but a great
grown-up people have themselves rolled down the
carriage just for pastime. At first I did not f
to try it, but as there were eight of us, all g
we began to vie with each other in sliding down
folly, and yet we all laughed heartily. I mysel
the sport with much satisfaction until it struc
healthy and strong men could do something bette
humanity calls to them for protection and defer
devil take this frivolity!

In the same letter Chopin expresses the hope that his use of various, not quite unobjectionable, words beginning with a "d" may not give his parents a bad opinion of the culture he has acquired in Vienna, and removes any possible disquietude on their part by assuring them that he has adopted nothing that is Viennese in its nature, that, in fact, he has not even learnt to play a Tanzwalzer (a dancing waltz). This, then, is the sad result of his sojourn in Vienna.

On July 20, 1831, Chopin, accompanied by his friend Kumelski, left Vienna and travelled by Linz and Salzburg to Munich, where he had to wait some

weeks for supplies from home. His stay in the capital of Bavaria, however, was not lost time, for he made there the acquaintance of several clever musicians, and they, charmed by his playing and compositions, induced him to give a concert. Karasowski tells us that Chopin played his E minor Concerto at one of the Philharmonic Society's concerts—which is not quite correct, as we shall see presently—and adds that

> *the audience, carried away by the beauty of the*
> *and his excellent, poetic rendering, overwhelme*
> *virtuoso with loud applause and sincere admirat*

In writing this the biographer had probably in his mind the following passage from Chopin's letter to Titus Woyciechowski, dated Paris, December 16, 1831:—"I played [to Kalkbrenner, in Paris] the E minor Concerto, which charmed the people of the Bavarian capital so much." The two statements are not synonymous. What the biographer says may be true, and if it is not, ought to be so; but I am afraid the existing documents do not bear it out in its entirety. Among the many local and other journals which I have consulted, I have found only one notice of Chopin's appearance at Munich, and when I expectantly scanned a resume of Munich musical life, from the spring to the end of the year 1831, in the "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," I found mention made of Mendelssohn and Lafont, but not of Chopin. Thus, unless we assume that Karasowski—true to his mission as a eulogising biographer, and most vigorous when unfettered by definite data—indulged in exaggeration, we must seek for a reconciliation of the enthusiasm of the audience with the silence of the reporter in certain characteristics of the Munich

public. Mendelssohn says of it:—

The people here [in Munich] have an extraordina
for music, which is much cultivated. But it app
that everything makes an impression and that th
do not last.

Speaking of Mendelssohn, it is curious to note how he and Chopin were again and again on the point of meeting, and again and again failed to meet. In Berlin Chopin was too bashful and modest to address his already famous young brother-artist, who in 1830 left Vienna shortly before Chopin arrived, and in 1831 arrived in Munich shortly after Chopin had left. The only notice of Chopin's public appearance in Munich I have been able to discover, I found in No. 87 (August 30, 1831) of the periodical "Flora", which contains, under the heading "news," a pretty full account of the "concert of Mr. Chopin of Warsaw." From this account we learn that Chopin was assisted by the singers Madame Pellegrini and Messrs. Bayer, Lenz, and Harm, the clarinet-player Barmann, jun., and Capellmeister Stunz. The singers performed a four-part song, and Barmann took part in a cavatina (sung by Bayer, the first tenor at the opera) with clarinet and pianoforte accompaniment by Schubert (?). What the writer of the account says about Chopin shall be quoted in full:—

On the 28th August, Mr. F. Chopin, of Warsaw, g
concert [Mittags Concert] in the hall of the Ph
Society, which was attended by a very select au
Chopin performed on the pianoforte a Concerto o
his own composition, and showed an excellent vi
the treatment of his instrument; besides a deve
technique, one noticed especially a charming de

execution, and a beautiful and characteristic r
the motives. The composition was, on the whole,
and well written, without surprising, however,
extraordinary novelty or a particular profundit
exception of the Rondo, whose principal thought
the florid middle sections, through an original
of a melancholy trait with a capriccio, evolvec
charm, on which account it particularly pleasec
giver performed in conclusion a fantasia on Pol
songs. There is a something in the Slavonic son
almost never fails in its effect, the cause of
however, is difficult to trace and explain; for
only the rhythm and the quick change from minor
which produce this charm. No one has probably u
better how to combine the national character of
songs with a brilliant concert style than Bernh
[Footnote: The famous violoncellist], who by hi
of this kind, put in a favourable light by his
playing, knew how to exercise a peculiar fascir
of this style was the fantasia of Mr. Chopin, w
unanimous applause.

From Munich Chopin proceeded to Stuttgart, and during his stay there learnt the sad news of the taking of Warsaw by the Russians (September 8, 1831). It is said that this event inspired him to compose the C minor study (No. 12 of Op. 10), with its passionate surging and impetuous ejaculations. Writing from Paris on December 16, 1831, Chopin remarks, in allusion to the traeic denouement of the Polish revolution: "All this has caused me much pain. Who could have foreseen it!"

With his visits to Stuttgart Chopin's artist-life in Germany came to a close, for, although he afterwards repeatedly visited the country, he never played in public or made a lengthened stay there. Now that Chopin is nearing Paris, where, occasional sojourns elsewhere (most of them of short duration)

excepted, he will pass the rest of his life, it may interest the reader to learn that this change of country brought with it also a change of name, at least as far as popular pronunciation and spelling went. We may be sure that the Germans did not always give to the final syllable the appropriate nasal sound. And what the Polish pronunciation was is sufficiently indicated by the spelling "Szopen," frequently to be met with. I found it in the Polish illustrated journal "Kiosy," and it is also to be seen in Joseph Sikorski's "Wspomnienie Szopena" ("Reminiscences of Chopin"). Szulc and Karasowski call their books and hero "Fryderyk Chopin."

CHAPTER XIII

CHOPIN'S PRODUCTIONS FROM THE SPRING OF 1829 TO THEEND OF 1831.—THE CHIEF INFLUENCES THAT HELPED TO FORM HIS STYLE OF COMPOSITION.

Let us pause for a little in our biographical inquiries and critically examine what Chopin had achieved as a composer since the spring of 1829. At the very first glance it becomes evident that the works of the last two years (1829-1831) are decidedly superior to those he wrote before that time. And this advance was not due merely to the increased power derived from practice; it was real growth, which a Greek philosopher describes as penetration of nourishment into empty places, the nourishment being in Chopin's case experience of life's joys and sorrows. In most of the works of what I call his first period, the composer luxuriates, as it were, in language. He does not regard it solely or chiefly as the interpreter of thoughts and feelings, he loves it for its own sake, just as children, small and tall, prattle for no other reason than the pleasure of prattling. I closed the first period when a new element entered Chopin's life and influenced his artistic work. This element was his first love, his passion for Constantia Gtadkowska. Thenceforth Chopin's compositions had in them more of humanity

and poetry, and the improved subject-matter naturally, indeed necessarily, chastened, ennobled, and enriched the means and ways of expression. Of course no hard line can be drawn between the two periods—the distinctive quality of the one period appears sometimes in the work of the other: a work of the earlier period foreshadows the character of the later; one of the later re-echoes that of the earlier.

The compositions which we know to have been written by Chopin between 1829 and 1831 are few in number. This may be partly because Chopin was rather idle from the autumn of 1830 to the end of 1831, partly because no account of the production of other works has come down to us. In fact, I have no doubt that other short pieces besides those mentioned by Chopin in his letters were composed during those years, and subsequently published by him. The compositions oftenest and most explicitly mentioned in the letters are also the most important ones—namely, the concertos. As I wish to discuss them at some length, we will keep them to the last, and see first what allusions to other compositions we can find, and what observations these latter give rise to.

On October 3, 1829, Chopin sends his friend Titus Woyciechowski a waltz which, he says, was, like the Adagio of the F minor Concerto, inspired by his ideal, Constantia Gladkowska:—

Pay attention to the passage marked with a +; r
you, knows of this. How happy would I be if I c
newest compositions to you! In the fifth bar of
bass melody up to E flat dominates, which, howe
not tell you, as you are sure to feel it withou

The remark about the bass melody up to E flat in

the trio gives us a clue to which of Chopin's waltzes this is. It can be no other than the one in D flat which Fontana published among his friend's posthumous works as Op. 70, No. 3. Although by no means equal to any of the waltzes published by Chopin himself, one may admit that it is pretty; but its chief claim to our attention lies in the fact that it contains germs which reappear as fully-developed flowers in other examples of this class of the master's works—the first half of the first part reappears in the opening (from the ninth bar onward) of Op. 42 (Waltz in A flat major); and the third part, in the third part (without counting the introductory bars) of Op. 34, No. 1 (Waltz in A flat major).

On October 20, 1829, Chopin writes:—"During my visit at Prince Radziwill's [at Antonin] I wrote an Alla Polacca. It is nothing more than a brilliant salon piece, such as pleases ladies"; and on April 10, 1830:—

> *I shall play [at a soiree at the house of Lewic*
> *"La Sentinelle," and at the close my Polonaise*
> *violoncello, for which I have composed an Adagi*
> *introduction. I have already rehearsed it, and*
> *sound badly.*

Prince Radziwill, the reader will remember, played the violoncello. It was, however, not to him but to Merk that Chopin dedicated this composition, which, before departing from Vienna to Paris, he left with Mechetti, who eventually published it under the title of "Introduction et Polonaise brillante pour piano et violoncelle," dediees a Mr. Joseph Merk. On the whole we may accept Chopin's criticism of his Op. 3 as correct. The Polonaise is nothing but a brilliant salon piece. Indeed, there is very little in this

composition—one or two pianoforte passages, and a finesse here and there excepted—that distinguishes it as Chopin's. The opening theme verges even dangerously to the commonplace. More of the Chopinesque than in the Polonaise may be discovered in the Introduction, which was less of a piece d'occasion. What subdued the composer's individuality was no doubt the violoncello, which, however, is well provided with grateful cantilene.

On two occasions Chopin writes of studies. On October 20, 1829: "I have composed a study in my own manner"; and on November 14, 1829: "I have written some studies; in your presence I would play them well." These studies are probably among the twelve published in the summer of 1833, they may, however, also be among those published in the autumn of 1837. The twelfth of the first sheaf of studies (Op. 10) Chopin composed, as already stated, at Stuttgart, when he was under the excitement caused by the news of the taking of Warsaw by the Russians on September 8, 1831.

The words "I intend to write a Polonaise with orchestra," contained in a letter dated September 18, 1830, give rise to the interesting question: "Did Chopin realise his intention, and has the work come down to us?" I think both questions can be answered in the affirmative. At any rate, I hold that internal evidence seems to indicate that Op. 22, the "Grande Polonaise brillante precedee d'un Andante spianato avec orchestre," which was published in the summer of 1836, is the work in question. Whether the "Andante" was composed at the same time, and what, if any, alterations were subsequently made in the Polonaise, I do not venture to decide. But the Polonaise has so much of Chopin's early showy virtuosic style and so little of his later noble

emotional power that my conjecture seems reasonable. Moreover, the fact that the orchestra is employed speaks in favour of my theory, for after the works already discussed in the tenth chapter, and the concertos with which we shall concern ourselves presently, Chopin did not in any other composition (i.e., after 1830) write for the orchestra. His experiences in Warsaw, Vienna, and Paris convinced him, no doubt, that he was not made to contend with masses, either as an executant or as a composer. Query: Is the Polonaise, of which Chopin says in July, 1831, that he has to leave it to Wurfel, Op. 22 or another work?

Two other projects of Chopin, however, seem to have remained unrealised—a Concerto for two pianos which he intended to play in public at Vienna with his countryman Nidecki (letter of December 21, 1830), and Variations for piano and violin on a theme of Beethoven's, to be written conjointly by himself and Slavik (letters of December 21 and 25, 1830). Fragments of the former of these projected works may, however, have been used in the "Allegro de Concert," Op. 46, published in 1842.

In the letter of December 21, 1830, there is also an allusion to a waltz and mazurkas just finished, but whether they are to be found among the master's printed compositions is more than I can tell.

The three "Ecossaises" of the year 1830, which Fontana published as Op. 72, No. 3, are the least individual of Chopin's compositions, and almost the only dances of his which may be described as dance music pure and simple—rhythm and melody without poetry, matter with a minimum of soul.

The posthumous Mazurka (D major) of 1829-30 is unimportant. It contains nothing notable, except

perhaps the descending chromatic successions of chords of the sixth. In fact, we can rejoice in its preservation only because a comparison with a remodelling of 1832 allows us to trace a step in Chopin's development.

And now we come to the concertos, the history of which, as far as it is traceable in the composer's letters, I will here place before the reader. If I repeat in this chapter passages already quoted in previous chapters, it is for the sake of completeness and convenience.

October 3, 1829.—I have—perhaps to my misfortur
found my ideal, whom I worship faithfully and s
months have elapsed and I have not yet exchange
with her of whom I dream every night. Whilst my
with her I composed the Adagio of my Concerto.

The Adagio here mentioned is that of the F minor Concerto, Op. 21, which he composed before but published after the F. minor Concerto, Op. 11—the former appearing in print in April, 1836, the latter in September, 1833. [Footnote: The slow movements of Chopin's concertos are marked Larglietto, the composer uses here the word Adagio generically—i.e., in the sense of slow movement generally.] Karasowski says mistakingly that the movement referred to is the Adagio of the E minor Concerto. He was perhaps misled by a mistranslation of his own. In the German version of his Chopin biography he gives the concluding words of the above quotation as "of my new Concerto," but there is no new in the Polish text (na ktorego pamiatke skomponowalem Adagio do mojego Koncertu).

October 20, 1829.—Elsner has praised the Adagio

Concerto. He says that there is something new i
the Rondo I do not wish yet to hear a judgment,
yet satisfied with it myself. I am curious whet
finish this work when I return [from a visit to
Radziwill].

November 14, 1829.—I received your last letter
Radziwill's. I was there a week; you cannot ima
quickly and pleasantly the time passed to me. I
last coach, and had much trouble in getting awa
should have stayed till they had turned me out;
occupations and, above all things, my Concerto,
impatiently waiting for its Finale, have compel
leave of this Paradise.

On March 17, 1830, Chopin played the F minor Concerto at the first concert he gave in Warsaw. How it was received by the public and the critics on this occasion and on that of a second concert has been related in the ninth chapter (p.131).

March 27, 1830.—I hope yet to finish before the
first Allegro of my second Concerto [i.e., the
minor], and therefore I should in any case wait
the holidays [to give a third concert], althoug
convinced that I should have this time a still
audience than formerly; for the haute volee has
me.

On April 10, 1830, Chopin writes that his Concerto is not yet finished; and on May 15, 1830:—

The Rondo for my Concerto is not yet finished,
right inspired mood has always beep wanting. It
the Allegro and the Adagio completely finished
without anxiety about the Finale. The Adagio is
and of a romantic, calm, and partly melancholy
is intended to convey the impression which one

the eye rests on a beloved landscape that calls soul beautiful memories—for instance, on a fine spring night. I have written violins with mutes accompaniment to it. I wonder if that will have effect? Well, time will show.

August 21, 1830.—Next month I leave here; first must rehearse my Concerto, for the Rondo is now

For an account of the rehearsals of the Concerto and its first public performance at Chopin's third Warsaw concert on October u, 1830, the reader is referred to the tenth chapter (p. 150). [FOOTNOTE: In the following remarks on the concertos I shall draw freely from the critical commentary on the Pianoforte Works of Chopin, which I contributed some years ago (1879) to the Monthly Musical Record.]

Chopin, says Liszt, wrote beautiful concertos and fine sonatas, but it is not difficult to perceive in these productions "plus de volonte que d'inspiration." As for his inspiration it was naturally "imperieuse, fantasque, irreflechie; ses allures ne pouvaient etre que libres." Indeed, Liszt believes that Chopin—

did violence to his genius every time he sought by rules, classifications, and an arrangement t his own, and could not accord with the exigenci spirit, which was one of those whose grace disp when they seem to drift along [alter a la deriv classical attempts of Chopin nevertheless shine refinement of style. They contain passages of g parts of surprising grandeur.

With Chopin writing a concerto or a sonata was an effort, and the effort was always inadequate for the attainment of the object—a perfect work of its kind.

He lacked the peculiar qualities, natural and acquired, requisite for a successful cultivation of the larger forms. He could not grasp and hold the threads of thought which he found flitting in his mind, and weave them into a strong, complex web; he snatched them up one by one, tied them together, and either knit them into light fabrics or merely wound them into skeins. In short, Chopin was not a thinker, not a logician—his propositions are generally good, but his arguments are poor and the conclusions often wanting. Liszt speaks sometimes of Chopin's science. In doing this, however, he misapplies the word. There was nothing scientific in Chopin's mode of production, and there is nothing scientific in his works. Substitute "ingenious" (in the sense of quick-witted and possessed of genius, in the sense of the German geistreich) for "scientific," and you come near to what Liszt really meant. If the word is applicable at all to art, it can be applicable only to works which manifest a sustained and dominating intellectual power, such, for instance, as a fugue of Bach's, a symphony of Beethoven's, that is, to works radically different from those of Chopin. Strictly speaking, the word, however, is not applicable to art, for art and science are not coextensive; nay, to some extent, are even inimical to each other. Indeed, to call a work of art purely and simply "scientific," is tantamount to saying that it is dry and uninspired by the muse. In dwelling so long on this point my object was not so much to elucidate Liszt's meaning as Chopin's character as a composer.

Notwithstanding their many shortcomings, the concertos may be said to be the most satisfactory of Chopin's works in the larger forms, or at least those that afford the greatest amount of enjoyment. In some respects the concerto-form was more

favourable than the sonata-form for the exercise of Chopin's peculiar talent, in other respects it was less so. The concerto-form admits of a far greater and freer display of the virtuosic capabilities of the pianoforte than the sonata-form, and does not necessitate the same strictness of logical structure, the same thorough working-out of the subject-matter. But, on the other hand, it demands aptitude in writing for the orchestra and appropriately solid material. Now, Chopin lacked such aptitude entirely, and the nature of his material accorded little with the size of the structure and the orchestral frame. And, then, are not these confessions of intimate experiences, these moonlight sentimentalities, these listless dreams, &c., out of place in the gaslight glare of concert-rooms, crowded with audiences brought together to a great extent rather by ennui, vanity, and idle curiosity than by love of art?

The concerto is the least perfect species of the sonata genus; practical, not ideal, reasons have determined its form, which owes its distinctive features to the calculations of the virtuoso, not to the inspiration of the creative artist. Romanticism does not take kindly to it. Since Beethoven the form has been often modified, more especially the long introductory tutti omitted or cut short. Chopin, however, adhered to the orthodox form, taking unmistakably Hummel for his model. Indeed, Hummel's concertos were Chopin's model not only as regards structure, but also to a certain extent as regards the character of the several movements. In the tutti's of the first movement, and in the general complexion of the second (the slow) and the third (Rondo) movement, this discipleship is most apparent. But while noting the resemblance, let us not overlook the difference. If the bones are

Hummel's (which no doubt is an exaggeration of the fact), the flesh, blood, and soul are Chopin's. In his case adherence to the orthodox concerto-form was so much the more regrettable as writing for the orchestra was one of his weakest points. Indeed, Chopin's originality is gone as soon as he writes for another instrument than the pianoforte. The commencement of the first solo is like the opening of a beautiful vista after a long walk through dreary scenery, and every new entry of the orchestra precipitates you from the delectable regions of imagination to the joyless deserts of the actual. Chopin's inaptitude in writing for the orchestra is, however, most conspicuous where he employs it conjointly with the pianoforte. Carl Klindworth and Carl Tausig have rescored the concertos: the former the one in F minor, the latter the one in E minor. Klindworth wrote his arrangement of the F minor Concerto in 1867-1868 in London, and published it ten years later at Moscow (P. Jurgenson). [FOOTNOTE: The title runs: "Second Concerto de Chopin, Op. 21, avec un nouvel accompagnement d'orchestre d'apres la partition originale par Karl Klindworth. Dedie a Franz Lizt." It is now the property of the Berlin publishers Bote and Bock.] A short quotation from the preface will charactise his work:—

The principal pianoforte part has, notwithstanc
remodelling of the score, been retained almost
Only in some passages, which the orchestra, in
a richer instrumentation, accompanies with grea
the pianoforte part had, on that account, to be
effective by an increase of brilliance. By thes
from the original, from the so perfect and beau
effectuating [effectuirenden] pianoforte style

either the unnecessary doubling of the melody a
pregnantly represented by the orchestra was avo
keeping with the now fuller harmonic support of
accompaniment—some figurations of the solo inst
received a more brilliant form.

Of Tausig's labour [FOOTNOTE: "Grosses Concert in E moll. Op. 11." Bearberet von Carl Tausig. Score, pianoforte, and orchestral parts. Berlin: Ries and Erler.] I shall only say that his cutting-down and patching-up of the introductory tutti, to mention only one thing, are not well enough done to excuse the liberty taken with a great composer's work. Moreover, your emendations cannot reach the vital fault, which lies in the conceptions. A musician may have mastered the mechanical trick of instrumentation, and yet his works may not be at heart orchestral. Instrumentation ought to be more than something that at will can be added or withheld; it ought to be the appropriate expression of something that appertains to the thought. The fact is, Chopin could not think for the orchestra, his thoughts took always the form of the pianoforte language; his thinking became paralysed when he made use of another medium of expression. Still, there have been critics who thought differently. The Polish composer Sowinski declared without circumlocution that Chopin "wrote admirably for the orchestra." Other countrymen of his dwelt at greater length, and with no less enthusiasm, on what is generally considered a weak point in the master's equipment. A Paris correspondent of the Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik (1834) remarked a propos of the F minor Concerto that there was much delicacy in the instrumentation. But what do the opinions of those critics, if they deserve the name, amount to when weighed against that of the rest of the world,

nay, even against that of Berlioz alone, who held that "in the compositions of Chopin all the interest is concentrated in the piano part, the orchestra of his concertos is nothing but a cold and almost useless accompaniment"?

All this and much more may be said against Chopin's concertos, yet such is the charm, loveliness, delicacy, elegance, and brilliancy of the details, that one again and again forgives and forgets their shortcomings as wholes. But now let us look at these works a little more closely.

The first-composed and last-published Concerto, the one in F minor, Op. 21 (dedicated to Madame la Comtesse Delphine Potocka), opens with a tutti of about seventy bars. When, after this, the pianoforte interrupts the orchestra impatiently, and then takes up the first subject, it is as if we were transported into another world and breathed a purer atmosphere. First, there are some questions and expostulations, then the composer unfolds a tale full of sweet melancholy in a strain of lovely, tenderly-intertwined melody. With what inimitable grace he winds those delicate garlands around the members of his melodic structure! How light and airy the harmonic base on which it rests! But the contemplation of his grief disturbs his equanimity more and more, and he begins to fret and fume. In the second subject he seems to protest the truthfulness and devotion of his heart, and concludes with a passage half upbraiding, half beseeching, which is quite captivating, nay more, even bewitching in its eloquent persuasiveness. Thus far, from the entrance of the pianoforte, all was irreproachable. How charming if Chopin had allowed himself to drift on the current of his fancy, and had left rules, classifications, &c., to others! But no, he had resolved to write a concerto,

and must now put his hand to the rudder, and have done with idle dreaming, at least for the present—unaware, alas, that the idle dreamings of some people are worth more than their serious efforts. Well, what is unpoetically called the working-out section—to call it free fantasia in this instance would be mockery—reminds me of Goethe's "Zauberlehrling," who said to himself in the absence of his master, "I noted his words, works, and procedure, and, with strength of mind, I also shall do wonders." How the apprentice conjured up the spirits, and made them do his bidding; how, afterwards, he found he had forgotten the formula with which to stop and banish them, and what were the consequent sad results, the reader will, no doubt, remember. The customary repetition of the first section of the movement calls for no remark. Liszt cites the second movement (Larghetto, A flat major) of this work as a specimen of the morceaux d'une surprenante grandeur to be found in Chopin's concertos and sonatas, and mentions that the composer had a marked predilection for it, delighting in frequently playing it. And Schumann exclaims: "What are ten editorial crowns compared to one such Adagio as that in the second concerto!" The beautiful deep-toned, love-laden cantilena, which is profusely and exquisitely ornamented in Chopin's characteristic style, is interrupted by a very impressive recitative of some length, after which the cantilena is heard again. But criticism had better be silent, and listen here attentively. And how shall I describe the last movement (Allegro vivace F minor, 3-4)—its feminine softness and rounded contours, its graceful, gyrating, dance-like motions, its sprightliness and frolicsomeness? Unless I quote every part and particle, I feel I cannot do justice to it. The exquisite

ease and grace, the subtle spirit that breathes through this movement, defy description, and, more, defy the attempts of most performers to reproduce the original. He who ventures to interpret Chopin ought to have a soul strung with chords which the gentlest breath of feeling sets in vibration, and a body of such a delicate and supple organisation as to echo with equal readiness the music of the soul. As to the listener, he is carried away in this movement from one lovely picture to another, and no time is left him to reflect and make objections with reference to the whole.

The Concerto in E minor, Op. 11, dedicated to Mr. Fred Kalkbrenner, shows more of volonte and less of inspiration than the one in F minor. One can almost read in it the words of the composer, "If I have only the Allegro and the Adagio completely finished, I shall be in no anxiety about the Finale." The elongated form of the first movement—the introductory tutti alone extends to 138 bars—compares disadvantageously with the greater compactness of the corresponding movement in the F minor Concerto, and makes still more sensible the monotony resulting from the key-relation of the constituent parts, the tonic being the same in both subjects. The scheme is this:—First subject in E minor, second subject in E major, working-out section in C major, leading through various keys to the return of the first subject in E minor and of the second subject in G major, followed by a close in E minor. The tonic is not relieved till the commencement of the working-out section. The re-entrance of the second subject brings, at last, something of a contrast. How little Chopin understood the importance or the handling of those powerful levers, key-relation and contrast, may also

be observed in the Sonata, Op. 4, where the last movement brings the first subject in C minor and the second in G minor. Here the composer preserves the same mode (minor), there the same tonic, the result being nearly the same in both instances. But, it may be asked, was not this languid monotony which results from the employment of these means just what Chopin intended? The only reply that can be made to this otherwise unanswerable objection is, so much the worse for the artist's art if he had such intentions. Chopin's description of the Adagio quoted above—remember the beloved landscape, the beautiful memories, the moonlit spring night, and the muted violins—hits off its character admirably. Although Chopin himself designates the first Allegro as "vigorous"—which in some passages, at least from the composer's standpoint, we may admit it to be—the fundamental mood of this movement is one closely allied to that which he says he intended to express in the Adagio. Look at the first movement, and judge whether there are not in it more pale moonlight reveries than fresh morning thoughts. Indeed, the latter, if not wholly absent, are confined to the introductory bars of the first subject and some passage-work. Still, the movement is certainly not without beauty, although the themes appear somewhat bloodless, and the passages are less brilliant and piquant than those in the F minor Concerto. Exquisite softness and tenderness distinguish the melodious parts, and Chopin's peculiar coaxing tone is heard in the semiquaver passage marked tranquillo of the first subject. The least palatable portion of the movement is the working-out section. The pianoforte part therein reminds one too much of a study, without having the beauty of Chopin's compositions thus entitled; and

the orchestra amuses itself meanwhile with reminiscences of the principal motives. Chopin's procedure in this and similar cases is pretty much the same (F minor Concerto, Krakowiak, &c.), and recalls to my mind—may the manes of the composer forgive me—a malicious remark of Rellstab's. Speaking of the introduction to the Variations, Op. 2, he says: "The composer pretends to be going to work out the theme." It is curious, and sad at the same time, to behold with what distinction Chopin treats the bassoon, and how he is repaid with mocking ingratitude. But enough of the orchestral rabble. The Adagio is very fine in its way, but such is its cloying sweetness that one longs for something bracing and active. This desire the composer satisfies only partially in the last movement (Rondo vivace, 2-4, E major). Nevertheless, he succeeds in putting us in good humour by his gaiety, pretty ways, and tricksy surprises (for instance, the modulations from E major to E flat major, and back again to E major). We seem, however, rather to look on the play of fantoccini than the doings of men; in short, we feel here what we have felt more or less strongly throughout the whole work—there is less intensity of life and consequently less of human interest in this than in the F minor Concerto.

Almost all my remarks on the concertos run counter to those made by W. von Lenz. The F minor Concerto he holds to be an uninteresting work, immature and fragmentary in plan, and, excepting some delicate ornamentation, without originality. Nay, he goes even so far as to say that the passage-work is of the usual kind met with in the compositions of Hummel and his successors, and that the cantilena in the larghetto is in the jejune style of Hummel; the last movement also receives but scanty

and qualified praise. On the other hand, he raves about the E minor Concerto, confining himself, however, to the first movement. The second movement he calls a "tiresome nocturne," the Rondo "a Hummel." A tincture of classical soberness and self-possession in the first movement explains Lenz's admiration of this composition, but I fail to understand the rest of his predilections and critical utterances.

In considering these concertos one cannot help exclaiming—What a pity that Chopin should have set so many beautiful thoughts and fancies in such a frame and thereby marred them! They contain passages which are not surpassed in any of his most perfect compositions, yet among them these concertos cannot be reckoned. It is difficult to determine their rank in concerto literature. The loveliness, brilliancy, and piquancy of the details bribe us to overlook, and by dazzling us even prevent us from seeing, the formal shortcomings of the whole. But be their shortcomings ever so great and many, who would dispense with these works? Therefore, let us be thankful, and enjoy them without much grumbling.

Schumann in writing of the concertos said that Chopin introduced Beethoven spirit [Beethovenischen Geist] into the concert-room, dressing the master's thoughts, as Hummel had done Mozart's, in brilliant, flowing drapery; and also, that Chopin had instruction from the best, from Beethoven, Schubert, and Field—that the first might be supposed to have educated his mind to boldness, the second his heart to tenderness, the third his fingers to dexterity. Although as a rule a wonderfully acute observer, Schumann was not on this occasion very happy in the few critical utterances which he

vouchsafed in the course of the general remarks of which his notice mainly consists. Without congeniality there cannot be much influence, at least not in the case of so exclusive and fastidious a nature as Chopin's. Now, what congeniality could there be between the rugged German and the delicate Pole? All accounts agree in that Chopin was far from being a thorough-going worshipper of Beethoven—he objected to much in his matter and manner, and, moreover, could not by any means boast an exhaustive acquaintance with his works. That Chopin assimilated something of Beethoven is of course more likely than not; but, if a fact, it is a latent one. As to Schubert, I think Chopin knew too little of his music to be appreciably influenced by him. At any rate, I fail to perceive how and where the influence reveals itself. Of Field, on the other hand, traces are discoverable, and even more distinct ones of Hummel. The idyllic serenity of the former and the Mozartian sweetness of the latter were truly congenial to him; but no less, if not more, so was Spohr's elegiac morbidezza. Chopin's affection for Spohr is proved by several remarks in his letters: thus on one occasion (October 3, 1829) he calls the master's Octet a wonderful work; and on another occasion (September 18, 1830) he says that the Quintet for pianoforte, flute, clarinet, bassoon, and horn (Op. 52) is a wonderfully beautiful work, but not suitable for the pianoforte. How the gliding cantilena in sixths and thirds of the minuet and the serpentining chromatic passages in the last movement of the last-mentioned work must have flattered his inmost soul! There can be no doubt that Spohr was a composer who made a considerable impression upon Chopin. In his music there is nothing to hurt the most fastidious sensibility, and

much to feed on for one who, like Jaques in "As you like it", could "suck melancholy out of a song, as a weasel eggs."

Many other composers, notably the supremely-loved and enthusiastically-admired Mozart and Bach, must have had a share in Chopin's development; but it cannot be said that they left a striking mark on his music, with regard to which, however, it has to be remembered that the degree of external resemblance does not always accurately indicate the degree of internal indebtedness. Bach's influence on Mendelssohn, Schumann, Chopin, and others of their contemporaries, and its various effects on their styles, is one of the curiosities of nineteenth century musical history; a curiosity, however, which is fully disclosed only by subtle analysis. Field and especially Hummel are those musicians who—more, however, as pianists than as composers (i.e., more by their pianoforte language than by their musical thoughts)—set the most distinct impress on Chopin's early virtuosic style, of which we see almost the last in the concertos, where it appears in a chastened and spiritualised form very different from the materialism of the Fantasia (Op. 13) and the Krakowiak (Op. 14). Indeed, we may say of this style that the germ, and much more than the germ, of almost every one of its peculiarities is to be found in the pianoforte works of Hummel and Field; and this statement the concertos of these masters, more especially those of the former, and their shorter pieces, more especially the nocturnes of the latter, bear out in its entirety. The wide-spread broken chords, great skips, wreaths of rhythmically unmeasured ornamental notes, simultaneous combinations of unequal numbers of notes (five or seven against four, for instance), &c., are all to be

found in the compositions of the two above-named pianist-composers. Chopin's style, then, was not original? Most decidedly it was. But it is not so much new elements as the development and the different commixture, in degree and kind, of known elements which make an individual style—the absolutely new being, generally speaking, insignificant compared with the acquired and evolved. The opinion that individuality is a spontaneous generation is an error of the same kind as that imagination has nothing to do with memory. Ex nihilo nihil fit. Individuality should rather be regarded as a feminine organisation which conceives and brings forth; or, better still, as a growing thing which feeds on what is germane to it, a thing with self-acting suctorial organs that operate whenever they come in contact with suitable food. A nucleus is of course necessary for the development of an individuality, and this nucleus is the physical and intellectual constitution of the individual. Let us note in passing that the development of the individuality of an artistic style presupposes the development of the individuality of the man's character. But not only natural dispositions, also acquired dexterities affect the development of the individuality of an artistic style. Beethoven is orchestral even in his pianoforte works. Weber rarely ceases to be operatic. Spohr cannot help betraying the violinist, nor Schubert the song-composer. The more Schumann got under his command the orchestral forces, the more he impressed on them the style which he had formed previously by many years of playing and writing for the pianoforte. Bach would have been another Bach if he had not been an organist. Clementi was and remained all his life a pianist. Like Clementi, so was also Chopin under the dominion of his instrument. How the character of the man expressed itself in the

style of the artist will become evident when we examine Chopin's masterpieces. Then will also be discussed the influence on his style of the Polish national music.

CHAPTER XIV.

PARIS IN 1831.—LIFE IN THE STREETS.—ROMANTICISM AND LIBERALISM.—ROMANTICISM IN LITERATURE.—CHIEF LITERARY PUBLICATIONS OF THE TIME.—THE PICTORIAL ARTS.—MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.—CHOPIN'S OPINION OF THE GALAXY OF SINGERS THEN PERFORMING AT THE VARIOUS OPERA-HOUSES.

Chopin's sensations on plunging, after his long stay in the stagnant pool of Vienna, into the boiling sea of Paris might have been easily imagined, even if he had not left us a record of them. What newcomer from a place less populous and inhabited by a less vivacious race could help wondering at and being entertained by the vastness, variety, and bustle that surrounded him there?

Paris offers anything you may wish [writes Chop
amuse yourself, mope, laugh, weep, in short, do
like; no one notices it, because thousands do t
Everybody goes his own way....The Parisians are
people. When evening sets in one hears nothing
of titles of little new books, which consist of
four sheets of nonsense. The boys know so well

recommend their wares that in the end—willing c
buys one for a sou. They bear titles such as th
de faire, des amours, et de les conserver ensui
amours des pretres"; "L'Archeveque de Paris ave
duchesse de Berry"; and a thousand similar absu
however, are often very wittily written. One ca
astonished at the means people here make use of
pence.

All this and much more may be seen in Paris every day, but in 1831 Paris life was not an everyday life. It was then and there, if at any time and anywhere, that the "roaring loom of Time" might be heard: a new garment was being woven for an age that longed to throw off the wornout, tattered, and ill-fitting one inherited from its predecessors; and discontent and hopefulness were the impulses that set the shuttle so busily flying hither and thither. This movement, a reaction against the conventional formalism and barren, superficial scepticism of the preceding age, had ever since the beginning of the century been growing in strength and breadth. It pervaded all the departments of human knowledge and activity—politics, philosophy, religion, literature, and the arts. The doctrinaire school in politics and the eclectic school in philosophy were as characteristic products of the movement as the romantic school in poetry and art. We recognise the movement in Lamennais' attack on religious indifference, and in the gospel of a "New Christianity" revealed by Saint Simon and preached and developed by Bazard and Enfantin, as well as in the teaching of Cousin, Villemain, and Guizot, and in the works of V. Hugo, Delacroix, and others. Indeed, unless we keep in view as far as possible all the branches into which the broad stream divides itself, we shall not be able to understand the movement

aright either as a whole or in its parts. V. Hugo defines the militant—i.e., negative side of romanticism as liberalism in literature. The positive side of the liberalism of the time might, on the other hand, not inaptly be described as romanticism in speculation and practice. This, however, is matter rather for a history of civilisation than for a biography of an artist. Therefore, without further enlarging on it, I shall let Chopin depict the political aspect of Paris in 1831 as he saw it, and then attempt myself a slight outline sketch of the literary and artistic aspect of the French capital, which signifies France.

Louis Philippe had been more than a year on the throne, but the agitation of the country was as yet far from being allayed:—

> *There is now in Paris great want and little mor*
> *circulation. One meets many shabby individuals*
> *physiognomies, and sometimes one hears an excit*
> *discussion on Louis Philippe, who, as well as h*
> *hangs only by a single hair. The populace is di*
> *the Government, and would like to overthrow it,*
> *make an end of the misery; but the Government i*
> *its guard, and the least concourse of people is*
> *dispersed by the mounted police.*

Riots and attentats were still the order of the day, and no opportunity for a demonstration was let slip by the parties hostile to the Government. The return of General Ramorino from Poland, where he had taken part in the insurrection, offered such an opportunity. This adventurer, a natural son of Marshal Lannes, who began his military career in the army of Napoleon, and, after fighting wherever fighting was going on, ended it on the Piazza d'Armi at Turin, being condemned by a Piedmontese court-

martial to be shot for disobedience to orders, was hardly a worthy recipient of the honours bestowed upon him during his journey through Germany and France. But the personal merit of such popular heroes of a day is a consideration of little moment; they are mere counters, counters representative of ideas and transient whims.

The enthusiasm of the populace for our general
known to you [writes Chopin to his friend Woyci
Paris would not be behind in this respect. [Foo
Poles and everything Polish were at that time t
Paris; thus, for instance, at one of the theatr
dramas were generally played, they represented
history of the last Polish insurrection, and th
every night crammed with people who wished to s
and national costumes.] The Ecole de Medecine a
France, who wear their beards and cravats accor
certain pattern, intend to honour him with a gr
demonstration. Every political party—I speak of
of the ultras—has its peculiar badge: the Carli
green waistcoats, the Republicans and Napoleoni
form the jeune France) [red], [Footnote: Chopin
this word, which seems to be necessary to compl
sentence; at least, it is neither in the Polish
edition of Karasowski's book.] the Saint-Simoni
profess a new religion, wear blue, and so forth
thousand of these young people marched with a t
through the town in order to give Ramorino an o
Although he was at home, and notwithstanding th
"Vive les Polonais!" he did not show himself, n
expose himself to any unpleasantness on the par
Government. His adjutant came out and said that
was sorry he could not receive them and begged
some other day. But the next day he took other
some days afterwards an immense mass of people-
men, but also rabble that had congregated near
Pantheon—proceeded to the other side of the Sei
Ramorino's house, the crowd increased like an a

it was dispersed by several charges of the mour
had stationed themselves at the Pont Neuf. Alth
wounded, new masses of people gathered on the E
under my windows in order to join those who wer
from the other side of the Seine. The police wa
helpless, the crowd increased more and more, ti
body of infantry and a squadron of hussars adva
commandant ordered the municipal guard and the
clear the footpaths and street of the curious a
and to arrest the ringleaders. (This is the fre
panic spread with the swiftness of lightning: t
closed, the populace flocked together at all th
the streets, and the orderlies who galloped thr
streets were hissed. All windows were crowded b
as on festive occasions with us at home, and th
lasted from eleven o'clock in the morning till
at night. I thought that the affair would have
towards midnight they sang "Allons enfants de l
went home. I am unable to describe to you the i
which the horrid voices of this riotous, discor
made upon me! Everyone was afraid that the riot
continued next morning, but that was not the ca
Grenoble has followed the example of Lyons; how
cannot tell what may yet come to pass in the wo

The length and nature of Chopin's account show what a lively interest he took in the occurrences of which he was in part an eye and ear-witness, for he lived on the fourth story of a house (No. 27) on the Boulevard Poissonniere, opposite the Cite Bergere, where General Ramorino lodged. But some of his remarks show also that the interest he felt was by no means a pleasurable one, and probably from this day dates his fear and horror of the mob. And now we will turn from politics, a theme so distasteful to Chopin that he did not like to hear it discussed and could not easily be induced to take part in its discussion, to a theme more congenial, I doubt not, to all of us.

Literary romanticism, of which Chateaubriand and Madame de Stael were the harbingers, owed its existence to a longing for a greater fulness of thought, a greater intenseness of feeling, a greater appropriateness and adequateness of expression, and, above all, a greater truth to life and nature. It was felt that the degenerated classicists were "barren of imagination and invention," offered in their insipid artificialities nothing but "rhetoric, bombast, fleurs de college, and Latin-verse poetry," clothed "borrowed ideas in trumpery imagery," and presented themselves with a "conventional elegance and noblesse than which there was nothing more common." On the other hand, the works of the master-minds of England, Germany, Spain, and Italy, which were more and more translated and read, opened new, undreamt-of vistas. The Bible, Homer, and Shakespeare began now to be considered of all books the most worthy to be studied. And thus it came to pass that in a short time a most complete revolution was accomplished in literature, from abject slavery to unlimited freedom.

> *There are neither rules nor models [says V. Hug of the school, in the preface to his Cromwell (rather there are no other rules than the genera nature which encompass the whole art, and the s which for every composition result from the cor existence peculiar to each subject. The former internal, and remain; the latter variable, exte serve only once.*

Hence theories, poetics, and systems were to be broken up, and the old plastering which covered the fagade of art was to be pulled down. From rules and theories the romanticists appealed to nature and truth, without forgetting, however, that nature and

art are two different things, and that the truth of art can never be absolute reality. The drama, for instance, must be "a concentrating mirror which, so far from enfeebling, collects and condenses the colouring rays and transforms a glimmer into a light, a light into a flame." To pass from form to matter, the attention given by the romanticists to history is particularly to be noted. Pierre Dubois, the director of the philosophical and literary journal "Le Globe," the organ of romanticism (1824-1832), contrasts the poverty of invention in the works of the classicists with the inexhaustible wealth of reality, "the scenes of disorder, of passion, of fanaticism, of hypocrisy, and of intrigue," recorded in history. What the dramatist has to do is to perform the miracle "of reanimating the personages who appear dead on the pages of a chronicle, of discovering by analysis all the shades of the passions which caused these hearts to beat, of recreating their language and costume." It is a significant fact that Sainte-Beuve opened the campaign of romanticism in "Le Globe" with a "Tableau de la poesie francaise au seizieme siecle," the century of the "Pleiade," and of Rabelais and Montaigne. It is a still more significant fact that the members of the "Cenacle," the circle of kindred minds that gathered around Victor Hugo—Alfred de Vigny, Emile Deschamps, Sainte-Beuve, David d'Angers, and others—"studied and felt the real Middle Ages in their architecture, in their chronicles, and in their picturesque vivacity." Nor should we overlook in connection with romanticism Cousin's aesthetic teaching, according to which, God being the source of all beauty as well as of all truth, religion, and morality, "the highest aim of art is to awaken in its own way the feeling of the infinite." Like all reformers the romanticists were stronger in

destruction than in construction. Their fundamental doctrines will hardly be questioned by anyone in our day, but the works of art which they reared on them only too often give just cause for objection and even rejection. However, it is not surprising that, with the physical and spiritual world, with time and eternity at their arbitrary disposal, they made themselves sometimes guilty of misrule. To "extract the invariable laws from the general order of things, and the special from the subject under treatment," is no easy matter. V. Hugo tells us that it is only for a man of genius to undertake such a task, but he himself is an example that even a man so gifted is fallible. In a letter written in the French capital on January 14, 1832, Mendelssohn says of the "so-called romantic school" that it has infected all the Parisians, and that on the stage they think of nothing but the plague, the gallows, the devil, childbeds, and the like. Nor were the romances less extravagant than the dramas. The lyrical poetry, too, had its defects and blemishes. But if it had laid itself open to the blame of being "very unequal and very mixed," it also called for the praise of being "rich, richer than any lyrical poetry France had known up to that time." And if the romanticists, as one of them, Sainte-Beuve, remarked, "abandoned themselves without control and without restraint to all the instincts of their nature, and also to all the pretensions of their pride, or even to the silly tricks of their vanity," they had, nevertheless, the supreme merit of having resuscitated what was extinct, and even of having created what never existed in their language. Although a discussion of romanticism without a characterisation of its specific and individual differences is incomplete, I must bring this part of my remarks to a close with a few names and dates illustrative of the literary aspect of Paris in

1831. I may, however, inform the reader that the subject of romanticism will give rise to further discussion in subsequent chapters.

The most notable literary events of the year 1831 were the publication of Victor Hugo's "Notre Dame de Paris," "Feuilles d'automne," and "Marion Delorme"; Dumas' "Charles VII"; Balzac's "La peau de chagrin"; Eugene Sue's "Ata Gull"; and George Sand's first novel, "Rose et Blanche," written conjointly with Sandeau. Alfred de Musset and Theophile Gautier made their literary debuts in 1830, the one with "Contes d'Espagne et d'ltalie," the other with "Poesies." In the course of the third decade of the century Lamartine had given to the world "Meditations poetiques," "Nouvelles Meditations poetiques," and "Harmonies poetiques et religieuses"; Victor Hugo, "Odes et Ballades," "Les Orientales," three novels, and the dramas "Cromwell" and "Hernani"; Dumas, "Henri III et sa Cour," and "Stockholm, Fontainebleau et Rome"; Alfred de Vigny, "Poemes antiques et modernes" and "Cinq-Mars"; Balzac, "Scenes de la vie privee" and "Physiologie du Mariage." Besides the authors just named there were at this time in full activity in one or the other department of literature, Nodier, Beranger, Merimee, Delavigne, Scribe, Sainte-Beuve, Villemain, Cousin, Michelet, Guizot, Thiers, and many other men and women of distinction.

A glance at the Salon of 1831 will suffice to give us an idea of the then state of the pictorial art in France. The pictures which attracted the visitors most were: Delacroix's "Goddess of Liberty on the barricades"; Delaroche's "Richelieu conveying Cinq-Mars and De Thou to Lyons," "Mazarin on his death-bed," "The sons of Edward in the Tower," and "Cromwell beside the coffin of diaries I."; Ary

Scheffer's "Faust and Margaret," "Leonore," "Talleyrand," "Henri IV.," and "Louis Philippe"; Robert's "Pifferari," "Burial," and "Mowers"; Horace Vernet's "Judith," "Capture of the Princes Conde," "Conti, and Longueville," "Camille Desmoulins," and "Pius VIII" To enumerate only a few more of the most important exhibitors I shall yet mention Decamps, Lessore, Schnetz, Judin, and Isabey. The dry list will no doubt conjure up in the minds of many of my readers vivid reproductions of the masterpieces mentioned or suggested by the names of the artists.

Romanticism had not invaded music to the same extent as the literary and pictorial arts. Berlioz is the only French composer who can be called in the fullest sense of the word a romanticist, and whose genius entitles him to a position in his art similar to those occupied by V. Hugo and Delacroix in literature and painting. But in 1831 his works were as yet few in number and little known. Having in the preceding year obtained the prix de Rome, he was absent from Paris till the latter part of 1832, when he began to draw upon himself the attention, if not the admiration, of the public by the concerts in which he produced his startlingly original works. Among the foreign musicians residing in the French capital there were many who had adopted the principles of romanticism, but none of them was so thoroughly imbued with its spirit as Liszt—witness his subsequent publications. But although there were few French composers who, strictly speaking, could be designated romanticists, it would be difficult to find among the younger men one who had not more or less been affected by the intellectual atmosphere.

An opera, "La Marquise de Brinvilliers," produced in 1831 at the Opera-Comique, introduces to us no less than nine dramatic composers, the libretto of

Scribe and Castil-Blaze being set to music by Cherubini, Auber, Batton, Berton, Boieldieu, Blangini, Carafa, Herold, and Paer. [Footnote: Chopin makes a mistake, leaving out of account Boieldieu, when he says in speaking of "La Marquise de Brinvilliers" that the opera was composed by eight composers.] Cherubini, who towers above all of them, was indeed the high-priest of the art, the grand-master of the craft. Although the Nestor of composers, none equalled him in manly vigour and perennial youth. When seventy-six years of age (in 1836) he composed his fine Requiem in D minor for three-part male chorus, and in the following year a string quartet and quintet. Of his younger colleagues so favourable an account cannot be given. The youngest of them, Batton, a grand prix, who wrote unsuccessful operas, then took to the manufacturing of artificial flowers, and died as inspector at the Conservatoire, need not detain us. Berton, Paer, Blangini, Carafa (respectively born in 1767, 1771, 1781, and 1785), once composers who enjoyed the public's favour, had lost or were losing their popularity at the time we are speaking of; Rossini, Auber, and others having now come into fashion. They present a saddening spectacle, these faded reputations, these dethroned monarchs! What do we know of Blangini, the "Musical Anacreon," and his twenty operas, one hundred and seventy two-part "Notturni," thirty-four "Romances," &c.? Where are Paer's oratorios, operas, and cantatas performed now? Attempts were made in later years to revive some of Carafa's earlier works, but the result was on each occasion a failure. And poor Berton? He could not bear the public's neglect patiently, and vented his rage in two pamphlets, one of them entitled "De la musique mecanique et de la musique philosophique,"

which neither converted nor harmed anyone. Boieldieu, too, had to deplore the failure of his last opera, "Les deux nuits" (1829), but then his "La Dame blanche," which had appeared in 1825, and his earlier "Jean de Paris" were still as fresh as ever. Herold had only in this year (1831) scored his greatest success with "Zampa." As to Auber, he was at the zenith of his fame. Among the many operas he had already composed, there were three of his best —"Le Macon," "La Muette," and "Fra Diavolo"—and this inimitable master of the genre sautillant had still a long series of charming works in petto. To exhaust the list of prominent men in the dramatic department we have to add only a few names. Of the younger masters I shall mention Halevy, whose most successful work, "La Juive," did not come out till 1835, and Adam, whose best opera, "Le postilion de Longjumeau," saw the foot-lights in 1836. Of the older masters we must not overlook Lesueur, the composer of "Les Bardes," an opera which came out in 1812, and was admired by Napoleon. Lesueur, distinguished as a composer of dramatic and sacred music, and a writer on musical matters, had, however, given up all professional work with the exception of teaching composition at the Conservatoire. In fact, almost all the above-named old gentlemen, although out of fashion as composers, occupied important positions in the musical commonwealth as professors at that institution. Speaking of professors I must not forget to mention old Reicha (born in 1770), the well-known theorist, voluminous composer of instrumental music, and esteemed teacher of counterpoint and composition.

But the young generation did not always look up to these venerable men with the reverence due to their age and merit. Chopin, for instance, writes:—

Reicha I know only by sight. You can imagine hc
to make his personal acquaintance. I have alreа
of his pupils, but from them I have not obtaine
opinion of their teacher. He does not love musı
frequents the concerts of the Conservatoire, wı
with anyone about music, and, when he gives les
only at his watch. Cherubini behaves in a simil
is always speaking of cholera and the revolutic
gentlemen are mummies; one must content one's s
respectfully lookingat them from afar, and stuc
works for instruction.

In these remarks of Chopin the concerts of the Conservatoire are made mention of; they were founded in 1828 by Habeneck and others and intended for the cultivation of the symphonic works of the great masters, more especially of Beethoven. Berlioz tells us in his Memoires, with his usual vivacity and causticity, what impressions the works of Beethoven made upon the old gentlemen above-named. Lesueur considered instrumental music an inferior genre, and although the C minor Symphony quite overwhelmed him, he gave it as his opinion that "one ought not to write such music." Cherubini was profoundly irritated at the success of a master who undermined his dearest theories, but he dared not discharge the bile that was gathering within him. That, however, he had the courage of his opinion may be gathered from what, according to Mendelssohn, he said of Beethoven's later works: "Ca me fait eternuer." Berton looked down with pity on the whole modern German school. Boieldieu, who hardly knew what to think of the matter, manifested "a childish surprise at the simplest harmonic combinations which departed somewhat from the three chords which he had been using all his life." Paer, a cunning Italian, was fond of letting people

know that he had known Beethoven, and of telling stories more or less unfavourable to the great man, and flattering to the narrator. The critical young men of the new generation were, however, not altogether fair in their judgments; Cherubini, at least, and Boieldieu too, deserved better treatment at their hands.

In 1830 Auber and Rossini (who, after his last opera "Guillaume Tell," was resting on his laurels) were the idols of the Parisians, and reigned supreme on the operatic stage. But in 1831 Meyerbeer established himself as a third power beside them, for it was in that year that "Robert le Diable" was produced at the Academic Royale de Musique. Let us hear what Chopin says of this event. Speaking of the difficulties with which composers of operas have often to contend he remarks:—

> *Even Meyerbeer, who for ten years had been favo*
> *in the musical world, waited, worked, and paid*
> *three years in vain before he succeeded in brir*
> *performance of his opera "Robert le Diable," wh*
> *such a furore. Auber had got the start of Meyer*
> *works, which are very pleasing to the taste of*
> *and he did not readily make room for the foreig*
> *Grand Opera.*

And again:—

> *If there was ever a brilliant mise en scene at*
> *Italien, I cannot believe that it equalled that*
> *Diable, the new five-act opera of Meyerbeer, wh*
> *written "Il Crociato." "Robert" is a masterpiec*
> *school, where the devils sing through speaking-*
> *the dead rise from their graves, but not as in*
> *[an opera of Kurpinski's], only from fifty to s*
> *all at once! The stage represents the interior*

ruin illuminated by the clear light of the full
rays fall on the graves of the nuns. In the las
in brilliant candle-light monks with ancense, a
the scene are heard the solemn tones of the org
has made himself immortal by this work; but he
more than three years before he could get it pe
People say that he has spent more than 20,000 f
organ and other things made use of in the opera

[Footnote: This was the current belief at the t
Meyerbeer, however, declares to be false in a l
addressed to Veron, the director of the Opera:-
ete paye par vous, fourni par vous, comme toute
que reclamait la mise en scene de Robert, et je
que loin de vous tenir au strict neccessaire, v
depasse de bcaucoup les obligations ordinaires
envers les auteurs et le public."]

The creative musicians having received sufficient attention, let us now turn for a moment to the executive ones. Of the pianists we shall hear enough in the next chapter, and therefore will pass them by for the present. Chopin thought that there were in no town more pianists than in Paris, nor anywhere more asses and virtuosos. Of the many excellent virtuosos on stringed and wind-instruments only a few of the most distinguished shall be mentioned. Baillot, the veteran violinist; Franchomme, the young violoncellist; Brod, the oboe-player; and Tulou, the flutist. Beriot and Lafont, although not constant residents like these, may yet be numbered among the Parisian artists. The French capital could boast of at least three first-rate orchestras—that of the Conservatoire, that of the Academic Royale, and that of the Opera-Italien. Chopin, who probably had on December 14 not yet heard the first of these, takes no notice of it, but calls the orchestra of the theatre Feydeau (Opera-Comique) excellent. Cherubini seems

to have thought differently, for on being asked why he did not allow his operas to be performed at that institution, he answered:—"Je ne fais pas donner des operas sans choeur, sans orchestre, sans chanteurs, et sans decorations." The Opera-Comique had indeed been suffering from bankruptcy; still, whatever its shortcomings were, it was not altogether without good singers, in proof of which assertion may be named the tenor Chollet, Madame Casimir, and Mdlle. Prevost. But it was at the Italian Opera that a constellation of vocal talent was to be found such as has perhaps at no time been equalled: Malibran-Garcia, Pasta, Schroder-Devrient, Rubini, Lablache, and Santini. Nor had the Academic, with Nourrit, Levasseur, Derivis, Madame Damoreau-Cinti, and Madame Dorus, to shrink from a comparison. Imagine the treat it must have been to be present at the concert which took place at the Italian Opera on December 25, 1831, and the performers at which comprised artists such as Malibran, Rubini, Lablache, Santini, Madame Raimbaux, Madame Schroder-Devrient, Madame Casadory, Herz, and De Beriot!

Chopin was so full of admiration for what he had heard at the three operatic establishments that he wrote to his master Elsner:—

> *It is only here that one can learn what singing that not Pasta, but Malibran-Garcia is now the singer in Europe. Prince Valentin Radziwill is enraptured by her, and we often wish you were h would be charmed with her singing.*

The following extracts from a letter to his friend Woyciechowski contain some more of Chopin's criticism:—

As regards the opera, I must tell you that I ne
fine a performance as I did last week, when the
Seville" was given at the Italian Opera, with L
Rubini, and Malibran-Garcia in the principal pa
"Othello" there is likewise an excellent rendei
prospect, further also of "L'Italiana in Algeri
in this respect never offered so much as now. I
idea of Lablache. People say that Pasta's voice
failed, but I never heard in all my life such h
singing as hers. Malibran embraces with her wor
compass of three octaves; her singing is quite
way, enchanting! Rubini, an excellent tenor, ma
roulades, often too many colorature, vibrates a
continually, for which he is rewarded with the
applause. His mezza voce is incomparable. A Sch
is now making her appearance, but she does not
furore here as in Germany. Signora Malibran per
Othello, Schroder-Devrient Desdemona. Malibran
German lady taller. One thought sometimes that
going to strangle Othello. It was a very expens
performance; I paid twenty-four francs for my s
so because I wished to see Malibran play the pa
Moor, which she did not do particularly well. T
was excellent, but the mise en scene in the Ita
nothing compared with that of the French Academ
Royale...Madame Damoreau-Cinti sings also very
prefer her singing to that of Malibran. The lat
one, but Cinti charms. She sings the chromatic
colorature almost more perfectly than the famou
Tulou plays them. It is hardly possible to finc
finished execution. In Nourrit, the first tenor
Opera, [Footnote: It may perhaps not be superfl
out that Academie Royale (Imperial, or National
may be) de Musique, or simply Academie de Music
Opera, or simply Opera, are different names for
same thing—namely, the principal opera-house in
institution whose specialties are grand opera a
one admires the warmth of feeling which speaks
singing. Chollet, the first tenor of the Opera-

best performer of Fra Diavolo, and excellent in
"Zampa" and "Fiancee," has a manner of his own
the parts. He captivates all with his beautiful
the favourite of the public.

CHAPTER XV.

1831-1832.

ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS: CHERUBINI, BAILLOT, FRANCHOMME, LISZT, MILLER, OSBORNE, MENDELSSOHN.—CHOPIN AND KALKBRENNER.—CHOPIN'S AIMS AS AN ARTIST.—KALKBRENNER'S CHARACTER AS A MAN AND ARTIST.—CHOPIN'S FIRST PARIS CONCERT.—FETIS.—CHOPIN PLAYS AT A CONCERT GIVEN BY THE PRINCE DE LA MOSKOWA.—HIS STATE OF MIND.—LOSS OF HIS POLISH LETTERS.—TEMPORARILY STRAITENED CIRCUMSTANCES AND BRIGHTENING PROSPECTS.—PATRONS AND WELL-WISHERS.—THE "IDEAL."—A LETTER TO HILLER.

Chopin brought only a few letters of introduction with him to Paris: one from Dr. Malfatti to Paer, and some from others to music-publishers. Through Paer he was made acquainted with Cherubini, Rossini, Baillot, and Kalkbrenner. Although Chopin in one of his early Paris letters calls Cherubini a mummy, he seems to have subsequently been more favourably impressed by him. At any rate, Ferdinand Hiller—

who may have accompanied the new-comer, if he did not, as he thinks he did, introduce him, which is not reconcilable with his friend's statement that Paer made him acquainted with Cherubini—told me that Chopin conceived a liking for the burbero maestro, of whom Mendelssohn remarked that he composed everything with his head without the help of his heart.

> *The house of Cherubini [writes Veron in his "Me*
> *Bourgeois de Paris"] was open to artists, amate*
> *people of good society; and every Monday a nume*
> *thronged his salons. All foreign artists wished*
> *presented to Cherubini. During these last years*
> *at his house Hummel, Liszt, Chopin, Moscheles,*
> *Grassini, and Mademoiselle Falcon, then young a*
> *in talent and beauty; Auber and Halevy, the fav*
> *of the master; and Meyerbeer and Rossini.*

As evidence of the younger master's respect for the older one may be adduced a copy made by Chopin of one of Cherubini's fugues. This manuscript, which I saw in the possession of M. Franchomme, is a miracle of penmanship, and surpasses in neatness and minuteness everything I have seen of Chopin's writing, which is always microscopic.

From Dr. Hiller I learnt also that Chopin went frequently to Baillot's house. It is very probable that he was present at the soirees which Mendelssohn describes with his usual charming ease in his Paris letters. Baillot, though a man of sixty, still knew how to win the admiration of the best musicians by his fine, expressive violin-playing. Chopin writes in a letter to Elsner that Baillot was very amiable towards him, and had promised to take part with him in a quintet of Beethoven's at his concert; and in another letter Chopin calls Baillot "the rival of Paganini."

As far as I can learn there was not much intercourse between Chopin and Rossini. Of Kalkbrenner I shall have presently to speak at some length; first, however, I shall say a few words about some of the most interesting young artists whose acquaintance Chopin made.

One of these young artists was the famous violoncellist Franchomme, who told me that it was Hiller who first spoke to him of the young Pole and his unique compositions and playing. Soon after this conversation, and not long after the new-comer's arrival in Paris, Chopin, Liszt, Hiller, and Franchomme dined together. When the party broke up, Chopin asked Franchomme what he was going to do. Franchomme replied he had no particular engagement. "Then," said Chopin, "come with me and spend an hour or two at my lodgings." "Well," was the answer of Franchomme, "but if I do you will have to play to me." Chopin had no objection, and the two walked off together. Franchomme thought that Chopin was at that time staying at an hotel in the Rue Bergere. Be this as it may, the young Pole played as he had promised, and the young Frenchman understood him at once. This first meeting was the beginning of a life-long friendship, a friendship such as is rarely to be met with among the fashionable musicians of populous cities.

Mendelssohn, who came to Paris early in December, 1831, and stayed there till about the middle of April, 1832, associated a good deal with this set of striving artists. The diminutive "Chopinetto," which he makes use of in his letters to Hiller, indicates not only Chopin's delicate constitution of body and mind and social amiability, but also Mendelssohn's kindly feeling for him. [Footnote: Chopin is not mentioned in any of

Mendelssohn's Paris letters. But the following words may refer to him; for although Mendelssohn did not play at Chopin's concert, there may have been some talk of his doing so. January 14, 1832: "Next week a Pole gives a concert; in it I have to play a piece for six performers with Kalkbrenner, Hiller and Co." Osborne related in his "Reminiscences of Frederick Chopin," a paper read before a meeting of the Musical Association (April 5, 1880), that he, Chopin, Hiller, and Mendelssohn, during the latter's stay in Paris, frequently dined together at a restaurant. They ordered and paid the dinner in turn. One evening at dessert they had a very animated conversation about authors and their manuscripts. When they were ready to leave Osborne called the waiter, but instead of asking for la note a payer, he said "Garcon, apportez-moi votre manuscrit." This sally of the mercurial Irishman was received with hearty laughter, Chopin especially being much tickled by the profanation of the word so sacred to authors. From the same source we learn also that Chopin took delight in repeating the criticisms on his performances which he at one time or other had chanced to overhear.

Not the least interesting and significant incident in Chopin's life was his first meeting and early connection with Kalkbrenner, who at that time—when Liszt and Thalberg had not yet taken possession of the commanding positions they afterwards occupied—enjoyed the most brilliant reputation of all the pianists then living. On December 16, 1831, Chopin writes to his friend Woyciechowski:—

You may easily imagine how curious I was to hea
Hiller play; they are ciphers compared with Kal

Honestly speaking, I play as well as Herz, but
play as well as Kalkbrenner. If Paganini is per
is he, but in quite another way. His repose, hi
touch, the smoothness of his playing, I cannot
you, one recognises the master in every note—he
who throws all other artists into the shade. Wh
him, he begged me to play him something. What w
I had heard Herz, I took courage, seated myself
instrument, and played my E minor Concerto, whi
people of the Bavarian capital so much. Kalkbre
astonished, and asked me if I were a pupil of F
remarked that I had the style of Cramer, but th
Field. It amused me that Kalkbrenner, when he p
made a mistake and did not know how to go on; b
wonderful to hear how he found his way again. S
meeting we see each other daily, either he call
on him. He proposed to teach me for three years
great artist of me. I told him that I knew very
still lacked; but I will not imitate him, and t
too much for me. He has convinced me that I pla
when I am in the right mood for it, but less we
is not the case. This cannot be said of Kalkbre
playing is always the same. When he had watched
time, he came to the conclusion that I had no m
was indeed on a very good path, but might easil
and that when he ceased to play, there would no
representative of the grand pianoforte school l
create a new school, however much I may wish to
because I do not even know the old one; but I k
tone-poems have some individuality in them, and
strive to advance.

If you were here, you would say "Learn, young m
you have an opportunity to do so!" But many dis
taking lessons, are of opinion that I play as w
Kalkbrenner, and that it is only vanity that ma
to have me for his pupil. That is nonsense. Who
anything of music must think highly of Kalkbren
although he is disliked as a man because he wil
associate with everybody. But I assure you ther

something higher than in all the virtuosos whom
heard. I have said this in a letter to my parer
understand it. Elsner, however, does not compre
regards it as jealousy on Kalkbrenner's part th
praises me, but also wishes that my playing wer
respects different from what it is. In spite of
may tell you confidentially that I have already
distinguished name among the artists here.

Elsner expressed his astonishment that Kalkbrenner should require three years to reveal to Chopin the secrets of his art, and advised his former pupil not to confine the exercise of his musical talent to pianoforte-playing and the composition of pianoforte music. Chopin replies to this in a letter written on December 14, 1831, as follows:—

In the beginning of last year, although I knew
lacked, and how very far I still was from equal
I have in you, I nevertheless ventured to think
approach him, and if I cannot produce, a Lokiet
short," surname of a king of Poland; Elsner had
opera of that name], I may perhaps give to the
Laskonogi ["the thin-legged," surname of anothe
Poland]." To-day all such hopes are annihilated
to think of making my way in the world as a pia
time I must keep in the background the higher a
which you wrote to me. In order to be a great c
must possess, in addition to creative power, ex
the faculty of self-criticism, which, as you ha
one obtains not only by listening to the works
still more by means of a careful critical exami
one's own.

After describing the difficulties which lie in the way of the opera composer, he proceeds:—

It is my conviction that he is the happier man

execute his compositions himself. I am known he
in Germany as a pianist; several musical journa
highly of my concerts, and expressed the hope c
soon take a prominent position among the first
virtuosos. I had to-day anopportunity or fulfil
promise I had made to myself. Why should I not
I should not like to learn pianoforte-playing f
there no one could tell me precisely what it wa
lacked. I, too, have not seen the beam in my ey
years' study is far too much. Kalkbrenner, wher
me repeatedly, came to see that himself. From t
see that a true meritorious virtuoso does not k
feeling of envy. I would certainly make up my m
for three years longer if I were certain that I
reach the aim which I have kept in view. So muc
me, I shall never become a copy of Kalkbrenner;
be able to break my perhaps bold but noble resc
A NEW ART-ERA. If I now continue my studies, I
order to stand at some future time on my own fe
difficult for Ries, who was then already recogn
celebrated pianist, to win laurels at Berlin, F
the-Main, Dresden, &c., by his opera Die Rauber
long was Spohr known as an excellent violinist
written Faust, Jessonda, and other works? I hop
deny me your blessing when you see on what grou
what intentions I struggle onwards.

This is one of the most important letters we have of Chopin; it brings before us, not the sighing lover, the sentimental friend, but the courageous artist. On no other occasion did he write so freely and fully of his views and aims. What heroic self-confidence, noble resolves, vast projects, flattering dreams! And how sad to think that most of them were doomed to end in failure and disappointment! But few are the lives of true artists that can really be called happy! Even the most successful have, in view of the ideally conceived, to deplore the quantitative and qualitative shortcomings of the actually

accomplished. But to return to Kalkbrenner. Of him Chopin said truly that he was not a popular man; at any rate, he was not a popular man with the romanticists. Hiller tells us in his "Recollections and Letters of Mendelssohn" how little grateful he and his friends, Mendelssohn included, were for Kalkbrenner's civilities, and what a wicked pleasure they took in worrying him. Sitting one day in front of a cafe on the Boulevard des Italiens, Hiller, Liszt, and Chopin saw the prim master advancing, and knowing how disagreeable it would be to him to meet such a noisy company, they surrounded him in the friendliest manner, and assailed him with such a volley of talk that he was nearly driven to despair, which, adds Hiller, "of course delighted us." It must be confessed that the great Kalkbrenner, as M. Marmontel in his "Pianistes celebres" remarks, had "certaines etroitesses de caractere," and these "narrownesses" were of a kind that particularly provokes the ridicule of unconventional and irreverent minds. Heine is never more biting than when he speaks of Kalkbrenner. He calls him a mummy, and describes him as being dead long ago and having lately also married. This, however, was some years after the time we are speaking of. On another occasion Heine writes that Kalkbrenner is envied

> *for his elegant manners, for his polish and swe*
> *for his whole marchpane-like appearance, in whi*
> *ihe calm observer discovers a shabby admixture*
> *Berlinisms of the lowest class, so that Koreff*
> *the man as wittily as correctly: "He looks like*
> *that has been in the mud."*

A thorough belief in and an unlimited admiration

of himself form the centre of gravity upon which the other qualities of Kalkbrenner's character balance themselves. He prided himself on being the pattern of a fine gentleman, and took upon him to teach even his oldest friends how to conduct themselves in society and at table. In his gait he was dignified, in his manners ceremonious, and in his speech excessively polite. He was addicted to boasting of honours offered him by the King, and of his intimacy with the highest aristocracy. That he did not despise popularity with the lower strata of society is evidenced by the anecdote (which the virtuoso is credited with having told himself to his guests) of the fish-wife who, on reading his card, timidly asks him to accept as a homage to the great Kalkbrenner a splendid fish which he had selected for his table. The artist was the counterpart of the man. He considered every success as by right his due, and recognised merit only in those who were formed on his method or at least acknowledged its superiority. His artistic style was a chastened reflex of his social demeanour.

It is difficult to understand how the Kalkbrenner-Chopin affair could be so often misrepresented, especially since we are in possession of Chopin's clear statements of the facts. [FOOTNOTE: Statements which are by no means invalidated by the following statement of Lenz:—"On my asking Chopin 'whether Kalkbrenner had understood much about it' [i.e. the art of pianoforte-playing], followed the answer: 'It was at the beginning of my stay in Paris.'"]. There are no grounds whatever to justify the assumption that Kalkbrenner was actuated by jealousy, artfulness, or the like, when he proposed that the wonderfully-gifted and developed Chopin should become his pupil for three years. His conceit of himself and his method account fully for the

strangeness of the proposal. Moreover, three years was the regulation time of Kalkbrenner's course, and it was much that he was willing to shorten it in the case of Chopin. Karasowski, speaking as if he had the gift of reading the inmost thoughts of men, remarks: "Chopin did not suspect what was passing in Kalkbrenner's mind when he was playing to him." After all, I should like to ask, is there anything surprising in the fact that the admired virtuoso and author of a "Methode pour apprendre le Piano a l'aide du Guide-mains; contenant les principes de musique; un systems complet de doigter; des regles sur l'expression," &c., found fault with Chopin's strange fingering and unconventional style? Kalkbrenner could not imagine anything superior to his own method, anything finer than his own style. And this inability to admit the meritoriousness or even the legitimacy of anything that differed from what he was accustomed to, was not at all peculiar to this great pianist; we see it every day in men greatly his inferiors. Kalkbrenner's lament that when he ceased to play there would be no representative left of the grand pianoforte school ought to call forth our sympathy. Surely we cannot blame him for wishing to perpetuate what he held to be unsurpassable! According to Hiller, Chopin went a few times to the class of advanced pupils which Kalkbrenner had advised him to attend, as he wished to see what the thing was like. Mendelssohn, who had a great opinion of Chopin and the reverse of Kalkbrenner, was furious when he heard of this. But were Chopin's friends correct in saying that he played better than Kalkbrenner, and could learn nothing from him? That Chopin played better than Kalkbrenner was no doubt true, if we consider the emotional and intellectual qualities of their playing.

But I think it was not correct to say that Chopin could learn nothing from the older master. Chopin was not only a better judge of Kalkbrenner than his friends, who had only sharp eyes for his short-comings, and overlooked or undervalued his good qualities, but he was also a better judge of himself and his own requirements. He had an ideal in his mind, and he thought that Kalkbrenner's teaching would help him to realise it. Then there is also this to be considered: unconnected with any school, at no time guided by a great master of the instrument, and left to his own devices at a very early age, Chopin found himself, as it were, floating free in the air without a base to stand on, without a pillar to lean against. The consequent feeling of isolation inspires at times even the strongest and most independent self-taught man—and Chopin, as a pianist, may almost be called one—with distrust in the adequacy of his self-acquired attainments, and an exaggerated idea of the advantages of a school education. "I cannot create a new school, because I do not even know the old one." This may or may not be bad reasoning, but it shows the attitude of Chopin's mind. It is also possible that he may have felt the inadequacy and inappropriateness of his technique and style for other than his own compositions. And many facts in the history of his career as an executant would seem to confirm the correctness of such a feeling. At any rate, after what we have read we cannot attribute his intention of studying under Kalkbrenner to undue self-depreciation. For did he not consider his own playing as good as that of Herz, and feel that he had in him the stuff to found a new era in music? But what was it then that attracted him to Kalkbrenner, and made him exalt this pianist above all the pianists he had heard? If the reader will

recall to mind what I said in speaking of Mdlles. Sontag and Belleville of Chopin's love of beauty of tone, elegance, and neatness, he cannot be surprised at the young pianist's estimate of the virtuoso of whom Riehl says: "The essence of his nature was what the philologists call elegantia—he spoke the purest Ciceronian Latin on the piano." As a knowledge of Kalkbrenner's artistic personality will help to further our acquaintance with Chopin, and as our knowledge of it is for the most part derived from the libels and caricatures of well-intentioned critics, who in their zeal for a nobler and more glorious art overshoot the mark of truth, it will be worth our while to make inquiries regarding it.

Kalkbrenner may not inaptly be called the Delille of pianist-composers, for his nature and fate remind us somewhat of the poet. As to his works, although none of them possessed stamina enough to be long-lived, they would have insured him a fairer reputation if he had not published so many that were written merely for the market. Even Schumann confessed to having in his younger days heard and played Kalkbrenner's music often and with pleasure, and at a maturer age continued to acknowledge not only the master's natural virtuoso amiability and clever manner of writing effectively for fingers and hands, but also the genuinely musical qualities of his better works, of which he held the Concerto in D minor to be the "bloom," and remarks that it shows the "bright sides" of Kalkbrenner's "pleasing talent." We are, however, here more concerned with the pianist than with the composer. One of the best sketches of Kalkbrenner as a pianist is to be found in a passage which I shall presently quote from M. Marmontel's collection of "Silhouettes et Medaillons" of "Les Pianistes celebres." The sketch is valuable on

account of its being written by one who is himself a master, one who does not speak from mere hearsay, and who, whilst regarding Kalkbrenner as an exceptional virtuoso, the continuator of Clementi, the founder ("one of the founders" would be more correct) of modern pianoforte-playing, and approving of the leading principle of his method, which aims at the perfect independence of the fingers and their preponderant action, does not hesitate to blame the exclusion of the action of the wrist, forearm, and arm, of which the executant should not deprive himself "dans les accents de legerete, d'expression et de force." But here is what M. Marmontel says:—

> *The pianoforte assumed under his fingers a marv*
> *never harsh sonorousness, for he did not seek t*
> *His playing, smooth, sustained, harmonious, and*
> *evenness, charmed even more than it astonished;*
> *faultless neatness in the most difficult passag*
> *hand of unparalleled bravura, made Kalkbrenner*
> *extraordinary virtuoso. Let us add that the per*
> *independence of the fingers, the absence of the*
> *frequent movements of the arms, the tranquillit*
> *and body, a perfect bearing—all these qualities*
> *and many others which we forget, left the audit*
> *enjoy the pleasure of listening without having*
> *diverted by fatiguing gymnastics. Kalkbrenner's*
> *phrasing was somewhat lacking in expression and*
> *warmth, but the style was always noble, true, a*
> *grand school.*

We now know what Chopin meant when he described Kalkbrenner as "perfect and possessed of something that raised him above all other virtuosos"; we now know also that Chopin's admiration was characteristic and not misplaced. Nevertheless,

nobody will think for a moment of disagreeing with those who advised Chopin not to become a pupil of this master, who always exacted absolute submission to his precepts; for it was to be feared that he would pay too dear for the gain of inferior accomplishments with the loss of his invaluable originality. But, as we have seen, the affair came to nothing, Chopin ceasing to attend the classes after a few visits. What no doubt influenced his final decision more than the advice of his friends was the success which his playing and compositions met with at the concert of which I have now to tell the history. Chopin's desertion as a pupil did not terminate the friendly relation that existed between the two artists. When Chopin published his E minor Concerto he dedicated it to Kalkbrenner, and the latter soon after composed "Variations brillantes (Op. 120) pour le piano sur une Mazourka de Chopin," and often improvised on his young brother-artist's mazurkas. Chopin's friendship with Camille Pleyel helped no doubt to keep up his intercourse with Kalkbrenner, who was a partner of the firm of Pleyel & Co.

The arrangements for his concert gave Chopin much trouble, and had they not been taken in hand by Paer, Kalkbrenner, and especially Norblin, he would not have been able to do anything in Paris, where one required at least two months to get up a concert. This is what Chopin tells Elsner in the letter dated December 14, 1831. Notwithstanding such powerful assistance he did not succeed in giving his concert on the 25th of December, as he at first intended. The difficulty was to find a lady vocalist. Rossini, the director of the Italian Opera, was willing to help him, but Robert, the second director, refused to give permission to any of the singers in his company to perform at the concert, fearing that, if he

did so once, there would be no end of applications. As Veron, the director of the Academie Royale likewise refused Chopin's request, the concert had to be put off till the 15th of January, 1832, when, however, on account of Kalkbrenner's illness or for some other reason, it had again to be postponed. At last it came off on February 26, 1832. Chopin writes on December 16, 1831, about the arrangements for the concert:—

Baillot, the rival of Paganini, and Brod, the c
player, will assist me with their talent. I int
F minor Concerto and the Variations in B flat..
not only the concerto and the variations, but a
Kalkbrenner his duet "Marche suivie d'une Polor
pianos, with the accompaniment of four others.
altogether mad idea? One of the grand pianos is
and is for Kalkbrenner; the other is small (a s
chord), and is for me. On the other large ones,
loud as an orchestra, Hiller, Osborne, Stamati,
are to play. Besides these performers, Norblin,
the celebrated viola-player Urban will take par
concert.

The singers of the evening were Mdlles. Isambert and Tomeoni, and M. Boulanger. I have not been able to discover the programme of the concert. Hiller says that Chopin played his E minor Concerto and some of his mazurkas and nocturnes. Fetis, in the Revue musicale (March 3, 1832), mentions only in a general way that there were performed a concerto by Chopin, a composition for six pianos by Kalkbrenner, some vocal pieces, an oboe solo, and "a quintet for violin [sic], executed with that energy of feeling and that variety of inspiration which distinguish the talent of M. Baillot." The concert, which took place in Pleyel's rooms, was financially a failure; the receipts

did not cover the expenses. The audience consisted chiefly of Poles, and most of the French present had free tickets. Hiller says that all the musical celebrities of Paris were there, and that Chopin's performances took everybody by storm. "After this," he adds, "nothing more was heard of want of technique, and Mendelssohn applauded triumphantly." Fetis describes this soiree musicale as one of the most pleasant that had been given that year. His criticism contains such interesting and, on the whole, such excellent remarks that I cannot resist the temptation to quote the more remarkable passages:—

Here is a young man who, abandoning himself to
impressions and without taking a model, has fou
complete renewal of pianoforte music, at least
has been sought in vain for a long time—namely,
of original ideas of which the type is to be fo
We do not mean by this that M. Chopin is endowe
powerful organisation like that of Beethoven, r
are in his music such powerful conceptions as c
that of this great man. Beethoven has composed
music, but I speak here of pianists' music, and
comparison with the latter that I find in M. Ch
inspirations the indication of a renewal of for
exercise in time much influence over this depar
art.

Of Chopin's concerto Fetis remarks that it:—

equally astonished and surprised his audience,
novelty of the melodic ideas as by the figures,
and general disposition of the movements. There
these melodies, fancy in these figures, and ori
everything. Too much luxuriance in the modulati
in the linking of the phrases, so that one seem
hear an improvisation rather than written music

the defects which are mixed with the qualities now pointed out. But these defects belong to th artist; they will disappear when experience com subsequent works of M. Chopin correspond to his can be no doubt but that he will acquire a bril merited reputation.

As an executant also the young artist deserves playing is elegant, easy, graceful, and possess and neatness. He brings little tone out of the and resembles in this respect the majority of C pianists. But the study which he is making of t his art, under the direction of M. Kalkbrenner, to give him an important quality on which the r execution depends, and without which the accent instrument cannot be modified.

Of course dissentient voices made themselves heard who objected to this and that; but an overwhelming majority, to which belonged the young artists, pronounced in favour of Chopin. Liszt says that he remembers his friend's debut:—

The most vigorous applause seemed not to suffic enthusiasm in the presence of this talented mus revealed a new phase of poetic sentiment combir happy innovations in the form of his art.

The concluding remark of the above-quoted criticism furnishes an additional proof that Chopin went for some time to Kalkbrenner's class. As Fetis and Chopin were acquainted with each other, we may suppose that the former was well informed on this point. In passing, we may take note of Chopin's account of the famous historian and theorist's early struggles:—

*Fetis [Chopin writes on December 14, 1831], who

from whom one can learn much, lives outside the
comes to Paris only to give his lessons. They s
obliged to do this because his debts are greate
profits from his "Revue musicale." He is someti
of making intimate acquaintance with the debtor
must know that according to the law of the cour
can only be arrested in his dwelling. Fetis has
left the town and lives in the neighbourhood of
knows where.

On May 20, 1832, less than three months after his first concert, Chopin made his second public appearance in Paris, at a concert given by the Prince de la Moskowa for the benefit of the poor. Among the works performed was a mass composed by the Prince. Chopin played the first movement of:—

the concerto, which had already been heard at F
and had there obtained a brilliant success. On
it was not so well received, a fact which, no d
attributed to the instrumentation, which is lac
lightness, and to the small volume of tone whic
draws from the piano. However, it appears to us
music of this artist will gain in the public op
becomes better known. [FOOTNOTE: From the "Revu

The great attraction of the evening was not Chopin, but Brod, who "enraptured" the audience. Indeed, there were few virtuosos who were as great favourites as this oboe-player; his name was absent from the programme of hardly any concert of note.

In passing we will note some other musical events of interest which occurred about the same time that Chopin made his debut. On March 18 Mendelssohn played Beethoven's G major Concerto with great success at one of the Conservatoire concerts, [FOOTNOTE: It was the first performance of this work in Paris.] the younger master's overture to the

"Midsummer Night's Dream" had been heard and well received at the same institution in the preceding month, and somewhat later his "Reformation Symphony" was rehearsed, but laid aside. In the middle of March Paganini, who had lately arrived, gave the first of a series of concerts, with what success it is unnecessary to say. Of Chopin's intercourse with Zimmermann, the distinguished pianoforte-professor at the Conservatoire, and his family we learn from M. Marmontel, who was introduced to Chopin and Liszt, and heard them play in 1832 at one of his master's brilliant musical fetes, and gives a charming description of the more social and intimate parties at which Chopin seems to have been occasionally present.

Madame Zimmermann and her daughters did the hor
great number of artists. Charades were acted; t
that were given, and the rebuses that were not
to be redeemed by penances varying according to
the guilty ones. Gautier, Dumas, and Musset wer
recite their last poem. Liszt or Chopin had to
given theme, Mesdames Viardot, Falcon, and Eugé
also to discharge their melodic debts, and I my
having paid many a forfeit.

The preceding chapter and the foregoing part of this chapter set forth the most important facts of Chopin's social and artistic life in his early Paris days. The following extract from a letter of his to Titus Woyciechowski, dated December 25, 1831, reveals to us something of his inward life, the gloom of which contrasts violently with the outward brightness:—

Ah, how I should like to have you beside me!...

imagine how sad it is to have nobody to whom I
troubled heart. You know how easily I make acqu
I love human society—such acquaintances I make
numbers—but with no one, no one can I sigh. My
as it were always "in syncopes," therefore I to
and seek for a rest—for solitude, so that the w
nobody may look at me and speak to me. It is to
me when there is a pull at the bell, and a tedi
announced while I am writing to you. At the mon
going to describe to you the ball, at which a c
with a rose in her black hair enchanted me, ari
letter. All the romances of my brain disappear?
carry me to you, I take your hand and weep...Wh
see each other again?...Perhaps never, because,
health is very bad. I appear indeed merry, espe
am among my fellow-countrymen; but inwardly son
torments me—a gloomy presentiment, unrest, bad
sleeplessness, yearning, indifference to everyt
desire to live and the desire to die. It seems
if my mind were benumbed, I feel a heavenly rep
heart, in my thoughts I see images from which I
myself away, and this tortures me beyond all me
short, it is a combination of feelings that are
describe...Pardon me, dear Titus, for telling y
this; but now I have said enough...I will dress
or rather drive, to the dinner which our countr
day to Ramorino and Langermann...Your letter co
that was news to me; you have written me four p
thirty-seven lines—in all my life you have neve
liberal to me, and I stood in need of something
I stood indeed very much in need of it.

What you write about my artistic career is very
myself am convinced of it.

I drive in my own equipage, only the coachman i

I shall close, because otherwise I should be to
post, for I am everything in one person, master
Take pity on me and write as often as possible!

death,

FREDERICK.

In the postscript of this letter Chopin's light fancy gets the better of his heavy heart; in it all is fun and gaiety. First he tells his friend of a pretty neighbour whose husband is out all day and who often invites him to visit and comfort her. But the blandishments of the fair one were of no avail; he had no taste for adventures, and, moreover, was afraid to be caught and beaten by the said husband. A second love-story is told at greater length. The dramatis personae are Chopin, John Peter Pixis, and Francilla Pixis, a beautiful girl of sixteen, a German orphan whom the pianist-composer, then a man of about forty-three, had adopted, and who afterwards became known as a much-admired singer. Chopin made their acquaintance in Stuttgart, and remarks that Pixis said that he intended to marry her. On his return to Paris Pixis invited Chopin to visit him; the latter, who had by this time forgotten pretty Francilla, was in no hurry to call. What follows must be given in Chopin's own words:—

Eight days after the second invitation I went t
and accidentally met his pet on the stairs. She
come in, assuring me it did not matter that Mr.
at home; meanwhile I was to sit down, he would
and so on. A strange embarrassment seized both
my excuses—for I knew the old man was very jeal
I would rather return another time. While we we
familiarly and innocently on the staircase, Pix
looking over his spectacles in order to see who
above to his bella. He may not have recognised
quickened his steps, stopped before us, and sai
harshly: "Qu'est-ce que vous faites ici?" and g

severe lecture for receiving young men in his a
on. I addressed Pixis smilingly, and said to he
somewhat imprudent to leave the room in so thir
At last the old man became calm—he took me by t
led me into the drawing-room. He was in such a
excitement that he did not know what seat to of
was afraid that, if he had offended me, I would
use of his absence another time. When I left he
me down stairs, and seeing me smile (for I coul
doing so when I found I was thought capable of
he went to the concierge and asked how long it
had come. The concierge must have calmed his fe
that time Pixis does not know how to praise my
sufficiently to all his acquaintances. What do
this? I, a dangerous seducteur!

The letters which Chopin wrote to his parents from Paris passed, after his mother's death, into the hands of his sister, who preserved them till September 19, 1863. On that day the house in which she lived in Warsaw—a shot having been fired and some bombs thrown from an upper story of it when General Berg and his escort were passing—was sacked by Russian soldiers, who burned or otherwise destroyed all they could lay hands on, among the rest Chopin's letters, his portrait by Ary Scheffer, the Buchholtz piano on which he had made his first studies, and other relics. We have now also exhausted, at least very nearly exhausted, Chopin's extant correspondence with his most intimate Polish friends, Matuszynski and Woyciechowski, only two unimportant letters written in 1849 and addressed to the latter remaining yet to be mentioned. That the confidential correspondence begins to fail us at this period (the last letter is of December 25, 1831) is particularly inopportune; a series of letters like those he wrote from Vienna would have furnished us with the materials for a thoroughly trustworthy history of his settlement in

Paris, over which now hangs a mythical haze. Karasowski, who saw the lost letters, says they were tinged with melancholy.

Besides the thought of his unhappy country, a thought constantly kept alive by the Polish refugees with whom Paris was swarming, Chopin had another more prosaic but not less potent cause of disquietude and sadness. His pecuniary circumstances were by no means brilliant. Economy cannot fill a slender purse, still less can a badly-attended concert do so, and Chopin was loath to be a burden on his parents who, although in easy circumstances, were not wealthy, and whose income must have been considerably lessened by some of the consequences of the insurrection, such as the closing of schools, general scarcity of money, and so forth. Nor was Paris in 1831, when people were so busy with politics, El Dorado for musicians. Of the latter, Mendelssohn wrote at the time that they did not, like other people, wrangle about politics, but lamented over them. "One has lost his place, another his title, and a third his money, and they say this all proceeds from the 'juste milieu.'" As Chopin saw no prospect of success in Paris he began to think, like others of his countrymen, of going to America. His parents, however, were against this project, and advised him either to stay where he was and wait for better things, or to return to Warsaw. Although he might fear annoyances from the Russian government on account of his not renewing his passport before the expiration of the time for which it was granted, he chose the latter alternative. Destiny, however, had decided the matter otherwise.[FOOTNOTE: Karasowski says that Liszt, Hiller, and Sowinski dissuaded him from leaving Paris. Liszt and Hiller both told me, and so did also Franchomme, that they

knew nothing of Chopin having had any such intention; and Sowinski does not mention the circumstance in his Musiciens polonais.] One day, or, as some will have it, on the very day when he was preparing for his departure, Chopin met in the street Prince Valentine Radziwill, and, in the course of the conversation which the latter opened, informed him of his intention of leaving Paris. The Prince, thinking, no doubt, of the responsibility he would incur by doing so, did not attempt to dissuade him, but engaged the artist to go with him in the evening to Rothschild's. Chopin, who of course was asked by the hostess to play something, charmed by his wonderful performance, and no doubt also by his refined manners, the brilliant company assembled there to such a degree that he carried off not only a plentiful harvest of praise and compliments, but also some offers of pupils. Supposing the story to be true, we could easily believe that this soiree was the turning-point in Chopin's career, but nevertheless might hesitate to assert that it changed his position "as if by enchantment." I said "supposing the story to be true," because, although it has been reported that Chopin was fond of alluding to this incident, his best friends seem to know nothing of it: Liszt does not mention it, Hiller and Franchomme told me they never heard of it, and notwithstanding Karasowski's contrary statement there is nothing to be found about it in Sowinski's Musiciens polonais. Still, the story may have a substratum of truth, to arrive at which it has only to be shorn of its poetical accessories and exaggerations, of which, however, there is little in my version.

But to whatever extent, or whether to any extent at all, this or any similar soiree may have served Chopin as a favourable introduction to a wider circle

of admirers and patrons, and as a stepping-stone to success, his indebtedness to his countrymen, who from the very first befriended and encouraged him, ought not to be forgotten or passed over in silence for the sake of giving point to a pretty anecdote. The great majority of the Polish refugees then living in Paris would of course rather require than be able to afford help and furtherance, but there was also a not inconsiderable minority of persons of noble birth and great wealth whose patronage and influence could not but be of immense advantage to a struggling artist. According to Liszt, Chopin was on intimate terms with the inmates of the Hotel Lambert, where old Prince Adam Czartoryski and his wife and daughter gathered around them "les debris de la Pologne que la derniere guerre avait jetes au loin." Of the family of Count Plater and other compatriots with whom the composer had friendly intercourse we shall speak farther on. Chopin's friends were not remiss in exerting themselves to procure him pupils and good fees at the same time. They told all inquirers that he gave no lesson for less than twenty francs, although he had expressed his willingness to be at first satisfied with more modest terms. Chopin had neither to wait in vain nor to wait long, for in about a year's time he could boast of a goodly number of pupils.

The reader must have noticed with surprise the absence of any mention of the "Ideal" from Chopin's letters to his friend Titus Woyciechowski, to whom the love-sick artist was wont to write so voluminously on this theme. How is this strange silence to be accounted for? Surely this passionate lover could not have forgotten her beneath whose feet he wished his ashes to be spread after his death? But perhaps in the end of 1831 he had already learnt

what was going to happen in the following year. The sad fact has to be told: inconstant Constantia Gladkowska married a merchant of the name of Joseph Grabowski, at Warsaw, in 1832; this at least is the information given in Sowinski's biographical dictionary Les musiciens polonais et slaves. [FOOTNOTE: According to Count Wodzinski she married a country gentleman, and subsequently became blind.] As the circumstances of the case and the motives of the parties are unknown to me, and as a biographer ought not to take the same liberties as a novelist, I shall neither expatiate on the fickleness and mercenariness of woman, nor attempt to describe the feelings of our unfortunate hero robbed of his ideal, but leave the reader to make his own reflections and draw his own moral.

On August 2, 1832, Chopin wrote a letter to Hiller, who had gone in the spring of the year to Germany. What the young Pole thought of this German brother-artist may be gathered from some remarks of his in the letter to Titus Woyciechowski dated December 16, 1831:—

> *The concert of the good Hiller, who is a pupil*
> *a youth of great talent, came off very successf*
> *before yesterday. A symphony of his was receive*
> *applause. He has taken Beethoven for his model,*
> *is full of poesy and inspiration.*

Since then the two had become more intimate, seeing each other almost every day, Chopin, as Osborne relates, being always in good spirits when Hiller was with him. The bearer of the said letter was Mr. Johns, to whom the five Mazurkas, Op. 7, are dedicated, and whom Chopin introduced to Hiller as "a distinguished amateur of New Orleans." After

warmly recommending this gentleman, he excuses himself for not having acknowledged the receipt of his friend's letter, which procured him the pleasure of Paul Mendelssohn's acquaintance, and then proceeds:—

Your trios, my dear friend, have been finished time, and, true to my character of a glutton, I down your manuscripts into my repertoire. Your be performed this month by Adam's pupils at the of the Conservatoire. Mdlle. Lyon plays it very Tentation, an opera-ballet by Halevy and Gide, tempted any one of good taste, because it has j interest as your German Diet harmony with the s age. Maurice, who has returned from London, whi gone for the mise en scene of Robert (which has very great success), has assured us that Mosche will come to Paris for the winter. This is all have to give you. Osborne has been in London fo months. Pixis is at Boulogne. Kalkbrenner is at Rossini at Bordeaux. All who know you await you arms. Liszt will add a few words below. Farewel friend.

Yours most truly,

F. CHOPIN.

Paris, 2/8/32

CHAPTER XVI.

1832-1834.

CHOPIN'S SUCCESS IN SOCIETY AND AS A TEACHER.—VARIOUS CONCERTS AT WHICH HE PLAYED.—A LETTER FROM CHOPIN AND LISZT TO HILLER.—SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.—STRANGE BEHAVIOUR.—A LETTER TO FRANCHOMME.—CHOPIN'S RESERVE.—SOME TRAITS OF THE POLISH CHARACTER.—FIELD.—BERLIOZ.—NEO-ROMANTICISM AND CHOPIN'S RELATION TO IT.—WHAT INFLUENCE HAD LISZT ON CHOPIN'S DEVELOPMENT—PUBLICATION OF WORKS.—THE CRITICS.—INCREASING POPULARITY.—JOURNEY IN THE COMPANY OF HILLER TO AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—A DAY AT DUSSELDORF WITH MENDELSSOHN.

IN the season 1832-1833 Chopin took his place as one of the acknowledged pianistic luminaries of the French capital, and began his activity as a professor par excellence of the aristocracy. "His distinguished manners, his exquisite politeness, his studied and somewhat affected refinement in all things, made Chopin the model professor of the fashionable nobility." Thus Chopin is described by a contemporary. Now he shall describe himself. An undated letter addressed to his friend Dominic Dziewanowski, which, judging from an allusion to the death of the Princess Vaudemont, [FOOTNOTE: In a necrology contained in the Moniteur of January 6, 1833, she is praised for the justesse de son esprit, and described as naive et vraie comme une femme du peuple, genereuse comme une grande dame. There we find it also recorded that she saved M. de Vitrolles pendant les Cent-jours, et M. de Lavalette sous la Restoration.] must have been written about the second week of January, 1833, gives much interesting information concerning the writer's tastes

and manners, the degree of success he had obtained, and the kind of life he was leading. After some jocular remarks on his long silence—remarks in which he alludes to recollections of Szafarnia and the sincerity of their friendship, and which he concludes with the statement that he is so much in demand on all sides as to betorn to pieces—Chopin proceeds thus:—

I move in the highest society—among ambassadors and ministers; and I don't know how I got there not thrust myself forward at all. But for me th present an absolute necessity, for thence comes good taste. You are at once credited with more are heard at a soiree of the English or Austria Ambassador's. Your playing is finer if the Prin patronises you. "Patronises" I cannot properly good old woman died a week ago. She was a lady me of the late Kasztelanowa Polaniecka, receive the whole Court, was very charitable, and gave aristocrats in the days of terror of the first She was the first who presented herself after t July at the Court of Louis Philippe, although s the Montmorency family (the elder branch), whos descendant she was. She had always a number of white pet dogs, canaries, and parrots about her possessed also a very droll little monkey, whic permitted even to... bite countesses and prince

Among the Paris artists I enjoy general esteem friendship, although I have been here only a ye this is that men of great reputation dedicate t compositions to me, and do so even before I hav the same compliment—for instance, Pixis his las for orchestra. He is now even composing variati of mine. Kalkbrenner improvises frequently on m Pupils of the Conservatoire, nay, even private Moscheles, Herz, and Kalkbrenner (consequently artists), still take lessons from me, and regar

equal of Field. Really, if I were somewhat more
am, I might imagine myself already a finished a
nevertheless, I feel daily how much I have stil
and become the more conscious of it through my
with the first artists here, and my perception
one, even of them, is lacking in. But I am quit
myself for what I have written just now, having
myself like a child. I would erase it, but I ha
write another letter. Moreover, you will rememb
character as it formerly was; indeed, I have re
the same, only with this one difference, that I
whiskers on one side—unfortunately they won't g
the other side. To-day I have to give five less
imagine that I must soon have made a fortune, b
cabriolet and the white gloves eat the earnings
and without these things people would deny my b
the Carlists, hate the Philippists, and am myse
revolutionist; therefore I don't care for money
friendship, for the preservation of which I ear
you.

This letter, and still more the letters which I shall presently transcribe, afford irrefragable evidence of the baselessness of the often-heard statement that Chopin's intercourse was in the first years of his settlement in Paris confined to the Polish salons. The simple unexaggerated truth is that Chopin had always a predilection for, and felt more at home among, his compatriots.

In the winter 1832-1833 Chopin was heard frequently in public. At a concert of Killer's (December 15, 1832) he performed with Liszt and the concert-giver a movement of Bach's Concerto for three pianos, the three artists rendering the piece "avec une intelligence de son caractere et une delicatesse parfaite." Soon after Chopin and Liszt played between the acts of a dramatic performance got up for the benefit of Miss Smithson, the English

actress and bankrupt manager, Berlioz's flame, heroine of his "Episode de la vie d'un artiste," and before long his wife. On April 3, 1833, Chopin assisted at a concert given by the brothers Herz, taking part along with them and Liszt in a quartet for eight hands on two pianos. M. Marmontel, in his silhouette of the pianist and critic Amedee de Mereaux, mentions that in 1832 this artist twice played with Chopin a duo of his own on "Le Pre aux Clercs," but leaves us in uncertainty as to whether they performed it at public concerts or private parties. M. Franchomme told me that he remembered something about a concert given by Chopin in 1833 at the house of one of his aristocratic friends, perhaps at Madame la Marechale de Lannes's! In summing up, as it were, Chopin's activity as a virtuoso, I may make use of the words of the Paris correspondent of the "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung," who reports in April, 1833, that "Chopin and Osborne, as well as the other celebrated masters, delight the public frequently." In short, Chopin was becoming more and more of a favourite, not, however, of the democracy of large concert-halls, but of the aristocracy of select salons.

The following letter addressed to Hiller, written by Chopin and Liszt, and signed by them and Franchomme, brings together Chopin's most intimate artist friends, and spreads out before us a vivid picture of their good fellowship and the society in which they moved. I have put the portions written by Liszt within brackets [within parentheses in this e-text]. Thus the reader will see what belongs to each of the two writers, and how they took the pen out of each other's hand in the middle of a phrase and even of a word. With regard to this letter I have further to remark that Hiller, who was again in Germany, had

lately lost his father:—

{This is at least the twentieth time that we ha
arrangements to meet, sometimes at my house, so
[Footnote: At Chopin's lodgings mentioned farth
the intention of writing to you, and some visit
unexpected hindrance, has always prevented us f
so!...I don't know whether Chopin will be able
excuses to you; as regards myself it seems to m
been so excessively rude and impertinent that e
longer either admissible or possible.

We have sympathised deeply with you in your sor
longed to be with you in order to alleviate as
possible the pangs of your heart.}

He has expressed himself so well that I have no
in excuse of my negligence or idleness, influer
distraction, or, or, or—you know I explain myse
person; and when I escort you home to your moth
this autumn, late at night along the boulevards
to obtain your pardon. I write to you without k
pen is scribbling, because Liszt is at this mom
studies and transports me out of my proper sens
like to rob him of his way of rendering my own
your friends who are in Paris, I have seen the
their set [Footnote: Chopin's words are et qui
refers, no doubt, to the Valentin family, relat
Leos, who lived in the same house with them.] f
winter and spring. There have been some soirees
of certain ambassadresses, and there was not or
mention was not made of some one who is at Frar
Eichthal sends you a thousand compliments. The
family were much grieved at your departure, and
express to you their sympathy. (Madame d'Appony
grudge against me for not having taken you to h
before your departure; she hopes that when you
will remember the promise you made me. I may sa
a certain lady who is not an ambassadress. [Foo

certain lady was the Countess d'Agoult.]

Do you know Chopin's wonderful studies?) They a
and yet they will only last till the moment you
little bit of authorial modesty!!!). A little k
on the part of the tutor—for, to explain the ma
to you, he corrects my orthographical mistakes
fashion of M. Marlet.

You will come back to us in the month of Septem
not? Try to let us know the day as we have resc
you a serenade (or charivari). The most distinc
of the capital—M. Franchomme (present), Madame
the Abbe Bardin, the coryphees of the Rue d'Amb
neighbours), Maurice Schlesinger, uncles, aunts
nieces, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law, &c., &
troisieme, &c. [Footnote: I give the last words
original French, because I am not sure of their
Hiller, to whom I applied for an explanation, w
help me. Perhaps Chopin uses here the word plan
pictorial sense (premier plan, foreground; secc
middle distance).]

The responsible editors,

(F. LISZT.) F. CHOPIN. (Aug. FRANCHOMME.)

A Propos, I met Heine yesterday, who asked me t
herzlich und herzlich. [Footnote: To greet you
heartily.] A propos again, pardon me for all th
beg you to forgive me them. If you have a momer
us have news of you, which is very precious to

Paris: Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin, No. 5.

At present I occupy Franck's lodgings—he has se
London and Berlin; I feel quite at home in the
were so often our place of meeting. Berlioz emb
to pere Baillot, he is in Switzerland, at Genev
will understand why I cannot send you Bach's Cc

June 20, 1833.

Some of the names that appear in this letter will give occasion for comment. Chopin, as Hiller informed me, went frequently to the ambassadors Appony and Von Kilmannsegge, and still more frequently to his compatriots, the Platers. At the house of the latter much good music was performed, for the countess, the Pani Kasztelanowa (the wife of the castellan), to whom Liszt devotes an eloquent encomium, "knew how to welcome so as to encourage all the talents that then promised to take their upward flight and form une lumineuse pleiade," being

in turn fairy, nurse, godmother, guardian angel benefactress, knowing all that threatens, divir saves, she was to each of us an amiable protect beloved and respected, who enlightened, warmed, his [Chopin's] inspiration, and left a blank ir she was no more.

It was she who said one day to Chopin: "Si j'etais jeune et jolie, mon petit Chopin, je te prendrais pour mari, Hiller pour ami, et Liszt pour amant." And it was at her house that the interesting contention of Chopin with Liszt and Hiller took place. The Hungarian and the German having denied the assertion of the Pole that only he who was born and bred in Poland, only he who had breathed the perfume of her fields and woods, could fully comprehend with heart and mind Polish national music, the three agreed to play in turn, by way of experiment, the mazurka "Poland is not lost yet." Liszt began, Hiller followed, and Chopin came last and carried off the palm, his rivals admitting that

they had not seized the true spirit of the music as he had done. Another anecdote, told me by Hiller, shows how intimate the Polish artist was with this family of compatriots, the Platers, and what strange whims he sometimes gave way to. One day Chopin came into the salon acting the part of Pierrot, and, after jumping and dancing about for an hour, left without having spoken a single word.

Abbe Bardin was a great musical amateur, at whose weekly afternoon gatherings the best artists might be seen and heard, Mendelssohn among the rest when he was in Paris in 1832-1833. In one of the many obituary notices of Chopin which appeared in French and other papers, and which are in no wise distinguished by their trustworthiness, I found the remark that the Abbe Bardin and M.M. Tilmant freres were the first to recognise Chopin's genius. The notice in question is to be found in the Chronique Musicale of November 3, 1849.

In Franck, whose lodgings Chopin had taken, the reader will recognise the "clever [geistreiche], musical Dr. Hermann Franck," the friend of many musical and other celebrities, the same with whom Mendelssohn used to play at chess during his stay in Paris. From Hiller I learned that Franck was very musical, and that his attainments in the natural sciences were considerable; but that being well-to-do he was without a profession. In the fifth decade of this century he edited for a year Brockhaus's Deutsche allgemeine Zeitung.

In the following letter which Chopin wrote to Franchomme—the latter thinks in the autumn of 1833—we meet with some new names. Dr. Hoffmann was a good friend of the composer's, and was frequently found at his rooms smoking. I take him to have been the well-known litterateur Charles

Alexander Hoffmann, [Footnote: This is the usual German, French, and English spelling. The correct Polish spelling is Hofman. The forms Hoffman and Hofmann occur likewise.] the husband of Clementina Tanska, a Polish refugee who came to Paris in 1832 and continued to reside there till 1848. Maurice is of course Schlesinger the publisher. Of Smitkowski I know only that he was one of Chopin's Polish friends, whose list is pretty long and comprised among others Prince Casimir Lubomirski, Grzymala, Fontana, and Orda.

[Footnote: Of Grzymala and Fontana more will be heard in the sequel. Prince Casimir Lubomirski was a passionate lover of music, and published various compositions. Liszt writes that Orda, "who seemed to command a future," was killed at the age of twenty in Algiers. Karasowski gives the same information, omitting, however, the age. My inquiries about Orda among French musicians and Poles have had no result. Although the data do not tally with those of Liszt and Karasowski, one is tempted to identify Chopin's friend with the Napoleon Orda mentioned in Sowinski's Musiciens polonais et slaves—"A pianist-composer who had made himself known since the events of 1831. One owes to him the publication of a Polish Album devoted to the composers of this nation, published at Paris in 1838. M. Orda is the author of several elegantly-written pianoforte works." In a memoir prefixed to an edition of Chopin's mazurkas and waltzes (Boosey & Co.), J.W. Davison mentions a M. Orda (the "M." stands, I suppose, for Monsieur) and Charles Filtsch as pupils of Chopin.]

It was well for Chopin that he was so abundantly provided with friends, for, as Hiller told me, he could not do without company. But here is Chopin's letter to Franchomme:—

Begun on Saturday, the 14th, and finished on We
18th.

DEAR FRIEND,—It would be useless to excuse myse
silence. If my thoughts could but go without pa
post-office! However, you know me too well not
I, unfortunately, never do what I ought to do.
very comfortably (except for a little disagreea
caused by an excessively odoriferous gentleman
far as Chartres—he surprised me in the night-ti
found more occupation in Paris than I left behi
will, without doubt, hinder me from visiting yo
Coteau! oh Coteau! Say, my child, to the whole
Coteau that I shall never forget my stay in Tou
much kindness has made me for ever grateful. Pe
am stouter and look very well, and I feel wonde
thanks to the ladies that sat beside me at dinn
bestowed truly maternal attentions upon me. Whe
all this the whole appears to me such an agreea
I should like to sleep again. And the peasant-g
Pormic! [FOOTNOTE: A village near the place whe
been staying.] and the flour! or rather your gi
which you were obliged to plunge into it.

[FOOTNOTE: The remark about the "flour" and Fra
en forme gracieuse" is an allusion to some chil
which Chopin, thanks to his aquiline nose, got
his friend, who as regards this feature was les
endowed.]

A very interesting visit has interrupted my let
begun three days ago, and which I have not beer
finish till to-day.

Hiller embraces you, Maurice, and everybody. I
your note to his brother, whom I did not find a

Paer, whom I saw a few days ago, spoke to me of
Come back to us stout and in good health like m

thousand messages to the estimable Forest famil
neither words nor powers to express all I feel
Excuse me. Shake hands with me—I pat you on the
hug you—I embrace you. My friend—au revoir.

Hoffmann, the stout Hoffmann, and the slim Smit
embrace you.

[FOOTNOTE: The orthography of the French origir
careless. Thus one finds frequent omissions and
of accents and numerous misspellings, such as t
instead of trouve, engresse instead of engraiss
instead of plonger. Of course, these mistakes h
ascribed to negligence not to ignorance. I must
another point which the English translation doe
out—namely, that in addressing Franchomme Chopi
of the familiar form of the second person singu

The last-quoted letter adds a few more touches to the portraiture of Chopin which has been in progress in the preceding pages. The insinuating affectionateness and winning playfulness had hitherto not been brought out so distinctly. There was then, and there remained to the end of his life, something of a woman and of a boy in this man. The sentimental element is almost wholly absent from Chopin's letters to his non-Polish friends. Even to Franchomme, the most intimate among these, he shows not only less of his inmost feelings and thoughts than to Titus Woyciechowski and John Matuszyriski, the friends of his youth, but also less than to others of his countrymen whose acquaintance he made later in life, and of whom Grzymala may be instanced. Ready to give everything, says Liszt, Chopin did not give himself—

his most intimate acquaintances did not penetra
sacred recess where, apart from the rest of his

the secret spring of his soul: a recess so well
that one hardly suspected its existence.

Indeed, you could as little get hold of Chopin as, to use L. Enault's expression, of the scaly back of a siren. Only after reading his letters to the few confidants to whom he freely gave his whole self do we know how little of himself he gave to the generality of his friends, whom he pays off with affectionateness and playfulness, and who, perhaps, never suspected, or only suspected, what lay beneath that smooth surface. This kind of reserve is a feature of the Slavonic character, which in Chopin's individuality was unusually developed.

The Slavonians [says Enault pithily] lend themse
not give themselves; and, as if Chopin had wish
country-men pardon him the French origin of his
showed himself more Polish than Poland.

Liszt makes some very interesting remarks on this point, and as they throw much light on the character of the race, and on that of the individual with whom we are especially concerned in this book, I shall quote them:—

With the Slavonians, the loyalty and frankness,
familiarity and captivating desinvoltura of the
not in the least imply trust and effusiveness.
reveal and conceal themselves like the coils of
convoluted upon itself; it is only by a very at
examination that one discovers the connection o
It would be naive to take their complimentary p
their pretended modesty literally. The forms of
politeness and this modesty belong to their man
bear distinct traces of their ancient relations
East. Without being in the least infected by Mu

taciturnity, the Slavonians have learned from t
reserve on all subjects which touch the intimat
the heart. One may be almost certain that, in s
themselves, they maintain with regard to their
some reticence which assures them over him an a
intelligence or of feeling, leaving him in igno
circumstance or some secret motive by which the
most admired or the least esteemed; they deligh
themselves behind a cunning interrogatory smile
imperceptible mockery. Having on every occasion
the pleasure of mystification, from the most wi
to the most bitter and lugubrious kinds, one wo
they see in this mocking deceit a form of disda
superiority which they inwardly adjudge to them
which they veil with the care and cunning of th

And now we will turn our attention once more to musical matters. In the letter to Hiller (August 2, 1832) Chopin mentioned the coming of Field and Moscheles, to which, no doubt, he looked forward with curiosity. They were the only eminent pianists whom he had not yet heard. Moscheles, however, seems not to have gone this winter to Paris; at any rate, his personal acquaintance with the Polish artist did not begin till 1839. Chopin, whose playing had so often reminded people of Field's, and who had again and again been called a pupil of his, would naturally take a particular interest in this pianist. Moreover, he esteemed him very highly as a composer. Mikuli tells us that Field's A flat Concerto and nocturnes were among those compositions which he delighted in playing (spielte mit Vorliebe). Kalkbrenner is reported [FOOTNOTE: In the Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung of April 3, 1833.] to have characterised Field's performances as quite novel and incredible; and Fetis, who speaks of them in the highest terms, relates that on hearing the pianist play a concerto of his own composition, the

public manifested an indescribable enthusiasm, a real delirium. Not all accounts, however, are equally favourable.

[FOOTNOTE: In the Revue musicale of December 29, 1832. The criticism is worth reproducing: —"Quiconque n'a point entendu ce grand pianiste ne peut se faire d'idee du mecanisme admirable de ses doigts, mecanisme tel que les plus grandes difficultes semblent etre des choses fort simples, et que sa main n'a point l'air de se mouvoir. Il n'est d'ailleurs pas mains etonnant dans l'art d'attaquer la note et de varier a l'infini les diverses nuances de force, de douceur et d'accent. Un enthousiasme impossible a decrire, un veritable delire s'est manifeste dans le public a l'audition de ce concerto plein de charme rendu avec une perfection de fini, de precision, de nettete et d'expression qu'il serait impossible de surpasser et que bien peu de pianistes pourraient egaler." Of a MS. concerto played by Field at his second concert, given on February 3, 1833, Fetis says that it is "diffus, peu riche en motifs heureux, peu digne, en un mot, de la renommee de son auteur," but "la delicieuse execution de M. Field nous a tres-heureusement servi de compensation"]

Indeed, the contradictory criticisms to be met with in books and newspapers leave on the reader the impression that Field disappointed the expectations raised by his fame. The fact that the second concert he gave was less well attended than the first cannot but confirm this impression. He was probably no longer what he had been; and the reigning pianoforte style and musical taste were certainly no longer what they had been. "His elegant playing and beautiful manner of singing on the piano made people admire his talent," wrote Fetis at a later period (in his "Biographie universelle des Musiciens"), "although his

execution had not the power of the pianists of the modern school." It is not at all surprising that the general public and the younger generation of artists, more especially the romanticists, were not unanimously moved to unbounded enthusiasm by "the clear limpid flow" and "almost somnolent tranquillity" of Field's playing, "the placid tenderness, graceful candour, and charming ingenuousness of his melodious reveries." This characterisation of Field's style is taken from Liszt's preface to the nocturnes. Moscheles, with whom Field dined in London shortly before the latter's visit to Paris, gives in his diary a by no means flattering account of him. Of the man, the diarist says that he is good-natured but not educated and rather droll, and that there cannot be a more glaring contrast than that between Field's nocturnes and Field's manners, which were often cynical. Of the artist, Moscheles remarks that while his touch was admirable and his legato entrancing, his playing lacked spirit and accent, light and shadow, and depth of feeling. M. Marmontel was not far wrong when, before having heard Field, he regarded him as the forerunner of Chopin, as a Chopin without his passion, sombre reveries, heart-throes, and morbidity. The opinions which the two artists had of each other and the degree of their mutual sympathy and antipathy may be easily guessed. We are, however, not put to the trouble of guessing all. Whoever has read anything about Chopin knows of course Field's criticism of him—namely, that he was "un talent de chambre de malade," which, by the by, reminds one of a remark of Auber's, who said that Chopin was dying all his life (il se meurt tonte sa vie). It is a pity that we have not, as a pendant to Field's criticism on Chopin, one of Chopin on Field. But whatever impression Chopin

may have received from the artist, he cannot but have been repelled by the man. And yet the older artist's natural disposition was congenial to that of the younger one, only intemperate habits had vitiated it. Spohr saw Field in 1802-1803, and describes him as a pale, overgrown youth, whose dreamy, melancholy playing made people forget his awkward bearing and badly-fitting clothes. One who knew Field at the time of his first successes portrays him as a young man with blonde hair, blue eyes, fair complexion, and pleasing features, expressive of the mood of the moment—of child-like ingenuousness, modest good-nature, gentle roguishness, and artistic aspiration. M. Marmontel, who made his acquaintance in 1832, represents him as a worn-out, vulgar-looking man of fifty, whose outward appearance contrasted painfully with his artistic performances, and whose heavy, thick-set form in conjunction with the delicacy and dreaminess of his musical thoughts and execution called to mind Rossini's saying of a celebrated singer, "Elle a l'air d'un elephant qui aurait avale un rossignol." One can easily imagine the surprise and disillusion of the four pupils of Zimmermann—MM. Marmontel, Prudent, A. Petit, and Chollet—who, provided with a letter of introduction by their master, called on Field soon after his arrival in Paris and beheld the great pianist —

> *in a room filled with tobacco smoke, sitting ir*
> *chair, an enormous pipe in his mouth, surrounde*
> *small bottles of all sorts [entoure de chopes e*
> *de toutes provenances]. His rather large head,*
> *coloured cheeks, his heavy features gave a Fals*
> *appearance to his physiognomy.*

Notwithstanding his tipsiness, he received the young gentlemen kindly, and played to them two studies by Cramer and Clementi "with rare perfection, admirable finish, marvellous agility, and exquisiteness of touch." Many anecdotes might be told of Field's indolence and nonchalance; for instance, how he often fell asleep while giving his lessons, and on one occasion was asked whether he thought he was paid twenty roubles for allowing himself to be played to sleep; or, how, when his walking-stick had slipped out of his hand, he waited till some one came and picked it up; or, how, on finding his dress-boots rather tight, he put on slippers, and thus appeared in one of the first salons of Paris and was led by the mistress of the house, the Duchess Decazes, to the piano—but I have said enough of the artist who is so often named in connection with Chopin.

From placid Field to volcanic Berlioz is an enormous distance, which, however, we will clear at one leap, and do it too without hesitation or difficulty. For is not leaping the mind's natural mode of locomotion, and walking an artificially-acquired and rare accomplishment? Proceeding step by step we move only with more or less awkwardness, but aided by ever so slight an association of ideas we bound with the greatest ease from any point to any other point of infinitude. Berlioz returned to Paris in the latter part of 1832, and on the ninth of December of that year gave a concert at which he produced among other works his "Episode de la vie d'un artiste" (Part I.—"Symphonic fantastique," for the second time; Part II—"Lelio, ou le retour a la vie," for the first time), the subject of which is the history of his love for Miss Smithson. Chopin, no doubt, made Berlioz's acquaintance through Liszt, whose

friendship with the great French symphonic composer dated from before the latter's departure for Italy. The characters of Chopin and Berlioz differed too much for a deep sympathy to exist between them; their connection was indeed hardly more than a pleasant social companionship. Liszt tells us that the constant intercourse with Berlioz, Hiller, and other celebrities who were in the habit of saying smart things, developed Chopin's natural talent for incisive remarks, ironical answers, and ambiguous speeches. Berlioz. I think, had more affection for Chopin than the latter for Berlioz.

But it is much more the artistic than the social attitude taken up by Chopin towards Berlioz and romanticism which interests us. Has Liszt correctly represented it? Let us see. It may be accepted as in the main true that the nocturnes of Field, [Footnote: In connection with this, however, Mikuli's remark has to be remembered.] the sonatas of Dussek, and the "noisy virtuosities and decorative expressivities" of Kalkbrenner were either insufficient for or antipathetic to Chopin; and it is plainly evident that he was one of those who most perseveringly endeavoured to free themselves from the servile formulas of the conventional style and repudiated the charlatanisms that only replace old abuses by new ones. On the other hand, it cannot be said that he joined unreservedly those who, seeing the fire of talent devour imperceptibly the old worm-eaten scaffolding, attached themselves to the school of which Berlioz was the most gifted, valiant, and daring representative, nor that, as long as the campaign of romanticism lasted, he remained invariable in his predilections and repugnances. The promptings of his genius taught Chopin that the practice of any one author or set of authors,

whatever their excellence might be, ought not to be an obligatory rule for their successors. But while his individual requirements led him to disregard use and wont, his individual taste set up a very exclusive standard of his own. He adopted the maxims of the romanticists, but disapproved of almost all the works of art in which they were embodied. Or rather, he adopted their negative teaching, and like them broke and threw off the trammels of dead formulas; but at the same time he rejected their positive teaching, and walked apart from them. Chopin's repugnance was not confined only to the frantic side and the delirious excesses of romanticism as Liszt thinks. He presents to us the strange spectacle of a thoroughly romantic and emphatically unclassical composer who has no sympathy either with Berlioz and Liszt, or with Schumann and other leaders of romanticism, and the object of whose constant and ardent love and admiration was Mozart, the purest type of classicism. But the romantic, which Jean Paul Richter defined as "the beautiful without limitation, or the beautiful infinite" [das Schone ohne Begrenzung, oder das schone Unendliche], affords more scope for wide divergence, and allows greater freedom in the display of individual and national differences, than the classical.

Chopin's and Berlioz's relative positions may be compared to those of V. Hugo and Alfred de Musset, both of whom were undeniably romanticists, and yet as unlike as two authors can be. For a time Chopin was carried away by Liszt's and Killer's enthusiasm for Berlioz, but he soon retired from his championship, as Musset from the Cenacle. Franchomme thought this took place in 1833, but perhaps he antedated this change of opinion. At any rate, Chopin told him that he had expected better

things from Berlioz, and declared that the latter's music justified any man in breaking off all friendship with him. Some years afterwards, when conversing with his pupil Gutmann about Berlioz, Chopin took up a pen, bent back the point of it, and then let it rebound, saying: "This is the way Berlioz composes—he sputters the ink over the pages of ruled paper, and the result is as chance wills it." Chopin did not like the works of Victor Hugo, because he felt them to be too coarse and violent. And this may also have been his opinion of Berlioz's works. No doubt he spurned Voltaire's maxim, "Le gout n'est autre chose pour la poesie que ce qu'il est pour les ajustements des femmes," and embraced V. Hugo's countermaxim, "Le gout c'est la raison du genie"; but his delicate, beauty-loving nature could feel nothing but disgust at what has been called the rehabilitation of the ugly, at such creations, for instance, as Le Roi s'amuse and Lucrece Borgia, of which, according to their author's own declaration, this is the essence:—

Take the most hideous, repulsive, and complete
deformity; place it where it stands out most pr
the lowest, most subterraneous and despised sto
social edifice; illuminate this miserable creat
sides by the sinister light of contrasts; and t
soul, and place in that soul the purest feeling
bestowed on man, the paternal feeling. What wil
result? This sublime feeling, intensified accor
certain conditions, will transform under your e
degraded creature; the little being will become
deformed being will become beautiful.—Take the
repulsive, and complete moral deformity; place
stands out most prominently, in the heart of a
all the conditions of physical beauty and royal
which give prominence to crime; and now mix wit
moral deformity a pure feeling, the purest whic

feel, the maternal feeling; place a mother in y
and the monster will interest you, and the mons
you weep, and this creature which caused fear w
pity, and this deformed soul will become almost
your eyes. Thus we have in Le Roi s'amuse pater
sanctifying physical deformity; and in Lucrece
maternity purifying moral deformity. [FOOTNOTE:
Hugo's preface to "Lucrece Borgia."]

In fact, Chopin assimilated nothing or infinitely little of the ideas that were surging around him. His ambition was, as he confided to his friend Hiller, to become to his countrymen as a musician what Uhland was to the Germans as a poet. Nevertheless, the intellectual activity of the French capital and its tendencies had a considerable influence on Chopin. They strengthened the spirit of independence in him, and were potent impulses that helped to unfold his individuality in all its width and depth. The intensification of thought and feeling, and the greater fulness and compactness of his pianoforte style in his Parisian compositions, cannot escape the attentive observer. The artist who contributed the largest quotum of force to this impulse was probably Liszt, whose fiery passions, indomitable energy, soaring enthusiasm, universal tastes, and capacity of assimilation, mark him out as the very opposite of Chopin. But, although the latter was undoubtedly stimulated by Liszt's style of playing the piano and of writing for this instrument, it is not so certain as Miss L. Ramann, Liszt's biographer, thinks, that this master's influence can be discovered in many passages of Chopin's music which are distinguished by a fiery and passionate expression, and resemble rather a strong, swelling torrent than a gently-gliding rivulet. She instances Nos. 9 and 12 of "Douze Etudes," Op. 10; Nos. 11 and 12 of "Douze Etudes,"

Op. 25; No. 24 of "Vingt-quatre Preludes," Op. 28; "Premier Scherzo," Op. 20; "Polonaise" in A flat major, Op. 53; and the close of the "Nocturne" in A flat major, Op. 32. All these compositions, we are told, exhibit Liszt's style and mode of feeling. Now, the works composed by Chopin before he came to Paris and got acquainted with Liszt comprise not only a sonata, a trio, two concertos, variations, polonaises, waltzes, mazurkas, one or more nocturnes, &c., but also—and this is for the question under consideration of great importance—most of, if not all, the studies of Op. 10, [FOOTNOTE: Sowinski says that Chopin brought with him to Paris the MS. of the first book of his studies.] and some of Op. 25; and these works prove decisively the inconclusiveness of the lady's argument. The twelfth study of Op. 10 (composed in September, 1831) invalidates all she says about fire, passion, and rushing torrents. In fact, no cogent reason can be given why the works mentioned by her should not be the outcome of unaided development.[FOONOTE: That is to say, development not aided in the way indicated by Miss Ramann. Development can never be absolutely unaided; it always presupposes conditions—external or internal, physical or psychical, moral or intellectual—which induce and promote it. What is here said may be compared with the remarks about style and individuality on p. 214.] The first Scherzo alone might make us pause and ask whether the new features that present themselves in it ought not to be fathered on Liszt. But seeing that Chopin evolved so much, why should he not also have evolved this? Moreover, we must keep in mind that Liszt had, up to 1831, composed almost nothing of what in after years was considered either by him or others of much moment, and that his pianoforte

style had first to pass through the state of fermentation into which Paganini's, playing had precipitated it (in the spring of 1831) before it was formed; on the other hand, Chopin arrived in Paris with his portfolios full of masterpieces, and in possession of a style of his own, as a player of his instrument as well as a writer for it. That both learned from each other cannot be doubted; but the exact gain of each is less easily determinable. Nevertheless, I think I may venture to assert that whatever be the extent of Chopin's indebtedness to Liszt, the latter's indebtedness to the former is greater. The tracing of an influence in the works of a man of genius, who, of course, neither slavishly imitates nor flagrantly appropriates, is one of the most difficult tasks. If Miss Ramann had first noted the works produced by the two composers in question before their acquaintance began, and had carefully examined Chopin's early productions with a view to ascertain his capability of growth, she would have come to another conclusion, or, at least, have spoken less confidently. [FOOTNOTE: Schumann, who in 1839 attempted to give a history of Liszt's development (in the "Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik"), remarked that when Liszt, on the one hand, was brooding over the most gloomy fancies, and indifferent, nay, even blase, and, on the other hand, laughing and madly daring, indulged in the most extravagant virtuoso tricks, "the sight of Chopin, it seems, first brought him again to his senses."]

It was not till 1833 that Chopin became known to the musical world as a composer. For up to that time the "Variations," Op. 2, published in 1830, was the only work in circulation; the compositions previously published in Warsaw—the "Rondo," Op. 1, and the "Rondeau a la Mazur," Op. 5—may be left out of

account, as they did not pass beyond the frontier of Poland till several years afterwards, when they were published elsewhere. After the publication, in December, 1832, of Op. 6, "Quatre Mazurkas," dedicated to Mdlle. la Comtesse Pauline Plater, and Op. 7, "Cinq Mazurkas," dedicated to Mr. Johns, Chopin's compositions made their appearance in quick succession. In the year 1833 were published: in January, Op. 9, "Trois Nocturnes," dedicated to Mdme. Camille Pleyel; in March, Op. 8, "Premier Trio," dedicated to M. le Prince Antoine Radziwill; in July, Op. 10, "Douze Grandes Etudes," dedicated to Mr. Fr. Liszt; and Op. 11, "Grand Concerto" (in E minor), dedicated to Mr. Fr. Kalkbrenner; and in November, Op. 12, "Variations brillantes" (in B flat major), dedicated to Mdlle. Emma Horsford. In 1834 were published: in January, Op. 15, "Trois Nocturnes," dedicated to Mr. Ferd. Hiller; in March, Op. 16, "Rondeau" (in E flat major), dedicated to Mdlle. Caroline Hartmann; in April, Op. 13, "Grande Fantaisie sur des airs polonais," dedicated to Mr. J. P. Pixis; and in May, Op. 17, "Quatre Mazurkas," dedicated to Mdme. Lina Freppa; in June, Op. 14, "Krakowiak, grand Rondeau de Concert," dedicated to Mdme. la Princesse Adam Czartoryska; and Op. 18, "Grande Valse brillante," dedicated to Mdlle. Laura Horsford; and in October, Op. 19, "Bolero" (in C major), dedicated to Mdme. la Comtesse E. de Flahault. [FOOTNOTE: The dates given are those when the pieces, as far as I could ascertain, were first heard of as published. For further information see "List of Works" at the end of the second volume, where my sources of information are mentioned, and the divergences of the different original editions, as regards time of publication, are indicated.]

The "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung" notices

several of Chopin's compositions with great praise in the course of 1833; in the year after the notices became more frequent. But the critic who follows Chopin's publications with the greatest attention and discusses them most fully is Rellstab, the editor of the Iris. Unfortunately, he is not at all favourably inclined towards the composer. He occasionally doles out a little praise, but usually shows himself a spendthrift in censure and abuse. His most frequent complaints are that Chopin strives too much after originality, and that his music is unnecessarily difficult for the hands. A few specimens of Rellstab's criticism may not be out of place here. Of the "Mazurkas," Op. 7, he says:—

> *In the dances before us the author satisfies th writing affectedly and unnaturally] to a loaths is indefatigable, and I might say inexhaustible search for ear-splitting discords, forced trans modulations, ugly distortions of melody and rhy Everything it is possible to think of is raked the effect of odd originality, but especially s the most unnatural positions of chords, the mos combinations with regard to fingering.*

After some more discussion of the same nature, he concludes thus:— If Mr. Chopin had shown this composition to a master, the latter would, it is to be hoped, have torn it and thrown it at his feet, which we hereby do symbolically.

In his review of the "Trois Nocturnes," Op. 9, occurs the following pretty passage:—

> *Where Field smiles, Chopin makes a grinning gri Field sighs, Chopin groans; where Field shrugs Chopin twists his whole body; where Field puts*

into the food, Chopin empties a handful of Caye
pepper...In short, if one holds Field's charmir
before a distorting concave mirror, so that eve
expression becomes coarse, one gets Chopin's wo
implore Mr. Chopin to return to nature.

I shall quote one more sentence; it is from a notice of the "Douze Etudes," Op. 10:—

Those who have distorted fingers may put them i
practising these studies; but those who have no
play them, at least, not without having a surge

[FOOTNOTE: In the number of the Iris in which t
appeared (No. 5 of Vol. V., 1834 Rellstab inser
following letter, which he says he received fro

"P. P.

"You are really a very bad man, and not worthy
earth either knows (sic) or bears you. The King
should have imprisoned you in a fortress; in th
would have removed from the world a rebel, a di
peace, and an infamous enemy of humanity, who p
yet be choked in his own blood. I have noticed
of enemies, not only in Berlin, but in all towr
visited last summer on my artistic tour, especi
here in Leipzig, where I inform you of this, in
you may in future change your disposition, and
uncharitably towards others. Another bad, bad t
are done for! Do you understand me, you little
loveless and partial dog of a critic, you music
[Schnurrbart], you Berlin wit-cracker [Witzenma

"Your most obedient Servant,

"CHOPIN."

To this Rellstab adds: "Whether Mr. Chopin has

letter himself, I do not know, and will not ass
print the document that he may recognise or rep
The letter was not repudiated, but I do not thi
written by Chopin. Had he written a letter, he
have written a less childish one, although the
not have been much better than that of the abov
chief reasons for doubting its genuineness are
made no artistic tour in Germany after 1831, ar
to have visited Leipzig either in 1833 or 1834.

However, we should not be too hard upon Rellstab, seeing that one of the greatest pianists and best musicians of the time made in the same year (in 1833, and not in 1831, as we read in Karasowski's book) an entry in his diary, which expresses an opinion not very unlike his. Moscheles writes thus:—

I like to employ some free hours in the evening
myself acquainted with Chopin's studies and his
compositions, and find much charm in the origin
national colouring of their motivi; but my fing
stumble over certain hard, inartistic, and to m
incomprehensible modulations, and the whole is
sweetish for my taste, and appears too little w
and a trained musician.

And again—

I am a sincere admirer of Chopin's originality;
furnished pianists with matter of the greatest
attractiveness. But personally I dislike the ar
often forced modulations; my fingers stumble ar
such passages; however much I may practise them
execute them without tripping.

The first criticism on Chopin's publications which I met with in the French musical papers is one on the "Variations," Op. 12. It appeared in the "Revue

musicale" of January 26, 1834. After this his new works are pretty regularly noticed, and always favourably. From what has been said it will be evident that Karasowski made a mistake when he wrote that Chopin's compositions began to find a wide circulation as early as the year 1832.

Much sympathy has been undeservedly bestowed on the composer by many, because they were under the impression that he had had to contend with more than the usual difficulties. Now just the reverse was the case. Most of his critics were well-disposed towards him, and his fame spread fast. In 1834 (August 13) a writer in the "Allgemeine musikalische Zeitung" remarks that Chopin had the good fortune to draw upon himself sooner than others the attention not only of the pianists, although of these particularly, but also of a number of the musicians generally. And in 1836 even Rellstab, Chopin's most adverse critic, says: "We entertain the hope of hearing a public performance of the Concerto [the second, Op. 21] in the course of the winter, for now it is a point of honour for every pianist to play Chopin." The composer, however, cannot be said to have enjoyed popularity; his works were relished only by the few, not by the many. Chopin's position as a pianist and composer at the point we have reached in the history of his life (1833-1834) is well described by a writer in the "Revue musicale" of May 15, 1834:—

Chopin [he says] has opened up for himself a ne
from the first moment of his appearance on the
taken so high a stand, both by his pianoforte-p
his compositions for this instrument, that he i
multitude an inexplicable phenomenon which it l
passing with astonishment, and which stupid ego

with a smile of pity, while the small number of
led by a sure judgment, rather by an instinct o
than by a reasoned sentiment of enjoyment, foll
in his efforts and in his creations, if not clo
at a distance, admiring him, learning from him,
imitate him. For this reason Chopin has not fou
although his works are already known everywhere
either excited equivocal smiles and have been o
have provoked astonishment and an overflow of u
praise; but nobody has as yet come forward to s
their peculiar character and merit consists, by
distinguished from so many other compositions,
to them a superior rank, &c.

No important events are to be recorded of the season 1833-1834, but that Chopin was making his way is shown by a passage from a letter which Orlowski wrote to one of his friends in Poland:—

Chopin [he says] is well and strong; he turns t
all the Frenchwomen, and makes the men jealous
now the fashion, and the elegant world will soo
a la Chopin, Only the yearning after his countr
him.

In the spring of 1834 Chopin took a trip to Aix-la-Chapelle, where at Whitsuntide the Lower Rhenish Music Festival was held. Handel's "Deborah," Mozart's Jupiter Symphony, and part of Beethoven's Ninth were on the programme, and the baton was in the hand of Ferdinand Ries. Hiller, who had written additional accompaniments to the oratorio and translated the English words into German, had received an invitation from the committee, and easily persuaded Chopin to accompany him. But this plan very nearly came to naught. While they were making preparations for the journey, news reached them that the festival was postponed; and when a

few days later they heard that it would take place after all, poor Chopin was no longer able to go, having in the meantime spent the money put aside for travelling expenses, probably given it away to one of his needy countrymen, to whom, as Hiller says, his purse was always open. But what was to be done now? Hiller did not like to depart without his friend, and urged him to consider if he could not contrive in one way or another to procure the requisite pecuniary outfit. At last Chopin said he thought he could manage it, took the manuscript of the Waltz in E flat (Op. 18), went with it to Pleyel, and returned with 500 francs. [FOOTNOTE: I repeat Hiller's account without vouching for its literal correctness, confining myself to the statement that the work was in print on the 1st of June,1834, and published by Schlesinger, of Paris, not by Pleyel.] Thus the barrier was removed, and the friends set out for Aix-la-Chapelle. There Hiller was quartered in the house of the burgomaster, and Chopin got a room close by. They went without much delay to the rehearsal of "Deborah," where they met Mendelssohn, who describes their meeting in a letter addressed to his mother (Dusseldorf, May 23, 1834):—

On the first tier sat a man with a moustache re
score, and as he was coming downstairs after th
and I was going up, we met in the side-scenes,
Hiller stumbled right into my arms, almost crus
joyful embrace. He had come from Paris to hear
and Chopin had left his pupils in the lurch and
him, and thus we met again. Now I had my full s
pleasure in the musical festival, for we three
together, got a box in the theatre (where the p
are given) to ourselves, and as a matter of cou
ourselves next morning to a piano, where I enjo
greatly. They have both still further developed

execution, and Chopin is now one of the very fi
players; he produces as novel effects as Pagani
violin, and performs wonders which one would ne
imagined possible. Hiller, too, is an excellent
powerful and coquettish enough. Both are a litt
the Parisian mania for despondency and strainir
emotional vehemence [Verzweif-lungssucht und
Leidenschaftssucherei], and often lose sight of
repose and the really musical too much. I, on t
do so perhaps too little. Thus we made up for e
deficiencies, and all three, I think, learned s
while I felt rather like a schoolmaster, and th
mirliflores or incroyables.

After the festival the three musicians travelled together to Dusseldorf, where since the preceding October Mendelssohn was settled as musical director. They passed the morning of the day which Chopin and Hiller spent in the town at Mendelssohn's piano, and in the afternoon took a walk, at the end of which they had coffee and a game at skittles. In this walk they were accompanied by F. W. Schadow, the director of the Academy of Art and founder of the Dusseldorf School, and some of his pupils, among whom may have been one or more of its brightest stars—Lessing, Bendemann, Hildebrandt, Sohn, and Alfred Rethel. Hiller, who furnishes us with some particulars of what Mendelssohn calls "a very agreeable day passed in playing and discussing music," says that Schadow and his pupils appeared to him like a prophet surrounded by his disciples. But the dignified manner and eloquent discourse of the prophet, the humble silence of the devoutly-listening disciples, seem to have prevented Chopin from feeling quite at ease.

Chopin [writes Hiller], who was not known to ar

extremely reserved, kept close to me during the
observing everything and making remarks to me i
tone. For the later part of the evening we were
the Schadows', who were never wanting in hospit
found there some of the most eminent young pair
conversation soon became very animated, and all
been right if poor Chopin had not sat there so
to say unnoticed. However, Mendelssohn and I kn
would have his revenge, and were secretly rejoi
thought. At last the piano was opened; I began,
followed; then we asked Chopin to play, and rat
looks were cast at him and us. But he had hardl
bars when all present, especially Schadow, look
altogether different eyes. Nothing like it had
heard. They were all in the greatest delight, a
more and more. Count Almaviva had dropped his c
all were speechless.

The following day Chopin and Hiller set out per steamer for Coblenz, and Mendelssohn, although Schadow had asked him what was to become of "St. Paul," at which he was working, accompanied them as far as Cologne. There, after a visit to the Apostles' church, they parted at the Rhine bridge, and, as Mendelssohn wrote to his mother, "the pleasant episode was over."

CHAPTER XVII

1834-1835.

MATUSZYNSKI SETTLES IN PARIS.—MORE ABOUT CHOPIN'S WAY OF LIFE.—OP. 25.—HE IS ADVISED TO WRITE AN OPERA.—HIS OWN IDEAS IN REGARD TO THIS, AND A DISCUSSION OF THE QUESTION.—CHOPIN'S PUBLIC APPEARANCES.—BERLIOZ'S CONCERT.—STOEPEL's CONCERT.—A CONCERT AT PLEYEL'S ROOMS.—A CONCERT AT THE THEATRE-ITALIEN FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE INDIGENT POLISH REFUGEES.—A CONCERT OF THE SOCIETE DES CONCERTS.—CHOPIN AS A PUBLIC PERFORMER.—CHOUQUET, LISZT, ETC., ON THE CHARACTER OF HIS PLAYING.—BELLINI AND HIS RELATION TO CHOPIN.—CHOPIN GOES TO CARLSBAD.—AT DRESDEN.—HIS VISIT TO LEIPZIG: E. F. WENZEL'S REMINISCENCES; MENDELSSOHN'S AND SCHUMANN'S REMARKS ON THE SAME EVENT.—CHOPIN'S STAY AT HEIDELBERG AND RETURN TO PARIS.

The coming to Paris and settlement there of his friend Matuszynski must have been very gratifying to Chopin, who felt so much the want of one with whom he could sigh. Matuszynski, who, since we heard last of him, had served as surgeon-major in the Polish insurrectionary army, and taken his doctor's degree at Tubingen in 1834, proceeded in the same

year to Paris, where he was appointed professor at the Ecole de Medecine. The latter circumstance testifies to his excellent professional qualities, and Chopin's letters do not leave us in doubt concerning the nature of his qualities as a friend. Indeed, what George Sand says of his great influence over Chopin only confirms what these letters lead one to think. In 1834 Matuszynski wrote in a letter addressed to his brother-in-law:—

The first thing I did in Paris was to call on C
cannot tell you how great our mutual happiness
again after a separation of five years. He has
and tall; I hardly recognised him. Chopin is nc
pianist here; he gives a great many lessons, bu
twenty francs. He has composed much, and his wc
great request. I live with him: Rue Chaussee d'
This street is indeed rather far from the Ecole
and the hospitals; but I have weighty reasons t
with him—he is my all! We spend the evenings at
or pay visits; if we do not do one or the other
ourselves quietly at home.

Less interesting than this letter of Matuszynski's, with its glimpses of Chopin's condition and habits, are the reminiscences of a Mr. W., now or till lately a music-teacher at Posen, who visited Paris in 1834, and was introduced to Chopin by Dr. A. Hofman. [FOONOTE: See p. 257.] But, although less interesting, they are by no means without significance, for instance, with regard to the chronology of the composer's works. Being asked to play something, Mr. W. chose Kalkbrenner's variations on one of Chopin's mazurkas (the one in B major, Op. 7, No. 1). Chopin generously repaid the treat which Kalkbrenner's variations and his countryman's execution may have afforded him, by

playing the studies which he afterwards published as Op. 25.

Elsner, like all Chopin's friends, was pleased with the young artist's success. The news he heard of his dear Frederick filled his heart with joy, nevertheless he was not altogether satisfied. "Excuse my sincerity," he writes, on September 14, 1834, "but what you have done hitherto I do not yet consider enough." Elsner's wish was that Chopin should compose an opera, if possible one with a Polish historical subject; and this he wished, not so much for the increase of Chopin's fame as for the advantage of the art. Knowing his pupil's talents and acquirements he was sure that what a critic pointed out in Chopin's mazurkas would be fully displayed and obtain a lasting value only in an opera. The unnamed critic referred to must be the writer in the "Gazette musicale," who on June 29, 1834, in speaking of the "Quatre Mazurkas," Op. 17, says—

Chopin has gained a quite special reputation by
spirituelle and profoundly artistic manner in w
how to treat the national music of Poland, a ge
which was to us as yet little known...here agai
poetical, tender, fantastic, always graceful, a
charming, even in the moments when he abandons
most passionate inspiration.

Karasowski says that Elsner's letter made Chopin seriously think of writing an opera, and that he even addressed himself to his friend Stanislas Kozmian with the request to furnish him with a libretto, the subject of which was to be taken from Polish history. I do not question this statement. But if it is true, Chopin soon abandoned the idea. In fact, he thoroughly made up his mind, and instead of

endeavouring to become a Shakespeare he contented himself with being an Uhland. The following conversations will show that Chopin acquired the rarest and most precious kind of knowledge, that is, self-knowledge. His countryman, the painter Kwiatkowski, calling one day on Chopin found him and Mickiewicz in the midst of a very excited discussion. The poet urged the composer to undertake a great work, and not to fritter away his power on trifles; the composer, on the other hand, maintained that he was not in possession of the qualities requisite for what he was advised to undertake. G. Mathias, who studied under Chopin from 1839 to 1844, remembers a conversation between his master and M. le Comte de Perthuis, one of Louis Philippe's aides-de-camp. The Count said—

"Chopin, how is it that you, who have such admi
do not compose an opera?" [Chopin, avec vos ide
pourquoi ne nous faites-vous pas un opera?] "Ah
me compose nothing but music for the pianoforte
learned enough to compose operas!" [Ah, Monsieu
laissez-moi ne faire que de la musique de pianc
des operas je ne suis pas assez savant.]

Chopin, in fact, knew himself better than his friends and teacher knew him, and it was well for him and it is well for us that he did, for thereby he saved himself much heart-burning and disappointment, and us the loss of a rich inheritance of charming and inimitable pianoforte music. He was emphatically a Kleinmeister—i.e. a master of works of small size and minute execution. His attempts in the sonata-form were failures, although failures worth more—some of them at least—than many a clever artist's most brilliant successes. Had he attempted the dramatic form the result would in all

probability have been still less happy; for this form demands not only a vigorous constructive power, but in addition to it a firm grasp of all the vocal and instrumental resources—qualities, in short, in which Chopin was undeniably deficient, owing not so much to inadequate training as to the nature of his organisation. Moreover, he was too much given to express his own emotions, too narrow in his sympathies, in short, too individual a composer, to successfully express the emotions of others, to objectively conceive and set forth the characters of men and women unlike himself. Still, the master's confidence in his pupil, though unfounded in this particular, is beautiful to contemplate; and so also is his affection for him, which even the pedantic style of his letters cannot altogether hide. Nor is it possible to admire in a less degree the reciprocation of these sentiments by the great master's greater pupil:—

> *What a pity it is [are the concluding words of letter of September 14, 1834] that we can no lo other and exchange our opinions! I have got so you. I should like also to thank you for the pi is doubly precious to me. I wish I were a bird, might visit you in your Olympian dwelling, whic Parisians take for a swallow's nest. Farewell, do you, for I shall always remain your sincere well-wisher.*

In no musical season was Chopin heard so often in public as in that of 1834-35; but it was not only his busiest, it was also his last season as a virtuoso. After it his public appearances ceased for several years altogether, and the number of concerts at which he was subsequently heard does not much exceed half-a-dozen. The reader will be best enabled to understand the causes that led to this result if I

mention those of Chopin's public performances in this season which have come under my notice. On December 7, 1834, at the third and last of a series of concerts given by Berlioz at the Conservatoire, Chopin played an "Andante" for the piano with orchestral accompaniments of his own composition, which, placed as it was among the overtures to "Les Francs-Juges" and "King Lear," the "Harold" Symphony, and other works of Berlioz, no doubt sounded at the concert as strange as it looks on the programme. The "Andante" played by Chopin was of course the middle movement of one of his concertos. [Footnote: Probably the "Larghetto" from the F minor Concerto. See Liszt's remark on p. 282.]

On December 25 of the same year, Dr. Francois Stoepel gave a matinee musicale at Pleyel's rooms, for which he had secured a number of very distinguished artists. But the reader will ask—"Who is Dr. Stoepel?" An author of several theoretical works, instruction books, and musical compositions, who came to Paris in 1829 and founded a school on Logier's system, as he had done in Berlin and other towns, but was as unsuccessful in the French capital as elsewhere. Disappointed and consumptive he died in 1836 at the age of forty-two; his income, although the proceeds of teaching were supplemented by the remuneration for contributions to the "Gazette musicale," having from first to last been scanty. Among the artists who took part in this matinee musicale were Chopin, Liszt, the violinist Ernst, and the singers Mdlle. Heinefetter, Madame Degli-Antoni, and M. Richelmi. The programme comprised also an improvisation on the orgue expressif (harmonium) by Madame de la Hye, a grand-niece of J.J. Rousseau's. Liszt and Chopin opened the matinee with a performance of Moscheles' "Grand duo a

quatre mains," of which the reporter of the "Gazette musicale" writes as follows:—

> *We consider it superfluous to say that this pie masterworks of the composer, was executed with perfection of talent by the two greatest pianoi of our epoch. Brilliancy of execution combined delicacy, sustained elevation, and the contrast spirited vivacity and calmest serenity, of the lightness and gravest seriousness—the clever bl the nuances can only be expected from two artis eminence and equally endowed with deep artistic most enthusiastic applause showed MM. Liszt and than we can do by our words how much they charm audience, which they electrified a second time two pianos composed by Liszt.*

This work of Liszt's was no doubt the Duo for two pianos on a theme of Mendelssohn's which, according to Miss Ramann, was composed in 1834 but never published, and is now lost.

The "Menestrel" of March 22, 1835, contains a report of a concert at Pleyel's rooms, without, however, mentioning the concert-giver, who was probably the proprietor himself:—

> *The last concert at Pleyel's rooms was very bri fashion, litterateurs, and artists had given ea rendez-vous there to hear our musical celebriti Chopin, Osborne, Hiller, Reicha, Mesdames Camil Leroy, and M. Hamati [read Stamati], a young pi not yet made a public appearance in our salons. performed various pieces which won the approval*

And now mark the dying fall of this vague report: "Kalkbrenner's Variations on the cavatina 'Di tanti palpiti' were especially applauded."

We come now to the so much talked-of concert at the Italian Opera, which became so fateful in Chopin's career as a virtuoso. It is generally spoken of as a concert given by Chopin, and Karasowski says it took place in February, 1834. I have, however, been unable to find any trace of a concert given by Chopin in 1834. On the other hand, Chopin played on April 5, 1835, at a concert which in all particulars except that of date answers to the description of the one mentioned by Karasowski. The "Journal des Debats" of April 4, 1835, draws the public's attention to it by the following short and curious article:—

The concert for the benefit of the indigent Pol
indigent Polish refugees] will take place to-mo
Saturday, at the Theatre-Italien, at eight o'cl
evening. Mdlle. Falcon and Nourrit, MM. Ernst,
[sic], Litz [sic], and Pantaleoni, will do the
this soiree, which will be brilliant. Among oth
there will be heard the overtures to "Oberon" a
Tell," the duet from the latter opera, sung by
and Nourrit, and romances by M. Schubert, sung
accompanied by Litz, &c.

To this galaxy of artistic talent I have yet to add Habeneck, who conducted the orchestra. Chopin played with the orchestra his E minor Concerto and with Liszt a duet for two pianos by Hiller.

As you may suppose [says a writer of a notice i
musicale"] M. Chopin was not a stranger to the
the programme of this soiree in behalf of his u
countrymen. Accordingly the fete was brilliant.

In the same notice may also be read the following:
—

Chopin's Concerto, so original, of so brilliant
full of ingenious details, so fresh in its melo
a very great success. It is very difficult not
monotonous in a pianoforte concerto; and the au
not but thank Chopin for the pleasure he had pr
while the artists admired the talent which enab
so [i.e., to avoid monotony], and at the same t
rejuvenate so antiquated a form.

The remark on the agedness of the concerto-form and the difficulty of not being monotonous is naive and amusing enough to be quoted for its own sake, but what concerns us here is the correctness of the report. Although the expressions of praise contained in it are by no means enthusiastic, nay, are not even straightforward, they do not tally with what we learn from other accounts. This discrepancy may be thus explained. Maurice Schlesinger, the founder and publisher of the "Gazette musicale," was on friendly terms with Chopin and had already published some of his compositions. What more natural, therefore, than that, if the artist's feelings were hurt, he should take care that they should not be further tortured by unpleasant remarks in his paper. Indeed, in connection with all the Chopin notices and criticisms in the "Gazette musicale" we must keep in mind the relations between the publisher and composer, and the fact that several of the writers in the paper were Chopin's intimate friends, and many of them were of the clique, or party, to which he also belonged. Sowinski, a countryman and acquaintance of Chopin's, says of this concert that the theatre was crowded and all went well, but that Chopin's expectations were disappointed, the E minor Concerto not producing the desired effect. The account in Larousse's "Grand Dictionnaire" is so

graphic that it makes one's flesh creep. After remarking that Chopin obtained only a demi-success, the writer of the article proceeds thus: "The bravos of his friends and a few connoisseurs alone disturbed the cold and somewhat bewildered attitude of the majority of the audience." According to Sowinski and others Chopin's repugnance to play in public dates from this concert; but this repugnance was not the outcome of one but of many experiences. The concert at the Theatre-Italien may, however, have brought it to the culminating point. Liszt told me that Chopin was most deeply hurt by the cold reception he got at a concert at the Conservatoire, where he played the Larghetto from the F minor Concerto. This must have been at Berlioz's concert, which I mentioned on one of the foregoing pages of this chapter.

Shortly after the concert at the Theatre-Italien, Chopin ventured once more to face that terrible monster, the public. On Sunday, April 26, 1835, he played at a benefit concert of Habeneck's, which is notable as the only concert of the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire in which he took part. The programme was as follows:—1. The "Pastoral Symphony," by Beethoven; 2. "The Erl-King," by Schubert, sung by M. Ad. Nourrit; 3. Scherzo from the "Choral Symphony," by Beethoven; 4. "Polonaise avec introduction" [i.e., "Polonaise brillante precedee d'un Andante spianato"], composed and played by M. Chopin; 5. Scena, by Beethoven, sung by Mdlle. Falcon; 6. Finale from the C minor Symphony, by Beethoven. The writer of the article Chopin in Larousse's "Grand Dictionnaire" says that Chopin had no reason to repent of having taken part in the concert, and others confirm this statement. In Elwart's "Histoire des Concerts du Conservatoire" we read:—"Le compositeur reveur, l'elegiaque pianiste,

produisit a ce concert un effet delicieux." To the author of the "Histoire dramatique en France" and late curator of the Musee du Conservatoire I am indebted for some precious communications. M. Gustave Chouquet, who at the time we are speaking of was a youth and still at the College, informed me in a charming letter that he was present at this concert at which Chopin played, and also at the preceding one (on Good Friday) at which Liszt played Weber's "Concertstuck," and that he remembered very well "the fiery playing of Liszt and the ineffable poetry of Chopin's style." In another letter M. Chouquet gave a striking resume of the vivid reminiscences of his first impressions:—

> *Liszt, in 1835 [he wrote], represented a merve*
> *prototype of the virtuoso; while in my opinion*
> *personified the poet. The first aimed at effect*
> *the Paganini of the piano; Chopin, on the othe*
> *never to concern himself [se preuccuper] about*
> *and to listen only to the inner voices. He was*
> *when inspiration took hold of him [s'emparait d*
> *the keyboard sing in an ineffable manner. I owe*
> *poetic hours which I shall never forget.*

One of the facts safely deducible from the often doubtful and contradictory testimonies relative to Chopin's public performances is, that when he appeared before a large and mixed audience he failed to call forth general enthusiasm. He who wishes to carry the multitude away with him must have in him a force akin to the broad sweep of a full river. Chopin, however, was not a Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, or Pitt. Unless he addressed himself to select conventicles of sympathetic minds, the best of his subtle art remained uncomprehended. How well Chopin knew this may be gathered from

what he said to Liszt:—

> *I am not at all fit for giving concerts, the cı*
> *intimidates me, its breath suffocates me, I fee*
> *its curious look, and the unknown faces make me*
> *are destined for it, for when you do not win yc*
> *have the power to overwhelm it.*

Opposition and indifference, which stimulate more vigorous natures, affected Chopin as touch does the mimosa pudica, the sensitive plant—they made him shrink and wither. Liszt observes correctly that the concerts did not so much fatigue Chopin's physical constitution as provoke his irritability as a poet; that, in fact, his delicate constitution was less a reason than a pretext for abstention, he wishing to avoid being again and again made the subject of debate. But it is more difficult for one in similar circumstances not to feel as Chopin did than for a successful virtuoso like Liszt to say:—

> *If Chopin suffered on account of his not being*
> *part in those public and solemn jousts where pc*
> *acclamation salutes the victor; if he felt depı*
> *seeing himself excluded from them, it was becau*
> *esteem highly enough what he had, to do gaily w*
> *had not.*

To be sure, the admiration of the best men of his time ought to have consoled him for the indifference of the dull crowd. But do we not all rather yearn for what we have not than enjoy what we have? Nay, do we not even often bewail the unattainableness of vain bubbles when it would be more seasonable to rejoice in the solid possessions with which we are blessed? Chopin's discontent, however, was caused by the unattainableness not of a vain bubble, but of a

precious crown. There are artists who pretend to despise the great public, but their abuse of it when it withholds its applause shows their real feeling. No artist can at heart be fully satisfied with the approval of a small minority; Chopin, at any rate, was not such a one. Nature, who had richly endowed him with the qualities that make a virtuoso, had denied him one, perhaps the meanest of all, certainly the least dispensable, the want of which balked him of the fulfilment of the promise with which the others had flattered him, of the most brilliant reward of his striving. In the lists where men much below his worth won laurels and gold in abundance he failed to obtain a fair share of the popular acclamation. This was one of the disappointments which, like malignant cancers, cruelly tortured and slowly consumed his life.

The first performance of Bellini's "I Puritani" at the Theatre-Italien (January 24, 1835), which as well as that of Halevy's "La Juive" at the Academic (February 23, 1835), and of Auber's "Le cheval de bronze" at the Opera-Comique (March 23, 1835), was one of the chief musico-dramatic events of the season 1834-1835, reminds me that I ought to say a few words about the relation which existed between the Italian and the Polish composer. Most readers will have heard of Chopin's touching request to be buried by the side of Bellini. Loath though I am to discredit so charming a story, duty compels me to state that it is wholly fictitious. Chopin's liking for Bellini and his music, how ever, was true and real enough. Hiller relates that he rarely saw him so deeply moved as at a performance of Norma, which they attended together, and that in the finale of the second act, in which Rubini seemed to sing tears, Chopin had tears in his eyes. A liking for the Italian operatic music of

the time, a liking which was not confined to Bellini's works, but, as Franchomme, Wolff, and others informed me, included also those of Rossini, appears at first sight rather strange in a musician of Chopin's complexion; the prevalent musical taste at Warsaw, and a kindred trait in the national characters of the Poles and Italians, however, account for it. With regard to Bellini, Chopin's sympathy was strengthened by the congeniality of their individual temperaments. Many besides Leon Escudier may have found in the genius of Chopin points of resemblance with Bellini as well as with Raphael—two artists who, it is needless to say, were heaven-wide apart in the mastery of the craft of their arts, and in the width, height, and depth of their conceptions. The soft, rounded Italian contours and sweet sonorousness of some of Chopin's cantilene cannot escape the notice of the observer. Indeed, Chopin's Italicisms have often been pointed out. Let me remind the reader here only of some remarks of Schumann's, made apropos of the Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35:—

> *It is known that Bellini and Chopin were frienc they, who often made each other acquainted with compositions, may perhaps have had some artisti each other. But, as has been said, there is [or Chopin] only a slight leaning to the southern n as the cantilena is at an end the Sarmatian fla again.*

To understand Chopin's sympathy we have but to picture to ourselves Bellini's personality—the perfectly well-proportioned, slender figure, the head with its high forehead and scanty blonde hair, the well-formed nose, the honest, bright look, the expressive mouth; and within this pleasing exterior,

the amiable, modest disposition, the heart that felt deeply, the mind that thought acutely. M. Charles Maurice relates a characteristic conversation in his "Histoire anecdotique du Theatre." Speaking to Bellini about "La Sonnambula," he had remarked that there was soul in his music. This expression pleased the composer immensely. "Oui, n'est-ce pas? De l'ame!" he exclaimed in his soft Italian manner of speaking, "C'est ce que je veux...De L'ame! Oh! je suis sensible! Merci!...C'est que l'ame, c'est toute la musique!" "And he pressed my hands," says Charles Maurice, "as if I had discovered a new merit in his rare talent." This specimen of Bellini's conversation is sufficient to show that his linguistic accomplishments were very limited. Indeed, as a good Sicilian he spoke Italian badly, and his French was according to Heine worse than bad, it was frightful, apt to make people's hair stand on end.

When one was in the same salon with him, his vicinity inspired one with a certain anxiety mingled with the fascination of terror which repelled and attracted at the same time. His puns were not always of an amusing kind. Hiller also mentions Bellini's bad grammar and pronunciation, but he adds that the contrast between what he said and the way he said it gave to his gibberish a charm which is often absent from the irreproachable language of trained orators. It is impossible to conjecture what Bellini might have become as a musician if, instead of dying before the completion of his thirty-third year (September 24, 1835), he had lived up to the age of fifty or sixty; thus much, however, is certain, that there was still in him a vast amount of undeveloped capability. Since his arrival in Paris he had watched attentively the new musical phenomena that came there within his ken, and the "Puritani" proves that he had not done

so without profit. This sweet singer from sensuous Italy was not insensible even to the depth and grandeur of German music. After hearing Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony, for instance, he said to Hiller, his eyes glistening as if he had himself done a great deed: "E bel comme la nature!" [Footnote: I give the words literally as they are printed in Hiller's Kimmerleben. The mixture of Italian and French was no doubt intended, but hardly the spelling.] In short, Bellini was a true artist, and therefore a meet companion for a true artist like Chopin, of whose music it can be said with greater force than of that of most composers that "it is all soul." Chopin, who of course met Bellini here and there in the salons of the aristocracy, came also in closer contact with him amidst less fashionable but more congenial surroundings. I shall now let Hiller, the pleasant story-teller, speak, who, after remarking that Bellini took a great interest in piano-forte music, even though it was not played by a Chopin, proceeds thus: —

I can never forget some evenings which I spent
[Bellini] and Chopin and a few other guests at
Freppa's. Madame Freppa, an accomplished and ex
musical woman, born at Naples, but of French ex
in order to escape from painful family circumst
in Paris, where she taught singing in the most
circles. She had an exceedingly sonorous though
voice, and an excellent method, and by her renc
Italian folk-songs and other simple vocal compo
older masters charmed even the spoiled frequent
Italian Opera. We cordially esteemed her, and s
together to visit her at the extreme end of the
Germain, where she lived with her mother on a t
dessus de l'entresol, high above all the noise
the ever-bustling city. There music was discuss

played, and then again discussed, played, and s
and Madame Freppa seated themselves by turns at
pianoforte; I, too, did my best; Bellini made r
accompanied himself in one or other of his cant
in illustration of what he had been saying thar
purpose of giving a performance of them. He kne
better than any German composer whom I have met
voice less full of sound than of feeling. His p
playing sufficed for the reproduction of his or
which, indeed, is not saying much. But he knew
he wanted, and was far from being a kind of nat
some may imagine him to have been.

In the summer of 1835, towards the end of July, Chopin journeyed to Carlsbad, whither his father had been sent by the Warsaw physicians. The meeting of the parents and their now famous son after a separation of nearly five years was no doubt a very joyous one; but as no accounts have come down to us of Chopin's doings and feelings during his sojourn in the Bohemian watering-place, I shall make no attempt to fill up the gap by a gushing description of what may have been, evolved out of the omniscience of my inner consciousness, although this would be an insignificant feat compared with those of a recent biographer whose imaginativeness enabled her to describe the appearance of the sky and the state of the weather in the night when her hero became a free citizen of this planet, and to analyse minutely the characters of private individuals whose lives were passed in retirement, whom she had never seen, and who had left neither works nor letters by which they might be judged.

From Carlsbad Chopin went to Dresden. His doings there were of great importance to him, and are of great interest to us. In fact, a new love-romance was in progress. But the story had better be told

consecutively, for which reason I postpone my account of his stay in the Saxon capital till the next chapter.

Frederick Wieck, the father and teacher of Clara, who a few years later became the wife of Robert Schumann, sent the following budget of Leipzig news to Nauenburg, a teacher of music in Halle, in the autumn of 1835:—

The first subscription concert will take place
direction of Mendelssohn on October 4, the secc
4. To-morrow or the day after to-morrow Chopin
here from Dresden, but will probably not give a
he is very lazy. He could stay here for some ti
friends (especially a dog of a Pole) did not pr
making himself acquainted with the musical side
But Mendelssohn, who is a good friend of mine a
will oppose this. Chopin does not believe, judg
remark he made to a colleague in Dresden, that
lady in Germany who can play his compositions—w
what Clara can do.

The Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik, Schumann's paper, of September 29, 1835, contained the following announcement:—

Leipzig will soon be able to show a Kalisz [Foc
allusion to the encampment of Russian and Pruss
friendly meeting of princes which took place th
as regards musical crowned heads. Herr Mendelss
already arrived. Herr Moscheles comes this week
him there will be Chopin, and later, Pixis and
[Footnote: Franzilla (or Francilla) Pixis, the
daughter of Peter Pixis, whose acquaintance the
in one of the preceding chapters (p. 245).]

The details of the account of Chopin's visit to

Leipzig which I am now going to give, were communicated to me by Ernst Ferdinand Wenzel, the well-known professor of pianoforte-playing at the Leipzig Conservatorium, who died in 1880.

In the middle of the year 1835 the words "Chopin is coming" were passing from mouth to mouth, and caused much stir in the musical circles of Leipzig. Shortly after this my informant saw Mendelssohn in the street walking arm in arm with a young man, and he knew at once that the Polish musician had arrived, for this young man could be no other than Chopin. From the direction in which the two friends were going, he guessed whither their steps were tending. He, therefore, ran as fast as his legs would carry him to his master Wieck, to tell him that Chopin would be with him in another moment. The visit had been expected, and a little party was assembled, every one of which was anxious to see and hear the distinguished artist. Besides Wieck, his wife, daughter, and sister-in-law, there were present Robert Schumann and Wieck's pupils Wenzel, Louis Rakemann, and Ulex. But the irascible pedagogue, who felt offended because Chopin had not come first to him, who had made such efforts for the propagation of his music, would not stay and welcome his visitor, but withdrew sulkily into the inner apartments. Wieck had scarcely left the room when Mendelssohn and Chopin entered. The former, who had some engagement, said, "Here is Chopin!" and then left, rightly thinking this laconic introduction sufficient. Thus the three most distinguished composers of their time were at least for a moment brought together in the narrow space of a room. [Footnote: This dictum, like all superlatives and sweeping assertions, will no doubt raise objectors; but, I think, it may be maintained,

and easily maintained with the saving clause "apart from the stage."] Chopin was in figure not unlike Mendelssohn, but the former was more lightly built and more graceful in his movements. He spoke German fluently, although with a foreign accent. The primary object of Chopin's visit was to make the acquaintance of Clara Wieck, who had already acquired a high reputation as a pianist. She played to him among other things the then new and not yet published Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 11) by Schumann, which she had lately been studying. The gentlemen dared not ask Chopin to play because of the piano, the touch of which was heavy and which consequently would not suit him. But the ladies were bolder, and did not cease entreating him till he sat down and played his Nocturne in E flat (Op. 9, No. 2). After the lapse of forty-two years Wenzel was still in raptures about the wonderful, fairy-like lightness and delicacy of Chopin's touch and style. The conversation seems to have turned on Schubert, one of Schumann's great favourites, for Chopin, in illustration of something he said, played the commencement of Schubert's Alexander March. Meanwhile Wieck was sorely tried by his curiosity when Chopin was playing, and could not resist the temptation of listening in the adjoining room, and even peeping through the door that stood slightly ajar. When the visit came to a close; Schumann conducted Chopin to the house of his friend Henrietta Voigt, a pupil of Louis Berger's, and Wenzel, who accompanied them to the door, heard Schumann say to Chopin: "Let us go in here where we shall find a thorough, intelligent pianist and a good piano." They then entered the house, and Chopin played and also stayed for dinner. No sooner had he left, than the lady, who up to that time had

been exceedingly orthodox in her musical opinions and tastes, sent to Kistner's music-shop, and got all the compositions by Chopin which were in stock.

The letter of Mendelssohn which I shall quote presently and an entry in Henrietta Voigt's diary of the year 1836, which will be quoted in the next chapter, throw some doubt on the latter part of Herr Wenzel's reminiscences. Indeed, on being further questioned on the subject, he modified his original information to this, that he showed Chopin, unaccompanied by Schumann, the way to the lady's house, and left him at the door. As to the general credibility of the above account, I may say that I have added nothing to my informant's communications, and that in my intercourse with him I found him to be a man of acute observation and tenacious memory. What, however, I do not know, is the extent to which the mythopoeic faculty was developed in him.

[Footnote: Richard Pohl gave incidentally a characterisation of this exceedingly interesting personality in the Signale of September, 1886, No. 48. Having been personally acquainted with Wenzel and many of his friends and pupils, I can vouch for its truthfulness. He was "one of the best and most amiable men I have known," writes R. Pohl, "full of enthusiasm for all that is beautiful, obliging, unselfish, thoroughly kind, and at the same time so clever, so cultured, and so many-sided as—excuse me, gentlemen—I have rarely found a pianoforte-teacher. He gave pianoforte lessons at the Conservatorium and in many private houses; he worked day after day, year after year, from morning till night, and with no other outcome as far as he himself was concerned than that all his pupils—especially his female pupils—loved him

enthusiastically. He was a pupil of Friedrich Wieck and a friend of Schumann."]

In a letter dated October 6, 1835, and addressed to his family, Mendelssohn describes another part of Chopin's sojourn in Leipzig and gives us his opinion of the Polish artist's compositions and playing:—

The day after I accompanied the Hensels to Deli
was here; he intended to remain only one day, s
this entirely together and had a great deal of
cannot deny, dear Fanny, that I have lately fou
not do him justice in your judgment [of his tal
he was not in a right humour for playing when y
which may not unfrequently be the case with him
playing has enchanted me anew, and I am persuac
and my father had heard some of his better piec
he played them to me, you would say the same. T
something thoroughly original and at the same t
masterly in his piano-forte-playing that he may
really perfect virtuoso; and as every kind of p
welcome and gratifying to me, that day was a mo
one, although so entirely different from the pr
spent with you Hensels.

I was glad to be once more with a thorough musi
those half-virtuosos and half-classics who woul
combine in music les honneurs de la vertu et le
vice, but with one who has his perfect and well
[Richtung]. To whatever extent it may differ fr
get on with it famously; but not with those hal
Sunday evening was really curious when Chopin m
over my oratorio to him, while curious Leipzige
the room to see him, and how between the first
parts he dashed off his new Etudes and a new Co
astonishment of the Leipzigers, and I afterwarc
St. Paul, just as if a Cherokee and a Kaffir ha
conversed. He has such a pretty new notturno, s
of which I have retained in my memory for the p
playing it for Paul's amusement. Thus we passec

pleasantly together, and he promised seriously
the course of the winter if I would compose a r
and perform it in honour of him. We vowed these
presence of three witnesses, and we shall see w
keep our word. My works of Handel [Footnote: A
the Committee of the Cologne Musical Festival c
arrived before Chopin's departure, and were a s
childish delight to him; but they are really so
that I cannot sufficiently rejoice in their pos

Although Mendelssohn never played any of Chopin's compositions in public, he made his piano pupils practise some of them. Karasowski is wrong in saying that Mendelssohn had no such pupils; he had not many, it is true, but he had a few. A remark which Mendelssohn once made in his peculiar naive manner is very characteristic of him and his opinion of Chopin. What he said was this: "Sometimes one really does not know whether Chopin's music is right or wrong." On the whole, however, if one of the two had to complain of the other's judgment, it was not Chopin but Mendelssohn, as we shall see farther on.

To learn what impression Chopin made on Schumann, we must once more turn to the Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik, where we find the Polish artist's visit to Leipzig twice mentioned:—

October 6, 1835. Chopin was here, but only for
which he passed in private circles. He played j
composes, that is, uniquely.

The second mention is in the P.S. of a transcendental Schwarmerbrief addressed by Eusebius (the personification of the gentle, dreamy side of Schumann's character) to Chiara (Clara Wieck):—

October 20, 1835. Chopin was here. Florestan [t
personification of the strong, passionate side
character] rushed to him. I saw them arm in arm
than walk. I did not speak with him, was quite
the thought.

On his way to Paris, Chopin stopped also at Heidelberg, where he visited the father of his pupil Adolph Gutmann, who treated him, as one of his daughters remarked, not like a prince or even a king, but like somebody far superior to either. The children were taught to look up to Chopin as one who had no equal in his line. And the daughter already referred to wrote more than thirty years afterwards that Chopin still stood out in her memory as the most poetical remembrance of her childhood and youth.

Chopin must have been back in Paris in the first half or about the middle of October, for the Gazette musicale of the 18th of that month contains the following paragraph:—

One of the most eminent pianists of our epoch,
returned to Paris, after having made a tour in
has been for him a real ovation. Everywhere his
talent obtained the most flattering reception a
enthusiasm. It was, indeed, as if he had not le
at all.

CHAPTER XVIII

1835—1837.

PUBLICATIONS IN 1835 AND 1836.—FIRST PERFORMANCE OF LES HUGUENOTS.— GUSIKOW, LIPINSKI, THALBERG.—CHOPIN'S IMPRESSIONABLENESS AND FICKLENESS IN REGARD TO THE FAIR SEX.—THE FAMILY WODZINSKI.—CHOPIN'S LOVE FOR MARIA WODZINSKA (DRESDEN, 1835; MARIENBAD, 1836). —ANOTHER VISIT TO LEIPZIG (1836).— CHARACTER OF THE CHIEF EVENTS IN 1837.— MENTION OF HIS FIRST MEETING WITH GEORGE SAND.—HIS VISIT TO LONDON.—NEWSPAPER ANNOUNCEMENT OF ANOTHER VISIT TO MARIENBAD.—STATE OF HIS HEALTH IN 1837.

IF we leave out of account his playing in the salons, Chopin's artistic activity during the period comprised in this chapter was confined to teaching and composition. [Footnote: A Paris correspondent wrote in the Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik of May 17, 1836, that Chopin had not been heard at all that winter, meaning, of course, that he had not been heard in public.] The publication of his works enables us to form an approximate idea of how he was occupied as a creative musician. In the year 1835 were published: in February, Op. 20, Premier Scherzo (in B minor), dedicated to Mr. T. Albrecht, and in November, Op. 24, Quatre Mazurkas, dedicated to M. le Comte de Perthuis. In 1836 appeared: in April, Op. 21, Second Concerto (in F minor), dedicated to Madame la Comtesse Delphine Potocka: in May, Op. 27, Deux Nocturnes (in C sharp minor and D flat major), dedicated to Madame la Comtesse d'Appony; in June, Op. 23, Ballade (in G

minor), dedicated to M. le Baron de Stockhausen; in July, Op. 22, Grande Polonaise brillante (E flat major) precedee d'un Andante spianato for pianoforte and orchestra, dedicated to Madame la Baronne d'Est; and Op. 26, Deux Polonaises (in C sharp minor and E flat minor), dedicated to Mr. J. Dessauer. It is hardly necessary to point out that the opus numbers do not indicate the order of succession in which the works were composed. The Concerto belongs to the year 1830; the above notes show that Op. 24 and 27 were sooner in print than Op. 23 and 26; and Op. 25, although we hear of its being played by the composer in 1834 and 1835, was not published till 1837.

The indubitably most important musical event of the season 1835-1836, was the production of Meyerbeer's Les Huguenots, which took place on February 29, 1836, and had an extraordinary success. The concert-rooms, however, concern us more than the opera-houses. This year brought to Paris two Polish musicians: Lipinski, the violinist, and Gusikow, the virtuoso on the Strohfiedel, [FOOTNOTE: "Straw-fiddle," Gigelira, or Xylophone, an instrument consisting of a graduated series of bars of wood that lie on cords of twisted straw and are struck with sticks.] whom Mendelssohn called "a true genius," and another contemporary pointed out as one of the three great stars (Paganini and Malibran were the two others) at that time shining in the musical heavens. The story goes that Lipinski asked Chopin to prepare the ground for him in Paris. The latter promised to do all in his power if Lipinski would give a concert for the benefit of the Polish refugees. The violinist at first expressed his willingness to do so, but afterwards drew back, giving as his reason that if he played for the Polish

refugees he would spoil his prospects in Russia, where he intended shortly to make an artistic tour. Enraged at this refusal, Chopin declined to do anything to further his countryman's plans in Paris. But whether the story is true or not, Lipinski's concert at the Hotel de Ville, on March 3, was one of the most brilliant and best-attended of the season. [FOOTNOTE: Revue et Gazette musicale of March 13, 1836. Mainzer had a report to the same effect in the Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik.]

The virtuoso, however, whose appearance caused the greatest sensation was Thalberg. The Gazette musicale announced his arrival on November 8, 1835. He was first heard at M. Zimmermann's; Madame Viardot-Garcia, Duprez, and De Beriot being the other artists that took active parts in the soiree. The enthusiasm which Thalberg on this occasion as well as subsequently excited was immense. The Menestrel expressed the all but unanimous opinion when, on March 13, 1836, it said: "Thalberg is not only the first pianist in the world, but he is also a most distinguished composer." His novel effects astonished and delighted his hearers. The pianists showed their appreciation by adopting their confrere's manipulations and treatment of the piano as soon as these ceased to puzzle them; the great majority of the rising Parisian pianists became followers of Thalberg, nor were some of the older ones slow in profiting by his example. The most taking of the effects which Thalberg brought into vogue was the device of placing the melody in the middle—i.e., the most sonorous part of the instrument—and dividing it so between the hands that they could at the same time accompany it with full chords and brilliant figures. Even if he borrowed the idea from the harpist Parish-Alvars, or from the

pianist Francesco G. Pollini, there remains to him the honour of having improved the invention of his forerunners and applied it with superior ability. His greatness, however, does not solely or even mainly rest on this or any other ingeniously-contrived and cleverly-performed trick. The secret of his success lay in the aristocratic nature of his artistic personality, in which exquisite elegance and calm self-possession reigned supreme. In accordance with this fundamental disposition were all the details of his style of playing. His execution was polished to the highest degree; the evenness of his scales and the clearness of his passages and embellishments could not be surpassed. If sensuous beauty is the sole end of music, his touch must be pronounced the ideal of perfection, for it extracted the essence of beauty. Strange as the expression "unctuous sonorousness" may sound, it describes felicitously a quality of a style of playing from which roughness, harshness, turbulence, and impetuosity were altogether absent. Thalberg has been accused of want of animation, passion, in short, of soul; but as Ambros remarked with great acuteness—

> *Thalberg's compositions and playing had soul, a*
> *be sure, somewhat like that of a very elegant w*
> *world, who, nevertheless, has really a beautifu*
> *[Gemueth], which, however, is prevented from fu*
> *itself by the superexquisiteness of her manners*

This simile reminds me of a remark of Heine's, who thought that Thalberg distinguished himself favourably from other pianists by what he (Heine) felt inclined to call "his musical conduct [Betragen]." Here are some more of the poet-critic's remarks on the same subject:—

As in life so also in art, Thalberg manifests i
his execution is so gentlemanlike, so opulent,
so entirely without grimace, so entirely withou
affectation of genius [forcirtes Genialthun], s
without that boastful boorishness which badly c
inner pusillanimity...He enchants by balsamic e
sobriety and gentleness....There is only one I
is Chopin.

As a curiosity I must quote a passage from a letter dated July 10, 1836, and addressed by George Sand to the Comtesse d'Agoult. Feelings of friendship, and, in one case at least, of more than friendship, made these ladies partial to another prince of the keyboard:—

I have heard Thalberg in Paris. He made on me t
of a good little child, very nice and very well
There are hours when Franz [Liszt], while amusi
trifles [badine], like him, on some notes in or
furious elements afterwards loose on this gentl

Liszt, who was at the time of Thalberg's visit to Paris in Switzerland, doubted the correctness of the accounts which reached him of this virtuoso's achievements. Like Thomas he would trust only his own senses; and as his curiosity left him no rest, he betook himself in March, 1836, to Paris. But, unfortunately, he arrived too late, Thalberg having quitted the capital on the preceding day. The enthusiastic praises which were everywhere the answer to his inquiries about Thalberg irritated Liszt, and seemed to him exaggerations based on delusions. To challenge criticism and practically refute the prevalent opinion, he gave two private soirees, one at Pleyel's and another at Erard's, both of which were

crowded, the latter being attended by more than four hundred people. The result was a brilliant victory, and henceforth there were two camps. The admiration and stupefaction of those who heard him were extraordinary; for since his last appearance Liszt had again made such enormous progress as to astonish even his most intimate friends. In answer to those who had declared that with Thalberg a new era began, Berlioz, pointing to Liszt's Fantasia on I Pirati and that on themes from La Juive, now made the counter-declaration that "this was the new school of pianoforte-playing." Indeed, Liszt was only now attaining to the fulness of his power as a pianist and composer for his instrument; and when after another sojourn in Switzerland he returned in December, 1836, to Paris, and in the course of the season entered the lists with Thalberg, it was a spectacle for the gods. "Thalberg," writes Leon Escudier, "est la grace, comme Liszt la force; le jeu de l'un est blond, celui de l'autre est brun." A lady who heard the two pianists at a concert for the Italian poor, given in the salons of the Princess Belgiojoso, exclaimed: "Thalberg est le premier pianiste du monde."—"Et Liszt?" asked the person to whom the words were addressed—"Liszt! Liszt—c'est le seul!" was the reply. This is the spirit in which great artists should be judged. It is oftener narrowness of sympathy than acuteness of discrimination which makes people exalt one artist and disparage another who differs from him. In the wide realm of art there are to be found many kinds of excellence; one man cannot possess them all and in the highest degree. Some of these excellences are indeed irreconcilable and exclude each other; most of them can only be combined by a compromise. Hence, of two artists who differ from each other, one is not necessarily

superior to the other; and he who is the greater on the whole may in some respects be inferior to the lesser. Perhaps the reader will say that these are truisms. To be sure they are. And yet if he considers only the judgments which are every day pronounced, he may easily be led to believe that these truisms are most recondite truths now for the first time revealed. When Liszt after his first return from Switzerland did not find Thalberg himself, he tried to satisfy his curiosity by a careful examination of that pianist's compositions. The conclusions he came to be set forth in a criticism of Thalberg's Grande Fantaisie, Op. 22, and the Caprices, Op. 15 and 19, which in 1837 made its appearance in the Gazette musicale, accompanied by an editorial foot-note expressing dissent. I called Liszt's article a criticism, but "lampoon" or "libel" would have been a more appropriate designation. In the introductory part Liszt sneers at Thalberg's title of "Pianist to His Majesty the Emperor of Austria," and alludes to his rival's distant (i.e., illegitimate) relationship to a noble family, ascribing his success to a great extent to these two circumstances. The personalities and abusiveness of the criticism remind one somewhat of the manner in which the scholars of earlier centuries, more especially of the sixteenth and seventeenth, dealt critically with each other. Liszt declares that love of truth, not jealousy, urged him to write; but he deceived himself. Nor did his special knowledge and experience as a musician and virtuoso qualify him, as he pretended, above others for the task he had undertaken; he forgot that no man can be a good judge in his own cause. No wonder, therefore, that Fetis, enraged at this unprovoked attack of one artist on a brother-artist, took up his pen in defence of the injured party. Unfortunately, his retort was a lengthy

and pedantic dissertation, which along with some true statements contained many questionable, not to say silly, ones. In nothing, however, was he so far off the mark as in his comparative estimate of Liszt and Thalberg. The sentences in which he sums up the whole of his reasoning show this clearly: "You are the pre-eminent man of the school which is effete and which has nothing more to do, but you are not the man of a new school! Thalberg is this man—herein lies the whole difference between you two." Who can help smiling at this combination of pompous authoritativeness and wretched short-sightedness? It has been truly observed by Ambros that there is between Thalberg and Liszt all the difference that exists between a man of talent and a man of genius; indeed, the former introduced but a new fashion, whereas the latter founded really a new school. The one originated a few new effects, the other revolutionised the whole style of writing for the pianoforte. Thalberg was perfect in his genre, but he cannot be compared to an artist of the breadth, universality, and, above all, intellectual and emotional power of Liszt. It is possible to describe the former, but the latter, Proteus-like, is apt to elude the grasp of him who endeavours to catch hold of him. The Thalberg controversy did not end with Fetis's article. Liszt wrote a rejoinder in which he failed to justify himself, but succeeded in giving the poor savant some hard hits. I do not think Liszt would have approved of the republication of these literary escapades if he had taken the trouble to re-read them. It is very instructive to compare his criticism of Thalberg's compositions with what Schumann—who in this case is by no means partial—said of them. In the opinion of the one the Fantaisie sur Les Huguenots is not only one of the

most empty and mediocre works, but it is also so supremely monotonous that it produces extreme weariness. In the opinion of the other the Fantaisie deserves the general enthusiasm which it has called forth, because the composer proves himself master of his language and thoughts, conducts himself like a man of the world, binds and loosens the threads with so much ease that it seems quite unintentional, and draws the audience with him wherever he wishes without either over-exciting or wearying it. The truth, no doubt, is rather with Schumann than with Liszt. Although Thalberg's compositions cannot be ranked with the great works of ideal art, they are superior to the morceaux of Czerny, Herz, and hoc genus omne, their appearance marking indeed an improvement in the style of salon music.

But what did Chopin think of Thalberg? He shared the opinion of Liszt, whose side he took. In fact, Edouard Wolff told me that Chopin absolutely despised Thalberg. To M. Mathias I owe the following communication, which throws much light on Chopin's attitude:—

> *I saw Chopin with George Sand at the house of l*
> *before the marriage of the latter with Pauline*
> *very young, being only twelve years old, but I*
> *though it had been yesterday. Thalberg was ther*
> *played his second fantasia on Don Giovanni (Op.*
> *my word Chopin complimented him most highly and*
> *gravity; nevertheless, God knows what Chopin th*
> *his heart, for he had a horror of Thalberg's ar*
> *which I have seen and heard him parody in the m*
> *amusing manner, for Chopin had the sense of par*
> *ridicule in a high degree.*

Thalberg had not much intercourse with Chopin, nor did he exercise the faintest shadow of an

influence over him; but as one of the foremost pianist-composers—indeed, one of the most characteristic phenomena of the age—he could not be passed by in silence. Moreover, the noisy careers of Liszt and Thalberg serve as a set-off to the noiseless one of Chopin.

I suspect that Chopin was one of that race of artists and poets "qui font de la passion un instrument de l'art et de la poesie, et dont l'esprit n'a d'activite qu'autant qu'il est mis en mouvement par les forces motrices du coeur." At any rate, the tender passion was a necessary of his existence. That his disappointed first love did not harden his heart and make him insensible to the charms of the fair sex is apparent from some remarks of George Sand, who says that although his heart was ardent and devoted, it was not continuously so to any one person, but surrendered itself alternately to five or six affections, each of which, as they struggled within it, got by turns the mastery over all the others. He would passionately love three women in the course of one evening party and forget them as soon as he had turned his back, while each of them imagined that she had exclusively charmed him. In short, Chopin was of a very impressionable nature: beauty and grace, nay, even a mere smile, kindled his enthusiasm at first sight, and an awkward word or equivocal glance was enough to disenchant him. But although he was not at all exclusive in his own affections, he was so in a high degree with regard to those which he demanded from others. In illustration of how easily Chopin took a dislike to anyone, and how little he measured what he accorded of his heart with what he exacted from that of others, George Sand relates a story which she got from himself. In order to avoid misrepresenting her, I shall translate

her own words:—

> *He had taken a great fancy to the granddaughter
> celebrated master. He thought of asking her in
> the same time that he entertained the idea of a
> marriage in Poland—his loyalty being engaged nc
> his fickle heart floating from one passion to t
> young Parisian received him very kindly, and al
> as could be till on going to visit her one day
> with another musician, who was of more note in
> at that time, she offered a chair to this gentl
> thinking of inviting Chopin to be seated. He ne
> her again, and forgot her immediately.*

The same story was told me by other intimate friends of Chopin's, who evidently believed in its genuineness; their version differed from that of George Sand only in this, that there was no allusion to a lady-love in Poland. Indeed, true as George Sand's observations are in the main, we must make allowance for the novelist's habit of fashioning and exaggerating, and the woman's endeavour to paint her dismissed and aggrieved lover as black as possible. Chopin may have indulged in innumerable amorous fancies, but the story of his life furnishes at least one instance of his having loved faithfully as well as deeply. Nor will it be denied that Chopin's love for Constantia Gladkowska was a serious affair, whether the fatal end be attributable to him or her, or both. And now I have to give an account of another love-affair which deserves likewise the epithet "serious."

As a boy Chopin contracted a friendship with the brothers Wodzinski, who were boarders at his father's establishment. With them he went repeatedly to Sluzewo, the property of their father, and thus became also acquainted with the rest of the family.

The nature of the relation in which Chopin and they stood to each other is shown by a letter written by the former on July 18, 1834, to one of the brothers who with his mother and other members of the family was at that time staying at Geneva, whither they had gone after the Polish revolution of 1830-31, in which the three brothers—Anthony, Casimir, and Felix—had taken part:—

My dear Felix,—Very likely you thought "Fred mu
that he does not answer my letter!" But you wil
that it was always my habit to do everything to
went also too late to Miss Fanche, and conseque
obliged to wait till honest Wolf had departed.
that I have only recently come back from the ba
Rhine and have an engagement from which I canno
just now, I would immediately set out for Genev
your esteemed mamma and at the same time accept
invitation. But cruel fate—in one word, it cann
Your sister was so good as to send me her compo
gives me the greatest pleasure, and happening t
the veryevening of its arrival in one of our sa
for my subject the pretty theme by a certain Ma
in times gone by I played at hide and seek in t
Mr. Pszenny...To-day! Je prends la liberte d'en
estimable collegue Mile Marie une petite valse
de publier. May it afford her a hundredth part
pleasure which I felt on receiving her variatio
conclusion, I once more thank your mamma most s
kindly remembering her old and faithful servant
veins also there run some drops of Cujavian blo
[Footnote: Cujavia is the name of a Polish dist

F. CHOPIN.

P.S.—Embrace Anthony, stifle Casimir with caress
can; as for Miss Maria make her a graceful and
bow. Be surprised and say in a whisper, "Dear m
she has grown!"

The Wodzinskis, with the exception of Anthony, returned in the summer of 1835 to Poland, making on their way thither a stay at Dresden. Anthony, who was then in Paris and in constant intercourse with Chopin, kept the latter informed of his people's movements and his people of Chopin's. Thus it came about that they met at Dresden in September, 1835, whither the composer went after his meeting with his parents at Carlsbad, mentioned in the preceding chapter (p. 288). Count Wodzinski says in his Les trois Romans de Frederic Chopin that Chopin had spoken to his father about his project of marrying Maria Wodzinska, and that this idea had sprung up in his soul by the mere force of recollections. The young lady was then nineteen years of age, and, according to the writer just mentioned, tall and slender in figure, and light and graceful in gait. The features, he tells us, were distinguished neither by regularity nor classical beauty, but had an indefinable charm. Her black eyes were full of sweetness, reverie, and restrained fire; a smile of ineffable voluptuousness played around her lips; and her magnificent hair was as dark as ebony and long enough to serve her as a mantle. Chopin and Maria saw each other every evening at the house of her uncle, the Palatine Wodzinski. The latter concluded from their frequent tete-a-tete at the piano and in corners that some love-making was going on between them. When he found that his monitory coughs and looks produced no effect on his niece, he warned his sister-in-law. She, however, took the matter lightly, saying that it was an amitie d'enfance, that Maria was fond of music, and that, moreover, there would soon be an end to all this—their ways lying in opposite directions, hers eastward to Poland, his westward to France. And thus things were

allowed to go on as they had begun, Chopin passing all his evenings with the Wodzinskis and joining them in all their walks. At last the time of parting came, the clock of the Frauenkirche struck the hour of ten, the carriage was waiting at the door, Maria gave Chopin a rose from a bouquet on the table, and he improvised a waltz which he afterwards sent her from Paris, and which she called L'Adieu. Whatever we may think of the details of this scene of parting, the waltz composed for Maria at Dresden is an undeniable fact. Facsimiles may be seen in Szulc's Fryderyk Chopin and Count Wodziriski's Les trois Romans de Frederic Chopin. The manuscript bears the superscription: "Tempo de Valse" on the left, and "pour Mile. Marie" on the right; and the subscription: "F. Chopin, Drezno [Dresden], September, 1835." [FOOTNOTE: It is Op. 69, No. 1, one of the posthumous works published by Julius Fontana.]

The two met again in the following summer, this time at Marienbad, where he knew she and her mother were going. They resumed their walks, music, and conversations. She drew also his portrait. And then one day Chopin proposed. Her answer was that she could not run counter to her parents' wishes, nor could she hope to be able to bend their will; but she would always preserve for him in her heart a grateful remembrance.[FOOTNOTE: Count Wodzinski relates on p. 255 of his book that at a subsequent period of her life the lady confided to him the above-quoted answer.] This happened in August, 1836; and two days after mother and daughter left Marienbad. Maria Wodzinska married the next year a son of Chopin's godfather, Count Frederick Skarbek. The marriage turned but an unhappy one, and was dissolved. Subsequently the Countess married a Polish gentleman of the name of

Orpiszewski, who died some years ago in Florence. She, I think, is still alive.

Karasowski relates the affair very differently. He says Chopin, who knew the brothers Wodzinski in Poland, met them again in Paris, and through them made the acquaintance of their sister Maria, whose beauty and amiability inspired him at once with an interest which soon became ardent love. But that Chopin had known her in Poland may be gathered from the above letter to Felix Wodzinski, quite apart from the distinct statements of the author of Les trois Romans that Chopin was a frequent visitor at Sluzewo, and a great friend of Maria's. Further, Karasowski, who does not mention at all the meeting of Chopin and the Wodzinskis at Dresden in 1835, says that Chopin went in the middle of July, 1836, to Marienbad, where he knew he would find Maria and her mother, and that there he discovered that she whom he loved reciprocated his affection, the consequence being an engagement approved of by her relations. When the sojourn in Marienbad came to an end, the whole party betook itself to Dresden, where they remained together for some weeks, which they spent most pleasantly.

[FOOTNOTE: Karasowski relates that Chopin was at the zenith of happiness. His good humour was irresistible. He imitated the most famous pianists, and played his dreamy mazurkas in the manner much in favour with Warsaw amateurs—i.e., strictly in time and with the strongly-accented rhythm of common dance-tunes. And his friends reminded him of the tricks which, as a boy, he had played on his visits to the country, and how he took away his sisters' kid gloves when he was going to an evening-party, and could not buy himself new ones, promising to send them dozens as soon as he had

gained a good position in Paris. Count Wodzinski, too, bears witness to Chopin's good humour while in the company of the Wodzinskis. In the course of his account of the sojourn at Marienbad, this writer speaks of Chopin's polichinades: "He imitated then this or that famous artist, the playing of certain pupils or compatriots, belabouring the keyboard with extravagant gestures, a wild [echevele] and romantic manner, which he called aller a la chasse aux pigeons."]

Unless Chopin was twice with the Wodzinskis in Dresden, Karasowski must be mistaken. That Chopin sojourned for some time at Dresden in 1835 is evidenced by Wieck's letter, quoted on p. 288, and by the above-mentioned waltz. The latter seems also to confirm what Count Wodzinski says about the presence of the Wodzinskis at Dresden in that year. On the other hand, we have no such documents to prove the presence at Dresden in 1836 either of Chopin or the Wodzinskis. According to Karasowski, the engagement made at Marienbad remained in force till the middle of 1837, when Chopin received at Paris the news that the lady withdrew from it. [FOOTNOTE: In explanation of the breaking-off of this supposed engagement, it has also been said that the latter was favoured by the mother, but opposed by the father.] The same authority informs us that before this catastrophe Chopin had thoughts of settling with his future wife in the neighbourhood of Warsaw, near his beloved parents and sisters. There he would cultivate his art in retirement, and found schools for the people. How, without a fortune of his own, and with a wife who, although belonging to a fairly wealthy family, would not come into the possession of her portion till after the death of her parents, he could have realised these dreams, I am at

a loss to conjecture.

[FOONOTE: To enable his readers to measure the social distance that separated Chopin from his beloved one, Count Wodzinski mentions among other details that her father possessed a domain of about 50,000 acres (20,000 hectares). It is hardly necessary to add that this large acreage, which we will suppose to be correctly stated, is much less a measure of the possessor's wealth than of his social rank.]

Chopin's letters, which testify so conclusively to the cordial friendship existing between him and the Wodzinskis, unfortunately contain nothing which throws light on his connection with the young lady, although her name occurs in them several times. On April 2, 1837, Chopin wrote to Madame Wodzinska as follows:—

I take advantage of Madame Nakwaska's permissic
a few words. I expect news from Anthony's own h
send you a letter even more full of details tha
which contained Vincent's enclosure. I beg of y
your mind easy about him. As yet all are in the
not in possession of any details, because the c
only give accounts of themselves. My letter of
must certainly be in Sluzewo; and, as far as is
will set your mind at rest with regard to this
must, must write me a few words. I am not going
words in expressing the sorrow I felt on learni
your mother's death—not for her sake whom I dic
but for your sake whom I do know. (This is a ma
course!) I have to confess, Madam, that I have
like the one I had in Marienbad; I sit before M
book, and were I to sit a hundred years I shoul
write anything in it. For there are days when I
sorts. To-day I would prefer being in Sluzewo t
Sluzewo. Then would I tell you more than I have
My respects to Mr. Wodzinski and my kind regarc

Maria, Casimir, Theresa, and Felix.

The object of another letter, dated May 14, 1837, is likewise to give news of Anthony Wodzinski, who was fighting in Spain. Miss Maria is mentioned in the P.S. and urged to write a few words to her brother.

After a careful weighing of the evidence before us, it appears to me that—notwithstanding the novelistic tricking-out of Les trois Romans de Frederic Chopin—we cannot but accept as the true account the author's statement as to Chopin's proposal of marriage and Miss Wodzinska's rejection at Marienbad in 1836. The testimony of a relation with direct information from one of the two chief actors in the drama deserves more credit than that of a stranger with, at best, second-hand information; unless we prefer to believe that the lady misrepresented the facts in order to show herself to the world in a more dignified and amiable character than that of a jilt. The letters can hardly be quoted in support of the engagement, for the rejection would still admit of the continuation of the old friendship, and their tone does not indicate the greater intimacy of a closer relationship.

Subsequent to his stay at Marienbad Chopin again visited Leipzig. But the promises which Mendelssohn and Chopin had so solemnly made to each other in the preceding year had not been kept; the latter did not go in the course of the winter to Leipzig, and if he had gone, the former could not have performed a new symphony of his in honour of the guest. Several passages in letters written by Schumann in the early part of 1836 show, however, that Chopin was not forgotten by his Leipzig friends, with whom he seems to have been in correspondence. On March 8, 1836, Schumann wrote to Moscheles:—

Mendelssohn sends you his hearty greetings. He his oratorio, and will conduct it himself at th Musical Festival. Perhaps I shall go there too, Chopin, to whom we shall write about it.

The first performance of Mendelssohn's St. Paul took place at Dusseldorf on May 22, and was a great success. But neither Schumann nor Chopin was there. The latter was, no doubt, already planning his excursion to Marienbad, and could not allow himself the luxury of two holidays within so short a time.

Here is another scrap from a letter of Schumann's, dated August 28, 1836, and addressed to his brother Edward and his sister-in-law Theresa:—

I have just written to Chopin, who is said to k Marienbad, in order to learn whether he is real any case, I should visit you again in autumn. I answers my letter at once, I shall start sooner Marienbad by way of Carlsbad. Theresa, what do must come with me! Read first Chopin's answer, will fully discuss the rest.

Chopin either had left or was about to leave Marienbad when he received Schumann's letter. Had he received it sooner, his answer would not have been very encouraging. For in his circumstances he could not but have felt even the most highly-esteemed confrere, the most charming of companions, in the way.[FOOTNOTE: Mendelscohn's sister, Rebecka Dirichlet, found him completely absorbed in his Polish Countess. (See The Mendelssohn Family, Vol. II, p. 15.)] But although the two musicians did not meet at Marienbad, they saw each other at Leipzig. How much one of them enjoyed the visit may be seen in the following extract

from a letter which Schumann wrote to Heinrich Dorn on September 14, 1836:—

The day before yesterday, just after I had rece
letter and was going to answer it, who should e
This was a great pleasure. We passed a very hap
together, in honour of which I made yesterday a
have a new ballade by Chopin. It appears to me
genialischstes (not genialstes) work; and I toi
liked it best of all.

[FOOTNOTE: "Sein genialischstes (nicht genialst
take Schumann to mean that the ballade in quest
in G minor) is Chopin's most spirited, most dar
not his most genial—i.e., the one fullest of ge
Schumann's remark, in a criticism of Op. 37, 38
this ballade is the "wildest and most original'
compositions, confirms my conjecture.]

After a long meditative pause he said with grea
am glad of that, it is the one which I too like
played besides a number of new etudes, nocturne
mazurkas—everything incomparable. You would lik
much. But Clara [Wieck] is greater as a virtuos
almost more meaning to his compositions than he
Imagine the perfection, a mastery which seems t
unconscious of itself!

Besides the announcement of September 16, 1836, that Chopin had been a day in Leipzig, that he had brought with him among other things new "heavenly" etudes, nocturnes, mazurkas, and a new ballade, and that he played much and "very incomparably," there occur in Schumann's writings in the Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik unmistakable reminiscences of this visit of the Polish musician. Thus, for instance, in a review of dance-music, which appeared in the following year, and to which he gave

the fantastic form of a "Report to Jeanquirit in Augsburg of the editor's last artistico-historical ball," the writer relates a conversation he had with his partner Beda:—

I turned the conversation adroitly on Chopin. S
she heard the name than she for the first time
at me with her large, kindly eyes. "And you kno
answered in the affirmative. "And you have hear
form became more and more sublime. "And have he
speak?" And when I told her that it was a never
forgotten picture to see him sitting at the pia
dreaming seer, and how in listening to his play
to one's self like the dream he created, and ho
dreadful habit of passing, at the end of each p
finger quickly over the whizzing keyboard, as i
of his dream by force, and how he had to take c
delicate health—she clung to me with ever-incre
timorous delight, and wished to know more and m

Very interesting is Schumann's description of how Chopin played some etudes from his Op. 25; it is to be found in another criticism of the same year (1837):—

As regards these etudes, I have the advantage o
most of them played by Chopin himself, and, as
whispered in my ear at the time, "He plays them
la Chopin." Imagine an AEolian harp that had al
and that these were jumbled together by the har
into all sorts of fantastic ornaments, but in s
that a deeper fundamental tone and a softly-sir
part were always audible, and you have an appro
his playing. No wonder that we have become fond
pieces which we heard him play himself, and the
shall mention first of all the first one in A f
rather a poem than an etude. It would be a mist
to suppose that he brought out every one of the

with distinctness; it was more like a billowing major chord, swelled anew here and there by mea pedal; but through the harmonies were heard the tones of a wondrous melody, and only in the mic a tenor part once come into greater prominence chords along with that principal cantilena. Aft to the study one feels as one does after a blis seen in a dream, which, already half awake, one bring back. He soon came to the one in F minor, the book, likewise one which impresses one inde originality; it is so charming, dreamy, and sor like the singing of a child in its sleep. Beaut although less new in character than in the figu following one in F major; here the object was n bravura, the most charming bravura, and we coul praise the master highly for it....But of what descriptive words?

This time we cannot cite a letter of Mendelssohn's; he was elsewhere similarly occupied as Chopin in Marienbad. After falling in love with a Frankfort lady, Miss Jeanrenaud, he had gone to Scheweningen to see whether his love would stand the test of absence from the beloved object. It stood the test admirably, and on September 9, a few days before Chopin's arrival in Leipzig, Mendelssohn's engagement to the lady who became his wife on March 28, 1837, took place.

But another person who has been mentioned in connection with Chopin's first visit to Leipzig, Henrietta Voigt, [FOOTNOTE: The editor of "Acht Briefe und ein Facsimile van Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy" speaks of her as "the artistic wife of a Leipzig merchant, whose house stood open to musicians living in and passing through Leipzig."] has left us an account of the impression made upon her. An entry in her diary on September 13, 1836, runs thus:—

Yesterday Chopin was here and played an hour or
fantasia and new etude of his—interesting man a
interesting playing; he moved me strangely. The
excitement of his fantastic manner is imparted
eared; it made me hold my breath. Wonderful is
which his velvet fingers glide, I might almost
the keys. He has enraptured me—I cannot deny it
which hitherto had been unknown to me. What del
the childlike, natural manner which he showed i
demeanour and in his playing.

After this short break of his journey at Leipzig, which he did not leave without placing a wreath of flowers on the monument of Prince Joseph Poniatowski, who in 1812 met here with an early death, being drowned in the river Elster, Chopin proceeded on his homeward journey, that is toward Paris, probably tarrying again for a day or two at Heidelberg.

The non-artistic events of this period are of a more stirring nature than the artistic ones. First in time and importance comes Chopin's meeting with George Sand, which more than any other event marks an epoch in the composer's life. But as this subject has to be discussed fully and at some length we shall leave it for another chapter, and conclude this with an account of some other matters.

Mendelssohn, who arrived in London on August 24, 1837, wrote on September 1 to Hiller:—

Chopin is said to have suddenly turned up here
ago; but he visited nobody and made no acquaint
played one evening most beautifully at Broadwoc
hurried away again. I hear he is still sufferir

Chopin accompanied by Camille Pleyel and

Stanislas Kozmian, the elder, came to London on the 11th of July and stayed till the 22nd. Pleyel introduced him under the name of M. Fritz to his friend James Broadwood, who invited them to dine with him at his house in Bryanston Square. The incognito, however, could only be preserved as long as Chopin kept his hands off the piano. When after dinner he sat down to play, the ladies of the family suspected, and, suspicion being aroused, soon extracted a confession of the truth.

Moscheles in alluding in his diary to this visit to London adds an item or two to its history:—

> *Chopin, who passed a few days in London, was th*
> *the foreign artists who visited nobody and also*
> *to be visited, as every conversation aggravates*
> *complaint. He went to some concerts and disappe*

Particularly interesting are the reminiscences of the writer of an enthusiastic review [Footnote: Probably J. W. Davison.]of some of Chopin's nocturnes and a scherzo in the "Musical World" of February 23, 1838:—

> *Were he [Chopin] not the most retiring and unam*
> *living musicians, he would before this time hav*
> *celebrated as the inventor of a new style, or s*
> *pianoforte composition. During his short visit*
> *metropolis last season, but few had the high gr*
> *hearing his extemporaneous performance. Those w*
> *this will not readily lose its remembrance. He*
> *par eminence, the most delightful of pianists a*
> *room. The animation of his style is so subdued,*
> *tenderness so refined, its melancholy so gentle*
> *so studied and systematic, the tout-ensemble so*
> *evidently the result of an accurate judgment an*
> *finished taste, that when exhibited in the larg*

room, or the thronged saloon, it fails to impre
the mass. The "Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik" of S
1837, brought the piece of news that Chopin was
Bohemian watering-place. I doubt the correctnes
statement; at any rate, no other information to
has come to my knowledge, and the ascertained f
favour the assumption of its truth.

Never robust, Chopin had yet hitherto been free from any serious illness. Now, however, the time of his troubles begins. In a letter, undated, but very probably written in the summer of 1837, which he addressed to Anthony Wodzinski, who had been wounded in Spain, where civil war was then raging, occur remarks confirmatory of Mendelssohn's and Moscheles' statements:—

My dearest life! Wounded! Far from us—and I car
nothing....Your friends are thinking only of yo
sake recover as soon as possible and return. Th
accounts say that your legion is completely ann
Don't enter the Spanish army....Remember that y
serve a better purpose....Titus [Woyciechowski]
me if I could not meet him somewhere in Germany
winter I was again ill with influenza. They war
to Ems. Up to the present, however, I have no t
going, as I am unable to move. I write and prep
manuscript. I think far more of you than you in
love you as much as ever.

F. C.

Believe me, you and Titus are enshrined in my m

On the margin, Chopin writes—

I may perhaps go for a few days to George Sand'
your mind easy, this will not interfere with th

of your money, for I shall leave instructions w
[Matuszynski].

With regard to this and to the two preceding letters to members of the Wodzinski family, I have yet to state that I found them in M. A. Szulc's "Fryderyk Chopin."

CHAPTER XIX.

GEORGE SAND: HER EARLY LIFE (1804—1836); AND HER CHARACTER AS A WOMAN, THINKER, AND LITERARY ARTIST.

It is now necessary that the reader should be made acquainted with Madame Dudevant, better known by her literary name, George Sand, whose coming on the scene has already been announced in the preceding chapter. The character of this lady is so much a matter of controversy, and a correct estimate of it so essential for the right understanding of the important part she plays in the remaining portion of Chopin's life, that this long chapter—an intermezzo, a biography in a biography—will not be regarded as out of place or too lengthy. If I begin far off, as it were before the beginning, I do so because the pedigree has in this case a peculiar significance.

The mother of George Sand's father was the daughter of the Marschal de Saxe (Count Maurice of Saxony, natural son of August the Strong, King of Poland and Elector of Saxony, and the Countess

Maria Aurora von Konigsmark) and the dame de l'opera, Mdlle. de Verrieres, whose real name was Madame de la Riviere, nee Marie Rinteau. This daughter, Marie Aurore, married at the age of fifteen Comte de Home, a natural son of Louis XV., who died soon after; and fifteen years later she condescended to accept the hand of M. Dupin de Francueil, receveur general, who, although of an old and well-connected family, did not belong to the high nobility. The curious may read about Mdlle. de Verrieres in the "Memoires" of Marmontel, who was one of her many lovers, and about M. Dupin, his father, mother-in-law, first wife &c., in Rousseau's "Confessions," where, however, he is always called De Francueil. Notwithstanding the disparity of age, the husband being twice as old as his wife, the marriage of M. Dupin and the Comtesse de Home proved to be a very happy one. They had one child, a son, Maurice Francois Elisabeth Dupin. He entered the army in 1798, and two years later, in the course of the Italian campaign, became first lieutenant and then aide-de-camp to General Dupont.

In Italy and about the same time Maurice Dupin saw and fell in love with Sophie Victoire Antoinette Delaborde, the daughter of a Paris bird-seller, who had been a supernumerary at some small theatre, and whose youth, as George Sand delicately expresses it, "had by the force of circumstances been exposed to the most frightful hazards." Sacrificing all the advantages she was then enjoying, she followed Maurice Dupin to France. From this liaison sprang several children, all of whom, however, except one, died very young. A month before the birth of her in whom our interest centres, Maurice Dupin married Sophie Delaborde. The marriage was a civil one and contracted without the knowledge of his mother,

who was opposed to this union less on account of Sophie's plebeian origin than of her doubtful antecedents.

It was on July 5, 1804, that Amantine Lucile Aurore Dupin, who under the name of George Sand became famous all the world over, saw for the first time the light of day. The baby, which by a stratagem was placed in the arms of her grandmother, mollified the feelings of the old lady, whom the clandestine marriage had put in a great rage, so effectually that she forgave her son, received his wife, and tried to accommodate herself to the irremediable. After the Spanish campaign, during which he acted as aide-de-camp to Murat, Maurice Dupin and his family came to Nohant, his mother's chateau in Berry. There little Aurora lost her father when she was only four years old. Returning home one evening from La Chatre, a neighbouring town, he was thrown off his horse, and died almost instantly.

This was an event that seriously affected the future of the child, for only the deceased could keep in check the antagonism of two such dissimilar characters as those of Aurora's mother and grandmother. The mother was "dark-complexioned, pale, ardent, awkward and timid in fashionable society, but always ready to explode when the storm was growling too strongly within"; her temperament was that "of a Spaniard—jealous, passionate, choleric, and weak, perverse and kindly at the same time." Abbe Beaumont (a natural son of Mdlle. de Verrieres and the Prince de Turenne, Duke de Bouillon, and consequently grand-uncle of Aurora) said of her that she had a bad head but a good heart. She was quite uneducated, but had good natural parts, sang charmingly, and was clever with her hands. The grandmother, on the other hand, was

"light-complexioned, blonde, grave, calm, and dignified in her manners, a veritable Saxon of noble race, with an imposing demeanour full of ease and patronising goodness." She had been an assiduous student of the eighteenth century philosophers, and on the whole was a lady of considerable culture. For about two years these two women managed to live together, not, however, without a feeling of discord which was not always successfully suppressed, and sometimes broke out into open dissension. At last they came to an arrangement according to which the child was to be left in the keeping of the grandmother, who promised her daughter-in-law a yearly allowance which would enable her to take up her abode in Paris. This arrangement had the advantage for the younger Madame Dupin that she could henceforth devote herself to the bringing-up of another daughter, born before her acquaintance with Aurora's father.

From her mother Aurora received her first instruction in reading and writing. The taste for literary composition seems to have been innate in her, for already at the age of five she wrote letters to her grandmother and half-brother (a natural son of her father's). When she was seven, Deschartres, her grandmother's steward, who had been Maurice Dupin's tutor, began to teach her French grammar and versification, Latin, arithmetic, botany, and a little Greek. But she had no liking for any of these studies. The dry classifications of plants and words were distasteful to her; arithmetic she could not get into her head; and poetry was not her language. History, on the other hand, was a source of great enjoyment to her; but she read it like a romance, and did not trouble herself about dates and other unpleasant details. She was also fond of music; at

least she was so as long as her grandmother taught her, for the mechanical drilling she got from the organist of La Chatre turned her fondness into indifference. That subject of education, however, which is generally regarded as the foundation of all education—I mean religion—was never even mentioned to her. The Holy Scriptures were, indeed, given into the child's hands, but she was left to believe or reject whatever she liked. Her grandmother, who was a deist, hated not only the pious, but piety itself, and, above all, Roman Catholicism. Christ was in her opinion an estimable man, the gospel an excellent philosophy, but she regretted that truth was enveloped in ridiculous fables. The little of religion which the girl imbibed she owed to her mother, by whose side she was made to kneel and say her prayers. "My mother," writes George Sand in her "Histoire de ma Vie," from which these details are taken, "carried poetry into her religious feeling, and I stood in need of poetry." Aurora's craving for religion and poetry was not to remain unallayed. One night there appeared to her in a dream a phantom, Corambe by name. The dream-created being took hold of her waking imagination, and became the divinity of her religion and the title and central figure of her childish, unwritten romance. Corambe, who was of no sex, or rather of either sex just as occasion might require—for it underwent numberless metamorphoses—had "all the attributes of physical and moral beauty, the gift of eloquence, and the all-powerful charm of the arts, especially the magic of musical improvisation," being in fact an abstract of all the sacred and secular histories with which she had got acquainted.

The jarrings between her mother and grandmother continued; for of course their intercourse did not

entirely cease. The former visited her relations at Nohant, and the latter and her grandchildren occasionally passed some weeks in Paris. Aurora, who loved both, her mother even passionately, was much harassed by their jealousy, which vented itself in complaints, taunts, and reproaches. Once she determined to go to Paris and live with her mother, and was only deterred from doing so by the most cruel means imaginable—namely, by her grandmother telling her of the dissolute life which her mother had led before marrying her father.

I owe my first socialistic and democratic insti
singularity of my position, to my birth a cheva
on two classes—to my love for my mother thwarte
by prejudices which made me suffer before I cou
them. I owe them also to my education, which wa
philosophical and religious, and to all the cor
my own life has presented to me from my earlies

At the age of thirteen Aurora was sent to the convent of English Augustines in Paris, the only surviving one of the three or four institutions of the kind that were founded during the time of Cromwell. There she remained for the next three years. Her knowledge when she entered this educational as well as religious establishment was not of the sort that enables its possessor to pass examinations; consequently she was placed in the lowest class, although in discussion she could have held her own even against her teachers. Much learning could not be acquired in the convent, but the intercourse with other children, many of them belonging, like the nuns, to English-speaking nations, was not without effect on the development of her character. There were three classes of pupils, the diables, betes, and devotes (the devils, blockheads, and devout). Aurora

soon joined the first, and became one of their ringleaders. But all of a sudden a change came over her. From one extreme she fell into the other. From being the wildest of the wild she became the most devout of the devout: "There was nothing strong in me but passion, and when that of religion began to break out, it devoured everything in my heart; and nothing in my brain opposed it." The acuteness of this attack of religious mania gradually diminished; still she harboured for some time the project of taking the veil, and perhaps would have done so if she had been left to herself.

After her return-to Nohant her half-brother Hippolyte, who had recently entered the army, gave her riding lessons, and already at the end of a week she and her mare Colette might be seen leaping ditches and hedges, crossing deep waters, and climbing steep inclines. "And I, the eau dormante of the convent, had become rather more daring than a hussar and more robust than a peasant." The languor which had weighed upon her so long had all of once given way to boisterous activity. When she was seventeen she also began seriously to think of self-improvement; and as her grandmother was now paralytic and mentally much weakened, Aurora had almost no other guidance than that of chance and her own instinct. Thomas a Kempis' "Imitation of Christ," which had been her guide since her religious awakening, was now superseded, not, however, without some struggles, by Chateaubriand's "Le Genie du Christianisme." The book was lent her by her confessor with a view to the strengthening of her faith, but it produced quite the reverse effect, detaching her from it for ever. After reading and enjoying Chateaubriand's book she set to work on the philosophers and essayists Mably, Locke, Condillac,

Montesquieu, Bacon, Bossuet, Aristotle, Leibnitz, Pascal, Montaigne, and then turned to the poets and moralists La Bruyere, Pope, Milton, Dante, Virgil, Shakespeare, &c. But she was not a metaphysician; the tendencies of her mind did not impel her to seek for scientific solutions of the great mysteries. "J'etais," she says, "un etre de sentiment, et le sentiment seul tranchait pour moi les questions a man usage, qui toute experience faite, devinrent bientot les seules questions a ma, portee." This "le sentiment seul tranchait pour moi les questions" is another self-revelation, or instance of self-knowledge, which it will be useful to remember. What more natural than that this "being of sentiment" should prefer the poets to the philosophers, and be attracted, not by the cold reasoners, but by Rousseau, "the man of passion and sentiment." It is impossible to describe here the various experiences and doings of Aurora. Without enlarging on the effects produced upon her by Byron's poetry, Shakespeare's "Hamlet," and Chateaubriand's "Rene"; on her suicidal mania; on the long rides which, clad in male attire, she took with Deschartres; on the death of her grandmother, whose fortune she inherited; on her life in Paris with her extravagantly-capricious mother; on her rupture with her father's family, her aristocratic relations, because she would not give up her mother—I say, without enlarging on all this we will at once pass on to her marriage, about which there has been so much fabling.

Aurore Dupin married Casimir Dudevant in September, 1822, and did so of her own free will. Nor was her husband, as the story went, a bald-headed, grey-moustached old colonel, with a look that made all his dependents quake. On the contrary,

Casimir Dudevant, a natural son of Colonel Dudevant (an officer of the legion of honour and a baron of the Empire), was, according to George Sand's own description, "a slender, and rather elegant young man, with a gay countenance and a military manner." Besides good looks and youth—he was twenty-seven—he must also have possessed some education, for, although he did not follow any profession, he had been at a military school, served in the army as sub-lieutenant, and on leaving the army had read for the bar and been admitted a barrister. There was nothing romantic in the courtship, but at the same time it was far from commonplace.

> *He did not speak to me of love [writes George S*
> *owned that he was little inclined to sudden pas*
> *enthusiasm, and in any case no adept in expressi*
> *attractive manner. He spoke of a friendship tha*
> *any test, and compared the tranquil happiness o*
> *[she was then staying with some friends] to tha*
> *believed he could swear to procure me.*

She found sincerity not only in his words, but also in his whole conduct; indeed, what lady could question a suitor's sincerity after hearing him say that he had been struck at first sight by her good-natured and sensible look, but that he had not thought her either beautiful or pretty?

Shortly after their marriage the young couple proceeded to Nohant, where they spent the winter. In June, 1823, they went to Paris, and there their son Maurice was born. Their only other offspring, the daughter Solange, did not come into the world till fiveyears later. The discrepancies of the husband and wife's character, which became soon apparent, made

themselves gradually more and more felt. His was a practical, hers a poetic nature. Under his management Nohant assumed an altogether different aspect—there was now order, neatness, and economy, where there was previously confusion, untidiness, and waste. She admitted that the change was for the better, but could not help regretting the state of matters that had been—the old dog Phanor taking possession of the fire-place and putting his muddy paws upon the carpet; the old peacock eating the strawberries in the garden; and the wild neglected nooks, where as a child she had so often played and dreamed. Both loved the country, but they loved it for different reasons. He was especially fond of hunting, a consequence of which was that he left his wife much alone. And when he was at home his society may not always have been very entertaining, for what liveliness he had seems to have been rather in his legs than in his brain. Writing to her mother on April i, 1828, Madame Dudevant says: "Vous savez comme il est paresseux de l'esprit et enrage des jambes." On the other hand, her temper, which was anything but uniformly serene, must have been trying to her husband. Occasionally she had fits of weeping without any immediate cause, and one day at luncheon she surprised her husband by a sudden burst of tears which she was unable to account for. As M. Dudevant attributed his wife's condition to the dulness of Nohant, the recent death of her grandmother, and the air of the country, he proposed a change of scene, which he did the more readily as he himself did not in the least like Berry. The pleasant and numerous company they found in the house of the friends with whom they went to stay at once revived her spirits, and she became us

frolicsome as she had before been melancholy. George Sand describes her character as continually alternating between "contemplative solitude and complete giddiness in conditions of primitive innocence." It is hardly to be wondered at that one who exhibited such glaring and unaccountable contrasts of character was considered by some people whimsical (bizarre) and by her husband an idiot. She herself admits the possibility that he may not have been wrong. At any rate, little by little he succeeded in making her feel the superiority of reason and intelligence so thoroughly that for a long time she was quite crushed and stupefied in company. Afraid of finding themselves alone at Nohant, the ill-matched pair continued their migration on leaving their friends. Madame Dudevant made great efforts to see through her husband's eyes and to think and act as he wished, but no sooner did she accord with him than she ceased to accord with her own instincts. Whatever they undertook, wherever they went, that sadness "without aim and name" would from time to time come over her. Thinking that the decline of her religiousness was the cause of her lowness of spirits, she took counsel with her old confessor, the Jesuit Abbe de Premord, and even passed, with her husband's consent, some days in the retirement of the English convent. After staying during the spring of 1825 at Nohant, M. and Madame Dudevant set out for the south of France on July 5, the twenty-first anniversary of the latter's birthday. In what George Sand calls the "History of my Life," she inserted some excerpts from a diary kept by her at this time, which throw much light on the relation that existed between wife and husband. If only we could be sure that it is not like so much in the book the outcome of

her powerful imagination! Besides repeated complaints about her husband's ill-humour and frequent absences, we meet with the following ominous reflections on marriage:—

Marriage is beautiful for lovers and useful for

Besides saints and lovers there are a great mar minds and placid hearts that do not know love a attain to sanctity.

Marriage is the supreme aim of love. When love or never entered it, sacrifice remains. This is those who understand sacrifice. The latter pres measure of heart and a degree of intelligence w frequently to be met with.

For sacrifice there are compensations which the can appreciate. The approbation of the world, t sweetness of custom, a feeble, tranquil, and se devotion that is not bent on rapturous exaltati that is to say baubles, dress, luxury—in short, little things which make one forget that one is happiness.

The following extracts give us some glimpses which enable us to realise the situation:—

I left rather sad. _____ said hard things to me, by a Madame _____ that I was wrong in making exc my husband. I do not think that this is the cas my husband goes first, and I go where he intend

My husband is one of the most intrepid of men. everywhere, and I follow him. He turns round ar He says that I affect singularity. I'll be hang of it. I turn round, and I see Zoe following me that she affects singularity. My husband is ang

laughs.

...We quickly leave the guides and the caravan We ride over the most fantastic roads at a gall with courage. This intoxicates me, and I at onc equal.

In addition to the above, we must read a remark suggested by certain entries in the diary:—

Aimee was an accomplished person of an exquisit She loved everything that in any way is elegant society: names, manners, talents, titles. Madca assuredly was, I looked upon all this as vanity quest of intimacy and simplicity combined with to God, I found them in Zoe, who was really a p merit, and, moreover, a woman with a heart as e affection as my own.

M. and Madame Dudevant spent the greater part of autumn and the whole winter at Guillery, the chateau of Colonel Dudevant. Had the latter not died at this time, he might perhaps have saved the young people from those troubles towards which they were drifting, at least so his daughter-in-law afterwards thought. In the summer of 1826 the ill-matched couple returned to Nohant, where they continued to live, a few short absences excepted, till 1831. Hitherto their mutual relation had left much to be desired, henceforth it became worse and worse every day. It would, however, be a mistake to account for this state of matters solely by the dissimilarity of their temperaments—the poetic tendency on the one side, the prosaic on the other—for although it precluded an ideal matrimonial union, it by no means rendered an endurable and even pleasant companionship impossible. The real cause of the

gathering clouds and imminent storm is to be sought elsewhere. Madame Dudevant was endowed with great vitality; she was, as it were, charged with an enormous amount of energy, which, unless it found an outlet, oppressed her and made her miserable. Now, in her then position, all channels were closed up. The management of household affairs, which, if her statement may be trusted, she neither considered beneath her dignity nor disliked, might have served as a safety-valve; but her administration came to an untimely end. When, after the first year of their married life, her husband examined the accounts, he discovered that she had spent 14,000 francs instead of 10,000, and found himself constrained to declare that their purse was too light for her liberality. Not having anything else to do, and her uselessness vexing her, she took to doctoring the poor and concocting medicines. Hers, however, was not the spirit that allows itself to be fettered by the triple vow of obedience, silence, and poverty. No wonder, therefore, that her life, which she compared to that of a nun, was not to her taste. She did not complain so much of her husband, who did not interfere with her reading and brewing of juleps, and was in no way a tyrant, as of being the slave of a given situation from which he could not set her free. The total lack of ready money was felt by her to constitute in our altogether factitious society an intolerable situation, frightful misery or absolute powerlessness. What she missed was some means of which she might dispose, without compunction and uncontrolled, for an artistic treat, a beautiful book, a week's travelling, a present to a poor friend, a charity to a deserving person, and such like trifles, which, although not indispensable, make life pleasant. "Irresponsibility is a state of servitude; it is

something like the disgrace of the interdict." But servitude and disgrace are galling yokes, and it was not likely that so strong a character would long and meekly submit to them. We have, however, not yet exhausted the grievances of Madame Dudevant. Her brother Hippolyte, after mismanaging his own property, came and lived for the sake of economy at Nohant. His intemperance and that of a friend proved contagious to her husband, and the consequence was not only much rioting till late into the night, but occasionally also filthy conversations. She began, therefore, to consider how the requisite means might be obtained—which would enable her to get away from such undesirable surroundings, and to withdraw her children from these evil influences. For four years she endeavoured to discover an employment by which she could gain her livelihood. A milliner's business was out of the question without capital to begin with; by needlework no more than ten sous a day could be earned; she was too conscientious to make translation pay; her crayon and water-colour portraits were pretty good likenesses, but lacked originality; and in the painting of flowers and birds on cigar-cases, work-boxes, fans, &c., which promised to be more successful, she was soon discouraged by a change of fashion.

At last Madame Dudevant made up her mind to go to Paris and try her luck in literature. She had no ambition whatever, and merely hoped to be able to eke out in this way her slender resources. As regards the capital of knowledge she was possessed of she wrote: "I had read history and novels; I had deciphered scores; I had thrown an inattentive eye over the newspapers....Monsieur Neraud [the Malgache of the "Lettres d'un Voyageur"] had tried to teach me botany. According to the "Histoire de ma

Vie" this new departure was brought about by an amicable arrangement; her letters, as in so many cases, tell, however, a very different tale. Especially important is a letter written, on December 3, 1830, to Jules Boucoiran, who had lately been tutor to her children, and whom, after the relation of what had taken place, she asks to resume these duties for her sake now that she will be away from Nohant and her children part of the year. Boucoiran, it should be noted, was a young man of about twenty, who was a total stranger to her on September 2, 1829, but whom she addressed on November 30 of that year as "Mon cher Jules." Well, she tells him in the letter in question that when looking for something in her husband's writing-desk she came on a packet addressed to her, and on which were further written by his hand the words "Do not open it till after my death." Piqued by curiosity, she did open the packet, and found in it nothing but curses upon herself. "He had gathered up in it," she says, "all his ill-humour and anger against me, all his reflections on my perversity." This was too much for her; she had allowed herself to be humiliated for eight years, now she would speak out.

> *Without waiting a day longer, still feeble and*
> *declared my will and mentioned my motives with*
> *coolness which petrified him. He hardly expecte*
> *being like me rise to its full height in order*
> *He growled, disputed, beseeched. I remained imm*
> *an allowance, I shall go to Paris, my children*
> *Nohant.*

She feigned intractability on all these points, but after some time relented and consented to return to Nohant if her conditions were accepted. From the "Histoire de ma Vie" we learn what these conditions

were. She demanded her daughter, permission to pass twice three months every year in Paris, and an allowance of 250 francs per month during the time of her absence from Nohant. Her letters, however, show that her daughter was not with her during her first three months at Paris.

Madame Dudevant proceeded to Paris at the beginning of 1831. Her establishment there was of the simplest. It consisted of three little rooms on the fifth story (a mansarde) in a house on the Quai Saint-Michel. She did the washing and ironing herself, the portiere assisting her in the rest of the household work. The meals came from a restaurant, and cost two francs a day. And thus she managed to keep within her allowance. I make these and the following statements on her own authority. As she found her woman's attire too expensive, little suited for facing mud and rain, and in other respects inconvenient, she provided herself with a coat (redingote-guerite), trousers, and waistcoat of coarse grey cloth, a hat of the same colour, a large necktie, and boots with little iron heels. This latter part of her outfit especially gave her much pleasure. Having often worn man's clothes when riding and hunting at Nohant, and remembering that her mother used to go in the same guise with her father to the theatre during their residence in Paris, she felt quite at home in these habiliments and saw nothing shocking in donning them. Now began what she called her literary school-boy life (vie d'ecolier litteraire), her vie de gamin. She trotted through the streets of Paris at all times and in all weathers, went to garrets, studios, clubs, theatres, coffee-houses, in fact, everywhere except to salons. The arts, politics, the romance of society and living humanity, were the studies which she passionately pursued. But she gives those the lie who

said of her that she had the "curiosite du vice."

The literary men with whom she had constant intercourse, and with whom she was most closely connected, came, like herself, from Berry. Henri de Latouche (or Delatouche, as George Sand writes), a native of La Chatre, who was editor of the Figaro, enrolled her among the contributors to this journal. But she had no talent for this kind of work, and at the end of the month her payment amounted to perhaps from twelve to fifteen francs. Madame Dudevant and the two other Berrichons, Jules Sandeau and Felix Pyat, were, so to speak, the literary apprentices of Delatouche, who not only was much older than they, having been born in 1785, but had long ago established his reputation as a journalist, novelist, and dramatic writer. The first work which Madame Dudevant produced was the novel "Rose et Blanche"; she wrote it in collaboration with Jules Sandeau, whose relation to her is generally believed to have been not only of a literary nature. The novel, which appeared in 1831, was so successful that the publishers asked the authors to write them another. Madame Dudevant thereupon wrote "Indiana", but without the assistance of Jules Sandeau. She was going to have it published under the nom de plume Jules Sand, which they had assumed on the occasion of "Rose et Blanche." But Jules Sandeau objected to this, saying that as she had done all the work, she ought to have all the honour. To satisfy both, Jules Sandeau, who would not adorn himself with another's plumes, and the publishers, who preferred a known to an unknown name, Delatouche gave Madame Dudevant the name of George Sand, under which henceforth all her works were published, and by which she was best known in society, and generally called among her friends.

"Valentine" appeared, like "Indiana," in 1832, and was followed in 1833 by Lelia. For the first two of these novels she received 3,000 francs. When Buloz bought the Revue des deux Mondes, she became one of the contributors to that journal. This shows that a great improvement had taken place in her circumstances, and that the fight she had to fight was not a very hard one. Indeed, in the course of two years she had attained fame, and was now a much-praised and much-abused celebrity.

All this time George Sand had, according to agreement, spent alternately three months in Paris and three months at Nohant. A letter written by M. Dudevant to his wife in 1831 furnishes a curious illustration of the relation that existed between husband and wife. The accommodating spirit which pervades it is most charming:—

> *I shall go to Paris; I shall not put up at your*
> *I do not wish to inconvenience you any more tha*
> *to inconvenience me (parceque je ne veux pas vo*
> *plus que je ne veux que vous me geniez).*

In August, 1833, George Sand and Alfred de Musset met for the first time at a dinner which the editor Buloz gave to the contributors to the Revue des deux Mondes. The two sat beside each other. Musset called on George Sand soon after, called again and again, and before long was passionately in love with her. She reciprocated his devotion. But the serene blissfulness of the first days of their liaison was of short duration. Already in the following month they fled from the Parisian surroundings and gossipings, which they regarded as the disturbers of their harmony. After visiting Genoa, Florence, and Pisa, they settled at Venice. Italy, however, did not

afford them the hoped-for peace and contentment. It was evident that the days of "adoration, ecstasy, and worship" were things of the past. Unpleasant scenes became more and more frequent. How, indeed, could a lasting concord be maintained by two such disparate characters? The woman's strength and determination contrasted with the man's weakness and vacillation; her reasoning imperturbation, prudent foresight, and love of order and activity, with his excessive irritability and sensitiveness, wanton carelessness, and unconquerable propensity to idleness and every kind of irregularity. While George Sand sat at her writing-table engaged on some work which was to bring her money and fame, Musset trifled away his time among the female singers and dancers of the noiseless city. In April, 1834, before the poet had quite recovered from the effects of a severe attack of typhoid fever, which confined him to his bed for several weeks, he left George Sand after a violent quarrel and took his departure from Venice. This, however, was not yet the end of their connection. Once more, in spite of all that had happened, they came together; but it was only for a fortnight (at Paris, in the autumn of 1834), and then they parted for ever.

It is impossible, at any rate I shall not attempt, to sift the true from the false in the various accounts which have been published of this love-drama. George Sand's version may be read in her Lettres d'un Voyageur and in Elle et Lui; Alfred de Musset's version in his brother Paul's book Lui et Elle. Neither of these versions, however, is a plain, unvarnished tale. Paul de Musset seems to keep on the whole nearer the truth, but he too cannot be altogether acquitted of the charge of exaggeration. Rather than believe that by the bedside of her lover, whom she

thought unconscious and all but dead, George Sand dallied with the physician, sat on his knees, retained him to sup with her, and drank out of one glass with him, one gives credence to her statement that what Alfred de Musset imagined to be reality was but the illusion of a feverish dream. In addition to George Sand's and Paul de Musset's versions, Louise Colet has furnished a third in her Lui, a publication which bears the stamp of insincerity on almost every page, and which has been described, I think by Maxime du Camp, as worse than a lying invention—namely, as a systematic perversion of the truth. A passage from George Sand's Elle et Lui, in which Therese and Laurent, both artists, are the representatives of the novelist and poet, will indicate how she wishes the story to be read:—

Therese had no weakness for Laurent in the mock
libertine sense that one gives to this word in
by an act of her will, after nights of sorrowfu
that she said to him—"I wish what thou wishest,
have come to that point where the fault to be c
the inevitable reparation of a series of commit
have been guilty towards thee in not having the
prudence to shun thee; it is better that I shou
towards myself in remaining thy companion and c
the expense of my peace and of my pride."..."Li
added, holding his hand in both of hers with al
she possessed, "never draw back this hand from
whatever happens, preserve so much honour and c
to forget that before being thy mistress I was
FRIEND....I ask of thee only, if thou growest w
Jove as thou now art of my friendship, to recol
was not a moment of delirium that threw me into
a sudden impulse of my heart, and a more tender
lasting feeling than the intoxication of volupt

I shall not continue the quotation, the discussion

becomes too nauseous. One cannot help sympathising with Alfred de Musset's impatient interruption of George Sand's unctuous lecturing reported in his brother's book—"My dear, you speak so often of chastity that it becomes indecent." Or this other interruption reported by Louise Colet:—

When one gives the world what the world calls t
love, one must have at least the courage of one
this respect the women of the eighteenth centur
than you: they did not subtilise love in metaph
n'alambiquaient pas l'amour dans la metaphysiqu

It is hardly necessary to say that George Sand had much intercourse with men of intellect. Several litterateurs of some distinction have already been mentioned. Sainte-Beuve and Balzac were two of the earliest of her literary friends, among whom she numbered also Heine. With Lamartine and other cultivators of the belles-lettres she was likewise acquainted. Three of her friends, men of an altogether different type and calibre, have, however, a greater claim on the attention of the student of George Sand's personality than any of those just named, because their speculations and teachings gave powerful impulses to her mind, determined the direction of her thoughts, and widened the sphere of her intellectual activity. The influences of these three men—the advocate Michel of Bourges, an earnest politician; the philosopher and political economist: Pierre Leroux, one of the founders of the "Encyclopedie Nouvelle," and author of "De l'humanite, de son principe et de son avenir"; and the Abbe Lamennais, the author of the "Essai sur l'indifference en matiere de religion," "Paroles d'un Croyant," &c.—are clearly traceable in the "Lettres a

Marcie, Spiridion," "Les sept Cordes de la Lyre," "Les Compagnons du tour de France," "Consuelo," "La Comtesse de Rudolstadt," "Le Peche de M. Antoine," "Le Meunier d'Angibault," &c. George Sand made the acquaintance of Pierre Leroux and the Abbe Lammenais in 1835. The latter was introduced to her by her friend Liszt, who knew all the distinguished men of the day, and seems to have often done her similar services. George Sand's friendship with Michel of Bourges, the Everard of her "Lettres d'un Voyageur," dates farther back than 1835.

During George Sand's stay in Venice M. Dudevant had continued to write to her in an amicable and satisfied tone. On returning in the summer of 1834 to France she therefore resumed her periodical sojourns at Nohant; but the pleasure of seeing her home and children was as short-lived as it was sweet, for she soon discovered that neither the former nor the latter, "morally speaking," belonged to her. M. Dudevant's ideas of how they ought to be managed differed entirely from those of his wife, and altogether things had become very uncongenial to her. George Sand, whose view of the circumstances I am giving, speaks mysteriously of abnormal and dangerous influences to which the domestic hearth was exposed, and of her inability to find in her will, adverse as it was to daily struggles and family quarrels, the force to master the situation. From the vague and exceedingly brief indications of facts which are scattered here and there between eloquent and lengthy dissertations on marriage in all its aspects, on the proper pride of woman, and more of the same nature, we gather, however, thus much: she wished to be more independent than she had been hitherto, and above all to get a larger share of her revenues, which amounted to about 15,000 francs,

and out of which her husband allowed her and her daughter only 3,000 francs. M. Dudevant, it must be noted, had all along been living on his wife's income, having himself only expectations which would not be realised till after his stepmother's death. By the remonstrances of his wife and the advice of her brother he was several times prevailed upon to agree to a more equitable settlement. But no sooner had he given a promise or signed a contract than he revoked what he had done. According to one of these agreements George Sand and her daughter were to have a yearly allowance of 6,000 francs; according to another M. Dudevant was to have a yearly allowance of 7,000 francs and leave Nohant and the remainder of the revenues to his wife. The terms of the latter of these agreements were finally accepted by both parties, but not till after more than a year's quarrelling and three lawsuits. George Sand sued for a divorce, and the Court of La Chatre gave judgment in her favour on February 16, 1836. This judgment was confirmed after a second trial by the same Court on May 11, 1836.

[Footnote: What George Sand calls her "matrimonial biography" can be read in "Le Droit" ("Journal des Tribunaux") of May 18, 1836. The account there given, no doubt inspired by her advocate if not directly by herself, contains some interesting items, but leaves others unmentioned. One would have liked to learn something more of the husband's pleadings.

The proceedings began on October 30, 1835, when "Madame D——- a forme centre son mari une demande en separation de corps. Cette demande etait fondee sur les injures graves, sevices et mauvais traitements dont elle se plaignait de la part de son mari."

The following is a passage from Michel of Bourges, her advocate's defence: "Des 1824, la vie intime etait devenue difficile; les egards auxquels toute femme a droit furent oublies, des actes d'emportement et de violence revelerent de la part de M. D——- un caractere peu facile, peu capable d'apprecier le devouement et la delicatesse qu'on lui avail temoignes. Les mauvais traitements furent d'abord plus rares que les mauvais precedes, ainsi les imputations d'imbecillite, de stupidite, furent prodiguees a Madame D——- le droit de raisonner, de prendre l'art a la conversation lui fut interdit... des relations avec d'autres femmes furent connues de l'epouse,et vers le mois de Decembre, 1828, toute cohabitation intime cessa.

"Les enfants eux-memes eurent quelque part dans les mauvais traitements."]

M. Dudevant then appealed to the Court of Cassation at Bourges, where the case was tried on July 25; but he withdrew his appeal before judgment was given. The insinuations and revelations made in the course of these lawsuits were anything but edifying. George Sand says that she confined herself to furnishing the proofs strictly demanded by the law, and revealed only such facts as were absolutely necessary. But these facts and proofs must have been of a very damaging nature, for M. Dudevant answered them by imputations to merit one hundred-thousandth part of which would have made her tremble. "His attorney refused to read a libel. The judges would have refused to listen to it." Of a deposition presented by M. Dudevant to the Court, his wife remarks that it was "dictated, one might have said, drawn up," by two servants whom she had dismissed. She maintains that she did not deserve this treatment, as she betrayed of her husband's

conduct only what he himself was wont to boast of.

George Sand's letters [Footnote: George Sand: Correspondence 1812-1876; Six volumes (Paris: Calman Levy).] seem to me to show conclusively that her chief motives for seeking a divorce were a desire for greater independence and above all for more money. Complaints of ill-treatment are not heard of till they serve to justify an action or to attain a purpose. And the exaggeration of her varying statements must be obvious to all but the most careless observer. George Sand is slow in making up her mind; but having made it up she acts with fierce promptitude, obstinate vigour, and inconsiderate unscrupulousness, in one word, with that concentration of self which sees nothing but its own desires. On the whole, I should say that M. Dudevant was more sinned against than sinning. George Sand, even as she represents herself in the Histoire de ma Vie and in her letters, was far from being an exemplary wife, or indeed a woman with whom even the most angelic of husbands would have found it easy to live in peace and happiness.

From the letters, which reveal so strikingly the ungentlewomanlikeness (not merely in a conventional sense) of her manners and her numerous and curious intimacies with men of all ages, more especially with young men, I shall now cull a few characteristic passages in proof of what I have said.

One must have a passion in life. I feel ennui i
one. The agitated and often even rather needy l
leading here drives spleen far away. I am very
will see me in the best of humours. [To her fri
Duteil. Paris, February 15, 1831.]

I have an object, a task, let me say the word, profession of writing is a violent and almost one. [To Jules Boucoiran. Paris, March 4, 1831.

I cannot bear the shadow of a constraint, this principal fault. Everything that is imposed upo becomes hateful to me.

After saying that she leaves her husband full liberty to do what he likes—"qu'il a des maitresses ou n'en a pas, suivant son appetit,"—and speaking highly of his management of their affairs, she writes in the same letter as follows:—

Moreover, it is only just that this great liber husband enjoys should be reciprocal; otherwise, become to me odious and contemptible; that is w not wish to be. I am therefore quite independer when he rises, I go to La Chatre or to Rome, I midnight or at six o'clock; all this is my busi who do not approve of this, and disparage me to them with your reason and your mother's heart; the other ought to be with me. [To her mother. 31, 1831.]

Marriage is a state so contrary to every kind o happiness that I have good reason to fear for y Boucoiran, who had thoughts of getting married. 6, 1833.]

You load me with very heavy reproaches, my dear reproach me with my numerous liaisons, my frivo friendships. I never undertake to clear myself accusations which bear on my character. I can e and actions; but never defects of the mind or p the heart. [To Jules Boucoiran. Paris, January

Thou hast pardoned me when I committed follies world calls faults. [To her friend Charles Duve

October 15, 1834.]

But I claim to possess, now and for ever, the p
entire independence which you believe you alone
right to enjoy. I shall not advise it to everyo
shall not suffer that, so far as I am concerned
whatever shall in the least fetter it. I hope t
conditions so hard and so clear that no man wil
vile enough to accept them. [To her friend Adol
Paris, May 6, 1835.]

Nothing shall prevent me from doing what I ough
I will do. I am the daughter of my father, and
prejudices when my heart enjoins justice and co
mother. Nohant, October 25, 1835.]

Opinion is a prostitute which must be sent abou
with kicks when one is in the right. [To her fr
Gueroult. La Chatre, November 9, 1835.]

The materials made use of in the foregoing sketch of George Sand's life up to 1836 consist to a very considerable extent of her own DATA, and in part even of her own words. From this fact, however, it ought not to be inferred that her statements can always be safely accepted without previous examination, or at any time be taken au pied de la lettre. Indeed, the writer of the Histoire de ma Vie reveals her character indirectly rather than directly, unawares rather than intentionally. This so-called "history" of her life contains some truth, although not all the truth; but it contains it implicitly, not explicitly. What strikes the observant reader of the four-volumed work most forcibly, is the attitude of serene self-admiration and self-satisfaction which the autobiographer maintains throughout. She describes her nature as pre-eminently "confiding and tender," and affirms that in spite of the great and many

wrongs she was made to suffer, she never wronged anyone in all her life. Hence the perfect tranquillity of conscience she always enjoyed. Once or twice, it is true, she admits that she may not be an angel, and that she as well as her husband may have had faults. Such humble words, however, ought not to be regarded as penitent confessions of a sinful heart, but as generous concessions of a charitable mind. In short, a thorough belief in her own virtuousness and superior excellence was the key-note of her character. The Pharisaical tendency to thank God for not having made her like other people pervades every page of her autobiography, of which Charles Mazade justly says that it is—

> *a kind of orgy of a personality intoxicated wit*
> *abuse of intimate secrets in which she slashes*
> *her reminiscences, and—truth.*

George Sand declares again and again that she abstains from speaking of certain matters out of regard for the feelings or memories of other persons, whereas in reality she speaks recklessly of everybody as long as she can do so without compromising herself. What virtuous motives can have prompted her to publish her mother's shame? What necessity was there to expatiate on her brother's drunkenness? And if she was the wronged and yet pitiful woman she pretended to be, why, instead of burying her husband's, Musset's, and others' sins in silence, does she throw out against them those artful insinuations and mysterious hints which are worse than open accusations? Probably her artistic instincts suggested that a dark background would set off more effectively her own glorious luminousness. However, I do not think that her indiscretions and

misrepresentations deserve always to be stigmatised as intentional malice and conscious falsehood. On the contrary, I firmly believe that she not only tried to deceive others, but that she actually deceived herself. The habit of self-adoration had given her a moral squint, a defect which was aggravated by a powerful imagination and excellent reasoning faculties. For, swayed as these were by her sentiments and desires, they proved themselves most fertile in generating flattering illusions and artful sophisms. George Sand was indeed a great sophist. She had always in readiness an inexhaustible store of interpretations and subterfuges with which to palliate, excuse, or even metamorphose into their contraries the most odious of her words and actions. It is not likely that any one ever equalled, much less surpassed, her expertness in hiding ugly facts or making innocent things look suspicious. To judge by her writings and conversations she never acted spontaneously, but reasoned on all matters and on all occasions.

> *At no time whatever [writes Paul Lindau in his*
> *Musset"] is there to be discovered in George Sa*
> *a passion and inconsiderateness, she possesses*
> *imperturbable calmness. Love sans phrase does n*
> *her. That her frivolity may be frivolity, she n*
> *confess. She calculates the gifts of love, and*
> *them in mild, well-measured doses. She piques h*
> *not being impelled by the senses. She considers*
> *meritorious if out of charity and compassion sh*
> *herself to be loved. She could not be a Gretche*
> *Margaret], she would not be a Magdalen, and she*
> *Tartuffe.*

George Sand's three great words were "maternity," "chastity," and "pride." She uses them ad nauseam,

and thereby proves that she did not possess the genuine qualities. No doubt, her conceptions of the words differed from those generally accepted: by "pride" (orgueil), for instance, she seems to have meant a kind of womanly self-respect debased by a supercilious haughtiness and self-idolatry. But, as I have said already, she was a victim to self-deception. So much is certain, the world, with an approach to unanimity rarely attained, not only does not credit her with the virtues which she boasts of, but even accuses her of the very opposite vices. None of the writers I have consulted arrives, in discussing George Sand's character, at conclusions which tally with her own estimate; and every person, in Paris and elsewhere, with whom I have conversed on the subject condemned her conduct most unequivocally. Indeed, a Parisian—who, if he had not seen much of her, had seen much of many who had known her well—did not hesitate to describe her to me as a female Don Juan, and added that people would by-and-by speak more freely of her adventures. Madame Audley (see "Frederic Chopin, sa vie et ses oeuvres," p. 127) seems to me to echo pretty exactly the general opinion in summing up her strictures thus:—

> *A woman of genius, but a woman with sensual app*
> *insatiable desires, accustomed to satisfy them*
> *should she even have to break the cup after dra*
> *equally wanting in balance, wisdom, and purity*
> *in decorum, reserve, and dignity of conduct.*

Many of the current rumours about her doings were no doubt inventions of idle gossips and malicious enemies, but the number of well-ascertained facts go far to justify the worst accusations. And even though the evidence of deeds

were wanting, have we not that of her words and opinions as set forth in her works? I cannot help thinking that George Sand's fondness for the portraiture of sensual passion, sometimes even of sensual passion in its most brutal manifestations, is irreconcilable with true chastity. Many a page in her novels exhibits indeed a surprising knowledge of the physiology of love, a knowledge which presupposes an extensive practical acquaintance with as wellas attentive study of the subject. That she depicts the most repulsive situations with a delicacy of touch which veils the repulsiveness and deceives the unwary rather aggravates the guilt. Now, though the purity of a work of art is no proof of the purity of the artist (who may reveal only the better part of his nature, or give expression to his aspirations), the impurity of a work of art always testifies indubitably to the presence of impurity in the artist, of impurity in thought, if not in deed. It is, therefore, not an unwarranted assumption to say that the works of George Sand prove conclusively that she was not the pure, loving, devoted, harmless being she represents herself in the "Histoire de ma Vie." Chateaubriand said truly that: "le talent de George Sand a quelque ratine dans la corruption, elle deviendrait commune en devenant timoree." Alfred Nettement, who, in his "Histoire de la litterature franqaise sous le gouvernement de Juillet," calls George Sand a "painter of fallen and defiled natures," remarks that—

most of her romances are dazzling rehabilitatic
adultery, and in reading their burning pages it
that there remains only one thing to be done—na
the social chains in order that the Lelias and
in quest of their ideal without being stopped b
the laws, those importune customs lines which r

the institutions have opposed to individual whi
inconstancy.

Perhaps it will be objected to this that the moral extravagances and audacious sophistries to be met with in "Lelia," in "Leoni," and other novels of hers, belong to the characters represented, and not to the author. Unfortunately this argument is untenable after the publication of George Sand's letters, for there she identifies herself with Lelia, and develops views identical with those that shocked us in Leoni and elsewhere.

[Footnote: On May 26, 1833, she writes to her friend Francois Rollinat with regard to this book: "It is an eternal chat between us. We are the gravest personages in it." Three years later, writing to the Comtesse d'Agoult, her account differs somewhat: "I am adding a volume to 'Lelia.' This occupies me more than any other novel has as yet done. Lelia is not myself, je suis meilleure enfant; but she is my ideal."—Correspondance, vol. I., pp. 248 and 372.]

These letters, moreover, contain much that is damaging to her claim to chastity. Indeed, one sentence in a letter written in June, 1835 (Correspondance, vol. I., p. 307), disposes of this claim decisively. The unnecessarily graphic manner in which she here deals with an indelicate subject would be revolting in a man addressing a woman, in a woman addressing a man it is simply monstrous.

As a thinker, George Sand never attained to maturity; she always remained the slave of her strong passions and vitiated principles. She never wrote a truer word than when she confessed that she judged everything by sympathy. Indeed, what she said of her childhood applies also to her womanhood: "Il n'y avait de fort en moi que la

passion... rien dans man cerveau fit obstacle." George Sand often lays her finger on sore places, fails, however, not only to prescribe the right remedy, but even to recognise the true cause of the disease. She makes now and then acute observations, but has not sufficient strength to grapple successfully with the great social, philosophical, and religious problems which she so boldly takes up. In fact, reasoning unreasonableness was a very frequent condition of George Sand's mind. That the unreasonableness of her reasoning remains unseen by many, did so at any rate in her time, is due to the marvellous beauty and eloquence of her language. The best that can be said of her subversive theories was said by a French critic —namely, that they were in reality only "le temoignage d'aspirations genereuses et de nobles illusions." But even this is saying too much, for her aspirations and illusions are far from being always generous and noble. If we wish to see George Sand at her best we must seek her out in her quiet moods, when she contents herself with being an artist, and unfolds before us the beauties of nature and the secrets of the human heart. Indeed, unless we do this, we cannot form a true idea of her character. Not all the roots of her talent were imbedded in corruption. She who wrote Lelia wrote also Andre, she who wrote Lucrezia Floriani wrote also La petite Fadette. And in remembering her faults and shortcomings justice demands that we should not forget her family history, with its dissensions and examples of libertinism, and her education without system, continuity, completeness, and proper guidance.

The most precious judgment pronounced on George Sand is by one who was at once a true woman and a great poet. Mrs. Elizabeth Barrett

Browning saw in her the "large-brained woman and large-hearted man... whose soul, amid the lions of her tumultuous senses, moans defiance and answers roar for roar, as spirits can"; but who lacked "the angel's grace of a pure genius sanctified from blame." This is from the sonnet to George Sand, entitled "A Desire." In another sonnet, likewise addressed to George Sand and entitled "A Recognition," she tells her how vain it was to deny with a manly scorn the woman's nature... while before

The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire!

END OF VOLUME I.

VOLUME II.

CHAPTER XX.

1836—1838.

THE LOVES OF CELEBRITIES.—VARIOUS ACCOUNTS OF CHOPIN AND GEORGE SAND'S FIRST MEETING.—CHOPIN'S FIRST IMPRESSION OF HER.—A COMPARISON OF THE TWO CHARACTERS.—PORTRAYALS OF CHOPIN AND GEORGE SAND.—HER POWER OF PLEASING.—CHOPIN'S PUBLICATIONS IN 1837 AND 1838.—HE PLAYS AT COURT AND AT CONCERTS IN PARIS AND ROUEN.—CRITICISM.

THE loves of famous men and women, especially of those connected with literature and the fine arts, have always excited much curiosity. In the majority

of cases the poet's and artist's choice of a partner falls on a person who is incapable of comprehending his aims and sometimes even of sympathising with his striving. The question "why poets are so apt to choose their mates, not for any similarity of poetical endowment, but for qualities which might make the happiness of the rudest handicrafts-man as well as that of the ideal craftsman" has perhaps never been better answered than by Nathaniel Hawthorne, who remarks that "at his highest elevation the poet needs no human intercourse; but he finds it dreary to descend, and be a stranger." Still, this is by no means a complete solution of the problem which again and again presents itself and challenges our ingenuity. Chopin and George Sand's case belongs to the small minority of loves where both parties are distinguished practitioners of ideal crafts. Great would be the mistake, however, were we to assume that the elective affinities of such lovers are easily discoverable On the contrary, we have here another problem, one which, owing to the higher, finer, and more varied factors that come into play, is much more difficult to solve than the first. But before we can engage in solving the problem, it must be properly propounded. Now, to ascertain facts about the love-affairs of poets and artists is the very reverse of an easy task; and this is so partly because the parties naturally do not let outsiders into all their secrets, and partly because romantic minds and imaginative litterateurs are always busy developing plain facts and unfounded rumours into wonderful myths. The picturesqueness of the story, the piquancy of the anecdote, is generally in inverse proportion to the narrator's knowledge of the matter in question. In short, truth is only too often most unconscionably sacrificed to effect. Accounts, for

instance, such as L. Enault and Karasowski have given of Chopin's first meeting with George Sand can be recommended only to those who care for amusing gossip about the world of art, and do not mind whether what they read is the simple truth or not, nay, do not mind even whether it has any verisimilitude. Nevertheless, we will give these gentlemen a hearing, and then try if we cannot find some firmer ground to stand on.

L. Enault relates that Chopin and George Sand met for the first time at one of the fetes of the Marquis de C., where the aristocracy of Europe assembled—the aristocracy of genius, of birth, of wealth, of beauty, &c.:—

The last knots of the chaine anglaise had alread
the brilliant crowd had left the ball-room, the
discreet conversation was heard in the boudoirs:
the intimate friends began. Chopin seated himsel
piano. He played one of those ballads whose word
by no poet, but whose subjects, floating in the
nations, belong to the artist who likes to take
believe it was the Adieux du Cavalier...Suddenly
middle of the ballad, he perceived, close to the
immovable and pale, the beautiful face of Lelia.
This name of the heroine of one of her romances
to George Sand. See Vol. I., p. 338.] She fixed
and sombre eyes upon him; the impressionable art
the same time pain and pleasure... others might
he played only for her.

They met again.

From this moment fears vanished, and these two r
understood each other... or believed they unders
other.

Karasowski labours hard to surpass Enault, but is

not like him a master of the ars artem celare. The weather, he tells us, was dull and damp, and had a depressing effect on the mind of Chopin. No friend had visited him during the day, no book entertained him, no musical idea gladdened him. It was nearly ten o'clock at night (the circumstantiality of the account ought to inspire confidence) when he bethought himself of paying a visit to the Countess C. (the Marquis, by some means, magical or natural, has been transformed into a Countess), this being her jour fixe, on which an intellectual and agreeable company was always assembled at her house.

When he ascended the carpet-covered stairs [Unfo
are not informed whether the carpet was Turkey,
Kidderminster], it seemed to him as if he were i
shadow that diffused a fragrance of violets [Ah!
presentiment as if something strange and wonderf
to happen to him flashed through his soul. He wa
of turning back and going home, but, laughing at
superstition, he bounded lightly and cheerfully
steps.

Skipping the fine description of the brilliant company assembled in the salon, the enumeration of the topics on which the conversation ran, and the observation that Chopin, being disinclined to talk, seated himself in a corner and watched the beautiful ladies as they glided hither and thither, we will join Karasowski again where, after the departure of the greater number of the guests, Chopin goes to the piano and begins to improvise.

His auditors, whom he, absorbed in his own thoug
looking only at the keys, had entirely forgotten
with breathless attention. When he had concluded

improvisation, he raised his eyes, and noticed a
dressed lady who, leaning on the instrument, see
read his soul with her dark fiery eyes. [Althouc
critic might object to the attitude of a lady le
piano as socially and pictorially awkward, he mu
from a literary point of view it is unquestionab
effective than sitting or standing by the door.]
he was blushing under the fascinating glances of
[Bravo! This is a master-touch]; she smiled [Exc
when the artist was about to withdraw from the c
a group of camellias, he heard the peculiar rust
dress, which exhaled a fragrance of violets [Can
rustling silks, fragrance of violets! What a prc
beauty and sweetness!], and the same lady who ha
so inquiringly at the piano approached him accon
Liszt. Speaking to him with a deep, sweet voice,
remarks on his playing, and more especially on t
his improvisation. Frederick listened to her wit
emotion, and while words full of sparkling wit a
indescribable poetry flowed from the lady's eloc
[Quite a novel representation of her powers of c
he felt that he was understood as he had never b

All this is undoubtedly very pretty, and would be invaluable in a novel, but I am afraid we should embarrass Karasowski were we to ask him to name his authorities.

Of this meeting at the house of the Marquis de C.—i.e., the Marquis de Custine—I was furnished with a third version by an eye-witness—namely, by Chopin's pupil Adolph Gutmann. From him I learned that the occasion was neither a full-dress ball nor a chance gathering of a jour fixe, but a musical matinee. Gutmann, Vidal (Jean Joseph), and Franchomme opened the proceedings with a trio by Mayseder, a composer the very existence of whose once popular chamber-music is unknown to the present generation. Chopin played a great deal, and

George Sand devoured him with her eyes. Afterwards the musician and the novelist walked together a long time in the garden. Gutmann was sure that this matinee took place either in 1836 or in 1837, and was inclined to think that it was in the first-mentioned year.

Franchomme, whom I questioned about the matinee at the Marquis de Custine's, had no recollection of it. Nor did he remember the circumstance of having on this or any other occasion played a trio of Mayseder's with Gutmann and Vidal. But this friend of the Polish pianist—composer, while confessing his ignorance as to the place where the latter met the great novelist for the first time, was quite certain as to the year when he met her. Chopin, Franchomme informed me, made George Sand's acquaintance in 1837, their connection was broken in 1847, and he died, as everyone knows, on October 17, 1849. In each of these dates appears the number which Chopin regarded with a superstitious dread, which he avoided whenever he could-for instance, he would not at any price take lodgings in a house the number of which contained a seven—and which may be thought by some to have really exercised a fatal influence over him. It is hardly necessary to point out that it was this fatal number which fixed the date in Franchomme's memory.

But supposing Chopin and George Sand to have really met at the Marquis de Custine's, was this their first meeting?

[FOONOTE: That they were on one occasion both present at a party given by the Marquis de Custine may be gathered from Freiherr von Flotow's Reminiscences of his life in Paris (published in the "Deutsche Revue" of January, 1883, p. 65); but not that this was their first meeting, nor the time when it

took place. As to the character of this dish of reminiscences, I may say that it is sauced and seasoned for the consumption of the blase magazine reader, and has no nutritive substance whatever.]

I put the question to Liszt in the course of a conversation I had with him some years ago in Weimar. His answer was most positive, and to the effect that the first meeting took place at Chopin's own apartments. "I ought to know best," he added, "seeing that I was instrumental in bringing the two together." Indeed, it would be difficult to find a more trustworthy witness in this matter than Liszt, who at that time not only was one of the chief comrades of Chopin, but also of George Sand. According to him, then, the meeting came about in this way. George Sand, whose curiosity had been excited both by the Polish musician's compositions and by the accounts she had heard of him, expressed to Liszt the wish to make the acquaintance of his friend. Liszt thereupon spoke about her to Chopin, but the latter was averse to having any intercourse with her. He said he did not like literary women, and was not made for their society; it was different with his friend, who there found himself in his element. George Sand, however, did not cease to remind Liszt of his promise to introduce her to Chopin. One morning in the early part of 1837 Liszt called on his friend and brother-artist, and found him in high spirits on account of some compositions he had lately finished. As Chopin was anxious to play them to his friends, it was arranged to have in the evening a little party at his rooms.

This seemed to Liszt an excellent opportunity to redeem the promise which he had given George Sand when she asked for an introduction; and, without telling Chopin what he was going to do, he brought

her with him along with the Comtesse d'Agoult. The success of the soiree was such that it was soon followed by a second and many more.

In the foregoing accounts the reader will find contradictions enough to exercise his ingenuity upon. But the involuntary tricks of memory and the voluntary ones of imagination make always such terrible havoc of facts that truth, be it ever so much sought and cared for, appears in history and biography only in a more or less disfigured condition. George Sand's own allusion to the commencement of the acquaintance agrees best with Liszt's account. After passing in the latter part of 1836 some months in Switzerland with Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult, she meets them again at Paris in the December of the same year:—

> *At the Hotel de France, where Madame d'Agoult ha*
> *to take quarters near her, the conditions of exi*
> *charming for a few days. She received many litte*
> *artists, and some clever men of fashion. It was*
> *d'Agoult's, or through her, that I made the acqu*
> *Eugene Sue, Baron d'Eckstein, Chopin, Mickiewicz*
> *Victor Schoelcher, &c. My friends became also he*
> *she got acquainted with M. Lamennais, Pierre-Ler*
> *Heine, &c. Her salon, improvised in an inn, was*
> *reunion d'elite over which she presided with exq*
> *and where she found herself the equal of all the*
> *specialists by reason of the extent of her mind*
> *variety of her faculties, which were at once poe*
> *serious. Admirable music was performed there, ar*
> *intervals one could instruct one's self by liste*
> *conversation.*

To reconcile Liszt's account with George Sand's remark that Chopin was one of those whose acquaintance she made at Madame d'Agoult's or

through her, we have only to remember the intimate relation in which Liszt stood to this lady (subsequently known in literature under the nom de plume of Daniel Stern), who had left her husband, the Comte d'Agoult, in 1835.

And now at last we can step again from the treacherous quicksand of reminiscences on the terra firma of documents. The following extracts from some letters of George Sand's throw light on her relation to Chopin in the early part of 1837:—

Nohant, March 28, 1837.

[To Franz Liszt.]...Come and see us as soon as p
esteem, and friendship claim you at Nohant. Love
[FOOTNOTE: The Comtesse d'Agoult.]) is some what
esteem (Maurice and Pelletan [FOOTNOTE: The form
Sand's son; the latter, Eugene Pelletan, Maurice
pretty well, and friendship (myself) obese and i
health.

Marie told me that there was some hope of Chopin
that I beg of him to accompany you; that Marie c
without him, and that I adore him.

I shall write to Grzymala personally in order to
also, if I can, to come and see us. I should lik
to surround Marie with all her friends, in order
may live in the bosom of love, esteem, and frien

[FOOTNOTE: Albert Grzymala, a man of note among the Polish refugees. He was a native of Dunajowce in Podolia, had held various military and other posts—those of maitre des requites, director of the Bank of Poland, attache to the staff of Prince Poniatowski, General Sebastiani, and Lefebvre, &c.—and was in 1830 sent by the Polish Government on a

diplomatic mission to Berlin, Paris, and London. (See L'Amanach de L'Emigration polonaise, published at Paris some forty years ago.) He must not be confounded with the publicist Francis Grzymala, who at Warsaw was considered one of the marechaux de plume, and at Paris was connected with the Polish publication Sybilla. With one exception (Vol. I., p. 3), the Grzymala spoken of in these volumes is Albert Grzymala, sometimes also called Count Grzymala. This title, however, was, if I am rightly informed, only a courtesy title. The Polish nobility as such was untitled, titles being of foreign origin and not legally recognised. But many Polish noblemen when abroad assume the prefix de or von, or the title "Count," in order to make known their rank.]

Nohant, April 5, 1837.

[To the Comtesse d'Agoult.]...Tell Mick....[FOO1
Mickiewicz, the poet.] (non-compromising manner
Polish names) that my pen and my house are at hi
are only too happy to be so; tell Grzy...., [FOO
Gryzmala] whom I adore, Chopin, whom I idolatris
those whom you love that I love them, and that,
you, they will be welcome. Berry in a body watch
maestro's [FOOTNOTE: Liszt's] return in order to
the piano. I believe we shall be obliged to plac
champetre and la garde nationals of Nohant under
to defend ourselves against the dilettanti berri

Nohant, April 10, 1837.

[To the Comtesse d'Agoult.] I want the fellows,
"Fellows" (English) was the nickname which Liszt
himself and his pupil Hermann Cohen.] I want the
as LONG as possible. I want them a mort. I want
and all the Mickiewiczs and Grzymalas in the wor

even Sue if you want him. What more would I not were your fancy? For instance, M. de Suzannet or Schoelcher! Everything, a lover excepted.

Nohant, April 21, 1837.

[To the Comtesse d'Agoult.] Nobody has permitted breathe the air of your room since you left it. will be made to put up all those you may bring count on the maestro, on Chopin, on the Rat, [F Liszt's pupil, Hermann Cohen.] if he does not we much, and all the others at your choice.

Chopin's love for George Sand was not instantaneous like that of Romeo for Juliet. Karasowski remembers having read in one of those letters of the composer which perished in 1863: "Yesterday I met George Sand...; she made a very disagreeable impression upon me." Hiller in his Open Letter to Franz Liszt writes:—

One evening you had assembled in your apartments aristocracy of the French literary world—George course one of the company. On the way home Chopi "What a repellent [antipathische] woman the Sand she really a woman? I am inclined to doubt it."

Liszt, in discussing this matter with me, spoke only of Chopin's "reserve" towards George Sand, but said nothing of his "aversion" to her. And according to this authority the novelist's extraordinary mind and attractive conversation soon overcame the musician's reserve. Alfred de Musset's experience had been of a similar nature. George Sand did not particularly please him at first, but a few visits which he paid her sufficed to inflame his heart with a violent passion. The liaisons of the poet and musician with the

novelist offer other points of resemblance besides the one just mentioned: both Musset and Chopin were younger than George Sand—the one six, the other five years; and both, notwithstanding the dissimilarity of their characters, occupied the position of a weaker half. In the case of Chopin I am reminded of a saying of Sydney Smith, who, in speaking of his friends the historian Grote and his wife, remarked: "I do like them both so much, for he is so lady-like, and she is such a perfect gentleman." Indeed, Chopin was described to me by his pupil Gutmann as feminine in looks, gestures, and taste; as to George Sand, although many may be unwilling to admit her perfect gentlemanliness, no one can doubt her manliness:—

> *Dark and olive-complexioned Lelia! [writes Liszt*
> *walked in solitary places, sombre as Lara, disti*
> *Manfred, rebellious as Cain, but more fierce [fa*
> *pitiless, more inconsolable than they, because t*
> *among the hearts of men none feminine enough to*
> *they have been loved, to pay to thy virile charm*
> *of a confiding and blind submission, of a silent*
> *devotion, to suffer his allegiance to be protect*
> *Amazonian strength!*

The enthusiasm with which the Poles of her acquaintance spoke of their countrywomen, and the amorous suavity, fulness of feeling, and spotless nobleness which she admired in the Polish composer's inspirations, seem to have made her anticipate, even before meeting Chopin, that she would find in him her ideal lover, one whose love takes the form of worship. To quote Liszt's words: "She believed that there, free from all dependence, secure against all inferiority, her role would rise to the fairy-like power of some being at once the

superior and the friend of man." Were it not unreasonable to regard spontaneous utterances—expressions of passing moods and fancies, perhaps mere flights of rhetoric—as well-considered expositions of stable principles, one might be tempted to ask: Had George Sand found in Chopin the man who was "bold or vile enough" to accept her "hard and clear" conditions? [FOOTNOTE: See extract from one of her letters in the preceding chapter, Vol. I., p. 334.]

While the ordinary position of man and woman was entirely reversed in this alliance, the qualities which characterised them can nevertheless hardly ever have been more nearly diametrically opposed. Chopin was weak and undecided; George Sand strong and energetic. The former shrank from inquiry and controversy; the latter threw herself eagerly into them. [FOOTNOTE: George Sand talks much of the indolence of her temperament: we may admit this fact, but must not overlook another one—namely, that she was in possession of an immense fund of energy, and was always ready to draw upon it whenever speech or action served her purpose or fancy.] The one was a strict observer of the laws of propriety and an almost exclusive frequenter of fashionable society; the other, on the contrary, had an unmitigated scorn for the so-called proprieties and so-called good society. Chopin's manners exhibited a studied refinement, and no woman could be more particular in the matter of dress than he was. It is characteristic of the man that he was so discerning a judge of the elegance and perfection of a female toilette as to be able to tell at a glance whether a dress had been made in a first-class establishment or in an inferior one. The great composer is said to have had an unlimited

admiration for a well-made and well-carried (bien porte) dress. Now what a totally different picture presents itself when we turn to George Sand, who says of herself, in speaking of her girlhood, that although never boorish or importunate, she was always brusque in her movements and natural in her manners, and had a horror of gloves and profound bows. Her fondness for male garments is as characteristic as Chopin's connoisseurship of the female toilette; it did not end with her student life, for she donned them again in 1836 when travelling in Switzerland.

The whole of Chopin's person was harmonious. "His appearance," says Moscheles, who saw him in 1839, "is exactly like his music [ist identificirt mit seiner Musik], both are tender and schwarmerisch."

[FOOTNOTE: I shall not attempt to translate this word, but I will give the reader a recipe. Take the notions "fanciful," "dreamy," and "enthusiastic" (in their poetic sense), mix them well, and you have a conception of schwarmerisck.]

A slim frame of middle height; fragile but wonderfully flexible limbs; delicately-formed hands; very small feet; an oval, softly-outlined head; a pale, transparent complexion; long silken hair of a light chestnut colour, parted on one side; tender brown eyes, intelligent rather than dreamy; a finely-curved aquiline nose; a sweet subtle smile; graceful and varied gestures: such was the outward presence of Chopin. As to the colour of the eyes and hair, the authorities contradict each other most thoroughly. Liszt describes the eyes as blue, Karasowski as dark brown, and M. Mathias as "couleur de biere." [FOOTNOTE: This strange expression we find again in Count Wodzinski's Les trois Romans de Frederic Chopin, where the author says: "His large limpid,

expressive, and soft eyes had that tint which the English call auburn, which the Poles, his compatriots, describe as piwne (beer colour), and which the French would denominate brown."] Of the hair Liszt says that it was blonde, Madame Dubois and others that it was cendre, Miss L. Ramann that it was dark blonde, and a Scotch lady that it was dark brown. [FOOTNOTE: Count Wodzinski writes: "It was not blonde, but of a shade similar to that of his eyes: ash-coloured (cendre), with golden reflections in the light."] Happily the matter is settled for us by an authority to which all others must yield—namely, by M. T. Kwiatkowski, the friend and countryman of Chopin, an artist who has drawn and painted the latter frequently. Well, the information I received from him is to the effect that Chopin had des yeux bruns tendres (eyes of a tender brown), and les cheveux blonds chatains (chestnut-blonde hair). Liszt, from whose book some of the above details are derived, completes his portrayal of Chopin by some characteristic touches. The timbre of his voice, he says, was subdued and often muffled; and his movements had such a distinction and his manners such an impress of good society that one treated him unconsciously like a prince. His whole appearance made one think of that of the convolvuli, which on incredibly slender stems balance divinely-coloured chalices of such vapourous tissue that the slightest touch destroys them.

And whilst Liszt attributes to Chopin all sorts of feminine graces and beauties, he speaks of George Sand as an Amazon, a femme-heros, who is not afraid to expose her masculine countenance to all suns and winds. Merimee says of George Sand that he has known her "maigre comme un clou et noire comme une taupe." Musset, after their first meeting,

describes her, to whom he at a subsequent period alludes as femme a l'oeil sombre, thus:—

She is very beautiful; she is the kind of woman
pale, dull-complexioned with reflections as of b
strikingly large-eyed like an Indian. I have nev
to contemplate such a countenance without inwarc
physiognomy is rather torpid, but when it become
assumes a remarkably independent and proud expre

The most complete literary portrayal of George Sand that has been handed down to us, however, is by Heine. He represents her as Chopin knew her, for although he published the portrait as late as 1854 he did not represent her as she then looked; indeed, at that time he had probably no intercourse with her, and therefore was obliged to draw from memory. The truthfulness of Heine's delineation is testified by the approval of many who knew George Sand, and also by Couture's portrait of her:—

George Sand, the great writer, is at the same ti
woman. She is even a distinguished beauty. Like
which manifests itself in her works, her face is
called beautiful than interesting. The interesti
graceful or ingenious deviation from the type of
beautiful, and the features of George Sand bear
impress of a Greek regularity. Their form, howev
hard, but softened by the sentimentality which r
over them like a veil of sorrow. The forehead is
the delicious chestnut-brown curly hair falls pa
the shoulders. Her eyes are somewhat dim, at lea
not bright, and their fire may have been extingu
tears, or may have passed into her works, which
their flaming brands over the whole world, illum
comfortless prison, but perhaps also fatally set
a temple of innocence. The authoress of "Lelia"

soft eyes, which remind one neither of Sodom nor
She has neither an emancipated aquiline nose nor
little snub nose. It is just an ordinary straigh
natured smile plays usually around her mouth, bu
very attractive; the somewhat hanging under-lip
fatigued sensuality. The chin is full and plump,
nevertheless beautifully proportioned. Also her
beautiful, nay, magnificent. Likewise her arms a
which, like her feet, are small. Let other conte
describe the charms of her bosom, I confess my i
The rest of her bodily frame seems to be somewha
at least too short. Only her head bears the impr
ideality; it reminds one of the noblest remains
and in this respect one of our friends could com
beautiful woman to the marble statue of the Venu
which stands in one of the lower rooms of the Lo
is as beautiful as the Venus of Milo; she even s
latter in many respects: she is, for instance, y
younger. The physiognomists who maintain that th
reveals his character most unmistakably would be
loss if they were called upon to detect George S
extraordinary depth of feeling [Innigkeit] in he
latter is dull and faded, without sonority, but
agreeable. The naturalness of her speaking lends
charm. Of vocal talent she exhibits not a trace!
sings at best with the bravura of a beautiful gr
not yet breakfasted or happens not to be in good
organ of George Sand has as little brilliancy as
says. She has nothing whatever of the sparkling
countrywomen, but also nothing of their talkativ
cause of this taciturnity, however, is neither n
sympathetic absorption in the discourse of anoth
taciturn rather from haughtiness, because she do
you worth squandering her cleverness [Geist] upo
from selfishness, because she endeavours to abso
your discourse in order to work it up afterwards
That out of avarice George Sand knows how never
anything and always to take something in convers
trait to which Alfred de Musset drew my attentio
her a great advantage over us," said Musset, who

for many years occupied the post of cavaliere se
lady, had had the best opportunity to learn to k
thoroughly. George Sand never says anything witt
indeed one of the most unwitty Frenchwomen I knc

While admiring the clever drawing and the life-like appearance of the portrait, we must, however, not overlook the exaggerations and inaccuracies. The reader cannot have failed to detect the limner tripping with regard to Musset, who occupied not many years but less than a year the post of cavaliere servente. But who would expect religious adherence to fact from Heine, who at all times distinguishes himself rather by wit than conscientiousness? What he says of George Sand's taciturnity in company and want of wit, however, must be true; for she herself tells us of these negative qualities in the Histoire de ma Vie.

The musical accomplishments of Chopin's beloved one have, of course, a peculiar interest for us. Liszt, who knew her so well, informed me that she was not musical, but possessed taste and judgment. By "not musical" he meant no doubt that she was not in the habit of exhibiting her practical musical acquirements, or did not possess these latter to any appreciable extent. She herself seems to me to make too much of her musical talents, studies, and knowledge. Indeed, her writings show that, whatever her talents may have been, her taste was vague and her knowledge very limited.

When we consider the diversity of character, it is not a matter for wonder that Chopin was at first rather repelled than attracted by the personality of George Sand. Nor is it, on the other hand, a matter for wonder that her beauty and power of pleasing proved too strong for his antipathy. How great this

power of pleasing was when she wished to exercise it, the reader may judge from the incident I shall now relate. Musset's mother, having been informed of her son's projected tour to Italy, begged him to give it up. The poet promised to comply with her request: "If one must weep, it shall not be you," he said. In the evening George Sand came in a carriage to the door and asked for Madame Musset; the latter came out, and after a short interview gave her consent to her son's departure. Chopin's unsuccessful wooing of Miss Wodzinska and her marriage with Count Skarbek in this year (1837) may not have been without effect on the composer. His heart being left bruised and empty was as it were sensitised (if I may use this photographic term) for the reception of a new impression by the action of love. In short, the intimacy between Chopin and George Sand grew steadily and continued to grow till it reached its climax in the autumn of 1838, when they went together to Majorca. Other matters, however, have to be adverted to before we come to this passage of Chopin's life. First I shall have to say a few words about his artistic activity during the years 1837 and 1838.

Among the works composed by Chopin in 1837 was one of the Variations on the March from I Puritani, which were published under the title Hexameron: Morceau de Concert. Grandes variations de bravoure sur la marche des Puritains de Bellini, composees pour le concert de Madame la Princesse Belgiojoso au benefice des pauvres, par M.M. Liszt, Thalberg, Pixis, H. Herz, Czerny, et Chopin. This co-operative undertaking was set on foot by the Princess, and was one of her many schemes to procure money for her poor exiled countrymen. Liszt played these Variations often at his concerts, and

even wrote orchestral accompaniments to them, which, however, were never published.

Chopin's publications of the year 1837 are: in October, Op. 25, Douze Etudes, dedicated to Madame la Comtesse d'Agoult; and in December, Op. 29, Impromptu (in A flat major), dedicated to Mdlle. la Comtesse de Lobau; Op. 30, Quatre Mazurkas, dedicated to Madame la Princesse de Wurtemberg, nee Princesse Czartoryska; Op. 31, Deuxieme Scherzo (B flat minor), dedicated to Mdlle. la Comtesse Adele de Furstenstein; and Op. 32, Deux Nocturnes (B major and A flat major), dedicated to Madame la Baronne de Billing. His publications of the year 1838 are: in October, Op. 33, Quatre Mazurkas, dedicated to Mdlle. la Comtesse Mostowska; and, in December, Op. 34, Trois Valses brillantes (A flat major, A minor, and F major), respectively dedicated to Mdlle. de Thun-Hohenstein, Madame G. d'Ivri, and Mdlle. A. d'Eichthal. This last work appeared at Paris first in an Album des Pianistes, a collection of unpublished pieces by Thalberg, Chopin, Doehler, Osborne, Liszt, and Mereaux. Two things in connection with this album may yet be mentioned—namely, that Mereaux contributed to it a Fantasia on a mazurka by Chopin, and that Stephen Heller reviewed it in the Gazette musicale. Chopin was by no means pleased with the insertion of the waltzes in Schlesinger's Album des Pianistes. But more of this and his labours and grievances as a composer in the next chapter.

There are also to be recorded some public and semi-public appearances of Chopin as a virtuoso. On February 25, 1838, the Gazette musicale informs its readers that Chopin, "that equally extraordinary and modest pianist," had lately been summoned to Court to be heard there en cercle intime. His inexhaustible improvisations, which almost made up the whole of

the evening's entertainment, were particularly admired by the audience, which knew as well as a gathering of artists how to appreciate the composer's merits. At a concert given by Valentin Alkan on March 3, 1838, Chopin performed with Zimmermann, Gutmann, and the concert-giver, the latter's arrangement of Beethoven's A major Symphony (or rather some movements from it) for two pianos and eight hands. And in the Gazette musicale of March 25, 1838, there is a report by M. Legouve of Chopin's appearance at a concert given by his countryman Orlowski at Rouen, where the latter had settled after some years stay in Paris. From a writer in the Journal de Rouen (December 1, 1849) we learn that ever since this concert, which was held in the town-hall, and at which the composer played his E minor Concerto with incomparable perfection, the name of Chopin had in the musical world of Rouen a popularity which secured to his memory an honourable and cordial sympathy. But here is what Legouve says about this concert. I transcribe the notice in full, because it shows us both how completely Chopin had retired from the noise and strife of publicity, and how high he stood in the estimation of his contemporaries.

Here is an event which is not without importance musical world. Chopin, who has not been heard ir several years; Chopin, who imprisons his charmir audience of five or six persons; Chopin, who res enchanted isles where so many marvels are said t one regards them as fabulous; Chopin, whom one c forget after having once heard him; Chopin has g grand concert at Rouen before 500 people for the Polish professor. Nothing less than a good actio and the remembrance of his country could have ov repugnance to playing in public. Well! the succe

immense! immense! All these enchanting melodies,
ineffable delicacies of execution, these melanch
impassioned inspirations, and all that poesy of
composition which takes hold at once of your ima
heart, have penetrated, moved, enraptured 500 au
they do the eight or ten privileged persons who
religiously for whole hours; every moment there
hall those electric fremissements, those murmurs
and astonishment which are the bravos of the sou
then, Chopin! forward! let this triumph decide y
selfish, give your beautiful talent to all; cons
for what you are; put an end to the great debate
the artists; and when it shall be asked who is t
pianist of Europe, Liszt or Thalberg, let all th
like those who have heard you..."It is Chopin."

Chopin's artistic achievements, however, were not unanimously received with such enthusiastic approval. A writer in the less friendly La France musicale goes even so far as to stultify himself by ridiculing, a propos of the A flat Impromptu, the composer's style. This jackanapes—who belongs to that numerous class of critics whose smartness of verbiage combined with obtuseness of judgment is so well-known to the serious musical reader and so thoroughly despised by him—ignores the spiritual contents of the work under discussion altogether, and condemns without hesitation every means of expression which in the slightest degree deviates from the time-honoured standards. We are told that Chopin's mode of procedure in composing is this. He goes in quest of an idea, writes, writes, modulates through all the twenty-four keys, and, if the idea fails to come, does without it and concludes the little piece very nicely (tres-bien). And now, gentle reader, ponder on this momentous and immeasurably sad fact: of such a nature was, is, and ever will be the great mass of criticism.

CHAPTER XXI.

CHOPIN'S VISITS TO NOHANT IN 1837 AND 1838.—HIS ILL HEALTH.—HE DECIDES TO GO WITH MADAME SAND AND HER CHILDREN TO MAJORCA.—MADAME SAND'S ACCOUNT OF THIS MATTER AND WHAT OTHERS THOUGHT ABOUT IT.—CHOPIN AND HIS FELLOW—TRAVELLERS MEET AT PERPIGNAN IN THE BEGINNING OF NOVEMBER, 1838, AND PROCEED BY PORT-VENDRES AND BARCELONA TO PALMA.—THEIR LIFE AND EXPERIENCES IN THE TOWN, AT THE VILLA SON-VENT, AND AT THE MONASTERY OF VALDEMOSA, AS DESCRIBED IN CHOPIN'S AND GEORGE SAND'S LETTERS, AND THE LATTER'S "MA VIE" AND "UN HIVER A MAJORQUE."—THE PRELUDES.—RETURN TO FRANCE BY BARCELONA AND MARSEILLES IN THE END OF FEBRUARY, 1839.

In a letter written in 1837, and quoted on p. 313 of Vol. I., Chopin said: "I may perhaps go for a few days to George Sand's." How heartily she invited him through their common friends Liszt and the Comtesse d'Agoult, we saw in the preceding chapter. We may safely assume, I think, that Chopin went to Nohant in the summer of 1837, and may be sure that he did so in the summer of 1838, although with regard to neither visit reliable information of any kind is discoverable. Karasowski, it is true, quotes four

letters of Chopin to Fontana as written from Nohant in 1838, but internal evidence shows that they must have been written three years later.

We know from Mendelssohn's and Moscheles' allusions to Chopin's visit to London that he was at that time ailing. He himself wrote in the same year (1837) to Anthony Wodzinski that during the winter he had been again ill with influenza, and that the doctors had wanted to send him to Ems. As time went on the state of his health seems to have got worse, and this led to his going to Majorca in the winter of 1838-1839. The circumstance that he had the company of Madame Sand on this occasion has given rise to much discussion. According to Liszt, Chopin was forced by the alarming state of his health to go to the south in order to avoid the severities of the Paris winter; and Madame Sand, who always watched sympathetically over her friends, would not let him depart alone, but resolved to accompany him. Karasowski, on the other hand, maintains that it was not Madame Sand who was induced to accompany Chopin, but that Madame Sand induced Chopin to accompany her. Neither of these statements tallies with Madame Sand's own account. She tells us that when in 1838 her son Maurice, who had been in the custody of his father, was definitively entrusted to her care, she resolved to take him to a milder climate, hoping thus to prevent a return of the rheumatism from which he had suffered so much in the preceding year. Besides, she wished to live for some time in a quiet place where she could make her children work, and could work herself, undisturbed by the claims of society.

As I was making my plans and preparations for de
goes on to say], Chopin, whom I saw every day ar

and character I tenderly loved, said to me that Maurice's place he would soon recover. I believe was mistaken. I did not put him in the place of journey, but beside Maurice. His friends had for him to go and spend some time in the south of Eu believed that he was consumptive. Gaubert examir declared to me that he was not. "You will save h he said to me, "if you give him air, exercise, a Others, knowing well that Chopin would never mak to leave the society and life of Paris without k off by a person whom he loved and who was devote urged me strongly not to oppose the desire he sh propos and in a quite unhoped-for way.

As time showed, I was wrong in yielding to their own solicitude. It was indeed enough to go abroa two children, one already ill, the other full of health and spirits, without taking upon myself a anxiety and a physician's responsibility.

But Chopin was just then in a state of health th everybody. With the exception of Grzymala, who s clearly how matters stood, we were all hopeful. begged Chopin to consider well his moral strengt several years he had never contemplated without of leaving Paris, his physician, his acquaintanc even, and his piano. He was a man of imperious h every change, however small it might be, was a t in his life.

Seeing that Liszt—who was at the time in Italy—and Karasowski speak only from hearsay, we cannot do better than accept George Sand's account, which contains nothing improbable. In connection with this migration to the south, I must, however, not omit to mention certain statements of Adolph Gutmann, one of Chopin's pupils. Here is the substance of what Gutmann told me. Chopin was anxious to go to Majorca, but for some time was kept in suspense by

the scantiness of his funds. This threatening obstacle, however, disappeared when his friend the pianoforte-maker and publisher, Camille Pleyel, paid him 2,000 francs for the copyright of the Preludes, Op. 28. Chopin remarked of this transaction to Gutmann, or in his hearing: "I sold the Preludes to Pleyel because he liked them [parcequ'il les aimait]." And Pleyel exclaimed on one occasion: "These are my Preludes [Ce sont mes Preludes]." Gutmann thought that Pleyel, who was indebted to Chopin for playing on his instruments and recommending them, wished to assist his friend in a delicate way with some money, and therefore pretended to be greatly taken with these compositions and bent upon possessing them. This, however, cannot be quite correct; for from Chopin's letters, which I shall quote I presently, it appears that he had indeed promised Pleyel the Preludes, but before his departure received from him only 500 francs, the remaining 1,500 being paid months afterwards, on the delivery of the manuscript. These letters show, on the other hand, that when Chopin was in Majorca he owed to Leo 1,000 francs, which very likely he borrowed from him to defray part of the expenses of his sojourn in the south.

[FOOTNOTE: August Leo, a Paris banker, "the friend and patron of many artists," as he is called by Moscheles, who was related to him through his wife Charlotte Embden, of Hamburg. The name of Leo occurs often in the letters and conversations of musicians, especially German musicians, who visited Paris or lived there in the second quarter of this century. Leo kept house together with his brother-in-law Valentin. (See Vol. I., p. 254.)]

Chopin kept his intention of going with Madame Sand to Majorca secret from all but a privileged few.

According to Franchomme, he did not speak of it even to his friends. There seem to have been only three exceptions—Fontana, Matuszynski, and Grzymala, and in his letters to the first he repeatedly entreats his friend not to talk about him. Nor does he seem to have been much more communicative after his return, for none of Chopin's acquaintances whom I questioned was able to tell me whether the composer looked back on this migration with satisfaction or with regret; still less did they remember any remark made by him that would throw a more searching light on this period of his life.

Until recently the only sources of information bearing on Chopin's stay in Majorca were George Sand's "Un Hiver a Majorque" and "Histoire de ma Vie." But now we have also Chopin's letters to Fontana (in the Polish edition of Karasowski's "Chopin") and George Sand's "Correspondance," which supplement and correct the two publications of the novelist. Remembering the latter's tendency to idealise everything, and her disinclination to descend to the prose of her subject, I shall make the letters the backbone of my narrative, and for the rest select my material cautiously.

Telling Chopin that she would stay some days at Perpignan if he were not there on her arrival, but would proceed without him if he failed to make his appearance within a certain time, Madame Sand set out with her two children and a maid in the month of November, 1838, for the south of France, and, travelling for travelling's sake, visited Lyons, Avignon, Vaucluse, Nimes, and other places. The distinguished financier and well-known Spanish statesman Mendizabal, their friend, who was going to Madrid, was to accompany Chopin to the Spanish

frontier. Madame Sand was not long left in doubt as to whether Chopin would realise his reve de voyage or not, for he put in his appearance at Perpignan the very next day after her arrival there. Madame Sand to Madame Marliani, [FOOTNOTE: The wife of the Spanish politician and author, Manuel Marliani. We shall hear more of her farther on.] November, 1838: — Chopin arrived at Perpignan last night, fresh as a rose, and rosy as a turnip; moreover, in good health, having stood his four nights of the mail-coach heroically. As to ourselves, we travelled slowly, quietly, and surrounded at all stations by our friends, who overwhelmed us with kindness.

As the weather was fine and the sea calm Chopin did not suffer much on the passage from Port-Vendres to Barcelona. At the latter town the party halted for a while-spending some busy days within its walls, and making an excursion into the country-and then took ship for Palma, the capital of Majorca and the Balearic Isles generally. Again the voyagers were favoured by the elements.

The night was warm and dark, illumined only by a
extraordinary phosphorescence in the wake of the
everybody was asleep on board except the steersm
order to keep himself awake, sang all night, but
soft and so subdued that one might have thought
to awake the men of the watch, or that he himsel
asleep. We did not weary of listening to him, fo
was of the strangest kind. He observed a rhythm
modulations totally different from those we are
and seemed to allow his voice to go at random, l
of the vessel carried away and swayed by the bre
reverie rather than a song, a kind of careless c
the voice, with which the mind had little to do,
kept time with the swaying of the ship, the fair
dead water, and resembled a vague improvisation,

nevertheless, by sweet and monotonous forms.

When night had passed into day, the steep coasts of Majorca, dentelees au soleil du matin par les aloes et les palmiers, came in sight, and soon after El Mallorquin landed its passengers at Palma. Madame Sand had left Paris a fortnight before in extremely cold weather, and here she found in the first half of November summer heat. The newcomers derived much pleasure from their rambles through the town, which has a strongly-pronounced character of its own and is rich in fine and interesting buildings, among which are most prominent the magnificent Cathedral, the elegant Exchange (la lonja), the stately Town-Hall, and the picturesque Royal Palace (palacio real). Indeed, in Majorca everything is picturesque,

from the hut of the peasant, who in his most ins
buildings has preserved the tradition of the Ara
the infant clothed in rags and triumphant in his
grandiose," as Heine said a propos of the market
Verona. The character of the landscape, whose ve
richer than that of Africa is in general, has qu
breadth, calm, and simplicity. It is green Switz
the sky of Calabria, with the solemnity and sile
East.

But picturesqueness alone does not make man's happiness, and Palma seems to have afforded little else. If we may believe Madame Sand, there was not a single hotel in the town, and the only accommodation her party could get consisted of two small rooms, unfurnished rather than furnished, in some wretched place where travellers are happy to find "a folding-bed, a straw-bottomed chair, and, as regards food, pepper and garlic a discretion." Still,

however great their discomfort and disgust might be, they had to do their utmost to hide their feelings; for, if they had made faces on discovering vermin in their beds and scorpions in their soup, they would certainly have hurt the susceptibilities of the natives, and would probably have exposed themselves to unpleasant consequences. No inhabitable apartments were to be had in the town itself, but in its neighbourhood a villa chanced to be vacant, and this our party rented at once.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Palma, November 14, 1838:—

I am leaving the town, and shall establish mysel
country: I have a pretty furnished house, with a
magnificent view, for fifty francs per month. Be
leagues from there I have a cell, that is to say
and a garden full of oranges and lemons, for thi
francs PER YEAR, in the large monastery of Valde

The furniture of the villa was indeed of the most primitive kind, and the walls were only whitewashed, but the house was otherwise convenient, well ventilated—in fact, too well ventilated—and above all beautifully situated at the foot of rounded, fertile mountains, in the bosom of a rich valley which was terminated by the yellow walls of Palma, the mass of the cathedral, and the sparkling sea on the horizon.

Chopin to Fontana; Palma, November 15, 1838:—

[FOOTNOTE: Julius Fontana, born at Warsaw in 1810, studied music (at the Warsaw Conservatoire under Elsner) as an amateur and law for his profession; joined in 1830 the Polish insurrectionary army; left his country after the failure of the insurrection; taught the piano in London; played in

1835 several times with success in Paris; resided there for some years; went in 1841 to Havannah; on account of the climate, removed to New York; gave there concerts with Sivori; and returned to Paris in 1850. This at least is the account we get of him in Sowinski's "Les Musiciens polonais et slaves." Mr. A. J. Hipkins, who became acquainted with Fontana during a stay which the latter made in London in 1856 (May and early part of June), described him to me as "an honourable and gentlemanly man." From the same informant I learned that Fontana married a lady who had an income for life, and that by this marriage he was enabled to retire from the active exercise of his profession. Later on he became very deaf, and this great trouble was followed by a still greater one, the death of his wife. Thus left deaf and poor, he despaired, and, putting a pistol to one of his ears, blew out his brains. According to Karasowski he died at Paris in 1870. The compositions he published (dances, fantasias, studies, &c.) are of no importance. He is said to have published also two books, one on Polish orthography in 1866 and one on popular astronomy in 1869. The above and all the following letters of Chopin to Fontana are in the possession of Madame Johanna Lilpop, of Warsaw, and are here translated from Karasowski's Polish edition of his biography of Chopin. Many of the letters are undated, and the dates suggested by Karasowski generally wrong. There are, moreover, two letters which are given as if dated by Chopin; but as the contents point to Nohant and 1841 rather than to Majorca and 1838 and 1839, I shall place them in Chapter XXIV., where also my reasons for doing so will be more particularly stated. A third letter, supposed by Karasowski to be written at Valdemosa in February, I hold to be written at Marseilles in

April. It will be found in the next chapter.]

My dear friend,—I am at Palma, among palms, ceda
aloes, and olive, orange, lemon, fig, and pomegr
&c., which the Jardin des Plantes possesses only
stoves. The sky is like a turquoise, the sea is
and the mountains are like emeralds. The air? Th
as in heaven. During the day there is sunshine,
consequently it is warm—everybody wears summer c
During the night guitars and songs are heard eve
all hours. Enormous balconies with vines overhea
walls...The town, like everything here, looks to
Africa...In one word, a charming life!

Dear Julius, go to Pleyel—the piano has not yet
ask him by what route they have sent it.

The Preludes you shall have soon.

I shall probably take up my quarters in a deligh
in one of the most beautiful sites in the world:
mountains, palm trees, cemetery, church of the P
Cross, ruins of mosques, thousand-year-old olive
my dear friend, I am now enjoying life a little
near what is most beautiful—I am a better man.

Letters from my parents and whatever you have to
to Grzymala; he knows the safest address.

Embrace Johnnie. [FOOTNOTE: The Johnnie so frequ
mentioned in the letters to Fontana is John Matu
soon he would recover here!

Tell Schlesinger that before long he will receiv
acquaintances speak little of me. Should anybody
I shall be back in spring. The mail goes once a
through the French Consulate here.

Send the enclosed letter as it is to my parents;

the postoffice yourself.

Yours,

CHOPIN.

George Sand relates in "Un Hiver a Majorque" that the first days which her party passed at the Son-Vent (House of the Wind)—this was the name of the villa they had rented—were pretty well taken up with promenading and pleasant lounging, to which the delicious climate and novel scenery invited. But this paradisaic condition was suddenly changed as if by magic when at the end of two or three weeks the wet season began and the Son-Vent became uninhabitable.

The walls of it were so thin that the lime with
rooms were plastered swelled like a sponge. For
never suffered so much from cold, although it wa
not very cold; but for us, who are accustomed to
ourselves in winter, this house without a chimne
mantle of ice on our shoulders, and I felt paral
delicate as he was and subject to violent irrita
larynx, soon felt the effects of the damp.

We could not accustom ourselves to the stifling
brasiers, and our invalid began to ail and to co

From this moment we became an object of dread ar
the population. We were accused and convicted of
phthisis, which is equivalent to the plague in t
regarding contagion entertained by Spanish physi
doctor, who for the moderate remuneration of for
deigned to come and pay us a visit, declared, ne
that there was nothing the matter, and prescribe

Another physician came obligingly to our assista
pharmacy at Palma was in such a miserable state

only procure detestable drugs. Moreover, the ill
aggravated by causes which no science and no dev
efficiently battle against.

One morning, when we were given up to serious fe
of the duration of these rains and these sufferi
bound up together, we received a letter from the
[the landlord], who declared, in the Spanish sty
held a person who held a disease which carried d
his house, and threatened prematurely the life o
in consequence of which he requested us to leave
with the shortest delay possible.

This did not cause us much regret, for we could
there without fear of being drowned in our rooms
invalid was not in a condition to be moved witho
especially by such means of transport as are ava
Majorca, and in the weather then obtaining. And
difficulty was to know where to go, for the rumo
phthisis had spread instantaneously, and we coul
hope to find a shelter anywhere, not even at a v
for a night. We knew that the obliging persons w
take us in were themselves not free from prejudi
moreover, we should draw upon them, in going nea
reprobation which weighed upon us. Without the h
the French consul, who did wonders in order to g
under his roof, we were threatened with the pros
camping in some cavern like veritable Bohemians.

Another miracle came to pass, and we found an as
winter. At the Carthusian monastery of Valdemosa
Spanish refugee, who had hidden himself there fo
what political reason. Visiting the monastery, w
with the gentility of his manners, the melancholi
his wife, and the rustic and yet comfortable fur
their cell. The poesy of this monastery had turn
happened that the mysterious couple wished to le
country precipitately, and—that they were as del
dispose to us of their furniture and cell as we
acquire them. For the moderate sum of a thousand

then a complete establishment, but such a one as
procured in France for 300 francs, so rare, cost
difficult to get are the most necessary things i

The outcasts decamped speedily from the Son-Vent. But before Senor Gomez had done with his tenants, he made them pay for the whitewashing and the replastering of the whole house, which he held to have been infected by Chopin.

And now let us turn once more from George Sand's poetical inventions, distortions, and exaggerations, to the comparative sobriety and trustworthiness of letters.

Chopin to Fontana; Palma, December 3, 1838:—

I cannot send you the MSS. as they are not yet i
During the last two weeks I have been as ill as
spite of eighteen degrees of heat, [FOOTNOTE: Th
eighteen degrees Centigrade, which are equal to
four degrees Fahrenheit.] and of roses, and oran
fig trees in blossom. I caught a severe cold. Th
the most renowned in the island, were called in
consultation. One smelt what I spat, the second
I spat, the third sounded and listened when I sp
said that I would die, the second that I was dyi
that I had died already; and in the meantime I l
living. I cannot forgive Johnnie that in the cas
aigue, which he could always notice in me, he ga
advice. I had a narrow escape from their bleedin
cataplasms, and such like operations. Thanks to
am now myself again. My illness has nevertheless
effect on the Preludes, which you will receive C

In a few days I shall live in the most beautiful
world. Sea, mountains... whatever you wish. We a
quarters in an old, vast, abandoned and ruined m
Carthusians whom Mend [FOOTNOTE: Mendizabal] dro
were for me. Near Palma—nothing more wonderful:

most poetic cemeteries. In short, I feel that th
well with me. Only the piano has not yet come! I
Pleyel. Ask there and tell him that on the day a
arrival here I was taken very ill, and that I am
On the whole, speak little about me and my manus
to me. As yet I have not received a letter from

Tell Leo that I have not as yet sent the Prelude
Albrechts, but that I still love them sincerely,
write to them shortly.

Post the enclosed letter to my parents yourself,
soon as possible.

My love to Johnnie. Do not tell anyone that I wa
would only gossip about it.

[FOOTNOTE: to Madame Dubois I owe the information that Albrecht, an attache to the Saxon legation (a post which gave him a good standing in society) and at the same time a wine-merchant (with offices in the Place Vendome—his specialty being "vins de Bordeaux"), was one of Chopin's "fanatic friends." In the letters there are allusions to two Albrechts, father and son; the foregoing information refers to the son, who, I think, is the T. Albrecht to whom the Premier Scherzo, Chopin's Op. 20, is dedicated.]

Chopin to Fontana; Palma, December 14, 1838:—

As yet not a word from you, and this is my third
letter. Did you prepay? Perhaps my parents did n
Maybe some misfortune has befallen them. Or are
But no, you are not lazy, you are so obliging. N
sent my two letters to my people (both from Paln
must have written to me, only the post of this p
the most irregular in the world, has not yet del
letters.

Only to-day I was informed that on the ist of De
piano was embarked at Marseilles on a merchant v
letter took fourteen days to come from that town
is some hope that the piano may pass the winter
as here nobody stirs when it rains. The idea of
just at my departure pleases me, for in addition
francs for freight and duty which I must pay, I
pleasure of packing it and sending it back. Mean
manuscripts are sleeping, whereas I cannot sleep
and am covered with plasters, waiting anxiously
something else.

To-morrow I start for this delightful monastery
I shall live, muse, and write in the cell of som
may have had more fire in his heart than I, and
hide and smother it, not being able to make use

I think that shortly I shall be able to send you
and my Ballade. Go and see Leo; do not mention t
he would fear for his 1,000 francs.

Give my kind remembrances to Johnnie and Pleyel.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Palma, December 14, 1838:—

...What is really beautiful here is the country,
mountains, the good health of Maurice, and the r
Solange. The good Chopin is not in equally brill
misses his piano very much. We received news of
left Marseilles, and we shall perhaps have it in
Dieu, how hard, difficult, and miserable the phy
here! It is beyond what one can imagine.

By a stroke of fortune I have found for sale a c
furniture, charming for this country, but which
peasant would not have. Unheard-of trouble was r
a stove, wood, linen, and who knows what else. T

month I have believed myself established, I am a
eve of being so. Here a cart takes five hours to
leagues; judge of the rest. They require two mor
manufacture a pair of tongs. There is no exagger
I say. Guess about this country all I do not tel
part I do not mind it, but I have suffered a lit
the fear of seeing my children suffer much from

Happily, my ambulance is doing well. To-morrow w
the Carthusian monastery of Valdemosa, the most
residence on earth. We shall pass there the wint
hardly begun and will soon end. This is the sole
this country. I have never in my life met with a
delicious as that of Majorca.

...The people of this country are generally very gracious, very obliging; but all this in words...

I shall write to Leroux from the monastery at le
knew what I have to do! I have almost to cook. F
amenity, one cannot get served. The domestic is
bigoted, lazy, and gluttonous; a veritable son o
think that all are that). It requires ten to do
your brave Mary does. Happily, the maid whom I h
with me from Paris is very devoted, and resigns
heavy work; but she is not strong, and I must he
Besides, everything is dear, and proper nourishm
difficult to get when the stomach cannot stand e
oil or pig's grease. I begin to get accustomed t
Chopin is ill every time that we do not prepare
ourselves. In short, our expedition here is, in
a frightful fiasco.

On December 15, 1838, then, the Sand party took possession of their quarters in the monastery of Valdemosa, and thence the next letters are dated.

Chopin to Fontana; "Palma, December 28, 1838, or rather Valdemosa, a few miles distant from Palma": —

Between rocks and the sea, in a great abandoned
monastery, in one of the cells with doors bigger
gates in Paris, you may imagine me with my hair
without white gloves, pale as usual. The cell is
of a coffin, high, and full of dust on the vault
small, before the window orange, palm, and cypre
Opposite the window, under a Moorish filigree ro
my bed. By its side an old square thing like a t
writing, scarcely serviceable; on it a leaden ca
great luxury) with a little tallow-candle, Works
jottings, and old scrawls that are not mine, thi
possess. Quietness... one may shout and nobody w
short, I am writing to you from a strange place.

Your letter of the 9th of December I received th
yesterday; as on account of the holidays the exp
not leave till next week, I write to you in no g
will be a Russian month before you get the bill
which I send you.

Sublime nature is a fine thing, but one should h
do with men—nor with roads and posts. Many a tim
from Palma, always with the same driver and alwa
road. Streams of water make roads, violent rains
to-day it is impossible to pass, for what was a
ploughed; next day only mules can pass where you
yesterday. And what carriages here! That is the
Julius, why you do not see a single Englishman,
English consul.

Leo is a Jew, a rogue! I was at his house the da
departure, and I told him not to send me anythin
cannot send you the Preludes, they are not yet t
present I am better and shall push on the work.
and thank him in a way that will make him wince.

But Schlesinger is a still worse dog to put my W
[FOOTNOTE: "Trois Valses brillantes," Op. 34.] t
and to sell them to Probst [FOOTNOTE: Heinrich A

founded in 1823 a music-shop and publishing-hous
In 1831 Fr. Kistner entered the business (Probst
which under his name has existed from 1836 down
In the Chopin letters we meet Probst in the char
Breitkopf and Hartel's agent.] when I gave him t
begged them for his father in Berlin. [FOOTNOTE:
Schlesinger, a music-publisher like his son Maur
Paris, so frequently mentioned in these letters.
irritates me. I am only sorry for you; but in or
latest you will be clear of Leo and my landlord.
money which you receive on the bill of exchange,
necessary. And my servant, what is he doing? Giv
twenty francs as a New Year's present.

I do not remember whether I left any debts of in
all events, as I promised you, we shall be clear
the latest.

To-day the moon is wonderful, I never saw it mor

By the way, you write that you sent me a letter
people. I neither saw nor heard of one, and I am
much for one! Did you prepay when you sent them

Your letter, the only one I have hitherto receiv
badly addressed. Here nature is benevolent, but
thievish. They never see any strangers, and ther
know what to ask of them. For instance, an orang
give you for nothing, but ask a fabulous sum for
button.

Under this sky you are penetrated with a kind of
feeling which everything seems to exhale. Eagles
one soar every day majestically over our heads.

For God's sake write, always prepay, and to Palm
Valdemosa.

I love Johnnie, and I think it is a pity that he
altogether qualify himself as director of the ch

benevolent institution in some Nuremberg or Bamb
to write to me, were it only a few words.

I enclose you a letter to my people...I think it
the third or fourth that I send you for my parer

My love to Albrecht, but speak very little about

Chopin to Fontana; Valdemosa, January 12, 1839:

—

I send you the Preludes, make a copy of them, yo
[FOOTNOTE: Edouard Wolff] I think there are no n
will give the transcript to Probst, but my manus
Pleyel. When you get the money from Probst, for
a receipt, you will take it at once to Leo. I do
thank him just now, for I have no time. Out of t
Pleyel will give you, that is 1,500 francs, you
rent of my rooms till the New Year, 450 francs a
give notice of my giving them up if you have a c
others from April. If not it will be necessary t
for a quarter longer. The rest of the amount, or
you will return from me to Nougi. Where he lives
learn from Johnnie, but don't tell the latter or
for he might attack Nougi, and I do not wish tha
you and I should know of it. Should you succeed
rooms, you could send one part of the furniture
another to Grzymala. You will tell Pleyel to ser
through you.

I sent you before the New Year a bill of exchang
tell Pleyel that I have settled with Wessel.

[FOOTNOTE: The music-publisher Christian Rudolph
Bremen, who came to London in 1825. Up to 1838 h
and from 1839 to 1845 Stapleton, as partner. He
1860, Messrs. Edwin Ashdown and Henry Parry beir
successors. Since the retirement of Mr. Parry, J
Ashdown is the sole proprietor. Mr. Ashdown, who

thank for the latter part of this note, informs
died in 1885.]

In a few weeks you will receive a Ballade, a Pol
Scherzo.

Until now I have not yet received any letters fr

I embrace you.

Sometimes I have Arabian balls, African sun, and
my eyes the Mediterranean Sea.

I do not know when I shall be back, perhaps as l
perhaps even later.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Valdemosa, January 15, 1839:—

...We inhabit the Carthusian monastery of Valden
sublime place, which I have hardly the time to a
occupations have I with my children, their lesso

There are rains here of which one has elsewhere
a frightful deluge! The air is on account of it
so soft, that one cannot drag one's self along;
ill. Happily, Maurice is in admirable health; hi
is only afraid of frost, a thing unknown here. E
Chopin [FOOTNOTE: Madame Marliani seems to have
habit of calling Chopin "le petit." In another
(April 28, 1839) George Sand writes of Chopin as
This reminds one of Mendelssohn's Chopinetto.] i
depressed and always coughs much. For his sake I
impatience the return of fine weather, which wil
in coming. His piano has at last arrived at Palm
in the clutches of the custom-house officers, wh
five to six hundred francs duty, and show themse
intractable.

...I am plunged with Maurice in Thucydides and c
Solange in the indirect object and the agreement
participle. Chopin plays on a poor Majorcan piar
me of that of Bouffe in "Pauvre Jacques." I pass
generally in scrawling. When I raise my nose, it
through the sky-light of my cell the moon which
midst of the rain on the orange trees, and I thi
than she.

Madame Sand to M. A. M. Duteil; Valdemosa, January 20, 1839:—

...This [the slowness and irregularity of the po
only inconvenience of the country. There are inn
and yet this is the most beautiful country. The
delicious. At the time I am writing, Maurice is
shirt-sleeves, and Solange, seated under an oran
with fruit, studies her lesson with a grave air.
covered with roses, and spring is coming in. Our
six weeks, not cold, but rainy to a degree to fr
a deluge! The rain uproots the mountains; all th
mountain rush into the plain; the roads become t
ourselves caught in them, Maurice and I. We had
superb weather. When we returned in the evening,
fields, no roads, but only trees to indicate app
way which we had to go. I was really very fright
as the horse refused to proceed, and we were obl
the mountain on foot in the night, with torrents

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Valdemosa, February 22, 1839:—

...You see me at my Carthusian monastery, still
occupied during the day with my children, at nig
In the midst of all this, the warbling of Chopin
usual pretty way, and whom the walls of the cell
astonished to hear.

The only remarkable event since my last letter r

of the so much-expected piano. After a fortnight
applications and waiting we have been able to ge
the custom-house by paying three hundred francs
Pretty country this! After all, it has been dise
without accident, and the vaults of the monaster
delighted with it. And all this is not profaned
admiration of fools-we do not see a cat.

Our retreat in the mountains, three leagues from
freed us from the politeness of idlers.

Nevertheless, we have had one visitor, and a vis
Paris!—namely, M. Dembowski, an Italian Pole who
knew, and who calls himself a cousin of Marliani
in what degree.

...The fact is, that we are very much pleased wi
which this gives us, because we have work to do;
understand very well that these poetic intervals
introduces into one's life are only times of tra
allowed to the mind before it resumes the exerci
emotions. I mean this in the purely intellectual
regards the life of the heart, it cannot cease t

This brings us to the end of the known letters written by Chopin and Madame Sand from Majorca. And now let us see what we can find in George Sand's books to complete the picture of the life of her and her party at Valdemosa, of which the letters give only more or less disconnected indications. I shall use the materials at my disposal freely and cautiously, quoting some passages in full, regrouping and summing-up others, and keeping always in mind —which the reader should likewise do—the authoress's tendency to emphasise, colour, and embellish, for the sake of literary and moral effect.

Not to extend this chapter too much, I refer the curious to George Sand's "Un Hiver a Majorque" for a description of the "admirable, grandiose, and wild

nature" in the midst of which the "poetic abode" of her and her party was situated—of the grandly and beautifully-varied surface of the earth, the luxuriant southern vegetation, and the marvellous phenomena of light and air; of the sea stretching out on two sides and meeting the horizon; of the surrounding formidable peaks, and the more distant round-swelling hills; of the eagles descending in the pursuit of their prey down to the orange trees of the monastery gardens; of the avenue of cypresses serpentining from the top of the mountain to the bottom of the gorge; of the torrents covered with myrtles; in short, of the immense ensemble, the infinite details, which overwhelm the imagination and outvie the poet's and painter's dreams. Here it will be advisable to confine ourselves to the investigation of a more limited sphere, to inspect rather narrow interiors than vast landscapes.

As the reader has gathered from the preceding letters, there was no longer a monastic community at Valdemosa. The monks had been dispersed some time before, and the monastery had become the property of the state. During the hot summer months it was in great part occupied by small burghers from Palma who came in quest of fresh air. The only permanent inhabitants of the monastery, and the only fellow-tenants of George Sand's party, were two men and one woman, called by the novelist respectively the Apothecary, the Sacristan, and Maria Antonia. The first, a remnant of the dispersed community, sold mallows and couch-grass, the only specifics he had; the second was the person in whose keeping were the keys of the monastery; and the third was a kind of housekeeper who, for the love of God and out of neighbourly friendship, offered her help to new-comers, and, if it was accepted, did not

fail to levy heavy contributions.

The monastery was a complex of strongly-constructed, buildings without any architectural beauty, and such was, its circumference and mass of stones that it would have been easy to house an army corps. Besides the dwelling of the superior, the cells of the lay-brothers, the lodgings for visitors, the stables, and other structures, there were three cloisters, each consisting of twelve cells and twelve chapels. The most ancient of these cloisters, which is also the smallest, dates from the 15th century.

It presents a charming coup d'oeil. The court wh
encloses with its broken-down walls is the ancie
the monks. No inscription distinguishes these to
graves are scarcely indicated by the swellings o

In the cells were stored up the remains of all sorts of fine old furniture and sculpture, but these could only be seen through the chinks, for the cells were carefully locked, and the sacristan would not open them to anyone. The second cloister, although of more recent date, was likewise in a dilapidated state, which, however, gave it character. In stormy weather it was not at all safe to pass through it on account of the falling fragments of walls and vaults.

I never heard the wind sound so like mournful vo
such despairing howls as in these empty and sono
galleries. The noise of the torrents, the swift
clouds, the grand, monotonous sound of the sea,
the whistling of the storm and the plaintive cri
birds which passed, quite terrified and bewilder
squalls; then thick fogs which fell suddenly lik
which, penetrating into the cloisters through th
arcades, rendered us invisible, and made the lit

carried to guide us appear like a will-o'-the-wi
under the galleries; and a thousand other detail
monastic life which crowd all at once into my me
combined made indeed this monastery the most ron
the world.

I was not sorry to see for once fully and in rea
had seen only in a dream, or in the fashionable
in the nuns' scene in Robert le Diable at the Op
fantastic apparitions were not wanting to us. [H
Hiver a Majorque," pp. 116 and 117.]

In the same book from which the above passage is extracted we find also a minute description of the new cloister; the chapels, variously ornamented, covered with gilding, decorated with rude paintings and horrible statues of saints in coloured wood, paved in the Arabic style with enamelled faience laid out in various mosaic designs, and provided with a fountain or marble conch; the pretty church, unfortunately without an organ, but with wainscot, confessionals, and doors of most excellent workmanship, a floor of finely-painted faience, and a remarkable statue in painted wood of St. Bruno; the little meadow in the centre of the cloister, symmetrically planted with box-trees, &c., &c.

George Sand's party occupied one of the spacious, well-ventilated, and well-lighted cells in this part of the monastery. I shall let her describe it herself.

The three rooms of which it was composed were sp
elegantly vaulted, and ventilated at the back by
rosettes, all different and very prettily design
three rooms were separated from the cloister by
at the end of which was a strong door of oak. Th
three feet thick. The middle room was destined t
prayer, and meditation; all its furniture consis
chair with a praying-desk and a back, from six t

high, let into and fixed in the wall. The room t
this was the friar's bed-room; at the farther en
situated the alcove, very low, and paved above w
a tomb. The room to the left was the workshop, t
the store-room of the recluse. A press at the fa
room had a wooden compartment with a window open
cloister, through which his provisions were pass
kitchen consisted of two little stoves placed ou
not, as was the strict rule, in the open air; a
on the garden, protected the culinary labours of
the rain, and allowed him to give himself up to
occupation a little more than the founder would
Moreover, a fire-place introduced into this thir
indicated many other relaxations, although the s
architect had not gone so far as to make this fa
serviceable.

Running along the back of the rooms, on a level
rosettes, was a long channel, narrow and dark, s
the ventilation of the cell, and above was a lof
maize, onions, beans, and other simple winter pr
kept. On the south the three rooms opened on a t
exactly the size of the cell itself, which was s
the neighbouring gardens by walls ten feet high,
supported by a strongly-built terrace above a li
grove which occupied this ledge of the mountain.
ledge was covered with a beautiful arbour of vir
with almond and palm trees, and so on to the bot
little valley, which, as I have said, was an imm

The flower garden of each cell had all along its
reservoir, made of freestone, from three to four
and the same in depth, receiving through conduit
the balustrade of the terrace the waters of the
distributing them in the flower garden by means
cross, which divided it into four equal squares.

As to this flower garden, planted with pomegrana
orange trees, surrounded by raised walks made of
like the reservoir, were shaded by perfumed arbo

like a pretty salon of flowers and verdure, whe
could walk dry-footed on wet days.

Even without being told, we should have known that the artists who had now become inmates of the monastery were charmed with their surroundings. Moreover, George Sand did her utmost to make life within doors comfortable. When the furniture bought from the Spanish refugee had been supplemented by further purchases, they were, considering the circumstances, not at all badly off in this respect. The tables and straw-bottomed chairs were indeed no better than those one finds in the cottages of peasants; the sofa of white wood with cushions of mattress cloth stuffed with wool could only ironically be called "voluptuous"; and the large yellow leather trunks, whatever their ornamental properties might be, must have made but poor substitutes for wardrobes. The folding-beds, on the other hand, proved irreproachable; the mattresses, though not very soft, were new and clean, and the padded and quilted chintz coverlets left nothing to be desired. Nor does this enumeration exhaust the comforts and adornments of which the establishment could boast. Feathers, a rare article in Majorca, had been got from a French lady to make pillows for Chopin; Valenciennes matting and long-fleeced sheep skins covered the dusty floor; a large tartan shawl did duty as an alcove curtain; a stove of somewhat eccentric habits, and consisting simply of an iron cylinder with a pipe that passed through the window, had been manufactured for them at Palma; a charming clay vase surrounded with a garland of ivy displayed its beauty on the top of the stove; a beautiful large Gothic carved oak chair with a small chest convenient as a book-case had, with the consent of the sacristan, been brought from the monks' chapel;

and last, but not least, there was, as we have already read in the letters, a piano, in the first weeks only a miserable Majorcan instrument, which, however, in the second half of January, after much waiting, was replaced by one of Pleyel's excellent cottage pianos.

[FOOTNOTE: By the way, among the many important and unimportant doubtful points which Chopin's and George Sand's letters settle, is also that of the amount of duty paid for the piano. The sum originally asked by the Palma custom-house officers seems to have been from 500 to 600 francs, and this demand was after a fortnight's negotiations reduced to 300 francs. That the imaginative novelist did not long remember the exact particulars of this transaction need not surprise us. In Un Hiver a Majorque she states tha the original demand was 700 francs, and the sum ultimately paid about 400 francs.]

These various items collectively and in conjunction with the rooms in which they were gathered together form a tout-ensemble picturesque and homely withal. As regards the supply of provisions, the situation of our Carthusians was decidedly less brilliant. Indeed, the water and the juicy raisins, Malaga potatoes, fried Valencia pumpkins, &c., which they had for dessert, were the only things that gave them unmixed satisfaction. With anything but pleasure they made the discovery that the chief ingredient of Majorcan cookery, an ingredient appearing in all imaginable and unimaginable guises and disguises, was pork. Fowl was all skin and bones, fish dry and tasteless, sugar of so bad a quality that it made them sick, and butter could not be procured at all. Indeed, they found it difficult to get anything of any kind. On account of their non-attendance at church they were disliked by the villagers of Valdemosa, who sold

their produce to such heretics only at twice or thrice the usual price. Still, thanks to the good offices of the French consul's cook, they might have done fairly well had not wet weather been against them. But, alas, their eagerly-awaited provisions often arrived spoiled with rain, oftener still they did not arrive at all. Many a time they had to eat bread as hard as ship-biscuits, and content themselves with real Carthusian dinners. The wine was good and cheap, but, unfortunately, it had the objectionable quality of being heady.

These discomforts and wants were not painfully felt by George Sand and her children, nay, they gave, for a time at least, a new zest to life. It was otherwise with Chopin. "With his feeling for details and the wants of a refined well-being, he naturally took an intense dislike to Majorca after a few days of illness." We have already seen what a bad effect the wet weather and the damp of Son-Vent had on Chopin's health. But, according to George Sand, [FOOTNOTE: "Un Hiver a Marjorque," pp. 161-168. I suspect that she mixes up matters in a very unhistorical manner; I have, however, no means of checking her statements, her and her companion's letters being insufficient for the purpose. Chopin certainly was not likely to tell his friend the worst about his health.] it was not till later, although still in the early days of their sojourn in Majorca, that his disease declared itself in a really alarming manner. The cause of this change for the worse was over-fatigue incurred on an excursion which he made with his friends to a hermitage three miles [FOOTNOTE: George Sand does not say what kind of miles] distant from Valdemosa; the length and badness of the road alone would have been more than enough to exhaust his fund of strength, but in addition to these hardships they had, on returning, to

encounter a violent wind which threw them down repeatedly. Bronchitis, from which he had previously suffered, was now followed by a nervous excitement that produced several symptoms of laryngeal phthisis. [FOOTNOTE: In the Histoire de ma Vie George Sand Bays: "From the beginning of winter, which set in all at once with a diluvian rain, Chopin showed, suddenly also, all the symptoms of pulmonary affection."] The physician, judging of the disease by the symptoms that presented themselves at the time of his visits, mistook its real nature, and prescribed bleeding, milk diet, &c. Chopin felt instinctively that all this would be injurious to him, that bleeding would even be fatal. George Sand, who was an experienced nurse, and whose opportunities for observing were less limited than those of the physician, had the same presentiment. After a long and anxious struggle she decided to disregard the strongly-urged advice of the physician and to obey the voice that said to her, even in her sleep: "Bleeding will kill him; but if you save him from it, he will not die," She was persuaded that this voice was the voice of Providence, and that by obeying it she saved her friend's life. What Chopin stood most in need of in his weakness and languor was a strengthening diet, and that, unfortunately, was impossible to procure:—

What would I not have given to have had some bee
glass of Bordeaux wine to offer to our invalid e
Majorcan food, and especially the manner in whic
prepared when we were not there with eye and har
an invincible disgust. Shall I tell you how well
disgust was? One day when a lean chicken was put
we saw jumping on its steaming back enormous Mat
[FOOTNOTE: Anglice "fleas."] of which Hoffmann w

as many evil spirits, but which he certainly wou
eaten in gravy. My children laughed so heartily
nearly fell under the table.

Chopin's most ardent wish was to get away from Majorca and back to France. But for some time he was too weak to travel, and when he had got a little stronger, contrary winds prevented the steamer from leaving the port. The following words of George Sand depict vividly our poor Carthusian friends' situation in all its gloom:—

As the winter advanced, sadness more and more pa
efforts at gaiety and cheerfulness. The state of
grew always worse; the wind wailed in the ravine
beat against our windows, the voice of the thunc
through our thick walls and mingled its mournful
the laughter and sports of the children. The eag
vultures, emboldened by the fog, came to devour
sparrows, even on the pomegranate tree which sha
The raging sea kept the ships in the harbours; w
ourselves prisoners, far from all enlightened he
all efficacious sympathy. Death seemed to hover
to seize one of us, and we were alone in contenc
for his prey.

If George Sand's serenity and gaiety succumbed to these influences, we may easily imagine how much more they oppressed Chopin, of whom she tells us that—

The mournful cry of the famished eagle and the g
desolation of the yew trees covered with snow sa
much longer and more keenly than the perfume of
trees, the gracefulness of the vines, and the Mo
the labourers gladdened him.

The above-quoted letters have already given us

some hints of how the prisoners of Valdemosa passed their time. In the morning there were first the day's provisions to be procured and the rooms to be tidied —which latter business could not be entrusted to Maria Antonia without the sacrifice of their night's rest. [FOOTNOTE: George Sand's share of the household work was not so great as she wished to make the readers of Un Hiver a Majorque believe, for it consisted, as we gather from her letters, only in giving a helping hand to her maid, who had undertaken to cook and clean up, but found that her strength fell short of the requirements.] Then George Sand would teach her children for some hours. These lessons over, the young ones ran about and amused themselves for the rest of the day, while their mother sat down to her literary studies and labours. In the evening they either strolled together through the moonlit cloisters or read in their cell, half of the night being generally devoted by the novelist to writing. George Sand says in the "Histoire de ma Vie" that she wrote a good deal and read beautiful philosophical and historical works when she was not nursing her friend. The latter, however, took up much of her time, and prevented her from getting out much, for he did not like to be left alone, nor, indeed, could he safely be left long alone. Sometimes she and her children would set out on an expedition of discovery, and satisfy their curiosity and pleasantly while away an hour or two in examining the various parts of the vast aggregation of buildings; or the whole party would sit round the stove and laugh over the rehearsal of the morning's transactions with the villagers. Once they witnessed even a ball in this sanctuary. It was on Shrove-Tuesday, after dark, that their attention was roused by a strange, crackling noise. On going to the door of

their cell they could see nothing, but they heard the noise approaching. After a little there appeared at the opposite end of the cloister a faint glimmer of white light, then the red glare of torches, and at last a crew the sight of which made their flesh creep and their hair stand on end—he-devils with birds' heads, horses' tails, and tinsel of all colours; she-devils or abducted shepherdesses in white and pink dresses; and at the head of them Lucifer himself, horned and, except the blood-red face, all black. The strange noise, however, turned out to be the rattling of castanets, and the terrible-looking figures a merry company of rich farmers and well-to-do villagers who were going to have a dance in Maria Antonia's cell. The orchestra, which consisted of a large and a small guitar, a kind of high-pitched violin, and from three to four pairs of castanets, began to play indigenous jotas and fandangos which, George Sand tells us, resemble those of Spain, but have an even bolder form and more original rhythm. The critical spectators thought that the dancing of the Majorcans was not any gayer than their singing, which was not gay at all, and that their boleros had "la gravite des ancetres, et point de ces graces profanes qu'on admire en Andalousie." Much of the music of these islanders was rather interesting than pleasing to their visitors. The clicking of the castanets with which they accompany their festal processions, and which, unlike the broken and measured rhythm of the Spaniards, consists of a continuous roll like that of a drum "battant aux champs," is from time to time suddenly interrupted in order to sing in unison a coplita on a phrase which always recommences but never finishes. George Sand shares the opinion of M. Tastu that the principal Majorcan rhythms and favourite fioriture are Arabic in type and origin.

Of quite another nature was the music that might be heard in those winter months in one of the cells of the monastery of Valdemosa. "With what poesy did his music fill this sanctuary, even in the midst of his most grievous troubles!" exclaims George Sand. I like to picture to myself the vaulted cell, in which Pleyel's piano sounded so magnificently, illumined by a lamp, the rich traceries of the Gothic chair shadowed on the wall, George Sand absorbed in her studies, her children at play, and Chopin pouring out his soul in music.

It would be a mistake to think that those months which the friends spent in Majorca were for them a time of unintermittent or even largely-predominating wretchedness. Indeed, George Sand herself admits that, in spite of the wildness of the country and the pilfering habits of the people, their existence might have been an agreeable one in this romantic solitude had it not been for the sad spectacle of her companion's sufferings and certain days of serious anxiety about his life. And now I must quote a. long but very important passage from the "Histoire de ma Vie":—

The poor great artist was a detestable patient.
feared, but unfortunately not enough, happened.
completely demoralised. Bearing pain courageous
could not overcome the disquietude of his imagi
monastery was for him full of terrors and phant
he was well. He did not say so, and I had to gu
returning from my nocturnal explorations in the
children, I found him at ten o'clock at night b
piano, his face pale, his eyes wild, and his ha
standing on end. It was some moments before he
recognise us.

He then made an attempt to laugh, and played to

things he had just composed, or rather, to be n
terrible or heartrending ideas which had taken
him, as it were without his knowledge, in that
solitude, sadness, and terror.

It was there that he composed the most beautifu
short pages he modestly entitled "Preludes." Th
masterpieces. Several present to the mind visic
monks and the sounds of the funeral chants whic
imagination; others are melancholy and sweet—th
to him in the hours of sunshine and of health,
of the children's laughter under the window, th
sound of guitars, the warbling of the birds amc
foliage, and the sight of the pale little full-
the snow.

Others again are of a mournful sadness, and, wh
the ear, rend the heart. There is one of them w
to him on a dismal rainy evening which produces
mental depression. We had left him well that da
I, and had gone to Palma to buy things we requi
encampment. The rain had come on, the torrents
overflowed, we had travelled three leagues in s
return in the midst of the inundation, and we a
dead of night, without boots, abandoned by our
passed through unheard-of dangers. We made hast
anticipating the anxiety of our invalid. It had
great, but it had become as it were congealed i
calm despair, and he played his wonderful prelu
seeing us enter he rose, uttering a great cry,
to us, with a wild look and in a strange tone:
well that you were dead!"

When he had come to himself again, and saw the
we were, he was ill at the retrospective specta
dangers; but he confessed to me afterwards that
for our return he had seen all this in a dream
longer distinguishing this dream from reality,
calm and been almost lulled to sleep while play
believing that he was dead himself. He saw hims

a lake; heavy and ice-cold drops of water fell
intervals upon his breast, and when I drew his
those drops of water which were actually fallir
intervals upon the roof, he denied having hearc
even vexed at what I translated by the term imi
harmony. He protested with all his might, and h
against the puerility of these imitations for t
genius was full of mysterious harmonies of natu
by sublime equivalents into his musical thought
servile repetition of external sounds. His comp
this evening was indeed full of the drops of ra
resounded on the sonorous tiles of the monaster
were transformed in his imagination and his mus
falling from heaven on his heart.

Although George Sand cannot be acquitted of the charge of exaggerating the weak points in her lover's character, what she says about his being a detestable patient seems to have a good foundation in fact. Gutmann, who nursed him often, told me that his master was very irritable and difficult to manage in sickness. On the other hand, Gutmann contradicted George Sand's remarks about the Preludes, saying that Chopin composed them before starting on his journey. When I mentioned to him that Fontana had made a statement irreconcilable with his, and suggested that Chopin might have composed some of the Preludes in Majorca, Gutmann maintained firmly that every one of them was composed previously, and that he himself had copied them. Now with Chopin's letters to Fontana before us we must come to the conclusion that Gutmann was either under a false impression or confirmed a rash statement by a bold assertion, unless we prefer to assume that Chopin's labours on the Preludes in Majorca were confined to selecting, [FOOTNOTE: Internal evidence suggests that the Preludes consist (to a great extent at least) of pickings from the composer's portfolios,

of pieces, sketches, and memoranda written at various times and kept to be utilised when occasion might offer.] filing, and polishing. My opinion—which not only has probability but also the low opus number (28) and the letters in its favour—is that most of the Preludes, if not all, were finished or sketched before Chopin went to the south, and that a few, if any, were composed and the whole revised at Palma and Valdemosa. Chopin cannot have composed many in Majorca, because a few days after his arrival there he wrote: from Palma (Nov. 15, 1838) to Fontana that he would send the Preludes soon; and it was only his illness that prevented him from doing so. There is one statement in George Sand's above-quoted narrative which it is difficult to reconcile with other statements in "Un Hiver a Majorque" and in her and Chopin's letters. In the just-mentioned book (p. 177) she says that the journey in question was made for the purpose of rescuing the piano from the hands of the custom-house officers; and in a letter of January 15, 1839, to her friend Madame Marliani (quoted on p. 31), which does not contain a word about adventures on a stormy night, [They are first mentioned in the letter of January 20, 1839, quoted on p. 32.] she writes that the piano is still in the clutches of the custom-house officers. From this, I think, we may conclude that it must have taken place after January 15. But, then, how could Chopin have composed on that occasion a Prelude included in a work the manuscript of which he sent away on the lath? Still, this does not quite settle the question. Is it not possible that Chopin may have afterwards substituted the new Prelude for one of those already forwarded to France? To this our answer must be that it is possible, but that the letters do not give any

support to such an assumption. Another and stronger objection would be the uncertainty as to the correctness of the date of the letter. Seeing that so many of Chopin's letters have been published with wrong dates, why not also that of January 12? Unfortunately, we cannot in this case prove or disprove the point by internal evidence. There is, however, one factor we must be especially careful not to forget in our calculations—namely, George Sand's habitual unconscientious inaccuracy; but the nature of her narrative will indeed be a sufficient warning to the reader, for nobody can read it without at once perceiving that it is not a plain, unvarnished recital of facts.

It would be interesting to know which were the compositions that Chopin produced at Valdemosa. As to the Prelude particularly referred to by George Sand, it is generally and reasonably believed to be No. 6 (in B minor). [FOOTNOTE: Liszt, who tells the story differently, brings in the F sharp minor Prelude. (See Liszt's Chopin, new edition, pp. 273 and 274.)] The only compositions besides the Preludes which Chopin mentions in his letters from Majorca are the Ballade, Op, 38, the Scherzo, Op. 39, and the two Polonaises, Op. 40. The peevish, fretful, and fiercely-scornful Scherzo and the despairingly-melancholy second Polonaise (in C minor) are quite in keeping with the moods one imagines the composer to have been in at the time. Nor is there anything discrepant in the Ballade. But if the sadly-ailing composer really created, and not merely elaborated and finished, in Majorca the superlatively-healthy, vigorously-martial, brilliantly-chivalrous Polonaise in A major, we have here a remarkable instance of the mind's ascendency over the body, of its independence of it. This piece, however, may have been conceived under

happier circumstances, just as the gloomy Sonata, Op. 35 (the one in B flat minor, with the funeral march), and the two Nocturnes, Op. 37—the one (in G minor) plaintive, longing, and prayerful; the other (in G major) sunny and perfume-laden—may have had their origin in the days of Chopin's sojourn in the Balearic island. A letter of Chopin's, written from Nohant in the summer of 1839, leaves, as regards the Nocturnes, scarcely room for such a conjecture. On the other hand, we learn from the same letter that he composed at Palma the sad, yearning Mazurka in E minor (No. 2 of Op. 41).

As soon as fair weather set in and the steamer resumed its weekly courses to Barcelona, George Sand and her party hastened to leave the island. The delightful prospects of spring could not detain them.

Our invalid (she says) did not seem to be in a s
the passage, but he seemed equally incapable of
another week in Majorca. The situation was frigh
were days when I lost hope and courage. To consc
Antonia and her village gossips repeated to us i
most edifying discourses on the future life. "Th
person," they said, "is going to hell, first bec
consumptive, secondly, because he does not confe
in this condition when he dies, we shall not bui
consecrated ground, and as nobody will be willin
a grave, his friends will have to manage matters
they can. It remains to be seen how they will ge
difficulty; as for me, I will have Inothing to c
Nor I—Nor I: and Amen!"

In fact, Valdemosa, which at first was enchanting to them, lost afterwards much of its poesy in their eyes. George Sand, as we have seen, said that their sojourn was I in many respects a frightful fiasco; it was so certainly as far as Chopin was concerned, for

he arrived with a cough and left the place spitting blood.

The passage from Palma to Barcelona was not so pleasant as that from Barcelona to Palma had been. Chopin suffered much from sleeplessness, which was caused by the noise and bad smell of the most favoured class of passengers on board the Mallorquin —i.e., pigs. "The captain showed us no other attention than that of begging us not to let the invalid lie down on the best bed of the cabin, because according to Spanish prejudice every illness is contagious; and as our man thought already of burning the couch on which the invalid reposed, he wished it should be the worst." [FOOTNOTE: "Un Hiver a Majorque," pp. 24—25.]

On arriving at Barcelona George Sand wrote from the Mallorquin and sent by boat a note to M. Belves, the officer in command at the station, who at once came in his cutter to take her and her party to the Meleagre, where they were well received by the officers, doctor, and all the crew. It seemed to them as if they had left the Polynesian savages and were once more in civilised society. When they shook hands with the French consul they could contain themselves no longer, but jumped for joy and cried "Vive La France!"

A fortnight after their leaving Palma the Phenicien landed them at Marseilles. The treatment Chopin received from the French captain of this steamer differed widely from that he had met with at the hands of the captain of the Mallorquin; for fearing that the invalid was not quite comfortable in a common berth, he gave him his own bed. [FOOTNOTE: "Un Hiver a Majorque," p. 183.]

An extract from a letter written by George Sand

from Marseilles on March 8, 1839, to her friend Francois Rollinat, which contains interesting details concerning Chopin in the last scenes of the Majorca intermezzo, may fitly conclude this chapter.

Chopin got worse and worse, and in spite of all
service which were made to us in the Spanish mar
not have found a hospitable house in all the isl
we resolved to depart at any price, although Cho
the strength to drag himself along. We asked onl
and a last service—a carriage to convey him to E
we wished to embark. This service was refused to
our FRIENDS had all equipages and fortunes to co
were obliged to travel three leagues on the wors
birlocho [FOOTNOTE: A cabriolet. In a Spainish D
find a birlocho defined as a vehicle open in fro
seats, and two or four wheels. A more detailed d
to be found on p. 101 of George Sand's "Un Hiver
Marjorque."] that is to say, a brouette.

On arriving at Palma, Chopin had a frightful spi
blood; we embarked the following day on the only
the island, which serves to transport pigs to Ba
is no other way of leaving this cursed country.
company of 100 pigs, whose continual cries and t
our patient no rest and no respirable air. He ar
Barcelona still spitting basins full of blood, a
along like a ghost. There, happily, our misfortu
mitigated! The French consul and the commandant
maritime station received us with a hospitality
which one does not know in Spain. We were brough
fine brig of war, the doctor of which, an honest
man, came at once to the assistance of the inval
stopped the hemorrhage of the lung within twenty

From that moment he got better and better. The d
driven in his carriage to an hotel. Chopin reste
week, at the end of which the same vessel which
us to Spain brought us back to France. When we l

at Barcelona the landlord wished to make us pay
which Chopin had slept, under the pretext that i
infected, and that the police regulations oblige
it.

CHAPTER XXII.

STAY AT MARSEILLES (FROM MARCH TO MAY, 1839) AS DESCRIBED IN CHOPIN'S AND MADAME SAND'S LETTERS.—HIS STATE OF HEALTH.—COMPOSITIONS AND THEIR PUBLICATION.—PLAYING THE ORGAN AT A FUNERAL SERVICE FOR NOURRIT.—AN EXCURSION TO GENOA.—DEPARTURE FOR NOHANT.

As George Sand and her party were obliged to stop at Marseilles, she had Chopin examined by Dr. Cauviere. This celebrated physician thought him in great danger, but, on seeing him recover rapidly, augured that with proper care his patient might nevertheless live a long time. Their stay at Marseilles was more protracted than they intended and desired; in fact, they did not start for Nohant till the 22nd of May. Dr. Cauviere would not permit Chopin to leave Marseilles before summer; but whether this was the only cause of the long sojourn of the Sand party in the great commercial city, or whether there were others, I have not been able to discover. Happily, we have first-hand information—namely, letters of Chopin and George Sand—to throw a little light on these months of the pianist-composer's life. As to his

letters, their main contents consist of business matters—wranglings about terms, abuse of publishers, &c. Here and there, however, we find also a few words about his health, characteristic remarks about friends and acquaintances, interesting hints about domestic arrangements and the like—the allusion (in the letter of March 2, 1839) to a will made by him some time before, and which he wishes to be burned, will be read with some curiosity.

An extract or two from the letter which George Sand wrote on March 8, 1839, to Francois Rollinat, launches us at once in medias res.

At last we are in Marseilles. Chopin has stood t
very well. He is very weak here, but is doing ir
better in all respects, and is in the hands of I
an excellent man and excellent physician, who ta
care of him, and who answers for his recovery. W
last, but after how many troubles and anxieties!
here to the address of Dr. Cauviere, Rue de Rome

Chopin charges me to shake you heartily by the h
Maurice and Solange embrace you. They are wonder
Maurice has completely recovered.

Chopin to Fontana; Marseilles, March 2, 1839:—

You no doubt learned from Grzymala of the state
and my manuscripts. Two months ago I sent you fi
Preludes. After making a copy of them for Probst
the money from him, you were to give to Leo 1,00
out of the 1,500 francs which Pleyel was to give
Preludes I wrote you to pay Nougi and one term t
landlord. In the same letter, if I am not mistak
you to give notice of my leaving the apartments;
not done before April, I should be obliged to re
the next quarter, till July.

The second batch of manuscripts may have now rea
it must have remained a long time at the custom-
sea, and again at the custom-house.

I also wrote to Pleyel with the Preludes that I
Ballade (which I sold to Probst for Germany) for
For the two Polonaises I asked 1,500 francs for
England, and Germany (the right of Probst is cor
Ballade). It seems to me that this is not too de

In this way you ought to get, on receiving the s
manuscripts, from Pleyel 2,500 francs, and from
the Ballade, 500 or 600 francs, I do not quite r
makes altogether 3,000 francs.

I asked Grzymala if he could send me immediately
francs, which need not prevent him from sending
rest. Thus much for business.

Now if, which I doubt, you succeed in getting ap
next month, divide my furniture amongst you thre
Johnnie, and you. Johnnie has the most room, alt
most sense, judging from the childish letter he
For his telling me that I should become a Camalc
take all the shabby things. Do not overload Grzy
and take to your house what you judge necessary
serviceable to you, as I do not know whether I s
Paris in summer (keep this to yourself). At all
will always write one another, and if, as I expe
necessary to keep my apartments till July, I beg
look after them and pay the quarterly rent.

For your sincere and truly affectionate letter y
answer in the second Polonaise. [FOOTNOTE: See r
note.] It is not my fault that I am like a mushr
poisons when you unearth and taste it. I know I
anything been of service to anyone, but also not
myself.

I told you that in the first drawer of my writir
the door there was a paper which you or Grzymala
might unseal on a certain occasion. Now I beg o
it out and, WITHOUT READING IT, BURN IT. Do this
you, for friendship's sake. This paper is now o

If Anthony leaves without sending you the money,
much in the Polish style; nota bene, do not say
about it. Try to see Pleyel; tell him I have rec
from him, and that his pianino is entrusted to s
Does he agree to the transaction I proposed to h

The letters from home reached me all three toget
yours, before going on board the vessel. I again

I thank you for the friendly help you give me, w
strong. My love to Johnnie, tell him that I did
them, or rather that they were not permitted, to
that I wear vesicatories, that I am coughing a v
the morning, and that I am not yet at all looked
consumptive person. I drink neither coffee nor w
Lastly, I keep myself warm, and look like a girl

Chopin to Fontana; Marseilles, March 6, 1839:—

My health is still improving; I begin to play, e
speak, like other men; and when you receive thes
from me you will see that I again write with eas
more of business. I would like very much that my
should be dedicated to Pleyel (surely there is s
they are not yet printed) and the Ballade to Rob
The Polonaises, as they are, to you and to Kessl
does not like to give up the dedication of the E
will dedicate the Preludes to Schumann.

[FOOTNOTE: The final arrangement was that Op. 38
"Deuxieme Ballade," was dedicated to Robert Schu
the "Deux Polonaises," to Julius Fontana; the Fr
English edition of Op. 28, "Vingt-quatre Prelude
Pleyel, and the German editon to J. C. Kessler.]

Garczynski called upon me yesterday on his way h
he is the only person that I have received, for
door well shut to all amateurs of music and lite

Of the change of dedication you will inform Prob
you have arranged with Pleyel.

From the money obtained you will give Grzymala 5
rest, 2,500 francs, you will send me as soon as

Love me and write.

Pardon me if I overwhelm you too much with commi
not be afraid, these are not the last. I think y
willingly what I ask you.

My love to Johnnie.

Chopin to Fontana; Marseilles, March 10, 1839:—

Thanks for your trouble. I did not expect Jewish
Pleyel; but if it is so, I beg of you to give hi
letter, unless he makes no difficulties about th
the Polonaises. On the other hand, on receiving
Ballade 500 francs from Probst, you will take it
Schlesinger. If one has to deal with Jews, let i
with orthodox ones. Probst may cheat me still wo
bird you will not catch. Schlesinger used to che
gained enough by me, and he will not reject new
be polite to him. Though a Jew, he nevertheless
for something better.

Thus, should Pleyel make the least difficulties,
to Schlesinger, and tell him that I give him the
France and England for 800 francs, and the Polon
Germany, England, and France for 1,500 francs (s
be inclined to give so much, give them for 1,400
even for 1,200 francs). If he mentions the Prelu
say that it is a thing long ago promised to Pley

to be the publisher of them; that he asked them
favour before my departure from Paris—as was rea
You see, my very dear friend, for Pleyel I could
Schlesinger, but for Probst I cannot. What is it
Schlesinger makes Probst pay dearer for my manus
Probst pays dear for them to Schlesinger, it sho
latter cheats me, paying me too little. After al
no establishment in Paris. For all my printed th
Schlesinger paid me at once, and Probst very oft
wait for money. If he will not have them all, gi
Ballade separately, and the Polonaises separatel
latest within two weeks. If he does not accept t
apply to Probst. Being such an admirer of mine,
pay less than Pleyel. You will deliver my letter
only if he makes any difficulties.

Dear me! this Pleyel who is such an adorer of mi
perhaps, that I shall never return to Paris alive
come back, and shall pay him a visit, and thank
Leo.

I enclose a note to Schlesinger, in which I give
authority to act in this matter.

I feel better every day; nevertheless, you will
portier these fifty francs, to which I completel
my doctor does not permit me to move from here b

Mickiewicz's "Dziady" I received yesterday. What
with my papers?

The letters you will leave in the writing-desk,
music to Johnnie, or take it to your own house.
table that stands in the anteroom there are also
must lock it well.

My love to Johnnie, I am glad he is better.

Chopin to Fontana; March 17, 1839:—

I thank you for all your efforts. Pleyel is a sc
Probst a scape-grace. He never gave me 1,000 fra
manuscripts. Very likely you have received my lc
about Schlesinger, therefore I wish you and beg
that letter of mine to Pleyel, who thinks my mar
dear. If I have to sell them cheap, I would rath
Schlesinger than look for new and improbable cor
Schlesinger can always count upon England, and a
with Wessel, he may sell them to whomsoever he l
with the Polonaises in Germany, for Probst is a
have known a long time. As regards the money, yc
unequivocal agreement, and do not give the manus
for cash. I send you a reconnaissance for Pleyel
astonishes me that he absolutely wants it, as it
trust me and you.

Dear me, this Pleyel who said that Schlesinger p
500 francs for a manuscript for all the countrie
too dear! I assure you I prefer to deal with a r
Probst, that good-for-nothing fellow, who pays m
for my mazurkas! You see, the last mazurkas brou
ease 800 francs—namely, Probst 300 francs, Schle
and Wessel 100. I prefer giving my manuscripts a
a very low price to stooping before these...I pr
submissive to one Jew to being so to three. Ther
Schlesinger, but perhaps you settled with Pleyel

Oh, men, men! But this Mrs. Migneron, she too is
However, Fortune turns round, I may yet live and
this lady will come and ask you for some leather
say, you are aiming at being a shoemaker. I beg
shoes neither for Pleyel nor for Probst.

Do not yet speak to anyone of the Scherzo [Op. 3
know when I shall finish it, for I am still weak
write.

As yet I have no idea when I shall see you. My l
Grzymala; and give him such furniture as he will
Johnnie take the rest from the apartments. I do

him, but I love him always. Tell him this, and g
love.

Wodzinski still astonishes me.

When you receive the money from Pleyel, pay firs
landlord's rent, and send me immediately 500 fra
the receipt for Pleyel the Op. blank, for I do r
the following number.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Marseilles, April 22, 1839:—

...I was also occupied with the removal from one
another. Notwithstanding all his efforts and inq
doctor was not able to find me a corner in the c
pass the month of April.

I am pretty tired of this town of merchants and
where the intellectual life is wholly unknown; h
still shut up for the month of April.

Further on in the letter, after inviting Madame Marliani and her husband to come to Nohant in May, she proceeds thus:—

He [M. Marliani] loves the country, and I shall
him as regards rural pleasures, while you [Madam
will philosophise at the piano with Chopin. It c
said that he enjoys himself in Marseilles; but h
himself to recover patiently.

The following letter of Chopin to Fontana, which Karasowski thinks was written at Valdemosa in the middle of February, ought to be dated Marseilles, April, 1839:—

As they are such Jews, keep everything till my r
Preludes I have sold to Pleyel (I received from
francs). He is entitled to do with them what he
to the Ballades and Polonaises, sell them neithe
Schlesinger nor to Probst. But whatever may happ
Schonenberger [FOOTNOTE: A Paris music-publisher
anything to do. Therefore, if you gave the Balla
take it back, even though he offered a thousand.
him that I have asked you to keep it till my ret
I am back we shall see.

Enough of these...Enough for me and for you.

My very life, I beg of you to forgive me all the
have really been busying yourself like a friend,
will have still on your shoulders my removal. I
to pay the cost of the removal. As to the portie
likely tells lies, but who will prove it? You mu
order to stop his barking.

My love to Johnnie, I will write to him when I a
spirits. My health is improved, but I am in a ra
Johnnie that from Anthony as well as from me he
neither word nor money.

Yesterday I received your letter, together with
Pleyel and Johnnie.

If Clara Wieck pleased you, that is good, for no
better than she does. When you see her give her
compliments, and also to her father.

Did I happen to lend you Witwicki's songs? I car
I only ask for them in case you should chance to

Chopin to Fontana; Marseilles, March 25 [should no doubt be April 25], 1839:—

I received your letter, in which you let me know

particulars of the removal. I have no words to t
your true, friendly help. The particulars were v
interesting to me. But I am sorry that you compl
Johnnie is spitting blood. Yesterday I played fo
the organ, you see by this that I am better. Som
to myself at home, but as yet I can neither sing

Although the news of my mother is welcome, its h
originated by Plat... is enough to make one cons
falsehood.

The warm weather has set in here, and I shall ce
leave Marseilles before May, and then go somewhe
south of France.

It is not likely that we shall soon have news fr
Why should he write? Perhaps to pay his debts? E
customary in Poland. The reason Raciborski appre
much is that you have no Polish habits, nota ber
Polish habits you know and I mean.

You are staying at No. 26 [Chaussee d'Antin]. Ar
comfortable? On what floor, and how much do you
more and more interest in these matters, for I a
obliged to think of new apartments, but not till
return to Paris.

I had only that letter from Pleyel which he sent
it is a month ago or more. Write to the same add
Hotel Beauveau.

Perhaps you did not understand what I said above
having played for Nourrit. His body was brought
carried to Paris. There was a Requiem Mass for h
asked by his friends to play on the organ during
Elevation.

Did Miss Wieck play my Etude well? Could she not
something better than just this etude, the least
for those who do not know that it is written for

keys? It would have been far better to do nothir
[FOOTNOTE: Clara Wieck gave a concert in Paris c
1839. The study in question is No. 5 of Op. 10 ,
Only the right hand plays throughout on black ke

In conclusion, I have nothing more to write, exc
you good luck in the new house. Hide my manuscri
may not appear printed before the time. If the F
printed, that is Pleyel's trick. But I do not ca
Mischievous Germans, rascally Jews...! Finish th
you know them as well as I do.

Give my love to Johnnie and Grzymaia if you see

FREDERICK.

One subject mentioned in this letter deserves a fuller explanation than Chopin vouchsafes. Adolphe Nourrit, the celebrated tenor singer, had in a state of despondency, caused by the idea that since the appearance of his rival Duprez his popularity was on the wane, put an end to his life by throwing himself out of a window at Naples on the 8th of March, 1839. [FOOTNOTE: This is the generally-accepted account of Nourrit's death. But Madame Garcia, the mother of the famous Malibran, who at the time was staying in the same house, thought it might have been an accident, the unfortuante artist having in the dark opened a window on a level with the floor instead of a door. (See Fetis: Biographie universelle des Musiciens.)] Madame Nourrit brought her husband's body to Paris, and it was on the way thither that a funeral service was held at Marseilles for the much-lamented man and singer.

Le Sud, Journal de la Mediterranee of April 25, 1839, [FOOTNOTE: Quoted in L. M. Quicherat's Adolphe Nourrit, sa vie, son talent, son caractere] shall tell us of Chopin's part in this service:—

At the Elevation of the Host were heard the mela
of the organ. It was M. Chopin, the celebrated p
came to place a souvenir on the coffin of Nourri
souvenir! a simple melody of Schubert, but the s
so filled us with enthusiasm when Nourrit reveal
Marseilles—the melody of Les Astres. [FOOTNOTE:
is the original German title of this song.]

A less colourless account, one full of interesting facts and free from conventional newspaper sentiment and enthusiasm, we find in a letter of Chopin's companion.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Marseilles, April 28, 1839:—

The day before yesterday I saw Madame Nourrit wi
children, and the seventh coming shortly...Poor
woman! what a return to France! accompanying thi
she herself super-intending the packing, transpo
unpacking [charger, voiturer, deballer] of it li

They held here a very meagre service for the poo
the bishop being ill-disposed. This was in the l
of Notre-Dame-du-Mont. I do not know if the sing
intentionally, but I never heard such false sing
devoted himself to playing the organ at the Elev
organ! A false, screaming instrument, which had
for the purpose of being out of tune. Neverthele
LITTLE ONE [votre petit] made the most of it. He
least shrill stops, and played Les Astres, not i
enthusiastic style as Nourrit used to sing it, b
plaintive and soft style, like the far-off echo
world. Two, at the most three, were there who de
this, and our eyes filled with tears.

The rest of the audience, who had gone there en
been led by curiosity to pay as much as fifty ce
chair (an unheard-of price for Marseilles), were

disappointed; for it was expected that he would
tremendous noise and break at least two or three
expected also to see me, in full dress, in the v
the choir; what not? They did not see me at all;
in the organ-loft, and through the balustrade I
coffin of poor Nourrit.

Thanks to the revivifying influences of spring and Dr. Cauviere's attention and happy treatment, Chopin was able to accompany George Sand on a trip to Genoa, that vaga gemma del mar, fior delta terra. It gave George Sand much pleasure to see again, now with her son Maurice by her side, the beautiful edifices and pictures of the city which six years before she had visited with Musset. Chopin was probably not strong enough to join his friends in all their sight-seeing, but if he saw Genoa as it presents itself on being approached from the sea, passed along the Via Nuova between the double row of magnificent palaces, and viewed from the cupola of S. Maria in Carignano the city, its port, the sea beyond, and the stretches of the Riviera di Levante and Riviera di Ponente, he did not travel to Italy in vain. Thus Chopin got at last a glimpse of the land where nine years before he had contemplated taking up his abode for some time.

On returning to Marseilles, after a stormy passage, on which Chopin suffered much from sea-sickness, George Sand and her party rested for a few days at the house of Dr. Cauviere, and then set out, on the 22nd of May, for Nohant.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Marseilles, May 20, 1839:—

We have just arrived from Genoa, in a terrible s
weather kept us on sea double the ordinary time;

of rolling such as I have not seen for a long ti
fine spectacle, and if everybody had not been il
have greatly enjoyed it...

We shall depart the day after to-morrow for Noha
your next letter to me there, we shall be there
My carriage has arrived from Chalon at Arles by
shall post home very quietly, sleeping at the in
bourgeois.

CHAPTER XXIII.

JUNE TO OCTOBER, 1839.

GEORGE SAND AND CHOPIN'S RETURN TO NOHANT.—STATE OF HIS HEALTH.—HIS POSITION IN HIS FRIEND'S HOUSE.—HER ACCOUNT OF THEIR RELATIONSHIP.—HIS LETTERS TO FONTANA, WHICH, AMONG MANY OTHER MATTERS, TREAT OF HIS COMPOSITIONS AND OF PREPARATIONS TO BE MADE FOR HIS AND GEORGE SAND'S ARRIVAL IN PARIS.

The date of one of George Sand's letters shows that the travellers were settled again at Nohant on the 3rd of June, 1839. Dr. Papet, a rich friend of George Sand's, who practised his art only for the benefit of the poor and his friends, took the convalescent Chopin at once under his care. He declared that his patient showed no longer any symptoms of pulmonary affection, but was suffering merely from a slight chronic laryngeal affection which, although he

did not expect to be able to cure it, need not cause any serious alarm.

On returning to Nohant, George Sand had her mind much exercised by the question how to teach her children. She resolved to undertake the task herself, but found she was not suited for it, at any rate, could not acquit herself of it satisfactorily without giving up writing. This question, however, was not the only one that troubled her.

In the irresolution in which I was for a time re arrangement of my life with a view to what would my dear children, a serious question was debated conscience. I asked myself if I ought to entertai which Chopin had formed of taking up his abode i should not have hesitated to say "no," had I kno how short a time the retired life and the solemn country suited his moral and physical health. I attributed his despair and horror of Majorca to of fever and the exces de caractere of that plac offered pleasanter conditions, a less austere re congenial society, and resources in case of illn to him an enlightened and kind physician. Fleury Duvernet, and their families, Planet, and especi were dear to him at first sight. All of them lov and felt disposed to spoil him as I did.

Among those with whom the family at Nohant had much intercourse, and who were frequent guests at the chateau, was also an old acquaintance of ours, one who had not grown in wisdom as in age, I mean George Sand's half-brother, Hippolyte Chatiron, who was now again living in Berry, his wife having inherited the estate of Montgivray, situated only half a league from Nohant.

His warmth of manner, his inexhaustible gaiety,

originality of his sallies, his enthusiastic and
effusions of admiration for the genius of Chopin
respectful deference which he showed to him alon
inevitable and terrible apres-boire, found favou
eminently-aristocratic artist. All, then, went v
first, and I entertained eventually the idea tha
rest and regain his health by spending a few sum
his work necessarily calling him back to Paris a

However, the prospect of this kind of family uni
newly-made friend caused me to reflect. I felt a
task which I was about to undertake, and which I
would be limited to the journey in Spain.

In short, George Sand presents herself as a sister of mercy, who, prompted by charity, sacrifices her own happiness for that of another. Contemplating the possibility of her son falling ill and herself being thereby deprived of the joys of her work, she exclaims: "What hours of my calm and invigorating life should I be able to devote to another patient, much more difficult to nurse and comfort than Maurice?"

The discussion of this matter by George Sand is so characteristic of her that, lengthy as it is, I cannot refrain from giving it in full.

A kind of terror seized me in presence of a new
was to take upon me. I was not under the illusio
I had for the artist a kind of maternal adoratio
very warm, very real, but which could not for a
with maternal love, the only chaste feeling whic
passionate.

I was still young enough to have perhaps to cont
with passion properly so called. This contingenc
of my situation, and of the destiny of artistic
especially when they have a horror of passing di

alarmed me much, and, resolved as I was never to
influence which might divert me from my children
less, but still possible danger in the tender fr
which Chopin inspired me.

Well, after reflection, this danger disappeared
assumed an opposite character—that of a preserva
emotions which I no longer wished to know. One o
life, already so full of and so overburdened wit
appeared to me one chance more to attain the aus
which I felt myself attracted with a kind of rel
enthusiasm.

If this is a sincere confession, we can only wonder at the height of self-deception attainable by the human mind; if, however, it is meant as a justification, we cannot but be surprised at the want of skill displayed by the generally so clever advocate. In fact, George Sand has in no instance been less happy in defending her conduct and in setting forth her immaculate virtuousness. The great words "chastity" and "maternity" are of course not absent. George Sand could as little leave off using them as some people can leave off using oaths. In either case the words imply much more than is intended by those from whose mouths or pens they come. A chaste woman speculating on "real love" and "passing diversions," as George Sand does here, seems to me a strange phenomenon. And how charmingly naive is the remark she makes regarding her relations with Chopin as a "PRESERVATIVE against emotions which she no longer wished to know"! I am afraid the concluding sentence, which in its unction is worthy of Pecksniff, and where she exhibits herself as an ascetic and martyr in all the radiance of saintliness, will not have the desired effect, but will make the reader laugh as loud as Musset is said to have done when she upbraided him with his ungratefulness to

her, who had been devoted to him to the utmost bounds of self-abnegation, to the sacrifice of her noblest impulses, to the degradation of her chaste nature.

George Sand, looking back in later years on this period of her life, thought that if she had put into execution her project of becoming the teacher of her children, and of shutting herself up all the year round at Nohant, she would have saved Chopin from the danger which, unknown to her, threatened him—namely, the danger of attaching himself too absolutely to her. At that time, she says, his love was not so great but that absence would have diverted him from it. Nor did she consider his affection exclusive. In fact, she had no doubt that the six months which his profession obliged him to pass every year in Paris would, "after a few days of malaise and tears," have given him back to "his habits of elegance, exquisite success, and intellectual coquetry." The correctness of the facts and the probability of the supposition may be doubted. At any rate, the reasons which led her to assume the non-exclusiveness of Chopin's affection are simply childish. That he spoke to her of a romantic love-affair he had had in Poland, and of sweet attractions he had afterwards experienced in Paris, proves nothing. What she says about his mother having been his only passion is still less to the point. But reasoning avails little, and the strength of Chopin's love was not put to the test. He went, indeed, in the autumn of 1839 to Paris, but not alone; George Sand, professedly for the sake of her children's education, went there likewise. "We were driven by fate," she says, "into the bonds of a long connection, and both of us entered into it unawares." The words "driven by fate," and "entered into it unawares," sound strange,

if we remember that they apply not to a young girl who, inexperienced and confiding, had lost herself in the mazes of life, but to a novelist skilled in the reading of human hearts, to a constantly-reasoning and calculating woman, aged 35, who had better reasons than poor Amelia in Schiller's play for saying "I have lived and loved."

After all this reasoning, moralising, and sentimentalising, it is pleasant to be once more face to face with facts, of which the following letters, written by Chopin to Fontana during the months from June to October, 1839, contain a goodly number. The rather monotonous publishing transactions play here and there again a prominent part, but these Nohant letters are on the whole more interesting than the Majorca letters, and decidedly more varied as regards contents than those he wrote from Marseilles—they tell us much more of the writer's tastes and requirements, and even reveal something of his relationship to George Sand. Chopin, it appears to me, did not take exactly the same view of this relationship as the novelist. What will be read with most interest are Chopin's directions as to the decoration and furnishing of his rooms, the engagement of a valet, the ordering of clothes and a hat, the taking of a house for George Sand, and certain remarks made en passant on composers and other less-known people.

[I.]

...The best part of your letter is your address, already forgotten, and without which I do not kr have answered you so soon; but the worst is the Albrecht. [FOOTNOTE: See p.27 foot-note 7.]

You wish to know when I shall be back. When the
rainy weather begins, for I must breathe fresh a

Johnnie has left. I don't know if he asked you t
me the letters from my parents should any arrive
absence and be sent to his usual address. Perhap
of it, perhaps not. I should be very sorry if ar
miscarried. It is not long since I had a letter
they will not write soon, and by this time he, w
and good, will be in good health and return.

I am composing here a Sonata in B flat minor, in
the Funeral March which you have already. There
then a "Scherzo" in E flat minor, the "March," a
"Finale" of about three pages. The left hand uni
right hand are gossiping [FOOTNOTE: "Lewa reka u
prawa, ogaduja po Marszu."] after the March. I h
"Nocturne" in G major, which will go along with
in G minor, [FOOTNOTE: "Deux Nocturnes," Op.37.]
remember such a one.

You know that I have four new mazurkas: one from
minor, three from here in B major, A flat major,
minor. [FOOTNOTE: Quatre mazurkas, Op. 41.] They
pretty, as the youngest children usually do when
grow old.

Otherwise I do nothing; I correct for myself the
edition of Bach; not only the stroke-makers' [FO
Polish strycharz, the usual meaning of which is
Chopin may have played upon the word. A mistake,
likewise possible, as the Polish for engraver is
(engravers') errors, but, I think, the harmonic
committed by those who pretend to understand Bac
it with the pretension that I understand him bet
but from a conviction that I sometimes guess how
be.

You see I have praised myself enough to you.

Now, if Grzymata will visit me (which is doubtfu
through him Weber for four hands. Also the last
in manuscript, as I wish to change something in
like very much to have your copy of the last maz
have such a thing, for I do not know if my galla
far as to give you a copy.

Pleyel wrote to me that you were very obliging,
corrected the Preludes. Do you know how much Wes
for them? It would be well to know this for the

My father has written to me that my old sonata h
published by Haslinger, and that the Germans pra
[FOOTNOTE: There must have been some misunderst
Sonata, Op. 4, was not published till 1851.]

I have now, counting those you have, six manuscr
devil take them if they get them for nothing. Pl
do me any service with his offers, for he thereb
Schlesinger indifferent about me. But I hope thi
right, f wrote to ask him to let me know if he h
for the piano sent to Palma, and I did so becaus
consul in Majorca, whom I know very well, was to
and had he not been paid, it would have been ver
for me to settle this affair at such a distance.
he is paid, and very liberally, as he wrote to m
week.

Write to me what sort of lodgings you have. Do y
the club?

Woyciechowski wrote to me to compose an oratorio
him in the letter to my parents. Why does he bui
refinery and not a monastery of Camaldolites or
Dominican sisters!

[2.]

I give you my most hearty thanks for your upright

not English but Polish soul.

Select paper (wall-paper) such as I had formerly
(dove colour), only bright and glossy, for the t
dark green with not too broad stripes. For the a
something else, but still respectable. Neverthel
are any nicer and more fashionable papers that a
liking, and you think that I also will like them
them. I prefer the plain, unpretending, and neat
common shopkeeper's staring colours. Therefore,
pleases me, for it is neither loud nor does it l
thank you for the servant's room, for it is much

Now, as to the furniture: you will make the best
look to it yourself. I did not dare to trouble y
but if you will be so kind, take it and arrange
to be. I shall ask Grzymala to give money for th
shall write to him about it at once. As to the b
desk, it may be necessary to give them to the ca
be renewed. In this case you will take the paper
writing-desk, and lock them up somewhere else. I
you what you ought to do. Act as you like and ju
necessary. Whatever you may do will be well done
full confidence: this is one thing.

Now the second.

You must write to Wessel—doubtless you have alre
about the Preludes. Let him know that I have six
manuscripts, for which I want 300 francs each (h
is that?). If you think he would not give so muc
first. Inform me also if Probst is in Paris. Fur
for a servant. I should prefer a respectable hon
also Grzymala of it. Stipulate that he is to boa
more than 80 francs. I shall not be in Paris bef
October—keep this, however, to yourself.

My dear friend, the state of Johnnie's health we
strangely on my heart. May God give him what he
of, but he should not allow himself to be cheate

this is neither here nor there. The greatest tru
world is that I shall always love you as a most
kind man and Johnnie as another.

I embrace you both, write each of you and soon,
nothing more than the weather.—Your old more tha
nosed

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[3.]

According to your description and that of Grzyma
found such capital rooms that we are now thinkir
lucky hand, and for this reason a man—and he is
being the portier of George's house—who will rur
find a house for her, is ordered to apply to you
found a few; and you with your elegant tact (you
flatter you) will also examine what he has found
your opinion thereon. The main point is that it
detached, if possible; for instance, a little ho
something in a courtyard, with a view into a gar
there be no garden, into a large court-yard; not
few lodgers—elegant—not higher than the second s
Perhaps some corps de logis, but small, or somet
Perthuis's house, or even smaller. Lastly, shoul
front, the street must not be noisy. In one word
you judge would be good for her. If it could be
much the better; but if it cannot be, this consi
not prevent you.

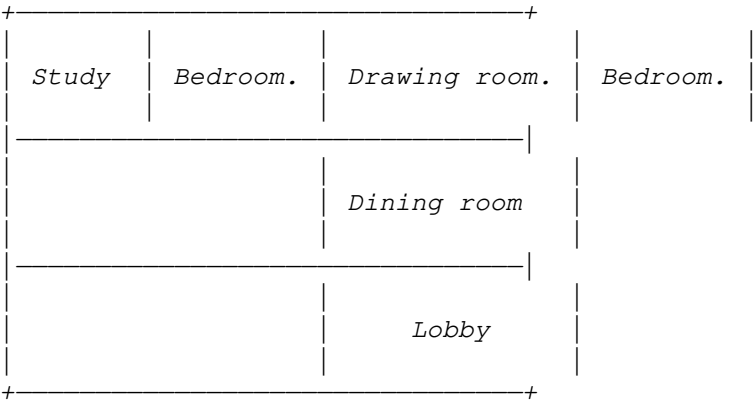
It seems to me that a little hotel in the new st
Clichy, Blanche, or Notre-Dame-de-Lorette, as fa
Martyrs—would be most suitable. Moreover, I send
of the streets where Mr. Mardelle—the portier of
Narbonne, Rue de la Harpe, No. 89, which belongs
will look for a house. If in your leisure time y
out for something in our part of the town, it wo
nice. Fancy, I don't know why, but we think that

something wonderfully good, although it is alrea

The price she wishes to pay is from 2,000 to 2,5 might also give a couple of hundred francs more extra fine should turn up. Grzymala and Arago pr out for something, but in spite of Grzymala's ef acceptable has thus far been found. I have writt he should employ you also in this business of mi MINE, for it is just the same as if it were mine write to him again to-day and tell him that I ha to give your help and use all your talents. It i that there should be three bedrooms, two of whic beside each other and one separated, for instanc drawing-room. Adjoining the third there will be well-lighted cabinet for her study. The other tw small, this one, the third, also not very large. a drawing-room and dining-room in proportion. A kitchen. Two rooms for the servants, and a coal- rooms must of course have inlaid floors, be newl possible, and require no repairs. But a little h separate part of a house in a court-yard looking would be most desirable. There must be tranquil quietness, no blacksmith in the neighbourhood. H stairs. The windows exposed to the sun, absolute south. Further, there must be no smoke, no bad c fine view, a garden, or at least a large court. be best. In the Faubourg St. Germain are many ga the Faubourg St. Honore. Find something quickly, splendid, and near me. As soon as you have any c immediately, don't be lazy; or get hold of Grzym see, both of you, take et que cela finisse. I se of the arrangement of the apartments. If you fir like this, draw the plan, or take it at once, wh better than letting it slip out of your hands.

Mr. Mardelle is a decent man, and no fool, he wa portier. He is ordered to go and see you wheneve anything. You must also on your part be on the l let us keep that between us. I embrace you and c You will have our true gratitude when you find a

[a diagram of the apartments is inserted here ir



Pas de voisinage, surtout blacksmith, nor anythi belongs to him. For God's sake I beg of you take interest in the matter, my dear friend!

[4.]

I thank you for all your kind actions.

In the anteroom you will direct the grey curtair which were in my cabinet with the piano, and in the same that were in the bedroom, only under th muslin ones which were under the grey ones.

I should like to have a little press in my bedro there be not room enough, or the drawing-room be between the windows.

If the little sofa, the same which stood in the could be covered with red, with the same stuff v chairs are covered, it might be placed in the dr but as it would be necessary to call in the upho that, it may be difficult.

It is a good thing that Domaradzki is going to k
surely he will give me back the 80 francs after
should like also to see Podczaski married, and M
(Nakwaska), and Anthony also. Let this remain be
paper, myself, and you.

Find me a valet. Kiss Madame Leo (surely the fir
will be the more pleasant to you, wherefore I re
the second if you will do the first).

Let me know about Probst, whether he is in Paris
not forget Wessel. Tell Gutmann that I was much
he asked for me at least once. To Moscheles, sho
Paris, order to be given an injection of Neukomm
prepared with Berlioz's "Cellini" and Doehler's
Johnnie from me for his breakfast moustaches of
kidneys of parrots, with tomato sauce powdered w
eggs of the microscopic world. You yourself take
whale's infusion as a rest from all the commissi
you, for I know that you will do willingly as mu
will permit, and I shall do the same for you whe
married—of which Johnnie will very likely inform
Only not to Ox, for that is my party.

[5.]

My dear friend,—In five, six, or seven days I sh
Paris. Get things prepared as quickly as possibl
let me find at least the rooms papered and the k

I am hastening my arrival as the presence of Geo
necessary on account of a piece to be played. [E
"Cosima." The first representation, at the Comed
did not take place until April, 1840.] But this
between us. We have fixed our departure for the
morrow; thus, counting a few days for delay, we
other on Wednesday or Thursday.

Besides the different commissions I gave you, es
in the last letter about her house, which after
will be off your shoulders—but till then, for Go
obliging—besides all this, I say, I forgot to as
order for me a hat from my Duport in your street
d'Antin. He has my measure, and knows how light
of what kind. Let him give the hat of this year'
too much exaggerated, for I do not know how you
yourself just now. Again, besides this, call in
Dautremont's, my tailor's, on the Boulevards, ar
make me at once a pair of grey trousers. You wil
select a dark-grey colour for winter trousers; s
respectable, not striped, but plain and elastic.
Englishman, so you know what I require. Dautremo
glad to hear that I am coming. Also a quiet blac
waistcoat, but with very little and no loud patt
very quiet but very elegant. Should he not have
velvet of this kind, let him make a quiet, fine
waistcoat, but not too much open. If the servant
for less than 80 francs, I should prefer it; but
already found one, let the matter rest.

My very dear friend, pardon me once more for tro
but I must. In a few days we shall see each othe
for all this.

I beg of you, for God's sake, do not say to any
am coming so soon, nor to any Jewess either, as
to reserve myself during the first few days only
Grzymala, and Johnnie. Give them my love; to the
shall write once more.

I expect that the rooms will be ready. Write cor
three times a day if you like, whether you have
say or not. Before leaving here I shall once mor
you.

Monday.

You are inappreciable! Take Rue Pigal [Pigalle], without asking anybody. Make haste. If by taking you can diminish a little the price, well; if no for 2,500 francs. Do not let them slip out of yo we think them the best and most excellent. SHE i my most logical and best—and I would add: the mo Anglo-Polish, from my soul beloved—friend.

[6.]

The day after to-morrow, Thursday, at five o'clo morning, we start, and on Friday at three, four, five o'clock, I shall be in Rue Tronchet, No. 5. to inform the people there of this, I wrote to J to retain for me that valet, and order him to wa Rue Tronchet on Friday from noon. Should you hav upon me at that time, we would most heartily emb other. Once more my and my companion's most sinc Rue Pigalle.

Now, keep a sharp look-out on the tailor, he mus clothes ready by Friday morning, so that I can c clothes as soon as I come. Order him to take the Tronchet, and deliver them there to the valet Ti mistake not, that is his name. Likewise the hat [FOOTNOTE: In the preceding letter it was Duport I shall alter for you the second part of the Pol the last moment of my life. Yesterday's version please you, although I racked my brains with it eighty seconds.

I have written out my manuscripts in good order. with your Polonaises, not counting the seventh, which may perhaps be worthless—I do not know mys too new. But it would be well if it be not too m style of Orlowski, Zimmermann, or Karsko-Konski, Chopin's countryman, the pianist and composer An or Sowinski, or other similar animals. For, acco reckoning, it might fetch me about 800 francs. T

seen afterwards.

As you are such a clever man, you might also arı
black thoughts and suffocating coughs shall annc
new rooms. Try to make me good. Change, if you c
episodes of my past. It would also not be a bad
should find a few years of great work accomplisł
you will greatly oblige me, also if you would ma
younger or bring about that we had never been bc

FREDERICK.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1839-1842.

RETURN OF GEORGE SAND AND CHOPIN TO PARIS.—GEORGE SAND IN THE RUE PIGALLE.—CHOPIN IN THE RUE TRONCHET: REMINISCENCES OF BRINLEY RICHARDS AND MOSCHELES.—SOIREES AT LEO'S AND ST. CLOUD.—CHOPIN JOINS MADAME SAND IN THE RUE PIGALLE.—EXTRACTS FROM GEORGE SAND'S CORRESPONDANCE; A LETTER OF MADAME SAND'S TO CHOPIN; BALZAC ANECDOTES.—MADAME SAND AND CHOPIN DO NOT GO TO NOHANT IN 1840.—COMPOSITIONS OF THIS PERIOD.—ABOUT CHOPIN AS A PIANIST.—LETTERS WRITTEN TO FONTANA IN THE SUMMER AND AUTUMN OF 1841.

Although Chopin and George Sand came to Paris towards the end of October, 1839, months passed before the latter got into the house which Fontana had taken for her. This we learn from a letter written by her to her friend Gustave Papet, and dated Paris, January, 1840, wherein we read:—

At last I am installed in the Rue Pigalle, 16, o
last two days, after having fumed, raged, storme
at the upholsterers, locksmith, &c., &c. What a
horrible, unbearable business it is to lodge one

[FOOTNOTE: In the letter, dated Paris, October, preceding, in the George Sand "Correspondance," which the above passage is extracted, occur the words: "Je suis enfin installee chez moi a Paris chez moi was, I do not know.]

How greatly the interiors of George Sand's pavilions in the Rue Pigalle differed from those of Senor Gomez's villa and the cells in the monastery of Valdemosa, may be gathered from Gutmann's description of two of the apartments.

[FOOTNOTE: I do not guarantee the correctness of all the following details, although I found them in a sketch of Gutmann's life inspired by himself ("Der Lieblings-schuler Chopin's", No. 3 of "Schone Geister," by Bernhard Stavenow, Bremen, 1879), and which he assured me was trustworthy. The reasons of my scepticism are—1, Gutmann's imaginative memory and tendency to show himself off to advantage; 2, Stavenow's love of fine writing and a good story; 3, innumerable misstatements that can be indisputably proved by documents.]

Regarding the small salon, he gives only the general information that it was quaintly fitted up with antique furniture. But of George Sand's own room, which made a deeper impression upon him, he mentions so many particulars—the brown carpet covering the whole floor, the walls hung with a dark-brown ribbed cloth (Ripsstoff), the fine paintings, the carved furniture of dark oak, the brown velvet seats of the chairs, the large square bed, rising but little above the floor, and covered with a Persian rug (Teppich)—that it is easy to picture to ourselves the tout-ensemble of its appearance. Gutmann tells us that he had an early opportunity of making these observations, for Chopin visited his pupil the very

day after his arrival (?), and invited him at once to call on George Sand in order to be introduced to her. When Gutmann presented himself in the small salon above alluded to, he found George Sand seated on an ottoman smoking a cigarette. She received the young man with great cordiality, telling him that his master had often spoken to her of him most lovingly. Chopin entered soon after from an adjoining apartment, and then they all went into the dining-room to have dinner. When they were seated again in the cosy salon, and George Sand had lit another cigarette, the conversation, which had touched on a variety of topics, among the rest on Majorca, turned on art. It was then that the authoress said to her friend: "Chop, Chop, show Gutmann my room that he may see the pictures which Eugene Delacroix painted for me."

Chopin on arriving in Paris had taken up his lodgings in the Rue Tronchet, No. 5, and resumed teaching. One of his pupils there was Brinley Richards, who practised under him one of the books of studies. Chopin also assisted the British musician in the publication, by Troupenas, of his first composition, having previously looked over and corrected it. Brinley Richards informed me that Chopin, who played rarely in these lessons, making his corrections and suggestions rather by word of mouth than by example, was very languid, indeed so much so that he looked as if he felt inclined to lie down, and seemed to say: "I wish you would come another time."

About this time, that is in the autumn or early in the winter of 1839, Moscheles came to Paris. We learn from his diary that at Leo's, where he liked best to play, he met for the first time Chopin, who had just returned from the country, and whose acquaintance he was impatient to make. I have

already quoted what Moscheles said of Chopin's appearance—namely, that it was exactly like [identificirt mit] his music, both being delicate and dreamy [schwarmerisch]. His remarks on his great contemporary's musical performances are, of course, still more interesting to us.

He played to me at my request, and now for the f
understand his music, and can also explain to my
enthusiasm of the ladies. His ad libitum playing
the interpreters of his music degenerates into c
time, is with him only the most charming origina
execution; the dilettantish harsh modulations wh
disagreeably when I am playing his compositions
shock me, because he glides lightly over them in
way with his delicate fingers; his piano is so s
forth that he does not need any strong forte in
produce the wished-for contrasts; it is for this
one does not miss the orchestral-like effects wh
school demands from a pianoforte-player, but all
to be carried away, as by a singer who, little c
the accompaniment, entirely follows his feeling.
is an unicum in the world of pianists. He declar
loves my music very much, and at all events he k
well. He played me some studies and his latest w
"Preludes," and I played him many of my composit

In addition to this characterisation of the artist Chopin, Moscheles' notes afford us also some glimpses of the man. "Chopin was lively, merry, nay, exceedingly comical in his imitations of Pixis, Liszt, and a hunchbacked pianoforte-player." Some days afterwards, when Moscheles saw him at his own house, he found him an altogether different Chopin: —

I called on him according to agreement with Ch.

are also quite enthusiastic about him, and who w
particularly struck with the "Prelude" in A flat
time with the ever-recurring pedal A flat. Only
O. [Obreskoff] from St. Petersburg, who adores u
bloc, was there, and some gentlemen. Chopin's ex
Gutmann played his master's manuscript Scherzo i
minor. Chopin himself played his manuscript Sona
minor with the Funeral March.

Gutmann relates that Chopin sent for him early in the morning of the day following that on which he paid the above-mentioned visit to George Sand, and said to him:—

Pardon me for disturbing you so early in the mor
have just received a note from Moscheles, where
his joy at my return to Paris, and announces tha
visit me at five in the afternoon to hear my new
Now I am unfortunately too weak to play my thing
you must play. I am chiefly concerned about this

Gutmann, who did not yet know the work (Op. 39), thereupon sat down at Chopin's piano, and by dint of hard practising managed to play it at the appointed hour from memory, and to the satisfaction of the composer. Gutmann's account does not tally in several of its details with Moscheles'. As, however, Moscheles does not give us reminiscences, but sober, business-like notes taken down at the time they refer to, and without any attempt at making a nice story, he is the safer authority. Still, thus much at least we may assume to be certain:—Gutmann played the Scherzo, Op. 39, on this occasion, and his rendering of it was such as to induce his master to dedicate it to him.

Comte de Perthuis, the adjutant of King Louis Philippe, who had heard Chopin and Moscheles

repeatedly play the latter's Sonata in E flat major for four hands, spoke so much and so enthusiastically about it at Court that the royal family, wishing "to have also the great treat," invited the two artists to come to St. Cloud. The day after this soiree Moscheles wrote in his diary:—

Yesterday was a memorable day... at nine o'clock with Perthuis and his amiable wife, who had cali drove out to St. Cloud in the heaviest showers c felt so much the more comfortable when we entere brilliant, well-lighted palace. We passed throug rooms into a salon carre, where the royal family en petit comite. At a round table sat the queen elegant work-basket before her (perhaps to embro for me?); near her were Madame Adelaide, the Duc Orleans, and ladies-in-waiting. The noble ladies affable as if we had been old acquaintances...Ch first a number of nocturnes and studies, and was petted like a favourite. After I also had played new studies, and been honoured with the same app seated ourselves together at the instrument—he a the bass, which he always insists on doing. The attention of the little circle during my E flat was interrupted only by the exclamations "divine "delicious!" After the Andante the queen whisper in-waiting: "Would it not be indiscreet to ask t again?" which naturally was equivalent to a comm it, and so we played it again with increased aba Finale we gave ourselves up to a musical deliriu enthusiasm throughout the whole piece must, I be infected the auditors, who now burst forth into us. Chopin played again alone with the same char forth the same sympathy as before; then I improv

[FOOTNOTE: In the "Neue Zeitschrift fur Musik" o 1839, we read that Chopin improvised on Grisar's Moscheles on themes by Mozart. La Folle is a rom success of which was so great that a wit called

de salon. It had for some years an extraordinary
and made the composer a reputation.]

To show his gratitude, the king sent the two artists valuable presents: to Chopin a gold cup and saucer, to Moscheles a travelling case. "The king," remarked Chopin, "gave Moscheles a travelling case to get the sooner rid of him." The composer was fond of and had a talent for throwing off sharp and witty sayings; but it is most probable that on this occasion the words were prompted solely by the fancy, and that their ill-nature was only apparent. Or must we assume that the man Moscheles was less congenial to Chopin than the artist? Moscheles was a Jew, and Chopin disliked the Jews. As, however, the tempting opportunity afforded by the nature of the king's present to Moscheles is sufficient to account for Chopin's remark, and no proofs warranting a less creditable explanation are forthcoming, it would be unfair to listen to the suggestions of suspicion.

George Sand tells us in the "Histoire de ma Vie" that Chopin found his rooms in the Rue Tronchet cold and damp, and felt sorely the separation from her. The consequence of this was that the saintly woman, the sister of mercy, took, after some time, pity upon her suffering worshipper, and once more sacrificed herself. Not to misrepresent her account, the only one we have, of this change in the domestic arrangements of the two friends, I shall faithfully transcribe her delicately-worded statements:—

He again began to cough alarmingly, and I saw my
either to give in my resignation as nurse, or to
in impossible journeyings to and fro. He, in orc
these, came every day to tell me with a troubled
feeble voice that he was wonderfully well. He as

might dine with us, and he went away in the ever
in his cab. Seeing how he took to heart his excl
family life, I offered to let to him one of the
part of which I could give up to him. He joyfull
had there his room, received there his friends,
his lessons without incommoding me. Maurice had
his; I occupied the other pavilion with my daugh

Let us see if we cannot get some glimpses of the life in the pavilions of the Rue Pigalle, No. 16. In the first months of 1840, George Sand was busy with preparations for the performance of her drama Cosima, moving heaven and earth to bring about the admission of her friend Madame Dorval into the company of the Theatre-Francais, where her piece, in which she wished this lady to take the principal part, was to be performed. Her son Maurice passed his days in the studio of Eugene Delacroix; and Solange gave much time to her lessons, and lost much over her toilet. Of Grzymala we hear that he is always in love with all the beautiful women, and rolls his big eyes at the tall Borgnotte and the little Jacqueline; and that Madame Marliani is always up to her ears in philosophy. This I gathered from George Sand's Correspondance, where, as the reader will see presently, more is to be found.

George Sand to Chopin; Cambrai, August 13, 1840: —

I arrived at noon very tired, for it is 45 and 3
Paris to this place. We shall relate to you gooc
the bourgeois of Cambrai. They are beaux, they a
they are shopkeepers; they are the sublime of th
the Historical Procession does not console us, w
of dying of ennui at the politeness which people
are lodged like princes. But what hosts, what cc
what dinners! We laugh at them when we are by ou

when we are before the enemy, what a pitiable fi
selves, make! I am no longer desirous to see you
aspire to depart very quickly, and I understand
wish to give concerts. It is not unlikely that I
may not sing the day after to-morrow, for want o
shall, perhaps, leave a day sooner. I wish I wer
away from the Cambresians, male and female.

Good night! I am going to bed, I am overcome wit

Love your old woman [votre vieille] as she loves

From a letter written two days later to her son, we learn that Madame Viardot after all gave two concerts at Cambrai. But amusing as the letter is, we will pass it over as not concerning us here. Of another letter (September 20,1840), likewise addressed to her son, I shall quote only one passage, although it contains much interesting matter about the friends and visitors of the inmates of the pavilions of the Rue Pigalle, No. 16:—

Balzac came to dine here the day before yesterda
mad. He has discovered the blue rose, for which
horticultural societies of London and Belgium ha
reward of 500,000 francs (qui dit, dit-il). He w
moreover, every grain at a hundred sous, and for
botanic production he will lay out only fifty ce
Hereupon Rollinat asked him naively:—

"Well, why, then, do you not set about it at onc

To which Balzac replied:

"Oh! because I have so many other things to do;
set about it one of these days."

Stavenow, in Schone Geister (see foot-note, p. 70), tells an anecdote of Balzac, which may find a place

here:—

One day Balzac had invited George Sand, Chopin,
dinner. On that occasion he related to them that
he would have to meet a bill of 30,000 francs, b
not a sou in his pocket. Gutmann asked what he i
"Well," replied Balzac, "what shall I do? I wait
Before to-morrow something unexpected may turn u
the means to pay the sum." Scarcely had he said
door bell rang. The servant entered and announce
gentleman was there who urgently wished to speak
Balzac.

Balzac rose and left the room. After a quarter o
came back in high spirits and said:

"The 30,000 francs are found. My publisher wishe
a new edition of my works, and he offers me just

George Sand, Chopin, and Gutmann looked at each
smile, and thought—"Another one!"

George Sand to her son; Paris, September 4, 1840:

—

We have had here great shows of troops. They hav
gendarme and cuisse the national guardsman. All
agitation, as if there were to be a revolution.
place, except that some passers-by were knocked
police.

There were places in Paris where it was dangerou
these gentlemen assassinated right and left for
of getting their hands into practice. Chopin, wh
believe anything, has at last the proof and cert

Madame Marliani is back. I dined at her house th
yesterday with the Abbe de Lamennais. Yesterday

here. Chopin embraces you a thousand times. He r
qui, qui, me, me, me. Rollinat smokes like a ste
Solange has been good for two or three days, but
had a fit of temper [acces de fureur]. It is the
English neighbours, people and dogs, who turn he

In the summer of 1840 George Sand did not go to Nohant, and Chopin seems to have passed most of, if not all, the time in Paris. From a letter addressed to her half-brother, we learn that the reason of her staying away from her country-seat was a wish to economise:—

If you will guarantee my being able to pass the
Nohant for 4,000 francs, I will go. But I have n
there without spending 1,500 francs per month, a
spend here the half of this, it is neither the l
nor that of spending, nor that of glory, which m
stay...

George Sand's fits of economy never lasted very long. At any rate, in the summer of 1841 we find her again at Nohant. But as it is my intention to treat of Chopin's domestic life at Nohant and in Paris with some fulness in special chapters, I shall now turn to his artistic doings.

In 1839 there appeared only one work by Chopin, Op. 28, the "Preludes," but in the two following years as many as sixteen—namely, Op. 35-50. Here is an enumeration of these compositions, with the dates of publication and the dedications.

[FOOTNOTE: Both the absence of dedications in the case of some compositions, and the persons to whom others are dedicated, have a biographical significance. They tell us of the composer's absence from Paris and aristocratic society, and his return to them.]

The "Vingt-quatre Preludes," Op. 28, published in September, 1839, have a twofold dedication, the French and English editions being dedicated a son ami Pleyel, and the German to Mr. J. C. Kessler. The publications of 1840 are: in May—Op. 35, "Sonate" (B flat minor); Op. 36, "Deuxieme Impromptu" (F sharp minor); Op. 37, "Deux Nocturnes" (G minor and G major); in July—Op. 42, "Valse" (A flat major); in September—Op. 38, "Deuxieme Ballade" (F major), dedicated to Mr. R. Schumann; in October—Op. 39, "Troisieme Scherzo" (C sharp minor), dedicated to Mr. A. Gutmann; in November—Op. 40, "Deux Polonaises" (A major and C minor), dedicated to Mr. J. Fontana; and in December—Op. 41, "Quatre Mazurkas" (C sharp and E minor, B and A flat major), dedicated to E. Witwicki. Those of 1841 are: in October—Op. 43, "Tarantelle" (A flat major), without any dedication; and in November—Op. 44, "Polonaise" (F sharp minor), dedicated to Madame la Princesse Charles de Beauvau; Op. 45, "Prelude" (C sharp minor), dedicated to Madame la Princesse Elizabeth Czernicheff; Op. 46, "Allegro de Concert" (A major), dedicated to Mdlle. F. Muller; Op. 47, "Troisieme Ballade" (A flat major), dedicated to Mdlle. P. de Noailles; Op. 48, "Deux Nocturnes" (C minor and F sharp minor), dedicated to Mdlle. L. Duperre; Op. 49, "Fantaisie" (F minor), dedicated to Madame la Princesse C. de Souzzo; and Op. 50, "Trois Mazurkas" (G and A flat major, and C sharp minor), dedicated to Mr. Leon Smitkowski.

Chopin's genius had now reached the most perfect stage of its development, and was radiating with all the intensity of which its nature was capable. Notwithstanding such later creations as the fourth "Ballade," Op. 52, the "Barcarolle," Op. 60, and the "Polonaise," Op. 53, it can hardly be said that the

composer surpassed in his subsequent works those which he had published in recent years, works among which were the first three ballades, the preludes, and a number of stirring polonaises and charming nocturnes, mazurkas, and other pieces.

However, not only as a creative artist, but also as an executant, Chopin was at the zenith of his power. His bodily frame had indeed suffered from disease, but as yet it was not seriously injured, at least, not so seriously as to disable him to discharge the functions of a musical interpreter. Moreover, the great majority of his compositions demanded from the executant other qualities than physical strength, which was indispensable in only a few of his works. A writer in the "Menestrel" (April 25, 1841) asks himself the question whether Chopin had progressed as a pianist, and answers: "No, for he troubles himself little about the mechanical secrets of the piano; in him there is no charlatanism; heart and genius alone speak, and in these respects his privileged organisation has nothing to learn." Or rather let us say, Chopin troubled himself enough about the mechanical secrets of the piano, but not for their own sakes: he regarded them not as ends, but as means to ends, and although mechanically he may have made no progress, he had done so poetically. Love and sorrow, those most successful teachers of poets and musicians, had not taught him in vain.

It was a fortunate occurrence that at this period of his career Chopin was induced to give a concert, and equally fortunate that men of knowledge, judgment, and literary ability have left us their impressions of the event. The desirability of replenishing an ever-empty purse, and the instigations of George Sand, were no doubt the chief motive powers which helped the composer to overcome his dislike to playing in

public.

"Do you practise when the day of the concert approaches?" asked Lenz. [FOOTNOTE: Die grossen Pianoforte-Virtusen unstrer Zeit, p. 36.] "It is a terrible time for me," was Chopin's answer; "I dislike publicity, but it is part of my position. I shut myself up for a fortnight and play Bach. That is my preparation; I never practise my own compositions." What Gutmann told me confirms these statements. Chopin detested playing in public, and became nervous when the dreaded time approached. He then fidgeted a great deal about his clothes, and felt very unhappy if one or the other article did not quite fit or pinched him a little. On one occasion Chopin, being dissatisfied with his own things, made use of a dress-coat and shirt of his pupil Gutmann. By the way, the latter, who gave me this piece of information, must have been in those days of less bulk, and, I feel inclined to add, of less height, than he was when I became acquainted with him.

Leaving the two concerts given by Chopin in 1841 and 1842 to be discussed in detail in the next chapter, I shall now give a translation of the Polish letters which he wrote in the summer and autumn of 1841 to Fontana. The letters numbered 4 and 5 are those already alluded to on p. 24 (foot-note 3) which Karasowski gives as respectively dated by Chopin: "Palma, November 17, 1838"; and "Valdemosa, January 9, 1839." But against these dates militate the contents: the mention of Troupenas, with whom the composer's business connection began only in 1840 (with the Sonata, Op. 35); the mention of the Tarantelle, which was not published until 1841; the mention (contradictory to an earlier inquiry—see p. 30) of the sending back of a valet nowhere else alluded to; the mention of the sending and arrival of

a piano, irreconcilable with the circumstances and certain statements in indisputably correctly-dated letters; and, lastly, the absence of all mention of Majorca and the Preludes, those important topics in the letters really from that place and of that time. Karasowski thinks that the letters numbered 1, 2, 3, and 9 were of the year 1838, and those numbered 6, 7, and 8 of the year 1839; but as the "Tarantelle," Op. 43, the "Polonaise," Op. 44, the "Prelude," Op. 45, the "Allegro de Concert," Op. 46, the third "Ballade," Op. 47, the two "Nocturnes," Op. 48, and the "Fantaisie," Op. 49, therein mentioned, were published in 1841, I have no doubt that they are of the year 1841. The mention in the ninth letter of the Rue Pigalle, 16, George Sand's and Chopin's abode in Paris, of Pelletan, the tutor of George Sand's son Maurice, and of the latter's coming to Paris, speaks likewise against 1838 and for 1841, 1840 being out of the question, as neither George Sand nor Chopin was in this year at Nohant. What decides me especially to reject the date 1839 for the seventh letter is that Pauline Garcia had then not yet become the wife of Louis Viardot. There is, moreover, an allusion to a visit of Pauline Viardot to Nohant in the summer of 1841 in one of George Sand's letters (August 13, 1841). In this letter occurs a passage which is important for the dating both of the fifth and the seventh letter. As to the order of succession of the letters, it may be wrong, it certainly does not altogether satisfy me; but it is the result of long and careful weighing of all the pros and cons. I have some doubt about the seventh letter, which, read by the light of George Sand's letter, ought perhaps to be placed after the ninth. But the seventh letter is somewhat of a puzzle. Puzzles, owing to his confused statements and slipshod style, are, however, not a

rare thing in Chopin's correspondence. The passage in the above-mentioned letter of George Sand runs thus: "Pauline leaves me on the 16th [of August]; Maurice goes on the 17th to fetch his sister, who should be here on the 23rd."

[I.] 1841.

My very dear friend,—I arrived here yesterday, 1
Schlesinger [FOOTNOTE: The Paris music-publisher
composed a Prelude in C sharp minor [Op. 45], wh
as he wished it. Seeing that, like Mechetti's [F
Vienna music-publisher.] Beethoven, this has to
the New Year, do not yet give my Polonaise to Le
you have already transcribed it), for to-morrow
you a letter for Mechetti, in which I shall expl
that, if he wishes something short, I will give
Album instead of the mazurka (which is already o
prelude. It is well modulated, and I can send it
hesitation. He ought to give me 300 francs for i
pas? Par-dessus le marche he may get the mazurka
not print it in the Album.

Should Troupenas, [FOOTNOTE: Eugene Troupenas, t
publisher.] that is, Masset, [FOOTNOTE: Masset (
Madame Colombier, informed me) was the partner o
and managed almost the whole business, Troupenas
health, which obliged him to pass the last ten w
life at Hyeres.] make any difficulties, do not g
pieces a farthing cheaper, and tell him that if
wish to print them all—which I should not like—I
them at a better price to others.

Now of something else.

You will find in the right-hand drawer of my wri
the place where the cash-box always is) a sealed
addressed to Madame Sand. Wrap this parcel in wa
it, and send it by post to Madame Sand's address

address with a strong thread, that it may not cc
cloth. It is Madame Sand who asks me to do this.
will do it perfectly well. The key, I think, is
shelf of the little cabinet with the mirror. If
be there, get a locksmith to open the drawer.

I love you as an old friend. Embrace Johnnie.—Yc

FREDERICK.

[2.] 1841.

Thanks for forwarding the parcel. I send you the
large characters for Schlesinger and in small ch
Mechetti. Clip the MS. of the Polonaise to the s
number the pages, and fold it like the Prelude,
whole my letter to Mechetti, and deliver it intc
hands, praying him to send it by the first mail,
is waiting for it.

The letter to Haslinger [FOOTNOTE: The Vienna mu
publisher.] post yourself; and if you do not fir
at home leave the letter, but do not give him th
tells you that he accepts the Prelude as a setti
account. If he does not wish to acquire the righ
publication for London, tell him to inform me of
Do not forget to add the opus on the Polonaise a
following number on the Prelude—that is, on the
are going to Vienna.

I do not know how Czerniszewowa is spelt. Perhap
find under the vase or on the little table near
ornament a note from her, from her daughter, or
governess; if not, I should be glad if you would
you already as my friend—to the Hotel de Londres
Vendome, and beg in my name the young Princess t
name in writing and to say whether it is Tscher
better still, ask for Mdlle. Krause, the governe
that I wish to give the young Princess a surpris

of her whether it is usual to write Elisabeth ar
Tschernichef, or ff. [FOOTNOTE: Chopin dedicated
Op. 45, to Mdlle. la Princesse Elisabeth Czernic

If you do not wish to do this, don't be bashful
write that you would rather be excused, in which
find it out by some other means. But do not yet
Schlesinger to print the title. Tell him I don't
spell. Nevertheless, I hope that you will find a
some note from them on which will be the name...

I conclude because it is time for the mail, and
letter should reach Vienna without fail this wee

[3.] Nohant, Sunday, 1841.

I send you the Tarantella [Op. 43]. Please to co
first go to Schlesinger, or, better still, to Tr
see the collection of Rossini's songs published
In it there is a Tarantella in F. I do not know
written in 6/8 or 12/8 time. As to my compositio
matter which way it is written, but I should pre
like Rossini's. Therefore, if the latter be in 1
with triplets, make in copying one bar out of tw
thus: [here follows one bar of music, bars four
the Tarantella as it is printed.] [FOOTNOTE: Thi
characteristic instance of Chopin's carelessness
notation of his music. To write his Tarantella i
would have been an egregious mistake. How Chopin
this is inexplicable to me.]

I beg of you also to write out everything in ful
marking repeats. Be quick, and give it to Leo wi
to Schubert. [FOOTNOTE: Schuberth, the Hamburg m
publisher.] You know he leaves for Hamburg befor
next month, and I should not like to lose 500 fr

As regards Troupenas, there is no hurry. If the
manuscript is not right, do not deliver the latt

copy of it. Besides this, make a third copy of i
It will weary you to copy this nasty thing so o
hope I shall not compose anything worse for a lo
also beg of you to look up the number of the las
namely, the last mazurkas, or rather the waltz p
Paccini [FOOTNOTE: Pacini, a Paris music-publish
published the Waltz in A flat major, Op. 42, in
1840, if not earlier.]—and give the following nu
Tarantella.

I am keeping my mind easy, for I know you are wi
clever. I trust you will receive from me no more
burdened with commissions. Had I not been with o
at home before my departure you would have none
unpleasantnesses. Attend to the Tarantella, give
and tell him to keep the money he may receive ti
back. Once more I beg of you to excuse my troubl
much. To-day I received the letter from my peopl
you sent me. Tell the portier to give you all th
addressed to me.

[4.]

My dear friend,—As you are so good, be so to the
the transport commission-office of Mr. Hamberg e
successeurs de Mr. Corstel fils aine et Cie, rue
St. Martin, No. 51, a Paris, and direct them to
to Pleyel for the piano I am to have, so that it
the next day. Say at the office that it is to be
un envoy [sic] accelere et non ordinaire. Such a
costs of course far more, but is incomparably qu
probably cost five francs per cwt. I shall pay h
direct them to give you a receipt, on which they
how many cwts. the piano weighs, when it leaves,
will arrive at Chateauroux. If the piano is conv
roulage [land-transport]—which goes straight to
leaves goods only on the route—the address must
Chatre, [FOOTNOTE: Instead of "la Chatre" we hav
Karasowski's Polish book "la Chatie," which ough

not to attribute all the peculiar French in this
Chopin, who surely knew how to spell the name of
the neighbourhood of the familiar Nohant.] but M
Dudevant, a Chateauroux, as I wrote above. [FOOT
of the piano: Madame Dudevant, a Chateauroux. Bu
chez M. Vollant Patureau." This is what Chopin w
At the last-mentioned place the agency has been
will forward it at once. You need not send me th
should require it only in case of some unforesee
The correspondent in Chateauroux says that PAR l
ACCELERE [SIC] it will come from Paris in four d
is so, let him bind himself to deliver the piano
Chateauroux in four or five days.

Now to other business.

Should Pleyel make any difficulties, apply to Er
that the latter in all probability ought to be s
you. Only do not act hastily, and first ascertai
matter really stands.

As to the Tarantella, seal it and send it to Han
morrow I shall write you of other affairs, conce
Troupenas, &c.

Embrace Johnnie, and tell him to write.

[5.]

Thanks for all the commissions you have executed
day, that is on the 9th, I received the piano an
things. Do not send my little bust to Warsaw, it
frighten them, leave it in the press. Kiss Johnn
letter. I shall write him a few lines shortly.

To-morrow I shall very likely send back my old s
loses his wits here. He is an honest man and kno
serve, but he is tiresome, and makes one lose on
I shall send him back, telling him to wait for m

he appears at the house, do not be frightened.

Latterly the weather has been only so-so.

The man in Chateauroux was waiting three days fo yesterday, after receiving your letter, I gave o should be recalled. To-day I do not yet know wha the piano has, as it is not yet unpacked; this g to take place to-morrow. As to the delay and mis in sending it, do not make any inquiries; let th it is not worth a quarrel. You did the best you little ill-humour and a few days lost in expecta worth a pinch of snuff. Forget, therefore, my co your transaction; next time, if God permits us t matters will turn out better.

I write you these few words late at night. Once you, most obliging of men, for the commissions, yet ended, for now comes the turn of the Trouper which will hang on your shoulders. I shall write this subject more fully some other time, and to- good night. But don't have dreams like Johnnie—t but rather dream that I am about to be born, or the sort.

In fact, I am feeling now as calm and serene as swaddling-clothes; and if somebody wished to put strings, I should be very glad—nota bene, with a lined with wadding on my head, for I feel that a I should stumble and turn upside down. Unfortuna of leading-strings there are probably awaiting m I approach old age with my present step. I once was dying in a hospital, and this is so strongly mind that I cannot forget it—it is as if I had o yesterday. If you survive me, you will learn whe believe in dreams.

And now I often dream with my eyes open what may have neither rhyme nor reason in it.

That is why I write you such a foolish letter, i

Send me soon a letter from my people, and love y

FREDERICK.

[6.] Nohant, 1841.

Thanks for your very kind letter. Unseal all you necessary.

Do not give the manuscripts to Troupenas till Sc informed you of the day of publication. The answ likely come soon through Leo.

What a pity that the Tarantella is gone to Berli know from Schubert's letter, Liszt is mixed up i monetary affair, and I may have some unpleasantr thin-skinned Hungarian, and may think that I do because I directed that the manuscripts should n otherwise than for cash. I do not know, but I ha presentiment of a disagreeable mess. Do not say it to the ailing Leo; go and see him if you thin necessary, give him my compliments and thanks (a undeserved), and ask pardon for troubling him so all, it is kind of him to take upon him the forw things. Give my compliments, also to Pleyel, and excuse my not writing to him (do not say anythin sending me a very inferior piano).

I beg of you to put into the letter-box at the E yourself the letter to my parents, but I say do and before 4 o'clock. Excuse my troubling you, b what great importance my letter is to my people.

Escudier has very likely sent you that famous al wish you may ask Troupenas to get you a copy as me; but if you don't wish, say nothing.

[FOOTNOTE: Leon Escudier, I suppose. The brother Leon Escudier established a music business in th of the fourth decade of this century; but when s married and divided their common property, Marie journal "La France Musicale" and Leon the music- wrote and published together various books on mu musicians.]

Still one more bother.

At your leisure transcribe once more this unluck which will be sent to Wessel when the day [of pu known. If I tire you so much with this Tarentell sure that it is for the last time. From here, I will have no more manuscript from me. If there s any news from Schubert within a week, please wri that case you would give the manuscript to Troup shall write him about it.

[7.] Nohant, 1841, Friday evening.

My dear Julius,—I send you a letter for Bonnet; and deliver it. And if in passing through the st you know I can lodge, you find something suitabl please write to me. Just now the condition about exists no longer. [FOOTNOTE: Chopin felt so much high stairs were no longer any objection to lodg send you a letter to Dessauer [FOOTNOTE: Joseph native of Prague, best known by his songs. He st in 1833, and afterwards settled in Vienna. Georg numbered him among her friends.] in answer to hi Madame Deller sent me from Austria. He must alre Paris; be sure and ask Schlesinger, who will be inform you of this.

Do not give Dessauer many particulars about me; him that you are looking for rooms, nor Anthony will mention it to Mdlle. de Rozieres, and she i and makes the least thing a subject for gossip.

gossipings have already reached me here in a str
know how great things sometimes grow out of noth
pass through a mouth with a loose tongue. Much c
on this head.

As to the unlucky Tarantella, you may give it to
(that is, to Masset); but, if you think otherwis
post to Wessel, only insist on his answering at
has received it. The weather has been charming h
last few days, but my music—is ugly. Madame Viar
fortnight here; we occupied ourselves less with
with other things.

Please write to me whatever you like, but write.

May Johnnie be in good health!

But remember to write on Troupenas's copy: Hambu
Wessel, London.

In a few days I shall send you a letter for Mech
Vienna, to whom I promised to give some composit
see Dessauer or Schlesinger, ask if it is absolu
to pay postage for the letters sent to Vienna.—I
adieu.

CHOPIN.

[8.]

Nohant, Sunday, 1841.

What you have done you have done well. Strange w
is a fool, so also is Pelletan. Masset knew of F
and that I promised it to the "Gazette" for the
not wish to make any advances to him. If he does
at 600 francs, with London (the price of my USUA
was 300 francs with him)—three times five being
should have to give so much labour for 1,500 fra

cannot be. So much the more as I told him when I
conversation with him that it might happen that
let him have my things at this price. For instar
expect that I should give him twelve Etudes or a
de Piano for 300 francs. The Allegro maestoso ["
Concert," Op. 46] which I send you to-day I cann
300 francs, but only for 600 francs, nor the "Fa
49], for which I ask 500 francs. Nevertheless, t
[the third, Op. 47], the Nocturnes ["Deux Noctur
and Polonaise [F sharp minor, Op. 44], I shall l
300 francs, for he has already formerly printed
In one word, for Paris I give these five composi
2,000 francs. If he does not care for them, so n
better. I say it entre nous—for Schlesinger will
willingly buy them. But I should not like him to
man who does not keep his word in an agreement.
qu'une convention facile d'honnete homme a honne
therefore, he should not complain of my terms, t
very easy. I want nothing but to come out of thi
respectably. You know that I do not sell myself.
further that if I were desirous of taking advant
of cheating him, I could write fifteen things pe
worthless ones, which he would buy at 300 francs
have a better income. Would it be an honest acti

My dear friend, tell him that I write seldom, an
little. He must not think that I wish to raise t
when you yourself see my manuscript flies, [FOOT
allusion to his small, fine writing.] you will a
that I may ask 600 francs when I was paid 300 fr
Tarantella and 500 for the Bolero.

For God's sake take good care of the manuscripts
squeeze, dirty, or tear them. I know you are not
doing anything of the sort, but I love my WRITTE
[NUDY, tediousness; NUTY, notes] so much that I
that something might happen to them.

To-morrow you will receive the Nocturne, and at
week the Ballade and Fantasia; I cannot get my w

sooner. Each of these things you will transcribe
will remain in Paris. If copying wearies you, co
with thinking that you are doing it for THE REMI
SINS. I should not like to give my little spider
copyist who would daub coarsely. Once more I mak
request, for had I again to write these eighteen
should most certainly go wrong in my mind.

I send you a letter from Hartel.

Try to get another valet instead of the one you
probably be in Paris during the first days of No
morrow I will write to you again.

morning.

On reading your letter attentively, I see that M
ask for Paris. Leave this point untouched if you
only 3,000 francs pour les deux pays, and 2,000
Paris itself if he particularly asks about it. B
condition des deux pays is still easier, and for
convenient. If he should not want it, it must be
seeks an opportunity for breaking with me. In th
for his answer from London. Write to him openly
but always politely, and act cautiously and cool
not to me, for you know how much loves you your.

[9.] Nohant, 1841.

My dear friend,—You would be sure to receive my
compositions. You have read the German letters,
and done everything I asked you, have you not? A
he is a fool and a cheat. Write him whatever you
tell him that I do not intend to give up my righ
Tarantella, as he did not send it back in time.
sustained losses by my compositions, it is most
to the foolish titles he gave them, in spite of
Were I to listen to the voice of my soul, I woul

anything more after these titles. Say as many sh
him as you can.

[FOOTNOTE: Here are some specimens of the publis
ingenious inventiveness:—"Adieu a Varsovie" (Ror
"Hommage a Mozart" (Variations, Op. 2), "La Gait
(Introduction et Polonaise, Op. 3), "La Posiana'
Mazur, Op. 5), "Murmures de la Seine" (Nocturnes
Zephirs" (Nocturnes, Op. 15), "Invitation a la V
Op. 18), "Souvenir d'Andalousie" (Bolero, Op. 19
infernal" (Premier Scherzo, Op. 20), "Ballade ob
[Ballad without words] (Ballade, Op. 23), "Les F
(Nocturnes, Op. 27), "La Meditation" (Deuxieme S
31), "Il lamento e la consolazione" (Nocturnes,
Soupirs" (Nocturnes, Op. 37), and "Les Favorites
Op. 40). The mazurkas generally received the tit
"Souvenir de la Pologne."]

Madame Sand thanks you for the kind words accomp
parcel. Give directions that my letters may be c
Pelletan, Rue Pigal [i.e., Pigalle], 16, and imp
strongly on the portier. The son of Madame Sand
Paris about the 16th. I shall send you, through
of the Concerto ["Allegro de Concert"] and the M
46 and 48].

These letters of the romantic tone-poet to a friend and fellow-artist will probably take the reader by surprise, nay, may even disillusionise him. Their matter is indeed very suggestive of a commercial man writing to one of his agents. Nor is this feature, as the sequel will show, peculiar to the letters just quoted. Trafficking takes up a very large part of Chopin's Parisian correspondence; [FOOTNOTE: I indicate by this phrase comprehensively the whole correspondence since his settling in the French capital, whether written there or elsewhere.] of the ideal within him that made him what he was as an artist we catch, if any, only rare glimmerings and

glimpses.

CHAPTER XXV.

TWO PUBLIC CONCERTS, ONE IN 1841 AND ANOTHER IN 1842.—CHOPIN'S STYLE OF PLAYING: TECHNICAL QUALITIES; FAVOURABLE PHYSICAL CONDITIONS; VOLUME OF TONE; USE OF THE PEDALS; SPIRITUAL QUALITIES; TEMPO RUBATO; INSTRUMENTS.—HIS MUSICAL SYMPATHIES AND ANTIPATHIES.—OPINIONS ON MUSIC AND MUSICIANS.

The concert which Chopin gave in 1841, after several years of retirement, took place at Pleyel's rooms on Monday, the 26th of April. It was like his subsequent concerts a semi-public rather than a public one, for the audience consisted of a select circle of pupils, friends, and partisans who, as Chopin told Lenz, took the tickets in advance and divided them among themselves. As most of the pupils belonged to the aristocracy, it followed as a matter of course that the concert was emphatically what Liszt calls it, "un concert de fashion." The three chief musical papers of Paris: the "Gazette Musicale," the "France Musicale," and the "Menestrel" were unanimous in their high, unqualified praise of the concert-giver, "the king of the fete, who was overwhelmed with bravos." The pianoforte performances of Chopin took up by far the greater part of the programme, which was varied by two

arias from Adam's "La Rose de Peronne," sung by Mdme. Damoreau—Cinti, who was as usual "ravissante de perfection," and by Ernst's "Elegie," played by the composer himself "in a grand style, with passionate feeling and a purity worthy of the great masters." Escudier, the writer of the notice in the "France Musicale," says of Ernst's playing: "If you wish to hear the violin weep, go and hear Ernst; he produces such heart-rending, such passionate sounds, that you fear every moment to see his instrument break to pieces in his hands. It is difficult to carry farther the expression of sadness, of suffering, and of despair."

To give the reader an idea of the character of the concert, I shall quote largely from Liszt's notice, in which he not only sets forth the merits of the artists, but also describes the appearance of the room and the audience. First, however, I must tell a pretty anecdote of which this notice reminds me. When Liszt was moving about among the audience during the intervals of the concert, paying his respects here and there, he came upon M. Ernest Legouve. The latter told him of his intention to give an account of the concert in the "Gazette Musicale." Liszt thereupon said that he had a great wish to write one himself, and M. Legouve, although reluctantly, gave way. When it came to the ears of Chopin that Liszt was going to report on the concert, he remarked: "Il me donnera un petit royaume dans son empire" (He will give me a little kingdom in his empire).

[FOOTNOTE: Since I wrote the above, M. Legouve has published his "Soixante ans de Souvenirs," and in this book gives his version of the story, which, it is to be hoped, is less incorrect than some other statements of his relating to Chopin: "He [Chopin] had asked me to write a report of the concert. Liszt

claimed the honour. I hastened to announce this good news to Chopin, who quietly said to me: "I should have liked better if it had been you." "What are you thinking of my dear friend! An article by Liszt, that is a fortunate thing for the public and for you. Trust in his admiration for your talent. I promise you qu'il vous fera un beau royaume.'—'Oui, me dit-il en souriant, dans son empire!'""]

These few words speak volumes. But here is what Liszt wrote about the concert in the "Gazette musicale" of May 2, 1841:—

Last Monday, at eight o'clock in the evening, M.
rooms were brilliantly lighted up; numerous carı
incessantly to the foot of a staircase covered v
perfumed with flowers the most elegant women, th
fashionable young men, the most celebrated artis
richest financiers, the most illustrious nobleme
elite of society, a whole aristocracy of birth,
talent, and beauty.

A grand piano was open on a platform; people crc
eager for the seats nearest it; they prepared tc
composed them-selves, they said to themselves th
not lose a chord, a note, an intention, a though
was going to seat himself there. And people were
being thus eager, attentive, and religiously mov
for whom they waited, whom they wished to hear,
applaud, was not only a clever virtuoso, a pianı
the art of making notes [de faire des notes], nc
artist of great renown, he was all this and more
this, he was Chopin...

...If less eclat has gathered round his name, it
aureole has encircled his head, it is not becaus
him perhaps the same depth of feeling as the ill
of "Conrad Wallenrod" and the "Pilgrims," [FOOTN
Mickiewicz.] but his means of expression were tc

instrument too imperfect; he could not reveal hi
means of a piano. Hence, if we are not mistaken,
continual suffering, a certain repugnance to rev
the outer world, a sadness which shrinks out of
apparent gaiety, in short, a whole individuality
degree remarkable and attractive.

...It was only rarely, at very distant intervals
played in public; but what would have been for a
almost certain cause of oblivion and obscurity w
assured to him a fame above the caprices of fash
from rivalries, jealousies, and injustice. Chopi
no part in the extreme movement which for severa
thrust one on another and one against another th
artists from all quarters of the world, has been
surrounded by faithful adepts, enthusiastic pupi
friends, all of whom, while guarding him against
contests and painful collisions, have not ceased
his works, and with them admiration for his name
exquisite, altogether lofty, and eminently arist
has remained unattacked. A complete silence of c
reigns round it, as if posterity were come; and
audience which flocked together to hear the too
there was neither reticence nor restriction, una
on the lips of all.

...He has known how to give to new thoughts a ne
element of wildness and abruptness which belongs
has found its expression in bold dissonances, in
harmonies, while the delicacy and grace which be
personality were revealed in a thousand contours
embellishments of an inimitable fancy.

In Monday's concert Chopin had chosen in prefere
his works which swerve more from the classical t
played neither concerto, nor sonata, nor fantasi
variations, but preludes, studies, nocturnes, an
Addressing himself to a society rather than to a
could show himself with impunity as he is, an el
profound, chaste, and dreamy. He did not need ei

astonish or to overwhelm, he sought for delicate
rather than for noisy enthusiasm. Let us say at
had no reason to complain of want of sympathy. F
chords there was established a close communicati
and his audience. Two studies and a ballade were
had it not been for the fear of adding to the al
fatigue which betrayed itself on his pale face,
have asked for a repetition of the pieces of the
by one...

An account of the concert in La France musicale of May 2, 1841, contained a general characterisation of Chopin's artistic position with regard to the public coinciding with that given by Liszt, but the following excerpts from the other parts of the article may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

We spoke of Schubert because there is no other r
has a more complete analogy with him. The one ha
piano what the other has done for the voice...Ch
composer from conviction. He composes for himsel
composes he performs for himself...Chopin is the
sentiment PAR EXCELLENCE. One may say that Chopi
creator of a school of pianoforte-playing and of
composition. Indeed, nothing equals the lightnes
sweetness with which the artist preludes on the
again can be placed by the side of his works ful
originality, distinction, and grace. Chopin is a
pianist who ought not to be, and cannot be, comp
anyone.

The words with which the critic of the Menestrel closes his remarks, describe well the nature of the emotions which the artist excited in his hearers:—

In order to appreciate Chopin rightly, one must
impressions, and have the feeling for poetry: to
is to read a strophe of Lamartine....Everyone we

of sweet joy and deep reverie (recueillement).

The concert, which was beyond a doubt a complete success, must have given Chopin satisfaction in every respect. At any rate, he faced the public again before a year had gone by. In the Gazette Musicale of February 20, 1842, we read that on the following evening, Monday, at Pleyel's rooms, the haute societe de Paris et tous les artistes s'y donneront rendez-vous. The programme of the concert was to be as follows:—

1. Andante suivi de la 3ieme Ballade, par Chopir

2. Felice Donzella, air de Dessauer.

3. Suite de Nocturnes, Preludes et Etudes, par (

4. Divers fragments de Handel, chante par Madame Garcia.

5. Solo pour Violoncello, par M. Franchomme.

6. Nocturne, Preludes, Mazurkas et Impromptu.

7. Le Chene et le Roseau, chante par Madame Viar accompagne par Chopin.

Maurice Bourges, who a week later reports on the concert, states more particularly what Chopin played. He mentions three mazurkas in A flat major, B major, and A minor; three studies in A flat major, F minor, and C minor; the Ballade in A flat major; four nocturnes, one of which was that in F sharp minor; a prelude in D flat; and an impromptu in G (G flat major?). Maurice Bourges's account is not altogether free from strictures. He finds Chopin's ornamentations always novel, but sometimes

mannered (manierees). He says: "Trop de recherche fine et minutieuse n'est pas quelquefois sans pretention et san froideur." But on the whole the critique is very laudatory. "Liszt and Thalberg excite, as is well known, violent enthusiasm; Chopin also awakens enthusiasm, but of a less energetic, less noisy nature, precisely because he causes the most intimate chords of the heart to vibrate."

From the report in the "France musicale" we see that the audience was not less brilliant than that of the first concert:—

...Chopin has given in Pleyel's hall a charming
peopled with adorable smiles, delicate and rosy
well-formed white hands; a splendid fete where s
combined with grace and elegance, and where gooc
a pedestal to wealth. Those ugly black hats whic
most unsightly appearance possible were very fev
gilded ribbons, the delicate blue gauze, the cha
trembling pearls, the freshest roses and mignone
thousand medleys of the prettiest and gayest col
assembled, and intersected each other in all sor
perfumed heads and snowy shoulders of the most c
whom the princely salons contend. The first succ
was for Madame George Sand. As soon as she appea
charming daughters [daughter and cousin?], she w
of all observers. Others would have been disturb
eyes turned on her like so many stars; but Georg
herself with lowering her head and smiling...

This description is so graphic that one seems to see the actual scene, and imagines one's self one of the audience. It also points out a very characteristic feature of these concerts—namely, the preponderance of the fair sex. As regards Chopin's playing, the writer remarks that the genre of execution which aims at the imitation of orchestral

effects suits neither Chopin's organisation nor his ideas:—

> *In listening to all these sounds, all these nuar*
> *follow each other, intermingle, separate, and re*
> *arrive at one and the same goal, melody, do you*
> *hear little fairy voices sighing under silver be*
> *of pearls falling on crystal tables? The fingers*
> *pianist seem to multiply ad infinitum; it does r*
> *possible that only two hands can produce effects*
> *so precise and so natural...*

I shall now try to give the reader a clearer idea of what Chopin's style of playing was like than any and all of the criticisms and descriptions I have hitherto quoted can have done. And I do this not only in order to satisfy a natural curiosity, but also, and more especially, to furnish a guide for the better understanding and execution of the master's works. Some, seeing that no music reflects more clearly its author's nature than that of Chopin, may think that it would be wiser to illustrate the style of playing by the style of composition, and not the style of composition by the style of playing. Two reasons determine me to differ from them. Our musical notation is an inadequate exponent of the conceptions of the great masters—visible signs cannot express the subtle shades of the emotional language; and the capabilities of Chopin the composer and of Chopin the executant were by no means coextensive—we cannot draw conclusions as to the character of his playing from the character of his Polonaises in A major (Op. 40) and in A flat (Op. 53), and certain movements of the Sonata in B flat minor (Op. 35). The information contained in the following remarks is derived partly from printed publications, partly from private letters and

conversations; nothing is admitted which does not proceed from Chopin's pupils, friends, and such persons as have frequently heard him.

What struck everyone who had the good fortune to hear Chopin was the fact that he was a pianist sui generis. Moscheles calls him an unicum; Mendelssohn describes him as "radically original" (Gruneigentumlich); Meyerbeer said of him that he knew no pianist, no composer for the piano, like him; and thus I could go on quoting ad infinitum. A writer in the "Gazette musicale" (of the year 1835, I think), who, although he places at the head of his article side by side the names of Liszt, Hiller, Chopin, and—Bertini, proved himself in the characterisation of these pianists a man of some insight, remarks of Chopin: "Thought, style, conception, even the fingering, everything, in fact, appears individual, but of a communicative, expansive individuality, an individuality of which superficial organisations alone fail to recognise the magnetic influence." Chopin's place among the great pianists of the second quarter of this century has been felicitously characterised by an anonymous contemporary: Thalberg, he said, is a king, Liszt a prophet, Chopin a poet, Herz an advocate, Kalkbrenner a minstrel, Madame Pleyel a sibyl, and Doehler a pianist.

But if our investigation is to be profitable, we must proceed analytically. It will be best to begin with the fundamental technical qualities. First of all, then, we have to note the suppleness and equality of Chopin's fingers and the perfect independence of his hands. "The evenness of his scales and passages in all kinds of touch," writes Mikuli, "was unsurpassed, nay, prodigious." Gutmann told me that his master's playing was particularly smooth, and his fingering calculated to attain this result. A great lady who was

present at Chopin's last concert in Paris (1848), when he played among other works his Valse in D flat (Op. 64, No. 1), wished to know "le secret de Chopin pour que les gammes fussent si COULEES sur le piano." Madame Dubois, who related this incident to me, added that the expression was felicitous, for this "limpidite delicate" had never been equalled. Such indeed were the lightness, delicacy, neatness, elegance, and gracefulness of Chopin's playing that they won for him the name of Ariel of the piano. The reader will remember how much Chopin admired these qualities in other artists, notably in Mdlle. Sontag and in Kalkbrenner.

So high a degree and so peculiar a kind of excellence was of course attainable only under exceptionally favourable conditions, physical as well as mental. The first and chief condition was a suitably formed hand. Now, no one can look at Chopin's hand, of which there exists a cast, without perceiving at once its capabilities. It was indeed small, but at the same time it was thin, light, delicately articulated, and, if I may say so, highly expressive. Chopin's whole body was extraordinarily flexible. According to Gutmann, he could, like a clown, throw his legs over his shoulders. After this we may easily imagine how great must have been the flexibility of his hands, those members of his body which he had specially trained all his life. Indeed, the startlingly wide-spread chords, arpeggios, &c., which constantly occur in his compositions, and which until he introduced them had been undreamt-of and still are far from being common, seemed to offer him no difficulty, for he executed them not only without any visible effort, but even with a pleasing ease and freedom. Stephen Heller told me that it was a wonderful sight to see one of those small hands

expand and cover a third of the keyboard. It was like the opening of the mouth of a serpent which is going to swallow a rabbit whole. In fact, Chopin appeared to be made of caoutchouc.

In the criticisms on Chopin's public performances we have met again and again with the statement that he brought little tone out of the piano. Now, although it is no doubt true that Chopin could neither subdue to his sway large audiences nor successfully battle with a full orchestra, it would be a mistake to infer from this that he was always a weak and languid player. Stephen Heller, who declared that Chopin's tone was rich, remembered hearing him play a duet with Moscheles (the latter's duet, of which Chopin was so fond), and on this occasion the Polish pianist, who insisted on playing the bass, drowned the treble of his partner, a virtuoso well known for his vigour and brilliancy. Were we, however, to form our judgment on this single item of evidence, we should again arrive at a wrong conclusion. Where musical matters—i.e., matters generally estimated according to individual taste and momentary impressibility alone—are concerned, there is safety only in the multitude of witnesses. Let us, therefore, hear first what Chopin's pupils have got to say on this point, and then go and inquire further. Gutmann said that Chopin played generally very quietly, and rarely, indeed hardly ever, fortissimo. The A flat major Polonaise (Op. 53), for instance, he could not thunder forth in the way we are accustomed to hear it. As for the famous octave passages which occur in it, he began them pianissimo and continued thus without much increase in loudness. And, then, Chopin never thumped. M. Mathias remarks that his master had extraordinary vigour, but only in flashes. Mikuli's preface to his

edition of the works of Chopin affords more explicit information. We read there:—

> *The tone which Chopin brought out of the instrum always, especially in the cantabiles, immense (r only Field could perhaps in this respect be comp manly energy gave to appropriate passages overpo energy without roughness (Rohheit); but, on the he knew how by delicacy—delicacy without affecta captivate the hearer.*

We may summarise these various depositions by saying with Lenz that, being deficient in physical strength, Chopin put his all in the cantabile style, in the connections and combinations, in the detail. But two things are evident, and they ought to be noted: (1) The volume of tone, of pure tone, which Chopin was capable of producing was by no means inconsiderable; (2) he had learnt the art of economising his means so as to cover his shortcomings. This last statement is confirmed by some remarks of Moscheles which have already been quoted—namely, that Chopin's piano was breathed forth so softly that he required no vigorous forte to produce the desired contrasts; and that one did not miss the orchestral effects which the German school demanded from a pianist, but allowed one's self to be carried away as by a singer who takes little heed of the accompaniment and follows his own feelings.

In listening to accounts of Chopin's style of playing, we must not leave out of consideration the time to which they refer. What is true of the Chopin of 1848 is not true of the Chopin of 1831 nor of 1841. In the last years of his life he became so weak that sometimes, as Stephen Heller told me, his playing was hardly audible. He then made use of all

sorts of devices to hide the want of vigour, often modifying the original conception of his compositions, but always producing beautiful effects. Thus, to give only one example (for which and much other interesting information I am indebted to Mr. Charles Halle), Chopin played at his last concert in Paris (February, 1848) the two forte passages towards the end of the Barcarole, not as they are printed, but pianissimo and with all sorts of dynamic finesses. Having possessed himself of the most recondite mysteries of touch, and mastered as no other pianist had done the subtlest gradations of tone, he even then, reduced by disease as he was, did not give the hearer the impression of weakness. At least this is what Mr. Otto Goldschmidt relates, who likewise was present at this concert. There can be no doubt that what Chopin aimed at chiefly, or rather, let us say, what his physical constitution permitted him to aim at, was quality not quantity of tone. A writer in the "Menestrel" (October 21, 1849) remarks that for Chopin, who in this was unlike all other pianists, the piano had always too much tone; and that his constant endeavour was to SENTIMENTALISE the timbre, his greatest care to avoid everything which approached the fracas pianistique of the time.

Of course, a true artist's touch has besides its mechanical also its spiritual aspect. With regard to this it is impossible to overlook the personal element which pervaded and characterised Chopin's touch. M. Marmontel does not forget to note it in his "Pianistes Celebres." He writes:—

In the marvellous art of carrying and modulating the expressive, melancholy manner of shading it was entirely himself. He had quite an individual

attacking the keyboard, a supple, mellow touch, effects of a vaporous fluidity of which only he secret.

In connection with Chopin's production of tone, I must not omit to mention his felicitous utilisation of the loud and soft pedals. It was not till the time of Liszt, Thalberg, and Chopin that the pedals became a power in pianoforte-playing. Hummel did not understand their importance, and failed to take advantage of them. The few indications we find in Beethoven's works prove that this genius began to see some of the as yet latent possibilities. Of the virtuosi,

Moscheles was the first who made a more extensive and artistic use of the pedals, although also he employed them sparingly compared with his above-named younger contemporaries. Every pianist of note has, of course, his own style of pedalling. Unfortunately, there are no particulars forthcoming with regard to Chopin's peculiar style; and this is the more to be regretted as the composer was very careless in his notation of the pedals. Rubinstein declares that most of the pedal marks in Chopin's compositions are wrongly placed. If nothing more, we know at least thus much: "No pianist before him [Chopin] has employed the pedals alternately or simultaneously with so much tact and ability," and "in making constantly use of the pedal he obtained des harmonies ravissantes, des bruissements melodiques qui etonnaient et charmaient." [FOOTNOTE: Marmontel: "Les Pianistes celebres."]

The poetical qualities of Chopin's playingare not so easily defined as the technical ones. Indeed, if they are definable at all they are so only by one who, like Liszt, is a poet as well as a great pianist. I shall,

therefore, transcribe from his book some of the most important remarks bearing on this matter.

After saying that Chopin idealised the fugitive poesy inspired by fugitive apparitions like "La Fee aux Miettes," "Le Lutin d'Argail," &c., to such an extent as to render its fibres so thin and friable that they seemed no longer to belong to our nature, but to reveal to us the indiscreet confidences of the Undines, Titanias, Ariels, Queen Mabs, and Oberons, Liszt proceeds thus:—

When this kind of inspiration laid hold of Chopi
assumed a distinctive character, whatever the ki
executed might be—dance-music or dreamy music, n
nocturnes, preludes or scherzos, waltzes or tara
studies or ballades. He imprinted on them all or
what nameless colour, what vague appearance, wha
akin to vibration, that had almost no longer any
about them, and, like the imponderables, seemed
one's being without passing through the senses.
thought one heard the joyous tripping of some an
teasing Peri; sometimes there were modulations v
iridescent as the robe of a salamander; sometime
accents of deep despondency, as if souls in torn
find the loving prayers necessary for their fina
At other times there breathed forth from his fir
so mournful, so inconsolable, that one thought o
Jacopo Foscari come to life again, and contempla
extreme dejection of him who, dying of love for
preferred death to exile, being unable to endure
leaving Venezia la bella!

It is interesting to compare this description with that of another poet, a poet who sent forth his poetry daintily dressed in verse as well as carelessly wrapped in prose. Liszt tells us that Chopin had in his imagination and talent something "qui, par la purete de sa diction, par ses accointances avec La Fee

aux Miettes et Le Lutin d'Argail, par ses rencon-tres de Seraphine et de Diane, murmurant a son oreille leurs plus confidentielles plaintes, leurs reves les plus innommes," [FOOTNOTE: The allusions are to stories by Charles Nodier. According to Sainte-Beuve, "La Fee aux Miettes" was one of those stories in which the author was influenced by Hoffmann's creations.] reminded him of Nodier. Now, what thoughts did Chopin's playing call up in Heine?

Yes, one must admit that Chopin has genius in th
of the word; he is not only a virtuoso, he is al
can embody for us the poesy which lives within h
a tone-poet, and nothing can be compared to the
he gives us when he sits at the piano and improv
then neither a Pole, nor a Frenchman, nor a Germ
then a higher origin, one perceives then that he
the land of Mozart, Raphael, and Goethe, his tru
is the dream-realm of poesy. When he sits at the
improvises I feel as though a countryman from my
native land were visiting me and telling me the
things which have taken place there during my
absence...Sometimes I should like to interrupt h
questions: And how is the beautiful little water
knows how to fasten her silvery veil so coquettı
green locks? Does the white-bearded sea-god stil
her with his foolish, stale love? Are the roses
in their flame-hued pride? Do the trees still sı
beautifully in the moonlight?

But to return to Liszt. A little farther on than the passage I quoted above he says:—

In his playing the great artist rendered exquisı
of agitated trepidation, timid or breathless, wh
heart when one believes one's self in the vicinı
supernatural beings, in presence of those whom c
know either how to divine or to lay hold of, to

charm. He always made the melody undulate like a
on the bosom of a powerful wave; or he made it m
like an aerial apparition suddenly sprung up in
and palpable world. In his writings he at first
manner which gave so individual an impress to hi
by the term tempo rubato: stolen, broken time—a
once supple, abrupt, and languid, vacillating li
under the breath which agitates it, like the cor
swayed by the soft pressure of a warm air, like
trees bent hither and thither by a keen breeze.

But as the term taught nothing to him who knew,
to him who did not know, understand, and feel, C
afterwards ceased to add this explanation to his
persuaded that if one understood it, it was impo
divine this rule of irregularity. Accordingly, a
compositions ought to be played with that kind o
rhythmical balancement, that morbidezza, the sec
it was difficult to seize if one had not often h

Let us try if it is not possible to obtain a clearer notion of this mysterious tempo rubato. Among instrumentalists the "stolen time" was brought into vogue especially by Chopin and Liszt. But it is not an invention of theirs or their time. Quanz, the great flutist (see Marpurg: "Kritische Beitrage." Vol. I.), said that he heard it for the first time from the celebrated singer Santa Stella Lotti, who was engaged in 1717 at the Dresden Opera, and died in 1759 at Venice. Above all, however, we have to keep in mind that the tempo rubato is a genus which comprehends numerous species. In short, the tempo rubato of Chopin is not that of Liszt, that of Liszt is not that of Henselt, and so on. As for the general definitions we find in dictionaries, they can afford us no particular enlightenment. But help comes to us from elsewhere. Liszt explained Chopin's tempo rubato in a very poetical and graphic manner to his

pupil the Russian pianist Neilissow:—"Look at these trees!" he said, "the wind plays in the leaves, stirs up life among them, the tree remains the same, that is Chopinesque rubato." But how did the composer himself describe it? From Madame Dubois and other pupils of Chopin we learn that he was in the habit of saying to them: "Que votre main gauche soit votre maitre de chapelle et garde toujours la mesure" (Let your left hand be your conductor and always keep time). According to Lenz Chopin taught also: "Angenommen, ein Stuck dauert so und so viel Minuten, wenn das Ganze nur so lange gedauert hat, im Einzelnen kann's anders sein!" (Suppose a piece lasts so and so many minutes, if only the whole lasts so long, the differences in the details do not matter). This is somewhat ambiguous teaching, and seems to be in contradiction to the preceding precept. Mikuli, another pupil of Chopin's, explains his master's tempo rubato thus:—"While the singing hand, either irresolutely lingering or as in passionate speech eagerly anticipating with a certain impatient vehemence, freed the truth of the musical expression from all rhythmical fetters, the other, the accompanying hand, continued to play strictly in time." We get a very lucid description of Chopin's tempo rubato from the critic of the Athenaeum who after hearing the pianist-composer at a London matinee in 1848 wrote:—"He makes free use of tempo rubato; leaning about within his bars more than any player we recollect, but still subject to a presiding measure such as presently habituates the ear to the liberties taken." Often, no doubt, people mistook for tempo rubato what in reality was a suppression or displacement of accent, to which kind of playing the term is indeed sometimes applied. The reader will remember the following passage from a

criticism in the "Wiener Theaterzeitung" of 1829: —"There are defects noticeable in the young man's [Chopin's] playing, among which is perhaps especially to be mentioned the non-observance of the indication by accent of the commencement of musical phrases." Mr. Halle related to me an interesting dispute bearing on this matter. The German pianist told Chopin one day that he played in his mazurkas often 4/4 instead of 3/4 time. Chopin would not admit it at first, but when Mr. Halle proved his case by counting to Chopin's playing, the latter admitted the correctness of the observation, and laughing said that this was national. Lenz reports a similar dispute between Chopin and Meyerbeer. In short, we may sum up in Moscheles' words, Chopin's playing did not degenerate into Tactlosigkeit [lit., timelessness], but it was of the most charming originality. Along with the above testimony we have, however, to take note of what Berlioz said on the subject: "Chopin supportait mal le frein de la mesure; il a pousse beaucoup trap loin, selon moi, l'independance rhythmique." Berlioz even went so far as to say that "Chopin could not play strictly in time [ne pouvait pas jouer regulierement]."

Indeed, so strange was Chopin's style that when Mr. Charles Halle first heard him play his compositions he could not imagine how what he heard was represented by musical signs. But strange as Chopin's style of playing was he thinks that its peculiarities are generally exaggerated. The Parisians said of Rubinstein's playing of compositions of Chopin: "Ce n'est pas ca!" Mr. Halle himself thinks that Rubinstein's rendering of Chopin is clever, but not Chopinesque. Nor do Von Bulow's readings come near the original. As for Chopin's pupils, they are

even less successful than others in imitating their master's style. The opinion of one who is so distinguished a pianist and at the same time was so well acquainted with Chopin as Mr. Halle is worth having. Hearing Chopin often play his compositions he got so familiar with that master's music and felt so much in sympathy with it that the composer liked to have it played by him, and told him that when he was in the adjoining room he could imagine he was playing himself.

But it is time that we got off the shoals on which we have been lying so long. Well, Lenz shall set us afloat:—

In the undulation of the motion, in that suspens
[Hangen und Bangen], in the rubato as he underst
was captivating, every note was the outcome of t
in the best sense of the word. If he introduced
embellishment, which happened only rarely, it wa
kind of miracle of good taste. Chopin was by his
unfitted to render Beethoven or Weber, who paint
scale and with a big brush. Chopin was an artist
[Pastellmaler], but an INCOMPARABLE one! By the
he might pass with honour for that master's well
[ebenburtige Frau, i.e., wife of equal rank]. Be
flat major Sonata, Op. 106, and Chopin exclude e

One day Chopin took Lenz with him to the Baronne Krudner and her friend the Countess Scheremetjew to whom he had promised to play the variations of Beethoven's Sonata in A flat major (Op. 26). And how did he play them?

Beautifully [says Lenz], but not so beautifully
things, not enthrallingly [packend], not en reli
romance increasing in interest from variation to
whispered it mezza voce, but it was incomparable

cantilena, infinitely perfect in the phrasing of structure, ideally beautiful, but FEMININE! Beet and never ceases to be one!

Chopin played on a Pleyel, he made it a point ne lessons on another instrument; they were obliged Pleyel. All were charmed, I also was charmed, bu the tone of Chopin, with his touch, with his swe grace, with the purity of his style.

Chopin's purity of style, self-command, and aristocratic reserve have to be quite especially noted by us who are accustomed to hear the master's compositions played wildly, deliriously, ostentatiously. J. B. Cramer's remarks on Chopin are significant. The master of a bygone age said of the master of the then flourishing generation:—

I do not understand him, but he plays beautifull correctly, oh! very correctly, he does not give passion like other young men, but I do not under

What one reads and hears of Chopin's playing agrees with the account of his pupil Mikuli, who remarks that, with all the warmth which Chopin possessed in so high a degree, his rendering was nevertheless temperate [massvoll], chaste, nay, aristocratic, and sometimes even severely reserved. When, on returning home from the above-mentioned visit to the Russian ladies, Lenz expressed his sincere opinion of Chopin's playing of Beethoven's variations, the master replied testily: "I indicate (j'indique); the hearer must complete (parachever) the picture." And when afterwards, while Chopin was changing his clothes in an adjoining room, Lenz committed the impertinence of playing Beethoven's theme as he understood it, the master came in in his

shirt-sleeves, sat down beside him, and at the end of the theme laid his hand on Lenz's shoulder and said: "I shall tell Liszt of it; this has never happened to me before; but it is beautiful—well, BUT MUST ONE THEN ALWAYS SPEAK SO PASSIONATELY (si declamatoirement)?" The italics in the text, not those in parentheses, are mine. I marked some of Chopin's words thus that they might get the attention they deserve. "Tell me with whom you associate, and I will tell you who you are." Parodying this aphorism one might say, not without a good deal of truth: Tell me what piano you use, and I will tell you what sort of a pianist you are. Liszt gives us all the desirable information as to Chopin's predilection in this respect. But Lenz too has, as we have seen, touched on this point. Liszt writes:—

While Chopin was strong and healthy, as during t
of his residence in Paris, he used to play on ar
but after his friend Camille Pleyel had made him
one of his splendid instruments, remarkable for
ring and very light touch, he would play on no o

If he was engaged for a soiree at the house of o
Polish or French friends, he would often send hi
instrument, if there did not happen to be a Pley
house.

Chopin was very partial to [affectionnait] Pleye
particularly on account of their silvery and son
sonority, and of the easy touch which permitted
from them sounds which one might have believed t
those harmonicas of which romantic Germany has k
monopoly, and which her ancient masters construc
ingeniously, marrying crystal to water.

Chopin himself said:—

When I am indisposed, I play on one of Erard's p
there I easily find a ready-made tone. But when
right mood and strong enough to find my own tone
must have one of Pleyel's pianos.

From the fact that Chopin played during his visit to Great Britain in 1848 at public concerts as well as at private parties on instruments of Broadwood's, we may conclude that he also appreciated the pianos of this firm. In a letter dated London, 48, Dover Street, May 6, 1848, he writes to Gutmann: "Erard a ete charmant, il m'a fait poser un piano. J'ai un de Broadwood et un de Pleyel, ce qui fait 3, et je ne trouve pas encore le temps pour les jouer." And in a letter dated Edinburgh, August 6, and Calder House, August 11, he writes to Franchomme: "I have a Broadwood piano in my room, and the Pleyel of Miss Stirling in the salon."

Here, I think, will be the fittest place to record what I have learnt regarding Chopin's musical taste and opinions on music and musicians, and what will perhaps illustrate better than any other part of this book the character of the man and artist. His opinions of composers and musical works show that he had in a high degree les vices de ses qualites. The delicacy of his constitution and the super-refinement of his breeding, which put within his reach the inimitable beauties of subtlest tenderness and grace that distinguish his compositions and distinguished his playing, were disqualifications as well as qualifications. "Every kind of uncouth roughness [toutes les rudesses sauvages] inspired him with aversion," says Liszt. "In music as in literature and in every-day life everything which bordered on melodrama was torture to him." In short, Chopin was an aristocrat with all the exclusiveness of an

aristocrat.

The inability of men of genius to appreciate the merit of one or the other of their great predecessors and more especially of their contemporaries has often been commented on and wondered at, but I doubt very much whether a musician could be instanced whose sympathies were narrower than those of Chopin. Besides being biographically important, the record of the master's likings and dislikings will teach a useful lesson to the critic and furnish some curious material for the psychological student.

Highest among all the composers, living and dead, Chopin esteemed Mozart. Him he regarded as "the ideal type, the poet par excellence." It is related of Chopin—with what truth I do not know—that he never travelled without having either the score of "Don Giovanni" or that of the "Requiem" in his portmanteau. Significant, although not founded on fact, is the story according to which he expressed the wish that the "Requiem" should be performed at his funeral service. Nothing, however, shows his love for the great German master more unmistakably and more touchingly than the words which on his death-bed he addressed to his dear friends the Princess Czartoryska and M. Franchomme: "You will play Mozart together, and I shall hear you." And why did Chopin regard Mozart as the ideal type, the poet par excellence? Liszt answers: "Because Mozart condescended more rarely than any other composer to cross the steps which separate refinement from vulgarity." But what no doubt more especially stirred sympathetic chords in the heart of Chopin, and inspired him with that loving admiration for the earlier master, was the sweetness, the grace, and the harmoniousness which in Mozart's works reign

supreme and undisturbed—the unsurpassed and unsurpassable perfect loveliness and lovely perfection which result from a complete absence of everything that is harsh, hard, awkward, unhealthy, and eccentric. And yet, says Liszt of Chopin:—

> *His sybaritism of purity, his apprehension of wh*
> *commonplace, were such that even in "Don Giovanr*
> *this immortal chef-d'oeuvre, he discovered passa*
> *presence of which we have heard him regret. His*
> *Mozart was not thereby diminished, but as it wer*

The composer who next to Mozart stood highest in Chopin's esteem was Bach. "It was difficult to say," remarks Mikuli, "which of the two he loved most." Chopin not only, as has already been mentioned, had works of Bach on his writing-table at Valdemosa, corrected the Parisian edition for his own use, and prepared himself for his concerts by playing Bach, but also set his pupils to study the immortal cantor's suites, partitas, and preludes and fugues. Madame Dubois told me that at her last meeting with him (in 1848) he recommended her "de toujours travailler Bach," adding that that was the best means of making progress.

Hummel, Field, and Moscheles were the pianoforte composers who seem to have given Chopin most satisfaction. Mozart and Bach were his gods, but these were his friends. Gutmann informed me that Chopin was particularly fond of Hummel; Liszt writes that Hummel was one of the composers Chopin played again and again with the greatest pleasure; and from Mikuli we learn that of Hummel's compositions his master liked best the Fantasia, the Septet, and the Concertos. Liszt's statement that the Nocturnes of Field were regarded by Chopin as

"insuffisants" seems to me disproved by unexceptionable evidence. Chopin schooled his pupils most assiduously and carefully in the Nocturnes as well as in the Concertos of Field, who was, to use Madame Dubois's words, "an author very sympathetic to him." Mikuli relates that Chopin had a predilection for Field's A flat Concerto and the Nocturnes, and that, when playing the latter, he used to improvise the most charming embellishments. To take liberties with another artist's works and complain when another artist takes liberties with your own works is very inconsistent, is it not? But it is also thoroughly human, and Chopin was not exempt from the common failing. One day when Liszt did with some composition of Chopin's what the latter was in the habit of doing with Field's Nocturnes, the enraged composer is said to have told his friend to play his compositions as they were written or to let them alone. M. Marmontel writes:—

Either from a profound love of the art or from a
conscience personelle, Chopin could not bear any
the text of his works. The slightest modificatio
him a grave fault which he did not even forgive
friends, his fervent admirers, Liszt not excepte
a time, as well as my master, Zimmermann, caused
sonatas, concertos, ballades, and allegros to be
examination pieces; but restricted as I was to a
the work, I was pained by the thought of hurting
who considered these alterations a veritable sac

This, however, is a digression. Little need be added to what has already been said in another chapter of the third composer of the group we were speaking of. Chopin, the reader will remember, told Moscheles that he loved his music, and Moscheles admitted that he who thus complimented him was intimately

acquainted with it. From Mikuli we learn that Moscheles' studies were very sympathetic to his master. As to Moscheles' duets, they were played by Chopin probably more frequently than the works of any other composer, excepting of course his own works. We hear of his playing them not only with his pupils, but with Osborne, with Moscheles himself, and with Liszt, who told me that Chopin was fond of playing with him the duets of Moscheles and Hummel.

Speaking of playing duets reminds me of Schubert, who, Gutmann informed me, was a favourite of Chopin's. The Viennese master's "Divertissement hongrois" he admired without reserve. Also the marches and polonaises a quatre mains he played with his pupils. But his teaching repertoire seems to have contained, with the exception of the waltzes, none of the works a deux mains, neither the sonatas, nor the impromptus, nor the "Moments musicals." This shows that if Schubert was a favourite of Chopin's, he was so only to a certain extent. Indeed, Chopin even found fault with the master where he is universally regarded as facile princeps. Liszt remarks: —

> *In spite of the charm which he recognised in som*
> *Schubert's melodies, he did not care to hear tho*
> *contours were too sharp for his ear, where feeli*
> *were denuded, where one feels, so to speak, the*
> *palpitate and the bones crack under the grasp of*
> *propos of Schubert, Chopin is reported to have s*
> *sublime is dimmed when it is followed by the com*
> *trivial."*

I shall now mention some of those composers with w
in sympathy. In the case of Weber his approval, ho

outweighed his censure. At least Mikuli relates th
A flat major Sonatas and the "Concertstuck" were a
which his master had a predilection, and Madame Du
his pupils play the Sonatas in C and in A flat ma
Now let us hear Lenz:— He could not appreciate Web
"opera," "unsuitable for the piano" [unklaviermas
Chopin was little in sympathy with the GERMAN sp
although I heard him say: "There is only ONE SCH
German!"

Gutmann informed me that he brought the A flat major Sonata with him from Germany in 1836 or 1837, and that Chopin did not know it then. It is hard enough to believe that Liszt asked Lenz in 1828 if the composer of the "Freischutz" had also written for the piano, but Chopin's ignorance in 1836 is much more startling. Did fame and publications travel so slowly in the earlier part of the century? Had genius to wait so long for recognition? If the statement, for the correctness of which Gutmann alone is responsible, rests on fact and not on some delusion of memory, this most characteristic work of Weber and one of the most important items of the pianoforte literature did not reach Chopin, one of the foremost European pianists, till twenty years after its publication, which took place in December, 1816.

That Chopin had a high opinion of Beethoven may be gathered from a story which Lenz relates in an article written for the "Berliner Musikzeitung" (Vol. XXVI). Little Filtsch—the talented young Hungarian who made Liszt say: "I shall shut my shop when he begins to travel"—having played to a select company invited by his master the latter's Concerto in E minor, Chopin was so pleased with his pupil's performance that he went with him to Schlesinger's music-shop, asked for the score of "Fidelio," and presented it to him with the words:—"I am in your debt, you have

given me great pleasure to-day, I wrote the concerto in a happy time, accept, my dear young friend, the great master work! read in it as long as you live and remember me also sometimes." But Chopin's high opinion of Beethoven was neither unlimited nor unqualified. His attitude as regards this master, which Franchomme briefly indicated by saying that his friend loved Beethoven, but had his dislikes in connection with him, is more fully explained by Liszt.

> *However great his admiration for the works of Be*
> *be, certain parts of them seemed to him too rude*
> *Their structure was too athletic to please him;*
> *seemed to him too violent [leurs courroux lui se*
> *rugissants]. He held that in them passion too cl*
> *approaches cataclysm; the lion's marrow which is*
> *every member of his phrases was in his opinion a*
> *substantial matter, and the seraphic accents, th*
> *profiles, which appear in the midst of the power*
> *of this genius, became at times almost painful t*
> *violent a contrast.*

I am able to illustrate this most excellent general description by some examples. Chopin said that Beethoven raised him one moment up to the heavens and the next moment precipitated him to the earth, nay, into the very mire. Such a fall Chopin experienced always at the commencement of the last movement of the C minor Symphony. Gutmann, who informed me of this, added that pieces such as the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata (C sharp minor) were most highly appreciated by his master. One day when Mr. Halle played to Chopin one of the three Sonatas, Op. 31 (I am not sure which it was), the latter remarked that he had formerly thought the last movement VULGAR. From this Mr. Halle

naturally concluded that Chopin could not have studied the works of Beethoven thoroughly. This conjecture is confirmed by what we learn from Lenz, who in 1842 saw a good deal of Chopin, and thanks to his Boswellian inquisitiveness, persistence, and forwardness, made himself acquainted with a number of interesting facts. Lenz and Chopin spoke a great deal about Beethoven after that visit to the Russian ladies mentioned in a foregoing part of this chapter. They had never spoken of the great master before. Lenz says of Chopin:—

> *He did not take a very serious interest in Beeth*
> *only his principal compositions, the last works*
> *This was in the Paris air! People knew the sympl*
> *quartets of the middle period but little, the la*
> *all.*

Chopin, on being told by Lenz that Beethoven had in the F minor Quartet anticipated Mendelssohn, Schumann, and him; and that the scherzo prepared the way for his mazurka-fantasias, said: "Bring me this quartet, I do not know it." According to Mikuli Chopin was a regular frequenter of the concerts of the Societe des Concerts du Conservatoire and of the Alard, Franchomme, &c., quartet party. But one of the most distinguished musicians living in Paris, who knew Chopin's opinion of Beethoven, suspects that the music was for him not the greatest attraction of the Conservatoire concerts, that in fact, like most of those who went there, he considered them a fashionable resort. True or not, the suspicion is undeniably significant. "But Mendelssohn," the reader will say, "surely Chopin must have admired and felt in sympathy with this sweet-voiced, well-mannered musician?" Nothing, however, could be farther from

the truth. Chopin hated Mendelssohn's D minor Trio, and told Halle that that composer had never written anything better than the first Song without Words. Franchomme, stating the case mildly, says that Chopin did not care much for Mendelssohn's music; Gutmann, however, declared stoutly that his master positively disliked it and thought it COMMON. This word and the mention of the Trio remind me of a passage in Hiller's "Mendelssohn: Letters and Recollections," in which the author relates how, when his friend played to him the D minor Trio after its completion, he was favourably impressed by the fire, spirit, and flow, in one word, the masterly character of the work, but had some misgivings about certain pianoforte passages, especially those based on broken chords, which, accustomed as he was by his constant intercourse with Liszt and Chopin during his stay of several years in Paris to the rich passage work of the new school, appeared to him old-fashioned. Mendelssohn, who in his letters repeatedly alludes to his sterility in the matter of new pianoforte passages, allowed himself to be persuaded by Hiller to rewrite the pianoforte part, and was pleased with the result. It is clear from the above that if Mendelssohn failed to give Chopin his due, Chopin did more than apply the jus talionis.

Schumann, however, found still less favour in the eyes of Chopin than Mendelssohn; for whilst among the works which, for instance, Madame Dubois, who was Chopin's pupil for five years, studied under her master, Mendelssohn was represented at least by the Songs without Words and the G minor Concerto, Schumann was conspicuous by his total absence. And let it be remarked that this was in the last years of Chopin's life, when Schumann had composed and published almost all his important works for

pianoforte alone and many of his finest works for pianoforte with other instruments. M. Mathias, Chopin's pupil during the years 1839-1844, wrote to me: "I think I recollect that he had no great opinion of Schumann. I remember seeing the "Carnaval," Op. 9, on his table; he did not speak very highly of it." In 1838, when Stephen Heller was about to leave Augsburg for Paris, Schumann sent him a copy of his "Carnaval" (published in September, 1837), to be presented to Chopin. This copy had a title-page printed in various colours and was most tastefully bound; for Schumann knew Chopin's love of elegance, and wished to please him. Soon after his arrival in Paris, Heller called on the Polish musician and found him sitting for his portrait. On receiving the copy of the "Carnaval" Chopin said: "How beautifully they get up these things in Germany!" but uttered not a word about the music. However, we shall see presently what his opinion of it was. Some time, perhaps some years, after this first meeting with Chopin, Heller was asked by Schlesinger whether he would advise him to publish Schumann's "Carnaval." Heller answered that it would be a good speculation, for although the work would probably not sell well at first, it was sure to pay in the long run. Thereupon Schlesinger confided to Heller what Chopin had told him—namely, that the "Carnaval" was not music at all. The contemplation of this indifference and more than indifference of a great artist to the creations of one of his most distinguished contemporaries is saddening, especially if we remember how devoted Schumann was to Chopin, how he admired him, loved him, upheld him, and idolised him. Had it not been for Schumann's enthusiastic praise and valiant defence Chopin's fame would have risen and spread, more

slowly in Germany.

"Of virtuoso music of any kind I never saw anything on his desk, nor do I think anybody else ever did," says Mikuli.. This, although true in the main, is somewhat too strongly stated. Kalkbrenner, whose "noisy virtuosities [virtuosites tapageuses] and decorative expressivities [expressivites decoratives]" Chopin regarded with antipathy, and Thalberg, whose shallow elegancies and brilliancies he despised, were no doubt altogether banished from his desk; this, however, seems not to have been the case with Liszt, who occasionally made his appearance there. Thus Madame Dubois studied under Chopin Liszt's transcription of Rossini's "Tarantella" and of the Septet from Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor." But the compositions of Liszt that had Chopin's approval were very limited in number. Chopin, who viewed making concessions to bad taste at the cost of true art and for the sake of success with the greatest indignation, found his former friend often guilty of this sin. In 1840 Liszt's transcription of Beethoven's "Adelaide" was published in a supplement to the Gazette musicale. M. Mathias happened to come to Chopin on the day when the latter had received the number of the journal which contained the piece in question, and found his master furious, outre, on account of certain cadenzas which he considered out of place and out of keeping.

We have seen in one of the earlier chapters how little Chopin approved of Berlioz's matter and manner; some of the ultra-romanticist's antipodes did not fare much better. As for Halevy, Chopin had no great opinion of him; Meyerbeer's music he heartily disliked; and, although not insensible to Auber's French esprit and liveliness, he did not prize this master's works very highly. Indeed, at the Italian

opera-house he found more that was to his taste than at the French opera-houses. Bellini's music had a particular charm for Chopin, and he was also an admirer of Rossini.

The above notes exemplify and show the truth of Liszt's remark:—

In the great models and the master-works of art only what corresponded with his nature. What res pleased him; what differed from it hardly receiv from him.

CHAPTER XXVI.

1843-1847.

CHOPIN'S PECUNIARY CIRCUMSTANCES, AND BUSINESS EXPERIENCES WITH PUBLISHERS.—LETTERS TO FRANCHOMME.—PUBLICATIONS FROM 1842-7.—SOJOURNS AT NOHANT.—LISZT, MATTHEW ARNOLD, GEORGE SAND, CHARLES ROLLINAT, AND EUGENE DELACROIX ON NOHANT AND LIFE AT NOHANT.—CHOPIN'S MODE OF COMPOSITION.—CHOPIN AND GEORGE SAND TAKE UP THEIR PARIS QUARTERS IN THE CITE D'ORLEANS.—THEIR WAY OF LIFE THERE, PARTICULARLY CHOPIN'S, AS DESCRIBED BY HIS PUPILS LINDSAY SLOPER, MATHIAS, AND MADAME DUBOIS, AND MORE ESPECIALLY BY LENZ, MADAME SAND HERSELF, AND PROFESSOR

ALEXANDER CHODZKO (DOMESTIC RELATIONS, APARTMENTS, MANNERS, SYMPATHIES, HIS TALENT FOR MIMICRY, GEORGE SAND'S FRIENDS, AND HER ESTIMATE OF CHOPIN'S CHARACTER).

Chopin's life from 1843 to 1847 was too little eventful to lend itself to a chronologically progressive narrative. I shall, therefore, begin this chapter with a number of letters written by the composer during this period to his friend Franchomme, and then endeavour to describe Chopin's mode of life, friends, character, &c.

The following fascicle of letters, although containing less about the writer's thoughts, feelings, and doings than we could wish, affords nevertheless matter of interest. At any rate, much additional light is thrown on Chopin's pecuniary circumstances and his dealings with his publishers.

Impecuniosity seems to have been a chronic state with the artist and sometimes to have pressed hard upon him. On one occasion it even made him write to the father of one of his pupils, and ask for the payment of the fees for five lessons (100 francs). M. Mathias tells me that the letter is still in his possession. One would hardly have expected such a proceeding from a grand seigneur like Chopin, and many will, no doubt, ask, how it was that a teacher so much sought after, who got 20 francs a lesson, and besides had an income from his compositions, was reduced to such straits. The riddle is easily solved. Chopin was open-handed and not much of an economist: he spent a good deal on pretty trifles, assisted liberally his needy countrymen, made handsome presents to his friends, and is said to have had occasionally to pay bills of his likewise often impecunious lady-love. Moreover, his total income was not so large as may be supposed, for although he

could have as many pupils as he wished, he never taught more than five hours a day, and lived every year for several months in the country. And then there is one other point to be taken into consideration: he often gave his lessons gratis. From Madame Rubio I learned that on one occasion when she had placed the money for a series of lessons on the mantel-piece, the master declined to take any of it, with the exception of a 20-franc piece, for which sum he put her name down on a subscription list for poor Poles. Lindsay Sloper, too, told me that Chopin declined payment for the lessons he gave him.

Chopin's business experiences were not, for the most part, of a pleasant nature; this is shown as much by the facts he mentions in his letters as by the distrust with which he speaks of the publishers. Here are some more particulars on the same subject. Gutmann says that Chopin on his return from Majorca asked Schlesinger for better terms. But the publisher, whilst professing the highest opinion of the composer's merit, regretted that the sale of the compositions was not such as to allow him to pay more than he had hitherto done. [FOOTNOTE: Chopin's letters show that Gutmann's statement is correct. Troupenas was Chopin's publisher for some time after his return from Majorca.] Stephen Heller remembered hearing that Breitkopf and Hartel, of Leipzig, wrote to their Paris agent informing him that they would go on publishing Chopin's compositions, although, considering their by no means large sale, the terms at which they got them were too high. Ed. Wolff related to me that one day he drove with his countryman to the publisher Troupenas, to whom Chopin wished to sell his Sonata (probably the one in B flat minor). When after his negotiations with the publisher Chopin was

seated again in the carriage, he said in Polish: "The pig, he offered me 200 francs for my Sonata!" Chopin's relations with England were even less satisfactory. At a concert at which Filtsch played, Chopin introduced Stephen Heller to Wessel or to a representative ofthat firm, but afterwards remarked: "You won't find them pleasant to deal with." Chopin at any rate did not find them pleasant to deal with. Hearing that Gutmann was going to London he asked his pupil to call at Wessel's and try to renew the contract which had expired. The publisher on being applied to answered that not only would he not renew the contract, but that he would not even print Chopin's compositions if he got them for nothing. Among the pieces offered was the Berceuse. With regard to this story of Gutmann's it has, however, to be stated that, though it may have some foundation of fact, it is not true as he told it; for Wessel certainly had published the Berceuse by June 26, 1845, and also published in the course of time the five following works. Then, however, the connection was broken off by Wessel. Chopin's grumblings at his English publisher brings before us only one side of the question. The other side comes in view in the following piece of information with which Wessel's successor, Mr. Edwin Ashdown, favoured me:—"In 1847 Mr. Wessel got tired of buying Chopin's works, which at that time had scarcely any sale, and discontinued the agreement, his last assignment from Chopin (of Op. 60, 61, and 62) being dated July 17, 1847." Wessel advertised these works on September 26, 1846.

Although in the first of the following letters the day, month, and year when it was written are not mentioned, and the second and third inform us only of the day and month, but not of the year, internal

evidence shows that the first four letters form one group and belong to the year 1844. Chopin places the date sometimes at the head, sometimes at the foot, and sometimes in the middle of his letters; to give it prominence I shall place it always at the head, but indicate where he places it in the middle.

Chateau de Nohant, near La Chatre, Indre [August 1, 1844].

Dearest [Cherissime],—I send you [FOOTNOTE: In a
Franchomme Chopin makes use of the pronoun of th
person singular.] the letter from Schlesinger ar
him. Read them. He wishes to delay the publicati
cannot do so. If he says NO, give my manuscripts
[FOOTNOTE: See next letter.] so that he may get
[FOOTNOTE: A Paris music-publisher. He brought o
following year (1845) Chopin's Op. 57, Berceuse,
Sonate (B minor). The compositions spoken of in
next two letters are Op. 55, Deux Nocturnes, and
Mazurkas.] to take them for the same price, 600
believe that he (Schlesinger) will engrave them.
published on the 20th. But you know it is only n
register the title on that day. I ask your pardo
troubling you with all these things. I love you,
you as I would to my brother. Embrace your child
regards to Madame Franchomme.—Your devoted frien

F. Chopin.

A thousand compliments from Madame Sand.

Chateau de Nohant, Indre, August 2, 1844.

Dearest,—I was in great haste yesterday when I w
to apply at Meissonnier's through Maho IF SCHLES
my compositions. I forgot that Henri Lemoine [FO
Paris music-publisher.] paid Schlesinger a very
my studies, and that I had rather have Lemoine e

manuscripts than Meissonnier. I give you much tr
friend, but here is a letter for H. Lemoine, whi
you. Read it, and arrange with him. He must eith
compositions or register the titles on the 20th
(August); ask from him only 300 francs for each,
600 francs for the two. Tell him he need not pay
return to Paris if he likes. Give him even the t
francs if you think it necessary. I had rather c
give them to Meissonnier for 600 francs, as I wr
yesterday without reflecting. If you have in the
already arranged something with M., it is a diff
If not, do not let them go for less than 1,000 f
Maho, who is the correspondent of Haertel (who p
might, knowing that I sell my compositions for s
Paris, make me lower my price in Germany. I torm
with my affairs. It is only in case Schlesinger
his intention not to publish this month. If you
would give 800 francs for the two works, ask the
mention THE PRICE to him so as to leave you comp
I have no time to lose before the departure of t
embrace you, dear brother—write me a line.—Yours

Chopin.

My regards to Madame. A thousand kisses to your

Nohant, Monday, August 4, 1844.

Dearest,—I relied indeed on your friendship—ther
celerity with which you have arranged the Schles
for me does not surprise me at all. I thank you
bottom of my heart, and await the moment when I
to do as much for you. I imagine all is well in
that Madame Franchomme and your dear children ar
that you love me as I love you.—Yours devotedly,

F. CH.

Madame Sand embraces your dear big darling [fant

you a hearty grasp of the hand.

Chateau de Nohant, September 20, 1844.

Dearest,—If I did not write you before, it was b
thought I should see you again this week in Pari
departure being postponed, I send you a line for
so that he may remit to you the price of my last
that is to say, 600 francs (100 of which you wil
me). I hope he will do it without making any dif
it—if not, ask him at once for a line in reply (
getting angry), send it to me, and I shall write
to M. Leo to have the 500 francs you had the kin
me remitted to you before the end of the month.

What shall I say? I often think of our last even
my dear sister. [FOOTNOTE: His sister Louise, wh
a visit to him.] How glad she was to hear you! S
about it since from Strasburg, and asked me to r
you and Madame Franchomme. I hope you are all we
shall find you so. Write to me, and love me as I
Your old

[A scrawl.]

A thousand compliments to Madame. I embrace your
children. A thousand compliments from Madame San

[Date.]

I send you also a receipt for Schlesinger which
up to him for the money only. Once more, do not
makes any difficulties. I embrace you.

C.

August 30, 1845.

Very dear friend,—Here are three manuscripts for
[FOOTNOTE: Brandus, whose name here appears for
in Chopin's letters, was the successor of Schles
three for Maho, who will remit to you Haertel's
(1,500 francs). Give the manuscripts only at the
payment. Send a note for 500 francs in your next
keep the rest for me. I give you much trouble, I
to spare you it—but—but——.

Ask Maho not to change the manuscripts destined
because, as I shall not correct the Leipzig proo
important that my copy should be clear. Also ask
send me two proofs, one of which I may keep.

Now, how are you? and Madame Franchomme and her
I know you are in the country—(if St. Germain ma
country)—that ought to do you all infinite good
weather which we continue to have. Look at my en
should not end if I were to launch out into a ch
and I have not time to resume my letter, for Eug
who wishes much to take charge of my message for
immediately. He is the most admirable artist pos
spent delightful times with him. He adores Mozar
his operas by heart.

Decidedly I am only making blots to-day—pardon m
Au revoir, dear friend, I love you always, and I
every day.

Give my kind regards to Madame Franchomme, and e
dear children.

September 22, 1845.

Very dear friend,—I thank you with all my heart
journeys after Maho, and your letter which I hav
received with the money. The day of the publicat
me good, and I have only to ask you again not to
fall asleep on my account or over my accounts.

Nohant, July 8, 1846.

Very dear friend,—It was not because I did not t
that I have not written to you sooner, but becau
send you at the same time my poor manuscripts, w
yet finished. In the meantime here is a letter f
When you deliver it to him, be so kind as to ask
line in reply, which you will have the goodness
because if any unforeseen event occurs, I shall
to Meissonnier, their offers being equal.

My good friend,—I am doing my utmost to work, bu
get on; and if this state of things continues, m
productions will no longer remind people either
WARBLING OF LINNETS [gazouillement des fauvettes
This is an allusion to a remark which somebody m
compositions.] or even of BROKEN CHINA [porcelai
must resign myself.

Write to me. I love you as much as ever.

A thousand kind regards to Madame Franchomme, ar
compliments from my sister Louise. I embrace you
children.

[Date.]

Madame Sand begs to be remembered to you and Mac
Franchomme.

Chateau de Nohant, near La Chatre, September 17,

Very dear friend,—I am very sorry that Brandus r
that Maho is not yet in a position to receive th
that he has so often asked me for this winter. C
therefore wait; meanwhile I beg you will be so k
back AS SOON as you judge it possible, for I sho
like this to be a long business, having sent my

at the same time as to you. Do not tell them thi
CLEVER tradesmen [marchands habiles] they may ch
honest people [en honnetes gens]. As this is ali
fortune I should prefer the affair to turn out c
Also have the kindness not to consign my manusci
without receiving the money agreed upon, and ser
immediately a note for 500 francs in your letter
keep the rest for me till my arrival in Paris, w
place probably in the end of October. I thank yo
times, dear friend, for your good heart and frie
Keep your millions for me till another time—is i
too much to dispose of your time as I do?

[Here follow compliments to and friendly enquiri
Franchomme's family.]

Madame Sand sends you a thousand compliments and
remembered to Madame Franchomme.

[Date.]

I shall answer Madame Rubio. [FOOTNOTE: Nee Vera
Kologriwof, a pupil of Chopin's and teacher of m
she married Signor Rubio, an artist, and died in
1880 at Florence.] If Mdlle. Stirling [FOOTNOTE:
and pupil of Chopin's; I shall have to say more
and-by. Madame Erskine was her elder sister.] is
Germain, do not forget to remember me to her, al
Erskine.

This will be the proper place to mention the compositions of the years 1842-47, about the publication of many of which we have read so much in the above letters. There is no new publication to be recorded in 1842. The publications of 1843 were: in February—Op. 51, Allegro vivace, Troisieme Impromptu (G flat major), dedicated to Madame la Comtesse Esterhazy; in December—Op. 52, Quatrieme Ballade (F minor), dedicated to Madame

la Baronne C. de Rothschild; Op. 53, Huitieme Polonaise (A flat major), dedicated to Mr. A. Leo; and Op. 54, Scherzo, No. 4 (E major), dedicated to Mdlle. J. de Caraman. Those of 1844 were: in August —Op. 55, Deux Nocturnes (F minor and E flat major), dedicated to Mdlle. J. H. Stirling; and Op. 56, Trois Mazurkas (A minor, A flat major, and F sharp minor), dedicated to Mdlle. C. Maberly. Those of 1845: in May—Op. 57, Berceuse (D flat major), dedicated to Mdlle. Elise Gavard; and in June—Op. 58, Sonate (B minor), dedicated to Madame la Comtesse E. de Perthuis. Those of 1846: in April—Op. 59, Trois Mazurkas (A minor, A flat major, and F sharp minor); and in September—Op. 60, Barcarole (F sharp major), dedicated to Madame la Baronne de Stockhausen; Op. 61, Polonaise-Fantaisie (A flat major), dedicated to Madame A. Veyret; and Op. 62, Deux Nocturnes (B major and E major), dedicated to Mdlle. R. de Konneritz. Those of 1847: in September —Op. 63, Trois Mazurkas (B major, F minor, and C sharp minor), dedicated to Madame la Comtesse L. Czosnowska, and Op. 64, Trois Valses (D flat major, C sharp minor, and A flat major), respectively dedicated to Madame la Comtesse Delphine Potocka, Madame la Baronne Nathaniel de Rothschild, and Madame la Baronne Bronicka; and lastly, in October —Op. 65, Sonate (G minor), pour piano et violoncelle, dedicated to Mr. A. Franchomme.

From 1838 to 1846 Chopin passed regularly every year, with the exception of 1840, three or four months at Nohant. The musical papers announced Chopin's return to town sometimes at the beginning of October, sometimes at the beginning of November. In 1844 he must either have made a longer stay at Nohant than usual or paid it a visit during the winter, for in the "Gazette musicale" of January 5,

1845, we read: "Chopin has returned to Paris and brought with him a new grand Sonata and variantes. These two important works will soon be published."

[FOOTNOTE: The new Sonata here mentioned is the one in B minor, Op. 58, which was published in June, 1845. As to the other item mentioned, I am somewhat puzzled. Has the word to be taken in its literal sense of "various readings," i.e., new readings of works already known (the context, however, does not favour this supposition), or does it refer to the ever-varying evolutions of the Berceuse, Op. 57. published in May, 1845, or, lastly, is it simply a misprint?]

George Sand generally prolonged her stay at Nohant till pretty far into the winter, much to the sorrow of her malade ordinaire (thus Chopin used to style himself), who yearned for her return to Paris.

According to Liszt, the country and the vie de chateau pleased Chopin so much that for the sake of enjoying them he put up with company that did not please him at all. George Sand has a different story to tell. She declares that the retired life and the solemnity of the country agreed neither with Chopin's physical nor with his moral health; that he loved the country only for a fortnight, after which he bore it only out of attachment to her; and that he never felt regret on leaving it. Whether Chopin loved country life or not, whether he liked George Sand's Berry friends and her guests from elsewhere or not, we may be sure that he missed Paris and his accustomed Paris society.

"Of all the troubles I had not to endure but to contend against, the sufferings of my malade ordinaire were not the least," says George Sand. "Chopin always wished for Nohant, and never could

bear it." And, speaking of the later years, when the havoc made in Chopin's constitution by the inroads of his malady showed itself more and more, she remarks: "Nohant had become repugnant to him. His return in the spring still filled him with ecstatic joy for a short time. But as soon as he began to work everything round him assumed a gloomy aspect."

Before we peep into Chopin's room and watch him at work, let us see what the chateau of Nohant and life there were like. "The railway through the centre of France went in those days [August, 1846] no further than Vierzon," [FOOTNOTE: The opening of the extension of the line to Chateauroux was daily expected at that time.] writes Mr. Matthew Arnold in an account of a visit paid by him to George Sand:—

From Vierzon to Chateauroux one travelled by an
diligence, from Chateauroux to La Chatre by a hu
diligence, from La Chatre to Broussac by the hum
diligence cf. all. At Broussac diligence ended,
began. Between Chateauroux and La Chatre, a mile
reaching the latter place, the road passes by th
Nohant. The chateau of Nohant, in which Madame S
a plain house by the roadside, with a walled gar
the meadows not far off flows the Indre, bordere

The Chateau of Nohant is indeed, as Mr. Matthew Arnold says, a plain house, only the roof with its irregularly distributed dormars and chimney-stacks of various size giving to it a touch of picturesqueness. On the other hand, the ground-floor, with its central door flanked on each side by three windows, and the seven windowed story above, impresses one with the sense of spaciousness.

Liszt, speaking of a three months' stay at Nohant made by himself and his friend the Comtesse

d'Agoult in the summer of 1837—i.e., before the closer connection of George Sand and Chopin began—relates that the hostess and her guests spent the days in reading good books, receiving letters from absent friends, taking long walks on the banks of the Indre, and in other equally simple occupations and amusements. In the evenings they assembled on the terrace. There, where the light of the lamps cast fantastic shadows on the neighbouring trees, they sat listening to the murmuring of the river and the warbling of the nightingales, and breathing in the sweet perfume of the lime-trees and the stronger scent of the larches till the Countess would exclaim: "There you are again dreaming, you incorrigible artists! Do you not know that the hour for working has come?" And then George Sand would go and write at the book on which she was engaged, and Liszt would betake himself to the old scores which he was studying with a view to discover some of the great masters' secrets. [FOOTNOTE: Liszt. "Essays and Reisebriefe eines Baccalaureus der Tonkunst." Vol. II., pp. 146 and 147 of the collected works.]

Thus was Nohant in quiet days. But the days at Nohant were by no means always quiet. For George Sand was most hospitable, kept indeed literally open house for her friends, and did so regardless of credit and debit. The following passage from a letter written by her in 1840 from Paris to her half-brother Hippolyte Chatiron gives us a good idea of the state of matters:—

If you will guarantee my being able to pass the
for 4,000 francs, I will go. But I have never be
spending 1,500 francs per month, and as I do not
half of this, it is neither the love of work, nc
spending, nor that of GLORY, which makes me stay

whether I have been pillaged; but I am at a loss with my nonchalance, in so vast a house, and so life as that of Nohant. Here I can see clearly; done under my eyes as I understand and wish it. this remain between us—you know that before I am people have often made themselves at home in the I do? Were I to pose as a good manager [econome] accuse me of stinginess; were I to let things go be able to provide for them. Try if you can find this.

In George Sand's letters many glimpses may be caught of the life at Nohant. To some of them I have already drawn the reader's attention in preceding chapters; now I shall point out a few more.

George Sand to Madame Marliani; Nohant, August 1

I have had all my nights absorbed by work and fa passed all my days with Pauline [Viardot] in wal at billiards, and all this makes me so entirely indolent character and lazy habits that, at nigh working quickly, I fall stupidly asleep at every line....Viardot [Louis Viardot, the husband of P his days in poaching with my brother and Papet; shooting season has not yet begun, and they brav divine and human. Pauline reads with Chopin whol the piano. She is always good-natured and charmi know her.

George Sand to Mdlle. Rozieres: Nohant, October

Papet is in the depths of the forests; in "Eryma least, hunting the wild boar. Chopin is in Paris relapsed, as he says, into his triples croches [demisemiquavers].

George Sand to Mdlle. Rozieres; Nohant, May 9, 1

Quick to work! Your master, the great Chopin, ha
(that for which he nevertheless cares a great de
beautiful present for Francoise, my faithful ser
adores, and he is very right.

He begs of you therefore to send him, IMMEDIATEl
of lace, two fingers broad at least, within the
francs a yard; further, a shawl of whatever mate
within the price of forty francs....This, then,
present which your HONOURED MASTER asks you to g
with an eagerness worthy of the ardour which he
his gifts, and of the impatience which he puts i
things.

Charles Rollinat, a friend of George Sand's, the brother of one of George Sand's most intimate and valued friends, Francois Rollinat, published in "Le Temps" (September 1, 1874) a charming "Souvenir de Nohant," which shows us the the chateau astir with a more numerous company:—

The hospitality there [he writes] was comfortabl
freedom absolute. There were guns and dogs for t
hunting, boats and nets for those who loved fish
splendid garden to walk in. Everyone did as he l
and Chopin composed; Pauline Garcia studied her
"Prophete"; the mistress of the house wrote a ro
drama; and it was the same with the others. At s
they assembled again to dine, and did not part o
two or three o'clock in the morning.
Chopin rarely played. He could only be prevailed
when he was sure of perfection. Nothing in the w
have made him consent to play indifferently. Lis
contrary, played always, well or badly.

[FOOTNOTE: Charles Rollinat, a younger brother of Francois, went afterwards to Russia, where, according to George Sand (see letter to Edmond

Plauchut, April 8, 1874), he was for twenty-five years "professeur de musique et haut enseignement, avec une bonne place du gouvernement." He made a fortune and lost it, retaining only enough to live upon quietly in Italy. He tried then to supplement his scanty income by literary work (translations from the Russian). George Sand, recalling the days of long ago, says: "Il chantait comme on ne chante plus, excepte Pauline [Viardot-Garcia]!"]

Unfortunately, the greater portion of M. Rollinat's so-called Souvenir consists of "poetry WITHOUT truth." Nevertheless, we will not altogether ignore his pretty stories.

One evening when Liszt played a piece of Chopin's with embellishments of his own, the composer became impatient and at last, unable to restrain himself any longer, walked up to Liszt and said with his ENGLISH PHLEGM:—

"I beg of you, my dear friend, if you do me the
a piece of mine, to play what is written, or to
else. It is only Chopin who has the right to alt

"Well! play yourself!" said Liszt, rising from h
little irritated,

"With pleasure," said Chopin.

At that moment a moth extinguished the lamp. Cho
have it relighted, and played in the dark. When
finished his delighted auditors overwhelmed him
compliments, and Liszt said:

"Ah, my friend, you were right! The works of a g
are sacred; it is a profanation to meddle with t
true poet, and I am only a mountebank."

Whereupon Chopin replied: "We have each our geni

M. Rollinat then proceeds to tell his readers that Chopin, believing he had eclipsed Liszt that evening, boasted of it, and said: "How vexed he was!" It seems that the author felt that this part of the story put a dangerously severe strain on the credulity of his readers, for he thinks it necessary to assure them that these were the ipsissima verba of Chopin. Well, the words in question came to the ears of Liszt, and he resolved at once to have his revenge.

Five days afterwards the friends were again assembled in the same place and at the same time. Liszt asked Chopin to play, and had all the lights put out and all the curtains drawn; but when Chopin was going to the piano, Liszt whispered something in his ear and sat down in his stead. He played the same composition which Chopin had played on the previous occasion, and the audience was again enchanted. At the end of the piece Liszt struck a match and lighted the candles which stood on the piano. Of course general stupefaction ensued.

"What do you say to it?" said Liszt to his rival
"I say what everyone says; I too believed it was
"You see," said the virtuoso rising, "that Liszt
when he likes; but could Chopin be Liszt?"

Instead of commenting on the improbability of a generous artist thus cruelly taunting his sensitive rival, I shall simply say that Liszt had not the slightest recollection of ever having imitated Chopin's playing in a darkened room. There may be some minute grains of truth mixed up with all this chaff of fancy—Chopin's displeasure at the liberties Liszt took with his compositions was no doubt one of

them—but it is impossible to separate them.

M. Rollinat relates also how in 184-, when Chopin, Liszt, the Comtesse d'Agoult, Pauline Garcia, Eugene Delacroix, the actor Bocage, and other celebrities were at Nohant, the piano was one moonlit night carried out to the terrace; how Liszt played the hunting chorus from Weber's Euryanthe, Chopin some bars from an impromptu he was then composing; how Pauline Garcia sang Nel cor piu non mi sento, and a niece of George Sand a popular air; how the echo answered the musicians; and how after the music the company, which included also a number of friends from the neighbouring town, had punch and remained together till dawn. But here again M. Rollinat's veracity is impugned on all sides. Madame Viardot-Garcia declares that she was never at Nohant when Liszt was there; and Liszt did not remember having played on the terrace of the chateau. Moreover, seeing that the first performance of the Prophete took place on April 16, 1849, is it likely that Madame Pauline Garcia was studying her part before or in 1846? And unless she did so she could not meet Chopin at Nohant when she was studying it.

M. Rollinat is more trustworthy when he tells us that there was a pretty theatre and quite an assortment of costumes at the chateau; that the dramas and comedies played there were improvised by the actors, only the subject and the division into scenes being given; and that on two pianos, concealed by curtains, one on the right and one on the left of the stage, Chopin and Liszt improvised the musical part of the entertainment. All this is, however, so much better and so much more fully told by George Sand (in Dernieres Pages: Le Theatre des Marionnettes de Nohant) that we will take our

information from her. It was in the long nights of a winter that she conceived the plan of these private theatricals in imitation of the comedia dell' arte—namely, of "pieces the improvised dialogue of which followed a written sketch posted up behind the scenes."

They resembled the charades which are acted in s
which are more or less developed according to th
the talent of the performers. We had begun with
degrees the word of the charade disappeared and
first mad saynetes, then comedies of intrigues a
and finally dramas of incidents and emotions. Th
began by pantomime, and this was of Chopin's inv
occupied the place at the piano and improvised,
young people gesticulated scenes and danced comi
leave you to imagine whether these now wonderful
improvisations quickened the brains and made sup
of our performers. He led them as he pleased and
pass, according to his fancy, from the droll to
from the burlesque to the solemn, from the grace
passionate. We improvised costumes in order to p
successively several roles. As soon as the artis
appear, he adapted his theme and his accent in a
manner to their respective characters. This went
evenings, and then the master, setting out for P
thoroughly stirred up, enthusiastic, and determi
suffer the spark which had electrified us to be

To get away from the quicksands of Souvenirs—for George Sand's pages, too, were written more than thirty years after the occurrences she describes, and not published till 1877—I shall make some extracts from the contemporaneous correspondence of George Sand's great friend, the celebrated painter Eugene Delacroix. [FOOTNOTE: Lettres de Eugene Delacroix (1815 a 1863) recucillies et publiees par M. Philippe Burty. Paris, 1878.] The reader cannot fail to feel at

once the fresh breeze of reality that issues from these letters, which contain vivid sketches full of natural beauties and free from affectation and striving after effect:—

Nohant, June 7, 1842.

...The place is very pleasant, and the hosts do please me. When we are not assembled to dine, bı billiards, or walk, we are in our rooms, readinç our sofas. Now and then there come to you throuç opening on the garden, whiffs of the music of Ch working in his room; this mingles with the song nightingales and the odour of the roses. You see not much to be pitied, and, nevertheless, work n the grain of salt to all this. This life is too purchase it with a little racking of my brains; huntsman who eats with more appetite when he has torn by bushes, one must strive a little after ı feel the charm of doing nothing.

Nohant, June 14, 1842.

...Although I am in every respect most agreeably both as regards body and mind, for I am in much have not been able to prevent myself from thinkı strange! this work is fatiguing, and yet the spe it gives to the mind is necessary to the body it I try to get up a passion for billiards, in whic lesson every day, in vain have I good conversatı subjects that please me, music that I seize on t whiffs, I have felt the need of doing something. Sainte-Anne for the parish, and I have already s

Nohant, June 22, 1842.

...Pen and ink certainly become more and more re

have no more than you any event to record. I lea
life, and as monotonous as it well can be. No ev
course of it. We expected Balzac, who has not co
sorry. He is a babbler who would have destroyed
NONCHALANCE which I am enjoying thoroughly; at t
painting, billiards, and walking, that is more t
to fill up the days. There is not even the distr
neighbours and friends from the environs; in thi
country everyone remains at home and occupies hi
oxen and his land. One would become a fossil her
time.

I have interminable private interviews with Chop
love much, and who is a man of a rare distinctio
most true artist I have met. He is one of the fe
admire and esteem. Madame Sand suffers frequentl
headaches and pains in her eyes, which she tries
much as possible and with much strength of will,
weary us with what she suffers.

The greatest event of my stay has been a peasant
lawn of the chateau with the best bagpipers of t
people of this part of the country present a rem
of gentleness and good nature; ugliness is rare
beauty is not often seen, but there is not that
which is observable in the peasants of the envir
All the women have the appearance of those sweet
sees only in the pictures of the old masters. Th
Saint Annes.

Amidst the affectations, insincerities, and superficialities of Chopin's social intercourse, Delacroix's friendship—we have already seen that the musician reciprocated the painter's sentiments—stands out like a green oasis in a barren desert. When, on October 28, 1849, a few days after Chopin's death, Delacroix sent a friend a ticket for the funeral service of the deceased, he speaks of him as "my poor and dear Chopin." But the sincerity of

Delacroix's esteem and the tenderness of his love for Chopin are most fully revealed in some lines of a letter which he wrote on January 7, 1861, to Count Czymala [Grzymala]:—

When I have finished [the labours that took up a
I shall let you know, and shall see you again, w
pleasure I have always had, and with the feeling
letter has reanimated in me. With whom shall I s
incomparable genius whom heaven has envied the e
whom I dream often, being no longer able to see
world nor to hear his divine harmonies.

If you see sometimes the charming Princess Marce
[Czartoryska], another object of my respect, pla
the homage of a poor man who has not ceased to k
memory of her kindnesses and of admiration for h
another bond of union with the seraph whom we ha
who, at this hour, charms the celestial spheres.

The first three of the above extracts from Delacroix's letters enable us to form a clear idea of what the everyday life at Nohant was like, and after reading them we can easily imagine that its monotony must have had a depressing effect on the company-loving Chopin. But the drawback was counterbalanced by an advantage. At Paris most of Chopin's time was occupied with teaching and the pleasures of society, at Nohant he could devote himself undisturbed and undistracted to composition. And there is more than sufficient evidence to prove that in this respect Chopin utilised well the quiet and leisure of his rural retirement.

Few things excite the curiosity of those who have a taste for art and literature so much as an artist's or poet's mode of creation. With what interest, for instance, do we read Schindler's account of how

Beethoven composed his Missa Solemnis—of the master's absolute detachment from the terrestrial world during the time he was engaged on this work; of his singing, shouting, and stamping, when he was in the act of giving birth to the fugue of the Credo! But as regards musicians, we know, generally speaking, very little on the subject; and had not George Sand left us her reminiscences, I should not have much to tell the reader about Chopin's mode of creation. From Gutmann I learned that his master worked long before he put a composition to paper, but when it was once in writing did not keep it long in his portfolio. The latter part of this statement is contradicted by a remark of the better-informed Fontana, who, in the preface to Chopin's posthumous works, says that the composer, whether from caprice or nonchalance, had the habit of keeping his manuscripts sometimes a very long time in his portfolio before giving them to the public. As George Sand observed the composer with an artist's eye and interest, and had, of course, better opportunities than anybody else to observe him, her remarks are particularly valuable. She writes:—

His creation was spontaneous and miraculous. He
without seeking it, without foreseeing it. It ca
piano suddenly, complete, sublime, or it sang in
during a walk, and he was impatient to play it t
then began the most heart-rending labour I ever
series of efforts, of irresolutions, and of fret
again certain details of the theme he had heard;
conceived as a whole he analysed too much when w
write it, and his regret at not finding it again
opinion, clearly defined, threw him into a kind
shut himself up in his room for whole days, weep
breaking his pens, repeating and altering a bar
times, writing and effacing it as many times, an

the next day with a minute and desperate perseve
spent six weeks over a single page to write it a
had noted it down at the very first.

I had for a long time been able to make him cons
to this first inspiration. But when he was no lo
to believe me, he reproached me gently with havi
and with not being severe enough for him. I trie
him, to take him out for walks. Sometimes, takir
brood in a country char a bancs, I dragged him a
of himself from this agony. I took him to the ba
Creuse, and after being for two or three days lo
sunshine and rain in frightful roads, we arrived
famished, at some magnificently-situated place w
to revive. These fatigues knocked him up the fir
slept. The last day he was quite revived, quite
returning to Nohant, and he found the solution o
without too much effort; but it was not always p
prevail upon him to leave that piano which was m
his torment than his joy, and by degrees he show
I disturbed him. I dared not insist. Chopin wher
alarming, and as, with me, he always restrained
seemed almost to choke and die.

A critic remarks in reference to this account that Chopin's mode of creation does not show genius, but only passion. From which we may conclude that he would not, like Carlyle, have defined genius as the power of taking infinite pains. To be sure, the great Scotchman's definition is inadequate, but nothing is more false than the popular notion that the great authors throw off their works with the pleasantest ease, that creation is an act of pure enjoyment. Beethoven's sketch-books tell a different story; so do also Balzac's proof-sheets and the manuscripts of Pope's version of the Iliad and Odyssey in the British Museum. Dr. Johnson speaking of Milton's MSS. observed truly: "Such reliques show how excellence is acquired." Goethe in writing to Schiller asks him to

return certain books of "Wilhelm Meister" that he may go over them A FEW TIMES before sending them to the press. And on re-reading one of these books he cut out one third of its contents. Moreover, if an author writes with ease, this is not necessarily a proof that he labours little, for he may finish the work before bringing it to paper. Mozart is a striking instance. He has himself described his mode of composing—which was a process of accumulation, agglutination, and crystallisation—in a letter to a friend. The constitution of the mind determines the mode of working. Some qualities favour, others obstruct the realisation of a first conception. Among the former are acuteness and quickness of vision, the power of grasping complex subjects, and a good memory. But however varied the mode of creation may be, an almost unvarying characteristic of the production of really precious and lasting artwork is ungrudging painstaking, such as we find described in William Hunt's "Talks about Art":—"If you could see me dig and groan, rub it out and start again, hate myself and feel dreadfully! The people who do things easily, their things you look at easily, and give away easily." Lastly and briefly, it is not the mode of working, but the result of this working which demonstrates genius.

As Chopin disliked the pavilion in the Rue Pigalle, George Sand moved with her household in 1842 to the quiet, aristocratic-looking Cite (Court or Square) d'Orleans, where their friend Madame Marliani arranged for them a vie de famille. To get to the Cite d'Orleans one has to pass through two gateways—the first leads from the Rue Taitbout (close to the Rue St. Lazare), into a small out-court with the lodge of the principal concierge; the second, into the court itself. In the centre is a grass plot with four flower-beds and

a fountain; and between this grass plot and the footpath which runs along the houses extends a carriage drive. As to the houses which form the square, they are well and handsomely built, the block opposite the entrance making even some architectural pretensions. Madame Sand's, Madame Marliani's, and Chopin's houses, which bore respectively the numbers 5, 4, and 3, were situated on the right side, the last-mentioned being just in the first right-hand corner on entering from the out-court. On account of the predilection shown for it by artists and literary men as a place of abode, the Court d'Orldans has not inaptly been called a little Athens. Alexander Dumas was one of the many celebrities who lived there at one time or other; and Chopin had for neighbours the famous singer Pauline Viardot-Garcia, the distinguished pianoforte-professor Zimmermann, and the sculptor Dantan, from whose famous gallery of caricatures, or rather charges, the composer's portrait was not absent. Madame Marliani, the friend of George Sand and Chopin, who has already repeatedly been mentioned in this book, was the wife of Manuel Marliani, Spanish Consul in Paris, author, [FOOTNOTE: Especially notable among his political and historical publications in Spanish and French is: "Histoire politique de l'Espagne moderne suivie d'un apercu sur les finances." 2 vols. in 8vo (Paris, 1840).] politician, and subsequently senator. Lenz says that Madame Marliani was a Spanish countess and a fine lady; and George Sand describes her as good-natured and active, endowed with a passionate head and maternal heart, but destined to be unhappy because she wished to make the reality of life yield to the ideal of her imagination and the exigences of her sensibility.

Some excerpts from a letter written by George Sand on November 12, 1842, to her friend Charles Duvernet, and a passage from Ma Vie will bring scene and actors vividly before us:—

We also cultivate billiards; I have a pretty lit
which I hire for twenty francs a month, in my sa
thanks to kind friendships we approach Nohant li
is possible in this melancholy Paris. What makes
country-like also is that I live in the same squ
family Marliani, Chopin in the next pavilion, so
leaving this large well-lighted and sanded Court
run in the evening from one to another like good
neighbours. We have even contrived to have only
[marmite], and eat all together at Madame Marlia
more economical and by far more lively than taki
at home. It is a kind of phalanstery which amuse
where mutual liberty is much better guaranteed t
the Fourierists...

Solange is at a boarding-school, and comes out e
to Monday morning. Maurice has resumed the studi
and I, I have resumed Consuelo like a dog that i
whipped; for I have idled on account of my remov
fitting up of my apartments...

Kind regards and shakes of the hand from Viardot
my children.

The passge [sic: passage] from Ma Vie, which cor
repetitions along with a few additional touches,
follows:— She [Madame Marliani] had fine apartme
two we [George Sand and Chopin] occupied. We ha
planted and sanded and always clean court to cro
meet, sometimes, in her rooms, sometimes in mine
Chopin's when he was inclined to give us some mu
with her at common expense. It was a very good a
economical like all associations, and enabled or
at Madame Marliani's, my friends more privately

and to take up my work at the hour when it suite
Chopin rejoiced also at having a fine, isolated
could go to compose or to dream. But he loved so
little use of his sanctuary except to give lesso

Although George Sand speaks only of a salon, Chopin's official residence, as we may call it, consisted of several rooms. They were elegantly furnished and always adorned with flowers—for he loved le luxe and had the coquetterie des appartements.

[FOOTNOTE: When I visited in 1880 M. Kwiatkowski in Paris, he showed me some Chopin relics: 1, a pastel drawing by Jules Coignet (representing Les Pyramides d'Egypte), which hung always above the composer's piano; 2, a little causeuse which Chopin bought with his first Parisian savings; 3, an embroidered easy-chair worked and presented to him by the Princess Czartoiyska; and 4, an embroidered cushion worked and presented to him by Madame de Rothschild. If we keep in mind Chopin's remarks about his furniture and the papering of his rooms, and add to the above-mentioned articles those which Karasowski mentions as having been bought by Miss Stirling after the composer's death, left by her to his mother, and destroyed by the Russians along with his letters in 1861 when in possession of his sister Isabella Barcinska—his portrait by Ary Scheffer, some Sevres porcelain with the inscription "Offert par Louis Philippe a Frederic Chopin," a fine inlaid box, a present from one of the Rothschild family, carpets, table-cloths, easy-chairs, &c., worked by his pupils—we can form some sort of idea of the internal arrangements of the pianist-composer's rooms.]

Nevertheless, they exhibited none of the splendour

which was to be found in the houses of many of the celebrities then living in Paris. "He observed," remarks Liszt, "on this point as well as in the then so fashionable elegancies of walking-sticks, pins, studs, and jewels, the instinctive line of the comme il faut between the too much and the too little." But Chopin's letters written from Nohant in 1839 to Fontana have afforded the reader sufficient opportunities to make himself acquainted with the master's fastidiousness and good taste in matters of furniture and room decoration, above all, his horror of vulgar gaudiness.

Let us try to get some glimpses of Chopin in his new home. Lindsay Sloper, who—owing, no doubt, to a great extent at least, to the letter of recommendation from Moscheles which he brought with him—had got permission from Chopin to come for a lesson as often as he liked at eight o'clock in the morning, found the master at that hour not in deshabille, but dressed with the greatest care. Another early pupil, M. Mathias, always fell in with the daily-attending barber. M. Mathias told me also of Chopin's habit of leaning with his back against the mantel-piece while he was chatting at the end of the lesson. It must have been a pretty sight to see the master in this favourite attitude of his, his coat buttoned up to the chin (this was his usual style), the most elegant shoes on his small feet, faultless exquisiteness characterising the whole of his attire, and his small eyes sparkling with esprit and sometimes with malice.

Of all who came in contact with Chopin, however, no one made so much of his opportunities as Lenz: some of his observations on the pianist have already been quoted, those on the man and his surroundings deserve likewise attention. [FOOTNOTE: W. von

Lenz: "Die Grossen Pianoforte-Virtuosen unserer Zeit."] Lenz came to Paris in the summer or autumn of the year 1842; and as he wished to study Chopin's mazurkas with the master himself, he awaited impatiently his return from Nohant. At last, late in October, Lenz heard from Liszt that Chopin had arrived in town; but Liszt told him also that it was by no means an easy thing to get lessons from Chopin, that indeed many had journeyed to Paris for the purpose and failed even to get sight of him. To guard Lenz against such a mishap, Liszt gave him a card with the words "Laissez passer, Franz Liszt" on it, and advised him to call on Chopin at two o'clock. The enthusiastic amateur was not slow in availing himself of his artist friend's card and advice. But on reaching his destination he was met in the anteroom by a male servant—"an article of luxury in Paris, a rarissima avis in the house of an artist," observes Lenz—who informed him that Chopin was not in town. The visitor, however, was not to be put off in this way, and insisted that the card should be taken in to Chopin. Fortune favours the brave. A moment after the servant had left the room the great artist made his appearance holding the card in his hand: "a young man of middle height, slim, thin, with a careworn, speaking face and the finest Parisian tournure." Lenz does not hesitate to declare that he hardly ever met a person so naturally elegant and winning. But here is what took place at this interview.

Chopin did not press me to sit down [says Lenz], before a reigning sovereign. "What do you wish? Liszt's, an artist?" "A friend of Liszt's. I wi happiness of making, under your guidance, acquai your mazurkas, which I regard as a literature. S

have already studied with Liszt." I felt I had
imprudent, but it was too late. "Indeed!" replie
a drawl, but in the politest tone, "what do you
then? Please play to me what you have played wi
have still a few minutes at my disposal"—he drew
fob an elegant, small watch—"I was on the point
I had told my servant to admit nobody, pardon me

Lenz sat down at the piano, tried the gue of it—an expression at which Chopin, who was leaning languidly on the piano and looking with his intelligent eyes straight in his visitor's face, smiled—and then struck up the Mazurka in B flat major. When he came to a passage in which Liszt had taught him to introduce a volata through two octaves, Chopin whispered blandly:—

"This TRAIT is not your own; am I right? HE has
he must meddle with everything; well! he may do
before THOUSANDS, I rarely before ONE. Well, thi
will give you lessons, but only twice a week, I
more, it is difficult for me to find three-quart
hour." He again looked at his watch. "What do y
With what do you occupy yourself generally?" Th
question for which I was well prepared. "George
Jacques I prefer to all other writers," said I c
smiled, he was most beautiful at that moment. "I
you this. I see, you are initiated, so much the
be punctual, with me things go by the clock, my
pigeon-house (pigeonnier). I see already we shal
intimate, a recommendation from Liszt is worth s
are the first pupil whom he has recommended to m
friends, we were comrades."

Lenz had, of course, too imaginative a turn of mind to leave facts in their native nakedness, but this tendency of his is too apparent to need pointing out. What betrays him is the wonderful family likeness of

his portraits, a kind of vapid esprit, not distantly related to silliness, with which the limner endows his unfortunate sitters, Chopin as well as Liszt and Tausig. Indeed, the portraits compared with the originals are like Dresden china figures compared with Greek statuary. It seems to me also very improbable that so perfect a gentleman as Chopin was should subject a stranger to an examination as to his reading and general occupation. These questions have very much the appearance of having been invented by the narrator for the sake of the answers. However, notwithstanding the many unmistakable embellishments, Lenz's account was worth quoting, for after all it is not without a basis of fact and truth. The following reminiscences of the lively Russian councillor, although not wanting in exaggerations, are less open to objections:—

I always made my appearance long before my hour
One lady after another came out, one more beauti
other, on one occasion Mdlle. Laure Duperre, the
the admiral, whom Chopin accompanied to the stai
the most beautiful of all, and as straight as a
Chopin has dedicated two of his most important N
minor and F sharp minor, Op. 48); she was at tha
favourite pupil. In the anteroom I often met lit
who, unfortunately, died too young, at the age o
Hungarian and a genius. He knew how to play Chop
Liszt said in my presence at a soiree of the Com
d'Agoult: "When the little one begins to travel,
up my shop" (Quand le petit voyagera, je fermera
was jealous of Filtsch, Chopin had eyes only for

How high an opinion the master had of this talented pupil appears from his assertion that the boy played the E minor Concerto better than he himself. Lenz mentions Filtsch and his playing of the E minor

Concerto only in passing in "Die grossen Pianoforte-Virtuosen unserer Zeit," but devotes to them more of his leisure in an article which appeared in the Berliner Musikzeitung (Vol. XXVI.), the amusing gossip of which deserves notice here on account of the light thrown by some of its details on Chopin's ways and the company he received in his salon. On one occasion when Filtsch had given his master particular satisfaction by a tasteful rendering of the second solo of the first movement of the E minor Concerto, Chopin said: "You have played this well, my boy (mon garcon), I must try it myself." Lenz relates that what now followed was indescribable: the little one (der Kleine) burst into tears, and Chopin, who indeed had been telling them the story of his artist life, said, as if speaking to himself, "I have loved it! I have already once played it!" Then, turning to Filtsch, he spoke these words: "Yours is a beautiful artist nature (une belle nature d'artiste), you will become a great artist." Whilst the youthful pianist was studying the Concerto with Chopin, he was never allowed to play more than one solo at a time, the work affecting too much the feelings of the composer, who, moreover, thought that the whole was contained in every one of the solos; and when he at last got leave to perform the whole, an event for which he prepared himself by fasting and prayers of the Roman Catholic Church, and by such reading as was pointed out by his master, practising being forbidden for the time, Chopin said to him: "As you have now mastered the movement so well, we will bring it to a hearing."

The reader must understand that I do not vouch for the strict correctness of Lenz's somewhat melodramatic narrative; and having given this warning I shall, to keep myself free from all

responsibility, simply translate the rest of what is yet to be told:—

Chopin invited a party of ladies, George Sand wa
and was as quiet as a mouse; moreover, she knew
music. The favoured pupils from the highest aris
appeared with modest demeanour and full of the n
devotion, they glided silently, like gold-fishes
one after another into the salon, and sat down a
possible from the piano, as Chopin liked people
spoke, Chopin only nodded, and shook hands with
there, not with all of them. The square pianofor
stood in his cabinet, he had placed beside the E
grand in the salon, not without the most painful
him. The most insignificant trifle affected him;
me tangere. He had said once, or rather had thou
I saw a crack more in the ceiling, I should not
bring out a note." Chopin poured the whole dream
instrumentation of the work into his incomparabl
accompaniment. He played without book. I have ne
anything that could be compared to the first tut
played alone on the piano. The little one did wo
whole was an impression for all the rest of one'
Chopin had briefly dismissed the ladies (he love
neither for himself nor for others, and only Geo
permitted to embrace Filtsch), he said to the la
brother, who always accompanied the little one,
have yet to take a walk." It was a command which
with the most respectful bow.

The destination of this walk was Schlesinger's music-shop, where Chopin presented his promising young pupil with the score of Beethoven's "Fidelio": —

"I am in your debt, you have given me much pleas
wrote the Concerto in happier days. Receive, my
friend, this great master-work; read therein as

live, and remember me also sometimes." The litt
if stunned, and kissed Chopin's hand. We were al
moved, Chopin himself was so. He disappeared imm
through the glass door on a level with the Rue F
which it leads.

A scene of a very different nature which occurred some years later was described to me by Madame Dubois. This lady, then still Mdlle. O'Meara and a pupil of Chopin's, had in 1847 played, accompanied on a second piano by her master, the latter's Concerto in E minor at a party of Madame de Courbonne's. Madame Girardin, who was among the guests, afterwards wrote most charmingly and eulogistically about the young girl's beauty and talent in one of her Lettres parisiennes, which appeared in La Presse and were subsequently published in a collected form under the title of "Le Vicomte de Launay." Made curious by Madame Girardin's account, and probably also by remarks of Chopin and others, George Sand wished to see the heroine of that much-talked-of letter. Thus it came to pass that one day when Miss O'Meara was having her lesson, George Sand crossed the Square d'Orleans and paid Chopin a visit in his apartments. The master received her with all the grace and amiability he was capable of. Noticing that her pardessus was bespattered with mud, he seemed to be much vexed, and the exquisitely-elegant gentleman (l'homme de toutes les elegances) began to rub off with his small, white hands the stains which on any other person would have caused him disgust. And Mdlle. O'Meara, child as she still was, watched what was going on from the corner of her eye and thought: "Comme il aime cette femme!" [FOOTNOTE: Madame A. Audley gives an altogether incorrect account of this incident in her FREDERIC CHOPIN. Madame Girardin was not

one of the actors, and Mdlle. O'Meara did not think the thoughts attributed to her.]

Whenever Chopin's connection with George Sand is mentioned, one hears a great deal of the misery and nothing or little of the happiness which accrued to him out of it. The years of tenderness and devotion are slurred over and her infidelities, growing indifference, and final desertion are dwelt upon with undue emphasis. Whatever those of Chopin's friends who were not also George Sand's friends may say, we may be sure that his joys outweighed his sorrows. Her resoluteness must have been an invaluable support to so vacillating a character as Chopin's was; and, although their natures were in many respects discordant, the poetic element of hers cannot but have found sympathetic chords in his. Every character has many aspects, but the world is little disposed to see more than one side of George Sand's—namely, that which is most conspicuous by its defiance of law and custom, and finds expression in loud declamation and denunciation. To observe her in one of her more lovable attitudes of mind, we will transport ourselves from Chopin's to her salon.

Louis Enault relates how one evening George Sand, who sometimes thought aloud when with Chopin—this being her way of chatting—spoke of the peacefulness of the country and unfolded a picture of the rural harmonies that had all the charming and negligent grace of a village idyl, bringing, in fact, her beloved Berry to the fireside of the room in the Square d'Orleans.

"How well you have spoken!" said Chopin naively.

"You think so?" she replied. "Well, then, set me
Hereupon Chopin improvised a veritable pastoral
George Sand placing herself beside him and layir
gently on his shoulder said: "Go on, velvet finc
doigts de velour]!"

Here is another anecdote of quiet home-life. George Sand had a little dog which was in the habit of turning round and round in the endeavour to catch its tail. One evening when it was thus engaged, she said to Chopin: "If I had your talent, I would compose a pianoforte piece for this dog." Chopin at once sat down at the piano, and improvised the charming Waltz in D flat (Op. 64), which hence has obtained the name of Valse du petit chien. This story is well known among the pupils and friends of the master, but not always told in exactly the same way. According to another version, Chopin improvised the waltz when the little dog was playing with a ball of wool. This variation, however, does not affect the pith of the story.

The following two extracts tell us more about the intimate home-life at Nohant and in the Court d'Orleans than anything we have as yet met with.

Madame Sand to her son; October 17, 1843:—

Tell me if Chopin is ill; his letters are short
care of him if he is ailing. Take a little my pl
take my place with so much zeal if you were ill.

Madame Sand to her son; November 16, 1843:—

If you care for the letter which I have written
[Solange], ask Chopin for it. It was for both o
has not given him much pleasure. He has taken it
yet I did not wish to annoy him, God forbid! We

each other soon again, and hearty embraces [de b
bigeades] [FOOTNOTE: Biger is in the Berry diale
all round shall efface all my sermons.

In another of George Sand's letters to her son—it is dated November 28, 1843—we read about Chopin's already often-mentioned valet. Speaking of the foundation of a provincial journal, "L'Eclaireur de l'Indre," by herself and a number of her friends, and of their being on the look-out for an editor who would be content with the modest salary of 2,000 francs, she says:—

This is hardly more than the wages of Chopin's c
to imagine that for this it is possible to find
talent! First measure of the Committee of Public
shall outlaw Chopin if he allows himself to have
salaried like publicists.

Chopin treated George Sand with the greatest respect and devotion; he was always aux petits soins with her. It is characteristic of the man and exemplifies strikingly the delicacy of his taste and feeling that his demeanour in her house showed in no way the intimate relation in which he stood to the mistress of it: he seemed to be a guest like any other occasional visitor. Lenz wishes to make us believe that George Sand's treatment of Chopin was unworthy of the great artist, but his statements are emphatically contradicted by Gutmann, who says that her behaviour towards him was always respectful. If the lively Russian councillor in the passages I am going to translate describes correctly what he heard and saw, he must have witnessed an exceptional occurrence; it is, however, more likely that the bad reception he received from the lady prejudiced him against her.

Lenz relates that one day Chopin took him to the salon of Madame Marliani, where there was in the evening always a gathering of friends.

George Sand [thus runs his account of his first
the great novelist] did not say a word when Chop
me. This was rude. Just for that reason I seated
her. Chopin fluttered about like a little fright
its cage, he saw something was going to happen.
not always feared on this terrain? At the first
conversation, which was led by Madame Sand's fri
Viardot, the great singer whose acquaintance I w
make in St. Petersburg, Chopin put his arm throu
led me to the piano. Reader! if you play the pia
imagine how I felt! It was an upright or cottag
oder Stutzflugel] of Pleyel's, which people in P
a pianoforte. I played the Invitation in a fragm
fashion, Chopin gave me his hand in the most fri
George Sand did not say a word. I seated myself
beside her. I had obviously a purpose. Chopin lo
at us across the table, on which was burning the
carcel.

"Are you not coming sometime to St. Petersburg,"
George Sand in the most polite tone, "where you
read, so highly admired?"

"I shall never lower myself by visiting a countr
answered George Sand shortly.

This was indecorous [unanstandig] after she had

"After all, you are right NOT to come," I replie
tone; "you might find the door closed! I was th
Emperor Nicholas."

George Sand looked at me in astonishment, I plun
into her large, beautiful, brown, cow-like eyes.
not seem displeased, I knew the movements of his

Instead of giving any answer George Sand rose ir
fashion, and strode in the most manly way throug
the blazing fire. I followed her closely, and se
for the third time beside her, ready for another

She would be obliged at last to say something.

George Sand drew an enormously thick Trabucco ci
apron pocket, and called out "Frederic! un fidib

This offended me for him, that perfect gentleman
understood Liszt's words: "Pauvre Frederic!" in
significance.

Chopin immediately came up with a fidibus.

As she was sending forth the first terrible clou
George Sand honoured me with a word:

"In St. Petersburg," she began, "I could not eve
cigar in a drawing-room?"

"In NO drawing-room have I ever seen anyone smok
Madame," I answered, not without emphasis, with

George Sand fixed her eyes sharply upon me—the t
gone home! I looked calmly around me at the goo
the salon, each of which was lighted up by a sep
Chopin had probably heard nothing; he had return
hostess at the table.

Pauvre Frederic! How sorry I was for him, the g
The next day the Suisse [hall-porter] in the hot
Armand, said to me: "A gentleman and a lady have
said you were not at home, you had not said you
visitors; the gentleman left his name, he had no
him." I read: Chopin et Madame Sand. After this
for two months with Mr. Armand.

George Sand was probably out of humour on the evening in question; that it was not her usual manner of receiving visitors may be gathered from what Chopin said soon after to Lenz when the latter came to him for a lesson. "George Sand," he said, "called with me on you. What a pity you were not at home! I regretted it very much. George Sand thought she had been uncivil to you. You would have seen how amiable she can be. You have pleased her."

Alexander Chodzko, the learned professor of Slavonic literature at the College de France, told me that he was half-a-dozen times at George Sand's house. Her apartments were furnished in a style in favour with young men. First you came into a vestibule where hats, coats, and sticks were left, then into a large salon with a billiard-table. On the mantel-piece were to be found the materials requisite for smoking. George Sand set her guests an example by lighting a cigar. M. Chodzko met there among others the historian and statesman Guizot, the litterateur Francois, and Madame Marliani. If Chopin was not present, George Sand would often ask the servant what he was doing, whether he was working or sleeping, whether he was in good or bad humour. And when he came in all eyes were directed towards him. If he happened to be in good humour George Sand would lead him to the piano, which stood in one of the two smaller apartments adjoining the salon. These smaller apartments were provided with couches for those who wished to talk. Chopin began generally to prelude apathetically and only gradually grew warm, but then his playing was really grand. If, however, he was not in a playing mood, he was often asked to give some of his wonderful mimetic imitations. On such occasions Chopin retired to one of the side-rooms, and when he returned he was

irrecognisable. Professor Chodzko remembers seeing him as Frederick the Great.

Chopin's talent for mimicry, which even such distinguished actors as Bocage and Madame Dorval regarded with admiration, is alluded to by Balzac in his novel "Un Homme d'affaires," where he says of one of the characters that "he is endowed with the same talent for imitating people which Chopin, the pianist, possesses in so high a degree; he represents a personage instantly and with astounding truth." Liszt remarks that Chopin displayed in pantomime an inexhaustible verve drolatique, and often amused himself with reproducing in comical improvisations the musical formulas and peculiar ways of certain virtuosos, whose faces and gestures he at the same time imitated in the most striking manner. These statements are corroborated by the accounts of innumerable eye and ear-witnesses of such performances. One of the most illustrative of these accounts is the following very amusing anecdote. When the Polish musician Nowakowski [FOOTNOTE: He visited Paris in 1838, 1841, and 1846, partly for the purpose of making arrangements for the publication of his compositions, among which are Etudes dedicated to Chopin.] visited Paris, he begged his countryman to bring him in contact with Kalkbrenner, Liszt, and Pixis. Chopin, replying that he need not put himself to the trouble of going in search of these artists if he wished to make their acquaintance, forthwith sat down at the piano and assumed the attitude, imitated the style of playing, and mimicked the mien and gestures, first of Liszt and then of Pixis. Next evening Chopin and Nowakowski went together to the theatre. The former having left the box during one of the intervals, the latter looked round after awhile and

saw Pixis sitting beside him. Nowakowski, thinking Chopin was at his favourite game, clapped Pixis familiarly on the shoulder and said: "Leave off, don't imitate now!" The surprise of Pixis and the subsequent confusion of Nowakowski may be easily imagined. When Chopin, who at this moment returned, had been made to understand what had taken place, he laughed heartily, and with the grace peculiar to him knew how to make his friend's and his own excuses. One thing in connection with Chopin's mimicry has to be particularly noted—it is very characteristic of the man. Chopin, we learn from Liszt, while subjecting his features to all kinds of metamorphoses and imitating even the ugly and grotesque, never lost his native grace, "la grimace ne parvenait meme pas a l'enlaidir."

We shall see presently what George Sand has to say about her lover's imitative talent; first, however, we will make ourselves acquainted with the friends with whom she especially associated. Besides Pierre Leroux, Balzac, Pauline Viardot-Garcia, and others who have already been mentioned in the foregoing chapters, she numbered among her most intimate friends the Republican politician and historian Louis Blanc, the Republican litterateur Godefroy Cavaignac, the historian Henri Martin, and the litterateur Louis Viardot, the husband of Pauline Garcia.

[FOOTNOTE: This name reminds me of a passage in Louis Blanc's "Histoire de la Revolution de 1840" (p. 210 of Fifth Edition. Paris, 1880). "A short time before his [Godefroy Cavaignac's] end, he was seized by an extraordinary desire to hear music once more. I knew Chopin. I offered to go to him, and to bring him with me, if the doctor did not oppose it. The entreaties thereupon took the character of a

supplication. With the consent, or rather at the urgent prayer, of Madame Cavaignac, I betook myself to Chopin. Madame George Sand was there. She expressed in a touching manner the lively interest with which the invalid inspired her; and Chopin placed himself at my service with much readiness and grace. I conducted him then into the chamber of the dying man, where there was a bad piano. The great artist begins...Suddenly he is interrupted by sobs. Godefroy, in a transport of sensibility which gave him a moment's physical strength, had quite unexpectedly raised himself in his bed of suffering, his face bathed in tears. Chopin stopped, much disturbed; Madame Cavaignac, leaning towards her son, anxiously interrogated him with her eyes. He made an effort to become self-possessed; he attempted to smile, and with a feeble voice said, 'Do not be uneasy, mamma, it is nothing; real childishness...Ah! how beautiful music is, understood thus!' His thought was—we had no difficulty in divining it—that he would no longer hear anything like it in this world, but he refrained from saying so."]

Friends not less esteemed by her than these, but with whom she was less intimate, were the Polish poet Mickiewicz, the famous bass singer Lablache, the excellent pianist and composer Alkan aine, the Italian composer and singing-master Soliva (whom we met already in Warsaw), the philosopher and poet Edgar Quinet, General Guglielmo Pepe (commander-in-chief of the Neapolitan insurrectionary army in 1820-21), and likewise the actor Bocage, the litterateur Ferdinand Francois, the German musician Dessauer, the Spanish politician Mendizabal, the dramatist and journalist Etienne Arago, [FOOTNOTE: The name of Etienne Arago is

mentioned in "Ma Vie," but it is that of Emmanuel Arago which occurs frequently in the "Corrcspcndance."] and a number of literary and other personages of less note, of whom I shall mention only Agricol Perdiguier and Gilland, the noble artisan and the ecrivain proletaire, as George Sand calls them.

Although some of George Sand's friends were also Chopin's, there can be no doubt that the society which gathered around her was on the whole not congenial to him. Some remarks which Liszt makes with regard to George Sand's salon at Nohant are even more applicable to her salon in Paris.

> *An author's relations with the representatives o*
> *and his dramatic executants, actors and actresse*
> *those whom he treats with marked attention on ac*
> *merits or because they please him; the crossing*
> *the clash and rebound of the infatuations and di*
> *which result therefrom; were naturally hateful t*
> *Chopin]. For a long time he endeavoured to escap*
> *shutting his eyes, by making up his mind not to*
> *There happened, however, such things, such catas*
> *[denouements], as, by shocking too much his deli*
> *offending too much his habits of the moral and s*
> *faut, ended in rendering his presence at Nohant*
> *although he seemed at first to have felt more co*
> *repif] there than elsewhere.*

These are, of course, only mere surmises, but Liszt, although often wrong as to incidents, is, thanks to his penetrative genius, generally right as to essences. Indeed, if George Sand's surroundings and Chopin's character and tastes are kept in view nothing seems to be more probable than that his over-delicate susceptibilities may have occasionally been shocked by unrestrained vivacity, loud laughter, and perhaps

even coarse words; that his uncompromising idealism may have been disturbed by the discordance of literary squabbles, intrigues, and business transactions; that his peaceable, non-speculative, and non-argumentative disposition may have been vexed and wearied by discussions of political, social, religious, literary, and artistic problems. Unless his own art was the subject, Chopin did not take part in discussions. And Liszt tells us that Chopin not only, like most artists, lacked a generalising mind [esprit generalisateur], but showed hardly any inclination for aesthetics, of which he had not even heard much. We may be sure that to Chopin to whom discussions of any kind were distasteful, those of a circle in which, as in that of George Sand, democratic and socialistic, theistic and atheistic views prevailed, were particularly so. For, notwithstanding his bourgeois birth, his sympathies were with the aristocracy; and notwithstanding his neglect of ritual observances, his attachment to the Church of Rome remained unbroken. Chopin does not seem to have concealed his dislike to George Sand's circle; if he did not give audible expression to it, he made it sufficiently manifest by seeking other company. That she was aware of the fact and displeased with it, is evident from what she says of her lover's social habits in Ma Vie. The following excerpt from that work is an important biographical contribution; it is written not without bitterness, but with hardly any exaggeration:—

He was a man of the world par excellence, not of
formal and too numerous world, but of the intima
the salons of twenty persons, of the hour when t
away and the habitues crowd round the artist to
by amiable importunity his purest inspiration. I

only that he exhibited all his genius and all hi
was then also that after having plunged his audi
profound recueillement or into a painful sadness
music sometimes discouraged one's soul terribly,
when he improvised, he would suddenly, as if to
impression and remembrance of his sorrow from ot
himself, turn stealthily to a glass, arrange his
cravat, and show himself suddenly transformed ir
phlegmatic Englishman, into an impertinent old m
sentimental and ridiculous Englishwoman, into a
The types were always sad, however comical they
perfectly conceived and so delicately rendered t
not grow weary of admiring them.

All these sublime, charming, or bizarre things t
how to evolve out of himself made him the soul o
society, and there was literally a contest for h
his noble character, his disinterestedness, his
his proper pride, enemy of every vanity of bad t
every insolent reclame, the security of intercou
and the exquisite delicacy of his manners, makir
equally serious and agreeable.

To tear Chopin away from so many gdteries, to as
with a simple, uniform, and constantly studious
had been brought up on the knees of princesses,
him of that which made him live, of a factitious
true, for, like a painted woman, he laid aside i
in returning to his home, his verve and his ener
the night to fever and sleeplessness; but of a l
would have been shorter and more animated than t
retirement and of the intimacy restricted to the
circle of a single family. In Paris he visited s
every day, or he chose at least every evening a
as a milieu. He had thus by turns twenty or thir
intoxicate or to charm with his presence.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CHOPIN IN HIS SOCIAL RELATIONS: HIS PREDILECTION FOR THE FASHIONABLE SALON SOCIETY (ACCOUNTS BY MADAME GIRARDIN AND BERLIOZ); HIS NEGLECT OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS (ARY SCHEFFER, MARMONTEL, HELLER, SCHULHOFF, THE PARIS CORRESPONDENT OF THE MUSICAL WORLD); APHORISMS BY LISZT ON CHOPIN IN HIS SOCIAL ASPECT.—CHOPIN'S FRIENDSHIPS.—GEORGE SAND, LISZT, LENZ, HELLER, MARMONTEL, AND HILLER ON HIS CHARACTER (IRRITABILITY, FITS OF ANGER—SCENE WITH MEYERBEER—GAIETY AND RAILLERY, LOVE OF SOCIETY, AND LITTLE TASTE FOR READING, PREDILECTION FOR THINGS POLISH).—HIS POLISH, GERMAN, ENGLISH, AND RUSSIAN FRIENDS.—THE PARTY MADE FAMOUS BY LISZT'S ACCOUNT.—HIS INTERCOURSE WITH MUSICIANS (OSBORNE, BERLIOZ, BAILLOT, CHERUBINI, KALKBRENNER, FONTANA, SOWINSKI, WOLFF, MEYERBEER, ALKAN, ETC.).—HIS FRIENDSHIP WITH LISZT.—HIS DISLIKE TO LETTER-WRITING.

George Sand, although one of the cleverest of the literary portrayers who have tried their hand at Chopin, cannot be regarded as one of the most impartial; but it must be admitted that in describing

her deserted lover as un homme du monde par excellence, non pas du monde trop officiel, trop nombreux, she says what is confirmed by all who have known him, by his friends, foes, and those that are neither. Aristocratic society, with which he was acquainted from his earliest childhood, had always a great charm for him. When at the beginning of 1833, a little more than two years after his arrival in Paris, he informed his friend Dziewanowski that he moved in the highest society—among ambassadors, princes, and ministers—it is impossible not to see that the fact gives him much satisfaction. Without going so far as to say with a great contemporary of Chopin, Stephen Heller, that the higher you go in society the greater is the ignorance you find, I think that little if any good for either heart or mind can come from intercourse with that section of the people which proudly styles itself "society" (le monde). Many individuals that belong to it possess, no doubt, true nobility, wisdom, and learning, nay, even the majority may possess one or the other or all of them in some degree, but these qualities are so out of keeping with the prevailing frivolity that few have the moral courage to show their better nature. If Chopin imagined that he was fully understood as an artist by society, he was sadly mistaken. Liszt and Heller certainly held that he was not fully understood, and they did not merely surmise or speak from hearsay, for neither of them was a stranger in that quarter, although the latter avoided it as much as possible. What society could and did appreciate in Chopin was his virtuosity, his elegance, and his delicacy. It is not my intention to attempt an enumeration of Chopin's aristocratic friends and acquaintances, but in the dedications of his works the curious will find the most important of them.

There, then, we read the names of the Princess Czartoryska, Countess Plater, Countess Potocka, Princesse de Beauvau, Countess Appony, Countess Esterhazy, Comte and Comtesse de Perthuis, Baroness Bronicka, Princess Czernicheff, Princess Souzzo, Countess Mostowska, Countess Czosnowska, Comtesse de Flahault, Baroness von Billing, Baron and Baroness von Stockhausen, Countess von Lobau, Mdlle. de Noailles, &c. And in addition to these we have representatives of the aristocracy of wealth, Madame C. de Rothschild foremost amongst them. Whether the banker Leo with whom and his family Chopin was on very friendly terms may be mentioned in this connection, I do not know. But we must remember that round many of the above names cluster large families. The names of the sisters Countess Potocka and Princesse de Beauvau call up at once that of their mother, Countess Komar. Many of these here enumerated are repeatedly mentioned in the course of this book, some will receive particular attention in the next chapter. Now we will try to get a glimpse of Chopin in society.

Madame de Girardin, after having described in one of her "Lettres parisiennes" (March 7, 1847) [FOOTNOTE: The full title of the work is: "Le Vicomte de Launay—Lettres parisiennes par Mdme. Emile de Girardin." (Paris: Michel Levy freres.)] with what success Mdlle. O'Meara accompanied by her master played his E minor Concerto at a soiree of Madame de Courbonne, proceeds thus:—

Mdlle. Meara is a pupil of Chopin's. He was ther
present at the triumph of his pupil, the anxious
itself: "Shall we hear him?"

The fact is that it was for passionate admirers

Tantalus to see Chopin going about a whole evenı
not to hear him. The mistress of the house took
was indiscreet, and Chopin played, sang his most
we set to these joyous or sad airs the words whı
heads; we followed with our thoughts his melodic
There were some twenty of us, sincere amateurs,
and not a note was lost, not an intention was mı
was not a concert, it was intimate, serious musı
love; he was not a virtuoso who comes and plays
upon and then disappears; he was a beautiful talı
worried, tormented, without consideration and sc
dared ask for the most beloved airs, and who fulı
charity repeated to you the favourite phrase, ir
might carry it away correct and pure in your mem
long time yet feast on it in remembrance. Madame
"Please, play this pretty nocturne dedicated to
Stirling."—The nocturne which I called the dange
smiled, and played the fatal nocturne. "I," saic
"should like to hear once played by you this maz
so charming." He smiled again, and played the de
The most profoundly artful among the ladies souç
attain their end: "I am practising the grand sor
commences with this beautiful funeral march," ar
to know the movement in which the finale ought t
smiled a little at the stratagem, and played the
grand sonata, one of the most magnificent pieces
composed.

Although Madame Girardin's language and opinions are fair specimens of those prevalent in the beatified regions in which Chopin delighted to move, we will not follow her rhapsodic eulogy of his playing. That she cannot be ranked with the connoisseurs is evident from her statement that the sonata BEGINS with the funeral march, and that the FINALE is one of the most magnificent creations of the composer. Notwithstanding Madame Girardin's subsequent remark that Chopin's playing at Madame de Courbonne's was quite an exception, her letter

may mislead the reader into the belief that the great pianist was easily induced to sit down at the piano. A more correct idea may be formed of the real state of matters from a passage in an article by Berlioz (Feuilleton du Journal des Debats, October 27, 1849) in which the supremacy of style over matter is a little less absolute than in the lady's elegant chit-chat:—

A small circle of select auditors, whose real de
him was beyond doubt, could alone determine him
the piano. What emotions he would then call fort
ardent and melancholy reveries he loved to pour
It was usually towards midnight that he gave him
the greatest ABANDON, when the big butterflies o
had left, when the political questions of the da
discussed at length, when all the scandal-monger
end of their anecdotes, when all the snares were
perfidies consummated, when one was thoroughly t
then, obedient to the mute petition of some beau
intelligent eyes, he became a poet, and sang the
loves of the heroes of his dreams, their chivalr
the sorrows of the absent fatherland, his dear P
ready to conquer and always defeated. But withou
conditions—the exacting of which for his playing
must thank him for—it was useless to solicit him
curiosity excited by his fame seemed even to irr
he shunned as far as possible the nonsympathetic
chance had led him into it. I remember a cutting
he let fly one evening at the master of a house
dined. Scarcely had the company taken coffee whe
approaching Chopin, told him that his fellow-gue
never heard him hoped that he would be so good a
at the piano and play them some little thing [qu
chose]. Chopin excused himself from the very fir
which left not the slightest doubt as to his inc
when the other insisted, in an almost offensive
man who knows the worth and the object of the di
has given, the artist cut the conversation short
with a weak and broken voice and a fit of coughi

sir...I have... eaten so little!"

Chopin's predilection for the fashionable salon society led him to neglect the society of artists. That he carried the odi profanum vulgus, et arceo too far cannot for a moment be doubted. For many of those who sought to have intercourse with him were men of no less nobility of sentiment and striving than himself. Chopin offended even Ary Scheffer, the great painter, who admired him and loved him, by promising to spend an evening with him and again and again disappointing him. Musicians, with a few exceptions. Chopin seems always to have been careful to keep at a distance, at least after the first years of his arrival in Paris. This is regrettable especially in the case of the young men who looked up to him with veneration and enthusiasm, and whose feelings were cruelly hurt by the polite but unsympathetic reception he gave them:—

We have had always a profound admiration for Cho
[writes M. Marmontel], and, let us add, a lively
his person. No artist, the intimate disciples no
has more studied his compositions, and more caus
played, and yet our relations with this great mu
only been rare and transient. Chopin was surrour
upon, closely watched by a small cenacle of enth
friends, who guarded him against importunate vis
admirers of the second order. It was difficult t
to him; and it was necessary, as he said himself
great artist whose name is Stephen Heller, to tr
times before one succeeded in meeting him. These
["essais"] being no more to my taste than to Hel
not belong to that little congregation of faithf
cult verged on fanaticism.

As to Stephen Heller—who himself told me that he would have liked to be more with Chopin, but was

afraid of being regarded as intrusive—Mr. Heller thinks that Chopin had an antipathy to him, which considering the amiable and truly gentlemanly character of this artist seems rather strange.

If the details of Karasowski's account of Chopin's and Schulhoff's first meeting are correct, the Polish artist was in his aloofness sometimes even deficient in that common civility which good-breeding and consideration for the feelings of others demand. Premising that Fetis in telling the story is less circumstantial and lays the scene of the incident in the pianoforte-saloon of Pleyel, I shall quote Karasowski's version, as he may have had direct information from Schulhoff, who since 1855 has lived much of his time at Dresden, where Karasowski also resides:—

Schulhoff came when quite a young man and as yet unknown to Paris. There he learned that Chopin, already very ailing and difficult of access, was pianoforte-manufactory of Mercier to inspect one invented transposing pianofortes. It was in the Schulhoff seized the opportunity to become perso acquainted with the master, and made his appeara small party which awaited Chopin. The latter can friend, a Russian Capellmeister [Soliva?]. Takir a propitious moment, Schulhoff got himself intro of the ladies present. On the latter begging Cho Schulhoff to play him something, the renowned ma much bothered by dilettante tormentors, signifie displeased, his consent by a slight nod of the h seated himself at the pianoforte, while Chopin, turned to him, was leaning against it. But alrea short prelude he turned his head attentively tow who now performed an Allegro brillant en forme c I), which he had lately composed. With growing i came nearer and nearer the keyboard and listened

poetic playing of the young Bohemian; his pale f
animated, and by mien and gesture he showed to a
present his lively approbation. When Schulhoff h
Chopin held out his hand to him with the words:
vrai artiste, un collegue!" Some days after Schu
revered master a visit, and asked him to accept
of the composition he had played to him. Chopin
a heart-winning manner, and said in the presence
ladies: "Je suis tres flatte de l'honneur que vo

The behaviour of Chopin during the latter part of this transaction made, no doubt, amends for that of the earlier. But the ungracious manner in which he granted the young musician permission to play to him, and especially his turning his back to Schulhoff when the latter began to play, are not excused by the fact that he was often bothered by dilettante tormentors.

The Paris correspondent of the Musical World, writing immediately after the death of the composer, describes the feeling which existed among the musicians in the French capital, and also suggests an explanation and excuse. In the number of the paper bearing date November 10, 1849, we read as follows: —

Owing to his retired way of living and his habit
Chopin had few friends in the profession; and, f
from his original nature by the caprice of socie
apt to treat his brother-artists with a supercil
which many, his equals, and a few, his superiors
stigmatise as insulting. But from want of sympat
man, they overlooked the fact that a pulmonary c
which for years had been gradually wasting him t
rendered him little fit for the enjoyments of so
relaxations of artistic conviviality. In short,
self-defence, was compelled to live in comparati
but we wholly disbelieve that this isolation hac

unkindness or egotism. We are the more inclined
opinion by the fact that the intimate friends wh
possessed in the profession (and some of them we
were as devotedly attached to him as the most ro
aristocratic worshippers.

The reasoning does not seem to me quite conclusive. Would it not have been possible to live in retirement without drawing upon himself the accusation of supercilious hauteur? Moreover, as Chopin was strong enough to frequent fashionable salons, he cannot have been altogether unable to hold intercourse with his brother-artists. And, lastly, who are the pianist friends that were as devotedly attached to him as the most romantic of his aristocratic worshippers? The fact that Chopin became subsequently less social and more reticent than he had been in his early Paris days, confined himself to a very limited number of friends and families, and had relations of an intimate nature with only a very few musicians, cannot, therefore, be attributable to ill-health alone, although that too had, no doubt, something to do with it, directly or indirectly. In short, the allegation that Chopin was "spoiled by the caprice of society," as the above-quoted correspondent puts it, is not only probable, but even very likely. Fastidious by nature and education, he became more so, partly in consequence of his growing physical weakness, and still more through the influence of the society with which, in the exercise of his profession and otherwise, he was in constant contact. His pupils and many of his other admirers, mostly of the female sex and the aristocratic class, accustomed him to adulation and adoration to such an extent as to make these to be regarded by him as necessaries of life. Some excerpts from Liszt's book, which I shall quote here in the

form of aphorisms, will help to bring Chopin, in his social aspect, clearly before the reader's eyes:—

As he did not confound his time, thought, and wa
of anyone, the society of women was often more c
him in that it involved fewer subsequent relatio

He carried into society the uniformity of temper
whom no annoyance troubles because they expect n

His conversation dwelt little on stirring subjec
over them; as he was not at all lavish of his ti
was easily absorbed by the details of the day.

He loved the unimportant talk [les causeries sar
people whom he esteemed; he delighted in the chi
pleasures of young people. He passed readily wh
playing blind-man's-buff with young girls, in te
amusing or funny little stories, in making them
laughter of youth, which it gives even more plea
than the singing of the warbler. [FOOTNOTE: This
must refer to the earlier years of Chopin's resi
Paris.]

In his relations and conversations he seemed to
interest in what preoccupied the others; he took
draw them out of the circle of their personality
lead them into his. If he gave up little of his
make up for it, reserved to himself nothing of t
granted.

The presence of Chopin was, therefore, always he
[fetee]. Not hoping to be understood [devine], c
speak of himself [de se raconter lui-meme], he c
himself so much with everything that was not him
intimate personality remained aloof, unapproache
unapproachable, under this polite and smooth [gl
surface where it was impossible to get a footing

He pleased too much to make people reflect.

He hardly spoke either of love or of friendship.

He was not exacting like those whose rights and
surpass by far what one would have to offer them
intimate acquaintances did not penetrate to this
where, withdrawn from all the rest of his life,
secret motive power of his soul: a recess so cor
one scarcely suspected its existence.

Ready to give everything, he did not give himsel

The last dictum and part of the last but one were already quoted by me in an earlier chapter, but for the sake of completeness, and also because they form an excellent starting-point for the following additional remarks on Chopin's friendships, I have repeated them here. First of all, I venture to make the sweeping assertion that Chopin had among his non-Polish friends none who could be called intimate in the fullest sense of the word, none to whom he unbosomed himself as he did to Woyciechowski and Matuszynski, the friends of his youth, and Grzymala, a friend of a later time. Long cessation of personal intercourse together with the diverging development of their characters in totally unlike conditions of life cannot but have diminished the intimacy with the first named. [FOOTNOTE: Titus Woyciechowski continued to live on his estate Poturzyn, in the kingdom of Poland.] With Matuszyriski Chopin remained in close connection till this friend's death. [FOOTNOTE: Karasowski says in the first volume of his Polish biography of Chopin that Matuszynski died on April 20, 1842; and in the second that he died after Chopin's father, but in the same year—that is, in 1844.] How he opened his whole heart to Grzymala we shall see in a subsequent chapter. That

his friendship with Fontana was of a less intimate character becomes at once apparent on comparing Chopin's letters to him with those he wrote to the three other Polish friends. Of all his connections with non-Poles there seems to be only one which really deserves the name of friendship, and that is his connection with Franchomme. Even here, however, he gave much less than he received. Indeed, we may say—speaking generally, and not only with a view to Franchomme—that Chopin was more loved than loving. But he knew well how to conceal his deficiencies in this respect under the blandness of his manners and the coaxing affectionateness of his language. There is something really tragic, and comic too, in the fact that every friend of Chopin's thought that he had more of the composer's love and confidence than any other friend. Thus, for instance, while Gutmann told me that Franchomme was not so intimate with Chopin that the latter would confide any secrets to him, Franchomme made to me a similar statement with regard to Gutmann. And so we find every friend of Chopin declaring that every other friend was not so much of a friend as himself. Of Chopin's procedures in friendship much may be learned from his letters; in them is to be seen something of his insinuating, cajoling ways, of his endeavours to make the person addressed believe himself a privileged favourite, and of his habit of speaking not only ungenerously and unlovingly, but even unjustly of other persons with whom he was apparently on cordial terms. In fact, it is only too clear that Chopin spoke differently before the faces and behind the backs of people. You remember how in his letters to Fontana he abuses Camille Pleyel in a manner irreconcilable with genuine love and esteem. Well, to this same Camille Pleyel, of whom he thus

falls foul when he thinks himself in the slightest aggrieved, he addresses on one occasion the following note. Mark the last sentence:—

Dearest friend [Cherissime],—Here is what Onslov
to me. I wished to call on you and tell you, but
feeble and am going to lie down. I love you alwa
this is possible [je vous aime toujours plus si
possible].

CHOPIN.

[FOOTNOTE: To the above, unfortunately undated,
was published for the first time in the Menestre
15, 1885, and reprinted in "Un nid d'autographes
incites recueillies et annotees par Oscar Comett
Dentu), is appended the following P.S.:—"Do not
please, friend Herbeault. Till to-morrow, then;
both."

La Mara's Musikerbriefe (Leipzig: Breitkopf and
contains likewise a friendly letter of Chopin to
Pleyel. It runs thus:

"Dearest friend,—I received the other day your p
give you my best thanks. It arrived in good tune
exactly at concert-pitch. As yet I have not play
for the weather is at present so fine that I am
in the open air. I wish you as pleasant weather
holidays. Write me a few words (if you find that
sufficiently exercised your pen in the course of
you all remain well—and lay me at the feet of yo
sister.—Your devoted, "F. CHOPIN."

The date given by La Mara is "Monday [May 20, 18
near La Chatre, Indre." This, however, cannot be
the 20th of May in 1842 was a Friday.]

And, again, how atrociously he reviles in the same

letters the banker Leo, who lends him money, often takes charge of his manuscripts, procures payment for them, and in whose house he has been for years a frequent visitor. Mr. Ch. Halle informed me that Chopin was on particularly good terms with the Leos. From Moscheles' diary we learn that the writer made Chopin's acquaintance at the banker's house. Stephen Heller told me that he met Chopin several times at Leo's, and that the Polish composer visited there often, and continued to go there when he had given up going to many other houses. And from the same informant I learned also that Madame Leo as well as her husband took a kindly interest in Chopin, showing this, for instance, by providing him with linen. And yet Leo, this man who does him all sorts of services, and whose smiling guest he is before and after, is spoken of by Chopin as if he were the most "despicable wretch imaginable"; and this for no other reason than that everything has not been done exactly as he wished it to be done. Unless we assume these revilings to be no more than explosions of momentary ill-humour, we must find Chopin convicted of duplicity and ingratitude. In the letters to Fontana there are also certain remarks about Matuszynski which I do not like. Nor can they be wholly explained away by saying that they are in part fun and in part indirect flattery of his correspondent. It would rather seem that Chopin's undoubtedly real love for Matuszynski was not unmixed with a certain kind of contempt. And here I must tell the reader that while Poles have so high an opinion of their nation in comparison with other nations, and of their countrymen with other countrymen, they have generally a very mean opinion of each other. Indeed, I never met with a Pole who did not look down with a self-satisfied

smile of pity on any of his fellow-countrymen, even on his best friend. It seems that their feeling of individual superiority is as great as that of their national superiority. Liszt's observations (see Vol. I., p. 259) and those of other writers (Polish as well as non-Polish) confirm mine, which else might rightly be supposed to be based on too limited an experience. To return to Matuszynski, he may have been too ready to advise and censure his friend, and not practical enough to be actively helpful. After reading the letters addressed to them one comes to the conclusion that Fontana's and Franchomme's serviceableness and readiness to serve went for something in his appreciation of them as friends. At any rate, he did not hesitate to exploiter them most unconscionably. Taking a general view of the letters written by him during the last twelve years of his life, one is struck by the absence of generous judgments and the extreme rareness of sympathetic sentiments concerning third persons. As this was not the case in his earlier letters, ill-health and disappointments suggest themselves naturally as causes of these faults of character and temper. To these principal causes have, however, to be added his nationality, his originally delicate constitution, and his cultivation of salon manners and tastes. His extreme sensitiveness, fastidiousness, and irritability may be easily understood to derive from one or the other of these conditions.

George Sand's Ma Vie throws a good deal of light on Chopin's character; let us collect a few rays from it:—

He [Chopin] was modest on principle and gentle i
habit, but he was imperious by instinct, and ful
legitimate pride that did not know itself.

He was certainly not made to live long in this w
extreme type of an artist. He was devoured by th
ideal which no practical philosophic or compassi
tolerance combated. He would never compound with
He accepted nothing of reality. This was his vic
virtue, his grandeur and his misery. Implacable
blemish, he had an immense enthusiasm for the le
excited imagination doing its utmost to see in i

He was the same in friendship [as in love], becc
enthusiastic at first sight, getting disgusted,
himself [se reprenant] incessantly, living on ir
full of charms for those who were the object of
secret discontents which poisoned his dearest af

Chopin accorded to me, I may say honoured me wit
friendship which was an exception in his life. H
the same to me.

The friendship of Chopin was never a refuge for
He had enough of his own ills to bear.

We never addressed a reproach to each other, exc
which, alas! was the first and the last time.

But if Chopin was with me devotion, kind attenti
obligingness, and deference in person, he had nc
abjured the asperities of his character towards
about me. With them the inequality of his soul,
generous and fantastic, gave itself full course,
always from infatuation to aversion, and vice ve

Chopin when angry was alarming, and as, with me,
restrained himself, he seemed almost to choke ar

The following extracts from Liszt's book partly corroborate, partly supplement, the foregoing evidence:—

His imagination was ardent, his feelings rose to
his physical organisation was feeble and sickly!
the sufferings proceeding from this contrast? Th
been poignant, but he never let them be seen.

The delicacy of his constitution and of his hear
upon him the feminine martyrdom of for ever unav
gave to his destiny some of the traits of femini

He did not exercise a decisive influence on any
passion never encroached upon any of his desires
pressed close nor bore down [n'a etreint ni mass
the domination of his own.

However rarely, there were nevertheless instance
surprised him profoundly moved. We have seen him
[palir et blemir] to such a degree as to assume
cadaverous tints. But in his intensest emotions
concentrated. He was then, as usually, chary of
what he felt; a minute's reflection [recueilleme
the secret of his first impression...This consta
over the violence of his character reminded one
melancholy superiority of certain women who seek
strength in reticence and isolation, knowing the
of the explosions of their anger, and having a t
care of the mystery of their passion to betray i
gratuitously.

Chopin, however, did not always control his temper. Heller remembers seeing him more than once in a passion, and hearing him speak very harshly to Nowakowski. The following story, which Lenz relates in "Die grossen Pianoforte-Virtuosen unserer Zeit," is also to the point.

On one occasion Meyerbeer, whom I had not yet se
Chopin's room when I was getting a lesson. Meyer
announced, he was king. I was playing the Mazurk

33), printed on one page which contains so many
called it the epitaph of the idea [Grabschrift c
so full of distress and sadness is the compositi
wearied flight of an eagle.

Meyerbeer had taken a seat, Chopin made me go or

"This is two-four time," said Meyerbeer. Chopin
made me repeat the piece, and beat time aloud wi
on the piano—his eyes were glowing.

"Two crotchets," repeated Meyerbeer, calmly.

Only once I saw Chopin angry, it was at this mon
beautiful to see how a light red coloured his pa

"These are three crotchets," he said with a louc
spoke always so low

"Give it me," replied Meyerbeer, "for a ballet i
("L'Africaine," at that time kept a secret), I s
you then."

"These are three crotchets," Chopin almost shout
it himself. He played the mazurka several times,
aloud, stamped time with his foot, was beside hi
was of no use, Meyerbeer insisted on TWO crotche
parted very angrily. I found it anything but agi
been a witness of this angry scene. Chopin disap
his cabinet without taking leave of me. The whol
but a few minutes.

Exhibitions of temper like this were no doubt rare, indeed, hardly ever occurred except in his intercourse with familiars and, more especially, fellow-countrymen—sometimes also with pupils. In passing I may remark that Chopin's Polish vocabulary was much less choice than his French one. As a rule, Chopin's manners were very refined and aristocratic, Mr. Halle thinks they were too

much so. For this refinement resulted in a uniform amiability which left you quite in the dark as to the real nature of the man. Many people who made advances to Chopin found like M. Marmontel—I have this from his own mouth—that he had a temperament sauvage and was difficult to get at. And all who came near him learned soon from experience that, as Liszt told Lenz, he was ombrageux. But while Chopin would treat outsiders with a chilly politeness, he charmed those who were admitted into his circle both by amiability and wit. "Usually," says Liszt, "he was lively, his caustic mind unearthed quickly the ridiculous far below the surface where it strikes all eyes." And again, "the playfulness of Chopin attacked only the superior keys of the mind, fond of witticism as he was, recoiling from vulgar joviality, gross laughter, common merriment, as from those animals more abject than venomous, the sight of which causes the most nauseous aversion to certain sensitive and delicate natures." Liszt calls Chopin "a fine connoisseur in raillery and an ingenious mocker." The testimony of other acquaintances of Chopin and that of his letters does not allow us to accept as holding good generally Mr. Halle's experience, who, mentioning also the Polish artist's wit, said to me that he never heard him utter a sarcasm or use a cutting expression.

Fondness of society is a characteristic trait in Chopin's mental constitution. Indeed, Hiller told me that his friend could not be without company. For reading, on the other hand, he did not much care. Alkan related to me that Chopin did not even read George Sand's works—which is difficult to believe—and that Pierre Leroux, who liked Chopin and always brought him his books, might have found them any time afterwards uncut on the pianist's table, which is

not so difficult to believe, as philosophy and Chopin are contraries. According to what I learned from Hiller, Chopin took an interest in literature but read very little. To Heller it seemed that Chopin had no taste for literature, indeed, he made on him the impression of an uneducated man. Heller, I must tell the reader parenthetically, was both a great reader and an earnest thinker, over whom good books had even the power of making him neglect and forget mistress Musica without regret and with little compunction. But to return to Chopin. Franchomme excused his friend by saying that teaching and the claims of society left him no time for reading. But if Chopin neglected French literature—not to speak of other ancient and modern literatures—he paid some attention to that of his native country; at any rate, new publications of Polish books were generally to be found on his table. The reader will also remember that Chopin, in his letters to Fontana, alludes twice to books of poetry—one by Mickiewicz which was sent him to Majorca, the other by Witwicki which he had lost sight of.

Indeed, anything Polish had an especial charm and value for Chopin. Absence from his native country so far from diminishing increased his love for it. The words with which he is reported to have received the pianist Mortier de Fontaine, who came to Paris in 1833 and called on him with letters of introduction, are characteristic in this respect: "It is enough that you have breathed the air of Warsaw to find a friend and adviser in me." There is, no doubt, some exaggeration in Liszt's statement that whoever came to Chopin from Poland, whether with or without letters of introduction, was sure of a hearty welcome, of being received with open arms. On the other hand, we may fully believe the same authority when

he says that Chopin often accorded to persons of his own country what he would not accord to anyone else—namely, the right of disturbing his habits; that he would sacrifice his time, money, and comfort to people who were perhaps unknown to him the day before, showing them the sights of the capital, having them to dine with him, and taking them in the evening to some theatre. We have already seen that his most intimate friends were Poles, and this was so in the aristocratic as well as in the conventionally less-elevated circles. However pleasant his relations with the Rothschilds may have been—indeed, Franchomme told me that his friend loved the house of Rothschild and that this house loved him, and that more especially Madame Nathaniel Rothschild preserved a touching remembrance of him [FOOTNOTE: Chopin dedicated to Madame la Baronne C. Rothschild the Waltz, Op. 64, No. 2 (Parisian Edition), and the Ballade, Op. 52.]—they can have been but of small significance in comparison with the almost passionate attachment he had to Prince Alexander Czartoryski and his wife the Princess Marcelline. And if we were to compare his friendship for any non-Polish gentleman or lady with that which he felt for the Countess Delphine Potocka, to whom he dedicated two of his happiest inspirations in two very different genres (the F minor Concerto, Op. 21, and the D flat major Waltz, Op. 64, No. I), the result would be again in favour of his compatriot. There were, indeed, some who thought that he felt more than friendship for this lady; this, however, he energetically denied.

[FOOTNOTE: Of this lady Kwiatkowski said that she took as much trouble and pride in giving choice musical entertainments as other people did in giving choice dinners. In Sowinski's Musiciens polonais we

read that she had a beautiful soprano voice and occupied the first place among the amateur ladies of Paris. "A great friend of the illustrious Chopin, she gave formerly splendid concerts at her house with the old company of the Italians, which one shall see no more in Paris. To cite the names of Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, Malibran, Grisi, Persiani, is to give the highest idea of Italian singing. The Countess Potocka sang herself according to the method of the Italian masters."]

But although Chopin was more devoted and more happy in his Polish friendships, he had beloved as well as loving friends of all nationalities—Germans, English, and even Russians. That as a good Pole he hated the Russians as a nation may be taken for granted. Of his feelings and opinions with regard to his English friends and the English in general, information will be forthcoming in a subsequent chapter. The Germans Chopin disliked thoroughly, partly, no doubt, from political reasons, partly perhaps on account of their inelegance and social awkwardness. Still, of this nation were some of his best friends, among them Hiller, Gutmann, Albrecht, and the Hanoverian ambassador Baron von Stockhausen.

[FOOTNOTE: Gutmann, in speaking to me of his master's dislike, positively ascribed it to the second of the above causes. In connection with this we must, however, not forget that the Germans of to-day differ from the Germans of fifty years ago as much socially as politically. Nor have the social characters of their neighbours, the French and the English, remained the same.]

Liszt has given a glowing description of an improvised soiree at Chopin's lodgings in the Rue de la Chaussee d'Antin—that is, in the years before the

winter in Majorca. At this soiree, we are told, were present Liszt himself, Heine, Meyerbeer, Nourrit, Hiller, Delacroix, Niemcewicz, Mickiewicz, George Sand, and the Comtesse d'Agoult. Of course, this is a poetic licence: these men and women cannot have been at one and the same time in Chopin's salon. Indeed, Hiller informed me that he knew nothing of this party, and that, moreover, as long as he was in Paris (up to 1836) there were hardly ever more numerous gatherings at his friend's lodgings than of two or three. Liszt's group, however, brings vividly before us one section of Chopin's social surroundings: it shows us what a poetic atmosphere he was breathing, amidst what a galaxy of celebrities he was moving. A glimpse of the real life our artist lived in the early Paris years this extravagant effort of a luxuriant imagination does not afford. Such glimpses we got in his letters to Hiller and Franchomme, where we also met with many friends and acquaintances with less high-sounding names, some of whom Chopin subsequently lost by removal or death. In addition to the friends who were then mentioned, I may name here the Polish poet Stephen Witwicki, the friend of his youth as well as of his manhood, to whom in 1842 he dedicated his Op. 41, three mazurkas, and several of whose poems he set to music; and the Polish painter Kwiatkowski, an acquaintance of a later time, who drew and painted many portraits of the composer, and more than one of whose pictures was inspired by compositions of his friend. I have not been able to ascertain what Chopin's sentiments were with regard to Kwiatkowski, but the latter must have been a frequent visitor, for after relating to me that the composer was fond of playing in the dusk, he remarked that he heard him play thus almost all his

works immediately after they were composed.

As we have seen in the chapters treating of Chopin's first years in Paris, there was then a goodly sprinkling of musicians among his associates—I use the word "associates" advisedly, for many of them could not truly be called friends. When he was once firmly settled, artistically and socially, not a few of these early acquaintances lapsed. How much this was due to the force of circumstances, how much to the choice of Chopin, is difficult to determine. But we may be sure that his distaste to the Bohemianism, the free and easy style that obtains among a considerable portion of the artistic tribe, had at least as much to do with the result as pressure of engagements. Of the musicians of whom we heard so much in the first years after his coming to Paris, he remained in close connection only with one-namely, with Franchomme. Osborne soon disappeared from his circle. Chopin's intercourse with Berlioz was in after years so rare that some of their common friends did not even know of its existence. The loosening of this connection was probably brought about by the departure of Hiller in 1836 and the quarrel with Liszt some time after, which broke two links between the sensitive Pole and the fiery Frenchman. The ageing Baillot and Cherubini died in 1842. Kalkbrenner died but a short time before Chopin, but the sympathy existing between them was not strong enough to prevent their drifting apart. Other artists to whom the new-comer had paid due homage may have been neglected, forgotten, or lost sight of when success was attained and the blandishments of the salons were lavished upon him. Strange to say, with all his love for what belonged to and came from Poland, he kept compatriot musicians at a distance. Fontana was an exception, but him he cherished, no doubt, as a

friend of his youth in spite of his profession, or, if as a musician at all, chiefly because of his handiness as a copyist. For Sowinski, who was already settled in Paris when Chopin arrived there, and who assisted him at his first concert, he did not care. Consequently they had afterwards less and less intercourse, which, indeed, in the end may have ceased altogether. An undated letter given by Count Wodziriski in "Les trois Romans de Frederic Chopin," no doubt originally written in Polish, brings the master's feelings towards his compatriot, and also his irritability, most vividly before the reader.

Here he is! He has just come in to see me—a tall individual who wears moustaches; he sits down at improvises, without knowing exactly what. He knc and crosses his hands, without reason; he demoli minutes a poor helpless key; he has enormous fir rather to handle reins and whip somewhere on the Ukraine. Here you have the portrait of S... who merit than that of having small moustaches and a If I ever thought of imagining what stupidity ar in art are, I have now the clearest perception c through my room with my ears reddening; I have a throw the door wide open; but one has to spare h one's self almost affectionate. No, you cannot i is: here one sees only his neckties; one does hi of taking him seriously....There remains, there1 but to bear him. What exasperates me is his coll little songs, compositions in the most vulgar st the least knowledge of the most elementary rules and poetry, concluding with quadrille ritornelli calls Recueil de Chants Polonais. You know how I understand, and how I have in part succeeded in our national music. Therefore you will judge wha experience when, laying hold of a motive of mine there, without taking account of the fact that a of a melody depends on the accompaniment, he rep

with the taste of a frequenter of suburban taver
(guinguettes) and public-houses (cabarets). And
anything to him, for he comprehends nothing beyo
taken from you.

Edouard Wolff came to Paris in 1835, provided with a letter of introduction from Chopin's master Zywny; [FOOTNOTE: See Vol. I., p. 31.] but, notwithstanding this favourable opening of their acquaintanceship, he was only for some time on visiting terms with his more distinguished compatriot. Wolff himself told me that Chopin would never hear one of his compositions. From any other informant I would not have accepted this statement as probable, still less as true. [FOOTNOTE: Wolff dedicated in 1841 his Grand Allegro de Concert pour piano still, Op. 59, a son ami Chopin; but the latter never repaid him the compliment.] These remarks about Wolff remind me of another piece of information I got from this pianist-composer a few months before his death—namely, that Chopin hated all Jews, Meyerbeer and Halevy among the rest. What Pole does not hate the Jews? That Chopin was not enamoured of them we have seen in his letters. But that he hated Meyerbeer is a more than doubtful statement. Franchomme said to me that Meyerbeer was not a great friend of Chopin's; but that the latter, though he did not like his music, liked him as a man. If Lenz reports accurately, Meyerbeer's feelings towards Chopin were, no doubt, warmer than Chopin's towards Meyerbeer. When after the scene about the rhythm of a mazurka Chopin had left the room, Lenz introduced himself to Meyerbeer as a friend of the Counts Wielhorski, of St. Petersburg. On coming to the door, where a coupe was waiting, the composer offered to drive him home, and when they were seated said:—

I had not seen Chopin for a long time, I love hi
know no pianist like him, no composer for the pi
The piano lives on nuances and on cantilena; it
instrument of intimacy [ein Intimitalsinstrument
once a pianist, and there was a time when I trai
be a virtuoso. Visit me when you come to Berlin.
now comrades? When one has met at the house of s
it was for life.

Kwiatkowski told me a pretty story which se non vero is certainly ben trovato. When on one occasion Meyerbeer had fallen out with his wife, he sat down to the piano and played a nocturne or some other composition which Chopin had sent him. And such was the effect of the music on his helpmate that she came and kissed him. Thereupon Meyerbeer wrote Chopin a note telling him of what had taken place, and asking him to come and see their conjugal happiness. Among the few musicians with whom Chopin had in later years friendly relations stands out prominently, both by his genius and the preference shown him, the pianist and composer Alkan aine (Charles Henri Valentine), who, however, was not so intimate with the Polish composer as Franchomme, nor on such easy terms of companionship as Hiller and Liszt had been. The originality of the man and artist, his high aims and unselfish striving, may well have attracted Chopin; but as an important point in Alkan's favour must be reckoned the fact that he was also a friend of George Sand's. Indeed, some of the limitations of Chopin's intercourse were, no doubt, made on her account. Kwiatkowski told me that George Sand hated Chopin's Polish friends, and that some of them were consequently not admitted at all and others only reluctantly. Now suppose that she disliked also some

of the non-Polish friends, musicians as well as others, would not her influence act in the same way as in the case of the Poles?

But now I must say a few words about Chopin and Liszt's friendship, and how it came to an end. This connection of the great pianists has been the subject of much of that sentimental talk of which writers on music and of musical biography are so fond. This, however, which so often has been represented as an ideal friendship, was really no friendship at all, but merely comradeship. Both admired each other sincerely as musicians. If Chopin did not care much for Liszt's compositions, he had the highest opinion of him as a pianist. We have seen in the letter of June 20, 1833, addressed to Hiller and conjointly written by Chopin and Liszt, how delighted Chopin was with Liszt's manner of playing his studies, and how he wished to be able to rob him of it. He said on one occasion to his pupil Mdlle. Kologrivof [FOOTNOTE: Afterwards Madame Rubio.]: "I like my music when Liszt plays it." No doubt, it was Liszt's book with its transcendentally-poetic treatment which induced the false notion now current. Yet whoever keeps his eyes open can read between the lines what the real state of matters was. The covert sneers at and the openly-expressed compassion for his comrade's whims, weaknesses, and deficiencies, tell a tale. Of Chopin's sentiments with regard to Liszt we have more than sufficient evidence. Mr. Halle, who arrived in Paris at the end of 1840, was strongly recommended to the banker Mallet. This gentleman, to give him an opportunity to make the acquaintance of the Polish pianist, invited both to dinner. On this occasion Mr. Halle asked Chopin about Liszt, but the reticent answer he got was indicative rather of dislike than of anything else.

When in 1842 Lenz took lessons from Chopin, the latter defined his relations with Liszt thus: "We are friends, we were comrades." What he meant by the first half of the statement was, no doubt: "Now we meet only on terms of polite acquaintanceship." When the comradeship came to an end I do not know, but I think I do know how it came to an end. When I asked Liszt about the cause of the termination of their friendship, he said: "Our lady-loves had quarrelled, and as good cavaliers we were in duty bound to side with them." [FOOTNOTE: Liszt's words in describing to me his subsequent relation with Chopin were similar to those of Chopin to Lenz. He said: "There was a cessation of intimacy, but no enmity. I left Paris soon after, and never saw him again."] This, however, was merely a way to get rid of an inconvenient question. Franchomme explained the mystery to me, and his explanation was confirmed by what I learned from Madame Rubio. The circumstances are of too delicate a nature to be set forth in detail. But the long and short of the affair is that Liszt, accompanied by another person, invaded Chopin's lodgings during his absence, and made himself quite at home there. The discovery of traces of the use to which his rooms had been put justly enraged Chopin. One day, I do not know how long after the occurrence, Liszt asked Madame Rubio to tell her master that he hoped the past would be forgotten and the young man's trick (Junggesellenstuck) wiped out. Chopin then said that he could not forget, and was much better as he was; and further, that Liszt was not open enough, having always secrets and intrigues, and had written in some newspapers feuilleton notices unfavourable to him. This last accusation reminds one at once of the remark he made when he heard that Liszt intended

to write an account of one of his concerts for the Gazette musicale. I have quoted the words already, but may repeat them here: "Il me donnera un petit royaume dans son empire" (He will give me a little kingdom in his empire). In this, as in most sayings of Chopin regarding Liszt, irritation against the latter is distinctly noticeable. The cause of this irritation may be manifold, but Liszt's great success as a concert-player and his own failure in this respect [FOOTNOTE: I speak here only of his inability to impress large audiences, to move great masses.] have certainly something to do with it. Liszt, who thought so likewise, says somewhere in his book that Chopin knew how to forgive nobly. Whether this was so or not, I do not venture to decide. But I am sure if he forgave, he never forgot. An offence remained for ever rankling in his heart and mind.

From Chopin's friends to his pupils is but one step, and not even that, for a great many of his pupils were also his friends; indeed, among them were some of those who were nearest to his heart, and not a few in whose society he took a particular delight. Before I speak, however, of his teaching, I must say a few words about a subject which equally relates to our artist's friends and pupils, and to them rather than to any other class of people with whom he had any dealings.

One of his [Chopin's] oddities [writes Liszt] co
abstaining from every exchange of letters, from
of notes; one could have believed that he had ma
to address letters to strangers. It was a curiou
him have recourse to all kinds of expedients to
the necessity of tracing a few lines. Many times
traversing Paris from one end to the other in or
a dinner or give some slight information, to sav

the trouble by means of a little sheet of paper.
handwriting remained almost unknown to most of h
is said that he sometimes deviated from this hab
of his fair compatriots settled at Paris, of whc
possession of charming autographs of his, all wr
Polish. This breach of what one might have taker
be explained by the pleasure he took in speaking
which he employed in preference, and whose most
idioms he delighted in translating to others. Li
generally, he mastered the French language very
moreover, owing to his French origin, it had bee
with particular care. But he accommodated himsel
reproaching it with having little sonority and k
genius.

[FOOTNOTE: Notwithstanding his French origin, Ch
French with a foreign accent, some say even with
foreign accent. Of his manner of writing French
quoting his letters to Franchomme (see Vol. I.,

Liszt's account of Chopin's bizarrerie is in the main correct, although we have, of course, to make some deduction for exaggeration. In fact, Gutmann told me that his master sometimes began a letter twenty times, and finally flung down the pen and said: "I'll go and tell her [or "him," as the case might be] myself."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

CHOPIN AS A TEACHER: HIS SUCCESS OR WANT OF SUCCESS AS SUCH; HIS PUPILS, AMATEUR AND

PROFESSIONAL; METHOD OF TEACHING; AND TEACHING REPERTOIRE.

As Chopin rarely played in public and could not make a comfortable living by his compositions, there remained nothing for him but to teach, which, indeed, he did till his strength forsook him. But so far from regarding teaching as a burden, says his pupil Mikuli, he devoted himself to it with real pleasure. Of course, a teacher can only take pleasure in teaching when he has pupils of the right sort. This advantage, however, Chopin may have enjoyed to a greater extent than most masters, for according to all accounts it was difficult to be received as a pupil—he by no means gave lessons to anyone who asked for them. As long as he was in fair health, he taught during the season from four to five hours a day, in later years only, or almost only, at home. His fee for a lesson was twenty francs, which were deposited by the pupil on the mantelpiece.

Was Chopin a good teacher? His pupils without exception most positively affirm it. But outsiders ask: How is it, then, that so great a virtuoso has not trained players who have made the world ring with their fame? Mr. Halle, whilst pointing out the fact that Chopin's pupils have not distinguished themselves, did not wish to decide whether this was owing to a deficiency in the master or to some other cause. Liszt, in speaking to me on this subject, simply remarked: "Chopin was unfortunate in his pupils—none of them has become a player of any importance, although some of his noble pupils played very well." If we compare Liszt's pianistic offspring with Chopin's, the difference is indeed striking. But here we have to keep in mind several considerations—Chopin taught for a shorter period than Liszt; most of his pupils, unlike Liszt's, were

amateurs; and he may not have met with the stuff out of which great virtuosos are made. That Chopin was unfortunate in his pupils may be proved by the early death of several very promising ones. Charles Filtsch, born at Hermannstadt, Transylvania (Hungary), about 1830, of whom Liszt and Lenz spoke so highly (see Chapter XXVI.), died on May 11, 1845, at Venice, after having in 1843 made a sensation in London and Vienna, both by the poetical and technical qualities of his playing. In London "little Filtsch" played at least twice in public (on June 14 at the St. James's Theatre between two plays, and on July 4 at a matinee of his own at the Hanover Square Rooms), repeatedly in private, and had also the honour to appear before the Queen at Buckingham Palace. J. W. Davison relates in his preface to Chopin's mazurkas and waltzes (Boosey & Co.) a circumstance which proves the young virtuoso's musicianship. "Engaged to perform Chopin's second concerto in public, the orchestral parts not being obtainable, Filtsch, nothing dismayed, wrote out the whole of them from memory." Another short-lived great talent was Paul Gunsberg. "This young man," Madame Dubois informed me, "was endowed with an extraordinary organisation. Chopin had made of him an admirable executant. He died of consumption, otherwise he would have become celebrated." I do not know in which year Gunsberg died. He was still alive on May 11, 1855. For on that day he played with his fellow-pupil Tellefsen, at a concert given by the latter in Paris, a duet of Schumann's. A third pupil of Chopin prematurely snatched away by death was Caroline Hartmann, the daughter of a manufacturer, born at Munster, near Colmar, in 1808. She came to Paris in 1833, and died the year after—of love for Chopin, as

Edouard Wolff told me. Other authorities, however, ascribe the sad effect to a less romantic cause. They say that through persevering study under the direction of Chopin and Liszt she became an excellent pianist, but that the hard work brought on a chest complaint to which she succumbed on July 30, 1834. The GAZETTE MUSICALE of August 17, 1834, which notices her death, describes her as a pupil of Liszt, Chopin, and Pixis, without commenting on her abilities. Spohr admired her as a child. But if Chopin has not turned out virtuosos of the calibre of Tausig and Hans von Bulow, he has nevertheless formed many very clever pianists. It would serve no purpose except that of satisfying idle curiosity to draw up a list of all the master's ascertainable pupils. Those who wish, however, to satisfy this idle curiosity can do so to some extent by scanning the dedications of Chopin's works, as the names therein to be found—with a few and mostly obvious exceptions—are those of pupils. The array of princesses, countesses, &c., will, it is to be hoped, duly impress the investigator. Let us hear what the illustrious master Marmontel has to say on this subject:—

Among the pianist-composers who have had the imm
of taking lessons from Chopin, to impregnate the
his style and manner, we must cite Gutmann, Lysk
dear colleague G. Mathias. The Princesses de Chi
Czartoryska, the Countesses Esterhazy, Branicka,
Kalergis, d'Est; Mdlles. Muller and de Noailles
cherished disciples [disciples affectionnees]. M
nee O'Meara, is also one of his favourite pupils
predilection], and numbers among those whose tal
preserved the characteristic traditions and proc
[procedes] of the master.

Two of Chopin's amateur and a few more of his professional pupils ought to be briefly noticed here—first and chiefly of the amateurs, the Princess Marcelline Czartoryska, who has sometimes played in public for charitable purposes, and of whom it has often been said that she is the most faithful transmitter of her master's style. Would the praise which is generally lavished upon her have been so enthusiastic if the lady had been a professional pianist instead of a princess? The question is ungracious in one who has not had the pleasure of hearing her, but not unnaturally suggests itself. Be this as it may, that she is, or was, a good player, who as an intimate friend and countrywoman thoroughly entered into the spirit of her master's music, seems beyond question.

[FOOTNOTE: "The Princess Marcelline Czartoryska," wrote Sowinski in 1857 in the article "Chopin" of his "Musicien polonais," "who has a fine execution, seems to have inherited Chopin's ways of procedure, especially in phrasing and accentuation. Lately the Princess performed at Paris with much success the magnificent F minor Concerto at a concert for the benefit of the poor." A critic, writing in the Gazette Musicale of March 11, 1855, of a concert given by the Princess—at which she played an andante with variations for piano and violoncello by Mozart, a rondo for piano and orchestra by Mendelssohn, and Chopin's F minor Concerto, being assisted by Alard as conductor, the violoncellist Franchomme, and the singers Madame Viardot and M. Fedor—praised especially her rendering of the ADAGIO in Chopin's Concerto. Lenz was the most enthusiastic admirer of the Princess I have met with. He calls her (in the Berliner Musikzeitung, Vol. XXVI) a highly-gifted nature, the best pupil

[Schulerin] of Chopin, and the incarnation of her master's pianoforte style. At a musical party at the house of the Counts Wilhorski at St. Petersburg, where she performed a waltz and the Marche funebre by Chopin, her playing made such an impression that it was thought improper to have any more music on that evening, the trio of the march having, indeed, moved the auditors to tears. The Princess told Lenz that on one occasion when Chopin played to her this trio, she fell on her knees before him and felt unspeakably happy.]

G. Chouquet reminded me not to omit to mention among Chopin's pupils Madame Peruzzi, the wife of the ambassador of the Duke of Tuscany to the court of Louis Philippe:—

This virtuosa [wrote to me the late keeper of th
Paris Conservatoire] had no less talent than the
Marcelline Czartoryska. I heard her at Florence
can assure you that she played Chopin's music in
style and with all the unpublished traits of the
was of Russian origin.

But enough of amateurs. Mdlle. Friederike Muller, now for many years married to the Viennese pianoforte-maker J. B. Streicher, is regarded by many as the most, and is certainly one of the most gifted of Chopin's favourite pupils. [FOOTNOTE: She played already in public at Vienna in the fourth decade of this century, which must have been before her coming to Paris (see Eduard Hanslick, Geschichte des Concertwesens in Wien, p. 326). Marriage brought the lady's professional career to a close.] That the composer dedicated to her his Allegro de Concert, Op. 46, may be regarded as a mark of his love and esteem for her. Carl Mikuli found her assistance of

great importance in the preparation of his edition of Chopin's works, as she had received lessons from the master for several years, and, moreover, had had many opportunities of hearing him on other occasions. The same authority refers to Madame Dubois (nee O'Meara) [FOOTNOTE: A relation of Edward Barry O'Meara, physician to the first Napoleon at St. Helena, and author of "Napoleon in Exile."] and to Madame Rubio (NEE Vera de Kologrivof) as to "two extremely excellent pianists [hochst ausgezeichnete Pianistinnen] whose talent enjoyed the advantage of the master's particular care." The latter lady was taught by Chopin from 1842 to 1849, and in the last years of his life assisted him, as we shall see, by taking partial charge of some of his pupils. Madame Dubois, who studied under Kalkbrenner from the age of nine to thirteen, became then a pupil of Chopin, with whom she remained five years. It was very difficult to obtain his consent to take another pupil, but the influence of M. Albrecht, a common friend of her father's and Chopin's, stood her in good stead. Although I heard her play only one or two of her master's minor pieces, and under very unfavourable circumstances too—namely, at the end of the teaching season and in a tropical heat—I may say that her suave touch, perfect legato, and delicate sentiment seemed to me to bear out the above-quoted remark of M. Marmontel. Madame Dubois, who is one of the most highly-esteemed teachers of the piano in Paris, used to play till recently in public, although less frequently in later than in earlier years. And here I must extract a passage from Madame Girardin's letter of March 7, 1847, in Vol. IV. of "Le Vicomte de Launay," where, after describing Mdlle. O'Meara's beauty, more especially her Irish look—"that mixture of sadness

and serenity, of profound tenderness and shy dignity, which you never find in the proud and brilliant looks which you admire in the women of other nations "— she says:—

We heard her a few hours ago; she played in a re
way the beautiful Concerto of Chopin in E flat n
course E minor]; she was applauded with enthusia
Chopin accompanied on a second piano. The occasi
soiree at the house of Madame de Courbonne.] All
give you an idea of Mdlle. O'Meara's playing is
in her playing all that is in her look, and in a
an admirable method, and excellent fingering. He
been complete; in hearing her, statesmen were mo
young ladies, those who are good musicians, forg
prettiness.

As regards Chopin's male pupils, we have to note George Mathias (born at Paris in 1826), the well-known professor of the piano at the Paris Conservatoire, [FOOTNOTE: He retired a year or two ago.] and still more widely-known composer of more than half-a-hundred important works (sonatas, trios, concertos, symphonic compositions, pianoforte pieces, songs, &c.), who enjoyed the master's teaching from 1839 to 1844; Lysberg (1821-1873), whose real name was Charles Samuel Bovy, for many years professor of the piano at the Conservatoire of his native town, Geneva, and a very fertile composer of salon pieces for the piano (composer also of a one-act comic opera, La Fills du Carillonneur), distinguished by "much poetic feeling, an extremely careful form, an original colouring, and in which one often seems to see pass a breath of Weber or Chopin"; [FOOTNOTE: Supplement et Complement to Fetis' Biographie universelle des Musiciens, published under the direction of Arthur Pougin.] the

Norwegian Thomas Dyke Acland Tellefsen (1823-1874), a teacher of the piano in Paris and author of an edition of Chopin's works; Carl Mikuli (born at Czernowitz in 1821), since 1858 artistic director of the Galician Musical Society (conservatoire, concerts, &c.), and author of an edition of Chopin's works; and Adolph Gutmann, the master's favourite pupil par excellence, of whom we must speak somewhat more at length. Karasowski makes also mention of Casimir Wernik, who died at St. Petersburg in 1859, and of Gustav Schumann, a teacher of the piano at Berlin, who, however, was only during the winter of 1840-1841 with the Polish master. For Englishmen the fact of the late Brinley Richards and Lindsay Sloper having been pupils of Chopin—the one for a short, the other for a longer period—will be of special interest.

Adolph Gutmann was a boy of fifteen when in 1834 his father brought him to Paris to place him under Chopin. The latter, however, did not at first feel inclined to accept the proposed trust; but on hearing the boy play he conceived so high an idea of his capacities that he agreed to undertake his artistic education. Chopin seems to have always retained a thorough belief in his muscular pupil, although some of his great pianist friends thought this belief nothing but a strange delusion. There are also piquant anecdotes told by fellow-pupils with the purpose of showing that Chopin did not care very much for him. For instance, the following: Some one asked the master how his pupil was getting on, "Oh, he makes very good chocolate," was the answer. Unfortunately, I cannot speak of Gutmann's playing from experience, for although I spent eight days with him, it was on a mountain-top in the Tyrol, where there were no pianos. But Chopin's belief in Gutmann

counts with me for something, and so does Moscheles' reference to him as Chopin's "excellent pupil"; more valuable, I think, than either is the evidence of Dr. A. C. Mackenzie, who at my request visited Gutmann several times in Florence and was favourably impressed by his playing, in which he noticed especially beauty of tone combined with power. As far as I can make out Gutmann planned only once, in 1846, a regular concert-tour, being furnished for it by Chopin with letters of introduction to the highest personages in Berlin, Warsaw, and St. Petersburg. Through the intervention of the Countess Rossi (Henriette Sontag), he was invited to play at a court-concert at Charlottenburg in celebration of the King's birthday. [FOOTNOTE: His part of the programme consisted of his master's E minor Concerto (2nd and 3rd movements) and No. 3 of the first book of studies, and his own tenth study.] But the day after the concert he was seized with such home-sickness that he returned forthwith to Paris, where he made his appearance to the great astonishment of Chopin. The reader may perhaps be interested in what a writer in the Gazette Musicale said about Chopin's favourite pupil on March 24, 1844:—

M. Gutmann is a pianist with a neat but somewhat
playing; he has what one calls fingers, and uses
much dexterity. His manner of proceeding is rath
Thalberg than of the clever professor who has gi
lessons. He afforded pleasure to the lovers of t
[amateurs de piano] at the musical SOIREE which
Monday at M. Erard's. Especially his fantasia or
"Freischutz" was applauded.

Of course, the expression of any individual opinion is no conclusive proof. Gutmann was so successful as

a teacher and in a way also as a composer (his compositions, I may say in passing, were not in his master's but in a light salon style) that at a comparatively early period of his life he was able to retire from his profession. After travelling for some time he settled at Florence, where he invented the art, or, at least, practised the art which he had previously invented, of painting with oil-colours on satin. He died at Spezzia on October 27, 1882.

[FOOTNOTE: The short notice of Gutmann in Fetis' Biographie Universelle des Musiciens, and those of the followers of this by no means infallible authority, are very incorrect. Adolfo Gutmann, Riccordi Biografici, by Giulio Piccini (Firenze: Guiseppe Polverini, 1881), reproduces to a great extent the information contained in Der Lieblingsschuler Chopin's in Bernhard Stavenow's Schone Geister (Bremen: Kuhlmann, 1879), both which publications, eulogistic rather than biographical, were inspired by Gutmann.]

Whatever interest the reader may have taken in this survey of Chopin's pupils, he is sure to be more deeply interested by the account of the master's manner and method of teaching. Such an account, which would be interesting in the case of any remarkable virtuoso who devoted himself to instruction, is so in a higher degree in that of Chopin: first, because it may help us to solve the question why so unique a virtuoso did not form a single eminent concert-player; secondly, because it throws still further light on his character as a man and artist; and thirdly, because, as Mikuli thinks may be asserted without exaggeration, "only Chopin's pupils knew the pianist in the fulness of his unrivalled height." The materials at my disposal are abundant and not less trustworthy than abundant.

My account is based chiefly on the communications made to me by a number of the master's pupils—notably, Madame Dubois, Madame Rubio, M. Mathias, and Gutmann—and on Mikuli's excellent preface to his edition of Chopin's works. When I have drawn upon other sources, I have not done so without previous examination and verification. I may add that I shall use as far as possible the ipsissima verba of my informants:—

As to Chopin's method of teaching [wrote to me M
was absolutely of the old legato school, of the
Clementi and Cramer. Of course, he had enriched
variety of touch [d'une grande variete dans l'at
touche]; he obtained a wonderful variety of tone
of tone; in passing I may tell you that he had a
extraordinary vigour, but only by flashes [ce ne
que par eclairs].

The Polish master, who was so original in many ways, differed from his confreres even in the way of starting his pupils. With him the normal position of the hand was not that above the keys c, d, e, f, g (i.e., above five white keys), but that above the keys e, f sharp, g sharp, a sharp, b (I.E., above two white keys and three black keys, the latter lying between the former). The hand had to be thrown lightly on the keyboard so as to rest on these keys, the object of this being to secure for it not only an advantageous, but also a graceful position:—

[FOOTNOTE: Kleczynski, in Chopin: De l'interpretation de ses oeuvres—Trois conferences faites a Varsovie, says that he was told by several of the master's pupils that the latter sometimes held his hands absolutely flat. When I asked Madame Dubois about the correctness of this statement, she replied:

"I never noticed Chopin holding his hands flat." In short, if Chopin put his hands at any time in so awkward a position, it was exceptional; physical exhaustion may have induced him to indulge in such negligence when the technical structure of the music he was playing permitted it.]

Chopin [Madame Dubois informed me] made his pupi
the B major scale, very slowly, without stiffnes
was his great object. He repeated, without ceasi
lesson: "Easily, easily" [facilement, facilement
exasperated him.

How much stiffness and jerkiness exasperated him may be judged from what Madame Zaleska related to M. Kleczynski. A pupil having played somewhat carelessly the arpeggio at the beginning of the first study (in A flat major) of the second book of Clementi's Preludes et Exercices, the master jumped from his chair and exclaimed: "What is that? Has a dog been barking?" [Qu'est-ce? Est-ce un chien qui vient d'aboyer?] The rudeness of this exclamation will, no doubt, surprise. But polite as Chopin generally was, irritation often got the better of him, more especially in later years when bad health troubled him. Whether he ever went the length of throwing the music from the desk and breaking chairs, as Karasowski says, I do not know and have not heard confirmed by any pupil. Madame Rubio, however, informed me that Chopin was very irritable, and when teaching amateurs used to have always a packet of pencils about him which, to vent his anger, he silently broke into bits. Gutmann told me that in the early stages of his discipleship Chopin sometimes got very angry, and stormed and raged dreadfully; but immediately was kind and tried to

soothe his pupil when he saw him distressed and weeping.

To be sure [writes Mikuli], Chopin made great de
talent and diligence of the pupil. Consequently,
often des lecons orageuses, as it was called in
idiom, and many a beautiful eye left the high al
Cite d'Orleans, Rue St. Lazare, bedewed with tea
on that account, ever bearing the dearly-beloved
least grudge. For was not the severity which was
satisfied with anything, the feverish vehemence
master wished to raise his disciples to his own
the ceaseless repetition of a passage till it wa
a guarantee that he had at heart the progress of
holy artistic zeal burnt in him then, every word
was incentive and inspiring. Single lessons ofte
literally for hours at a stretch, till exhaustio
master and pupil.

Indeed, the pupils were so far from bearing their master the least grudge that, to use M. Marmontel's words, they had more for him than admiration: a veritable idolatry. But it is time that after this excursion—which hardly calls for an excuse—we return to the more important part of our subject, the master's method of teaching.

What concerned Chopin most at the commencement o
instruction [writes Mikuli] was to free the pupi
stiffness and convulsive, cramped movement of th
give him thus the first condition of a beautiful
playing, souplesse (suppleness), and with it inc
the fingers. He taught indefatigably that the ex
question were no mere mechanical ones, but calle
intelligence and the whole will of the pupil, or
twenty and even forty thoughtless repetitions (u
the arcanum of so many schools) do no good at al
the practising during which, according to Kalkbr

advice, one may occupy one's self simultaneously
kind of reading(!).

He feared above all [remarked Madame Dubois to m
abrutissement of the pupils. One day he heard me
practised six hours a day. He became quite angry
me to practise more than three hours. This was a
of Hummel in his pianoforte school.

To resume Mikuli's narrative:—

Chopin treated very thoroughly the different kin
especially the full-toned [tonvolle] legato.

[FOOTNOTE: Karasowski says that Chopin demanded
from his pupils that they should practise the ex
especially the scales in major and minor, from p
fortissimo, staccato as well as legato, and also
of accent, which was to be now on the second, no
third, now on the fourth note. Madame Dubois, on
hand, is sure she was never told by her master t
scales staccato.]

"As gymnastic helps he recommended the bending a
outward of the wrist, the repeated touch from th
extending of the fingers, but all this with the
warning against over-fatigue. He made his pupils
scales with a full tone, as connectedly as possi
slowly and only gradually advancing to a quicker
with metronomic evenness. The passing of the thu
other fingers and the passing of the latter over
was to be facilitated by a corresponding turning
hand. The scales with many black keys (B, F shar
were first studied, and last, as the most difficu
In the same sequence he took up Clementi's Prelu
Exercices, a work which for its utility he estee
highly."

[FOOTNOTE: Kleczynski writes that whatever the c
instruction was which Chopin's pupils brought wi

had all to play carefully besides the scales the
of Clementi's Preludes et Exercices, especially
flat major.]

According to Chopin the evenness of the scales
arpeggios) not merely depended on the utmost equ
strengthening of all fingers by means of five-fi
and on a thumb entirely free at the passing unde
but rather on a lateral movement (with the elbow
down and always easy) of the hand, not by jerks,
continuously and evenly flowing, which he tried
by the glissando over the keyboard. Of studies h
this a selection of Cramer's Etudes, Clementi's
Parnassum, Moscheles' style-studies for the high
(which were very sympathetic to him), and J. S.
and some fugues from Das wohltemperirte Clavier.
way Field's and his own nocturnes numbered likew
studies, for in them the pupil was—partly by the
of his explanations, partly by observation and i
played them to the pupil unweariedly)—to learn t
and execute the beautiful smooth [gebundene] voc
the legato.

[FOOTNOTE: This statement can only be accepted w
reserve. Whether Chopin played much or little to
depended, no doubt, largely on the mood and stat
was in at the time, perhaps also on his liking o
the pupil. The late Brinley Richards told me tha
lessons from Chopin, the latter rarely played to
his corrections and suggestions mostly by word o

With double notes and chords he demanded most st
simultaneous striking, breaking was only allowed
indicated by the composer himself; shakes, which
began with the auxiliary note, had not so much t
quick as with great evenness the conclusion of t
quietly and without precipitation. For the turn
and the appoggiatura he recommended the great It
as models. Although he made his pupils play octa
wrist, they must not thereby lose in fulness of

All who have had the good fortune to hear Chopin play agree in declaring that one of the most distinctive features of his style of execution was smoothness, and smoothness, as we have seen in the foregoing notes, was also one of the qualities on which he most strenuously insisted in the playing of his pupils. The reader will remember Gutmann's statement to me, mentioned in a previous chapter, that all his master's fingering was calculated for the attainment of this object. Fingering is the mainspring, the determining principle, one might almost say the life and soul, of the pianoforte technique. We shall, therefore, do well to give a moment's consideration to Chopin's fingering, especially as he was one of the boldest and most influential revolutionisers of this important department of the pianistic art. His merits in this as in other respects, his various claims to priority of invention, are only too often overlooked. As at one time all ameliorations in the theory and practice of music were ascribed to Guido of Arezzo, so it is nowadays the fashion to ascribe all improvements and extensions of the pianoforte technique to Liszt, who more than any other pianist drew upon himself the admiration of the world, and who through his pupils continued to make his presence felt even after the close of his career as a virtuoso. But the cause of this false opinion is to be sought not so much in the fact that the brilliancy of his artistic personality threw all his contemporaries into the shade, as in that other fact, that he gathered up into one web the many threads new and old which he found floating about during the years of his development. The difference between Liszt and Chopin lies in this, that the basis of the former's art is universality, that of the latter's, individuality. Of the fingering of the one

we may say that it is a system, of that of the other that it is a manner. Probably we have here also touched on the cause of Liszt's success and Chopin's want of success as a teacher. I called Chopin a revolutioniser of fingering, and, I think, his full enfranchisement of the thumb, his breaking-down of all distinctions of rank between the other fingers, in short, the introduction of a liberty sometimes degenerating into licence, justifies the expression. That this master's fingering is occasionally eccentric (presupposing peculiarly flexible hands and a peculiar course of study) cannot be denied; on the whole, however, it is not only well adapted for the proper rendering of his compositions, but also contains valuable contributions to a universal system of fingering. The following particulars by Mikuli will be read with interest, and cannot be misunderstood after what has just now been said on the subject:—

In the notation of fingering, especially of that
himself, Chopin was not sparing. Here pianoforte
him great innovations which, on account of their
were soon adopted, notwithstanding the horror wi
authorities like Kalkbrenner at first regarded t
instance, Chopin used without hesitation the thu
black keys, passed it even under the little fing
true, with a distinct inward bend of the wrist),
facilitate the execution and give it more repose
With one and the same finger he took often two c
keys (and this not only in gliding down from a b
next white key) without the least interruption o
being noticeable. The passing over each other of
fingers without the aid of the thumb (see Etude,
10) he frequently made use of, and not only in p
the thumb stationary on a key made this unavoida
The fingering of the chromatic thirds based on t
marked it in Etude, No. 5, Op. 25) affords in a

degree than that customary before him the possib
most beautiful legato in the quickest tempo and
perfectly quiet hand.

But if with Chopin smoothness was one of the qualities upon which he insisted strenuously in the playing of his pupils, he was by no means satisfied with a mere mechanical perfection. He advised his pupils to undertake betimes thorough theoretical studies, recommending his friend, the composer and theorist Henri Reber as a teacher. He advised them also to cultivate ensemble playing—trios, quartets, &c., if first-class partners could be had, otherwise pianoforte duets. Most urgent, however, he was in his advice to them to hear good singing, and even to learn to sing. To Madame Rubio he said: "You must sing if you wish to play"; and made her take lessons in singing and hear much Italian opera—this last, the lady remarked, Chopin regarded as positively necessary for a pianoforte-player. In this advice we recognise Chopin's ideal of execution: beauty of tone, intelligent phrasing, truthfulness and warmth of expression. The sounds which he drew from the pianoforte were pure tone without the least admixture of anything that might be called noise. "He never thumped," was Gutmann's remark to me. Chopin, according to Mikuli, repeatedly said that when he heard bad phrasing it appeared to him as if some one recited, in a language he did not know, a speech laboriously memorised, not only neglecting to observe the right quantity of the syllables, but perhaps even making full stops in the middle of words. "The badly-phrasing pseudo-musician," he thought, "showed that music was not his mother-tongue, but something foreign, unintelligible to him," and that, consequently, "like that reciter, he must altogether give up the idea of producing any effect

on the auditor by his rendering." Chopin hated exaggeration and affectation. His precept was: "Play as you feel." But he hated the want of feeling as much as false feeling. To a pupil whose playing gave evidence of nothing but the possession of fingers, he said emphatically, despairingly: "METTEZ-Y DONc TOUTE VOTRE AME!" (Do put all your soul into it!)

[FOOTNOTE: "In dynamical shading [im nuanciren]," says Mikuli, "he was exceedingly particular about a gradual increase and decrease of loudness." Karasowski writes: "Exaggeration in accentuation was hateful to him, for, in his opinion, it took away the poesy from playing, and gave it a certain didactic pedantry."]

On declamation, and rendering in general [writes
gave his pupils invaluable and significant instı
hints, but, no doubt, effected more certain resu
repeatedly playing not only single passages, but
and this he did with a conscientiousness and ent
perhaps he hardly gave anyone an opportunity of
he played in a concert-room. Frequently the whol
without the pupil having played more than a few
Chopin, interrupting and correcting him on a Ple
piano (the pupil played always on an excellent g
and it was enjoined upon him as a duty to practı
first-class instruments), presented to him for h
and imitation the life-warm ideal of the highest

With regard to Chopin's playing to his pupils we must keep in mind what was said in foot-note 12 on page 184. On another point in the above quotation one of Madame Dubois's communications to me throws some welcome light:—

Chopin [she said] had always a cottage piano [pı

side of the grand piano on which he gave his les marvellous to hear him accompany, no matter what from the concertos of Hummel to those of Beethov performed the role of the orchestra most wonderf facon prodigieuse]. When I played his own concer accompanied me in this way.

Judging from various reports, Chopin seems to have regarded his Polish pupils as more apt than those of other nationalities to do full justice to his compositions. Karasowski relates that when one of Chopin's French pupils played his compositions and the auditors overwhelmed the performer with their praise, the master used often to remark that his pupil had done very well, but that the Polish element and the Polish enthusiasm had been wanting. Here it is impossible not to be reminded of the contention between Chopin on the one hand and Liszt and Hiller on the other hand about the possibility of foreigners comprehending Polish national music (See Vol. 1., p. 256). After revealing the mystery of Chopin's tempo rubato, Liszt writes in his book on this master:—

All his compositions have to be played with this balancement accentue et prosodie, this morbidezz was difficult to seize the secret when one had n often. He seemed desirous to teach this manner t pupils, especially to his compatriots, to whom h than to others, to communicate the breath of his These [ceux-ci, ou plutot celles-la] seized it w aptitude which they have for all matters of sent poesy. An innate comprehension of his thought pe to follow all the fluctuations of his azure wave

There is one thing which is worth inquiring into before we close this chapter, for it may help us to a deeper insight into Chopin's character as a teacher—I mean his teaching repertoire. Mikuli says that,

carefully arranged according to their difficulty, Chopin placed before his pupils the following compositions: the concertos and sonatas of Clementi, Mozart, Bach, Handel, Scarlatti, Dussek, Field, Hummel, Ries, Beethoven; further, Weber, Moscheles, Mendelssohn, Hiller, Schumann, and his own works. This enumeration, however, does not agree with accounts from other equally authentic sources. The pupils of Chopin I have conversed and corresponded with never studied any Schumann under their master. As to the cultivation of Beethoven, it was, no doubt, limited. M. Mathias, it is true, told me that Chopin showed a preference for Clementi (Gradus ad Parnassum), Bach, Field (of him much was played, notably his concertos), and naturally for Beethoven, Weber, &c.—Clementi, Bach, and Field being always the composers most laid under contribution in the case of debutants. Madame Rubio, on the other hand, confined herself to stating that Chopin put her through Hummel, Moscheles, and Bach; and did not mention Beethoven at all. Gutmann's statements concerning his master's teaching contain some positive evidence with regard to the Beethoven question. What he said was this: Chopin held that dementi's Gradus ad Parnassum, Bach's pianoforte fugues, and Hummel's compositions were the key to pianoforte-playing, and he considered a training in these composers a fit preparation for his own works. He was particularly fond of Hummel and his style. Beethoven he seemed to like less. He appreciated such pieces as the first movement of the Moonlight Sonata (C sharp minor, Op. 27, No. 2). Schubert was a favourite with him. This, then, is what I learned from Gutmann. In parenthesis, as it were, I may ask: Is it not strange that no pupil, with the exception of Mikuli, mentions

the name of Mozart, the composer whom Chopin is said to have so much admired? Thanks to Madame Dubois, who at my request had the kindness to make out a list of the works she remembers having studied under Chopin, we shall be able to form a pretty distinct idea of the master's course of instruction, which, to be sure, would be modified according to the capacities of his pupils and the objects they had in view. Well, Madame Dubois says that Chopin made her begin with the second book of Clementi's Preludes et Exercices, and that she also studied under him the same composer's Gradus ad Parnassum and Bach's forty-eight preludes and fugues. Of his high opinion of the teaching qualities of Bach's compositions we may form an idea from the recommendation to her at their last meeting—already mentioned in an earlier chapter—to practise them constantly, "ce sera votre meilleur moyen de progresser" (this will be your best means to make progress). The pieces she studied under him included the following ones: Of Hummel, the Rondo brillant sur un theme russe (Op. 98), La Bella capricciosa, the Sonata in F sharp minor (Op. 81), the Concertos in A minor and B minor, and the Septet; of Field, several concertos (the one in E flat among others) and several nocturnes ("Field" she says, "lui etait tres sympathique"); of Beethoven, the concertos and several sonatas (the Moonlight, Op. 27, No. 2; the one with the Funeral March, Op. 26; and the Appassionata, Op. 57); of Weber, the Sonatas in C and A flat major (Chopin made his pupils play these two works with extreme care); of Schubert, the Landler and all the waltzes and some of the duets (the marches, polonaises, and the Divertissement hongrois, which last piece he admired sans reserve); of Mendelssohn, only the G minor Concerto and the

Songs without Words; of Liszt, no more than La Tarantelle de Rossini and the Septet from Lucia ("mais ce genre de musique ne lui allait pas," says my informant); and of Schumann, NOTHING.

Madame Streicher's interesting reminiscences, given in Appendix III., form a supplement to this chapter.

CHAPTER XXIX.

RUPTURE OF THE SAND-CHOPIN CONNECTION.—HER OWN, LISZT'S, AND KARASOWSKI'S ACCOUNTS.-THE LUCREZIA FLORIANI INCIDENT.—FURTHER INVESTIGATION OF THE CAUSES OF THE RUPTURE BY THE LIGHT OF LETTERS AND THE INFORMATION OF GUTMANN, FRANCHOMME, AND MADAME RUBIO.—SUMMING-UP OF THE EVIDENCE.—CHOPIN'S COMPOSITIONS IN 1847.—GIVES A CONCERT, HIS LAST IN PARIS (1848): WHAT AND HOW HE PLAYED; THE CHARACTER OF THE AUDIENCE.—GEORGE SAND AND CHOPIN MEET ONCE MORE.—THE FEBRUARY REVOLUTION; CHOPIN MAKES UP HIS MIND TO VISIT ENGLAND AND SCOTLAND.

WE now come to the catastrophe of Chopin's life, the rupture of his connection with George Sand. Although there is no lack of narratives in which the causes, circumstances, and time of this rupture are set forth with absolute positiveness, it is nevertheless an undeniable fact that we are not at the present

moment, nor, all things well considered, shall be even in the most distant future, in a position to speak on this subject otherwise than conjecturally.

[FOOTNOTE: Except the letter of George Sand given on p. 75, and the note of Chopin to George Sand which will be given a little farther on, nothing, I think, of their correspondence has become public. But even if their letters were forth-coming, it is more likely than not that they would fail to clear up the mystery. Here I ought, perhaps, to reproduce the somewhat improbable story told in the World of December 14, 1887, by the Paris correspondent who signs himself "Theoc." He writes as follows: "I have heard that it was by saving her letters to Chopin that M. Alexandre Dumas won the friendship of George Sand. The anecdote runs thus: When Chopin died, his sister found amongst his papers some two hundred letters of Madame Sand, which she took with her to Poland. By chance this lady had some difficulties at the frontier with the Russian custom-house officials; her trunks were seized, and the box containing the letters was mislaid and lost. A few years afterwards, one of the custom-house officials found the letters and kept them, not knowing the name and the address of the Polish lady who had lost them. M. Dumas discovered this fact, and during a journey in Russia he explained to this official how painful it would be if by some indiscretion these letters of the illustrious novelist ever got into print. 'Let me restore them to Madame Sand,' said M. Dumas. 'And my duty?' asked the customs official. 'If anybody ever claims the letters,' replied M. Dumas, 'I authorise you to say that I stole them.' On this condition M. Dumas, then a young man, obtained the letters, brought them back to Paris, and restored them to Madame Sand, whose acquaintance he thus made. Madame

Sand burnt all her letters to Chopin, but she never forgot the service that M. Dumas had rendered her."]

I have done my utmost to elucidate the tragic event which it is impossible not to regard as one of the most momentous crises in Chopin's life, and have succeeded in collecting besides the material already known much that is new; but of what avail is this for coming to a final decision if we find the depositions hopelessly contradictory, and the witnesses more or less untrustworthy—self-interest makes George Sand's evidence suspicious, the instability of memory that of others. Under the circumstances it seems to me safest to place before the reader the depositions of the various witnesses—not, however, without comment—and leave him to form his own conclusions. I shall begin with the account which George Sand gives in her Ma Vie:—

After the last relapses of the invalid, his minc
extremely gloomy, and Maurice, who had hitherto
him, was suddenly wounded by him in an unexpecte
a trifling subject. They embraced each other the
but the grain of sand had fallen into the tranqu
little by little the pebbles fell there, one aft
another...All this was borne; but at last, one c
tired of the pin-pricks, spoke of giving up the
could not be, and should not be. Chopin would nc
legitimate and necessary intervention. He bowed
said that I no longer loved him.

What blasphemy after these eight years of materr
But the poor bruised heart was not conscious of
I thought that some months passed at a distance
would heal the wound, and make his friendship ac
his memory equitable. But the revolution of Febr
Paris became momentarily hateful to this mind ir
yielding to any commotion in the social form. Fr

to Poland, or certain to be tolerated there, he
languishing ten [and some more] years far from h
whom he adored, to the pain of seeing his countr
and deformed [denature]. He had fled from tyranr
fled from liberty.

I saw him again for an instant in March, 1848. I
trembling and icy hand. I wished to speak to him
away. Now it was my turn to say that he no longe
spared him this infliction, and entrusted all to
Providence and the future.

I was not to see him again. There were bad heart
There were good ones too who were at a loss what
were frivolous ones who preferred not to meddle
delicate matters; Gutmann was not there.

I have been told that he had asked for me, regre
loved me filially up to the very end. It was tho
conceal this from me till then. It was also thou
conceal from him that I was ready to hasten to h

Liszt's account is noteworthy because it gives us the opinion of a man who knew the two principal actors in the drama intimately, and had good opportunities to learn what contemporary society thought about it. Direct knowledge of the facts, however, Liszt had not, for he was no longer a friend either of the one or the other of the two parties:—

These commencements, of which Madame de Stael sp
[FOOTNOTE: He alludes to her saying: En amour, t
des commencemens.] had already for a long time b
between the Polish artist and the French poet. T
survived with the one by a violent effort of res
ideal which he had gilded with its fatal brillia
other by a false shame which sophisticated on th
to preserve constancy in fidelity. The time came
factitious existence, which succeeded no longer

> *fibres dried up under the eyes of the spiritual i*
> *seemed to him to surpass what honour permitted h*
> *perceive. No one knew what was the cause or the*
> *sudden rupture; one saw only that after a violer*
> *to the marriage of the daughter of the house, Ch*
> *left Nohant never to return again.*

However unreliable Liszt's facts may be, the PHILOSOPHY of his account shows real insight. Karasowski, on the other hand, has neither facts nor insight. He speaks with a novelist's confidence and freedom of characters whom he in no way knows, and about whom he has nothing to tell but the vaguest and most doubtful of second-hand hearsays: —

> *The depressed invalid became now to her a burder*
> *at times sombre mien and her shorter visits in t*
> *showed him that her sympathy for him was on the*
> *Chopin felt this painfully, but he said nothing.*
> *complaints of Madame Sand that the nursing of th*
> *exhausted her strength, complaints which she oft*
> *expression to in his presence, hurt him. He enti*
> *leave him alone, to take walks in the fresh air;*
> *her not to give up for his sake her amusements,*
> *frequent the theatre, to give parties, &c.; he w*
> *contented in quietness and solitude if he only k*
> *was happy. At last, when the invalid still faile*
> *a separation from her, she chose a heroic means.*

By this heroic means Karasowski understands the publication of George Sand's novel Lucrezia Floriani (in 1847), concerning which he says the story goes that "out of refined cruelty the proof-sheets were handed to him [Chopin] with the request to correct the misprints." Karasowski also reports as a "fact" that

the children of Madame Sand [who, by the way, we
twenty-three and a woman of eighteen] said to hi
pointing to the novel: "M. Chopin, do you know t
meant by the Prince Karol?"...In spite of all th
invalid, and therefore less passionate, artist h
most painful feeling the mortification caused hi
novel...At the beginning of the year 1847 George
about by a violent scene, the innocent cause of
daughter, a complete rupture. To the unjust repr
she made to him, he merely replied: "I shall imm
your house, and wish henceforth no longer to be
you as living." These words were very welcome to
no objections, and the very same day the artist
the house of Madame Sand. But the excitement and
distress connected with it threw him once more o
bed, and for a long time people seriously feared
soon exchange it for a coffin.

George Sand's view of the Lucrezia Floriani incident must be given in full. In Ma Vie she writes as follows:—

It has been pretended that in one of my romances
painted his [Chopin's] character with a great ex
analysis. People were mistaken, because they tho
recognised some of his traits; and, proceeding b
too convenient to be sure, Liszt himself, in a l
a little exuberant as regards style, but neverth
very good things and very beautiful pages, has g
good faith. I have traced in Prince Karol the ch
man determined in his nature, exclusive in his s
exclusive in his exigencies.

Chopin was not such. Nature does not design like
realistic it may be. She has caprices, inconsequ
probably not real, but very mysterious. Art only
these inconsequences because it is too limited t
them.

Chopin was a resume of these magnificent inconse
God alone can allow Himself to create, and which
particular logic. He was modest on principle, ge
but he was imperious by instinct and full of a l
pride which was unconscious of itself. Hence sui
he did not reason and which did not fix themselv
determined object.

Moreover, Prince Karol is not an artist. He is a
nothing more; having no genius, he has not the r
genius. He is, therefore, a personage more true
and the portrait is so little that of a great ar
Chopin, in reading the manuscript every day on m
desk, had not the slightest inclination to decei
who, nevertheless, was so suspicious.

And yet afterwards, by reaction, he imagined, I
this was the case. Enemies, I had such about him
themselves his friends; as if embittering a suff
was not murder, enemies made him believe that th
a revelation of his character. At that time his
doubt, enfeebled: he had forgotten the book, why
reread it!

This history is so little ours! It was the very
There were between us neither the same raptures
nor the same sufferings. Our history had nothing
its foundation was too simple and too serious fo
have had occasion for a quarrel with each other,
each other.

The arguments advanced by George Sand are anything but convincing; in fact, her defence is extremely weak. She does not even tell us that she did not make use of Chopin as a model. That she drew a caricature and not a portrait will hardly be accepted as an excuse, nay, is sure to be regarded as the very head and front of her offending. But George Sand had extraordinarily naive notions on this

subject, notions which are not likely to be shared by many, at least not by many outside the fraternities of novelists and dramatists. Having mentioned, in speaking of her grand-uncle the Abbe de Beaumont, that she thought of him when sketching the portrait of a certain canon in Consuelo, and that she had very much exaggerated the resemblance to meet the requirements of the romance, she remarks that portraits traced in this way are no longer portraits, and that those who feel offended on recognising themselves do an injustice both to the author and themselves. "Caricature or idealisation," she writes, "it is no longer the original model, and this model has little judgment if it thinks it recognises itself, if it becomes angry or vain on seeing what art or imagination has been able to make of it." This is turning the tables with a vengeance; and if impudence can silence the voice of truth and humanity, George Sand has gained her case. In her account of the Lucrezia Floriani incident George Sand proceeds as usual when she is attacked and does not find it more convenient simply to declare that she will not condescend to defend herself—namely, she envelops the whole matter in a mist of beautiful words and sentiments out of which issues—and this is the only clearly-distinguishable thing—her own saintly self in celestial radiance. But notwithstanding all her arguments and explanations there remains the fact that Liszt and thousands of others, I one of them, read Lucrezia Floriani and were not a moment in doubt that Chopin was the prototype of Prince Karol. We will not charge George Sand with the atrocity of writing the novel for the purpose of getting rid of Chopin; but we cannot absolve her from the sin of being regardless of the pain she would inflict on one who once was dear to

her, and who still loved her ardently. Even Miss Thomas, [FOOTNOTE: In George Sand, a volume of the "Eminent Women Series."] who generally takes George Sand at her own valuation, and in this case too tries to excuse her, admits that in Lucrezia Floriani there was enough of reality interwoven to make the world hasten to identify or confound Chopin with Prince Karol, that Chopin, the most sensitive of mortals, could not but be pained by the inferences which would be drawn, that "perhaps if only as a genius he had the right to be spared such an infliction," and that, therefore, "one must wish it could have appeared in this light to Madame Sand." This is a mild way of expressing disapproval of conduct that shows, to say the least, an inhuman callousness to the susceptibilities of a fellow-being. And to speak of the irresistible prompting of genius in connection with one who had her faculties so well under her control is downright mockery. It would, however, be foolish to expect considerateness for others in one who needlessly detailed and proclaimed to the world not only the little foibles but also the drunkenness and consequent idiocy and madness of a brother whose family was still living. Her practice was, indeed, so much at variance with her profession that it is preposterous rather to accept than to doubt her words. George Sand was certainly not the self-sacrificing woman she pretended to be; for her sacrifices never outlasted her inclinations, they were, indeed, nothing else than an abandonment to her desires. And these desires were the directors of her reason, which, aided by an exuberant imagination, was never at a loss to justify any act, be it ever so cruel and abject. In short, the chief characteristic of George Sand's moral constitution was her incapacity of regarding

anything she did otherwise than as right. What I have said is fully borne out by her Ma Vie and the "Correspondance," which, of course, can be more easily and safely examined than her deeds and spoken words.

And now we will continue our investigations of the causes and circumstances of the rupture. First I shall quote some passages from letters written by George Sand, between which will be inserted a note from Chopin to her. If the reader does not see at once what several of these quotations have to do with the matter under discussion, he will do so before long.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Nohant, Septembe

It is exceedingly kind of you to offer me shelte
We have still our apartments in the Square Saint
[Square d'Orleans], and nothing would prevent us
there.

Chopin to Madame Sand; Tuesday 2 1/2 [Paris, Dec
1846]

[FOOTNOTE: The date is that of the postmark. A C
translation of the French original (in the Imper
Library at St. Petersburg) will be found in La M
"Musikerbriefe."]:—

Mademoiselle de Rozieres has found the piece of
question (it was in the camail-carton of Mdlle.
and I sent it at once last night to Borie, [Vict
publicist and friend of George Sand] who, as Pet
does not yet leave to-day. Here we have a little
Russian snow. I am glad of this weather for your
imagine you walking about a great deal. Did Dib
night's pantomime? May you and yours enjoy good

Your most devoted,

C.

For your dear children.

I am well; but I have not the courage to leave m
a moment.

Madame Sand to Madame Marliani; Nohant, May 6, 1

Solange marries in a fortnight Clesinger, the sc
of great talent, who is making much money, and c
the brilliant existence which, I believe, is to
is very violently in love with her, and he pleas
She was this time as prompt and firm in her dete
she was hitherto capricious and irresolute. Appa
met with what she dreamt of. May God grant it!

As regards myself, the young man pleases me alsc
Maurice likewise. He is little civilised at firs
he is full of sacred fire and for some time past
noticed him making advances, I have been studyir
having the appearance of doing so...He has other
which compensate for all the defects he may have
have.

...Somebody told me of him all the ill that can
[on making inquiries George Sand found that Cles
"irreproachable in the best sense of the word"].

M. Dudevant, whom he has been to see, consents.
yet where the marriage will take place. Perhaps
[FOOTNOTE: Where M. Dudevant, her whilom husbanc
order to prevent M. Dudevant from falling asleep
eternal to-morrow to the province.

Madame Sand to Mazzini; Nohant, May 22, 1847:—

I have just married and, I believe, well marriec
to an artist of powerful inspiration and will. I
but one ambition—namely, that she should love ar
my wish is realised. The future is in the hand c
believe in the duration of this love and this ur

Madame Sand to Charles Poncy; Nohant, August 9,

My good Maurice is always calm, occupied, and li
sustains and consoles me. Solange is in Paris wi
husband; they are going to travel. Chopin is in
his health has not yet permitted him to make the
he is better.

The following letter, of an earlier date than those from which my last two excerpts are taken, is more directly concerned with Chopin.

Madame Sand to Gutmann; Nohant, May 12, 1847:—

Thanks, my good Gutmann, thanks from the bottom
for the admirable care which you lavish on him (
know well that it is for him, for yourself, and
that you act thus, but I do not the less feel th
thanking you. It is a great misfortune for me th
happens at a moment like that in which I find my
this is too much anxiety at one time! I would ha
believe, if I had learned the gravity of his ill
hearing that the danger was past. He does not kn
of it, and on account, especially, of the embarr
knows I find myself, he wishes it to be conceale
wrote to me yesterday as if nothing had taken pl
have answered him as if I suspected as yet nothi
do not tell him that I write to you, and that fo
hours I have suffered terribly. Grzymala writes
kindly a propos of the tenderness with which you
place by the side of him, and you especially, so
tell you that I know it, and that my heart will

of it seriously and for ever...

Au revoir, then, soon, my dear child, and receiv
benediction. May it bring you luck as I wish!

George Sand.

[FOOTNOTE: This letter, which is not contained i
"Correspondance," was, as far as I know, first p
"Die Gegenwart" (Berlin, July 12, 1879)]

If all that George Sand here says is bona fide, the letter proves that the rupture had not yet taken place. Indeed, Gutmann was of opinion that it did not take place till 1848, shortly before Chopin's departure for England, that, in-fact, she, her daughter, and son-in-law were present at the concert he gave on February 16, 1848. That this, however, was not the case is shown both by a letter written by George Sand from Nohant on February 18, 1848, and by another statement of Gutmann's, according to which one of the causes of the rupture was the marriage of Solange with Clesinger of which Chopin (foreseeing unhappiness which did not fail to come, and led to separation) did not approve. Another cause, he thought, was Chopin's disagreements with Maurice Sand. There were hasty remarks and sharp retorts between lover and son, and scenes in consequence. Gutmann is a very unsatisfactory informant, everything he read and heard seemed to pass through the retort of his imagination and reappear transformed as his own experience.

A more reliable witness is Franchomme, who in a letter to me summed up the information which he had given me on this subject by word of mouth as follows:—

Strange to say [chose bizarre], Chopin had a hor
figure 7; he would not have taken lodgings in a
bore the number 7; he would not have set out on
the 7th or 17th, &c. It was in 1837 that he form
with George Sand; it was in 1847 that the ruptur
it was on the 17th October that my dear friend s
to us. The rupture between Chopin and Madame San
in this way. In June, 1847, Chopin was making re
for Nohant when he received a letter from Madame
effect that she had just turned out her daughter
law, and that if he received them in his house a
over between them [i.e., between George Sand and
was with Chopin at the time the letter arrived,
me, "They have only me, and should I close my do
No, I shall not do it!" and he did not do it, an
that this creature whom he adored would not forg
Poor friend, how I have seen him suffer!

Of the quarrel at Nohant, Franchomme gave the following account:—There was staying at that time at Nohant a gentleman who treated Madame Clesinger invariably with rudeness. One day as Clesinger and his wife went downstairs the person in question passed without taking off his hat. The sculptor stopped him, and said, "Bid madam a good day"; and when the gentleman or churl, as the case may be, refused, he gave him a box on the ear. George Sand, who stood at the top of the stairs, saw it, came down, and gave in her turn Clesinger a box on the ear. After this she turned her son-in-law together with his wife out of her house, and wrote the above-mentioned letter to Chopin.

Madame Rubio had also heard of the box on the ear which George Sand gave Clesinger. According to this informant there were many quarrels between mother and daughter, the former objecting to the latter's frequent visits to Chopin, and using this as a pretext to break with him. Gutmann said to me that

Chopin was fond of Solange, though not in love with her. But now we have again got into the current of gossip, and the sooner we get out of it the better.

Before I draw my conclusions from the evidence I have collected, I must find room for some extracts from two letters, respectively written on August 9, 1847, and December 14,1847, to Charles Poncy. The contents of these extracts will to a great extent be a mystery to the reader, a mystery to which I cannot furnish the key. Was Solange the chief subject of George Sand's lamentations? Had Chopin or her brother, or both, to do with this paroxysm of despair?

After saying how she has been overwhelmed by a chain of chagrins, how her purest intentions have had a fatal issue, how her best actions have been blamed by men and punished by heaven as crimes, she proceeds:—

And do you think I have reached the end? No, all you hitherto is nothing, and since my last lette exhausted all the cup of life contains of tribul even so bitter and unprecedented that I cannot s least I cannot write it. Even that would give me pain. I will tell you something about it when I hoped at least for the old age on which I was en recompense of great sacrifices, of much work, fa whole life of devotion and abnegation. I asked t to render happy the objects of my affection. Wel repaid with ingratitude, and evil has got the up soul which I wished to make the sanctuary and th the beautiful and the good. At present I struggl myself in order not to let myself die. I wish to task unto the end. May God aid me! I believe in hope!...Augustine has suffered much, but she ha courage and a true feeling of her dignity; and h thank God, has not suffered.

[FOOTNOTE: Augustine Brault was according to the Correspondance a cousin of George Sand's; George calls her in Ma Vie her parent, and tells us in how her connection with this young lady gave occ scandalous libels.]

The next quotation is from the letter dated Nohant, December 14, 1847. Desirez is the wife of Charles Poncy, to whom the letter is addressed.

You have understood, Desirez and you, you whose delicate because it is ardent, that I passed thr gravest and most painful phase of my life. I nea although I had foreseen it for a long time. But is not always under the pressure of a sinister f however evident it may be. There are days, weeks months even, when one lives on illusions, and wh flatters one's self one is turning aside the blo threatens one. At last, the most probable misfor surprises us disarmed and unprepared. In additio development of the unhappy germ, which was going there have arisen several very bitter and altoge unexpected accessory circumstances. The result i broken in soul and body with chagrin. I believe chagrin is incurable; for the better I succeed i myself from it for some hours, the more sombre a does it re-enter into me in the following hours. undertaken a lengthy work [un ouvrage de longue entitled Histoire de ma Vie...However, I shall r whole of my life...It will be, moreover, a prett of business, which will put me on my feet again, relieve me of a part of my anxieties with regard of Solange, which is rather compromised.

We have, then, the choice of two explanations of the rupture: George Sand's, that it was caused by the disagreement of Chopin and her son; and Franchomme's, that it was brought about by Chopin's

disregard of George Sand's injunction not to receive her daughter and son-in-law. I prefer the latter version, which is reconcilable with George Sand's letters, confirmed by the testimony of several of Chopin's friends, and given by an honest, simple-minded man who may be trusted to have told a plain unvarnished tale.

[FOOTNOTE: The contradictions are merely apparent, and disappear if we consider that George Sand cannot have had any inclination to give to Gutmann and Poncy an explanation of the real state of matters. Moreover, when she wrote to the former the rupture had, according to Franchomme, not yet taken place.]

But whatever reason may have been alleged to justify, whatever circumstance may have been the ostensible cause of the rupture, in reality it was only a pretext. On this point all agree—Franchomme, Gutmann, Kwiatkowski, Madame Rubio, Liszt, &c. George Sand was tired of Chopin, and as he did not leave her voluntarily, the separation had to be forced upon him. Gutmann thought there was no rupture at all. George Sand went to Nohant without Chopin, ceased to write to him, and thus the connection came to an end. Of course, Chopin ought to have left her before she had recourse to the "heroic means" of kicking him, metaphorically speaking, out of doors. But the strength of his passion for this woman made him weak. If a tithe of what is rumoured about George Sand's amorous escapades is true, a lover who stayed with her for eight years must have found his capacity of overlooking and forgiving severely tested. We hear on all sides of the infidelities she permitted herself. A Polish friend of Chopin's informed me that one day when he was about to enter the composer's, room to pay him a visit, the

married Berrichon female servant of George Sand came out of it; and Chopin, who was lying ill in bed, told him afterwards that she had been complaining of her mistress and husband. Gutmann, who said that Chopin knew of George Sand's occasional infidelities, pretended to have heard him say when she had left him behind in Paris: "I would overlook all if only she would allow me to stay with her at Nohant." I regard these and such like stories, especially the last one, with suspicion (is it probable that the reticent artist was communicative on so delicate a subject, and with Gutmann, his pupil and a much younger man?), but they cannot be ignored, as they are characteristic of how Chopin's friends viewed his position. And yet, tormented as he must have been in the days of possession, crushed as he was by the loss, tempted as he subsequently often felt to curse her and her deceitfulness, he loved and missed George Sand to the very end—even the day before his death he said to Franchomme that she had told him he would die in no other arms but hers (que je ne mourrais que dans ses bras).

If George Sand had represented her separation from Chopin as a matter of convenience, she would have got more sympathy and been able to make out a better case.

The friendship of Chopin [she writes in Ma Vie] for me a refuge in sadness. He had quite enough his own to bear. Mine would have overwhelmed hin knew them only vaguely and did not understand th would have appreciated them from a point of viev different from mine.

Besides Chopin's illnesses became more frequent, his strength diminished from day to day, and care

and attendance were consequently more than ever needful. That he was a "detestable patient" has already been said. The world takes it for granted that the wife or paramour of a man of genius is in duty bound to sacrifice herself for him. But how does the matter stand when there is genius on both sides, and self-sacrifice of either party entails loss to the world? By the way, is it not very selfish and hypocritical of this world which generally does so little for men of genius to demand that women shall entirely, self-denyingly devote themselves to their gifted lovers? Well, both George Sand and Chopin had to do work worth doing, and if one of them was hampered by the other in doing it, the dissolution of the union was justified. But perhaps this was not the reason of the separation. At any rate, George Sand does not advance such a plea. Still, it would have been unfair not to discuss this possible point of view.

The passage from the letter of George Sand dated September 1, 1846, which I quoted earlier in this chapter, justifies us, I think, in assuming that, although she was still keeping on her apartments in the Square d'Orleans, the phalanstery had ceased to exist. The apartments she gave up probably sometime in 1847; at any rate, she passed the winter of 1847-8, for the most part at least, at Nohant; and when after the outbreak of the revolution of 1848 she came to Paris (between the 9th and 14th of March), she put up at a hotel garni. Chopin continued to live in his old quarters in the Square d'Orldans, and, according to Gutmann, was after the cessation of his connection with George Sand in the habit of dining either with him (Gutmann) or Grzymala, that is to say, in their company.

It is much to be regretted that no letters are forthcoming to tell us of Chopin's feelings and doings

at this time. I can place before the reader no more than one note, the satisfactory nature of which makes up to some extent for its brevity. It is addressed to Franchomme; dated Friday, October 1, 1847; and contains only these few words:—

Dear friend,—I thank you for your good heart, bu
RICH this evening. Yours with all my heart.

In this year—i.e., 1847—appeared the three last works which Chopin published, although among his posthumous compositions there are two of a later date. The Trois Mazurkas, Op. 63 (dedicated to the Comtesse L. Czosnowska), and the Trois Valses, Op. 64 (dedicated respectively to Madame la Comtesse Potocka, Madame la Baronne de Rothschild, and Madame la Baronne Bronicka), appeared in September, and the Sonata for piano and violoncello, Op. 65 (dedicated to Franchomme), in October. Now I will say of these compositions only that the mazurkas and waltzes are not inferior to his previous works of this kind, and that the sonata is one of his most strenuous efforts in the larger forms. Mr. Charles Halle remembers going one evening in 1847 with Stephen Heller to Chopin, who had invited some friends to let them hear this sonata which he had lately finished. On arriving at his house they found him rather unwell; he went about the room bent like a half-opened penknife. The visitors proposed to leave him and to postpone the performance, but Chopin would not hear of it. He said he would try. Having once begun, he soon became straight again, warming as he proceeded. As will be seen from some remarks of Madame Dubois's, which I shall quote farther on, the sonata did not make an altogether favourable impression on the

auditors.

The name of Madame Dubois reminds me of the soiree immortalised by a letter of Madame Girardin (see the one of March 7, 1847, in Vol. IV. of Le Vicomte de Launay), and already several times alluded to by me in preceding chapters. At this soiree Chopin not only performed several of his pieces, but also accompanied on a second piano his E minor Concerto which was played by his pupil, the youthful and beautiful Mdlle. Camille O'Meara. But the musical event par excellence of the period of Chopin's life with which we are concerned in this chapter is his concert, the last he gave in Paris, on February 16, 1848. Before I proceed with my account of it, I must quote a note, enclosing tickets for this concert, which Chopin wrote at this time to Franchomme. It runs thus: "The best places en evidence for Madame D., but not for her cook." Madame D. was Madame Paul Delaroche, the wife of the great painter, and a friend of Franchomme's.

But here is a copy of the original programme:—

FIRST PART.

Trio by Mozart, for piano, violin, and violor
performed by MM. Chopin, Alard, and Franchomm

Aria, sung by Mdlle. Antonia Molina di Mondi.

Nocturne, |
|—*composed and performed by M. Cho*
Barcarole, |

Air, sung by Mdlle. Antonia Molina di Mondi.

Etude, |
|—*composed and performed by M. Cho*

Berceuse, |

SECOND PART.

Scherzo, Adagio, and Finale of the Sonata in
piano and violoncello, composed by M. Chopin,
by the author and M. Franchomme.

Air nouveau from Robert le Diable, composed b
sung by M. Roger.

Preludes, |
|
Mazurkas, |—*composed and performed by M. Cho*
|
Valse, |

Accompanists:—MM. Aulary and de Garaude.

The report of "M. S." in the Gazette musicale of February 20, 1848, transports us at once into the midst of the exquisite, perfume-laden atmosphere of Pleyel's rooms on February 16:—

A concert by the Ariel of pianists is a thing to
given, like other concerts, by opening both wing
to whomsoever wishes to enter. For this one a li
drawn up: everyone inscribed thereon his name: h
was not sure of obtaining the precious ticket: p
required to be admitted into the holy of holies,
favour of depositing one's offering, and yet thi
amounted to a louis; but who has not a louis to
Chopin may be heard?

The outcome of all this naturally was that the r
the aristocracy of the most distinguished women,
elegant toilettes, filled on Wednesday Pleyel's
was also the aristocracy of artists and amateurs
seize in his flight this musical sylph who had p

himself once more and for a few hours be approac
heard.

The sylph kept his word, and with what success,
enthusiasm! It is easier to tell you of the rece
the transport he excited, than to describe, anal
the mysteries of an execution which was nothing
our terrestrial regions. If we had in our power
traced the delicate marvels of Queen Mab, not bi
agate that glitters on the finger of an alderman
chariot, of her diaphanous team, only then shoul
in giving an idea of a purely ideal talent into
enters hardly at all. Only Chopin can make Chopi
all those who were present at the seance of Wedn
convinced of this as well as we.

The programme announced first a trio of Mozart,
Alard, and Franchomme executed in such a manner
despairs of ever hearing it again so well perfor
Chopin played studies, preludes, mazurkas, waltz
performed afterwards his beautiful sonata with P
not ask us how all these masterpieces small and
rendered. We said at first we would not attempt
these thousands and thousands of nuances of an e
genius having in his service an organisation of
We shall only say that the charm did not cease t
instant on the audience, and that it still laste
concert was ended.

Let us add that Roger, our brilliant tenor, sang
expressive voice the beautiful prayer intercalat
le Diable by the author himself at the debut of
Opera; that Mdlle. Antonia de Mendi [a niece of
Viardot's; see the spelling of her name in the p
young and beautiful singer, carried off her shar
her talent full of hope and promise.

There is a talk of a second concert which Chopin
the 10th of March, and already more than 600 nam
down on the new list. In this there is nothing a

Chopin owed us this recompense, and he well dese
eagerness.

As this report, although it enables us to realise the atmosphere, is otherwise lacking in substance, we must try to get further information elsewhere. Happily, there is plenty at our disposal.

Before playing the violoncello sonata in public
Dubois to me], Chopin had tried it before some a
intimate friends; the first movement, the master
understood. It appeared to the hearers obscure,
too many ideas, in short, it had no success. At
moment Chopin dared not play the whole sonata be
worldly and elegant an audience, but confined hi
Scherzo, Adagio, and Finale. I shall never forge
in which he executed the Barcarole, that adorabl
the Waltz in D flat (la valse au petit chien) wa
amidst the acclamations of the public. A grande
present at this concert wished to know Chopin's
making the scales so flowing on the piano [faire
coulees stir le piano]. The expression is good,
limpidity has never been equalled.

Stephen Heller's remark to me, that Chopin became in his last years so weak that his playing was sometimes hardly audible, I have already related in a preceding chapter. There I have also mentioned what Mr. Charles Halle' told me—namely, that in the latter part of his life Chopin often played forte passages piano and even pianissimo, that, for instance, at the concert we are speaking of he played the two forte passages towards the end of the Barcarole pianissimo and with all sorts of dynamic finesses. Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who was present at the concert on February 16, 1848, gave some interesting recollections of it, after the reading of a paper on the subject of Chopin, by Mr. G. A. Osborne, at one of

the meetings of the Musical Association (see Proceedings, of the Musical Association for the year 1879-80):—

> *He [Chopin] was extremely weak, but still his pl*
> *reason of that remarkable quality which he posse*
> *gradation in touch—betrayed none of the impress*
> *which some attributed to piano playing or softne*
> *and he possessed in a greater degree than any pi*
> *player he [Mr. Goldschmidt] had ever heard, the*
> *passing upwards from piano through all gradatior*
> *was extremely difficult to obtain admission, for*
> *had been truly described as a most sensitive mar*
> *to be pre-eminently a quality of artistic organi*
> *only had a list submitted to him of those who ou*
> *admitted, but he sifted that list, and made a se*
> *the selected list; he was, therefore, surrounded*
> *friends and admirers. The room was beautifully d*
> *flowers of all kinds, and he could truly say tha*
> *the distance of thirty years, he had the most vi*
> *recollection of the concert...The audience was s*
> *with his [Chopin's] playing that he was called f*
> *and again.*

In connection with what Mr. Goldschmidt and the writer in the Gazette musicale say about the difficulty of admission and a sifted list, I have to record, and I shall do no more than record, Franchomme's denial. "I really believe," he said to me, "that this is a mere fiction. I saw Chopin every day; how, then, could I remain ignorant of it?"

To complete my account of Chopin's last concert in Paris, I have yet to add some scraps of information derived from Un nid d'autographes, by Oscar Comettant, who was present at it, and, moreover, reported on it in Le Siecle. The memory of the event was brought back to him when on looking over autographs in the possession of Auguste Wolff, the

successor of Camille Pleyel, he found a ticket for the above described concert. As the concert so was also the ticket unlike that of any other artist. "Les lettres d'ecriture anglaise etaient gravees au burin et imprimees en taille-douce sur de beau papier mi-carton glace, d'un carre long elegant et distingue." It bore the following words and figures:—

SOIREE DE M. CHOPIN,
DANS L'UN DES SALONS DE MM. PLEYEL ET CIE
20, Rue Rochechouart,
Le mercredi 16 fevrier 1848 a 8 heures
Rang....Prix 20 francs....Place reservee.

M. Comettant, in contradiction to what has been said by others about Chopin's physical condition, states that when the latter came on the platform, he walked upright and without feebleness; his face, though pale, did not seem greatly altered; and he played as he had always played. But M. Comettant was told that Chopin, having spent at the concert all his moral and physical energy, afterwards nearly fainted in the artists' room.

In March Chopin and George Sand saw each other once more. We will rest satisfied with the latter's laconic account of the meeting already quoted: "Je serrai sa main tremblante et glacee. Je voulu lui parler, il s'echappa." Karasowski's account of this last meeting is in the feuilleton style and a worthy pendant to that of the first meeting:—

A month before his departure [he writes], in the
March, Chopin was invited by a lady to whose hos
he had in former times often gone. Some moments
whether he should accept this invitation, for he
years less frequented the salons; at last—as if

an inner voice—he accepted. An hour before he er
house of Madame H...

And then follow wonderful conversations, sighs, blushes, tears, a lady hiding behind an ivy screen, and afterwards advancing with a gliding step, and whispering with a look full of repentance: "Frederick!" Alas, this was not the way George Sand met her dismissed lovers. Moreover, let it be remembered she was at this time not a girl in her teens, but a woman of nearly forty-four.

The outbreak of the revolution on February 22, 1848, upset the arrangements for the second concert, which was to take place on the 10th of March, and, along with the desire to seek forgetfulness of the grievous loss he had sustained in a change of scene, decided him at last to accept the pressing and unwearied invitations of his Scotch and English friends to visit Great Britain. On April 2 the Gazette musicale announced that Chopin would shortly betake himself to London and pass the season there. And before many weeks had passed he set out upon his journey. But the history of his doings in the capital and in other parts of the United Kingdom shall be related in another chapter.

CHAPTER XXX.

DIFFERENCE OF STYLE IN CHOPIN'S WORKS.——THEIR CHARACTERISTICS DISCUSSED, AND POPULAR PREJUDICES CONTROVERTED.——POLISH NATIONAL MUSIC AND ITS INFLUENCE ON CHOPIN.——CHOPIN A PERSONAL AS WELL AS NATIONAL TONE-POET.—A REVIEW OF SOME OF HIS LESS PERFECT COMPOSITIONS AND OF HIS MASTERPIECES: BOLERO; RONDEAU; VARIATIONS; TARANTELLE; ALLEGRO DE CONCERT; TWO SONATAS FOR PIANOFORTE (OP. 38 AND 58); SONATA (OP. 65) AND GRAND DUO CONCERTANT FOR PIANOFORTE AND VIOLONCELLO; FANTAISIE; MAZURKAS; POLONAISES; VALSES; ETUDES; PRELUDES; SCHERZI; IMPROMPTUS; NOCTURNES; BERCEUSE; BARCAROLE; AND BALLADES——-THE SONGS.——VARIOUS EDITIONS.

Before we inquire into the doings and sufferings of Chopin in England and Scotland, let us take a general survey of his life-work as a composer. We may fitly do so now; as at the stage of his career we have reached, his creative activity had come to a close. The last composition he published, the G minor Sonata for piano and violoncello, Op. 65, appeared in October, 1847; and among his posthumous compositions published by Fontana there are only two of later date—namely, the mazurkas, No. 2 of

Op. 67 (G minor) and No. 4 of Op. 68 (F minor), which came into existence in 1849. Neither of these compositions can be numbered with the master's best works, but the latter of them is interesting, because it seems in its tonal writhings and wailings a picture of the bodily and mental torments Chopin was at the time enduring.

A considerable number of the master's works I have already discussed in Chapters III., VIII., and XIII. These, if we except the two Concertos, Op. II and 21 (although they, too, do not rank with his chefs-d'oeuvre), are, however, for us of greater importance biographically, perhaps also historically, than otherwise. It is true, we hear now and then of some virtuoso playing the Variations, Op. 2, or the Fantasia on Polish airs, Op. 13, nay, we may hear even of the performance of the Trio, Op. 8; but such occurrences are of the rarest rarity, and, considering how rich musical literature is in unexceptionable concert-pieces and chamber compositions, one feels on the whole pleased that these enterprising soloists and trio-players find neither much encouragement nor many imitators. While in examining the earlier works, the praise bestowed on them was often largely mixed with censure, and the admiration felt for them tempered by dissatisfaction; we shall have little else than pure praise and admiration for the works that remain to be considered, at least for the vast majority of them. One thing, however, seems to me needful before justice can be done to the composer Chopin: certain prejudices abroad concerning him have to be combated. I shall, therefore, preface my remarks on particular compositions and groups of compositions by some general observations.

It is sometimes said that there are hardly any

traces of a development in the productions of Chopin, and that in this respect he is unlike all the other great masters. Such an opinion cannot be the result of a thorough and comprehensive study of the composer's works. So far from agreeing with those who hold it, I am tempted to assert that the difference of style between Chopin's early and latest works (even when juvenile compositions like the first two Rondos are left out of account) is as great as that between Beethoven's first and ninth Symphony. It would be easy to classify the Polish master's works according to three and even four (with the usual exceptions) successive styles, but I have no taste for this cheap kind of useless ingenuity. In fact, I shall confine myself to saying that in Chopin's works there are clearly distinguishable two styles—the early virtuosic and the later poetic style. The latter is in a certain sense also virtuosic, but with this difference, that its virtuosity is not virtuosity for virtuosity's sake. The poetic style which has thrown off the tinsel showiness of its predecessor does not, however, remain unchanged, for its texture becomes more and more close, and affords conclusive evidence of the increasing influence of Johann Sebastian Bach. Of course, the grand master of fugue does not appear here, as it were, full life-size, in peruke, knee-breeches, and shoe-buckles, but his presence in spite of transformation and attenuation is unmistakable. It is, however, not only in the closeness and complexity of texture that we notice Chopin's style changing: a striving after greater breadth and fulness of form are likewise apparent, and, alas! also an increase in sombreness, the result of deteriorating health. All this the reader will have to keep in mind when he passes in review the master's works, for I shall marshal them by groups, not chronologically.

Another prejudice, wide-spread, almost universal, is that Chopin's music is all languor and melancholy, and, consequently, wanting in variety. Now, there can be no greater error than this belief. As to variety, we should be obliged to wonder at its infiniteness if he had composed nothing but the pieces to which are really applicable the epithets dreamy, pensive, mournful, and despondent. But what vigour, what more than manly vigour, manifests itself in many of his creations! Think only of the Polonaises in A major (Op. 40, No. 1) and in A flat major (Op. 53), of many of his studies, the first three of his ballades, the scherzos, and much besides! To be sure, a great deal of this vigour is not natural, but the outcome of despair and maddening passion. Still, it is vigour, and such vigour as is not often to be met with. And, then, it is not the only kind to be found in his music. There is also a healthy vigour, which, for instance, in the A major Polonaise assumes a brilliantly-heroic form. Nor are serene and even joyous moods so rare that it would be permissible to ignore them. While thus controverting the so-called vox Dei (are not popular opinions generally popular prejudices?) and the pseudo-critics who create or follow it, I have no intention either to deny or conceal the Polish master's excess of languor and melancholy. I only wish to avoid vulgar exaggeration, to keep within the bounds of the factual. In art as in life, in biography as in history, there are not many questions that can be answered by a plain "yea" or "nay". It was, indeed, with Chopin as has been said of him, "his heart was sad, his mind was gay. "One day when Chopin, Liszt, and the Comtesse d'Agoult spent the after-dinner hours together, the lady, deeply moved by the Polish composer's playing, ventured to ask him "by what name he called the extraordinary feeling which he

enclosed in his compositions, like unknown ashes in superb urns of most exquisitely-chiselled alabaster? "He answered her that—

her heart had not deceived her in its melancholy
for whatever his moments of cheerfulness might h
for all that got rid of a feeling which formed,
the soil of his heart, and for which he found a
his mother-tongue, no other possessing an equiva
Polish word zal [sadness, pain, sorrow, grief, t
repentance, &c.]. Indeed, he uttered the word re
if his ear had been eager for this sound, which
comprised the whole scale of the feelings which
an intense plaint, from repentance to hatred, bl
poisoned fruits of this acrid root.

After a long dissertation on the meaning of the word zal, Liszt, from whose book this quotation is taken, proceeds thus:—

Yes, truly, the zal colours with a reflection nc
ardent, the whole of Chopin's works. It is not e
from his sweetest reveries. These impressions ha
more importance in the life of Chopin that they
themselves distinctly in his last works. They li
attained a kind of sickly irascibility, reaching
feverish tremulousness. This latter reveals itse
his last writings by a distortion of his thought
sometimes rather pained than surprised to meet.
almost under the oppression of his repressed tra
passion, making no longer use of the art except
himself his own tragedy, he began, after having
feeling, to tear it to pieces.

Read together with my matter-of-fact statements, Liszt's hyperbolical and circumlocutional poetic prose will not be misunderstood by the reader. The case may be briefly summed up thus. Zal is not to be

found in every one of Chopin's compositions, but in the greater part of them: sometimes it appears clearly on the surface, now as a smooth or lightly-rippled flow, now as a wildly-coursing, fiercely-gushing torrent; sometimes it is dimly felt only as an undercurrent whose presence not unfrequently becomes temporarily lost to ear and eye. We must, however, take care not to overlook that this zal is not exclusively individual, although its width and intensity are so.

The key-note [of Polish songs] [says the editor into German of an interesting collection of Folk Poles][FOOTNOTE: Volkslieder der Polen. Gesammel ubersetzt von W. P. (Leipzig,1833).] is melancho playful and naive songs something may be heard w one of the pain of past sorrows; a plaintive sig groan, which seems to accuse the Creator, curses existence, and, as Tieck thinks, cries to heaven dust of annihilation:

"What sin have I committed?"

These are the after-throes of whole races; these of whole centuries, which in these melodies entw in an infinite sigh. One is tempted to call them because they seem to reflect sometimes on their but, on the other hand, they are not so, for the annihilating outpouring of feeling expresses its powerfully for these musical poems to be product creativeness. One feels when one hears these son implacable wheel of fate has only too often roll terrene happiness of this people, and life has t only its dark side. Therefore, the dark side is conspicuous; therefore, much pain and poetry—unh greatness.

The remarks on Polish folk-music lead us naturally

to the question of Chopin's indebtedness to it, which, while in one respect it cannot be too highly rated, is yet in another respect generally overrated. The opinion that every peculiarity which distinguishes his music from that of other masters is to be put to the account of his nationality, and may be traced in Polish folk-music, is erroneous. But, on the other hand, it is emphatically true that this same folk-music was to him a potent inspirer and trainer. Generally speaking, however, Chopin has more of the spirit than of the form of Polish folk-music. The only two classes of his compositions where we find also something of the form are his mazurkas and polonaises; and, what is noteworthy, more in the former, the dance of the people, than in the latter, the dance of the aristocracy. In Chopin's mazurkas we meet not only with many of the most characteristic rhythms, but also with many equally characteristic melodic and harmonic traits of this chief of all the Polish dances.

Polish national music conforms in part to the tonality prevailing in modern art-music, that is, to our major and minor modes; in part, however, it reminds one of other tonalities—for instance, of that of the mediaeval church modes, and of that or those prevalent in the music of the Hungarians, Wallachians, and other peoples of that quarter.

[FOOTNOTE: The strictly diatonic church modes (not to be confounded with the ancient Greek modes bearing the same names) differ from each other by the position of the two semitones: the Ionian is like our C major; the Dorian, Phrygian, Lydian, Mixolydian, Aeolian. &c., are like the series of natural notes starting respectively from d, c, f, g, a, &c. The characteristic interval of the Hungarian scale is the augmented second (a, b, c, d#, e, f, g#, a).]

The melodic progression, not always immediate, of an augmented fourth and major seventh occurs frequently, and that of an augmented second occasionally. Skips of a third after or before one or more steps of a second are very common. In connection with these skips of a third may be mentioned that one meets with melodies evidently based on a scale with a degree less than our major and minor scales, having in one place a step of a third instead of a second. [FOOTNOTE: Connoisseurs of Scotch music, on becoming acquainted with Polish music, will be incited by many traits of the latter to undertake a comparative study of the two.] The opening and the closing note stand often to each other in the relation of a second, sometimes also of a seventh. The numerous peculiarities to be met with in Polish folkmusic with regard to melodic progression are not likely to be reducible to one tonality or a simple system of tonalities. Time and district of origin have much to do with the formal character of the melodies. And besides political, social, and local influences direct musical ones—the mediaeval church music, eastern secular music, &c. —have to be taken into account. Of most Polish melodies it may be said that they are as capricious as they are piquant. Any attempt to harmonise them according to our tonal system must end in failure. Many of them would, indeed, be spoiled by any kind of harmony, being essentially melodic, not outgrowths of harmony.

[FOOTNOTE: To those who wish to study this subject may be recommended Oskar Kolberg's Piesni Ludu Polskiego (Warsaw, 1857), the best collection of Polish folk-songs. Charles Lipinski's collection, Piesni Polskie i Ruskie Luttu Galicyjskiego, although much less interesting, is yet noteworthy.]

To treat, however, this subject adequately, one requires volumes, not pages; to speak on it authoritatively, one must have studied it more thoroughly than I have done. The following melodies and snatches of melodies will to some extent illustrate what I have said, although they are chosen with a view rather to illustrate Chopin's indebtedness to Polish folk-music than Polish folk-music itself:—

[11 music score excerpts illustrated here]

Chopin, while piquantly and daringly varying the tonality prevailing in art-music, hardly ever departs from it altogether—he keeps at least in contact with it, however light that contact may be now and then in the mazurkas.

[FOOTNOTE: One of the most decided exceptions is the Mazurka, Op. 24, No. 2, of which only the A fiat major part adheres frankly to our tonality. The portion beginning with the twenty-first bar and extending over that and the next fifteen bars displays, on the other hand, the purest Lydian, while the other portions, although less definite as regards tonality, keep in closer touch with the mediaeval church smode [sic: mode] than with our major and minor.]

Further, he adopted only some of the striking peculiarities of the national music, and added to them others which were individual. These individual characteristics—those audacities of rhythm, melody, and harmony (in progressions and modulations, as well as in single chords)—may, however, be said to have been fathered by the national ones. As to the predominating chromaticism of his style, it is not to be found in Polish folk-music; although slight rudiments are discoverable (see Nos. 6-12 of the musical illustrations). Of course, no one would seek

there his indescribably-exquisite and highly-elaborate workmanship, which alone enabled him to give expression to the finest shades and most sudden changes of gentle feelings and turbulent passions. Indeed, as I have already said, it is rather the national spirit than the form which manifests itself in Chopin's music. The writer of the article on Polish music in Mendel's Conversations-Lexikon remarks:—

What Chopin has written remains for all times th
ideal of Polish music. Although it would be impo
point out in a single bar a vulgar utilisation o
theme, or a Slavonic aping of it, there yet hove
whole the spirit of Polish melody, with its chiv
and dreamy accents; yea, even the spirit of the
language is so pregnantly reproduced in the musi
perhaps in no composition of any of his countryn
be that Prince Oginski with his polonaises and I
his happiest moments have approached him.

Liszt, as so often, has also in connection with this aspect of the composer Chopin some excellent remarks to offer.

He neither applied himself nor exerted himself t
music; it is possible that he would have been as
hear himself called a Polish musician.

[FOOTNOTE: Liszt decidedly overshoots here the m
so in a less degree in the rest of these observa
Chopin himself say to Hiller that he wished to h
countrymen what Uhland was to the Germans? And o
write in one of his letters (see p. 168): "You k
to understand, and how I have in part succeeded
understanding, our national music"?]

Nevertheless, he was a national musician par exc
summed up in his imagination, he represented in

poetic feeling inherent in his nation and diffus
all his contemporaries. Like the true national p
sang, without a fixed design, without a preconce
what inspiration spontaneously dictated to him;
that there arose in his music, without solicitat
effort, the most idealised form of the emotions
animated his childhood, chequered his adolescenc
embellished his youth...Without making any prete
collected into a luminous sheaf sentiments confu
all in his country, fragmentarily disseminated i
hearts, vaguely perceived by some.

George Sand tells us that Chopin's works were the mysterious and vague expression of his inner life. That they were the expression of his inner life is indeed a fact which no attentive hearer can fail to discover without the aid of external evidence. For the composer has hardly written a bar in which, so to speak, the beating of his heart may not be felt. Chopin revealed himself only in his music, but there he revealed himself fully. And was this expression of his inner life really "mysterious and vague"? I think not! At least, no effusion of words could have made clearer and more distinct what he expressed. For the communications of dreams and visions such as he dreamt and saw, of the fluctuating emotional actualities such as his sensitive heart experienced, musical forms are, no doubt, less clumsy than verbal and pictorial ones. And if we know something of his history and that of his nation, we cannot be at a loss to give names and local habitations to the impalpable, but emotionally and intellectually-perceptible contents of his music. We have to distinguish in Chopin the personal and the national tone-poet, the singer of his own joys and sorrows and that of his country's. But, while distinguishing these two aspects, we must take care not to regard them as two separate things. They were a duality the

constitutive forces of which alternately assumed supremacy. The national poet at no time absorbed the personal, the personal poet at no time disowned the national. His imagination was always ready to conjure up his native atmosphere, nay, we may even say that, wherever he might be, he lived in it. The scene of his dreams and visions lay oftenest in the land of his birth. And what did the national poet dream and see in these dreams and visions? A past, present, and future which never existed and never will exist, a Poland and a Polish people glorified. Reality passed through the refining fires of his love and genius and reappeared in his music sublimated as beauty and poetry. No other poet has like Chopin embodied in art the romance of the land and people of Poland. And, also, no other poet has like him embodied in art the romance of his own existence. But whereas as a national poet he was a flattering idealist, he was as a personal poet an uncompromising realist.

The masterpieces of Chopin consist of mazurkas, polonaises, waltzes, etudes, preludes, nocturnes (with which we will class the berceuse and barcarole), scherzos and impromptus, and ballades. They do not, however, comprise all his notable compositions. And about these notable compositions which do not rank with his masterpieces, either because they are of less significance or otherwise fail to reach the standard of requisite perfectness, I shall first say a few words.

Chopin's Bolero, Op. 19, may be described as a Bolero a la polonaise. It is livelier in movement and more coquettish in character than the compositions which he entitles polonaises, but for all that its physiognomy does not on the whole strike one as particularly Spanish, certainly not beyond the first

section of the Bolero proper and the seductive strains of the Pililento, the second tempo of the introduction. And in saying this I am not misled by the points of resemblance in the rhythmical accompaniment of these dances. Chopin published the Bolero in 1834, four years before he visited Spain, but one may doubt whether it would have turned out less Polish if he had composed it subsequently. Although an excellent imitator in the way of mimicry, he lacked the talent of imitating musical thought and character; at any rate, there are no traces of it in his works. The cause of this lack of talent lies, of course, in the strength of his subjectivism in the first place, and of his nationalism in the second. I said the Bolero was published four years before his visit to Spain. But how many years before this visit was it composed? I think a good many years earlier; for it has so much of his youthful style about it, and not only of his youthful style, but also of his youthful character—by which I mean that it is less intensely poetic. It is not impossible that Chopin was instigated to write it by hearing the Bolero in Auber's "La Muette de Portici" ("Masaniello"), which opera was first performed on February 28, 1828. These remarks are thrown out merely as hints. The second composition which we shall consider will show how dangerous it is to dogmatise on the strength of internal evidence.

Op. 16, a lightsome Rondeau with a dramatic Introduction, is, like the Bolero, not without its beauties; but in spite of greater individuality, ranks, like it, low among the master's works, being patchy, unequal, and little poetical.

If ever Chopin is not Chopin in his music, he is so in his Variations brillantes (in B flat major) sur le Rondeau favori: "Je vends des Scapulaires" de

Ludovic, de Herold et Halevy, Op. 12. Did we not know that he must have composed the work about the middle of 1833, we should be tempted to class it with the works which came into existence when his individuality was as yet little developed. [FOOTNOTE: The opera Ludovic, on which Herold was engaged when he died on January 19, 1833, and which Halevy completed, was produced in Paris on May 16, 1833. From the German publishers of Chopin's Op. 12 I learned that it appeared in November, 1833. In the Gazette musicale of January 26, 1834, may be read a review of it.] But knowing what we do, we can only wonder at the strange phenomenon. It is as if Chopin had here thrown overboard the Polish part of his natal inheritance and given himself up unrestrainedly and voluptuously to the French part. Besides various diatonic runs of an inessential and purely ornamental character, there is in the finale actually a plain and full-toned C flat major scale. What other work of the composer could be pointed out exhibiting the like feature? Of course, Chopin is as little successful in entirely hiding his serpentining and chromaticising tendency as Mephistopheles in hiding the limp arising from his cloven foot. Still, these fallings out of the role are rare and transient, and, on the whole, Chopin presents himself as a perfect homme du monde who knows how to say the most insignificant trifles with the most exquisite grace imaginable. There can. be nothing more amusing than the contemporary critical opinions regarding this work, nothing more amusing than to see the at other times censorious Philistines unwrinkle their brows, relax generally the sternness of their features, and welcome, as it were, the return of the prodigal son. We wiser critics of to-day, who, of course, think very differently about this

matter, can, nevertheless, enjoy and heartily applaud the prettiness and elegance of the simple first variation, the playful tripping second, the schwarmerische melodious third, the merry swinging fourth, and the brilliant finale.

From Chopin's letters we see that the publication of the Tarantelle, Op. 43, which took place in the latter part of 1841, was attended with difficulties and annoyances. [FOOTNOTE: Herr Schuberth, of Leipzig, informed me that a honorarium of 500 francs was paid to Chopin for this work on July 1, 1841. The French publisher deposited the work at the library of the Conservatoire in October, 1841.] What these difficulties and annoyances were, is, however, only in part ascertainable. To turn from the publication to the composition itself, I may say that it is full of life, indeed, spirited in every respect, in movement and in boldness of harmonic and melodic conception. The Tarantelle is a translation from Italian into Polish, a transmutation of Rossini into Chopin, a Neapolitan scene painted with opaque colours, the south without its transparent sky, balmy air, and general brightness. That this composition was inspired by impressions received from Rossini's Tarantella, and not from impressions received in Italy (of which, as has already been related, he had a short glimpse in 1839), is evident. A comparison of Chopin's Op. 43 with Liszt's glowing and intoxicating transcription of Rossini's composition may be recommended as a study equally pleasant and instructive. Although not an enthusiastic admirer of Chopin's Tarantelle, I protest in the interest of the composer and for justice's sake against Schumann's dictum: "Nobody can call that beautiful music; but we pardon the master his wild fantasies, for once he may let us see also the dark sides of his inner life."

The Allegro de Concert, Op. 46, which was published in November, 1841, although written for the pianoforte alone, contains, nevertheless, passages which are more distinctly orchestral than anything Chopin ever wrote for the orchestra. The form resembles somewhat that of the concerto. In the first section, which occupies the place of the opening tutti, we cannot fail to distinguish the entrances of single instruments, groups of instruments, and the full orchestra. The soloist starts in the eighty-seventh bar, and in the following commences a cadenza. With the a tempo comes the first subject (A major), and the passage-work which brings up the rear leads to the second subject (E major), which had already appeared in the first section in A major. The first subject, if I may dignify the matter in question with that designation, does not recur again, nor was it introduced by the tutti. The central and principal thought is what I called the second subject. The second section concludes with brilliant passage-work in E major, the time—honoured shake rousing the drowsy orchestra from its sweet repose. The hint is not lost, and the orchestra, in the disguise of the pianoforte, attends to its duty right vigorously. With the poco rit. the soloist sets to work again, and in the next bar takes up the principal subject in A minor. After that we have once more brilliant passage-work, closing this time in A major, and then a final tutti. The Allegro de Concert gives rise to all sorts of surmises. Was it written first for the pianoforte and orchestra, as Schumann suspects? Or may we make even a bolder guess, and suppose that the composer, at a more advanced age, worked up into this Allegro de Concert a sketch for the first movement of a concerto conceived in his younger days? Have we, perhaps, here a fragment or fragments of the

Concerto for two pianos which Chopin, in a letter written at Vienna on December 21, 1830, said he would play in public with his friend Nidecki, if he succeeded in writing it to his satisfaction? And is there any significance in the fact that Chopin, when (probably in the summer of 1841) sending the manuscript of this work to Fontana, calls it a Concerto? Be this as it may, the principal subject and some of the passage-work remind one of the time of the concertos; other things, again, belong undoubtedly to a later period. The tutti and solo parts are unmistakable, so different is the treatment of the pianoforte: in the former the style has the heaviness of an arrangement, in the latter it has Chopin's usual airiness. The work, as a whole, is unsatisfactory, nay, almost indigestible. The subjects are neither striking nor important. Of the passage-work, that which follows the second subject contains the most interesting matter. Piquant traits and all sorts of fragmentary beauties are scattered here and there over the movement. But after we have considered all, we must confess that this opus adds little or nothing to the value of our Chopin inheritance.

[FOOTNOTE: In justice to the composer I must here quote a criticism which since I wrote the above appeared in the Athenaum (January 21, 1888): —"The last-named work [the Allegro de Concert, Op. 46] is not often heard, and is generally regarded as one of Chopin's least interesting and least characteristic pieces. Let us hasten to say that these impressions are distinctly wrong; the executive difficulties of the work are extremely great, and a mere mastery of them is far from all that is needed. When M. de Pachmann commenced to play it was quickly evident that his reading would be most

remarkable, and in the end it amounted to an astounding revelation. That which seemed dry and involved became under his fingers instinct with beauty and feeling; the musicians and amateurs present listened as if spellbound, and opinion was unanimous that the performance was nothing short of an artistic creation. For the sake of the composer, if not for his own reputation, the pianist should repeat it, not once, but many times." Notwithstanding this decided judgment of a weighty authority—for such everyone will, without hesitation, acknowledge the critic in question to be—I am unable, after once more examining the work, to alter my previously formed opinion.]

As a further confirmation of the supposed origin of the Allegro de Concert, I may mention the arrangement of it for piano and orchestra (also for two pianos) by Jean Louis Nicode.

[FOOTNOTE: Nicode has done his work well so far as he kept close to the text of Chopin; but his insertion of a working-out section of more than seventy bars is not justifiable, and, moreover, though making the work more like an orthodox first movement of a concerto, does not enhance its beauty and artistic value.]

To the Sonata in B flat minor, Op. 35 (published in May, 1840), this most powerful of Chopin's works in the larger forms, Liszt's remark, "Plus de volonte que d'inspiration," is hardly applicable, although he used the expression in speaking of Chopin's concertos and sonatas in general; for there is no lack of inspiration here, nor are there traces of painful, unrewarded effort. Each of the four pieces of which the sonata consists is full of vigour, originality, and interest. But whether they can be called a sonata is another question. Schumann, in his playful manner, speaks of

caprice and wantonness, and insinuates that Chopin bound together four of his maddest children, and entitled them sonata, in order that he might perhaps under this name smuggle them in where otherwise they would not penetrate. Of course, this is a fancy of Schumann's. Still, one cannot help wondering whether the composer from the first intended to write a sonata and obtained this result—amphora coepit institui; currente rota cur urceus exit?—or whether these four movements got into existence without any predestination, and were afterwards put under one cover. [FOOTNOTE: At any rate, the march was finished before the rest of the work. See the quotation from one of Chopin's letters farther on.] With all Schumann's admiration for Chopin and praise of this sonata, it appears to me that he does not give Chopin his due. There is something gigantic in the work which, although it does not elevate and ennoble, being for the most part a purposeless fuming, impresses one powerfully. The first movement begins with four bars grave, a groan full of pain; then the composer, in restless, breathless haste, is driven by his feelings onward, ever onward, till he comes to the lovely, peaceful second subject (in D flat major, a real contrast this time), which grows by-and-by more passionate, and in the concluding portion of the first part transcends the limits of propriety—VIDE those ugly dissonances. The connection of the close of the first part with the repetition of this and the beginning of the second part by means of the chord of the dominant seventh in A flat and that in D flat with the suspended sixth, is noteworthy. The strange second section, in which the first subject is worked out, has the appearance rather of an improvisation than of a composition. After this a few bars in 6/4 time, fiercely wild

(stretto) at first, but gradually subsiding, lead to the repeat in B flat major of the second subject—the first subject does not appear again in its original form. To the close, which is like that of the corresponding section in the first part (6/4), is added a coda (2/2) introducing the characteristic motive of the first subject. In the scherzo, the grandest movement and the climax of the sonata, the gloom and the threatening power which rise to a higher and higher pitch become quite weird and fear-inspiring; it affects one like lowering clouds, rolling of thunder, and howling and whistling of the wind—to the latter, for instance, the chromatic successions of chords of the sixth may not inappropriately be likened. The piu lento is certainly one of the most scherzo-like thoughts in Chopin's scherzos—so light and joyful, yet a volcano is murmuring under this serenity. The return of this piu lento, after the repeat of the first section, is very fine and beneficently refreshing, like nature after a storm. The Marche funebre ranks among Chopin's best-known and most highly-appreciated pieces. Liszt mentions it with particular distinction, and grows justly eloquent over it. I do not altogether understand Schumann's objection: "It is still more gloomy than the scherzo," he says, "and contains even much that is repulsive; in its place an adagio, perhaps in D flat, would have had an incomparably finer effect." Out of the dull, stupefied brooding, which is the fundamental mood of the first section, there rises once and again (bars 7 and 8, and 11 and 12) a pitiable wailing, and then an outburst of passionate appealing (the forte passage in D flat major), followed by a sinking helplessness (the two bars with the shakes in the bass), accompanied by moans and deep breathings. The two parts of the second section are a rapturous gaze into the beatific

regions of a beyond, a vision of reunion of what for the time is severed. The last movement may be counted among the curiosities of composition—a presto in B flat minor of seventy-five bars, an endless series of triplets from beginning to end in octaves. It calls up in one's mind the solitude and dreariness of a desert. "The last movement is more like mockery than music," says Schumann, but adds, truly and wisely—

and yet one confesses to one's self that also ou
unmelodious and joyless movement a peculiar dism
breathes upon us, who keeps down with a strong h
would revolt, so that we obey, as if we were cha
murmuring, but also without praising, for that i
Thus the sonata concludes, as it began, enigmati
sphinx with a mocking smile.

J. W. Davison, in the preface to an edition of Chopin's mazurkas, relates that Mendelssohn, on being questioned about the finale of one of Chopin's sonatas (I think it must have been the one before us), said briefly and bitterly, "Oh, I abhor it!" H. Barbedette remarks in his "Chopin," a criticism without insight and originality, of this finale, "C'est Lazare grattant de ses ongles la pierre de son tombeau et tombant epuise de fatigue, de faim et de desespoir." And now let the reader recall the words which Chopin wrote from Nohant to Fontana in the summer of 1839:—

I am composing here a Sonata in B flat minor, in
the funeral march which you have already. There
then a Scherzo, in E flat minor, the March, and
of about three pages. The left hand unisono with
hand are gossiping after the March [ogaduja po M

The meaning of which somewhat obscure interpretation seems to be, that after the burial the good neighbours took to discussing the merits of the departed, not without a spice of backbiting.

The Sonata in B minor, Op. 58, the second of Chopin's notable pianoforte sonatas (the third if we take into account the unpalatable Op. 4), made its appearance five years later, in June, 1845. Unity is as little discernible in this sonata as in its predecessor. The four movements of which the work consists are rather affiliated than cognate; nay, this may be said even of many parts of the movements. The first movement by far surpasses the other three in importance: indeed, the wealth of beautiful and interesting matter which is here heaped up—for it is rather an unsifted accumulation than an artistic presentation and evolution—would have sufficed many a composer for several movements. The ideas are very unequal and their course very jerky till we come to the second subject (D major), which swells out into a broad stream of impassioned melody. Farther on the matter becomes again jerky and mosaic-like. While the close of the first part is very fine, the beginning of the second is a comfortless waste. Things mend with the re-entrance of the subsidiary part of the second subject (now in D flat major), which, after being dwelt upon for some time and varied, disappears, and is followed by a repetition of portions of the first subject, the whole second subject (in B major), and the closing period, which is prolonged by a coda to make the close more emphatic and satisfying. A light and graceful quaver figure winds with now rippling, now waving motion through the first and third sections of the scherzo; in the contrasting second section, with the sustained accompaniment and the melody in one of the middle

parts, the entrance of the bright A major, after the gloom of the preceding bars, is very effective. The third movement has the character of a nocturne, and as such cannot fail to be admired. In the visionary dreaming of the long middle section we imagine the composer with dilated eyes and rapture in his look—it is rather a reverie than a composition. The finale surrounds us with an emotional atmosphere somewhat akin to that of the first movement, but more agitated. After eight bold introductory bars with piercing dissonances begins the first subject, which, with its rhythmically differently-accompanied repetition, is the most important constituent of the movement. The rest, although finely polished, is somewhat insignificant. In short, this is the old story, plus de volonte que d'inspiration, that is to say, inspiration of the right sort. And also, plus de volonte que de savoir-faire.

There is one work of Chopin's to which Liszt's dictum, plus de volnte que d'inspiratio, applies in all, and even more than all its force. I allude to the Sonata (in G minor) for piano and violoncello, Op. 65 (published in September, 1847), in which hardly anything else but effort, painful effort, manifests itself. The first and last movements are immense wildernesses with only here and there a small flower. The middle movements, a Scherzo and an Andante, do not rise to the dignity of a sonata, and, moreover, lack distinction, especially the slow movement, a nocturne-like dialogue between the two instruments. As to the beauties—such as the first subject of the first movement (at the entrance of the violoncello), the opening bars of the Scherzo, part of the ANDANTE, &c.—they are merely beginnings, springs that lose themselves soon in a sandy waste. Hence I have not the heart to controvert Moscheles who, in

his diary, says some cutting things about this work: "In composition Chopin proves that he has only isolated happy thoughts which he does not know how to work up into a rounded whole. In the just published sonata with violoncello I find often passages which sound as if someone were preluding on the piano and knocked at all the keys to learn whether euphony was at home." [FOOTNOTE: Aus Moscheles' Leben; Vol. II., p. 171.] An entry of the year 1850 runs as follows: "But a trial of patience of another kind is imposed on me by Chopin's Violoncello Sonata, which I am arranging for four hands. To me it is a tangled forest, through which now and then penetrates a gleam of the sun." [FOOTNOTE: Ibid., Vol. II., p. 216.] To take up after the last-discussed work a composition like the Grand Duo Concertant for piano and violoncello, on themes from "Robert le Diable," by Chopin and A. Franchomme, is quite a relief, although it is really of no artistic importance. Schumann is right when he says of this DUO, which saw the light of publicity (without OPUS number) in 1833:14 [FOOTNOTE: The first performance of Meyerbeer's "Robert le Diable" took place at the Paris Opera on November 21, 1831.] "A piece for a SALON where behind the shoulders of counts and countesses now and then rises the head of a celebrated artist." And he may also be right when he says:—

It seems to me that Chopin sketched the whole o
Franchomme said "yes" to everything; for what C
takes his form and spirit, and in this minor sa
expresses himself with grace and distinction, c
which all the gentility of other brilliant compo
with all their elegance vanish into thin air.

The mention of the DUO is somewhat out of place here, but the Sonata, Op. 65, in which the violoncello is employed, naturally suggested it.

We have only one more work to consider before we come to the groups of masterpieces in the smaller forms above enumerated. But this last work is one of Chopin's best compositions, and in its way no less a masterpiece than these. Unfettered by the scheme of a definite form such as the sonata or concerto, the composer develops in the Fantaisie, Op. 49 (published in November, 1841), his thought with masterly freedom. There is an enthralling weirdness about this work, a weirdness made up of force of passion and an indescribable fantastic waywardness. Nothing more common than the name of Fantasia, here we have the thing! The music falls on our ears like the insuppressible outpouring of a being stirred to its heart's core, and full of immeasurable love and longing. Who would suspect the composer's fragility and sickliness in this work? Does it not rather suggest a Titan in commotion? There was a time when I spoke of the Fantasia in a less complimentary tone, now I bow down my head regretfully and exclaim peccavi. The disposition of the composition may be thus briefly indicated. A tempo di marcia opens the Fantasia—it forms the porch of the edifice. The dreamy triplet passages of the poco a poco piu mosso are comparable to galleries that connect the various blocks of buildings. The principal subject, or accumulation of themes, recurs again and again in different keys, whilst other subjects appear only once or twice between the repetitions of the principal subject.

The mazurkas of Chopin are a literature in themselves, said Lenz, and there is some truth in his saying. They may, indeed, be called a literature in

themselves for two reasons—first, because of their originality, which makes them things sui generis; and secondly, because of the poetical and musical wealth of their contents. Chopin, as I have already said, is most national in the mazurkas and polonaises, for the former of which he draws not only inspiration, but even rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic motives from his country's folk-music. Liszt told me, in a conversation I had with him, that he did not care much for Chopin's mazurkas. "One often meets in them with bars which might just as well be in another place." But he added, "And yet as Chopin puts them, perhaps nobody else could have put them." And mark, those are the words of one who also told me that when he sometimes played half-an-hour for his amusement, he liked to resort to Chopin. Moscheles, I suspect, had especially the mazurkas in his mind when, in 1833, [FOOTNOTE: At this time the published compositions of Chopin were, of course, not numerous, but they included the first two books of Mazurkas, Op. 6 and 7.] he said of the Polish master's compositions that he found "much charm in their originality and national colouring," and that "his thoughts and through them the fingers stumbled over certain hard, inartistic modulations." Startling progressions, unreconciled contrasts, and abrupt changes of mood are characteristic of Slavonic music and expressive of the Slavonic character. Whether they ought to be called inartistic or not, we will leave time to decide, if it has not done so already; the Russian and other Slavonic composers, who are now coming more and more to the front, seem to be little in doubt as to their legitimacy. I neither regard Chopin's mazurkas as his most artistic achievements nor recommend their capriciousness and fragmentariness for general

imitation. But if we view them from the right standpoint, which is not that of classicism, we cannot help admiring them. The musical idiom which the composer uses in these, notwithstanding their capriciousness and fragmentariness, exquisitely-finished miniatures, has a truly delightful piquancy. Yet delightful as their language is, the mazurkas have a far higher claim to our admiration. They are poems—social poems, poems of private life, in distinction from the polonaises, which are political poems. Although Chopin's mazurkas and polonaises are no less individual than the other compositions of this most subjective of subjective poets, they incorporate, nevertheless, a good deal of the poetry of which the national dances of those names are the expression or vehicle. And let it be noted, in Poland so-called civilisation did not do its work so fast and effectually as in Western Europe; there dancing had not yet become in Chopin's days a merely formal and conventional affair, a matter of sinew and muscle.

It is, therefore, advisable that we should make ourselves acquainted with the principal Polish dances; such an acquaintance, moreover, will not only help us to interpret aright Chopin's mazurkas and polonaises, but also to gain a deeper insight into his ways of feeling and seeing generally. Now the reader will become aware that the long disquisitions on Poland and the Poles at the commencement of this biography were not superfluous accessories. For completeness' sake I shall preface the description of the mazurka by a short one of the krakowiak, the third of the triad of principal Polish dances. The informants on whom I shall chiefly rely when I am not guided by my own observations are the musician Sowinski and the poet Brodzinski, both Poles:

The krakowiak [says Albert Sowinski in chant pol
over with esprit and gaiety; its name indicates
is the delight of the salons, and especially of
Cracovians dance it in a very agitated and expre
singing at the same time words made for the occa
they multiply the stanzas and which they often i
These words are of an easy gaiety which remind c
of the rather loose [semi-grivoises] songs so po
France; others again are connected with the glor
history, with the sweet or sad memories which it
are a faithful expression of the character and m
nation.

Casimir Brodzinski describes the dance as follows:

—

The krakowiak resembles in its figures a simplif
it represents, compared with the latter, a less
social state. The boldest and strongest takes th
leader and conducts the dance; he sings, the oth
chorus; he dances, they imitate him. Often also
represents, in a kind of little ballet, the simp
love-affair: one sees a couple of young people p
themselves before the orchestra; the young man i
presumptuous, preoccupied with his costume and h
long he becomes meditative, and seeks inspiratio
verses which the cries of his companions ask for
the time beaten by them provoke, as well as the
the young girl, who is impatient to dance. Arriv
orchestra after making a round, the dancer gener
liberty of singing a refrain which makes the you
she runs away, and it is in pursuing her that th
displays all his agility. At the last round it i
man who pretends to run away from his partner; s
seize his arm, after which they dance together u
ritornello puts an end to their pleasure.

As a technical supplement to the above, I may say

that this lively dance is in 2/4 time, and like other Polish dances has the rhythmical peculiarity of having frequently the accent on a usually unaccented part of the bar, especially at the end of a section or a phrase, for instance, on the second quaver of the second and the fourth bar, thus:—

[Here, the author illustrates with a rhythm diagram consisting of a line of notes divided in measures: 1/8 1/16 1/16 1/8 1/8 | 1/8 1/4 1/8 | 1/8 1/16 1/16 1/8 1/8 | 1/8 1/4 dot]

Chopin has only once been inspired by the krakowiak—namely, in his Op. 14, entitled Krakowiak, Grand Rondeau de Concert, a composition which was discussed in Chapter VIII. Thus much of the krakowiak; now to the more interesting second of the triad.

The mazurek [or mazurka], whose name comes from
of our finest provinces, is the most characteris
—it is the model of all our new tunes. One dist
however, these latter easily from the ancient or
of their less original and less cantabile form.
kinds of mazureks: one, of which the first port
in minor and the second in major, has a romance-
colouring, it is made to be sung, in Polish one
heard" (do sludninin); the other serves as an ac
a dance, of which the figures are multiplied pas
coiuluiles. Its movement is in time, and yet les
the waltz. The motive is in dotted notes, which
executed with energy and warmth, but not without
dignity.

Now the mazurka is generally written in 3/4-time; Chopin's are all written thus. The dotted rhythmical motive alluded to by Sowinski is this, or similar to this—

[Another rhythm diagram: 1/8 dot 1/16 1/4 1/4 |

1/8 dot 1/16 1/2]

But the dotted notes are by no means de rigueur. As motives like the following—

[Another rhythm diagram: 1/4 1/2 | 1/8 1/8 1/4 1/4 | triplet 1/4 1/4 | triple 1/8 1/8 1/8 1/8]

are of frequent occurrence, I would propose a more comprehensive definition—namely, that the first part of the bar consists mostly of quicker notes than the latter part. But even this more comprehensive definition does not comprehend all; it is a rule which has many exceptions. [FOOTNOTE: See the musical illustrations on pp. 217-218.] Le Sowinski mentions only one classification of mazurkas. Several others, however, exist. First, according to the district from which they derive—mazurkas of Kujavia, of Podlachia, of Lublin, &c.; or, secondly, according to their character, or to the purpose or occasion for which they were composed: wedding, village, historical, martial, and political mazurkas. And now let us hear what the poet Brodzinski has to say about the nature of this dance: — The mazurek in its primitive form and as the common people dance is only a kind of krakowiak, only less lively and less sautillant. The agile Cracovians and the mountaineers of the Carpathians call the mazurek danced by the inhabitants of the plain but a dwarfed krakowiak. The proximity of the Germans, or rather the sojourn of the German troops, has caused the true character of the mazurek among the people to be lost; this dance hap become a kind of awkward waltz.

With the people of the capital the real dances c
are disfigured not only by the influx of foreign
especially also by the unfortunate employment of

organs....It is this instrument which crushes an
the practice of music, and takes the means of su
the village fiddler, who becomes more and more r
every tavern-keeper, in buying a barrel-organ, e
end to all competition. We see already more and
from our country sides these sweet songs and imp
refrains which the rustic minstrels remembered a
and the truly national music gives way, alas! to
borrowed from the operas most in vogue.

The mazurek, thus degenerated among the people,
adopted by the upper classes who, in preserving
allures, perfected it to the extent of rendering
doubt, one of the most graceful dances in Europe
has much resemblance with the French quadrille,
what is analogous in the characters of the two n
seeing these two dances one might say that a Fre
dances only to please, and that a Polish woman p
abandoning herself to a kind of maiden gaiety—th
which she displays come rather from nature than
French female dancer recalls the ideal of Greek
Polish female dancer has something which recalls
shepherdesses created by the imagination of the
former charms us, the latter attaches us.

As modern dances lend themselves especially to t
the women, because the costume of the men is so
favourable, it is noteworthy that the mazurek fo
exception; for a young man, and especially a you
remarkable by a certain amiable boldness, become
soul and hero of this dance. A light and in some
dress for the women, and the Polish military cos
advantageous for the men, add to the charm of th
which the mazurek presents to the eye of the pa
dance permits to the whole body the most lively
movements, leaves the shoulders full liberty to
ABANDON which, accompanied by a joyous laisser-a
certain movement of the foot striking the floor,
exceedingly graceful.

One finds often a magic effect in the animated e
which characterises the different movements of t
proudly erect, now tenderly sunk on the bosom, r
inclined towards the shoulder, and always depict
traits the abundance of life and joy, shaded wit
graceful, and delicate sentiments. Seeing in the
female dancer almost carried away in the arms ar
shoulders of her cavalier, abandoning herself er
guidance, one thinks one sees two beings intoxic
happiness and flying towards the celestial regic
dancer, lightly dressed, scarcely skimming the e
dainty foot, holding on by the hand of her partr
twinkling of an eye carried away by several othe
like lightning, precipitating herself again into
the first, offers the image of the most happy ar
creature. The music of the mazurek is altogether
original; through its gaiety breathes usually so
melancholy—one might say that it is destined to
steps of lovers, whose passing sorrows are not v

Chopin himself published forty-one mazurkas of his composition in eleven sets of four, five, or three numbers—Op. 6, Quatre Mazurkas, and Op. 7, Cinq Mazurkas, in December, 1832; Op. 17, Quatre Mazurkas, in May, 1834; Op. 24, Quatre Mazurkas, in November, 1835; Op. 30, Quatre Maazurkas, in December, 1837; Op. 33, Quatre Mazurkas, in October, 1838; Op. 41, Quatre Mazurkas, in December, 1840; Op. 50, Trois Mazurkas, in November, 1841; Op, 56, Trois Mazurkas, in August, 1844; Op. 59, Trois Mazurkas, in April, 1846; and Op. 63, Trois Mazurkas, in September, 1847. In the posthumous works published by Fontana there are two more sets, each of four numbers, and respectively marked as Op. 67 and 68. Lastly, several other mazurkas composed by or attributed to Chopin have been published without any opus number. Two mazurkas, both in A minor, although very feeble

compositions, are included in the editions by Klindworth and Mikuli. The Breitkopf and Hartel edition, which includes only one of these two mazurkas, comprises further a mazurka in G major and one in B flat major of 1825, one in D major of 1829-30, a remodelling of the same of 1832—these have already been discussed—and a somewhat more interesting one in C major of 1833. Of one of the two mazurkas in A minor, a poor thing and for the most part little Chopinesque, only the dedication (a son ami Rmile Gaillard) is known, but not the date of composition. The other (the one not included in Breitkopf and Hartel's, No. 50 of Mikuli's and Klindworth's edition) appeared first as No. 2 of Noire Temps, a publication by Schott's Sohne. On inquiry I learned that Notre Temps was the general title of a series of 12 pieces by Czerny, Chopin, Kalliwoda, Rosenhain, Thalberg, Kalkbrenner, Mendelssohn, Bertini, Wolff, Kontski, Osborne, and Herz, which appeared in 1842 or 1843 as a Christmas Album. [FOONOTE: I find, however, that Chopin's Mazurka was already separately announced as "Notre Temps, No. 2," in the Monatsberichte of February, 1842.] Whether a Mazurka elegante by Fr, Chopin, advertised in La France Musicale of April 6, 1845, as en vente au Bureau de musique, 29, Place de la Bourse, is identical with one of the above-enumerated mazurkas I have not been able to discover. In the Klindworth edition [FOOTNOTE: That is to say, in the original Russian, not in the English (Augener and Co.'s) edition; and there only by the desire of the publishers and against the better judgment of the editor.] is also to be found a very un-Chopinesque Mazurka in F sharp major, previously published by J. P. Gotthard, in Vienna, the authorship of which Mr. E. Pauer has shown to

belong to Charles Mayer.

[FOOTNOTE: In an article, entitled Musical Plagiarism in the Monthly Musical Record of July 1, 1882 (where also the mazurka in question is reprinted), we read as follows:—"In 1877 Mr. E. Pauer, whilst preparing a comprehensive guide through the entire literature of the piano, looked through many thousand pieces for that instrument published by German firms, and came across a mazurka by Charles Mayer, published by Pietro Mechetti (afterwards C. A. Spinal, and entitled Souvenirs de la Pologne. A few weeks later a mazurka, a posthumous work of F. Chopin, published by J. Gotthard, came into his hands. At first, although the piece 'struck him as being an old acquaintance,' he could not fix the time when and the place where he had heard it; but at last the Mayer mazurka mentioned above returned to his remembrance, and on comparing the two, he found that they were one and the same piece. From the appearance of the title-page and the size of the notes, Mr. Pauer, who has had considerable experience in these matters, concluded that the Mayer copy must have been published between the years 1840 and 1845, and wrote to Mr. Gotthard pointing out the similarity of Chopin's posthumous work, and asking how he came into possession of the Chopin manuscript. Mr. Gotthard replied,'that he had bought the mazurka as Chopin's autograph from a Polish countess, who, being in sad distress, parted, though with the greatest sorrow, with the composition of her illustrious compatriot.' Mr. Pauer naturally concludes that Mr. Gotthard had been deceived, that the manuscript was not a genuine autograph, and 'that the honour of having composed the mazurka in question belongs to Charles Mayer.' Mr. Pauer further

adds: 'It is not likely that C. Mayer, even if Chopin had made him a present of this mazurka, would have published it during Chopin's lifetime as a work of his own, or have sold or given it to the Polish countess. It is much more likely that Mayer's mazurka was copied in the style of Chopin's handwriting, and after Mayer's death in 1862 sold as Chopin's autograph to Mr. Gotthard.'"]

Surveying the mazurkas in their totality, we cannot but notice that there is a marked difference between those up to and those above Op. 41. In the later ones we look in vain for the beautes sauvages which charm us in the earlier ones—they strike us rather by their propriety of manner and scholarly elaboration; in short, they have more of reflective composition and less of spontaneous effusion about them. This, however, must not be taken too literally. There are exceptions, partial and total. The "native wood-notes wild" make themselves often heard, only they are almost as often stifled in the close air of the study. Strange to say, the last opus (63) of mazurkas published by Chopin has again something of the early freshness and poetry. Schumann spoke truly when he said that some poetical trait, something new, was to be found in every one of Chopin's mazurkas. They are indeed teeming with interesting matter. Looked at from the musician's point of view, how much do we not see that is novel and strange, and beautiful and fascinating withal? Sharp dissonances, chromatic passing notes, suspensions and anticipations, displacements of accent, progressions of perfect fifths (the horror of schoolmen), [FOOTNOTE: See especially the passage near the close of Op. 30, No. 4, where there are four bars of simultaneous consecutive fifths and sevenths.] sudden turns and unexpected digressions

that are so unaccountable, so out of the line of logical sequence, that one's following the composer is beset with difficulties, marked rhythm picture to us the graceful motions of the dancers, and suggest the clashing of the spurs and the striking of heels against the ground. The second mazurka might be called "the request." All the arts of persuasion are tried, from the pathetic to the playful, and a vein of longing, not unmixed with sadness, runs through the whole, or rather forms the basis of it. The tender commencement of the second part is followed, as it were, by the several times repeated questions—Yes? No? (Bright sunshine? Dark clouds?) But there comes no answer, and the poor wretch has to begin anew. A helpless, questioning uncertainty and indecision characterise the third mazurka. For a while the composer gives way (at the beginning of the second part) to anger, and speaks in a defiant tone; but, as if perceiving the unprofitableness of it, returns soon to his first strain. Syncopations, suspensions, and chromatic passing notes form here the composer's chief stock in trade, displacement of everything in melody, harmony, and rhythm is the rule. Nobody did anything like this before Chopin, and, as far as I know, nobody has given to the world an equally minute and distinct representation of the same intimate emotional experiences. My last remarks hold good with the fourth mazurka, which is bleak and joyless till, with the entrance of A major, a fairer prospect opens. But those jarring tones that strike in wake the dreamer pitilessly. The commencement of the mazurka, as well as the close on the chord of the sixth, the chromatic glidings of the harmonies, the strange twirls and skips, give a weird character to this piece.

The origin of the polonaise (Taniec Polski, Polish

dance), like that of the, no doubt, older mazurka, is lost in the dim past. For much credit can hardly be given to the popular belief that it developed out of the measured procession, to the sound of music, of the nobles and their ladies, which is said to have first taken place in 1574, the year after his election to the Polish throne, when Henry of Anjou received the grandees of his realm. The ancient polonaises were without words, and thus they were still in the time of King Sobieski (1674-96). Under the subsequent kings of the house of Saxony, however, they were often adapted to words or words were adapted to them. Celebrated polonaises of political significance are: the Polonaise of the 3rd of May, adapted to words relative to the promulgation of the famous constitution of the 3rd of May, 1791; the Kosciuszko Polonaise, with words adapted to already existing music, dedicated to the great patriot and general when, in 1792, the nation rose in defence of the constitution; the Oginski Polonaise, also called the Swan's song and the Partition of Poland, a composition without words, of the year 1793 (at the time of the second partition), by Prince Michael Cleophas Oginski. Among the Polish composers of the second half of the last century and the beginning of the present whose polonaises enjoyed in their day, and partly enjoy still, a high reputation, are especially notable Kozlowski, Kamienski, Elsner, Deszczynski, Bracicki, Wanski, Prince Oginski, Kurpinski, and Dobrzynski. Outside Poland the polonaise, both as an instrumental and vocal composition, both as an independent piece and part of larger works, had during the same period quite an extraordinary popularity. Whether we examine the productions of the classics or those of the inferior virtuosic and drawing-room composers,

[FOOTNOTE: I should have added "operatic composers."] everywhere we find specimens of the polonaise. Pre-eminence among the most successful foreign cultivators of this Polish dance has, however, been accorded to Spohr and Weber. I said just now "this dance," but, strictly speaking, the polonaise, which has been called a marche dansante, is not so much a dance as a figured walk, or procession, full of gravity and a certain courtly etiquette. As to the music of the polonaise, it is in 3/4 time, and of a moderate movement (rather slow than quick). The flowing and more or less florid melody has rhythmically a tendency to lean on the second crotchet and even on the second quaver of the bar (see illustration No. 1, a and b), and generally concludes each of its parts with one of certain stereotyped formulas of a similar rhythmical cast (see illustration No. 2, a, b, c, and d). The usual accompaniment consists of a bass note at the beginning of the bar followed, except at the cadences, by five quavers, of which the first may be divided into semiquavers. Chopin, however, emancipated himself more and more from these conventionalities in his later poetic polonaises.

[Two music score excerpts here, labeled No. 1 and No. 2]

The polonaise [writes Brodzinski] is the only da
suits mature age, and is not unbecoming to perso
rank; it is the dance of kings, heroes, and ever
alone suits the martial dress. It does not breat
passion, but seems to be only a triumphal march,
of chivalrous and polite manners. A solemn gravi
always at the polonaise, which, perhaps, alone r
the fire of primitive manners nor the gallantry
civilised but more enervated ages. Besides these

characteristics, the polonaise bears a singularl
historical impress; for its laws recall an arist
republic with a disposition to anarchy, flowing
character of the people than from its particular
In the olden times the polonaise was a kind of s
ceremony. The king, holding by the hand the most
personage of the assembly, marched at the head o
train of couples composed of men alone: this dar
effective by the splendour of the chivalrous cos
only, strictly speaking, a triumphal march.

If a lady was the object of the festival, it was
to open the march, holding by the hand another l
others followed until the queen of the ball, hav
her hand to one of the men standing round the ro
the other ladies to follow her example.

The ordinary polonaise is opened by the most dis
person of the gathering, whose privilege it is t
whole file of the dancers or to break it up. Thi
Polish rey wodzic, figuratively, to be the leade
sort the king (from the Latin rex). To dance at
also called to be the marshal, on account of the
a marshal at the Diets. The whole of this form i
with the memories and customs of raising the mil
(pospolite), or rather of the gathering of the n
assemblies in Poland. Hence, notwithstanding the
paid to the leaders, who have the privilege of c
will the chain of dancers, it is allowable, by a
practice made into a law, to dethrone a leader e
bold person calls out odbiianego, which means re
or reconquered; he who pronounces this word is s
wish to reconquer the hand of the first lady and
of the dance; it is a kind of act of liberum vet
everyone is obliged to give way. The leader then
hand of his lady to the new pretender; every cav
with the lady of the following couple, and it is
cavalier of the last couple who finds himself de
ousted if he has not the boldness to insist like
privilege of equality by demanding odbiianego, a

himself at the head.

But as a privilege of this nature too often empl
throw the whole ball into complete anarchy, two
established to obviate this abuse—namely, the le
use of his right to terminate the polonaise, in
king or marshal dissolving a Diet, or else, acco
predominating wish, all the cavaliers leave the
in the middle, who then choose new partners and
dance, excluding the disturbers and discontented
recalls the confederations employed for the purp
the will of the majority prevail.

The polonaise breathes and paints the whole nati
character; the music of this dance, while admitt
combines something martial with a sweetness mark
simplicity of manners of an agricultural people.
have distorted this character of the polonaises;
themselves preserve it less in our day in consec
frequent employment of motives drawn from modern
the dance itself, the polonaise has become in ou
of promenade which has little charm for the your
a scene of etiquette for those of a riper age. C
danced it with a marvellous ability and a gravit
nobleness; the dancer, making gliding steps with
without skips, and caressing his moustache, vari
movements by the position of his sabre, of his c
his tucked-up coat-sleeves, distinctive signs of
and warlike citizen. Whoever has seen a Pole of
dance the polonaise in the national costume will
without hesitation that this dance is the triump
made man, with a noble and proud tournure, and w
once manly and gay.

After this Brodzinski goes on to describe the way in which the polonaise used to be danced. But instead of his description I shall quote a not less true and more picturesque one from the last canto of Mickiewicz's "Pan Tadeusz":—

It is time to dance the polonaise. The President forward; he lightly throws back the fausses manc overcoat, caresses his moustache, presents his h and, by a respectful salute, invites her for the Behind them range themselves the other dancers, the signal is given, the dance is begun, the Pre it.

His red boots move over the green sward, his bel flashes of light; he proceeds slowly, as if at r every one of his steps, in every one of his move read the feelings and the thoughts of the dancer if to question his partner; he leans towards her speak to her in an undertone. The lady turns awa listen, blushes. He takes off his cap, and salut respectfully. The lady is not disinclined to loc persists in being silent. He slackens his pace, in her eyes, and smiles. Happy in her mute answe more quickly, looking proudly at his rivals; now cap with the heron-feathers forward, now he push last he puts it on one side and turns up his mou withdraws; all envy him, all follow his footstep like to disappear with his lady. Sometimes he st politely his hand, and begs the dancers to pass Sometimes he tries to slip dexterously away, cha direction. He would like to deceive his companic troublesome individuals follow him with a nimble him with more and more tightened loops. He becon his right hand on his sword as if he wished to s the jealous!" He turns, pride on his countenance in his air, and marches straight on the company, at his approach, open to him a passage, and soon evolution, are off again in pursuit of him.

On all sides one hears the exclamation: "Ah! thi the last. Look, young people, perhaps this is th will know how to conduct thus the polonaise!"

Among those of Chopin's compositions which he

himself published are, exclusive of the "Introduction et Polonaise brillante" for piano and violoncello, Op. 3, eight polonaises—namely: "Grande Polonaise brillante" (in E flat major), "precedee d'un Andante spianato" (in G major), "pour le piano avec orchestre," Op. 22; "Deux Polonaises" (in C sharp minor and E flat minor), Op. 26; "Deux Polonaises" (in A major and C minor), Op. 40; "Polonaise" (F sharp minor), Op. 44; "Polonaise" (in A flat major), Op. 53; [FOOTNOTE: This polonaise is called the "eighth" on the title-page, which, of course, it is only by including the "Polonaise," Op. 3, for piano and violoncello.] and "Polonaise-Fantaisie" (in A flat major), Op. 61. The three early polonaises posthumously-published by Fontana as Op. 71 have already been discussed in Chapter VIII. Other posthumously-published polonaises—such as the Polonaise in G sharp minor, to be found in Mikuli's edition, and one in B flat minor of the year 1826, first published in the supplement of the journal "Echo Muzyczne"—need not be considered by us. [FOOTNOTE: Both polonaises are included in the Breitkopf and Hartel edition, where the one in G sharp minor bears the unlikely date 1822. The internal evidence speaks against this statement.]

Chopin's Polonaises Op. 26, 40, 53, and 61 are pre-eminently political, they are the composer's expression of his patriotic feelings. It is not difficult to recognise in them proud memories of past splendours, sad broodings over present humiliations, bright visions of a future resurrection. They are full of martial chivalry, of wailing dejection, of conspiracy and sedition, of glorious victories. The poetically-inferior Polonaise, Op. 22, on the other hand, while unquestionably Polish in spirit, is not political. Chopin played this work, which was

probably composed, or at least sketched, in 1830, [FOOTNOTE: See Vol. I., Chapter xiii., pp. 201, 202.] and certainly published in July, 1836, for the first time in public at a Paris Conservatoire concert for the benefit of Habeneck on April 26, 1835; and this was the only occasion on which he played it with orchestral accompaniments. The introductory Andante (in G major, and 6/8 time), as the accompanying adjective indicates, is smooth and even. It makes one think of a lake on a calm, bright summer day. A boat glides over the pellucid, unruffled surface of the water, by-and-by halts at a shady spot by the shore, or by the side of some island (3/4 time), then continues its course (f time), and finally returns to its moorings (3/4). I can perceive no connection between the Andante and the following Polonaise (in E flat major) except the factitious one of a formal and forced transition, with which the orchestra enters on the scene of action (Allegro molto, 3/4). After sixteen bars of tutti, the pianoforte commences, unaccompanied, the polonaise. Barring the short and in no way attractive and remarkable test's, the orchestra plays a very subordinate and often silent role, being, indeed, hardly missed when the pianoforte part is played alone. The pronounced bravura character of the piece would warrant the supposition that it was written expressly for the concert-room, even if the orchestral accompaniments were not there to prove the fact. A proud bearing, healthful vigour, and sprightly vivacity distinguish Chopin on this occasion. But notwithstanding the brave appearance, one misses his best qualities. This polonaise illustrates not only the most brilliant, but also the least lovable features of the Polish character—ostentatiousness and exaggerated rhetoric. In it

Chopin is discovered posturing, dealing in phrases, and coquetting with sentimental affectations. In short, the composer comes before us as a man of the world, intent on pleasing, and sure of himself and success. The general airiness of the style is a particularly-noticeable feature of this piece of Chopin's virtuosic period.

The first bars of the first (in C sharp minor) of the two Polonaises, Op. 26 (published in July, 1836), fall upon one's ear like a decision of irresistible, inexorable fate. Indignation flares up for a moment, and then dies away, leaving behind sufficient strength only for a dull stupor (beginning of the second part), deprecation, melting tenderness (the E major in the second part, and the closing bars of the first and second parts), and declarations of devotion (meno mosso). While the first polonaise expresses weak timidity, sweet plaintiveness, and a looking for help from above, the second one (in E flat minor) speaks of physical force and self-reliance—it is full of conspiracy and sedition. The ill-suppressed murmurs of discontent, which may be compared to the ominous growls of a volcano, grow in loudness and intensity, till at last, with a rush and a wild shriek, there follows an explosion. The thoughts flutter hither and thither, in anxious, helpless agitation. Then martial sounds are heard—a secret gathering of a few, which soon grows in number and in boldness. Now they draw nearer; you distinguish the clatter of spurs and weapons, the clang of trumpets (D flat major). Revenge and death are their watchwords, and with sullen determination they stare desolation in the face (the pedal F with the trebled part above). After an interesting transition the first section returns. In the meno mosso (B major) again a martial rhythm is heard; this time, however, the gathering is

not one for revenge and death, but for battle and victory. From the far-off distance the winds carry the message that tells of freedom and glory. But what is this (the four bars before the tempo I.)? Alas! the awakening from a dream. Once more we hear those sombre sounds, the shriek and explosion, and so on. Of the two Polonaises, Op. 26, the second is the grander, and the definiteness which distinguishes it from the vague first shows itself also in the form.

A greater contrast than the two Polonaises, Op. 40 (published in November, 1840), can hardly be imagined. In the first (in A major) the mind of the composer is fixed on one elating thought—he sees the gallantly-advancing chivalry of Poland, determination in every look and gesture; he hears rising above the noise of stamping horses and the clash of arms their bold challenge scornfully hurled at the enemy. In the second (in C minor), on the other hand, the mind of the composer turns from one depressing or exasperating thought to another—he seems to review the different aspects of his country's unhappy state, its sullen discontent, fretful agitation, and uncertain hopes. The manly Polonaise in A major, one of the simplest (not easiest) compositions of Chopin, is the most popular of his polonaises. The second polonaise, however, although not so often heard, is the more interesting one, the emotional contents being more varied, and engaging more our sympathy. Further, the pianoforte, however fully and effectively employed, cannot do justice to the martial music of the one, while its capacities are well suited for the rendering of the less material effect of the other. In conclusion, let me point out in the C minor Polonaise the chafing agitation of the second part, the fitful play between light and shade of the trio-like part in A flat major, and the added wailing voice

in the recurring first portion at the end of the piece. [FOOTNOTE: In connection with the A major Polonaise, see last paragraph on next page.]

If Schiller is right in saying "Ernst ist das Leben, heiter ist die Kunst," then what we find in the Polonaise (in F sharp minor), Op. 44 (published in November, 1841), cannot be art. We look in vain for beauty of melody and harmony; dreary unisons, querulous melodic phrases, hollow-eyed chords, hard progressions and modulations throughout every part of the polonaise proper. We receive a pathological rather than aesthetical impression. Nevertheless, no one can deny the grandeur and originality that shine through this gloom. The intervening Doppio movimento, tempo di Mazurka, sends forth soft beneficent rays—reminiscences of long ago, vague and vanishing, sweet and melancholy. But there is an end to this as to all such dreams. Those harassing, exasperating gloomy thoughts (Tempo di Polacca) return. The sharp corners which we round so pleasantly and beautifully in our reconstructions of the past make themselves only too soon felt in the things of the present, and cruelly waken us to reality and its miseries.

The Polonaise, Op. 53 (in A flat major; published in December, 1843), is one of the most stirring compositions of Chopin, manifesting an overmastering power and consuming fire. But is it really the same Chopin, is it the composer of the dreamy nocturnes, the elegant waltzes, who here fumes and frets, struggling with a fierce, suffocating rage (mark the rushing succession of chords of the sixth, the growling semiquaver figures, and the crashing dissonances of the sixteen introductory bars), and then shouts forth, sure of victory, his bold and scornful challenge? And farther on, in the part of

the polonaise where the ostinato semiquaver figure in octaves for the left hand begins, do we not hear the trampling of horses, the clatter of arms and spurs, and the sound of trumpets? Do we not hear—yea, and see too—a high-spirited chivalry approaching and passing? Only pianoforte giants can do justice to this martial tone-picture, the physical strength of the composer certainly did not suffice.

The story goes that when Chopin played one of his polonaises in the night-time, just after finishing its composition, he saw the door open, and a long train of Polish knights and ladies, dressed in antique costumes, enter through it and defile past him. This vision filled the composer with such terror that he fled through the opposite door, and dared not return to the room the whole night. Karasowski says that the polonaise in question is the last-mentioned one, in A flat major; but from M. Kwiatkowski, who depicted the scene three times, [FOOTNOTE: "Le Reve de Chopin," a water-colour, and two sketches in oils representing, according to Chopin's indication (d'apres l'avis de Chopin), the polonaise.] learned that it is the one in A major, No. 1 of Op. 40, dedicated to Fontana.

I know of no more affecting composition among all the productions of Chopin than the "Polonaise-Fantaisie" (in A flat major), Op. 61 (published in September, 1846). What an unspeakable, unfathomable wretchedness reveals itself in these sounds! We gaze on a boundless desolation. These lamentations and cries of despair rend our heart, these strange, troubled wanderings from thought to thought fill us with intensest pity. There are thoughts of sweet resignation, but the absence of hope makes them perhaps the saddest of all. The martial strains, the bold challenges, the shouts of triumph, which we

heard so often in the composer's polonaises, are silenced.

> *An elegiac sadness [says Liszt] predominates, ir*
> *wild movements, melancholy smiles, unexpected st*
> *intervals of rest full of dread such as those ex*
> *have been surprised by an ambuscade, who are sur*
> *sides, for whom there dawns no hope upon the vas*
> *to whose brain despair has gone like a deep drau*
> *wine, which gives a more instinctive rapidity to*
> *gesture, a sharper point to every emotion, caus*
> *arrive at a pitch of irritability bordering on m*

Thus, although comprising thoughts that in beauty and grandeur equal—I would almost say surpass-anything Chopin has written, the work stands, on account of its pathological contents, outside the sphere of art.

Chopin's waltzes, the most popular of his compositions, are not poesie intime like the greater number of his works. [FOOTNOTE: Op. 34, No. 2, and Op. 64, No. 2, however, have to be excepted, to some extent at least.] In them the composer mixes with the world-looks without him rather than within —and as a man of the world conceals his sorrows and discontents under smiles and graceful manners. The bright brilliancy and light pleasantness of the earlier years of his artistic career, which are almost entirely lost in the later years, rise to the surface in the waltzes. These waltzes are salon music of the most aristocratic kind. Schumann makes Florestan say of one of them, and he might have said it of all, that he would not play it unless one half of the female dancers were countesses. But the aristocraticalness of Chopin's waltzes is real, not conventional; their exquisite gracefulness and distinction are natural, not affected. They are,

indeed, dance-poems whose content is the poetry of waltz-rhythm and movement, and the feelings these indicate and call forth. In one of his most extravagantly-romantic critical productions Schumann speaks, in connection with Chopin's Op. 18, "Grande Valse brillante," the first-published (in June, 1834) of his waltzes, of "Chopin's body and mind elevating waltz," and its "enveloping the dancer deeper and deeper in its floods." This language is altogether out of proportion with the thing spoken of; for Op. 18 differs from the master's best waltzes in being, not a dance-poem, but simply a dance, although it must be admitted that it is an exceedingly spirited one, both as regards piquancy and dash. When, however, we come to Op. 34, "Trois Valses brillantes" (published in December, 1838), Op. 42, "Valse" (published in July, 1840), and Op. 64, "Trois Valses" (published in September, 1847), the only other waltzes published by him, we find ourselves face to face with true dance-poems. Let us tarry for a moment over Op. 34. How brisk the introductory bars of the first (in A flat major) of these three waltzes! And what a striking manifestation of the spirit of that dance all that follows! We feel the wheeling motions; and where, at the seventeenth bar of the second part, the quaver figure enters, we think we see the flowing dresses sweeping round. Again what vigour in the third part, and how coaxingly tender the fourth! And, lastly, the brilliant conclusion—the quavers intertwined with triplets! The second waltz (in A minor; Lento) is of quite another, of a more retired and private, nature, an exception to the rule. The composer evidently found pleasure in giving way to this delicious languor, in indulging in these melancholy thoughts full of sweetest, tenderest loving and longing. But

here words will not avail. One day when Stephen Heller—my informant—was at Schlesinger's music-shop in Paris, Chopin entered. The latter, hearing Heller ask for one of his waltzes, inquired of him which of them he liked best. "It is difficult to say which I like best," replied Heller, "for I like them all; but if I were pressed for an answer I would probably say the one in A minor." This gave Chopin much pleasure. "I am glad you do," he said; "it is also my favourite." And in an exuberance of amiability he invited Heller to lunch with him, an invitation which was accepted, the two artists taking the meal together at the Cafe Riche. The third waltz (in F major; Vivace) shows a character very different from the preceding one. What a stretching of muscles! What a whirling! Mark the giddy motions of the melody beginning at bar seventeen! Of this waltz of Chopin's and the first it is more especially true what Schumann said of all three: "Such flooding life moves within these waltzes that they seem to have been improvised in the ball-room." And the words which the same critic applies to Op. 34 may be applied to all the waltzes Chopin published himself—"They must please; they are of another stamp than the usual waltzes, and in the style in which they can only be conceived by Chopin when he looks in a grandly-artistic way into the dancing crowd, which he elevates by his playing, thinking of other things than of what is being danced." In the A flat major waltz which bears the opus number 42, the duple rhythm of the melody along with the triple one of the accompaniment seems to me indicative of the loving nestling and tender embracing of the dancing couples. Then, after the smooth gyrations of the first period, come those sweeping motions, free and graceful like those of birds, that intervene again and

again between the different portions of the waltz. The D flat major part bubbles over with joyousness. In the sostenuto, on the other hand, the composer becomes sentimental, protests, and heaves sighs. But at the very height of his rising ardour he suddenly plunges back into that wild, self-surrendering, heaven and earth-forgetting joyousness—a stroke of genius as delightful as it is clever. If we do not understand by the name of scherzo a fixed form, but rather a state of mind, we may say that Chopin's waltzes are his scherzos and not the pieces to which he has given that name. None of Chopin's waltzes is more popular than the first of Op. 64 (in D flat major). And no wonder! The life, flow, and oneness are unique; the charm of the multiform motions is indescribable. That it has been and why it has been called valse au petit chien need here only be recalled to the reader's recollection (see Chapter XXVI., p. 142). No. 2 (in C sharp minor); different as it is, is in its own way nearly as perfect as No. 1. Tender, love-sick longing cannot be depicted more truthfully, sweetly, and entrancingly. The excellent No. 3 (in A flat major), with the exquisite serpentining melodic lines, which play so important a part in Chopin's waltzes, and other beautiful details, is in a somewhat trying position beside the other two waltzes. The non-publication by the composer of the waltzes which have got into print, thanks to the zeal of his admirers and the avidity of publishers, proves to me that he was a good judge of his own works. Fontana included in his collection of posthumous compositions five waltzes—"Deux Valses," Op. 69 (in F minor, of 1836; in B minor, of 1829);. and "Trois Valses," Op. 70 (in G flat major, of 1835; in F minor, of 1843; in D flat major, of 1830). There are further a waltz in E minor and one in E major (of 1829).

[FOOTNOTE: The "Deux Valses melancoliques" (in F minor and B minor), ecrits sur l'album de Madame la Comtesse P., 1844 (Cracow: J. Wildt), the English edition of which (London: Edwin Ashdown) is entitled "Une soiree en 1844," "Deux Valses melancoliques," are Op. 70. No. 2, and Op. 69, No. 2, of the works of Chopin posthumously published by Fontana.] Some of these waltzes I discussed already when speaking of the master's early compositions, to which they belong. The last-mentioned waltz, which the reader will find in Mikuli's edition (No. 15 of the waltzes), and also in Breitkopf and Hartel's (No. 22 of the Posthumous works), is a very weak composition; and of all the waltzes not published by the composer himself it may be said that what is good in them has been expressed better in others.

We have of Chopin 27 studies: Op. 10, "Douze Etudes," published in July, 1833; Op. 25, "Douze Etudes," published in October, 1837; and "Trois nouvelles Etudes," which, before being separately published, appeared in 1840 in the "Methode des Methodes pour le piano" by F. J. Fetis and I. Moscheles. The dates of their publication, as in the case of many other works, do not indicate the approximate dates of their composition. Sowinski tells us, for instance, that Chopin brought the first book of his studies with him to Paris in 1831. A Polish musician who visited the French capital in 1834 heard Chopin play the studies contained in Op. 25. And about the last-mentioned opus we read in a critical notice by Schumann, who had, no doubt, his information directly from Chopin: "The studies which have now appeared [that is, those of Op. 25] were almost all composed at the same time as the others [that is, those of Op. 10] and only some of them, the greater masterliness of which is noticeable, such as

the first, in A flat major, and the splendid one in C minor [that is, the twelfth] but lately." Regarding the Trois nouvelles Etudes without OPUS number we have no similar testimony. But internal evidence seems to show that these weakest of the master's studies—which, however, are by no means uninteresting, and certainly very characteristic—may be regarded more than Op. 25 as the outcome of a gleaning. In two of Chopin's letters of the year 1829, we meet with announcements of his having composed studies. On the 20th of October he writes: "I have composed a study in my own manner"; and on the 14th of November: "I have written some studies." From Karasowski learn that the master composed the twelfth study of Op. 10 during his stay in Stuttgart, being inspired by the capture of Warsaw by the Russians, which took place on September 8, 1831. Whether looked at from the aesthetical or technical point of view, Chopin's studies will be seen to be second to those of no composer. Were it not wrong to speak of anything as absolutely best, their excellences would induce one to call them unequalled. A striking feature in them compared with Chopin's other works is their healthy freshness and vigour. Even the slow, dreamy, and elegiac ones have none of the faintness and sickliness to be found in not a few of the composer's pieces, especially in several of the nocturnes. The diversity of character exhibited by these studies is very great. In some of them the aesthetical, in others the technical purpose predominates; in a few the two are evenly balanced: in none is either of them absent. They give a summary of Chopin's ways and means, of his pianoforte language: chords in extended positions, wide-spread arpeggios, chromatic progressions (simple, in thirds, and in octaves), simultaneous

combinations of contrasting rhythms, &c—nothing is wanting. In playing them or hearing them played Chopin's words cannot fail to recur to one's mind: "I have composed a study in my own manner." Indeed, the composer's demands on the technique of the executant were so novel at the time when the studies made their first public appearance that one does not wonder at poor blind Rellstab being staggered, and venting his feelings in the following uncouthly-jocular manner: "Those who have distorted fingers may put them right by practising these studies; but those who have not, should not play them, at least not without having a surgeon at hand." In Op. 10 there are three studies especially noteworthy for their musical beauty. The third (Lento ma non troppo, in E major) and the sixth (Andante, in E flat minor) may be reckoned among Chopin's loveliest compositions. They combine classical chasteness of contour with the fragrance of romanticism. And the twelfth study (Allegro con fuoco, in C minor), the one composed at Stuttgart after the fall of Warsaw, how superbly grand! The composer seems to be fuming with rage: the left hand rushes impetuously along and the right hand strikes in with passionate ejaculations. With regard to the above-named Lento ma non troppo (Op. 10, No. 3), Chopin said to Gutmann that he had never in his life written another such beautiful melody (CHANT); and on one occasion when Gutmann was studying it the master lifted up his arms with his hands clasped and exclaimed: "O, my fatherland!" ("O, me patrie!") I share with Schumann the opinion that the total weight of Op. 10 amounts to more than that of Op. 25. Like him I regard also Nos. 1 and 12 as the most important items of the latter collection of studies: No. 1 (Allegro sostenuto, in A flat major)—a

tremulous mist below, a beautiful breezy melody floating above, and once or twice a more opaque body becoming discernible within the vaporous element—of which Schumann says that "after listening to the study one feels as one does after a blissful vision, seen in a dream, which, already half-awake, one would fain bring back": [FOOTNOTE: See the whole quotation, Vol. I., p. 310.] and No. 12 (in C minor, Allegro molto con fuoco), in which the emotions rise not less than the waves of arpeggios (in both hands) which symbolise them. Stephen Heller's likings differ from Schumann's. Discussing Chopin's Op. 25 in the Gazette musicale of February 24, 1839, he says:—

What more do we require to pass one or several e
perfect a happiness as possible? As for me, I se
collection of poesy (this is the only name appro
works of Chopin) some favourite pieces which I n
memory rather than others. Who could retain ever
this reason I have in my note book quite particu
the numbers 4, 5, and 7 of the present poems. Of
much-loved studies (every one of which has a cha
these three numbers are those I prefer to all th

In connection with the fourth, Heller points out that it reminds him of the first bar of the Kyrie (rather the Requiem aeternam) of Mozart's Requiem. And of the seventh study he remarks:—

It engenders the sweetest sadness, the most envi
and if in playing it one feels one's self insens
towards mournful and melancholy ideas, it is a c
the soul which I prefer to all others. Alas! how
sombre and mysterious dreams, and Chopin is the
creates them.

This No. 7 (in C sharp minor, lento), a duet between a HE and a SHE, of whom the former shows himself more talkative and emphatic than the latter, is, indeed, very sweet, but perhaps, also somewhat tiresomely monotonous, as such tete-a-tete naturally are to third parties. As a contrast to No. 7, and in conclusion—leaving several aerial flights and other charming conceptions undiscussed—I will yet mention the octave study, No. 10, which is a real pandemonium; for a while holier sounds intervene, but finally hell prevails.

The genesis of the Vingt-quatre Preludes, Op. 28, published in September, 1839, I have tried to elucidate in the twenty-first chapter. I need, therefore, not discuss the question here. The indefinite character and form of the prelude, no doubt, determined the choice of the title which, however, does not describe the contents of this OPUS. Indeed, no ONE name could do so. This heterogeneous collection of pieces reminds me of nothing so much as of an artist's portfolio filled with drawings in all stages of advancement—finished and unfinished, complete and incomplete compositions, sketches and mere memoranda, all mixed indiscriminately together. The finished works were either too small or too slight to be sent into the world separately, and the right mood for developing, completing, and giving the last touch to the rest was gone, and could not be found again. Schumann, after expressing his admiration for these preludes, as well he might, adds: "This book contains morbid, feverish, and repellent matter." I do not think that there is much that could justly be called repellent; but the morbidity and feverishness of a considerable portion must be admitted.

I described the preludes [writes Schumann] as re
confess the truth, I expected they would be exec
studies, in the grandest style. Almost the rever
case; they are sketches, commencements of studie
will, ruins, single eagle-wings, all strangely m
But in his fine nonpareil there stands in every
"Frederick Chopin wrote it." One recognises him
breathing during the rests. He is, and remains,
poet-mind of the time.

The almost infinite and infinitely-varied beauties collected in this treasure-trove denominated Vingt-quatre Preludes could only be done justice to by a minute analysis, for which, however, there is no room here. I must content myself with a word or two about a few of them, picked out at random. No. 4 is a little poem the exquisitely-sweet languid pensiveness of which defies description. The composer seems to be absorbed in the narrow sphere of his ego, from which the wide, noisy world is for the time being shut out. In No. 6 we have, no doubt, the one of which George Sand said that it occurred to Chopin one evening while rain was falling, and that it "precipitates the soul into a frightful depression." [FOOTNOTE: See George Sand's account and description in Chapter XXI., p. 43.] How wonderfully the contending rhythms of the accompaniment, and the fitful, jerky course of the melody, depict in No. 8 a state of anxiety and agitation! The premature conclusion of that bright vivacious thing No. 11 fills one with regret. Of the beautifully-melodious No. 13, the piu lento and the peculiar closing bars are especially noteworthy. No. 14 invites a comparison with the finale of the B flat minor Sonata. In the middle section (in C sharp minor) of the following number (in D flat major), one of the larger pieces,

rises before one's mind the cloistered court of the monastery of Valdemosa, and a procession of monks chanting lugubrious prayers, and carrying in the dark hours of night their departed brother to his last resting-place. It reminds one of the words of George Sand, that the monastery was to Chopin full of terrors and phantoms. This C sharp minor portion of No. 15 affects one like an oppressive dream; the re-entrance of the opening D flat major, which dispels the dreadful nightmare, comes upon one with the smiling freshness of dear, familiar nature—only after these horrors of the imagination can its serene beauty be fully appreciated. No. 17, another developed piece, strikes one as akin to Mendelssohn's Songs without Words. I must not omit to mention No. 21, one of the finest of the collection, with its calming cantilena and palpitating quaver figure. Besides the set of twenty-four preludes, Op. 28, Chopin published a single one, Op. 45, which appeared in December, 1841. This composition deserves its name better than almost anyone of the twenty-four; still, I would rather call it an improvisata. It seems unpremeditated, a heedless outpouring when sitting at the piano in a lonely, dreary hour, perhaps in the twilight. The quaver figure rises aspiringly, and the sustained parts swell out proudly. The piquant cadenza forestalls in the progression of diminished chords favourite effects of some of our more modern composers. The modulation from C sharp minor to D major and back again (after the cadenza) is very striking and equally beautiful.

It can hardly be said, although Liszt seemed to be of a different opinion, that Chopin created a new type by his preludes—they are too unlike each other in form and character. On the other hand, he has

done so by his four scherzos—Op. 20 (in B minor), published in February, 1835; Op. 31 (B flat minor), published in December, 1837; Op. 39 (C sharp minor), published in October, 1840; and Op. 54 (in E major), published in December, 1843. "How is 'gravity' to clothe itself, if 'jest' goes about in dark veils?" exclaims Schumann. No doubt, scherzo, if we consider the original meaning of the word, is a misnomer. But are not Beethoven's scherzos, too, misnamed? To a certain extent they are. But if Beethoven's scherzos often lack frolicsomeness, they are endowed with humour, whereas Chopin's have neither the one nor the other. Were it not that we attach, especially since Mendelssohn's time, the idea of lightness and light-heartedness to the word capriccio, this would certainly be the more descriptive name for the things Chopin entitled SCHERZO. But what is the use of carping at a name? Let us rather look at the things, and thus employ our time better. Did ever composer begin like Chopin in his Premier Scherzo, Op. 20? Is this not like a shriek of despair? and what follows, bewildered efforts of a soul shut in by a wall of circumstances through which it strives in vain to break? at last sinking down with fatigue, dreaming a dream of idyllic beauty? but beginning the struggle again as soon as its strength is recruited? Schumann compared the second SCHERZO, Op. 31, to a poem of Byron's, "so tender, so bold, as full of love as of scorn." Indeed, scorn—an element which does not belong to what is generally understood by either frolicsomeness or humour—plays an important part in Chopin's scherzos. The very beginning of Op. 31 offers an example.

[FOOTNOTE: "It must be a question [the doubled triplet figure A, B flat, d flat, in the first bar], taught

Chopin, and for him it was never question enough, never piano enough, never vaulted (tombe) enough, as he said, never important enough. It must be a charnel-house, he said on one occasion." (W. von Lenz, in Vol. XXVI. of the Berliner Musikzeitung.)]

And then, we do not meet with a phrase of a more cheerful nature which is not clouded by sadness. Weber—I mention his name intentionally—would, for instance, in the D flat major portion have concluded the melodic phrase in diatonic progression and left the harmony pure. Now see what Chopin does. The con anima has this mark of melancholy still more distinctly impressed upon it. After the repetition of the capricious, impulsively-passionate first section (in B flat minor and D flat major) follows the delicious second, the expression of which is as indescribable as that of Leonardo da Vinci's "La Gioconda." It is a pondering and wondering full of longing. In the deep, tender yearning, with the urging undercurrent of feeling, of the C sharp minor portion, the vague dreaming of the preceding portion of the section grows into wakefulness, and the fitful imagination is concentrated on one object. Without continuing the emotional or entering on a formal analysis of this scherzo, I venture to say that it is a very important composition, richer and more varied in emotional incidents than the other works of Chopin which bear the same name. More than to any one of the master's scherzos, the name capriccio would be suitable to his third "Scherzo," Op. 39, with its capricious starts and changes, its rudderless drifting. Peevishness, a fierce scornfulness, and a fretful agitation, may be heard in these sounds, of jest and humour there is nothing perceptible. At any rate, the curled lip, as it were, contradicts the jesting words, and the careless exterior does not altogether

conceal the seething rage within. But with the meno mosso (D flat major) come pleasanter thoughts. The hymn-like snatches of sustained melody with the intervening airy interludes are very lovely. These are the principal features, to describe all the whims is of course impossible. You may call this work an extravaganza, and point out its grotesqueness; but you must admit that only by this erratic character of the form and these spasmodic movements, could be expressed the peculiar restiveness, fitfulness, and waywardness of thought and feeling that characterise Chopin's individuality. To these unclassical qualities —for classical art is above all plastic and self-possessed—combined as they are with a high degree of refinement and delicacy, his compositions owe much of their peculiar charm. The absence of scorn distinguishes the fourth "Scherzo," Op. 54, from the other three; but, like them, although less closely wrapped, it wears dark veils. The tripping fairy steps which we find in bars 17-20 and in other places are a new feature in Chopin. As to the comparative value of the work, it seems to me inferior to its brothers. The first section is too fragmentary to give altogether satisfaction. One is hustled from one phrase to another, and they are as unlike each other as can well be imagined. The beauty of many of the details, however, must be acknowledged; indeed, the harmonic finesses, the melodic cunning, and rhythmical piquancy, are too potent to be ignored. The resting-place and redeeming part of this scherzo is the sweetly-melodious second section, with its long, smooth, gently and beautifully-curved lines. Also the return to the repetition of the first section is very interesting. This scherzo has the appearance of being laboured, painfully hammered and welded together. But as the poet is born, not made-which

"being born" is not brought about without travail, nor makes the less desirable a careful bringing-up—so also does a work of art owe what is best in it to a propitious concurrence of circumstances in the natal hour.

The contents of Chopin's impromptus are of a more pleasing nature than those of the scherzos. Like the latter they are wayward, but theirs is a charming, lovable waywardness. The composer's three first impromptus were published during his lifetime: Op. 29 in December, 1837; Op. 36 in May, 1840; and Op. 51 in February, 1843. The fourth impromptu ("Fantaisie-Impromptu"), Op. 66, is a posthumous publication. What name has been more misapplied than that of impromptu? Again and again we meet with works thus christened which bear upon them the distinct marks of painful effort and anxious filing, which maybe said to smell of the mid-night lamp, and to be dripping with the hard-working artificer's sweat. How Chopin produced the "Impromptu," Op. 29 (in A flat major), I do not know. Although an admired improviser, the process of composition was to him neither easy nor quick. But be this as it may, this impromptu has quite the air of a spontaneous, unconstrained outpouring. The first section with its triplets bubbles forth and sparkles like a fountain on which the sunbeams that steal through the interstices of the overhanging foliage are playing. The F minor section is sung out clearly and heartily, with graces beautiful as nature's. The song over, our attention is again attracted by the harmonious murmuring and the changing lights of the water. The "Deuxieme Impromptu," Op. 36 (in F sharp major), is, like the first, a true impromptu, but while the first is a fresh and lusty welling forth of joy amidst the pleasures of a present reality, this is a dreamy lingering over

thoughts and scenes of the imagination that appear and vanish like dissolving views. One would wish to have a programme of this piece. Without such assistance the D major section of the impromptu is insignificant. We want to see, or at least to know, who the persons that walk in the procession which the music accompanies are. Some bars in the second half of this section remind one of Schumann's "Fantasia" in C. After this section a curious transition leads in again the theme, which first appeared in F sharp major, in F major, and with a triplet accompaniment. When F sharp major is once more reached, the theme is still further varied (melodically), till at last the wondrous, fairy-like phrase from the first section brings the piece to a conclusion. This impromptu is inferior to the first, having less pith in it; but its tender sweetness and euphony cannot be denied. The idle forgetfulness of the more serious duties and the deep miseries of life in the enjoyment of a dolce far niente recalls Schubert and the "Fantasia," Op. 78, and other works of his. In the "Troisieme Impromptu" (in G flat major), Op. 51, the rhythmical motion and the melodical form of the two parts that serpentine their lines in opposite directions remind one of the first impromptu (in A flat), but the characters of these pieces are otherwise very unlike. The earlier work is distinguished by a brisk freshness; the later one by a feverish restlessness and faint plaintiveness. After the irresolute flutter of the relaxing and enervating chromatic progressions and successions of thirds and sixths, the greater steadiness of the middle section, more especially the subdued strength and passionate eloquence at the D flat major, has a good effect. But here, too, the languid, lamenting chromatic passing and auxiliary notes are not wanting, and the anxious,

breathless accompaniment does not make things more cheerful. In short, the piece is very fine in its way, but the unrelieved, or at least very insufficiently relieved, morbidezza is anything but healthy. We may take note of the plain chord progressions which intervene in the first and last sections of the impromptu; such progressions are of frequent occurrence in Chopin's works. Is there not something pleonastic in the title "Fantaisie-Impromptu?" Whether the reader may think so or not, he will agree with me that the fourth impromptu (in C sharp minor), Op. 66, is the most valuable of the compositions published by Fontana; indeed, it has become one of the favourites of the pianoforte-playing world. Spontaneity of emotional expression and effective treatment of the pianoforte distinguish the Fantaisie-Impromptu. In the first section we have the restless, surging, gushing semiquavers, carrying along with them a passionate, urging melody, and the simultaneous waving triplet accompaniment; in the second section, where the motion of the accompaniment is on the whole preserved, the sonorous, expressive cantilena in D flat major; the third section repeats the first, which it supplements with a coda containing a reminiscence of the cantilena of the second section, which calms the agitation of the semiquavers. According to Fontana, Chopin composed this piece about 1834. Why did he keep it in his portfolio? I suspect he missed in it, more especially in the middle section, that degree of distinction and perfection of detail which alone satisfied his fastidious taste.

Among Chopin's nocturnes some of his most popular works are to be found. Nay, the most widely-prevailing idea of his character as a man and musician seems to have been derived from them. But

the idea thus formed is an erroneous one; these dulcet, effeminate compositions illustrate only one side of the master's character, and by no means the best or most interesting. Notwithstanding such precious pearls as the two Nocturnes, Op. 37, and a few others, Chopin shows himself greater both as a man and a musician in every other class of pieces he has originated and cultivated, more especially in his polonaises, ballades, and studies. That, however, there is much to be admired in the class now under consideration will be seen from the following brief comments on the eighteen nocturnes (leaving out of account the one of the year 1828 published by Fontana as Op. 72, No. 1, and already discussed in an earlier chapter) which Chopin gave to the world —Op. 9, Trois Nocturnes, in January, 1833; Op. 15, Trois Nocturnes, in January, 1834; Op. 27, Deux Nocturnes, in May, 1836; Op. 32, Deux Nocturnes, December, 1837; Op. 37, Deux Nocturnes, in May, 1840; Op. 48, Deux Nocturnes, in November, 1841; Op. 55, Deux Nocturnes, in August, 1844; and Op. 62, Deux Nocturnes, in September, 1846. Rellstab remarked in 1833 of the Trois Nocturnes, Op. 9, that Chopin, without borrowing directly from Field, copied the latter's melody and manner of accompaniment. There is some truth in this; only the word "copy" is not the correct one. The younger received from the elder artist the first impulse to write in this form, and naturally adopted also something of his manner. On the whole, the similitude is rather generic than specific. Even the contents of Op. 9 give Chopin a just claim to originality; and the Field reminiscences which are noticeable in Nos. 1 and 2 (most strikingly in the commencement of No. 2) of the first set of nocturnes will be looked for in vain in the subsequent ones.

Where Field smiles [said the above-mentioned cri
makes a grinning grimace; where Field sighs, Cho
where Field shrugs his shoulders, Chopin twists
body; where Field puts some seasoning into the f
empties a handful of Cayenne pepper...In short,
Field's charming romances before a distorting co
so that every delicate expression becomes a coar
gets Chopin's work...We implore Mr. Chopin to re
nature.

Now, what remains of this statement after subtracting prejudices and narrow-mindedness? Nothing but that Chopin is more varied and passionate than Field, and has developed to the utmost some of the means of expression used by the latter. No. 1 (in B flat minor) of Op. 9 is pervaded by a voluptuous dreaminess and cloying sweetness: it suggests twilight, the stillness of night, and thoughts engendered thereby. The tone of sentiment and the phraseology of No. 2 (in E fiat major) have been made so common by fashionable salon composers that one cannot help suspecting that it is not quite a natural tone—not a tone of true feeling, but of sentimentality. The vulgar do not imitate the true and noble, but the false and ostentatious. In this piece one breathes drawing-room air, and ostentation of sentiment and affectation of speech are native to that place. What, however, the imitations often lack is present in every tone and motion of the original: eloquence, grace, and genuine refinement.

[FOOTNOTE: Gutmann played the return of the principal subject in a way very different from that in which it is printed, with a great deal of ornamentation, and said that Chopin played it always in that way. Also the cadence at the end of the nocturne (Op. 9, No. 2) had a different form. But

the composer very frequently altered the ornamentions of his pieces or excogitated alternative readings.]

The third is, like the preceding nocturne, exquisite salon music. Little is said, but that little very prettily. Although the atmosphere is close, impregnated with musk and other perfumes, there is here no affectation. The concluding cadenza, that twirling line, reads plainly "Frederic Chopin." Op. 15 shows a higher degree of independence and poetic power than Op. 9. The third (in G minor) of these nocturnes is the finest of the three. The words languido e rubato describe well the wavering pensiveness of the first portion of the nocturne, which finds its expression in the indecision of the melodic progressions, harmonies, and modulations. The second section is marked religiose, and may be characterised as a trustful prayer, conducive to calm and comfort. The Nocturnes in F major and F sharp major, Op. 15, are more passionate than the one we just now considered, at least in the middle sections. The serene, tender Andante in F major, always sweet, and here and there with touches of delicate playfulness, is interrupted by thoughts of impetuous defiance, which give way to sobs and sighs, start up again with equal violence, and at last die away into the first sweet, tender serenity. The contrast between the languid dreaming and the fiery upstarting is striking and effective, and the practical musician, as well as the student of aesthetics, will do well to examine by what means these various effects are produced. In the second nocturne, F sharp major, the brightness and warmth of the world without have penetrated into the world within. The fioriture flit about as lightly as gossamer threads. The sweetly-sad longing of the first section becomes more disquieting

in the doppio movimento, but the beneficial influence of the sun never quite loses its power, and after a little there is a relapse into the calmer mood, with a close like a hazy distance on a summer day. The second (in D flat major) of Op. 27 was, no doubt, conceived in a more auspicious moment than the first (in C sharp minor), of which the extravagantly wide-meshed netting of the accompaniment is the most noteworthy feature. [FOOTNOTE: In most of the pieces where, as in this one, the left-hand accompaniment consists of an undulating figure, Chopin wished it to be played very soft and subdued. This is what Gutmann said.] As to the one in D flat, nothing can equal the finish and delicacy of execution, the flow of gentle feeling, lightly rippled by melancholy, and spreading out here and there in smooth expansiveness. But all this sweetness enervates; there is poison in it. We should not drink in these thirds, sixths, &c., without taking an antidote of Bach or Beethoven. Both the nocturnes of Op. 32 are pretty specimens of Chopin's style of writing in the tender, calm, and dreamy moods. Of the two (in B major and A flat major) I prefer the quiet, pellucid first one. It is very simple, ornaments being very sparingly introduced. The quietness and simplicity are, however, at last disturbed by an interrupted cadence, sombre sounds as of a kettle-drum, and a passionate recitative with intervening abrupt chords. The second nocturne has less originality and pith. Deux Nocturnes (in G minor and G major), Op. 37, are two of the finest, I am inclined to say, the two finest, of this class of Chopin's pieces; but they are of contrasting natures. The first and last sections of the one in G minor are plaintive and longing, and have a wailing accompaniment; the chord progressions of the middle section glide along

hymn-like. [FOOTNOTE: Gutmann played this section quicker than the rest, and said that Chopin forgot to mark the change of movement.] Were it possible to praise one part more emphatically than another without committing an injustice, I would speak of the melodic exquisiteness of the first motive. But already I see other parts rise reproachfully before my repentant conscience. A beautiful sensuousness distinguishes the nocturne in G major: it is luscious, soft, rounded, and not without a certain degree of languor. The successions of thirds and, sixths, the semitone progressions, the rocking motion, the modulations (note especially those of the first section and the transition from that to the second), all tend to express the essential character. The second section in C major reappears in E major, after a repetition of part of the first section; a few bars of the latter and a reminiscence of the former conclude the nocturne. But let us not tarry too long in the treacherous atmosphere of this Capua—it bewitches and unmans. The two nocturnes (in C minor and F sharp minor) which form Op. 48 are not of the number of those that occupy foremost places among their companions. Still, they need not be despised. The melody of the C minor portion of the first is very expressive, and the second has in the C sharp minor portion the peculiar Chopinesque flebile dolcezza. In playing these nocturnes there occurred to me a remark of Schumann's, made when he reviewed some nocturnes by Count Wielhorski. He said, on that occasion, that the quicker middle movements which Chopin frequently introduces into his nocturnes are often weaker than his first conceptions, meaning the first portions of the nocturnes. Now, although the middle parts in the present instances are, on the contrary, slower

movements, yet the judgment holds good; at least, with respect to the first nocturne, the middle part of which has nothing to recommend it but the effective use of a full and sonorous instrumentation, if I may use this word in speaking of one instrument. The middle part of the second (f, D flat, Molto piu lento), however, is much finer; in it we meet again, as we did in some other nocturnes, with soothing, simple chord progressions. When Gutmann studied the C sharp minor nocturne with Chopin, the master told him that the middle section (the Molto piu lento, in D flat major) should be played as a recitative: "A tyrant commands" (the first two chords), he said, "and the other asks for mercy." Regarding the first nocturne (in F minor) of Op. 55, we will note only the flebile dolcezza of the first and the last section, and the inferiority of the more impassioned middle section. The second nocturne (in E flat major) differs in form from the other nocturnes in this, that it has no contrasting second section, the melody flowing onward from begining to end in a uniform manner. The monotony of the unrelieved sentimentality does not fail to make itself felt. One is seized by an ever-increasing longing to get out of this oppressive atmosphere, to feel the fresh breezes and warm sunshine, to see smiling faces and the many-coloured dress of Nature, to hear the rustling of leaves, the murmuring of streams, and voices which have not yet lost the clear, sonorous ring that joy in the present and hope in the future impart. The two nocturnes, Op. 62, seem to owe their existence rather to the sweet habit of activity than to inspiration. At any rate, the tender flutings, trills, roulades, syncopations, &c., of the first nocturne (in B major), and the sentimental declarations and confused, monotonous agitation of the second (in E major), do

not interest me sufficiently to induce me to discuss their merits and demerits.

One day Tausig, the great pianoforte-virtuoso, promised W. von Lenz to play him Chopin's "Barcarolle," Op. 60 (published in September, 1846), adding, "That is a performance which must not be undertaken before more than two persons. I shall play you my own self (meinen Menschen). I love the piece, but take it up only rarely." Lenz, who did not know the barcarolle, thereupon went to a music-shop and read it through attentively. The piece, however, did not please him at all; it seemed to him a long movement in the nocturne-style, a Babel of figuration on a lightly-laid foundation. But he found that he had made a mistake, and, after hearing it played by Tausig, confessed that the virtuoso had infused into the "nine pages of enervating music, of one and the same long-breathed rhythm (12/8), so much interest, so much motion, and so much action," that he regretted the long piece was not longer. And now let us hear what remarks Tausig made with regard to the barcarolle:—

There are two persons concerned in the affair; a
scene in a discrete gondola; let us say this mis
the symbol of a lovers' meeting generally. This
in the thirds and sixths; the dualism of two not
is maintained throughout; all is two-voiced, two
this modulation here in C sharp major (superscri
sfogato), there are kiss and embrace! This is ev
after three bars of introduction, the theme, lig
in the bass solo, enters in the fourth, this the
nevertheless made use of throughout the whole fa
an accompaniment, and on this the cantilena in t
laid; we have thus a continuous, tender dialogue

Both Lenz's first and last impressions were correct.

The form of the barcarolle is that of most of Chopin's nocturnes—consisting of three sections, of which the third is a modified repetition of the first—only everything is on a larger scale, and more worked out. Unfortunately, the contrast of the middle section is not great enough to prevent the length, in spite of the excellence of the contents, from being felt. Thus we must also subscribe to the "nine pages of enervating music." Still, the barcarolle is one of the most important of Chopin's compositions in the nocturne-style. It has distinctive features which decidedly justify and make valuable its existence. Local colouring is not wanting. The first section reminded me of Schumann's saying that Chopin in his melodies leans sometimes over Germany towards Italy. If properly told, this love-laden romance cannot fail to produce effect.

Of the pieces that bear the name "Berceuse," Chopin's Op. 57 (published in June, 1845) is the finest, or at least one of the finest and happiest conceptions. It rests on the harmonic basis of tonic and dominant. The triad of the tonic and the chord of the dominant seventh divide every bar between them in a brotherly manner. Only in the twelfth and thirteenth bars from the end (the whole piece contains seventy) the triad of the subdominant comes forward, and gives a little breathing time to the triad of the tonic, the chord of the dominant having already dropped off. Well, on this basis Chopin builds, or let us rather say, on this rocking harmonic fluid he sets afloat a charming melody, which is soon joined by a self-willed second part. Afterwards, this melody is dissolved into all kinds of fioriture, colorature, and other trickeries, and they are of such fineness, subtlety, loveliness, and gracefulness, that one is reminded of Queen Mab, who comes—

In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman.
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep;
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs,
The cover of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces of the smallest spider's web;
The collars of the moonshine's watery beams;
Her whip of cricket's bone; the lash of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat.

[FOOTNOTE: Shakespeare, Romeo and Juliet, I., iv., 59-68]

But who does not know the delightful description of the fairy in her hazel-nut coach, and the amusing story of her frolics and pranks? By-and-by the nimble motions of the colorature become slower, and finally glide into the original form of the melody, which, however, already after the third bar comes to a stand-still, is resumed for a short phrase, then expires, after a long-drawn chord of the dominant seventh, on the chord of the tonic, and all is rest and silence. Alexandre Dumas fils speaks in the "Affaire Clemenceau" of the "Berceuse" as—

this muted music [musique en sourdine] which per
by little the atmosphere and enveloped us in one
sensation, comparable perhaps to that which foll
bath, when all the senses are confounded in a ge
apaisement, when the body, harmoniously broken,
any other wish than rest, and when, the soul, se
doors of its prison open, goes wherever it lists
towards the Blue, into the dream-land.

None of Chopin's compositions surpass in masterliness of form and beauty and poetry of contents his ballades. In them he attains, I think, the

acme of his power as an artist. It is much to be regretted that they are only four in number—Op. 23, published in June, 1836; Op. 38, in September, 1840; Op. 47, in November, 1841; and Op 52, in December, 1843. When Schumann reviewed the second ballade he wrote: "Chopin has already written a piece under the same title, one of his wildest and most individual compositions." Schumann relates also that the poems of Mickiewicz incited Chopin to write his ballades, which information he got from the Polish composer himself. He adds significantly: "A poet, again, might easily write words to them [Chopin's ballades]. They move the innermost depth of the soul." Indeed, the "Ballade" (in G minor), Op. 23, is all over quivering with intensest feeling, full of sighs, sobs, groans, and passionate ebullitions. The seven introductory bars (Lento) begin firm, ponderous, and loud, but gradually become looser, lighter, and softer, terminating with a dissonant chord, which some editors have thought fit to correct. [FOOTNOTE: For the correctness of the suspected note we have the testimony of pupils—Gutmann, Mikuli, &c.] Yet this dissonant E flat may be said to be the emotional key-note of the whole poem. It is a questioning thought that, like a sudden pain, shoots through mind and body. And now the story-teller begins his simple but pathetic tale, heaving every now and then a sigh. After the ritenuto the matter becomes more affecting; the sighs and groans, yet for a while kept under restraint, grow louder with the increasing agitation, till at last the whole being is moved to its very depths. On the uproar of the passions follows a delicious calm that descends like a heavenly vision (meno mosso, E flat major). But this does not last, and before long there comes, in the train of the first theme, an outburst of

passion with mighty upheavings and fearful lulls that presage new eruptions. Thus the ballade rises and falls on the sea of passion till a mad, reckless rush (presto con fuoco) brings it to a conclusion. Schumann tells us a rather interesting fact in his notice of the "Deuxieme Ballade" (in F major), Op. 38. He heard Chopin play it in Leipzig before its publication, and at that time the passionate middle parts did not exist, and the piece closed in F major, now it closes in A minor. Schumann's opinion of this ballade is, that as a work of art it stands below the first, yet is not less fantastic and geistreich. If two such wholly dissimilar things can be compared and weighed in this fashion, Schumann is very likely right; but I rather think they cannot. The second ballade possesses beauties in no way inferior to those of the first. What can be finer than the simple strains of the opening section! They sound as if they had been drawn from the people's storehouse of song. The entrance of the presto surprises, and seems out of keeping with what precedes; but what we hear after the return of the tempo primo—the development of those simple strains, or rather the cogitations on them—justifies the presence of the presto. The second appearance of the latter leads to an urging, restless coda in A minor, which closes in the same key and pianissimo with a few bars of the simple, serene, now veiled, first strain. The "Troisieme Ballade" (in A flat major), Op. 47, does not equal its sisters in emotional intensity, at any rate, not in emotional tumultuousness. On this occasion the composer shows himself in a fundamentally caressing mood. But the fine gradations, the iridescence of feeling, mocks at verbal definition. Insinuation and persuasion cannot be more irresistible, grace and affection more

seductive. Over everything in melody, harmony, and rhythm, there is suffused a most exquisite elegance. A quiver of excitement runs through the whole piece. The syncopations, reversions of accent, silences on accented parts of the bar (sighs and suspended respiration, felicitously expressed), which occur very frequently in this ballade, give much charm and piquancy to it. As an example, I may mention the bewitching subject in F major of the second section. The appearances of this subject in different keys and in a new guise are also very effective. Indeed, one cannot but be struck with wonder at the ease, refinement, and success with which Chopin handles here the form, while in almost every work in the larger forms we find him floundering lamentably. It would be foolish and presumptuous to pronounce this or that one of the ballades the finest; but one may safely say that the fourth (in F minor), Op. 52, is fully worthy of her sisters. The emotional key-note of the piece is longing sadness, and this key-note is well preserved throughout; there are no long or distant excursions from it. The variations of the principal subject are more emphatic restatements of it: the first is more impressive than the original, the second more eloquently beseeching than either of them. I resist, though with difficulty, the temptation to point out in detail the interesting course of the composer's thoughts, and proceed at once to the coda which, palpitating and swelling with passion, concludes the fourth and, alas! last ballade.

We have now passed in review not only all the compositions published by Chopin himself, but also a number of those published without his authorisation. The publications not brought about by the master himself were without exception indiscretions; most of them, no doubt, well meant, but nevertheless

regrettable. Whatever Fontana says to the contrary in the preface to his collection of Chopin's posthumous works, [FOOTNOTE: The Chopin compositions published by Fontana (in 1855) comprise the Op. 66-74; the reader will see them enumerated in detail in the list of cur composer's works at the end of this volume.] the composer unequivocally expressed the wish that his manuscripts should not be published. Indeed, no one acquainted with the artistic character of the master, and the nature of the works published by himself, could for a moment imagine that the latter would at any time or in any circumstances have given his consent to the publication of insignificant and imperfect compositions such as most of those presented to the world by his ill-advised friend are. Still, besides the "Fantaisie-Impromptu," which one would not like to have lost, and one or two mazurkas, which cannot but be prized, though perhaps less for their artistic than their human interest, Fontana's collection contains an item which, if it adds little value to Chopin's musical legacy, attracts at least the attention of the lover and student of his music-namely, Op. 74, Seventeen Polish Songs, composed in the years 1824-1844, the only vocal compositions of this pianist-composer that have got into print. The words of most of these songs are by his friend Stephen Witwicki; others are by Adam Mickiewicz, Bogdan Zaleski, and Sigismond Krasinski, poets with all of whom he was personally acquainted. As to the musical settings, they are very unequal: a considerable number of them decidedly commonplace—Nos. 1, 5, 8, and also 4 and 12 may be instanced; several, and these belong to the better ones, exceedingly simple and in the style of folk-songs—No. 2 consists of a phrase of four bars (accompanied by a pedal bass and the tonic and

dominant harmonies) repeated alternately in G minor and B flat major; and a few more developed in form and of a more artistic character. In the symphonies (the preludes, interludes, &c.) of the songs, we meet now and then with reminiscences from his instrumental pieces. In one or two cases one notices also pretty tone-painting—for instance, No. 10, "Horseman before the Battle," and No. 15, "The return Home" (storm). Among the most noteworthy are: the already-described No. 2; the sweetly-melancholy No. 3; the artistically more dignified No. 9; the popular No. 13; the weird No. 15; and the impressive, but, by its terrible monotony, also oppressive No. 17 ("Poland's Dirge"). The mazurka movement and the augmented fourth degree of the scale (Nos. 2 and 4) present themselves, apart from the emotional contents, as the most strikingly-national features of these songs. Karasowski states that many songs sung by the people in Poland are attributed to Chopin, chief among them one entitled "The third of May."

I must not conclude this chapter without saying something about the editions of Chopin's works. The original French, German, and English editions all leave much to be desired in the way of correctness. To begin with, the composer's manuscripts were very negligently prepared, and of the German and the English, and even of the French edition, he did not always see the proofs; and, whether he did or not, he was not likely to be a good proof-reader, which presupposes a special talent, or rather disposition. Indeed, that much in the preparation of the manuscripts for the press and the correction of the proofs was left to his friends and pupils may be gathered both from his letters and from other sources. "The first comprehension of the piece," says

Schumann, in speaking of the German edition of the Tarantella, "is, unfortunately, rendered very difficult by the misprints with which it is really swarming." Those who assisted Chopin in the work incident to publication—more especially by copying his autographs—were Fontana, Wolff, Gutmann, and in later years Mikuli and Tellefsen.

Here I may fitly insert a letter written by Chopin to Maurice Schlesinger on July 22, 1843 (not 1836, as La Mara supposes), which has some bearing on the subject under discussion. The Impromptu spoken of is the third, Op. 51, in G flat major:—

Dear friend,—In the Impromptu which you have iss
paper [Gazette musicals] of July 9, there is a c
the paging, which makes my composition unintelli
I cannot at all pretend to taking the pains whic
Moscheles bestows on his works, I consider mysel
with regard to your subscribers, in duty bound t
this occasion to insert in your next number an e

Page 3—read page 5.
Page 5—read page 3.

If you are too busy or too lazy to write to me,
through the erratum in the paper, and that shall
that you, Madame Schlesinger, and your children
—Yours very truly, July 22, 1843.
F. CHOPIN.

The first complete edition of Chopin's works was, according to Karasowski, [FOOTNOTE: More recently the same firm brought out the works of Chopin edited by Jean Kleczynski.] that published in 1864, with the authorisation of the composer's family, by Gebethner and Wolff, of Warsaw. But the most important editions—namely, critical editions—are

Tellefsen's (I mention them in chronological order), Klindworth's, Scholtz's, and Breitkopf and Hartel's. Simon Richault, of Paris, the publisher of the first-named edition, which appeared in 1860, says in the preface to it that Tellefsen had in his possession a collection of the works of Chopin corrected by the composer's own hand. As to the violoncello part of the Polonaise, it was printed as Franchomme always played it with the composer. The edition was also to be free from all marks of expression that were not Chopin's own. Notwithstanding all this, Tellefsen's edition left much to be desired.

My friend and fellow-pupil, Thomas Tellefsen [wr
who, till Chopin's last breath, had the happines
uninterrupted intercourse with him, was quite ir
bring out correctly his master's works in the co
undertaken by him for Richault. Unfortunately, a
illness and his death interrupted this labour, s
numerous misprints remained uncorrected.

[FOOTNOTE: Mikuli's spelling of the name is Tele
it is Tellefsen on the Norwegian's edition of Ch
in all the dictionaries that mention him, and in
contemporary newspaper notices and advertisement
across.]

[FOOTNOTE: I do not know how to reconcile this l
with the publisher's statement that the edition
1860 (it was entered at Stationers' Hall on Sept
1860), and Tellefsen's death at Paris in October

Klindworth's edition, the first volume of which appeared in October, 1873, and the last in March, 1876, at Moscow (P. Jurgenson), in six volumes, is described on the title-page as "Complete works of Fr. Chopin critically revised after the original French, German, and Polish editions, carefully corrected and

minutely fingered for pupils." [FOOTNOTE: This edition has been reprinted by Augener & Co., of London.] The work done by Klindworth is one of the greatest merit, and has received the highest commendations of such men as Liszt and Hans von Bulow. Objections that can be made to it are, that the fingering, although excellent, is not always Chopinesque; and that the alteration of the rhythmically-indefinite small notes of the original into rhythmically-definite ones, although facilitating the execution for learners, counteracts the composer's intention. Mikuli holds that an appeal to Chopin's manuscripts is of no use as they are full of slips of the pen—wrong notes and values, wrong accidentals and clefs, wrong slurs and 8va markings, and omissions of dots and chord-intervals. The original French, German, and English editions he regards likewise as unreliable. But of them he gives the preference to the French editions, as the composer oftener saw proofs of them. On the other hand, the German editions, which, he thinks, came out later than the Paris ones, contain subsequently-made changes and improvements. [FOOTNOTE: Take note, however, in connection with this remark, of Chopin's letter of August 30, 1845, on pp. 119-120 of this volume.] Sometimes, no doubt, the Paris edition preceded the German one, but not as a rule. The reader will remember from the letters that Chopin was always anxious that his works should appear simultaneously in all countries, which, of course, was not always practicable. Mikuli based his edition (Leipzig: Fr. Kistner), the preface to which is dated "Lemberg, September, 1879," on his own copies, mostly of Parisian editions, copies which Chopin corrected in the course of his lessons; and on other copies, with numerous corrections from the hand of

the master, which were given him by the Countess Delphine Potocka. He had also the assistance of Chopin's pupils the Princess Marcelline Czartoryska and Madame Friederike Streicher (nee Muller), and also of Madame Dubois and Madame Rubio, and of the composer's friend Ferdinand Hiller. Mikuli's edition, like Klindworth's, is fingered, and, as the title-page informs us, "for the most part according to the author's markings." Hermann Scholtz, who edited Chopin's works for Peters, of Leipzig, says in the preface (dated "Dresden, December, 1879") that his critical apparatus consisted of the original French, German, and English editions, various autographs (the Preludes, Op. 28; the Scherzo, Op. 54; the Impromptu, Op. 51; the Nocturnes, Op. 48; the Mazurka, Op. 7, No. 3, and a sketch of the Mazurka, Op. 30, No. 4), and three volumes of Chopin's compositions with corrections, additions, and marks of expression by his own hand, belonging to the master's pupil Madame von Heygendorf (nee von Konneritz). In addition to these advantages he enjoyed the advice of M. Mathias, another pupil of Chopin. The critically-revised edition published (March, 1878—January, 1880) by Breitkopf and Hartel was edited by Woldemar Bargiel, Johannes Brahms, Auguste Franchomme, Franz Liszt (the Preludes), Carl Reinecke, and Ernst Rudorff. The prospectus sets forth that the revision was based on manuscript material (autographs and proofs with the composer's corrections and additions) and the original French and German editions; and that Madame Schumann, M. Franchomme, and friends and pupils of the composer had been helpful with their counsel. Breitkopf and Hartel's edition is the most complete, containing besides all the pianoforte solo and ensemble works published by the composer

himself, a greater number of posthumous works (including the songs) than is to be found in any other edition. Klindworth's is a purely pianoforte edition, and excludes the trio, the pieces with violoncello, and the songs. The above enumeration, however, does not exhaust the existing Chopin editions, which, indeed, are almost innumerable, as in the last decade almost every publisher, at least, almost every German publisher, has issued one—among others there are Schuberth's, edited by Alfred Richter, Kahnt's, edited by S. Jadassohn, and Steingraber's, edited by Ed. Mertke. [FOOTNOTE: Among earlier editions I may mention the incomplete OEuvres completes, forming Vols. 21-24 of the Bibliotheque des Pianistes, published by Schonenberger (Paris, 1860).] Voluminous as the material for a critical edition of Chopin's works is, its inconclusiveness, which constantly necessitates appeals to the individual taste and judgment of the editor, precludes the possibility of an edition that will satisfy all in all cases. Chopin's pupils, who reject the editing of their master's works by outsiders, do not accept even the labours of those from among their midst. These reasons have determined me not to criticise, but simply to describe, the most notable editions. In speaking of the disputes about the correctness of the various editions, I cannot help remembering a remark of Mendelssohn's, of which Wenzel told me. "Mendelssohn said on one occasion in his naive manner: 'In Chopin's music one really does not know sometimes whether a thing is right or wrong.'"

CHAPTER XXXI.

CHOPIN'S ARRIVAL IN LONDON.—MUSICAL ASPECT OF THE BRITISH METROPOLIS IN 1848.—CULTIVATION OF CHOPIN'S MUSIC IN ENGLAND.—CHOPIN AT EVENING PARTIES, &C.—LETTERS GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF HIS DOINGS AND FEELINGS.—TWO MATINEES MUSICALES GIVEN BY CHOPIN; CRITICISMS ON THEM.—ANOTHER LETTER.—KINDNESS SHOWN HIM.—CHOPIN STARTS FOR SCOTLAND.—A LETTER WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH AND CALDER HOUSE.—HIS SCOTCH FRIENDS AND ACQUAINTANCES.—HIS STAY AT DR. LYSCHINSKI'S.—PLAYS AT A CONCERT IN MANCHESTER.—RETURNS TO SCOTLAND, AND GIVES A MATINEE MUSICALE IN GLASGOW AND IN EDINBURGH.—MORE LETTERS FROM SCOTLAND.—BACK TO LONDON.—OTHER LETTERS.—PLAYS AT A "GRAND POLISH BALL AND CONCERT" IN THE GUILDHALL.—LAST LETTER FROM LONDON, AND JOURNEY AND RETURN TO PARIS.

CHOPIN arrived in London, according to Mr. A. J. Hipkins, on April 21, 1848.

[FOOTNOTE: The indebtedness of two writers on Chopin to Mr. Hipkins has already been adverted to in the Preface. But his vivid recollection of Chopin's visit to London in this year, and of the qualities of his playing, has been found of great value also in

other published notices dealing with this period. The present writer has to thank Mr. Hipkins, apart from second-hand obligations, for various suggestions, answers to inquiries, and reading the proof-sheets of this chapter.]

He took up his quarters first at 10, Bentinck Street, but soon removed to the house indicated in the following letter, written by him to Franchomme on May 1, 1848:—

Dearest friend,—Here I am, just settled. I have
room—fine and large—where I shall be able to bre
play, and the sun visits me to-day for the first
less suffocated this morning, but all last week
nothing. How are you and your wife and the dear
begin at last to become more tranquil, [FOOTNOTE
think, refers to some loss Franchomme had sustai
family] do you not? I have some tiresome visits;
introduction are not yet delivered. I trifle awa
VOILA. I love you, and once more VOILA.

Yours with all my heart.

My kindest regards to Madame Franchomme.
48, Dover Street.
Write to me, I will write to you also.

Were Chopin now to make his appearance in London, what a stir there would be in musical society! In 1848 Billet, Osborne, Kalkbrenner, Halle, and especially Thalberg, who came about the same time across the channel, caused more curiosity. By the way, England was just then heroically enduring an artistic invasion such as had never been seen before; not only from France, but also from Germany and other musical countries arrived day after day musicians who had found that their occupation was

gone on the Continent, where people could think of nothing but politics and revolutions. To enumerate all the celebrities then congregated in the British Metropolis would be beyond my power and the scope of this publication, but I must at least mention that among them was no less eminent a creative genius than Berlioz, no less brilliant a vocal star than Pauline Viardot-Garcia. Of other high-priests and high-priestesses of the art we shall hear in the sequel. But although Chopin did not set the Thames on fire, his visit was not altogether ignored by the press. Especially the Athenaeum (H. F. Chorley) and the Musical World (J. W. Davison) honoured themselves by the notice they took of the artist. The former journal not only announced (on April 29) his arrival, but also some weeks previously (on April 8) his prospective advent, saying: "M. Chopin's visit is an event for which we most heartily thank the French Republic."

In those days, and for a long time after, the appreciation and cultivation of Chopin's music was in England confined to a select few. Mr. Hipkins told me that he "had to struggle for years to gain adherents to Chopin's music, while enduring the good-humoured banter of Sterndale Bennett and J. W. Davison." The latter—the author of An Essay on the Works of Frederic Chopin (London, 1843), the first publication of some length on the subject, and a Preface to, or, to be more precise, a Memoir prefixed to Boosey & Co.'s The Mazurkas and Valses of F. Chopin—seems to have in later years changed his early good opinion of the Polish master.

[FOOTNOTE: Two suggestions have been made to me in explanation of this change of opinion: it may have been due to the fear that the rising glory of Chopin might dim that of Mendelssohn; or Davison

may have taken umbrage at Chopin's conduct in an affair relative to Mendelssohn. I shall not discuss the probability of these suggestions, but will say a few words with regard to the last-mentioned matter. My source of information is a Paris letter in the Musical World of December 4, 1847. After the death of Mendelssohn some foreign musicians living in Paris proposed to send a letter of condolence to Mrs. Mendelssohn. One part of the letter ran thus: "May it be permitted to us, German artists, far from our country, to offer," &c. The signatures to it were: Rosenhain, Kalkbrenner, Panofka, Heller, Halle, Pixis, and Wolff. Chopin when applied to for his signature wrote: "La lettre venant des Allemands, comment voulez-vous que je m'arroge le droit de la signer?" One would think that no reasonable being could take exception to Chopin's conduct in this affair, and yet the writer in the Musical World comments most venomously on it.]

The battle fought in the pages of the Musical World in 1841 illustrates the then state of matters in England. Hostilities commenced on October 28 with a criticism of the Mazurkas, Op. 41. Of its unparalleled nature the reader shall judge himself:—

Monsieur Frederic Chopin has, by some means or c
cannot divine, obtained an enormous reputation,
but too often refused to composers of ten times
Chopin is by no means a putter down of commonpla
is, what by many would be esteemed worse, a deal
absurd and hyperbolical extravagances. It is a s
on the capability for thought possessed by the m
profession, that so very crude and limited a wri
esteemed, as he is very generally, a profound cl
musician. M. Chopin does not want ideas, but the
beyond eight or sixteen bars at the utmost, and
invariably in nubibus... the works of the compos

invariably the idea of an enthusiastic school-bo
are by no means on a par with his enthusiasm, wh
original whether he CAN or not. There is a clums
his harmonies in the midst of their affected str
sickliness about his melodies despite their evid
unlikeness to familiar phrases, an utter ignoran
everywhere apparent in his lengthened works...Th
of Chopin present a motley surface of ranting hy
excruciating cacophony. When he is not THUS sing
better than Strauss or any other waltz compounde
admire Chopin, and they are legion, will admire
Mazurkas, which are supereminently Chopin-ical;
we.

Wessel and Stapleton, the publishers, protested against this shameful criticism, defending Chopin and adducing the opinions of numerous musicians in support of their own. But the valorous editor "ventures to assure the distinguished critics and the publishers that there will be no difficulty in pointing out a hundred palpable faults, and an infinitude of meretricious uglinesses, such as, to real taste and judgment, are intolerable." Three more letters appeared in the following numbers—two for (Amateur and Professor) and one against (Inquirer) Chopin; the editor continuing to insist with as much violence as stupidity that he was right. It is pleasant to turn from this senseless opposition to the friends and admirers of the master. Of them we learn something in Davison's Essay on the Works of F. Chopin, from which I must quote a few passages:—

This Concerto [the E minor] has been made known
amateurs of music in England by the artist-like
Messrs. W. H. Holmes, F. B. Jewson, H. B. Richar
Barnett, and other distinguished members of the
where it is a stock piece...The Concerto [in F m
made widely known of late by the clever performa

true little prodigy Demoiselle Sophie Bohrer....
bagatelles [the Mazurkas] have been made widely
England through the instrumentality of Mr. Mosch
Cipriani Potter, Mr. Kiallmark, Madame de Belle
Henry Field (of Bath), Mr. Werner, and other em
who enthusiastically admire and universally rec
their pupils...To hear one of those eloquent st
loveliness [the nocturnes] delivered by such pi
Edouard Pirkhert, William Holmes, or Henry Fiel
we frequently enjoyed, is the very transcendenc

[FOOTNOTE: Information about the above-named pi
found in the musical biographical dictionaries,
exceptions-namely, Kiallmark, Werner, and Pirkh
Frederick Kiallmark (b. November 7, 1804; d. Dec
1887), a son of the violinist and composer Geor
was for many years a leading professor in Londo
to have had a thorough appreciation and unders
Chopin's genius, and even in his last years pla
that master's music. He took especial delight i
Chopin's Nocturnes, no Sunday ever passed witho
hearing him play two or three of them.—Louis We
real name was Levi) was the son of a wealthy an
Jewish family living at Clapham. He studied mus
under Moscheles, and, though not an eminent pia
good teacher. His amiability assured him a warm
society.—Eduard Pirkhert died at Vienna, aged 6
28, 1881. To Mr. Ernst Pauer, who is never appe
vain, I am indebted for the following data as we
subject-matter of my notice on Werner: "Eduard P
at Graz in 1817, was a pupil of Anton Halm and C
was a shy and enormously diligent artist, who, f
account of his nervousness, played, like Henselt
public. His execution was extraordinary and his
beautiful. In 1855 he became professor at the Vi
Conservatorium." Mr. Pauer never heard him play

After this historical excursus let us take up again the record of our hero's doings and sufferings in London.

Chopin seems to have gone to a great many parties of various kinds, but he could not always be prevailed upon to give the company a taste of his artistic quality. Brinley Richards saw him at an evening party at the house of the politician Milner Gibson, where he did not play, although he was asked to do so. According to Mr. Hueffer, [FOOTNOTE: Chopin in Fortnightly Review of September, 1877, reprinted in Musical Studies (Edinburgh: A. & C. Black, 1880).] he attended, likewise without playing, an evening party (May 6) at the house of the historian Grote. Sometimes ill-health prevented him from fulfilling his engagements; this, for instance, was the case on the occasion of a dinner which Macready is said to have given in his honour, and to which Thackeray, Mrs. Procter, Berlioz, and Julius Benedict were invited. On the other hand, Chopin was heard at the Countess of Blessington's (Gore House, Kensington) and the Duchess of Sutherland's (Stafford House). On the latter occasion Benedict played with him a duet of Mozart's. More than thirty years after, Sir Julius had still a clear recollection of "the great pains Chopin insisted should be taken in rehearsing it, to make the rendering of it at the concert as perfect as possible." John Ella heard Chopin play at Benedict's. Of another of Chopin's private performances in the spring of 1848 we read in the Supplement du Dictionnaire de la Conversation, where Fiorentino writes:

We were at most ten or twelve in a homely, comfo
salon, equally propitious to conversation and co
Chopin took the place of Madame Viardot at the p
plunged us into ineffable raptures. I do not kno
played to us; I do not know how long our ecstasy

were no longer on earth; he had transported us i
regions, into a sphere of flame and azure, where
freed from all corporeal bonds, floats towards t
This was, alas! the song of the swan.

The sequel will show that the concluding sentence is no more than a flourish of the pen. Whether Chopin played at Court, as he says in a letter to Gutmann he expected to do, I have not ascertained. Nor have I been able to get any information about a dinner which, Karasowski relates, some forty countrymen of Chopin's got up in his honour when they heard of his arrival in London. According to this authority the pianist-composer rose when the proceedings were drawing to an end, and many speeches extolling him as a musician and patriot had been made, and spoke, if not these words, to this effect: "My dear countrymen! The proofs of your attachment and love which you have just given me have truly moved me. I wish to thank you, but lack the talent of expressing my feelings in words; I invite you therefore to accompany me to my lodgings and to receive there my thanks at the piano." The proposal was received with enthusiasm, and Chopin played to his delighted and insatiable auditors till two o'clock in the morning. What a crush, these forty or more people in Chopin's lodgings! However, that is no business of mine.

[FOOTNOTE: After reading the above, Mr. Hipkins remarked: "I fancy this dinner resembled the dinner which will go down to posterity as given by the Hungarians of London to Liszt in 1886, which was really a private dinner given by Mrs. Bretherton to fifteen people, of whom her children and mine were four. NO Hungarians."]

The documents—letters and newspaper

advertisements and notices—bearing on this period of Chopin's life are so plentiful that they tell the story without the help of many additions and explanatory notes. This is satisfactory, for one grain of fact is more precious than a bushel of guesses and hearsays.

Chopin to Gutmann; London, 48, Dover Street, Pic
Saturday, May 6, 1848:—

Dear friend,—Here I am at last, settled in this
London. It is only a few days since I began to k
is only a few days since the sun showed itself.
D'Orsay, and notwithstanding all the delay of my
received me very well. Be so good as to thank th
me and him. I have not yet made all my calls, fo
to whom I have letters of introduction are not y
was charming; he sent me a piano. I have a Broad
Pleyel, which makes three, and yet I do not find
them. I have many visitors, and my days pass lik
have not even had a moment to write to Pleyel. I
you are getting on. In what state of mind are yo
your people? With my people things are not going
much vexed about this. In spite of that I must t
a public appearance; a proposal has been made to
the Philharmonic, [FOOTNOTE: "Chopin, we are tol
Musical World of May 27, 1848, "was invited to p
Philharmonic, but declined."] but I would rather
apparently finish off, after playing at Court be
[chez la reine], by giving a matinee, limited to
persons, at a private residence [hotel particuli
that this would terminate thus. But these projec
projects in the air. Write to me a great deal ab
—Yours ever, my old Gut.,

CHOPIN.

P.S.—I heard the other evening Mdlle. Lind in La
[FOOTNOTE: Jenny Lind made her first appearance

Majesty's Theatre in the season 1848, on May 4,
La Sonnambula. The Queen was present on that occ
Garcia made her first appearance, likewise as An
Garden Theatre, on May 9.] It was very fine; I h
acquaintance. Madame Viardot also came to see me
make her debuts at the rival theatre [Covent Gar
in La Sonnambula. All the pianists of Paris are
played his Concerto at the Philharmonic with lit
for it is necessary to play classical music ther
engaged for twelve concerts at the theatre where
Majesty's, Haymarket]. Halle is going to play Me
the rival theatre.

Chopin to his friend Grzymala; Thursday, May 11,

I have just come from the Italian Opera, where i
appeared to-day, for the first time, as Sonnambu
Queen showed herself for the first time to the p
long retirement. [FOOTNOTE: Chopin must have beg
on the 4th of May, and dated it later on; for on
May Jenny Lind sang in La Figlia del Reggimento,
presence of the Queen at the performance is not
the newspaper accounts of it. See preceding foot
were, of course, of much interest to me; more es
however, Wellington, who, like an old, faithful
cottage, sat in the box below his crowned mistre
also made Jenny Lind's personal acquaintance: wh
afterwards, I paid her a visit, she received me
amiable manner, and sent me an excellent "stall'
performance. I was capitally seated and heard ex
This Swede is indeed an original from top to toe
show herself in the ordinary light, but in the n
an aurora borealis. Her singing is infallibly pu
but what I admired most was her piano, which has
indescribable charm. "Your

Of Chopin's visit Jenny Lind-Goldschmidt had to

the last years of her life a most pleasing and vivid recollection. She sang to him Polskas, [FOOTNOTE: Polskas are dances of Polish origin, popular in Sweden, whose introduction dates from the time of the union of the crowns of Sweden and Poland in 1587.] which delighted him greatly. The way Madame Goldschmidt spoke of Chopin showed unmistakably that he made the best possible impression upon her, not only as an artist, but also as a man—she was sure of his goodness, and that he could not but have been right in the Sand affair, I mean as regards the rupture. She visited him when she went in the following year (1849) to Paris.

In his letter to Gutmann, Chopin speaks of his intention to give a matinee at a private house. And he more than realised it; for he not only gave one, but two—the first at the house of Mrs. Sartoris (nee Adelaide Kemble) and the second at the house of Lord Falmouth. Here are two advertisements which appeared in the Times.

June 15, 1848:—

Monsieur Chopin will give a Matinee musicale, at
Place, on Friday, June 23, to commence at 3 o'cl
number of tickets, one guinea each, with full pa
Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, 201, Regent Street.

July 3 and 4, 1848:—

Monsieur Chopin begs to announce that his second
musicale will take place on Friday next, July 7,
residence of the Earl of Falmouth, No. 2, St. Ja
To commence at half-past 3. Tickets, limited in
full particulars at Cramer, Beale & Co.'s, 201,

The Musical World (July 8, 1848) says about thes performances:—

M. Chopin has lately given two performances of h pianoforte music at the residence of Mrs. Sartor Adelaide Kemble), which seem to have given much his audiences, among whom Mdlle. Lind, who was p first, seems to be the most enthusiastic. We wer at either, and, therefore, have nothing to say c

[FOOTNOTE: Of course, the above-quoted advertise the reporter to be wrong in this particular; the one at the house of Mrs. Sartoris.]

From an account of the first matinee in the Athenaeum we learn that Chopin played nocturnes, etudes, mazurkas, two waltzes, and the Berceuse, but none of his more developed works, such as sonatas, concertos, scherzos, and ballades. The critic tries to analyse the master's style of execution—a "mode" in which "delicacy, picturesqueness, elegance, and humour are blended so as to produce that rare thing, a new delight"—pointing out his peculiar fingering, treatment of scale and shake, tempo rubato, &c. But although the critic speaks no less appreciatively of the playing than of the compositions, the tenor of the notice of the second matinee (July 15, 1848) shows that the former left nevertheless something to be desired. "Monsieur Chopin played better at his second than at his first matinee—not with more delicacy (that could hardly be), but with more force and brio." Along with other compositions of his, Chopin played on this occasion his Scherzo in B flat and his Etude in C sharp minor. Another attraction of the matinee was the singing of Madame Viardot-Garcia, "who, besides her inimitable airs with Mdlle. de Mendi, and her queerly-piquant Mazurkas, gave

the Cenerentola rondo, graced with great brilliancy; and a song by Beethoven, 'Ich denke dein.'"

[FOOTNOTE: No doubt, those Mazurkas by Chopin which, adapting to them Spanish words, she had arranged for voice and piano. Hiller wrote mostenthusiastically of these arrangements and her performance of them.]

Mr. Salaman said, at a meeting of the London Musical Association (April 5, 1880), in the course of a discussion on the subject of Chopin, that he was present at the matinee at the house of Mrs. Sartoris, and would never forget the concert-giver's playing, especially of the waltz in D flat. "I remember every bar, how he played it, and the appearance of his long, attenuated fingers during the time he was playing. [FOOTNOTE: Their thinness may have made them appear long, but they were not really so. See Appendix III.] He seemed quite exhausted." Mr. Salaman was particularly struck by the delicacy and refinement of Chopin's touch, and the utmost exquisiteness of expression.

To Chopin, as the reader will see in the letter addressed to Franchomme, and dated August 6th and 11th, these semi-public performances had only the one redeeming point—that they procured him much-needed money, otherwise he regarded them as a great annoyance. And this is not to be wondered at, if we consider the physical weakness under which he was then labouring. When Chopin went before these matinees to Broadwood's to try the pianoforte on which he was to play, he had each time to be carried up the flight of stairs which led to the piano-room. Chopin had also to be carried upstairs when he came to a concert which his pupil Lindsay Sloper gave in this year in the Hanover Square Rooms. But nothing brings his miserable condition so vividly before us as

his own letters.

Chopin to Grzymala, London, July 18, 1848:—

My best thanks for your kind lines and the accom
from my people. Heaven be thanked, they are all
are they concerned about me? I cannot become sac
a real joy I have not felt for a long time. Inde
nothing at all, I only vegetate, waiting patient
Next week I go to Scotland to Lord Torphichen, t
law of my Scottish friends, the Misses Stirling,
already with him (in the neighbourhood of Edinbu
to me and invited me heartily, as did also Lady
influential lady of high rank there, who takes a
extraordinary interest in music, not to mention
invitations I have received from various parts c
I cannot wander about from one place to another
strolling musician; such a vagabond' life is hat
and not conducive to my health. I intend to rema
till the 29th of August, on which day I go as fa
Manchester, where I am engaged to play in public
there twice without orchestra, and receive for t
[pounds]. The Alboni comes also, but all this do
interest me—I just seat myself at the piano, and
play. I shall stay during this time with rich ma
with whom also Neukomm [FOOTNOTE: Karasowski has
which is, of course, either a misreading or a mi
probably the former, as it is to be found in all
his book.] has stayed. What I shall do next I do
If only someone could foretell whether I shall r
here during the winter..."Your

Had Chopin, when he left Paris, really in view the possibility of settling in London? There was at the time a rumour of this being the case. The Athenaeum (April 8, 1848), in the note already adverted to, said: —"M. Chopin is expected, if not already here—it is

even added to remain in England." But if he embraced the idea at first, he soon began to loosen his grasp of it, and, before long, abandoned it altogether. In his then state of health existence would have been a burden anywhere, but it was a greater one away from his accustomed surroundings. Moreover, English life to be enjoyable requires a robustness of constitution, sentimental and intellectual as well as physical, which the delicately-organised artist, even in his best time, could not boast of. If London and the rest of Britain was not to the mind of Chopin, it was not for want of good-will among the people. Chopin's letters show distinctly that kindness was showered upon him from all sides. And these letters do not by any means contain a complete roll of those who were serviceable to him. The name of Frederick Beale, the publisher, for instance, is not to be found there, and yet he is said, with what truth I do not know, to have attached himself to the tone-poet.

[FOOTNOTE: Mr. Hipkins heard Chopin play at Broadwood's to Beale the Waltzes in D flat major and C sharp minor (Nos. 1 and 2 of Op. 64), subsequently published by Cramer, Beale and Co. But why did the publisher not bring out the whole opus (three waltzes, not two), which had already been in print in France and Germany for nine or ten months? Was his attachment to the composer weaker than his attachment to his cash-box?]

The attentions of the piano-makers, on the other hand, are duly remembered. In connection with them I must not forget to record the fact that Mr. Henry Fowler Broadwood had a concert grand, the first in a complete iron frame, expressly made for Chopin, who, unfortunately, did not live to play upon it.

[FOOTNOTE: For particulars about the Broadwood

pianos used by Chopin in England and Scotland (and he used there no others at his public concerts and principal private entertainments), see the List of John Broadwood & Sons' Exhibits at the International Inventions Exhibition (1885), a pamphlet full of interesting information concerning the history and construction of the pianoforte. It is from the pen of A. J. Hipkins.]

A name one misses with surprise in Chopin's letters is that of his Norwegian pupil Tellefsen, who came over from Paris to London, and seems to have devoted himself to his master. [FOOTNOTE: Tellefsen, says Mr. Hipkins, was nearly always with Chopin.] Of his ever-watchful ministering friend Miss Stirling and her relations we shall hear more in the following letters.

Chopin started for Scotland early in August, 1848, for on the 6th August he writes to Franchomme that he had left London a few days before.

Chopin to Franchomme; Edinburgh, August 6 1848. House, August 11:—

Very dear friend,—I do not know what to say. The seems to me, is not even to attempt to console y loss of your father. I know your grief—time itse little such sorrows. I left London a few days ag journey to Edinburgh (407 miles) in twelve hours taken a day's rest in Edinburgh, I went to Calde twelve miles from Edinburgh, the mansion of Lorc brother-in-law of Madame Erskine, where I expect till the end of the month and to rest after my g London. I gave two matinees, which it appears ha pleasure, but which, for all that, did not the l Without them, however, I do not know how I could three months in this dear London, with large apa (absolutely necessary), carriage, and valet. My

altogether bad, but I become more feeble, and th
does not yet agree with me. Miss Stirling was go
to you from London, and asks me to beg you to ex
fact is that these ladies had many preparations
their journey to Scotland, where they intend to
months. There is in Edinburgh a pupil of yours,
I believe.

[FOOTNOTE: Louis Drechsler (son of the Dessau vi
Carl Drechsler and uncle of the Edinburgh violon
conductor Carl Drechsler Hamilton), who came to
August, 1841, and died there on June 25,1860. Fr
notice in a local paper I gather that he studied
Franchomme in 1845.]

He came to see me in London; he appeared to me a
fellow, and he loves you much. He plays duets [i
musique] with a great lady of this country, Lady
of my sexagenarian pupils in London, to whom I h
promised a visit in her beautiful mansion. [FOOT
of Lord (Sir John Archibald) Murray, I think. At
this lady was very musical and in the habit of p
Louis Drechsler.] But I do not know how I shall
have promised to be in Manchester on the 28th of
play at a concert for 60 pounds. Neukomm is ther
provided that he does not improvise on the same
qu'il ne m'improvise pas le meme jour], I reckon
60 francs [he means, of course, "60 pounds"].

[FOOTNOTE: Thinking that this remark had some hi
I applied to Franchomme for an explanation; but
as follows: "Chopin trouvait que Neukomm etait u
ennuyeux, et il lui etait desagreable de penser
pourrait improviser dans le concert dans lequel
jouer."]

After that I don't know what will become of me.
very much if they were to give me a pension for
having composed nothing, not even an air a la Os
Sowinski (both of them excellent friends), the o

Irishman, the other a compatriot of mine (I am p
than of the rejected representative Antoine de F
Frenchman of the north and animal of the south).
"Frenchmen of the north" used to be a common app
the Poles.]

After these parentheses, I will tell you truly t
[FOOTNOTE: Here probably "not" ought to be added
become of me in autumn. At any rate, if you get
me do not complain of me, for I think very often
you. If you see Mdlle. de Rozieres or Grzymala,
other of them will have heard something—if not t
some friends. The park here is very beautiful, t
manor very excellent, and I am as well as I am p
be. Not one proper musical idea. I am out of my
like, for instance, an ass at a masked ball, a c
[first, i.e., highest string] of a violin on a c
astonished, amazed, lulled to sleep as if I were
trait [a run or a phrase] of Bodiot [FOOTNOTE: T
Charles Nicolas Baudiot (1773–1849), the violonc
time professor at the Conservatoire. He publishe
many compositions for his instrument.] (before t
February), [FOOTNOTE: The revolution of February
a stroke of the bow of M. Cap [FOOTNOTE: This ge
amateur player of the violoncello and other stri
instruments.] (after the June days). [FOOTNOTE:
insurrection of the Red Republicans on June 23–2
hope they are still flourishing, for I cannot do
in writing. But another real question is, that I
no friends to deplore in all these terrible affa
health of Madame Franchomme and of the little ch
me a line, and address it to London, care of Mr.
33, Great Pulteney Street, Golden Square. I have
perfect (material) tranquillity, and pretty Scot
wish I were able to compose a little, were it on
these good ladies—Madame Erskine and Mdlle. Stir
a Broadwood piano in my room, the Pleyel of Miss
my salon. I lack neither paper nor pens. I hope
will compose something, and may God grant that I
newly born. I have friends in London who advise

there the winter.—But I shall listen only to my
what [mon je ne sais quoi]; or, rather, I shall
last comer—this comes often to the same thing as
well. Adieu dear, dear friend! My most sincere w
Madame Franchomme for her children. I hope that
himself with his bass, that Cecile works well, a
little sister always reads her books. Remember m
Lasserve, I pray you, and correct my orthography
French.

The following words are written along the margir

The people here are ugly, but, it would seem, go
compensation there are charming, apparently misc
cattle, perfect milk, butter, eggs, and tout ce
cheese and chickens.

To save the reader from becoming confused by allusions in Chopin's letters to names of unknown persons and places, I will now say a few words about the composer's Scotch friends. The Stirlings of Keir, generally regarded as the principal family of the name, are said to be descended from Walter de Striveline, Strivelyn, or Strivelyng, Lucas of Strivelyng (1370-1449) being the first possessor of Keyr. The family was for about two centuries engaged in the East India and West India trade. Archibald Stirling, the father of the late baronet, went, as William Fraser relates in The Stirlings of Keir, like former younger sons, to Jamaica, where he was a planter for nearly twenty-five years. He succeeded his brother James in 1831, greatly improved the mansion, and died in 1847. When Chopin visited Keir it was in the possession of William Stirling, who, in 1865, became Sir William Stirling-Maxwell (his mother was a daughter of Sir John Maxwell), and is well-known by his literary

works—Annals of the Artists of Spain (1848), The Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V. (1852), Velasquez (1855), &c. He was the uncle of Jane Stirling and Mrs. Erskine, daughters (the former the youngest daughter) of John Stirling, of Kippendavie and Kippenross, and friends of Chopin. W. Hanna, the editor of the Letters of Thomas Erskine of Linlathen, says that Jane Stirling was a cousin and particular friend of Thomas Erskine. The latter used in later life to regard her and the Duchess de Broglie as the most remarkable women he had ever met:—

In her later years she lived much in Paris, and her friends there Ary Scheffer. In his "Christus this eminent artist has presented in one of the ideal of female beauty, and was struck on being introduced to Miss Stirling to find in her the a embodiment of that ideal. She was introduced aft many of his pictures.

In a letter addressed to Mrs. Schwabe, and dated February 14, 1859, we read about her:—

She was ill for eight weeks, and suffered a grea know you will feel this deeply, for you could ap purity and beauty of that stream of love which f her whole life. I don't think that I ever knew a seemed more entirely to have given up self, and whole being to the good of others. I remember he yesterday, and I never saw anything in her but w lovable from the beginning to the end of her cou

Lindsay Sloper, who lived in Paris from 1841 to 1846, told me that Miss Stirling, who was likewise staying there, took for some time lessons from him. As she wished to become a pupil of Chopin, he spoke to his master about her. Chopin, Lindsay Sloper said,

was pleased with her playing, and soon began to like her.

[FOOTNOTE: To the above I must append a cautionary foot-note. In his account to me Lindsay Sloper made two mistakes which prove that his memory was not one of the most trustworthy, and suggest even the possibility that his Miss Stirling was a different person from Chopin's friend. His mistakes were these: he called Mrs. Erskine, who was with Miss Stirling in Paris, her aunt instead of her sister; and thought that Miss Stirling was about eighteen years old when he taught her. The information I shall give farther on seems to show that she was older rather than younger than Chopin; indeed, Mr Hipkins is of opinion that she was in 1848 nearer fifty than forty.]

To her the composer dedicated his Deux Nocturnes, Op. 55, which he published in August, 1844. It was thought that she was in love with Chopin, and there were rumours of their going to be married. Gutmann informed me that Chopin said to him one day when he was ill: "They have married me to Miss Stirling; she might as well marry death." Of Miss Jane Stirling's elder sister Katherine, who, in 1811, married her cousin James Erskine, and lost her husband already in 1816, Thomas Erskine says: "She was an admirable woman, faithful and diligent in all duties, and unwearied in her efforts to help those who needed her help." Lord Torphichen, at whose residence (Calder House, twelve miles from Edinburgh) Chopin passed much of his time in Scotland, was, as we learn from the composer's letters, a brother-in-law of Miss Stirling and Mrs. Erskine. Johnstone Castle (twelve miles from Glasgow), where Chopin was also received as a guest, belonged to the Houston family, friends of the

Erskines and Stirlings, but, I think, no relations. The death of Ludovic Houston, Esq., in 1862, is alluded to in one of Thomas Erskine's letters.

But Chopin, while in Scotland, was not always staying in manors and castles, now and then he was housed less aristocratically, though perhaps not less, nay, probably more, comfortably. Such humbler quarters he found at the house (10, Warriston Crescent) of Dr. Lyschinski, a Pole by birth, and a refugee, who after studying medicine in Edinburgh practised it there until a few years ago when he removed to London. For the information which I am now going to give I am indebted to Mrs. Lyschinski. Among those who received Chopin at the Edinburgh railway station was Dr. Lyschinski who addressed him in Polish. The composer put up at an hotel (perhaps the London Hotel, in St. Andrew's Square). Next day—Miss Paterson, a neighbour, having placed her carriage at Chopin's disposal—Mrs. Lyschinski took him out for a drive. He soon got tired of the hotel, in fact, felt it quite unbearable, and told the doctor, to whom he had at once taken a fancy, that he could not do without him. Whereupon the latter said: "Well, then you must come to my house; and as it is rather small, you must be satisfied with the nursery." So the children were sent to a friend's house, and the nursery was made into a bedroom for the illustrious guest, an adjoining bedroom being prepared for his servant Daniel, an Irish-Frenchman. Unless the above refers to Chopin's return to Scotland in September, after his visit to Manchester, Mrs. Lyschinski confuses her reminiscences a little, for, as the last-quoted letter proves, he tarried, on his first arrival, only one day in Edinburgh. But the facts, even if not exactly grouped, are, no doubt, otherwise correctly remembered. Chopin rose very late in the

day, and in the morning had soup in his room. His hair was curled daily by the servant, and his shirts, boots, and other things were of the neatest—in fact, he was a petit-maitre, more vain in dress than any woman. The maid-servants found themselves strictly excluded from his room, however indispensable their presence might seem to them in the interests of neatness and cleanliness. Chopin was so weak that Dr. Lyschinski had always to carry him upstairs. After dinner he sat before the fire, often shivering with cold. Then all on a sudden he would cross the room, seat himself at the piano, and play himself warm. He could bear neither dictation nor contradiction: if you told him to go to the fire, he would go to the other end of the room where the piano stood. Indeed, he was imperious. He once asked Mrs. Lyschinski to sing. She declined. At this he was astonished and quite angry. "Doctor, would you take it amiss if I were to force your wife to do it?" The idea of a woman refusing him anything seemed to him preposterous. Mrs. Lyschinski says that Chopin was gallant to all ladies alike, but thinks that he had no heart. She used to tease him about women, saying, for instance, that Miss Stirling was a particular friend of his. He replied that he had no particular friends among the ladies, that he gave to all an equal share of his attention. "Not even George Sand then," she asked, "is a particular friend?" "Not even George Sand," was the reply. Had Mrs. Lyschinski known the real state of matters between Chopin and George Sand, she certainly would not have asked that question. He, however, by no means always avoided the mention of his faithless love. Speaking one day of his thinness he remarked that she used to call him mon cher cadavre. Miss Stirling was much about Chopin. I may mention by the way

that Mrs. Lyschinski told me that Miss Stirling was much older than Chopin, and her love for him, although passionate, purely Platonic. Princess Czartoryska arrived some time after Chopin, and accompanied him, my informant says, wherever he went. But, as we see from one of his letters, her stay in Scotland was short. The composer was always on the move. Indeed, Dr. Lyschinski's was hardly more than a pied-a-terre for him: he never stayed long, and generally came unexpectedly. A number of places where Chopin was a guest are mentioned in his letters. Mrs. Lyschinski thinks that he also visited the Duke of Hamilton.

At the end of August and at the end of September and beginning of October, this idling was interrupted by serious work, and a kind of work which, at no time to his liking, was particularly irksome in the then state of his health.

The Manchester Guardian of August 19, 1848, contained the following advertisement:—

Concert Hall.—The Directors beg to announce to t
Subscribers that a Dress Concert has been fixed
the 28th of August next, for which the followinç
have already been engaged: Signora Alboni, Signc
Signer Salvi, and Mons. Chopin.

From an account of the concert in the same paper (August 30), the writer of which declares the concert to have been the most brilliant of the season, we learn that the orchestra, led by Mr. Seymour, played three overtures—Weber's Ruler of the Spirits, Beethoven's Prometheus, and Rossini's Barbiere di Siviglia; and that Chopin performed an Andante and Scherzo, and a Nocturne, Etudes, and the Berceuse of his own composition. With regard to Chopin we read

in this critique:—

With the more instrumental portion of the audier
Chopin was perhaps an equal feature of interest
as he was preceded by a high musical reputation.
appears to be about thirty years of age. [FOOTNO
says Mr. Hipkins, had a young look, although muc
is very spare in frame, and there is an almost p
feebleness in his appearance and gait. This vani
seats himself at the instrument, in which he see
time perfectly absorbed. Chopin's music and styl
performance partake of the same leading characte
refinement rather than vigour—subtle elaboration
simple comprehensiveness in composition—an elega
touch, rather than a firm, nervous grasp of the
Both his compositions and playing appear to be t
of chamber music—fit to be associated with the m
instrumental quartet and quartet playing—but war
and obviousness of design, and executive power,
effective in a large hall. These are our impress
hearing Mons. Chopin for the first time on Monda
was warmly applauded by many of the most accompl
in the town, and he received an encore in his la
compliment thus accorded to each of the four Lor
who appeared at the concert.

From the criticism of the Manchester Courier and Lancashire General Advertiser (August 30, 1848), I cull the following remarks:—

We can, with great sincerity, say that he deligh
we did not discover in him the vigour of Thalber
was a chasteness and purity of style, a correctn
manipulation combined with a brilliance of touch
sensibility of expression which we never heard e
played in the second act [part]... and elicited
encore. He did not, however, repeat any part, bu
audience with what appeared to be a fragment of

Mr. Osborne, in a paper on Chopin read before the London Musical Association, says:—

> *On a tour which I made with Alboni, I met Chopir Manchester, where he was announced to play at a without orchestra. He begged I should not be pre dear Osborne," said he, "who have heard me so o remain with those impressions. My playing will l a large room, and my compositions will be ineffe presence at the concert will be painful both to*

Mr. Osborne told his audience further that notwithstanding this appeal he was present in a remote corner of the room. I may add that although he could absent himself from the hall for the time Chopin was playing, he could not absent himself from the concert, for, as the papers tell us, he acted as accompanist. The impression which Chopin's performance on this occasion left upon his friend's mind is described in the following few sad words: "His playing was too delicate to create enthusiasm, and I felt truly sorry for him."

Soon after the concert Chopin returned to Scotland. How many days (between August 23 and September 7?) he remained in Manchester, I do not know, but it is well known that while staying there he was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Salis Schwabe. To Mrs. Salis Schwabe, a lady noted for her benevolence, Thomas Erskine addressed the letter concerning Miss Jane Stirling a part of which I quoted on one of the foregoing pages of this chapter. The reader remembers, of course, Chopin's prospective allusions to the Manchester concert in his letters to Franchomme (August 6, 1848) and Grzymala (July 18, 1848).

About a month after the concert at which he

played in Manchester, Chopin gave one of his own in Glasgow. Here is what may be read in the Courier of September 28 and previous days:—

Monsieur Chopin has the honour to announce that
musicals will take place on Wednesday, the 27th
the Merchant Hall, Glasgow. To commence at half-
o'clock. Tickets, limited in number, half-a-guir
full particulars to be had from Mr. Muir Wood, 4
Street.

The net profits of this concert are said to have been 60 pounds. Mr. Muir Wood relates:—

I was then a comparative stranger in Glasgow, bu
that so many private carriages had never been se
concert in the town. In fact, it was the county
turned out, with a few of the elite of Glasgow s
a morning concert, the citizens were busy otherw
a-guinea was considered too high a sum for their
daughters.

No doubt Chopin's playing and compositions must have been to the good Glasgow citizens of that day what caviare is to the general. In fact, Scotland, as regards music, had at that period not yet emerged from its state of primitive savagery. But if we may believe the learned critic in the Glasgow Courier, Chopin's matinee was numerously attended, and the audience, which consisted of "the beauty and fashion, indeed of the very elite of the West-end," thoroughly enjoyed the playing of the concert-giver and the singing of Madame Adelasio de Margueritte who assisted him. I think the reader will be interested by the following specimen of criticism for more than one reason:—

The performance was certainly of the highest orc
musical attainment and artistic skill, and was c
successful in interesting and delighting everyor
an hour and a half. Visited as we now are by the
musical talent, by this great player and the oth
composer, it must be difficult for each successi
for our patronage and applause to produce in sui
quantity that essential element to success—novel
Chopin has proved satisfactorily that it is not
estimate the capabilities of the instrument he h
much grace and ingenuity, or limit the skill and
magic touch makes it pour forth its sublime stra
electrify and delight anew the astonished listen
Chopin's treatment of the pianoforte is peculiar
and his style blends in beautiful harmony and pe
elegant, the picturesque, and the humorous. We c
present descend to practical illustrations in pr
observations, but feel persuaded we only express
of all who attended yesterday when we say that t
produces, without extraordinary effort, not only
new musical delights. Madame Adelasio has a beau
which she manages with great ease and occasional
She sang several airs with much taste and great
may mention that all the pieces were rapturously
and the audience separated with expressions of t
gratification.

Clearly this critic was not without judgment, although his literary taste and skill leave much to be desired. That there were real Chopin enthusiasts in Glasgow is proved by an effusion, full of praise and admiration, which the editor received from a correspondent and inserted on September 30, two days after the above criticism. But, without indulging our curiosity further, we will now take our leave of Glasgow and Glasgow critics.

On October 4, Chopin gave an evening concert in Edinburgh. Here is the programme:—

HOPETOUN ROOMS, QUEEN STREET.
MONSIEUR CHOPIN'S SOIREE MUSICALE.

Programme.

1. *Andante et Impromptu.*
2. *Etudes.*
3. *Nocturne et Berceuse.*
4. *Grande Valse Brillante.*
5. *Andante precede d'un Largo.*
6. *Preludes, Ballade, Mazurkas et Vals*

To commence at half-past eight o'clock. Ticke
limited to number, half-a-guinea each. To be

Mrs. Lyschinski told me that this concert was chiefly attended by the nobility. Half-a-guinea had never been charged for admission to a concert (which is probably overstating the case), and Chopin was little known. Miss Stirling, who was afraid the hall might not be filled, bought fifty pounds' worth of tickets. The piano on which Chopin played (one sent by Broadwood, and used in Glasgow as well as in Edinburgh) was afterwards sold for 30 pounds above the price. Thus, at any rate, runs the legend.

In the Edinburgh Courant, which contained on September 30 and on other days an advertisement similar to the Glasgow one (with the addition of a programme, consisting, however, only of the 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 6th items of the one above given), there appeared on October 7, 1848, a notice of the concert, a part of which may find a place here:—

This talented pianist gratified his admirers by
on Wednesday evening in the Hopetoun Rooms, whe
highly fashionable audience assembled to welcome
first appearance in Edinburgh...Chopin's composi

been too long before the musical portion of Euro
been too highly appreciated to require any comme
than that they are among the best specimens of c
excellence in pianoforte music. Of his executior
nothing further than that it is the most finishe
heard. He has neither the ponderosity nor the di
a Mendelssohn, a Thalberg, or Liszt; consequentl
execution would appear less effective in a large
a chamber pianist he stands unrivalled. Notwiths
amount of musical entertainment already afforded
public this season, the rooms were filled with a
who, by their judicious and well-timed applause,
their appreciation of the high talent of Monsieu

An Edinburgh correspondent of the Musical World, who signs himself "M.," confirms (October 14, 1848) the statements of the critic of the Courant. From this communication we learn that one of the etudes played was in F minor (probably No. 2 of Op. 25, although there are two others in the same key—No. 9 of Op. 10 and No. 1 of Trois Etudes without opus number). The problematical Andante precede d'un Largo was, no doubt, a juxtaposition of two of his shorter compositions, this title being chosen to vary the programme. From Mr. Hipkins I learned that at this Chopin played frequently the slow movement from his Op. 22, Grande Polonaise preceded d'un Andante Spianato.

And now we will let Chopin again speak for himself.

Chopin to Grzymala; Keir, Perthshire, Sunday, October 1, 1848:—

No post, no railway, also no carriage (not even
air), no boat, not a dog to be seen—all desolate
My dearest friend,—Just at the moment when I hac
begun to write to you on another sheet, your anc

letters were brought to me. Heaven be thanked th
hitherto spared them. But why do you not write a
yourself? and yet to you corresponding is much e
me; for I have been writing to you daily for a w
already—namely, since my return from northern Sc
(Strachur [FOOTNOTE: A small town, eight miles s
Inveraray, in Argyleshire.])—without getting dor
indeed, that you have an invalid in Versailles;
[FOOTNOTE: Mdlle. de Rozieres.] wrote to me that
her a visit, and then in great haste had gone to
Versailles. I hope it is not your grandfather or
or one of your dear neighbours, the Rochanskis.
as yet nothing of cholera, but in London it appe
here and there.

With your letter, which I received at Johnstone
which you informed me that you had been with Sol
suppose Solange, Madame Clesinger, George Sand's
the Gymnase Theatre, there came at the same time
Edinburgh, from Prince Alexander Czartoryski, wi
that he and his wife had arrived, and that he wo
glad to see me. Although tired, I at once took t
found them still in Edinburgh. Princess Marcelli
as she always is to me. The intercourse with the
me, and gave me strength to play in Glasgow, whe
haute volee had gathered for my concert. The wea
magnificent, and the princely family had even co
Edinburgh with little Marcel, who is growing nic
already my compositions, yes, and even corrects
someone making mistakes. It was on Wednesday aft
o'clock, and the princely couple did me the kind
along with me an invitation to a dinner at Johns
(by the way, twelve English miles from Glasgow)
concert; in this way, then, I passed the whole d
Lord and Lady Murray and the old Lord Torphichen
a distance of a hundred miles) drove also thithe
the next day all were quite charmed with the ami
Princess Marcelline. The princely pair returned
whence, after a visit to Loch Tamen, [FOOTNOTE:
such loch. Could it possibly be Loch Lomond? Loc

to me less likely.] they wished to go back at or
and thence to the Continent. The Prince spoke of
sincere kindness. I can very well imagine what y
must suffer when you see what is now going on in
cannot think how I revived, how lively I became
the society of such dear countrymen; but to-day
very depressed. O, this mist! Although, from the
which I write, I have before me the most beautif
Stirling Castle—it is the same, as you will reme
delighted Robert Bruce—and mountains, lochs, a c
in one word, the view most celebrated for its be
Scotland; I see nothing, except now and then, wh
gives way to the sun. The owner of this mansion,
Stirling, is the uncle of our Scotch ladies, and
the family. I made his acquaintance in London; h
bachelor, and has a very beautiful picture-galle
especially distinguished by works of Murillo and
masters. He has lately even published a very int
on the Spanish school; he has travelled much (vi
East), and is a very intelligent man. All Englis
who come to Scotland go to him; he has always an
so that there are daily on an average about thir
dinner with him. In this way one has opportunity
the most different English beauties; lately ther
instance, for some days a Mrs. Boston here, but
gone. As to dukes, earls, and lords, one now see
them than ever, because the Queen has sojourned
Yesterday she passed close by us by rail, as she
a certain time in London, and there was such a t
that she preferred to return from Aberdeen to Lo
and not (as she had come) by boat—to the great r
navy, which had prepared various festivities for
said that her consort, Prince Albert, was very m
this, as he becomes always sea-sick on board, wh
like a true ruler of the sea, is not inconvenien
voyage. I shall soon have forgotten Polish, spea
an Englishman, and English like a Scotchman—in s
Jawurek, jumble together five languages. If I do
you a Jeremiad, it is not because you cannot com
because you are the only one who knows everythin

once begin to complain, there will be no end to
will always be in the same key. But it is incor
say: "always in the same key," for things are ge
with me every day. I feel weaker; I cannot compo
want of inclination, but for physical reasons, a
am every week in a different place. But what sha
least, I shall save something for the winter. In
have in plenty, and cannot even go where I shoul
instance, to the Duchess of Argyll and Lady Bell
season is already too far advanced and too dange
enfeebled health. I am all the morning unable to
and when I have dressed myself I feel again so t
must rest. After dinner I must sit two hours wit
gentlemen, hear what they say, and see how much
Meanwhile I feel bored to death. I think of some
different, and then go to the drawing-room, wher
all my strength to revive, for all are anxious t
Afterwards my good Daniel carries me upstairs to
undresses me, puts me to bed, leaves the candle
then I am again at liberty to sigh and to dream
to pass the next day just like the preceding one
settled down in some measure, I must continue my
my Scotch ladies do not allow me—to be sure with
intentions in the world—any rest. They fetch me
me to all their relations; they will at last kil
their kindness, and I must bear it all out of pu

Your

FREDERICK.

Chopin to Gutmann; Calder House, October 16, 1848 (twelve miles from Edinburgh):—

Very dear friend,—What are you doing? How are yo
your country, your art? you are unjustly severe
you know my infirmity in the matter of letter-wr
thought of you much, and on reading the other da
was a disturbance at Heidelberg, I tried some th

draughts [brouillons] in order to send you a lir
them all being to be thrown into the fire. This
perhaps reach you and find you happy with your ç
Since I had news from you, I have been in Scotla
beautiful country of Walter Scott, with so many
Mary Stuart, the two Charleses, &c. I drag mysel
lord to another, from one duke to another. I fir
besides extreme kindness and hospitality without
excellent pianos, beautiful pictures, choice lik
are also hunts, horses, dogs, interminable dinne
cellars of which I avail myself less. It is impo
an idea of all the elaborate comfort which reigr
English mansions. The Queen having passed this y
in Scotland, all England followed her, partly ou
partly because of the impossibility of going to
Continent. Everything here has become doubly spl
the sun, which has done nothing more than usual;
winter advances, and I do not know yet what will
I am writing to you from Lord Torphichen's. In t
above my apartment, John Knox, the Scotch reform
for the first time the Sacrament. Everything her
matter for the imagination—a park with hundred-y
trees, precipices, walls of the castle in ruins,
passages with numberless old ancestors—there is
certain Red-cowl which walks there at midnight.
my incertitude. [Il y a meme un certain bonnet r
promene a minuit. J'y promene mon incertitude.]

Cholera is coming; there is fog and spleen in Lo
president in Paris. It does not matter where I ç
suffocate, I shall always love you. Present my r
your mother, and all my wishes for the happiness
Write me a line to the address: Dr. Lishinsky, (
letter I shall next place before the reader is a
Chopin to "Dr. Lishinski." In an Edinburgh medic
the name appeared as Lyszynski.] 10, Warriston C
Edinburgh, Scotland.—Yours, with all my heart,

CHOPIN.

P.S.—I have played in Edinburgh; the nobility of neighbourhood came to hear me; people say the th well—a little success and money. There were this Scotland Lind, Grisi, Alboni, Mario, Salvi—every

From Chopin's letters may be gathered that he arrived once more in London at the end of October or beginning of November.

Chopin to Dr. Lyschinski; London, November 3, 1848:—

I received yesterday your kind words with the le Heidelberg. I am as perplexed here as when I was have the same love in my heart for you as when I My respects to your wife and your neighbours. Ma you!

I embrace you cordially. I have seen the Princes [Czartoryska]; they were inquiring about you mos

My present abode is 4, St. James's Place. If any come for me, please send it to that address.

3rd November, 1848.

Pray send the enclosed note to Miss Stirling, wh is still at Barnton.

[FOOTNOTE: In this case, as when writing to Woyc Matuszynski, Fontana, Franchomme and Gutmann, Ch addressing his correspondent, the pronoun of the singular. Here I may also mention the curious mo seal: three C's in the form of horns (with mouth bells) intertwined.]

The following letter shows in what state of mind and body Chopin was at the time.

Chopin to Grzymala; London, October [should be November] 17-18, 1848:—

My dearest friend,—For the last eighteen days, t
my arrival in London, I have been ill, and had s
cold in my head (with headache, difficult breath
my bad symptoms) that I did not get out of doors
physician visits me daily (a homoeopathist of th
Mallan, the same whom my Scotch ladies have and
great reputation, and is married to a niece of t
Gainsborough). He has succeeded in restoring me
yesterday I was able to take part in the Polish
Ball; I went, however, at once home, after I hac
my task. The whole night I could not sleep, as I
besides cough and asthma, from very violent head
the mist has not been very bad, so that, in orde
little fresh air, I can open the windows of my a
notwithstanding the keen cold. I live at No. 4,
Street, see almost every day the excellent Szulc
Broadwood, Mrs. Erskine, who followed me hither
Stirling, and especially Prince Alexander [Czart
his wife.

[FOOTNOTE: Charles Francis Szulczewski, son of C
Szulczewski, Receiver General for the District c
on January 18, 1814, was educated at the Militar
Kalisz, served during the War of 1831 in the Cor
Artillery under General Bem, obtained the Cross
(virtuti militari) for distinguishing himself at
passed the first years of his refugee life in Fr
1842 took up his residence in London, where, in
became Secretary of the Literary Association of
Poland. He was promoted for his services to the
in the Polish Legion, which was formed in Turkey
command of Ladislas Zamoyski, and after the trea
(1856) the English Government appointed him to a
War Office. Major Szulczewski, who died on Octob
was an ardent patriot, highly esteemed not only
countrymen, but also by all others who came in c

him, numbering among his friends the late Lord I
and the late Earl of Harrowby.]

Address your letters, please, to Szulczewski. I
come to Paris, but I am always considering what
to return there. Here in these apartments, which
healthy man would be good, I cannot remain, alth
beautifully situated and not dear (four and a ha
week, inclusive of bed, coals, &c.); they are ne
Stuart's, [FOOTNOTE: Lord Dudley Cuotts Stuart,
generous friend of the Poles.] who has just left
worthy gentleman came to inquire how I felt afte
concert. Probably I shall take up my quarters wi
because he has much larger rooms, in which I car
freely. En tout cas—inquire, please, whether the
somewhere on the Boulevard, in the neighbourhood
la Paix or Rue Royale, apartments to be had on t
with windows towards the south; or, for aught I
Rue des Mathurin, but not in the Rue Godot or ot
narrow streets; at any rate, there must be inclu
the servant. Perhaps Franck's old quarters, whic
mine, at the excellent Madame Etienne's, in the
(Cite d'Orleans), are unoccupied; for I know fro
that I cannot keep on my old ones during the win
were only on the same story a room for the serva
go again and live with Madame Etienne, but I sho
to let my Daniel go away, as, should I at any ti
able to return to England, he will be acquainted
everything.

Why I bother you with all this I don't know myse
think of myself, and, therefore, I beg of you, a
this. I have never cursed anyone, but now I am s
life that I am near cursing Lucrezia! [FOOTNOTE:
This allusion after what has been said in a prev
about her novel Lucrezia Floriani needs no furth
explanation.] But she suffers too, and suffers m
she grows daily older in wickedness. What a pity
[FOOTNOTE: I suppose Solange, Madame Clesinger,
daughter.] Alas! everything is going wrong in th

Think only that Arago with the eagle on his brea represents France!!! Louis Blanc attracts here r attention. The deputation of the national guard Caussidier out of the Hotel de la Sablonniere (1 Square) from the table d'hote with the exclamati n'etes pas francais!"

Should you find apartments, let me know at once; give up the old ones till then.—Your

FREDERICK.

The Polish Ball and Concert alluded to in the above letter deserves our attention, for on that occasion Chopin was heard for the last time in public, indeed, his performance there may be truly called the swan's song.

The following is an advertisement which appeared in the DAILY NEWS of November 1, 1848:—

Grand Polish Ball and Concert at Guildhall, unde distinguished patronage, and on a scale of more magnificence, will take place on Thursday, the 1 November, by permission of the Lord Mayor and Co the City of London; particulars of which will be announced to the public.

JAMES R. CARR, HONORA

The information given in this advertisement is supplemented in one of November 15:—

The magnificent decorations used on the Lord May by permission, preserved. The concert will compr eminent vocalists. Tickets (refreshments include and gentleman, 21/-; for a gentleman, 15/-; for to be had of, &c.

On the 17th of November the TIMES had, of course, an account of the festivity of the preceding night:—

The patrons and patronesses of this annual or ra
demonstration in favour of foreign claims on dom
assembled last night at Guildhall much in the sa
assembled last year and on previous occasions, t
certainly not in such numbers, nor in such quali
years ago. The great hall was illuminated and de
the Lord Mayor's banquet. The appearance was bri
being particularly lively.

Then the dancing, Mr. Adams' excellent band, the refreshment rooms, a few noble Lords, the Lord Mayor, and some of the civic authorities (who "diversified the plain misters and mistresses who formed the majority"), the gay costumes of some Highlanders and Spaniards, and Lord Dudley (the great lion of the evening)—all these are mentioned, but there is not a word about Chopin. Of the concert we read only that it "was much the same as on former anniversaries, and at its conclusion many of the company departed." We learn, moreover, that the net profit was estimated at less than on former occasions.

The concert for which Chopin, prompted by his patriotism and persuaded by his friends, lent his assistance, was evidently a subordinate part of the proceedings in which few took any interest. The newspapers either do not notice it at all or but very briefly; in any case the great pianist-composer is ignored. Consequently, very little information is now to be obtained about this matter. Mr. Lindsay Sloper remembered that Chopin played among other things the "Etudes" in A flat and F minor (Op. 25, Nos. 1 &

2). But the best account we have of the concert are some remarks of one present at it which Mr. Hueffer quotes in his essay on Chopin in "Musical Studies":—

The people, hot from dancing, who went into the
played, were but little in the humour to pay att
anxious to return to their amusement. He was in
of exhaustion, and the affair resulted in disapp
playing at such a place was a well-intentioned m

What a sad conclusion to a noble artistic career!

Although Chopin was longing for Paris in November, he was still in London in the following January.

Chopin to Grzymaia; London, Tuesday, January, 1849:—

My dearest friend,—To-day I am again lying almos
day, but Thursday I shall leave the to me unbear
The night from Thursday to Friday I shall remain
and, I hope, go to bed on Friday night in the Pl
To other ailments is now added neuralgia. Please
sheets and pillows are quite dry and cause fir-n
bought; Madame Etienne is not to spare anything,
warm myself when I arrive. I have written to Dro
is to provide carpets and curtains. I shall pay
hanger Perrichon at once after my arrival. Tell
me a piano on Thursday; let it be closed and a n
violets be bought, so that there may be a nice t
the salon. I should like to find a little poesy
and in my bedroom, where I in all probability sh
for a long time.

Friday evening, then, I expect to be in Paris; a
here, and I shall go mad or die! My Scotch ladie
but so tedious that—God have mercy on us! They h
attached themselves to me that I cannot easily g

them; only Princess Marcelline [Czartoryska] and
and the excellent Szulczewski keep me alive. Hav
lighted in all rooms and the dust removed—perhap
recover.—Yours ever,

FREDERICK.

Mr. Niedzwiecki told me that he travelled with Chopin, who was accompanied by his servant, from London to Paris.

[FOOTNOTE: Leonard Niedzwiecki, born in the Kingdom of Poland in 1807, joined the National Army in 1830, distinguished himself on several battlefields, came in 1832 as a refugee to England, made there a livelihood by literary work and acted as honorary librarian of the Literary Association of the friends of Poland, left about 1845 London for Paris and became Private Secretary, first to General Count Ladislas Zamoyski, and after the Count's death to the widowed Countess. M. Niedzwiecki, who is also librarian of the Polish Library at Paris, now devotes all his time to historical and philological research.]

The three had a compartment to themselves. During the journey the invalid suffered greatly from frequent attacks of breathlessness. Chopin was delighted when he saw Boulogne. How hateful England and the English were to him is shown by the following anecdote. When they had left Boulogne and Chopin had been for some time looking at the landscape through which they were passing, he said to Mr. Niedzwiecki: "Do you see the cattle in this meadow? Ca a plus d'intelligence que les Anglais." Let us not be wroth at poor Chopin: he was then irritated by his troubles, and always anything but a cosmopolitan.

CHAPTER XXXII.

DETERIORATION OF CHOPIN'S STATE OF HEALTH.—TWO LETTERS.—REMOVES FROM THE SQUARE D'ORLEANS TO THE RUE CHAILLOT.—PECUNIARY CIRCUMSTANCES.—A CURIOUS STORY.—REMINISCENCES AND LETTERS CONNECTED WITH CHOPIN'S STAY IN THE RUE CHAILLOT.—REMOVES TO NO. 12, PLACE VENDOME.—LAST DAYS, AND DEATH.—FUNERAL.—LAST RESTING-PLACE.—MONUMENT AND COMMEMORATION IN 1850.

The physical condition in which we saw Chopin in the preceding chapter was not the outcome of a newly-contracted disease, but only an acuter phase of that old disease from which he had been suffering more or less for at least twelve years, and which in all probability he inherited from his father, who like himself died of a chest and heart complaint. [FOOTNOTE: My authority for this statement is Dr. Lyschinski, who must have got his information either from Chopin himself or his mother. That Chopin's youngest sister, Emilia, died of consumption in early life cannot but be regarded as a significant fact.] Long before Chopin went in search of health to Majorca, ominous symptoms showed themselves; and when he returned from the south, he was only partly restored, not cured.

My attachment [writes George Sand in "Ma Vie"] c
miracle of making him a little calm and happy, c
God had approved of it by preserving a little o
He declined, however, visibly, and I knew no lo
remedies to employ in order to combat the growi
of his nerves. The death of his friend Dr. Matus
that of his own father, [FOOTNOTE: Nicholas Cho
3, 1844. About Matuszynski's death see page 158.
two terrible blows. The Catholic dogma throws o
horrible terrors. Chopin, instead of dreaming fo
souls a better world, had only dreadful visions,
obliged to pass very many nights in a room adjo
always ready to rise a hundred times from my wo
drive away the spectres of his sleep and wakeful
of his own death appeared to him accompanied wit
superstitious imaginings of Slavonic poetry. As
lived under the nightmare of legends. The phanto
clasped him, and, instead of seeing his father a
smile at him in the ray of faith, he repelled th
faces from his own and struggled under the grasp
hands.

But a far more terrible blow than the deaths of his friend and his father was his desertion by George Sand, and we may be sure that it aggravated his disease a hundredfold. To be convinced of this we have only to remember his curse on Lucrezia (see the letter to Grzymala of November 17-18, 1848).

Jules Janin, in an obituary notice, says of Chopin that "he lived ten years, ten miraculous years, with a breath ready to fly away" (il a vecu dix ans, dix ans de miracle, d'un souffle pret a s'envoler). Another writer remarks: "In seeing him [Chopin] so puny, thin, and pale, one thought for a. long time that he was dying, and then one got accustomed to the idea that he could live always so." Stephen Heller in chatting to me about Chopin expressed the same idea in different words: "Chopin was often reported to

have died, so often, indeed, that people would not believe the news when he was really dead." There was in Chopin for many years, especially since 1837, a constant flux and reflux of life. To repeat another remark of Heller's: "Now he was ill, and then again one saw him walking on the boulevards in a thin coat." A married sister of Gutmann's remembers that Chopin had already, in 1843-4, to be carried upstairs, when he visited her mother, who in that year was staying with her children in Paris; to walk upstairs, even with assistance, would have been impossible to him.

For a long time [writes M. Charles Gavard] Chopi moving about with difficulty, and only went out himself carried to a few faithful friends. He vi no means in order that they might share his mise contrary, he seemed even to forget his troubles, of the family life, and in the midst of the demo love which he called forth from everyone, he fou and new strength to live.

[FOOTNOTE: In a manuscript now before me, contai reminiscences of the last months of Chopin's lif at whose disposal the author placed his manuscri LITERALY, in the twelfth chapter of his Chopin b after page, without the customary quotation mark

Edouard Wolff told me that, in the latter part of Chopin's life, he did not leave the carriage when he had any business at Schlesinger's music-shop; a shopman came out to the composer, who kept himself closely wrapped in his blue mantle. The following reminiscence is, like some of the preceding ones, somewhat vague with regard to time. Stephen Heller met Chopin shortly before the latter fell ill. On being asked where he was going, Chopin replied that

he was on his way to buy a new carpet, his old one having got worn, and then he complained of his legs beginning to swell. And Stephen Heller saw indeed that there were lumps of swelling. M. Mathias, describing to me his master as he saw him in 1847, wrote: "It was a painful spectacle to see Chopin at that time; he was the picture of exhaustion—the back bent, the head bowed forward—but always amiable and full of distinction." That Chopin was no longer in a condition to compose (he published nothing after October, 1847), and that playing in public was torture to him and an effort beyond his strength, we have already seen. But this was not all the misery; he was also unable to teach. Thus all his sources of income were cut off. From Chopin's pupil Madame Rubio (nee Vera de Kologrivof) I learned that latterly when her master was ill and could not give many lessons, he sent to her several of his pupils, among whom was also Miss Stirling, who then came to him only once a week instead of oftener. But after his return from England Chopin was no longer able to teach at all. [FOOTNOTE: "When languor [son mal de langueur] took hold of him," relates Henri Blaze de Bury in "Etudes et Souvenirs," "Chopin gave his lessons, stretched on a sofa, having within reach a piano of which he made use for demonstration."] This is what Franchomme told me, and he, in the last years especially, was intimately acquainted with Chopin, and knew all about his financial affairs, of which we shall hear more presently.

As we saw from the letter quoted at the end of the last chapter, Chopin took up his quarters in the Square d'Orleans, No. 9. He, however, did not find there the recovery of his health, of which he spoke in the concluding sentences. Indeed, Chopin knew

perfectly by that time that the game was lost. Hope showed herself to him now and then, but very dimly and doubtfully. Nothing proves the gravity of his illness and his utter prostration so much as the following letters in which he informs his Titus, the dearest friend of his youth, that he cannot go and meet him in Belgium.

Chopin to Titus Woyciechowski; Paris, August 20, 1849:—

Square d'Orleans, Rue St. Lazare, No 9.

My dearest friend,—Nothing but my being so ill a could prevent me from leaving Paris and hasteni at Ostend; but I hope that God will permit you t The doctors do not permit me to travel. I drink waters in my own room. But your presence would c than any kind of medicine.—Yours unto death,

FREDERICK.

Paris, September 12, 1849.

My dear Titus,—I had too little time to see abou for your coming here; [FOOTNOTE: As a Russian su Woyciechowski required a special permission from authorities to visit Paris, which was not readil Poles.] I cannot go after it myself, for the hal lie in bed. But I have asked one of my friends, great influence, to undertake this for me; I sha anything certain, about it till Saturday. I shou to go by rail to the frontier, as far as Valenci you again; but the doctors do not permit me to t because a few days ago I could not get as far as d'Avraye, near Versailles, where I have a goddau same reason they do not send me this winter to a climate. It is, then, illness that retains me; w

tolerably well I should certainly have visited y

Perhaps you may manage to come here. I am not eq to ask you to come only on my account; for, as I would have with me weary hours and disappointmer perhaps, also hours of comfort, and of beautiful of our youth, and I wish only that our time toge time of happiness.—Yours ever,

FREDERICK.

When Chopin wrote the second of the above letters he was staying in a part of Paris more suitable for summer quarters than the Square d'Orleans—namely, in the Rue Chaillot, whither he had removed in the end of August.

The Rue Chaillot [writes M. Charles Gavard] was quiet street, where one thought one's self rathe province than in the capital. A large court-yarc Chopin's apartments on the second story and with Paris, which can be seen from the height of Chai

The friends who found these apartments for the invalid composer made him believe that the rent was only 200 francs. But in reality it was 400 francs, and a Russian lady, Countess Obreskoff, [FOOTNOTE: Madame Rubio, differing in this one particular from Franchomme, said that Chopin paid 100 francs and Countess Obreskoff 200.] paid one half of it. When Chopin expressed surprise at the lowness of the rent, he was told that lodgings were cheap in summer.

This last story prompts me to say a few words about Chopin's pecuniary circumstances, and naturally leads me to another story, one more like romance than reality. Chopin was a bad manager, or rather he was no manager at all. He spent

inconsiderately, and neglecting to adapt his expenditure to his income, he was again and again under the necessity of adapting his income to his expenditure. Hence those borrowings of money from friends, those higglings with and dunnings of publishers, in short, all those meannesses which were unworthy of so distinguished an artist, and irreconcilable with his character of grand seigneur. Chopin's income was more than sufficient to provide him with all reasonable comforts; but he spent money like a giddy-headed, capricious woman, and unfortunately for him had not a fond father or husband to pay the debts thus incurred. Knowing in what an unsatisfactory state his financial affairs were when he was earning money by teaching and publishing, we can have no difficulty in imagining into what straits he must have been driven by the absolute cessation of work and the consequent cessation of income. The little he had saved in England and Scotland was soon gone, gone unawares; indeed, the discovery of the fact came to him as a surprise. What was to be done? Franchomme, his right hand, and his head too, in business and money matters—and now, of course, more than ever—was at his wits' end. He discussed the disquieting, threatening problem with some friends of Chopin, and through one of them the composer's destitution came to the knowledge of Miss Stirling. She cut the Gordian knot by sending her master 25,000 francs. [FOOTNOTE: M. Charles Gavard says 20,000 francs.] This noble gift, however; did not at once reach the hands of Chopin. When Franchomme, who knew what had been done, visited Chopin a few days afterwards, the invalid lamented as on previous occasions his impecuniosity, and in answer to the questions of his astonished friend

stated that he had received nothing. The enquiries which were forthwith set on foot led to the envelope with the precious enclosure being found untouched in the clock of the portiere, who intentionally or unintentionally had omitted to deliver it. The story is told in various ways, the above is the skeleton of apparently solid facts. I will now make the reader acquainted with the hitherto unpublished account of Madame Rubio, who declared solemnly that her version was correct in every detail. Franchomme's version, as given in Madame Audley's book on Chopin, differs in several points from that of Madame Rubio; I shall, therefore, reproduce it for comparison in a foot-note.

One day in 1849 Franchomme came to Madame Rubio, and said that something must be done to get money for Chopin. Madame Rubio thereupon went to Miss Stirling to acquaint her with the state of matters. When Miss Stirling heard of Chopin's want of money, she was amazed, and told her visitor that some time before she had, without the knowledge of anyone, sent Chopin 25,000 francs in a packet which, in order to conceal the sender, she got addressed and sealed in a shop. The ladies made enquiries as to the whereabouts of the money, but without result. A Scotch gentleman, a novelist (Madame Rubio had forgotten the name at the time she told the story, but was sure she would recall it, and no doubt would have done so, had not her sudden death soon after [FOOTNOTE: In the summer of 1880] intervened), proposed to consult the clairvoyant Alexandre. [FOOTNOTE: Madame Rubio always called the clairvoyant thus. See another name farther on.] The latter on being applied to told them that the packet along with a letter had been delivered to the portiere who had it then in her

possession, but that he could not say more until he got some of her hair. One evening when the portiere was bathing Chopin's feet, he—who had in the meantime been communicated with—talked to her about her hair and asked her to let him cut off one lock. She allowed him to do so, and thus Alexandre was enabled to say that the money was in the clock in the portiere's room. Having got this information, they went to the woman and asked her for the packet. She turned pale, and, drawing it out of the clock, said that at the time she forgot to give it to Chopin, and when she remembered it afterwards was afraid to do so. The packet of notes was unopened. Madame Rubio supposed that the portiere thought Chopin would soon die and that then she might keep the contents of the parcel.

[FOOTNOTE: After relating that an intimate friend of Chopin's told Miss Stirling of the latter's straitened circumstances, received from her bank-notes to the amount of 25,000 francs, and handed them enclosed in an envelope to the master's portiere with the request to deliver the packet immediately to its address, Madame Audley proceeds with her story (which Franchomme's death prevented me from verifying) thus: "Here, then, was a gleam of light in this darkened sky, and the reassured friends breathed more freely." "But what was my surprise," said M. Franchomme, from whom I have the story, "when some time after I heard Chopin renew his complaints and speak of his distress in the most poignant terms. Becoming impatient, and being quite at a loss as to what was going on," I said at last to him: "But, my dear friend, you have no cause to torment yourself, you can wait for the return of your health, you have money now!"—"I, money!" exclaimed Chopin; "I have nothing."—"How! and these 25,000 francs which

were sent you lately?"—"25,000 francs? Where are they? Who sent them to me? I have not received a sou!"—"Ah! really, that is too bad!" Great commotion among the friends. It was evident that the money given to the portiere had not arrived at its destination; but how to be assured of this? and what had become of it? Here was a curious enough fact, as if a little of the marvellous must always be mingled with Chopin's affairs. Paris at that time possessed a much run-after clairvoyant, the celebrated Alexis; they thought of going to consult him. But to get some information it was necessary to put him en rapport, directly or indirectly, with the person suspected. Now this person was, naturally, the portiere. By ruse or by address they got hold of a little scarf that she wore round her neck and placed it in the hands of the clairvoyant. The latter unhesitatingly declared that the 25,000 francs were behind the looking-glass in the loge. The friend who had brought them immediately presented himself to claim them; and our careful portiere, fearing, no doubt, the consequences of a too prolonged sequestration, drew the packet from behind the clock and held it out to him, saying: 'Eh bien, la v'la, vot' lettre!'"]

Chopin, however, refused to accept the whole of the 25,000 francs. According to Madame Rubio, he kept only 1,000 francs, returning the rest to Miss Stirling, whilst Franchomme, on the other hand, said that his friend kept 12,000 francs.

During Chopin's short stay in the Rue Chaillot, M. Charles Gavard, then a very young man, in fact, a youth, spent much of his time with the suffering composer:—

The invalid [he writes] avoided everything that

sad, and, to shorten the hours which we passed t
generally begged me to take a book out of his li
read to him. For the most part he chose some pag
Voltaire's Dictionnaire Philosophique. He valuec
the finished form of that clear and concise lang
so sure judgment on questions of taste. Thus, fo
remember that the article on taste was one of th
to him.

What M. Gavard says of how slowly, in pain, and often in loneliness, the hours passed for Chopin in the spacious, rooms of his lodgings in the Rue Chaillot, reminds me of a passage in Hector Berlioz's admirable article on his friend in the Journal des Debats (October 27, 1849):—

His weakness and his sufferings had become so gr
could no longer either play the piano or compose
slightest conversation fatigued him in an alarmi
endeavoured generally to make himself understooc
possible by signs. Hence the kind of isolation i
wished to pass the last months of his life, an i
many people wrongly interpreted—some attributing
scornful pride, others to a melancholic temper,
well as the other equally foreign to the charact
charming artist.

During his stay in the Rue Chaillot Chopin wrote the following note and letter to Franchomme:—

Dear friend,—Send me a little of your Bordeaux.
little wine to-day, and have none. How distrusti
up the bottle, and put your seal on it. For thes
I do not know who will take charge of this commi

Yours, with all my heart.

Sunday after your departure, September 17, 1849.

Dear friend,—I am very sorry that you were not w
Mans. Now, however, you are in Touraine, whose s
been more favourable to you. I am less well rath
better. MM. Cruveille, Louis, and Blache have ha
consultation, and have come to the conclusion th
to travel, but only to take lodgings in the sout
at Paris. After much seeking, very dear apartmer
all the desired conditions, have been found in t
Vendome, No. 12. Albrecht has now his offices th
[FOOTNOTE: This is a very common French equivale
O'Meara.] has been of great help to me in the se
apartments. In short, I shall see you all next w
housed; my sister remains with me, unless she is
required in her own country. I love you, and tha
tell you, for I am overcome with sleep and weakn
rejoices at the idea of seeing Madame Franchomme
also do so most sincerely. This shall be as God
regards to M. and Madame Forest. How much I shou
some days with you! Is Madame de Lauvergeat also
side? Do not forget to remember me to her, as we
Lauvergeat. Embrace your little ones. Write me a
ever. My sister embraces Madame Franchomme.

After a stay of less than six weeks Chopin removed from the Rue Chaillot to the apartments in No. 12, Place Vendome, which M. Albrecht and Dr. O'Meara had succeeded in finding for him. About this time Moscheles came to Paris. Of course he did not fail to inquire after his brother-artist and call at his house. What Moscheles heard and thought may be gathered from the following entry in his diary:-"Unfortunately, we heard of Chopin's critical condition, made ourselves inquiries, and found all the sad news confirmed. Since he has been laid up thus, his sister has been with him. Now the days of the poor fellow are numbered, his sufferings great. Sad lot!" Yes, Chopin's condition had become so hopeless that his

relations had been communicated with, and his sister, Louisa Jedrzejewicz, [FOOTNOTE: The same sister who visited him in 1844, passed on that occasion also some time at Nohant, and subsequently is mentioned in a letter of Chopin's to Franchomme.] accompanied by her husband and daughter, had lost no time in coming from Poland to Paris. For the comfort of her presence he was, no doubt, thankful. But he missed and deplored very much during his last illness the absence of his old, trusted physician, Dr. Molin, who had died shortly after the composer's return from England.

The accounts of Chopin's last days—even if we confine ourselves to those given by eye-witnesses—are a mesh of contradictions which it is impossible to wholly disentangle. I shall do my best, but perhaps the most I can hope for is to avoid making confusion worse confounded.

In the first days of October Chopin was already in such a condition that unsupported he could not sit upright. His sister and Gutmann did not leave him for a minute, Chopin holding a hand of the latter almost constantly in one of his. By the 15th of October the voice of the patient had lost its sonority. It was on this day that took place the episode which has so often and variously been described. The Countess Delphine Potocka, between whom and Chopin existed a warm friendship, and who then happened to be at Nice, was no sooner informed of her friend's fatal illness than she hastened to Paris.

When the coming of this dear friend was announce
[relates M. Gavard], he exclaimed: "Therefore, t
delayed so long to call me to Him; He wished to
yet the pleasure of seeing you." Scarcely had sh
to him when he expressed the wish that she shoul

once more the voice which he loved so much. Wher
who prayed beside the bed had granted the reques
man, the piano was moved from the adjoining room
unhappy Countess, mastering her sorrow and suppr
sobs, had to force herself to sing beside the be
friend was exhaling his life. I, for my part, he
do not know what she sang. This scene, this cont
excess of grief had over-powered my-sensibility;
only the moment when the death-rattle of the dep
interrupted the Countess in the middle of the se
The instrument was quickly removed, and beside t
remained only the priest who said the prayers fo
and the kneeling friends around him.

However, the end was not yet come, indeed, was not to come till two days after. M. Gavard, in saying that he did not hear what the Countess Potocka sang, acts wisely, for those who pretended to have heard it contradict each other outright. Liszt and Karasowski, who follows him, say that the Countess sang the Hymn to the Virgin by Stradella, and a Psalm by Marcello; on the other hand, Gutmann most positively asserted that she sang a Psalm by Marcello and an air by Pergolesi; whereas Franchomme insisted on her having sung an air from Bellini's Beatrice di Tenda, and that only once, and nothing else. As Liszt was not himself present, and does not give the authority for his statement, we may set it, and with it Karasowski's, aside; but the two other statements, made as they were by two musicians who were ear witnesses, leave us in distressing perplexity with regard to what really took place, for between them we cannot choose. Chopin, says M. Gavard, looked forward to his death with serenity.

Some days after his removal to the Place Vendome
sitting upright and leaning on the arm of a frie

silent for a long time and seemed lost in deep m
Suddenly he broke the silence with the words: "M
struggle begins" [Maintenant j'entre en agonie].
physician, who was feeling his pulse, wished to
with some commonplace words of hope. But Chopin
a superiority which admitted of no reply: "God s
rare favour when He reveals to him the moment of
of death; this grace He shows me. Do not disturb

M. Gavard relates also that on the 16th October Chopin twice called his friends that were gathered in his apartments around him. "For everyone he had a touching word; I, for my part, shall never forget the tender words he spoke to me." Calling to his side the Princess Czartoryska and Mdlle. Gavard, [FOOTNOTE: A sister of M. Charles Gavard, the pupil to whom Chopin dedicated his Berceuse.] he said to them: "You will play together, you will think of me, and I shall listen to you." And calling to his side Franchomme, he said to the Princess: "I recommend Franchomme to you, you will play Mozart together, and I shall listen to you." [FOOTNOTE: The words are usually reported to have been "Vous jouerez du Mozart en memoire de moi."] "And," added Franchomme when he told me this, "the Princess has always been a good friend to me."

And George Sand? Chopin, as I have already mentioned, said two days before his death to Franchomme: "She had said to me that I would die in no arms but hers" [Elle n'avait dit que je ne mourrais que dans ses bras]. Well, did she not come and fulfil her promise, or, at least, take leave of her friend of many years? Here, again, all is contradiction. M. Gavard writes:—

Among the persons who called and were not admitt
certain Madame M., who came in the name of Georg

was then much occupied with the impending repres
one of her dramas—to inquire after Chopin's stat
None of us thought it proper to disturb the last
the master by the announcement of this somewhat
remembrance.

Gutmann, on the other hand, related that George Sand came to the landing of the staircase and asked him if she might see Chopin; but that he advised her strongly against it, as it was likely to excite the patient too much. Gutmann, however, seems to have been by no means sure about this part of his recollections, for on two occasions he told me that it was Madame Clesinger (George Sand's daughter, Solange) who asked if it was advisable for her mother to come. Madame Clesinger, I may say in passing, was one of those in loving attendance on Chopin, and, as Franchomme told me, present, like himself, when the pianist-composer breathed his last. From the above we gather, at least, that it is very uncertain whether Chopin's desire to see George Sand was frustrated by her heartlessness or the well-meaning interference of his friends.

During this illness of Chopin a great many of his friends and acquaintances, in fact, too many, pressed forward, ready to be of use, anxious to learn what was passing. Happily for the dying man's comfort, most of them were not allowed to enter the room in which he lay.

In the back room [writes M. Gavard] lay the poor
tormented by fits of breathlessness, and only si
resting in the arms of a friend could he procure
oppressed lungs. It was Gutmann, the strongest a
knew best how to manage the patient, and who mos
supported him. At the head of his bed sat the Pr
Marcelline Czartoryska: she never left him, gues

secret wishes, nursing him like a sister of merc
serene countenance, which did not betray her dee
Other friends gave a helping hand or relieved he
according to his power; but most of them stayed
adjoining rooms. Everyone had assumed a part; ev
as much as he could: one ran to the doctors, to
apothecary; another introduced the persons asked
shut the door on the intruders. To be sure, many
anything but free entrance came, and called to t
him just as if he were about to start on a journ
anteroom of the dying man, where every one of us
waited and watched, was like a guard-house or a

M. Gavard probably exaggerates the services of the Princess Czartoryska, but certainly forgets those of the composer's sister. Liszt, no doubt, comes nearer the truth when he says that among those who assembled in the salon adjoining Chopin's bedroom, and in turn came to him and watched his gestures and looks when he had lost his speech, the Princess Marcelline Czartoryska was the most assiduous.

She passed every day a couple of hours with the
left him at the last only after having prayed fo
beside him who had just then fled from this worl
and sorrows....

After a bad night Chopin felt somewhat better on the morning of the 16th. By several authorities we are informed that on this day, the day after the Potocka episode, the artist received the sacrament which a Polish priest gave him in the presence of many friends. Chopin got worse again in the evening. While the priest was reading the prayers for the dying, he rested silently and with his eyes closed upon Gutmann's shoulder; but at the end of the prayers he opened his eyes wide and said with a loud voice: "Amen."

The Polish priest above mentioned was the Abbe Alexander Jelowicki. Liszt relates that in the absence of the Polish priest who was formerly Chopin's confessor, the Abbe called on his countryman when he heard of his condition, although they had not been on good terms for years. Three times he was sent away by those about Chopin without seeing him. But when he had succeeded in informing Chopin of his wish to see him, the artist received him without delay. After that the Abbe became a daily visitor. One day Chopin told him that he had not confessed for many years, he would do so now. When the confession was over and the last word of the absolution spoken, Chopin embraced his confessor with both arms a la polonaise, and exclaimed: "Thanks! Thanks! Thanks to you I shall not die like a pig." That is what Liszt tells us he had from Abbe Jelowicki's own lips. In the account which the latter has himself given of how Chopin was induced by him to receive the sacrament, induced only after much hesitation, he writes:—

Then I experienced an inexpressible joy mixed wi
indescribable anguish. How should I receive this
so as to give it to God? I fell on my knees, and
with all the energy of my faith: "You alone rece
God!" And I held out to Chopin the image of the
Saviour, pressing it firmly in his two hands wit
word. Then fell from his eyes big tears. "Do you
asked him.—"I believe."—"Do you believe as your
taught you?"—"As my mother taught me." And, his
the image of his Saviour, he confessed while she
of tears. Then he received the viaticum and the
unction which he asked for himself. After a mome
that the sacristan should be given twenty times
usually given to him. When I told him that this
too much, he replied: "No, no, this is not too m

I have received is priceless." From this moment,
grace, or rather under the hand of God Himself,
quite another, and one might almost say he becam
the same day began the death-struggle, which las
and four nights. His patience and resignation to
God did not abandon him up to the last minute...

When Chopin's last moments approached he took "nervous cramps" (this was Gutmann's expression in speaking of the matter), and the only thing which seemed to soothe him was Gutmann's clasping his wrists and ankles firmly. Quite near the end Chopin was induced to drink some wine or water by Gutmann, who supported him in his arms while holding the glass to his lips. Chopin drank, and, sinking back, said "Cher ami!" and died. Gutmann preserved the glass with the marks of Chopin's lips on it till the end of his life.

[FOOTNOTE: In B. Stavenow's sketch already more than once alluded to by me, we read that Chopin, after having wetted his lips with the water brought him by Gutmann, raised the latter's hand, kissed it, and with the words "Cher ami!" breathed his last in the arms of his pupil, whose sorrow was so great that Count Gryzmala was obliged to lead him out of the room. Liszt's account is slightly different. "Who is near me?" asked Chopin, with a scarcely audible voice. He bent his head to kiss the hand of Gutmann who supported him, giving up his soul in this last proof of friendship and gratitude. He died as he had lived, loving.]

M. Gavard describes the closing hours of Chopin's life as follows:—

The whole evening of the 16th passed in litanies
responses, but Chopin remained silent. Only from

breathing could one perceive that he was still a
evening two doctors examined him. One of them, D
took a candle, and, holding it before Chopin's n
become quite black from suffocation, remarked to
senses had already ceased to act. But when he as
whether he suffered, we heard, still quite distı
answer "No longer" [Plus]. This was the last wor
his lips. He died painlessly between three and f
morning [of October 17, 1849]. When I saw him so
afterwards, the calm of death had given again to
countenance the grand character which we find in
taken the same day [by Clesinger], and still mor
simple pencil sketch which was drawn by the hanc
M. Kwiatkowski. This picture of Chopin is the or

Liszt, too, reports that Chopin's face resumed an unwonted youth, purity, and calm; that his youthful beauty so long eclipsed by suffering reappeared. Common as the phenomenon is, there can be nothing more significant, more impressive, more awful, than this throwing-off in death of the marks of care, hardship, vice, and disease—the corruption of earthly life; than this return to the innocence, serenity, and loveliness of a first and better nature; than this foreshadowing of a higher and more perfect existence. Chopin's love of flowers was not forgotten by those who had cherished and admired him now when his soul and body were parted. "The bed on which he lay," relates Liszt, "the whole room, disappeared under their varied colours; he seemed to repose in a garden." It was a Polish custom, which is not quite obsolete even now, for the dying to choose for themselves the garments in which they wished to be dressed before being laid in the coffin (indeed, some people had their last habiliments prepared long before the approach of their end); and the pious, more especially of the female sex, affected conventual vestments, men generally preferring their

official attire. That Chopin chose for his grave-clothes his dress-suit, his official attire, in which he presented himself to his audiences in concert-hall and salon, cannot but be regarded as characteristic of the man, and is perhaps more significant than appears at first sight. But I ought to have said, it would be if it were true that Chopin really expressed the wish. M. Kwiatkowski informed me that this was not so.

For some weeks after, from the 18th October onwards, the French press occupied itself a good deal with the deceased musician. There was not, I think, a single Paris paper of note which did not bring one or more long articles or short notes regretting the loss, describing the end, and estimating the man and artist. But the phenomenal ignorance, exuberance of imagination, and audacity of statement, manifested by almost every one of the writers of these articles and notes are sufficient to destroy one's faith in journalism completely and for ever. Among the offenders were men of great celebrity, chief among them Theophile Gautier (Feuilleton de la Presse, November 5, 1849) and Jules Janin (Feuilleton du Journal des Debuts, October 22, 1849), the latter's performance being absolutely appalling. Indeed, if we must adjudge to French journalists the palm for gracefulness and sprightliness, we cannot withhold it from them for unconscientiousness. Some of the inventions of journalism, I suspect, were subsequently accepted as facts, in some cases perhaps even assimilated as items of their experience, by the friends of the deceased, and finally found their way into AUTHENTIC biography. One of these myths is that Chopin expressed the wish that Mozart's Requiem should be performed at his funeral. Berlioz, one of the many journalists who

wrote at the time to this effect, adds (Feuilleton du Journal des Debuts, October 27, 1849) that "His [Chopin's] worthy pupil received this wish with his last sigh." Unfortunately for Berlioz and this pretty story, Gutmann told me that Chopin did not express such a wish; and Franchomme made to me the same statement. I must, [I must, however, not omit to mention here that M. Charles Gavard says that Chopin drew up the programme of his funeral, and asked that on that occasion Mozart's Requiem should be performed.] Also the story about Chopin's wish to be buried beside Bellini is, according to the latter authority, a baseless invention. This is also the place to dispose of the question: What was done with Chopin's MSS.? The reader may know that the composer is said to have caused all his MSS. to be burnt. Now, this is not true. From Franchomme I learned that what actually took place was this. Pleyel asked Chopin what was to be done with the MSS. Chopin replied that they were to be distributed among his friends, that none were to be published, and that fragments were to be destroyed. Of the pianoforte school which Chopin is said to have had the intention to write, nothing but scraps, if anything, can have been found.

M. Gavard pere made the arrangements for the funeral, which, owing to the extensiveness of the preparations, did not take place till the 30th of October. Ready assistance was given by M. Daguerry, the curate of the Madeleine, where the funeral service was to be held; and thanks to him permission was received for the introduction of female singers into the church, without whom the performance of Mozart's Requiem would have been an impossibility.

Numerous equipages [says Eugene Guinot in the Fe
Siecle of November 4] encumbered last Tuesday th
avenues of the Madeleine church, and the crowd k
doors of the Temple where one was admitted only
a letter of invitation. Mourning draperies annou
ceremony, and in seeing this external pomp, this
carriages and liveried servants, and this privil
permitted only the elect to enter the church, th
congregated on the square asked: "Who is the gre
seigneur] whom they are burying?" As if there we
grands seigneurs! Within, the gathering was bril
elite of Parisian society, all the strangers of
which Paris possesses at this moment, were to be
there...

Many writers complain of the exclusiveness which seems to have presided at the sending out of invitations. M. Guinot remarks in reference to this point:

His testamentary executors [executrices] organis
solemnity magnificently. But, be it from premedi
forgetfulness, they completely neglected to invi
ceremony most of the representatives of the musi
Members of the Institute, celebrated artists, no
tried in vain to elude the watch-word [consigne]
into the church, where the women were in a very
majority. Some had come from London, Vienna, and

In continuation of my account of the funeral service I shall quote from a report in the Daily News of November 2, 1849:—

The coffin was under a catafalque which stood in
the area. The semicircular space behind the step
was screened by a drapery of black cloth, which
festooned towards the middle, gave a partial vie
and instrumental orchestra, disposed not in the

a gradual ascent from the front to the back, but
level of the floor....

The doors of the church were opened at eleven o'
noon (the time fixed for the commencement of the
service) the vast area was filled by an assembly
three thousand persons, all of whom had received
invitations, as being entitled from rank, from s
world of art and literature, or from friendship
lamented deceased, to be present on so solemn ar
an occasion.

A trustworthy account of the whole ceremony, and especially a clear and full report of the musical part of the service, we find in a letter from the Paris correspondent of The Musical World (November 10, 1849). I shall quote some portions of this letter, accompanying them with elucidatory and supplementary notes:—

The ceremony, which took place on Tuesday (the 3
noon, in the church of the Madeleine, was one of
imposing we ever remember to have witnessed. The
the church was hung with black curtains, with th
the deceased, "F. C.," emblazoned in silver. On
found the vast area of the modern Parthenon enti
Nave, aisles, galleries, &c., were alive with hu
had come to see the last of Frederick Chopin. Ma
had never heard of him before....In the space th
the nave from the choir, a lofty mausoleum had b
hung with black and silver drapery, with the ini
emblazoned on the pall. At noon the service bega
orchestra and chorus (both from the Conservatoir
Girard as conductor and the principal singers (M
Garcia, Madame Castellan, Signor Lablache, and M
Dupont)) were placed at the extreme end of the c
drapery concealing them from view.

[FOOTNOTE: This statement is confirmed by one ir

musicals, where we read that the members of the
Concerts "have made themselves the testamentary
this wish"—namely, to have Mozart's Requiem per
Audley, misled, I think, by a dubious phrase of
that has its origin in a by no means dubious phr
Liszt's, says that Meyerbeer conducted (dirigea
Liszt speaks of the conducting of the funeral pr

When the service commenced the drapery was part
and exposed the male executants to view, conceal
whose presence, being uncanonical, was being fel
solemn march was then struck up by the band, dur
performance of which the coffin containing the b
deceased was slowly carried up the middle of the
soon as the coffin was placed in the mausoleum,
Requiem was begun...The march that accompanied t
mausoleum was Chopin's own composition from his
pianoforte sonata, instrumented for the orchestr
Reber.

[FOOTNOTE: Op. 35, the first of those then publi
reality his second, Op. 4 being the first. Meyer
afterwards expressed to M. Charles Gavard his su
had not been asked to do the deceased the homage
the march.]

During the ceremony M. Lefebure-Wely, organist o
Madeleine, performed two of Chopin's preludes [E
4 and 6, in E and B minor] upon the organ...After
M. Wely played a voluntary, introducing themes f
compositions, while the crowd dispersed with dec
The coffin was then carried from the church, all
Boulevards, to the cemetery of Pere-Lachaise-a d
three miles at least—Meyerbeer and the other cha
who held the cords, walking on foot, bareheaded.

[FOOTNOTE: Liszt writes that Meyerbeer and Princ
Czartoryski conducted the funeral procession, an
Alexander Czartoryski, Delacroix, Franchomme, an
the pall-bearers. Karasowski mentions the same g

pall-bearers; Madame Audley, on the other hand,
Meyerbeer instead of Gutmann. Lastly, Theophile
reported in the Feuilleton de la Presse of Noven
that MM. Meyerbeer, Eugene Delacroix, Franchomme
held the cords of the pall. The Gazette musicale
Franchomme, Delacroix, Meyerbeer, and Czartorysk

A vast number of carriages followed...

[FOOTNOTE: "Un grand nombre de voitures de deuil
voitures particulieres," we read in the Gazette
suivi jusqu'au cimetiere de l'Est, dit du Pere-L
pompeux corbillard qui portait le corps du defun
artistes de Paris lui a servi de cortege. Plusie
eleves, en grand deuil, ont suivi le convoi, a p
champ de repos, ou l'artiste eminent, convaincu,
oraisons funebres des regrets muets, profondemer
valent mieux que des discours dans lesquels perc
vanite d'auteur ou d'orateur"]

At Pere-Lachaise, in one of the most secluded sp
tombs of Habeneck and Marie Milanollo, the coffi
deposited in a newly-made grave. The friends and
a last look, ladies in deep mourning threw garla
flowers upon the coffin, and then the gravedigge
work...The ceremony was performed in silence.

One affecting circumstance escaped the attention of our otherwise so acute observer—namely, the sprinkling on the coffin, when the latter had been lowered into the grave, of the Polish earth which, enclosed in a finely-wrought silver cup, loving friends had nearly nineteen years before, in the village of Wola, near Warsaw, given to the departing young and hopeful musician who was never to see his country again.

Chopin's surroundings at Pere-Lachaise are most congenial. Indeed, the neighbourhood forms quite a galaxy of musical talent—close by lie Cherubini,

Bellini, Gretry, Boieldieu, Bocquillon-Wilhem, Louis Duport, and several of the Erard family; farther away, Ignace Pleyel, Rodolphe Kreutzer, Pierre Galin, Auguste Panseron, Mehul, and Paer. Some of these, however, had not yet at that time taken possession of their resting-places there, and Bellini has since then (September 15, 1876) been removed by his compatriots, to his birthplace, Catania, in Sicily.

Not the whole of Chopin's body, however, was buried at Pere-Lachaise; his heart was conveyed to his native country and is preserved in the Holy Cross Church at Warsaw, where at the end of 1879 or beginning of 1880 a monument was erected, consisting of a marble bust of the composer in a marble niche. Soon after Chopin's death voluntary contributions were collected, and a committee under Delacroix's presidence was formed, for the erection of a monument, the execution of which was entrusted to Clesinger, the husband of Madame Sand's daughter, Solange. Although the sculptor's general idea is good—a pedestal bearing on its front a medallion, and surmounted by a mourning muse with a neglected lyre in her hand—the realisation leaves much to be desired. This monument was unveiled in October, 1850, on the anniversary of Chopin's death.

[FOOTNOTE: On the pedestal of the monument are to be read besides the words "A. Frederic Chopin" above the medallion, "Ses amis" under the medallion, and the name of the sculptor and the year of its production (J. Clesinger, 1850), the following incorrect biographical data: "Frederic Chopin, ne en Pologne a Zelazowa Wola pres de Varsovie: Fils d'un emigre francais, marie a Mile. Krzyzanowska, fille d'un gentilhomme Polonais."]

The friends of the composer, as we learn from an account in John Bull (October 26, 1850), assembled in the little chapel of Pere-Lachaise, and after a religious service proceeded with the officiating priest at their head to Chopin's grave. The monument was then unveiled, flowers and garlands were scattered over and around it, prayers were said, and M. Wolowski, the deputy, [FOOTNOTE: Louis Francois Michel Raymond Wolowski, political economist, member of the Academie des Sciences Morales, and member of the Constituante. A Pole by birth, he became a naturalised French subject in 1834.] endeavoured to make a speech, but was so much moved that he could only say a few words.

[FOOTNOTE: In the Gazette muticale of October 20, 1850, we read: "Une messe commemorative a ete dite jeudi dernier [i.e., on the 17th] dans la chapelle du cimetiere du Pere-Lachaise a la memoire de Frederic Chopin et pour l'inauguration de son monument funebre."]

The Menestrel of November 3, 1850, informed its readers that in the course of the week (it was on the 30th October at eleven o'clock) an anniversary mass had been celebrated at the Madeleine in honour of Chopin, at which from two to three hundred of his friends were present, and that Franchomme on the violoncello and Lefebure-Wely on the organ had played some of the departed master's preludes, or, to quote our authority literally, "ont redit aux assistants emus les preludes si pleins de melancolie de I'illustre defunt."

EPILOGUE.

We have followed Chopin from his birthplace, Zelazowa Wola, to Warsaw, where he passed his childhood and youth, and received his musical as well as his general education; we have followed him in his holiday sojourns in the country, and on his more distant journeys to Reinerz, Berlin, and Vienna; we have followed him when he left his native country and, for further improvement, settled for a time in the Austrian capital; we have followed him subsequently to Paris, which thenceforth became his home; and we have followed him to his various lodgings there and on the journeys and in the sojourns elsewhere—to 27, Boulevard Poissonniere, to 5 and 38, Chaussee d'Antin, to Aix-la-Chapelle, Carlsbad, Leipzig, Heidelberg, Marienbad, and London, to Majorca, to Nohant, to 5, Rue Tronchet, 16, Rue Pigalle, and 9, Square d'Orleans, to England and Scotland, to 9, Square d'Orleans once more, Rue Chaillot, and 12, Place Vendome; and, lastly, to the Pere-Lachaise cemetery. We have considered him as a pupil at the Warsaw Lyceum and as a student of music under the tuition of Zywny and Elsner; we have considered him as a son and as a brother, as a lover and as a friend, as a man of the world and as a man of business; and we have considered him as a virtuoso, as a teacher, and as a composer. Having done all this, there remains only one thing for me to do—namely, to summarise the thousands of details of the foregoing account, and to point out what this artist was to his and is to our time. But before doing this I ought perhaps to answer a question which the reader may have asked himself. Why have I not

expressed an opinion on the moral aspect of Chopin's connection with George Sand? My explanation shall be brief. I abstained from pronouncing judgment because the incomplete evidence did not seem to me to warrant my doing so. A full knowledge of all the conditions and circumstances. I hold to be indispensable if justice is to be done; the rash and ruthless application of precepts drawn from the social conventions of the day are not likely to attain that end. Having done my duty in placing before the reader the ascertainable evidence, I leave him at liberty to decide on it according to his wisdom and charity.

Henri Blaze de Bury describes (in Etudes et Souvenirs) the portrait which Ary Scheffer painted of Chopin in these words:—

> *It represents him about this epoch [when "neithe*
> *moral consumption of any kind prevented him from*
> *freely to his labours as well as to his pleasure*
> *and in a nonchalant attitude, gentlemanlike in t*
> *degree: the forehead superb, the hands of a rare*
> *the eyes small, the nose prominent, but the mout*
> *exquisite fineness and gently closed, as if to k*
> *melody that wishes to escape.*

M. Marmontel, with, "his [Chopin's] admirable portrait" by Delacroix before him, penned the following description:—

> *This is the Chopin of the last years, ailing, br*
> *suffering; the physiognomy already marked by the*
> *sceau supreme], the look dreamy, melancholy, flo*
> *heaven and earth, in the limbos of dream and ago*
> *attenuated and lengthened features are strongly*
> *the relief stands out boldly, but the lines of t*

remain beautiful; the oval of the face, the aqui
its harmonious curve, give to this sickly physic
stamp of poetic distinction peculiar to Chopin.

Poetic distinction, exquisite refinement, and a noble bearing are the characteristics which strike one in all portraits of Chopin, [FOOTNOTE: See Appendix IV.] and which struck the beholder still more strongly in the real Chopin, where they were reinforced by the gracefulness of his movements, and by manners that made people involuntarily treat him as a prince...[FOOTNOTE: See my description of Chopin, based on the most reliable information, in Chapter XX.] And pervading and tincturing every part of the harmonious whole of Chopin's presence there was delicacy, which was indeed the cardinal factor in the shaping not only of his outward conformation, but also of his character, life, and art-practice. Physical delicacy brought with it psychical delicacy, inducing a delicacy of tastes, habits, and manners, which early and continued intercourse with the highest aristocracy confirmed and developed. Many of the charming qualities of the man and artist derive from this delicacy. But it is likewise the source of some of the deficiencies and weaknesses in the man and artist. His exclusiveness, for instance, is, no doubt, chargeable to the superlative sensitiveness which shrank from everything that failed to satisfy his fastidious, exacting nature, and became more and more morbid as delicacy, of which it was a concomitant, degenerated into disease. Yet, notwithstanding the lack of robustness and all it entails, Chopin might have been moderately happy, perhaps even have continued to enjoy moderately good health, if body and soul had been well matched. This, however, was not the case. His thoughts were too big, his passions too violent, for

the frail frame that held them; and the former grew bigger and more violent as the latter grew frailer and frailer. He could not realise his aspirations, could not compass his desires, in short, could not fully assert himself. Here, indeed, we have lit upon the tragic motive of Chopin's life-drama, and the key to much that otherwise would be enigmatical, certainly not explicable by delicacy and disease alone. His salon acquaintances, who saw only the polished outside of the man, knew nothing of this disparity and discrepancy; and even the select few of his most intimate friends, from whom he was not always able to conceal the irritation that gnawed at his heart, hardly more than guessed the true state of matters. In fact, had not Chopin been an artist, the tale of his life would have for ever remained a tale untold. But in his art, as an executant and a composer, he revealed all his strength and weakness, all his excellences and insufficiencies, all his aspirations and failures, all his successes and disappointments, all his dreams and realities.

Chopin [wrote Anton Schindler in 1841] [FOOTNOTE
Paris, p. 71] is the prince of all pianists, poe
the piano... His playing does not impress by pow
touch, by fiery brilliancy, for Chopin's physica
forbids him every bodily exertion, and spirit ar
constantly at variance and in reciprocal exciten
cardinal virtue of this great master in pianofor
lies in the perfect truth of the expression of e
within his reach [dessen er sich bemeistern darf
altogether inimitable and might lead to caricatu
imitatior attempted.

Chopin was not a virtuoso in the ordinary sense of the word. His sphere was the reunion intime, not the mixed crowd of concert audiences. If, however,

human testimony is worth anything, we may take it as proven that there never was a pianist whose playing exercised a charm equal to that of Chopin. But, as Liszt has said, it is impossible to make those who have not heard him understand this subtle, penetrating charm of an ineffable poesy. If words could give an idea of Chopin's playing, it would be given by such expressions as "legerete impalpable," "palais aeriens de la Fata Morgana," "wundersam und marchenhaft," and other similar ones used with regard to it by men who may safely be accepted as authorities.

As a pianist Chopin was sorely restricted by lack of physical vigour, which obliged him often to merely suggest, and even to leave not a little wholly unexpressed. His range as a composer was much wider, as its limits were those of his spirit. Still, Chopin does not number among those masterminds who gather up and grasp with a strong hand all the acquisitions of the past and present, and mould them into a new and glorious synthesis-the highest achievement possible in art, and not to be accomplished without a liberal share of originality in addition to the comprehensive power. Chopin, then, is not a compeer of Bach, Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven. But if he does not stand on their level, he stands on a level not far below them. And if the inferiority of his intellectual stamina prevented him from achieving what they achieved, his delicate sensibility and romantic imagination enabled him to achieve what they were disqualified from achieving. Of universality there was not a trace in him, but his individuality is one of the most interesting. The artistico-historical importance of Chopin lies in his having added new elements to music, originated means of expression for the communication and

discrimination of moods and emotions, and shades of moods and emotions, that up to his time had belonged to the realm of the unuttered and unutterable. Notwithstanding the high estimation in which Chopin is held, it seems to me that his importance for the development of the art is not rated at its full value. His influence on composers for the pianoforte, both as regards style and subject-matter, is generally understood; but the same cannot be said of his less obvious wider influence. Indeed, nothing is more common than to overlook his connection with the main current of musical history altogether, to regard him as a mere hors d'oeuvre in the musical MENU of the universe. My opinion, on the contrary, is that among the notable composers who have lived since the days of Chopin there is not to be found one who has not profited more or less, consciously or unconsciously, directly or indirectly, by this truly creative genius. To trace his influence we must transport ourselves back fifty or sixty years, and see what the state of music then was, what composers expressed and what means of expression they had at their disposal. Much that is now familiar, nay, even commonplace, was then a startling novelty. The appearance of Chopin was so wonderful a phenomenon that it produced quite an electrical effect upon Schumann. "Come," said Berlioz to Legouve in the first years of the fourth decade of this century, "I am going to let you see something which you have never seen, and someone whom you will never forget." This something and someone was Chopin. Mendelssohn being questioned about his enthusiasm for one of this master's preludes replied: "I love it, I cannot tell you how much, or why; except, perhaps, that it is something which I could never have written at all." Of course, Chopin's

originality was not universally welcomed and appreciated. Mendelssohn, for instance, was rather repelled than attracted by it; at any rate, in his letters there are to be found frequent expressions of antipathy to Chopin's music, which seemed to him" mannered "(see letter to Moscheles of February 7, 1835). But even the heartless and brainless critic of the Musical World whose nonsense I quoted in Chapter XXXI. admits that Chopin was generally esteemed by the "professed classical musicians," and that the name of the admirers of the master's compositions was legion. To the early popularity of Chopin's music testify also the many arrangements for other instruments (the guitar not excepted) and even for voices (for instance, OEuvres celebres de Chopin, transcrites a une ou deux voix egales par Luigi Bordese) to which his compositions were subjected. This popularity was, however, necessarily limited, limited in extent or intensity. Indeed, popular, in the comprehensive sense of the word, Chopin's compositions can never become. To understand them fully we must have something of the author's nature, something of his delicate sensibility and romantic imagination. To understand him we must, moreover, know something of his life and country. For, as Balzac truly remarked, Chopin was less a musician than une ame qui se rend sensible. In short, his compositions are the "celestial echo of what he had felt, loved, and suffered"; they are his memoirs, his autobiography, which, like that of every poet, assumes the form of "Truth and Poetry."

APPENDICES.

APPENDIX I.

THE GOLDEN AGE OP POLISH MUSIC.

(VOL. I., p. 66.)

As yet it is difficult to speak with any degree of certainty of the early musical history of Poland. Our general histories of music have little or nothing to say on the matter, and a special history exists neither in the Polish nor in any other language. The Abbe Joseph Surzynski, who by his labours is endeavouring to remove the reproach of indifference and ignorance now lying on his countrymen in this respect, says: [FOOTNOTE: In the preface to the Monumenta Musices sacra, selected works of the best composers of classical religious music in Poland, published by him. The first two parts of this publication, respectively issued in 1885 and 1887, contain compositions by Thomas Szadek, Nicolas

Zielenski, G. G. Gorczycki, Venceslas, Szamotulski, and Sebastian of Felsztyn.] "The compositions of our old masters are buried in the archives and libraries—no one cares to make them known to the public; many Polish musicians, not even supposing that these compositions exist, are very far from believing that the authors of these pieces deserve to be ranked with the best composers of the Roman Catholic Church. Now, in studying these works, we find in the century of Palestrina and Vittoria among our artists: Marcin ze Lwowa (Martin Leopolita), Christopher Borek, Thomas Szadek, Venceslas Szamotulski, and especially Zielenski and Gomolka—distinguished masters who deserve to be known by the friends of the musical art, either on account of their altogether national genius, or on account of their inspiration and the perfection of the forms which manifest themselves in their compositions." One of the first illustrious names in the history of music in Poland is the German Henry Finck, the chapel-master of the Polish Kings, John Albert (1492-1501) and Alexander (1501-1506). From the fact that this excellent master got his musical education in Poland we may safely conclude—and it is not the only fact which justifies our doing so—that in that country already in the fifteenth century good contrapuntists were to be found. The Abbe Surzynski regards Zielenski as the best of the early composers, having been impressed both by the profound religious inspiration and the classical form of his works. Of Gomolka, who has been called the Polish Palestrina as Sebastian of Felsztyn the Polish Goudimel, the Abbe remarks: "Among the magnificent musical works of Martin Leopolita, Szadek, and Zielenski, the compositions of Gomolka present themselves like miniature water-colours, in which, nevertheless,

every line, every colour, betrays the painter of genius. His was a talent thoroughly indigenous—his compositions are of great simplicity; no too complicated combinations of parts, one might even say that they are homophonous; nevertheless what wealth of thought, what beauty of harmony, what profoundness of sentiment do we find there! These simple melodies clothed in pure and truly holy harmonies, written, as Gomolka said himself, not for the Italians, but for the Poles, who are happy in their own country, are the best specimens of the national style. "In speaking of the early Polish church music I must not forget to mention the famous College of the Roratists, [FOOTNOTE: The duties of these singers were to sing Rorate masses and Requiem masses for the royal family. Their name was derived from the opening word of the Introit, "Rorate coeli."] the Polish Sistine Chapel, attached to the Cracow Cathedral. It was founded in 1543 and subsisted till 1760. With the fifteenth of seventeen conductors of the college, Gregor Gorczycki, who died in 1734, passed away the last of the classical school of Polish church music. Music was diligently cultivated in the seventeenth century, especially under the reigns of Sigismund III. (1587-1632), and Wladislaw IV. (1632-1648); but no purpose would be served by crowding these pages with unknown names of musicians about whom only scanty information is available; I may, however, mention the familiar names of three of many Italian composers who, in the seventeenth century, like many more of their countrymen, passed a great part of their lives in Poland—namely, Luca Marenzio, Asprilio Pacelii, and Marco Scacchi.

APPENDIX II.

EARLY PERFORMANCES OF CHOPIN'S WORKS IN GERMANY.

(VOL. I., p. 268.)

The first performance of a composition by Chopin at the Leipzig Gewandhaus took place on October 27, 1831. It was his Op. 1, the variations on La ci darem la mano, which Julius Knorr played at a concert for the benefit of the Pension-fund of the orchestra, but not so as to give the audience pleasure—at least, this was the opinion of Schumann, as may be seen from his letter to Frederick Wieck of January 4, 1832. Chopin relates already on June 5, 1830, that Emilie Belleville knew his variations by heart and had played them in Vienna. Clara Wieck was one of the first who performed Chopin's compositions in public. On September 29, 1833, she played at a Leipzig Gewandhaus concert the last movement of the E minor Concerto, and on May 5, 1834, in the same hall at an extra concert, the whole work and two Etudes. Further information about the introduction and repetitions of Chopin's compositions at the Leipzig Gewandhaus, is to be found in the statistical part (p. 13) of Alfred Dorffel's Die Gewandhausconcerte.

APPENDIX III.

MADAME SCHUMANN ON CHOPIN'S VISIT TO LEIPZIG.

(VOL. I., p. 290.)

Through a kind communication from Madame Schumann I have learned that Wenzel's account does not quite agree with her diary. There she finds written that her father, Friedrich Wieck, felt offended because Chopin, for whose recognition in Germany he had done so much, had not called upon him immediately after his arrival. Chopin made his appearance only two hours before his departure, but then did not find Wieck at home, for he, to avoid Chopin, had gone out and had also taken his daughter Clara with him. When Wieck returned an hour later, he found unexpectedly Chopin still there. Clara had now to play to the visitor. She let him hear Schumann's F sharp minor Sonata, two Etudes by Chopin, and a movement of a Concerto by herself. After this Chopin played his E flat major Nocturne. By degrees Wieck's wrath subsided, and finally he accompanied Chopin to the post-house, and parted from him in the most friendly mood.

APPENDIX IV.

REBECCA DIRICHLET ON CHOPIN AT MARIENBAD.

(VOL. I., p. 309.)

When Rebecca Dirichlet came with her husband to Marienbad, she learnt that Chopin did not show himself, and that his physician and a Polish countess, who completely monopolised him, did not allow him to play. Having, however, heard so much of his playing from her brothers, she was, in order to satisfy her curiosity, even ready to commit the bassesse of presenting herself as the soeur de Messieurs Paul et Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy. As she humorously wrote a few days later: "The bassesse towards Chopin has been committed and has completely failed. Dirichlet went to him, and said that a soeur, &c.—only a mazurka—impossible, mal aux nerfs, mauvais piano—et comment se porte cette chere Madame Hensel, el Paul est marie? heureux couple, &c.—allez vous promener—the first and the last time that we do such a thing."

APPENDIX V.

PALMA AND VALDEMOSA.

(VOL. II., pp. 22-48.)

The Argosy of 1888 contains a series of Letters from Majorca by Charles W. Wood, illustrated by views of Palma, Valdemosa, and other parts of the island. The illustrations in the April number comprise a general view of the monastery of Valdemosa, and views of one of its courts and of the cloister in which is situated the cell occupied by George Sand and Chopin in the winter of 1838-1839. The cloister has a groined vault, on one side the cell doors, and on the other side, opening on the court, doors and rectangular windows with separate circular windows above them. The letters have been republished in book form (London: Bentley and Sons).

APPENDIX VI.

On Tempo Rubato.

(VOL. II., p. 101.)

An earlier practiser of the tempo rubato than the lady mentioned by Quanz (see Vol. II., p. 101 of this work) was Girolamo Frescobaldi, who speaks of this manner of musical rendering in the preface to Il primo libra di Capricci fatti sopra diversi sogetti et Arie in partitura (1624). An extract from this preface is to be found in A. G. Ritter's Zur Geschichte des Orgelspiels, Vol. I., p. 34. F. X. Haberl remarks in the preface to his collection of pieces by Frescobaldi (Leipzig: Breitkopf and Hartel): "A chief trait of

Frescobaldi's genius is the so-called tempo rubato, an absolute freedom in the employment of a quicker and slower tempo."

APPENDIX VII.

CAROLINE HARTMANN.

(VOL. II., p. 171.)

On page 175 of this volume I made an allusion to Spohr in connection with Chopin's pupil Caroline Hartmann. To save the curious reader trouble, I had better point out that the information is to be found in Spohr's autobiography under date Munster, near Colmar, March 26, 1816 (German edition, pp. 245-250; English edition, pp. 229-232). Jacques Hartmann, the father of Caroline, was a cotton manufacturer and an enthusiastic lover of music. He had an orchestra consisting of his family and employes. Spohr calls the father a bassoon-virtuoso; what he says of the daughter will be seen in the following sentences: "His sister and his daughter play the pianoforte. The latter, a child eight years old, is the star of the amateur orchestra. She plays with a dexterity and exactness that are worthy of admiration. I was still more astonished at her fine ear, with which (away from the piano) she recognises the intervals of the most intricate and full dissonant chords which one strikes, and names the notes of which they consist in their sequence. If the

child is well guided, she is sure to become one day an excellent artist."

APPENDIX VIII.

MADAME PERUZZI.

(VOL. II., p. 177.)

The reader will be as grateful as I am for the following interesting communications of Madame Peruzzi (nee Elise Eustaphieve, whose father was Russian Consul-General to the United States of America) about her intercourse with Chopin.

"I first met Chopin at the house of the American banker, Samuel Welles, in Paris, where I, like every one present, was enchanted listening to his mazurkas, waltzes, nocturnes, &c., which he played on a wretched square piano. I lived as dame en chambre (a very convenient custom for ladies alone), at a pension, or rather a regular boarding-school, with rooms to let for ladies. The lady of the house was acquainted with many of the musical people, and I had a splendid American grand piano which was placed in the large drawing-room of the establishment, so that I felt quite at home, and there received Chopin, Liszt, and Herz (Miss Herz, his sister, gave lessons in the school), and often played four-hand pieces with them.

"My intimacy with Chopin began after my

marriage. He often dined with us, was very fond of my husband, and after dinner we were not at home if any one else came, but remained at our two pianos (Erard had sent me one), playing together, and I used to amuse him by picking out of his music little bits that seemed like questions for him to answer on the other piano. He lived very near us, so we very often passed mornings at his house, where he asked me to play with him all Weber's duets. This was delightful to me, the more so, as he complimented me on my reading and entering at first sight into the spirit of the music. He made me acquainted with the beautiful duet of Moscheles, and was the first with whom I played Hummel's splendid duet. He was a great admirer of Weber. We frequently had morning concerts with double quartet, and Chopin would very kindly turn the leaves for me. He was particularly fond of doing so when I played Hummel's Septet, and was so encouraging. Even when playing to him his own music, he would approve some little thing not indicated and say, 'What a good idea of yours that is!' My husband begged him to give me lessons; but he always refused, and did give them; for I studied so many things with him, among others his two concertos. The one in E minor I once played accompanied by himself on a second piano. We passed many pleasant evenings at Mr. and Madame Leo's house, a very musical one. Madame Moscheles was a niece of theirs. Chopin was fond of going there, where he was quite a pet. He always appeared to best advantage among his most intimate friends. I was one who helped to christen the Berceuse. You ask me in what years I knew Chopin, 1838 is the date of the manuscript in my collection which he gave me after I was married, and the last notes of that little jewel he wrote on the desk of the piano in

our presence. He said it would not be published because they would play it....Then he would show how they would play it, which was very funny. It came out after his death, it is a kind of waltz-mazurka [the Valse, Op. 69, No. I], Chopin's intimate friend, Camille Pleyel, called it the story of a D flat, because that note comes in constantly. One morning we took Paganini to hear Chopin, and he was enchanted; they seemed to understand each other so well. When I knew him he was a sufferer and would only occasionally play in public, and then place his piano in the middle of Pleyel's room whilst his admirers were around the piano. His speciality was extreme delicacy, and his pianissimo extraordinary. Every little note was like a bell, so clear. His fingers seemed to be without any bones; but he would bring out certain effects by great elasticity. He got very angry at being accused of not keeping time; calling his left hand his maitre de chapelle and allowing his right to wander about ad libitum."

APPENDIX IX.

MADAME STREICHER'S (nee FRIEDERIKE MULLER) RECOLLECTIONS OF CHOPIN, BASED ON EXTRACTS FROM HER CAREFULLY-KEPT DIARY OF THE YEARS 1839, 1840, AND 1841. (VOL. II., p. 177.)

In March, 1839, I went to Paris, accompanied by a kind aunt, who was a highly-cultured musical

connoisseur, animated by the wish to get if possible lessons from Chopin, whose compositions inspired me with enthusiasm. But he was from home and very ill; indeed, it was feared he would not return to Paris even in the winter. However, at last, at last, in October, 1839, he came. I had employed this long time in making myself acquainted with the musical world in Paris, but the more I heard, nay, even admired, the more was my intention to wait till Chopin's return confirmed. And I was quite right.

On the 30th of October, 1839, we, my kind aunt and I, went to him. At that time he lived in Rue Tronchet, No. 5. Anxiously I handed him my letters of introduction from Vienna, and begged him to take me as a pupil. He said very politely, but very formally: "You have played with applause at a matinee at the house of Countess Appony, the wife of the Austrian ambassador, and will hardly require my instruction." I became afraid, for I was wise enough to understand he had not the least inclination to accept me as a pupil. I quickly protested that I knew very well I had still very, very much to learn. And, I added timidly, I should like to be able to play his wondrously-beautiful compositions well. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "it would be sad if people were not in a position to play them well without my instruction." "I certainly am not able to do so," I replied anxiously. "Well, play me something," he said. And in a moment his reserve had vanished. Kindly and indulgently he helped me to overcome my timidity, moved the piano, inquired whether I were comfortably seated, let me play till I had become calm, then gently found fault with my stiff wrist, praised my correct comprehension, and accepted me as a pupil. He arranged for two lessons a week, then turned in the most amiable way to my aunt, excusing himself

beforehand if he should often be obliged to change the day and hour of the lesson on account of his delicate health. His servant would always inform us of this.

Alas! he suffered greatly. Feeble, pale, coughing much, he often took opium drops on sugar and gum-water, rubbed his forehead with eau de Cologne, and nevertheless he taught with a patience, perseverance, and zeal which were admirable. His lessons always lasted a full hour, generally he was so kind as to make them longer. Mikuli says: "A holy artistic zeal burnt in him then, every word from his lips was incentive and inspiring. Single lessons often lasted literally for hours at a stretch, till exhaustion overcame master and pupil." There were for me also such blessed lessons. Many a Sunday I began at one o'clock to play at Chopin's, and only at four or five o'clock in the afternoon did he dismiss us. Then he also played, and how splendidly but not only his own compositions, also those of other masters, in order to teach the pupil how they should be performed. One morning he played from memory fourteen Preludes and Fugues of Bach's, and when I expressed my joyful admiration at this unparalleled performance, he replied: "Cela ne s'oublie jamais," and smiling sadly he continued: "Depuis un an je n'ai pas etudie un quart d'heure de sante, je n'ai pas de force, pas d'energie, j'attends toujours un peu de sante pour reprendre tout cela, mais... j'attends encore." We always spoke French together, in spite of his great fondness for the German language and poetry. It is for this reason that I give his sayings in the French language, as I heard them from him. In Paris people had made me afraid, and told me how Chopin caused Clementi, Hummel, Cramer, Moscheles, Beethoven, and Bach to be studied, but not his own

compositions. This was not the case. To be sure, I had to study with him the works of the above-mentioned masters, but he also required me to play to him the new and newest compositions of Hiller, Thalberg, and Liszt, &c. And already in the first lesson he placed before me his wondrously—beautiful Preludes and Studies. Indeed, he made me acquainted with many a composition before it had appeared in print.

I heard him often preluding in a wonderfully-beautiful manner. On one occasion when he was entirely absorbed in his playing, completely detached from the world, his servant entered softly and laid a letter on the music-desk. With a cry Chopin left off playing, his hair stood on end—what I had hitherto regarded as impossible I now saw with my own eyes. But this lasted only for a moment.

His playing was always noble and beautiful, his tones always sang, whether in full forte, or in the softest piano. He took infinite pains to teach the pupil this legato, cantabile way of playing. "Il [ou elle] ne sait pas lier deux notes" was his severest censure. He also required adherence to the strictest rhythm, hated all lingering and dragging, misplaced rubatos, as well as exaggerated ritardandos. "Je vous prie de vous asseoir," he said on such an occasion with gentle mockery. And it is just in this respect that people make such terrible mistakes in the execution of his works. In the use of the pedal he had likewise attained the greatest mastery, was uncommonly strict regarding the misuse of it, and said repeatedly to the pupil: "The correct employment of it remains a study for life."

When I played with him the study in C major, the first of those he dedicated to Liszt, he bade me practise it in the mornings very slowly. "Cette etude

vous fera du bien," he said. "Si vous l'etudiez comme je l'entends, cela elargit la main, et cela vous donne des gammes d'accords, comme les coups d'archet. Mais souvent malheureusement au lieu d'apprendre tout cela, elle fait desapprendre." I am quite aware that it is a generally-prevalent error, even in our day, that one can only play this study well when one possesses a very large hand. But this is not the case, only a supple hand is required.

Chopin related that in May, 1834, he had taken a trip to Aix-la-Chapelle with Hiller and Mendelssohn. "Welcomed there in a very friendly manner, people asked me when I was introduced: 'You are, I suppose, a brother of the pianist?' I answered in the affirmative, for it amused me, and described my brother the pianist. 'He is tall, strong, has black hair, a black moustache, and a very large hand.'" To those who have seen the slightly-built Chopin and his delicate hand, the joke must have been exceedingly amusing.

On the 20th of April, 1840, Liszt, who had come back to Paris after extended artistic tours, gave a matinee to an invited audience in Erard's saloon. He played, as he did always, very brilliantly, and the next morning I had to give a minute account to Chopin of what and how he had played. He himself was too unwell to be present. When I spoke of Liszt's artistic self-control and calmness in overcoming the greatest technical difficulties, he exclaimed: "Ainsi il parait que mon avis est juste. La derniere chose c'est la simplicite. Apres avoir epuise toutes les difficultes, apres avoir joue une immense quantite de notes, et de notes, c'est la simplicite qui sort avec tout son charme, comme le dernier sceau de l'art. Quiconque veut arriver de suite a cela n'y parviendra jamais, on ne peut commencer par la fin. II faut avoir etudie

beaucoup, meme immensement pour atteindre ce but, ce n'est pas une chose facile. II m'etait impossible," he continued, "d'assister a sa matinee. Avec ma sante ou ne peut rien faire. Je suis toujours embrouille avec mes affaires, de maniere que je n'ai pas un moment libre. Que j'envie les gens forts qui sont d'une sante robuste et qui n'ont rien a faire! Je suis bien fache, je n'ai pas le temps d'etre malade."

When I studied his Trio he drew my attention to some passages which now displeased him, he would now write them differently. At the end of the Trio he said: "How vividly do the days when I composed it rise up in my memory! It was at Posen, in the castle surrounded by vast forests of Prince Radziwill. A small but very select company was gathered together there. In the mornings there was hunting, in the evenings music. Ah! and now," he added sadly, "the Prince, his wife, his son, all, all are dead."

At a soiree (Dec. 20, 1840) he made me play the Sonata with the Funeral March before a large assemblage. On the morning of the same day I had once more to play over to him the Sonata, but was very nervous. "Why do you play less well to-day?" he asked. I replied that I was afraid. "Why? I consider you play it well," he rejoined very gravely, indeed, severely. "But if you wish to play this evening as nobody played before you, and nobody will play after you, well then!"...These words restored my composure. The thought that I played to his satisfaction possessed me also in the evening; I had the happiness of gaining Chopin's approval and the applause of the audience. Then he played with me the Andante of his F minor Concerto, which he accompanied magnificently on the second piano. The entire assemblage assailed him with the request to perform some more of his compositions, which he

then did to the delight of all.

For eighteen months (he did not leave Paris this summer) I was allowed to enjoy his instruction. How willingly would I have continued my studies with him longer! But he himself was of opinion that I should now return to my fatherland, pursue my studies unaided, and play much in public. On parting he presented me with the two manuscripts of his C sharp major and E major studies (dedicated to Liszt), and promised to write during his stay in the country a concert-piece and dedicate it to me.

In the end of the year 1844 I went again to Paris, and found Chopin looking somewhat stronger. At that time his friends hoped for the restoration of, or at least for a considerable improvement in, his health.

The promised concert-piece, Op. 46, had to my inexpressible delight been published. I played it to him, and he was satisfied with my playing of it; rejoiced at my successes in Vienna, of which he had been told, exerted himself with the amiability peculiar to him to make me still better known to the musical world of Paris. Thus I learned to know Auber, Halevy, Franchomme, Alkan, and others. But in February, 1845,1 was obliged to return to Vienna; I had pupils there who were waiting for me. On parting he spoke of the possibility of coming there for a short time, and I had quite made up my mind to return for another visit to Paris in eighteen months, in order again to enjoy his valuable instruction and advice. But this, to my deepest regret, was not to be.

I saw Madame Sand in the year 1841 and again in the year 1845 in a box in a theatre, and had an opportunity of admiring her beauty. I never spoke to her.

APPENDIX X.

PORTRAITS OF CHOPIN.

A biography is incomplete without some account of the portraits of the hero or heroine who is the subject of it. M. Mathias regards as the best portrait of Chopin a lithograph by Engelmann after a drawing by Vigneron, of 1833, published by Maurice Schlesinger, of Paris. In a letter to me he writes: "This portrait is marvellous for the absolutely exact idea it gives of Chopin: the graceful fall of the shoulders, the Polish look, the charm of the mouth." Continuing, he says: "Another good likeness of Chopin, but of a later date, between the youthful period and that of his decay, is Bovy's medallion, which gives a very exact idea of the outlines of his hair and nose. Beyond these there exists nothing, all is frightful; for instance, the portrait in Karasowski's book, which has a stupid look." The portrait here alluded to is a lithographic reproduction of a drawing by A. Duval. As a rule, the portraits of Chopin most highly prized by his pupils and acquaintances are those by A. Bovy and T. Kwiatkowski. Madame Dubois, who likes Bovy's medallion best, and next to it the portraits by Kwiatkowski, does not care much for Ary Scheffer's portrait of her master, in whose apartments she had of course frequent opportunities to examine it. "It

had the appearance of a ghost [d'un ombre], and was more pale and worn than Chopin himself." Of a bust by Clesinger Madame Dubois remarks that it does not satisfy those who knew Chopin. M. Marmontel writes in a letter to me that the portrait of Chopin by Delacroix in his possession is a powerful sketch painted in oil, "reproducing the great artist in the last period of his life, when he was about to succumb to his chest disease. My dear friend Felix Barrias has been inspired, or, to be more exact, has reproduced this beautiful and poetic face in his picture of the dying Chopin asking the Countess Potocka to sing to him." Gutmann had in his possession two portraits of his master, both pencil drawings; the one by Franz Winterhalter, dated May 2, 1847, the other by Albert Graefle, dated October 19, 1849. The former of these valuable portraits shows Chopin in his decline, the latter on his death-bed. Both seem good likenesses, Graefle's drawing having a strong resemblance with Bovy's medallion.

[FOOTNOTE: The authorship alone is sufficient to make a drawing by George Sand interesting. Madame Dubois says (in a letter written to me) that the portrait, after a drawing of George Sand, contained in the French edition of Chopin's posthumous works, published by Fontana, is not at all a good likeness. Herr Herrmann Scholtz in Dresden has in his possession a faithful copy of a drawing by George Sand made by a nephew of the composer, a painter living at Warsaw. Madame Barcinska, the sister of Chopin, in whose possession the original is, spoke of it as a very good likeness. This picture, however, is not identical with that mentioned by Madame Dubois.]

The portrait by A. Regulski in Szulc's book can only be regarded as a libel on Chopin, and ought

perhaps also to be regarded as a libel on the artist. Various portraits in circulation are curiosities rather than helps to a realisation of the outward appearance of Chopin. Schlesinger, of Berlin, published a lithograph after a drawing by Maurir; and Schuberth, of Hamburg, an engraving on steel, and Hofmeister, of Leipzig, a lithograph, after I don't know what original. Several other portraits need not be mentioned, as they are not from life, but more or less fancy portraits based on one or more of the authentic delineations. Bovy's medallion graces Breitkopf and Hartel's Gesammtausgabe and Thematic Catalogue of the master's published works. The portrait by Ary Scheffer may be seen lithographically reproduced by Waldow in the German edition of Chopin's posthumous works, published by Fontana. A wood-cut after the drawing by Graefle appeared in 1879 in the German journal Die Gartenlaube. Prefixed to the first volume of the present biography the reader will find one of the portraits by Kwiatkowski, an etching after a charming pencil drawing in my possession, the reproduction of which the artist has kindly permitted. M. Kwiatkowski has portrayed Chopin frequently, and in many ways and under various circumstances, alive and dead. Messrs. Novello, Ewer & Co. have in their possession a clever water-colour drawing by Kwiatkowski of Chopin on his death-bed. A more elaborate picture by the same artist represents Chopin on his death-bed surrounded by his sister, the Princess Marcellince Czartoryska, Grzymala, the Abbe Jelowicki, and the portrayer. On page 321 of this volume will be found M. Charles Gavard's opinion of two portrayals of Chopin, respectively by Clesinger and Kwiatkowski. In conclusion, I recall to the reader's attention what has been said of the master's appearance and its pictorial

and literary reproductions on pp. 65 and 246 of Vol. I. and pp. 100, 135, and 329 of Vol. II.

REMARKS PRELIMINARY TO THE LIST OF CHOPIN'S WORKS.

The original editions were three in number: the German, the French, and the English (see p. 272). To avoid overcrowding, only the names of the original German and French publishers will be given in the following list, with two exceptions, however,—Op. 1 and 5, which were published in Poland (by Brzezina & Co., of Warsaw) long before they made their appearance elsewhere. [FOOTNOTE: What is here said, however, does not apply to Section IV.] Some notes on the publication of the works in England are included in these preliminary remarks.

In the list the publishers will be always placed in the same order—the German first, and the French second (in the two exceptional cases, Op. 1 and 5, they will be second and third). The dates with an asterisk and in parentheses (*) are those at which a copy of the respective works was deposited at the Paris Bibliotheque du Conservatoire de Musique, the dates without an asterisk in parentheses are derived from advertisements in French musical journals; the square brackets [ ] enclose conjectural and approximate dates and additional information; and lastly, the dates without parentheses and without brackets were obtained by me direct from the successors of the original German publishers, and consequently are more exact and trustworthy than the others. In a few cases where the copyright changed hands during the composer's lifetime, and where unacquaintance with this change might give rise to doubts and difficulties, I have indicated the fact.

The publishing firms mentioned in the list are the following:—Maurice Schlesinger, Brandus &Cie. (the successors of M. Schlesinger), Eugene Troupenas & Cie., Joseph Meissonnier, Joseph Meissonnier fils H. Lemoine, Ad. Catelin & Cie. (Editeurs des Compositeurs reunis, Rue Grange Bateliere, No. 26), Pacini (Antonio Francesco Gaetano), Prilipp & Cie. (Aquereurs d'une partie du Fond d'lgn. Pleyel & Cie.), S. Richault (i.e., Charles Simon Richault, to whom succeeded his son Guillaume Simon, who in his turn was succeeded by his son Leon.—Present style: Richault et Cie., Successeurs), and Schonenberger, all of Pans;-Breitkopf & Hartel, Probst-Kistner (since 1836 Friedrich Kistner), Friedrich Hofmeister, and C. F. Peters, of Leipzig;—Ad. M. Schlesinger, Stern & Co.(from 1852 J. Friedlander; later on annexed to Peters, of Leipzig), and Bote and Bock, of Berlin;—Tobias Haslinger, Carl Haslinger quondam Tobias, and Pietro Mechetti (whose widow was succeeded by C. A. Spina), of Vienna;—Schuberth & Co., of Hamburg (now Julius Schuberth, of Leipzig);—B. Schott's Sohne, of Mainz;—Andr. Brzezina & Co. and Gebethner & Wolff, of Warsaw;—J. Wildt and W. Chaberski, of Cracow;—and J. Leitgeber, of Posen.

From 1836 onward the course of the publication of Chopin's works in England can be followed in the advertisement columns of the Musical World. Almost all the master's works were published in England by Wessel. On March 8, 1838, Messrs. Wessel advertised Op. 1-32 with the exception of Op. 4, 11, and 29. This last figure has, no doubt, to be read as 28, as the Preludes could hardly be in print at that time, and the Impromptu, Op. 29, was advertised on October 20, 1837, as OP. 28. With regard to Op. 12 it has to be noted that it represents not the Variations brillantes sur le Rondo favori "Je vends des

Scapulaires," but the Grand Duo concertant for piano and violoncello, everywhere else published without opus number. The Studies, Op. 10, were offered to the public "revised with additional fingering by his pupil I. [sic] Fontana." On November 18, 1841, Wessel and Stapleton (the latter having come in as a partner in 1839) advertised Op. 33-43, and subsequently Op. 44-48. On February 22, 1844, they announced that they had "the sole copyright of the COMPLETE and entire works" of Chopin. On May 15, 1845, were advertised Op. 57 and 58; on January 17, 1846, Op. 59; on September 26, 1846, Op. 60, 61, and 62. The partnership with Stapleton having in 1845 been dissolved, the style of the firm was now Wessel & Co. Thenceforth other English publishers came forward with Chopin compositions. On June 3, 1848, Cramer, Beale & Co. advertised Chopin's "New Valses and Mazurkas for the pianoforte"; and on the title-pages of the French edition of Op. 63, 64, and 65 I found the words: "London, Jullien et Cie." But also before this time Wessel seems to have had competitors; for on the title-page of the French edition of Op. 22 may be read: "London, Mori et Lavenu," and on September 20, 1838, Robert Cocks advertised "Five Mazurkas and Three Nocturnes." On September 23, 1848, however, Wessel & Co. call themselves sole proprietors of Chopin's works; and on November 24, 1849, they call themselves Publishers of the Complete Works of Chopin. Information received from Mr. Ashdown, the present proprietor of the business, one of the two successors (Mr. Parry retired in 1882) of Christian Rudolph Wessel, who retired in 1860 and died in 1885, throws some further light on the publication of Chopin's works in England. We have already seen in a former part of this book (p. 117) that Wessel

discontinued to deal with Chopin after Op. 62. "Cramer, Beale & Co.," writes Mr. Ashdown, "published the Mazurkas, Op. 63, and two only of the Waltzes, Op. 64; these, being non-copyright in England, Mr. Wessel added to his edition, together with the third waltz of Op. 64. The name of Jullien on the French edition was probably put on in consequence of negotiations for the sale of English copyright having been entered upon, but without result." With the exception of Op. 12 and 65, Wessel published all the works with opus numbers of Chopin that were printed during the composer's lifetime. Cramer, Addison & Beale published the Variations, Op. 12; Chappell, the Trois Nouvelles Etudes; R. Cocks, the posthumous Sonata, Op. 4, and the Variations stir un air allemand without opus number; and Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., the Seventeen Polish Songs, Op. 74. The present editions issued by the successor of Wessel are either printed from the original plates or re-engraved (which is the case in about half of the number) from the old Wessel copies, with here and there a correction.

Simultaneous publication was aimed at, as we see from Chopin's letters, but the dates of the list show that it was rarely attained. The appearance of the works in France seems to have in most cases preceded that in Germany; in the case of the Tarantelle, Op. 43, I found the English edition first advertised (October 28, 1841). Generally there was approximation if not simultaneity.

I.—WORKS PUBLISHED WITH OPUS NUMBERS DURING THE COMPOSER'S LIFETIME.

DATES OF PUBLICATION	*TITLES WITH REFERENCES*
1825.	*OP.1. Premier Rondeau [C minor] pour le piano. Dedie a Mme. de Linde.—Vol. I, pp. 52, 53–54, 55, 112;—Vol. II, p.87*
[1830, about March] (September 21, 1834.)	*OP.2. La ci darem la mano [B flat major] varie pour le piano, avec accompagnement d'orchestre. Dedie a Mr. Woyciechowski.—Vol. I., pp. 53, 62, 95, 96, 97, 99, 100, 101, 105, 112, 116–118, 120, 163, 241; Vol. II., p.87, 212*
[1833 in print.] June, 1835)	*OP.3. Introduction et Polonaise brillante [C major], pour piano et violincelle Dediee d Mr. Joseph Merk.—Vol.I., pp. 129, 200–201; —Vol. II., p. 87.*
	Op.4. As this work was published posthumously, it had to be placed in Section III. Nevertheless, it differs from the works with which it is classed in one important respect—it was intended for publication by the composer himsel

who sent it to Vienna in 1828.

[1827?] May, 1836 *Op.5. Rondeau a la Mazur [F major] pour le piano. Dediee a Mlle. la Comtesse Alexandrine de Moriolles. —Vol. I., pp. 54-55, 56, 112, 168; —Vol. II., p.87*

Dec., 1832 (Nov. 23, 1834.) *Op.6. Quatre Mazurkas [F sharp mir C Sharp minor, E major, and E flat minor] pour le piano. Dediees a Mlle. la Comtesse Pauline Plater. —Vol. I., p. 268;—Vol. II, pp.231-232.234-239.*

Dec.1832 (Nov. 23, 1834.) *Op.7. Cinq Mazurkas [B flat major, A minor, F minor, A flat major, ar C major] pour le piano. Dediees a Mr. Johns.—Vol. I., pp.250,268, 276 (No. 1);—Vol. II, pp. 231-232 234-239.*

March, 1833.) (Nov. 23, 1834.) *Op.8. Premier Trio [G minor] pour piano, violon, et violoncelle. Dedie a Mr. le Prince Antonine Radziwill—Vol. I., pp. 62, 88, 112, 113-115, 268;—Vol. II., p. 212,342*

Jan. 1833. (Nov. 23, 1834.) *Op.9. Trois Nocturnes (B flat minor, E flamajor, and B major] pour le piano Dedies a Mme. Camille Pleyel—Vol.1.,268; —Vol. II., pp.87. 261-63*

August, 1833. (July 6,1833.)	*Op.10.Douze Grandes Etudes [C ma A minor, E major, C sharp minor G flat major, E flat minor, C major, F major, F minor, A flat major, E flat major, and C minor pour le piano. Dediees a Mr. Fr. Liszt.—Vol. I., p.201,268; Vol. II., p. 55 (No. 5), 251-254.*
Sept., 1833 (July 6, 1833.)	*Op.11.Grand Concerto [E minor] pc le piano avec orchestre. Dedie a Mr. Fr. Kalkbrenner.—Vol. I., pp 127, 146, 147, 150, 151, 152, 156 189, 195, 203-208, 210-212, 233, 241, 268, 281; Vol. II., pp. 16,*
Nov., 1833 (Jan.26, 1834)	*Op.12.Variations brillantes [B fl major] pour le piano sur le Ronde favori de Ludovic de Herold: "Je vends des Scapulaires." Dediees a Mlle. Emma Horsford.—Vol.I.,p.268 Vol. II., p.221.*
May, 1834 (April, 1834)	*Op.13.Grande Fantaisie [A major] des airs polonais, pour le piano avec orchestre. Dediee a Mr. J. P. Pixis—Vol.I., pp. 112,116. 118-120,132,152,197,268; Vol. II., p.212.*
July, 1834. (June, 1834.)	*Op.14 Krakowiak, Grand Rondeau de Concert [F major] pour le piano avec orchestre. Deidie a Mme. la Princesse Adam Czartoryska. Vol.I.,pp.88,96,97,98,99,101, 102.112,116,118-120,134,268; Vol. II., 233.*

Jan., 1834 [Copies sent to composer already in Dec., 1833]. (Jan. 12,1834.)	*OP. 15. Trois Nocturnes [F major, sharp major, and G minor] pour le piano. Dedies a Mr. Ferd. Hiller.- M. Schlesinger. Vol. II., pp. 87, 261, 263*
March, 1834.	*OP. 16. Rondeau [E flat major] pou le piano. Dedie a Mlle. Caroline Hartmann.—Vol. I., p. 269; Vol. II., p. 221.*
May, 1834.	*OP. 17. Quatre Mazurkas [B flat major, E minor, A flat major, and minor] pour le piano, Dediees a Mm Lina Freppa.—Vol. I., p. 268; Vol. II., 231–232, 234–239.*
July, 1834. (June, 1834.)*	*OP. 18. Grande Valse [E fiat majo pour le piano. Dediee a Mlle. Lau Harsford [thus in all the edition but should probably be Horsford. Op. 12.]—Vol. I., pp. 268, 273; Vol. II., 249.*
March, 1835. (Feb., 1835.)*	*OP. 20. Premier Scherzo [B minor] pour le piano. Dedie a Mr. T.Albrecht.—Vol. I., p. 294; Vol. II., pp. 27,87, 256–257.*
April,	*OP. 21. Second Concerto [F minor]*

1836. (Aug., 1836.)	*pour le piano avec orchestre. Dedi a Mme. la Comtesse Delphine Potock —Vol. I., pp. 128, 131–132, 134, 156, 163, 200, 203–210, 212, 241, 294; II., p. 211.*
Aug., 1836. (July, 1836.)*	*OP. 22. Grande Polonaise brillante [E flat major], precedee d'un Andante spianato, pour le piano av orchestre. Dediee a Mme. la Baronn d'Est.—Vol. I., pp. 201–202, 295; Vol. II., pp. 239–243, 244.*
June, 1836. (July, 1836.)*	*OP. 23. Ballade [G minor] pour le piano. Dediee a Mr. le Baron de Stockhausen.—Vol. I., pp. 294, 295 Vol. II., pp. 87, 268–9.*
Nov., 1835. (Jan., 1836.)	*Op. 24 Quatre Mazurkas [G minor, C major, A flat major, and B flat minor]. Dediees a Mr. le Comte de Perthuis.–Vol. I., pp. 294, 295; Vol. II., pp. 218 (No. 2), 23 2, 234 9.*
Oct., 1837. (Oct.22, 1837.)	*Op. 25 Douze Etudes [A flat major, minor, F major, A minor, E minor, sharp minor, C sharp minor, D flat major G flat major, B minor, A mir & C minor] pour le piano. Dediees Mme. la Comtesse d'Agoult.—Vol. I. pp. 276, 295, 310; Vol. II., pp. 1 251–4.*
July, 1836. (July, 1836.)*	*Op. 26. Deux Polonaises [C sharp minor and E flat minor] pour le piano. Dediees a Mr. J. Dessauer.–*

	M. Schlesinger. Vol. I., p. 295; Vol. II., pp. 23 244; 245–6.
May, 1836. (July, 1836.)*	*Op. 27. Deux Nocturnes [C sharp minor and D flat major] pour le piano. Dediees a Mme. la Comtesse d'Appony.–Vol. I., pp. 294, 295; Vol. II., pp. 87, 261, 263–4.*
Sept., 1839. (Sept., 1839.)*	*Op. 28. Vingt-quatre Preludes pou le piano. Dediees a son ami Pleyel [in the French and in the English edition; a Mr. J. C. Kessler in t German edition. The French editio appeared in two books and without opus number].—Vol. II., pp. 20, 2 27, 28, 29–30, 30–31, 42–45, 50, 71, 72, 76, 77, 254–6.*
Jan., 1838. (Dec., 1837.)*	*Op. 29. Impromptu [A flat major] pour le piano. Dedie a Mile, la Comtesse de Lobau.—Vol. II., pp. 15, 259.*
Jan., 1838. (Dec., 1837.)*	*Op. 30. Quatre Mazurkas [C minor, minor, D flat major, and C sharp minor] pour le piano. Dediees a M la Princesse de Wurtemberg, nee Princesse Czartoryska.—Vol. II., pp. 15, 231–2, 234–9.*
Feb., 1838. (Dec., 1837.)*	*Op. 31. Deuxieme Scherzo [B flat minor] pour le piano. Dedie a Mile la Comtesse Adele de Fursienslein.*

—*Vol. II., pp. 15, 87, 256, 257.*

(Dec., 1837.)* *OP. 32. Deux Nocturnes [B major ar A flat major] pour le Piano. Dedie a Mme. la Baronne de Billing.—Vol. II., pp. 15, 87, 264.*

Nov., 1838. (Nov., 1838.) *OP. 33. Quatre Mazurkas [G sharp minor, D major, C major, and B minor] pour le piano. Dediees a Mlle. la Comtesse Mostowska.—Vol. II., pp. 15, 231-2, 234-9.*

Dec., 1838. (Jan., 1839.)* *OP. 34. Trois Valses brillantes [A flat major, A minor, and F major] pour le piano. Dediees [No. 1] a Mlle. deThun-Hohenstein; [No. 2] a Mme. G. d'Ivri; [No. 3] d Mile. A. d'Eichthal.—Vol. I., p. 200 (No. I); Vol. II., pp. 15, 30; 248, 249*

May, 1840. (May, 1840.)* *OP. 35. Sonate [B flat minor] pour le piano.—Vol. II., pp. 45, 62, 72 77, 94, 225-8.*

May, 1840. (May, 1840.)* *OP. 36. Deuxieme Impromptu [F shar minor] pour le piano.—Vol. II., pp 259-60.*

May, 1840. (June, 1840.)* *OP. 37. Deux Nocturnes [G minor ar G major] pour le piano.—Vol. II., p. 45, 62, 87, 261, 264.*

Sept., 1840. (Sept., 1840.)*	*OP. 38. Deuxieme Ballade [F major] pour le piano. Dediee a Mr. R. Schumann.—Vol. II., pp. 45, 50, 51 52,54,77,268,269.*
Oct., 1840. (Dec., 1840.)*	*Op. 39. Troisieme Scherzo [C sharp minor] pour le piano. Dedie a Mr. Gutmann.—Vol. II., pp. 45, 53, 72, 77, 256, 258.*
Nov., 1840. (Dec., 1840.)*	*Op. 40. Deux Polonaises [A major a C minor] pour le piano. Dediees a Mr. J. Fontana.—Vol. II., pp. 45, 50, 51, 52, 54, 77, 87, 94, 213 (N 1), 239-244, 246, 247.*
Dec., 1840. (Dec., 1840.)*	*Op. 41. Quatre Mazurkas [C sharp minor, E minor, B major, and A fla major] pour le piano. Dediees a Mr E. Witwicki.—Vol. II., pp. 46 (No. 1), 62, 77, 231-2, 234-9.*
July, 1840.	*Op. 42. Valse [A flat major pour l piano,—Vol. II., pp. 77, 86, 248, 249.*
(1841. Announced in Monatsbe-richte on Jan. 1,1842. Paid for by the publisher on July 7, 1841.]	*Op. 43. Tarantella [A flat major] pour le piano.—Vol. II., pp. 77, 82-86, 222.*

(Oct., 1841.)*

(Nov. 28, 1841.) *Op.44. Polonaise [F sharp minor] pour le piano. Dediee a Mme. la Princesse Charles de Beauvau.—Vol. II., pp. 77,80, 81,86,239-244,246.*

(Nov. 28, 1841.) *Op.45. Prelude [C sharp minor] pc piano. Dediee a Mlle. la Prin-*
M. Schlesinger.
cesse Elisabeth Czernicheff.—Vol. II., pp. 77, 80, 81, 256

Jan., 1842. (Nov. 28, 1841) *Op.46. Allegro de Concert [A majc pour le piano. Dedie a Mlle. F. Muller—Vol. I., p. 202; Vol.II., pp.77, 86, 87, 177, 223-5.*

Jan. 1842 (Nov. 28, 1841) *Op.47. Troisieme Ballade [A flat major] pour le piano. Dediee a Mlle. P. de Noailles.—Vol.II., pp.77,87, 92, 268, 269-70.*

Jan., 1842 (Nov. 28, 1841) *Op.48. Deux Nocturnes [C minor and F sharp minor] pour le piano. Dediees a Mlle. L. Duperre—Vol.II. pp. 77, 87, 88, 262, 265*

Jan., 1842 (Nov. 28, 1841) *Op.49. Fantaisie [F minor] pour le piano Dediee a Mme. la Princess C. de Souzzo.—Vol. II., pp. 77,87, 230-1.*

[Sept.,1842. Announced *Op.50. Trois Mazurkas [G major, A flat major, and C charp minor]*

in Monats-berichte.] (Nov.28,1841 [not again advertised till June 5, 1842, although the preceding numbers were.])	*pour le piano. Dediees a Mr. Leon Szmitkowski—Vol.II., p.77,231-2, 234-9.*
Feb.,1843. (July 9, 1843.)	*Op. 51. Allegro Vivace. Troisieme Impromptu [G flat major] pour le piano. Dedie a Mme. la Comtesse Esterhazy.—Vol.II.,pp.121,260.*
Feb., 1843. (Dec. 24, 1843.)	*Op. 52. Quatrieme Ballade [F minor pour le piano. Dediee a Mme. la Baronne C. de Rothschild.—Vol. II. pp. 77, 121, 268, 270.*
Dec., 1843. (Dec. 24, 1843.)	*OP. 53. Huiticmc Polonaise [A flat major] pour le piano. Dediee a Mr. A. Leo.—Vol. II., pp. 77, 94, 97, 121, 213, 239-244, 247.*
Dec., 1843. (Dec. 24, 1843.)	*Op. 54. Scherzo No. 4 [E major] po le piano. Dedie a Mlle. J. de Caraman.—Vol. II-, pp. 121, 256, 258-9.*
Aug. 1844. (Sept. 22, 1844.)	*Op. 55. Deux Nocturnes [F minor an E flat major] pour le piano. Dedie a Mlle. J. W. Stirling.—Vol. II., p. 118, 121,262, 265-6.*

Aug., 1844. (Sept. 22, 1844.)	*Op. 56. Trois Mazurkas [B major, C major, and C minor] pour le piano. Dediees a Mlle. C. Maberly.—Vol. II., pp. 118, 121–2, 231–2, 234–9.*
May, 1845. (June, 1845.)*	*Op. 57. Berceuse [D flat major] pour le piano. Dediee & Mlle. Elise Gavard.—Vol. I., p. 119; Vol. II., pp. 118, 122,267–8.*
June, 1845. (June, 1845)*	*Op.58. Sonate [B minor] pour le piano. Dediee a Mme.la Comtesse E. de Perthuis.—Vol. II., pp. 118, 122, 228–9.*
[Jan., 1846, announced in Monats-berichte.] (April, 1846.)*	*Op. 59. Trois Mazurkas [A minor, A flat major, and F sharp minor] pour le piano.—Vol.II.,pp. 122, 231–2, 234–9.*
Dec., 1846 (Sept., 1846)	*Op.60 Barcarolle [F sharp major] pour le piano. Dediee a Mme. la Baronne de Stockhausen–Vol.II, pp.77, 122 266–7.*
Dec., 1846. (Sept., 1846.)*	*Op.61 Polonaise–Fantaisie [A flat major] pour le piano. Dediee a Mme. A.Veyret.— Vol.II., pp. 122, 239–244, 248*
Dec., 1846.	*Op. 62. Deux Nocturnes [B major*

(Sept., 1846.)*	*and E major] pour le piano. Dedies a Mlle. R. de Konneritz.—Vol. II., pp. 122, 262, 266.*
Sept., 1847. (Oct. 17, 1847)	*OP. 63. Trois Mazurkas [B major, F minor, and C sharp minor] pour le piano. Dediees a. Mme. la Comtesse L. Czosnowska.—Vol. II., pp. 122, 205, 231–2, 234–9.*
Sept., 1847. (Oct. 17, 1847)	*OP. 64. Trois Valses [D flat major C sharp minor, and A flat major] pour le piano. Dediees [No 1] a Mm la Comtesse Potocka; [No. 2] a Mme la Baronne de Rothschild; [No. 3] a Mme. la Baronne Bronicka Vol. II., pp. 95, 122, 142 (No. 1) 205, 248, 250–1, 387.*
Sept., 1847. (Oct. 17, 1847)	*OP. 65. Sonate [G minor] pour piar et violoncelle. Dediee a Mr. A. Franchomme.—Vol. II., pp. 122, 205 206, 207, 211, 229.*

II.—WORKS PUBLISHED WITHOUT OPUS NUMBERS DURING THE COMPOSER'S

LIFETIME.

[1833, in print.]	*Grand Duo concertant [E major] pou*
(July 6, 1833.)	*piano et violoncelle sur des theme de Robert le Diable, par F. Chopir et A. Franchomme.—Vol. II., p. 23(*
Aug. or Sept., 1840 [this is the date of the appearance of the Methode.]	*Trois Nouvelles Etudes [F. minor, flat major, and D flat major]. Etu de Schlesinger. Perfection de la Methode des Moscheles et Fetis.—Vo II., p. 252.*
(July 25, 1841.)	*Variation VI. [Largo, E major, C] from the Hexameron: Morceau de Concert. Grandes Variations de bravoure sur la Marche des "Puritains" de Bellini, composees pour le Concert de Mme. la Princes Belgiojoso au benefice des pauvres par MM. Liszt, Thalberg, Pixis, H. Herz, Czerny, and Chopin.—Vol. II. pp. 14, 15.*
[Feb., 1842, announced in Monats-berichte.	*Mazurka [A minor] pour piano, No. of "Notre Temps."—Vol.II.,p.237*

III.—WORKS PUBLISHED WITH OPUS NUMBERS AFTER THE COMPOSER'S DEATH.

[May, 1851.] (May, 1851.)* — *OP. 4. Sonate [C minor] pour le piano. Dediee a Mr. Joseph Elsner. [This work was already in the hanc of the German publisher, T. Haslir in 1828.]—Vol. I., pp. 62,112,118; Vol. II., p. 63.*

1855. — *OP. 66–74 are the posthumous works with opus numbers given to the wor by Julius Fontana (publies sur fil manuscrits originaux avec autorisation de sa famille).—Vol. II., 270–1.*

OP. 66. Fantaisie-Impromptu [C sharp minor]. Composed about 1834. Vol. II.. p. 261, 271.

OP. 67. Quatre Mazurkas [G major (1835), G minor (1849), C major (1 and A minor (1846).]—Vol. II., p. 271.

OP. 68. Quatre Mazurkas [C major (1830), A minor (1827), F major (1 and F minor (1849).]—Vol. I., pp. 112, 122 (No. 2).

OP. 69. Deux Valses [F minor (1836), and B minor (1829).]—Vol. I., pp. 112, 122 (No. 2).

OP. 70. Trois Valses [G flat major (1835), F minor (1843), and D flat (1830).]—Vol. I., pp. 128, 200 (No. 3).

Op. 71. Trois Polonaises [D minor (1827), B flat major (1828), and F (1829).]—Vol. I., pp. 62 (Nos. 1 and 2), 112, 121 (Nos. 1, 2, and 3 129 (No. 3).

OP. 72. Nocturne [E minor (1827)]; Marche funebre [C minor (1829)]; et Trois Ecossaises [D major, G major, and D flat major (1830)].—Vol. I., pp. 62, 112, 121 (No. 1); 112, 123 (No. 2); 202 (No. 3).

OP. 73. Rondeau [C major] pour deu pianos (1828).—Vol. I., pp. 62, 112, 116.

OP. 74. Seventeen Polish Songs by Witwicki, Mickiewicz, Zaleski, &c. for voice with pianoforte accompaniment. The German translat by Ferd. Gumbert. [The English translation of Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co.'s English edition is by the Rev. J. Troutbeck.]—Vol. II., p. 271–272.

IV.—WORKS PUBLISHED

WITHOUT OPUS NUMBERS AFTER THE COMPOSER'S DEATH.

[May, 1851.] *Variations [E major] pour le pianc stir un air allemand. (1824?) [although not published till 1851, this composition was already in 18 in T. Haslinger's hands).—Vol. I.: pp. 53, 55, 56.*

Mazurka [G major]. (1825.)—Vol. I. p. 52; II., 236.

Mazurka [B flat major (1825)].—Vol I., p. 52; II., 236.

Mazurka [D major (1829-30)].—Vol. I., PP—202-203; II., 236.

Mazurka [D major (1832.—A remodelling of the preceding Mazurka)].—Vol. I., pp. 202-203; II., 236.

Mazurka [C major (1833)].—Vol. II. p. 236.

Mazurka [A minor. Dediee a son ami Emile Gail'ard.—Vol. II, p. 236.

1858. *Valse [E minor].—Vol. II., p. 251.*

1864. *Polonaise [G sharp minor]. Dediee a Mme. Dupont.—Vol. I., p. 52 (see also Corrections and Additions, Vo I., p. VIII.*

1872. *Polonaise [G flat major]. Nothing but the composer's autograph could convince one of the genuineness of this piece. There are here and there passages which have the Chopin ring, indeed, seem to be almost bodily taken from some other of his works, but there is also a great deal which it is impossible to imagine to have come at any time from his pen—the very opening bars may be instanced*

Polonaise [B flat minor (1826)].—Gebethner & Vol. I., pp. 52–53.

Valse [E major (1829)].—Vol. I., Gebethner & pp. 112, 122.

Souvenir de Paganini [A major]. This piece, which I do not know, is mentioned in the list of the master's works given by Karasowski in the Polish edition of his life of Chopin. It was published in the supplement of the Warsaw Echo Muzyczne, where also the two preceding pieces first appeared.

About a Mazurka in F sharp major, published under Chopin's name by C. P. Gotthard, of Vienna, see Vol. II., p. 237; and about Deux Valses melancoliques (F minor and B minor ecrites sur l'Album de Mme. la Comtesse P. 1844, see Vol. II., p. 251.

La Reine des Songes, which appeare in the Paris Journal de Musique, N 8, 1876, is No. 1 of the Seventeer Polish Songs (transposed to B flat major) with French words by George Sand, beginning:

"Quand la lune se leve
Dans un pale rayon
Elle vient comme un reve,
Comme une vision."

Besides this song, the letter-pres taken from George Sand's Histoire ma Vie, is accompanied by two instrumental pieces, extracts from the last movement of the E minor Concerto and the Bolero, the latte being called Chanson de Zingara.

END OF VOLUME II.

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