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A SUMMER WITH LISZT IN WEIMAR.

ON the fifteenth day of June, 1885, I exchanged the dusty thoroughfares of Berlin for the rose-gardens and shady avenues of Weimar, in the Thuringian hills, and regained my delightful quarters of the previous summer. The Master, as Franz Liszt is called by all who know him, had been absent from Weimar several weeks, and was not expected to return before the twentieth of the month; but the next morning I was greeted with the announcement that he had come in the night before, and would hold his tri-weekly class that afternoon.

On the second floor of the court gardener's residence, at the entrance to the Belvedere Allée and the magnificent Grand Ducal Park, lives Liszt with his small household, Miska, the Hungarian valet, and Pauline, the house-keeper and cook, his faithful servant for over thirty years. The Master had not finished his after-dinner nap as the pupils assembled in the dining-room at four o'clock. Somewhat later than his wont, Miska opened the salon door and revealed Liszt advancing to meet us.

His once erect, tall form, now stooped and slightly corpulent, was clad in a black suit with short house-coat and waistcoat buttoned high. A broad black silk cravat, low standing collar, and black morocco slippers without backs or heels, displaying a liberal expanse of white worsted hose, completed his simple attire. The heavy masses of long, silky, snow-white hair were brushed loosely back from his forehead and touched his shoulders. A kindly smile of welcome played over his features as he stood with both hands extended to Hedwig, the nineteen-year-old daughter of his cousin, Professor von Liszt of Vienna. His lips lightly touched her brow, and then, with a friendly smile, word, or embrace, he received each of the pupils according to his or her place in his esteem or affections. None were strange to him. The majority had been there the summer

previous, a few before his departure in May. The Master seemed in the best of health and spirits, and was evidently happy to be at home once more, surrounded by a circle of devoted pupils. The first one to play, Fräulein von Liszt, was just finishing her relative's "Consolation," when Miska entered and whispered something to "Herr Doctor," as he calls the Master. The latter arose from his chair beside the performer, and requested the pupils to step into the dining-room for a few minutes, as he had a visit from "Serenissimus." The salon door connecting with the entry was thrown open, and the Master advanced to the head of the stairs to meet the Grand Duke of Saxe-Weimar, who had come to welcome him home. There was an exchange of greetings, hearty laughter, and then the two entered the salon, speaking French with animation.

"Adieu, dear Master!" said Karl Alexander as the pair again appeared before the dining-room door; in another moment he had vanished on the stairway. The lesson continued. Liszt's "March and Scherzo" was played by Stradal of Vienna; his "Funerailles" by Ansorge of Leipzig; Schumann's "Toccata" by a lady from Hamburg; and a Polonaise of Zarembski's by the best of the lady pianists, Adèle aus der Ohe of Berlin. The Master was regarded with rapt attention as he made corrections, played short passages to illustrate his idea, or related interesting reminiscences. Each lesson with him resembles all the others, in that it brings with it something new and of especial worth, for he is inexhaustible.

It is amusing to hear him address some of his pupils, according to their nationality or city, "Holland," "Norway," "Scotland," "America," or "Hamburg," "Mannheim," etc. Stradal became "Stradalus," Rosenthal, "Rosenthälchen," and Fräulein S——, "Mariechen." Occasionally some peculiarity in

manner or dress would cause Liszt to rechristen the unfortunate one, to his sorrow.

One winter in Berlin a friend said to me: "You will attend B——'s concert at the Singakademie next Tuesday, of course?"

"Why 'of course'?" I have never heard of him. Can he play?"

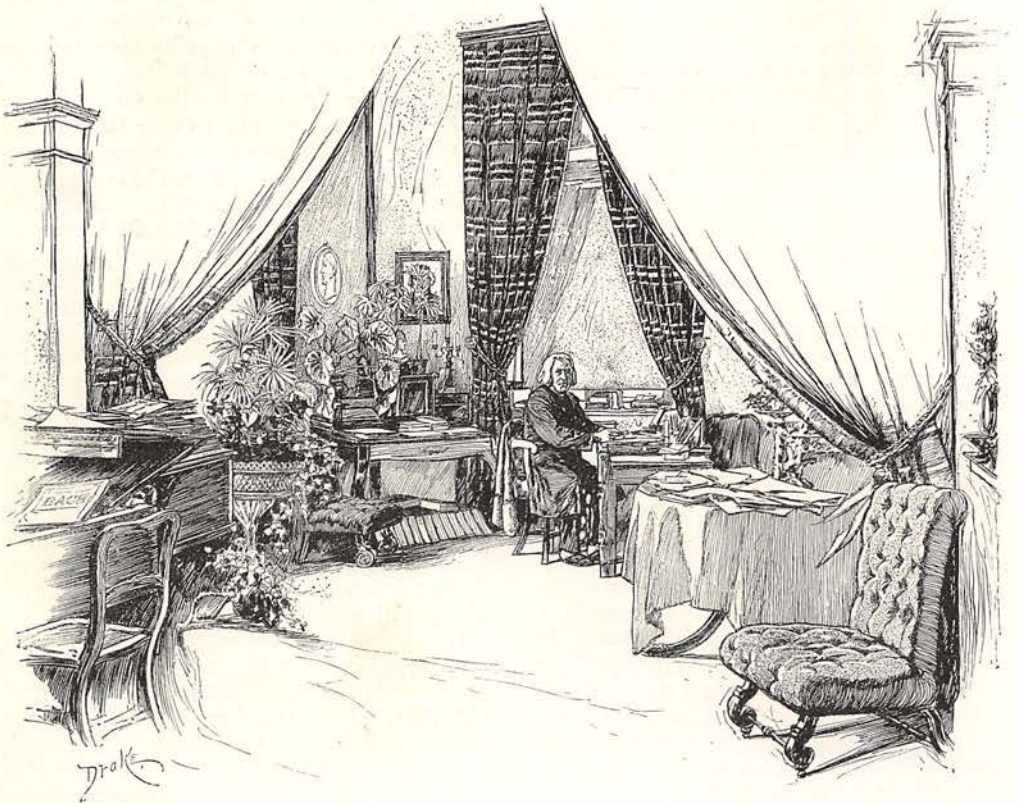
"No, but you should turn out and give him a reception for the sake of old times in Weimar. You surely remember 'Old Counterpoint'?"

Liszt gave him this nickname, and I had never heard him spoken of as B——.

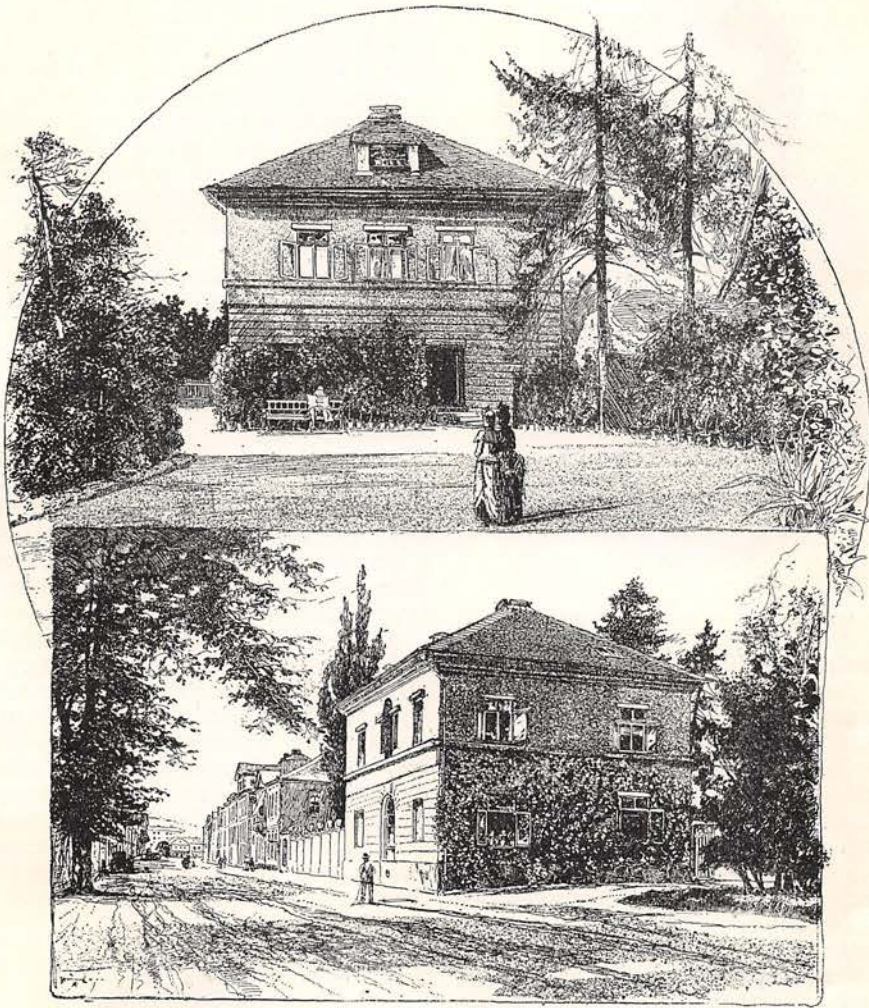
Besides the fifteen or sixteen pupils, Professor Müller-Hartung, director of the Orchestral School, Gottschalg, the court organist, and Herr Hofrath Gille of Jena, the Master's almost life-long friend, who visits him each week, were present during the lesson. Some of the elder musicians of the city attend the classes at intervals during the summer. As this was Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday were chosen as the days for the two remaining lessons that week. We were dismissed earlier than usual, the Master giving the signal to depart by taking both of his cousin's hands and imprinting a kiss upon her forehead.

Then all took leave with the same observances as upon entering.

The sisters Anna and Helene Stahr play leading rôles in the congenial life of the Lisztianer—as the pupils and followers of the Master are called—in Weimar. Some day their biographer will fill a volume with entertaining reminiscences of them and their hospitable home. Their father, the poet and writer, Prof. Adolf Stahr of the Jena University, was an early friend of Liszt's. Many years ago the family came to Weimar to reside. The daughters gave piano lessons. At the outset of their career Liszt aided them by his influence in the city. About this time, more than thirty years since, they began the *soirées musicales* that have won the sisters a page in history. They took place Sunday, and oftentimes Wednesday of the same week. Liszt came accompanied by all the musicians whom his name and fame had drawn to Weimar. His frequent remark upon entering was, "I have brought you a whole portion this evening." Until within five or six years the Master himself always played. Since the days when Bülow, Tausig, Bendel, Klindworth, Cornelius, and Bronsart performed there as young



INTERIOR OF LISZT'S STUDY. (AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY LOUIS HELD.)



THE HOME OF LISZT. (AFTER PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRIEDRICH HERTEL.)

men, the list has been lengthened by the names of many of the greatest celebrities of the musical world, down to the luminaries just arising on its horizon, d'Albert, Friedheim, Reisenauer, and Siloti. All these years the sisters have toiled early and late at their lessons, going from house to house. They have provided for old age, and now have a comfortable home in Schwaneestrasse, west of the Old City proper. The Fräuleins Stahr are known to every man, woman, and child in Weimar as devout disciples of Liszt and the faithful friends of the Lisztianer. With the Master's return to Weimar in April, his pupils begin to come in; then the sisters Stahr say to their friends, "Good-bye until the Lisztianer leave in the autumn; you need not expect to see us in the mean time." Their friends understand, and leave them to themselves until the

sisters voluntarily return to their society. When the Lisztianer have arrived in sufficient numbers to make it worth the trouble, the Fräuleins Stahr begin their Sunday-afternoon entertainments. To be admitted to a lesson at Liszt's is the only recommendation asked a stranger, and he is made welcome.

At four o'clock the Master drives up, attended by one of the young men of the class, and after receiving the greetings of his followers already assembled,—for few outsiders are invited,—he takes the easy-chair in the front row, and the music begins. The programme is made up mainly of his own compositions performed by four to six of his pupils, interspersed by songs from some professional concert singer, or an artist from the Grand Ducal Opera. During the intermission cake and wine are served; then at the close of the second part



WILHELM POSSE.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ALBERT GRUNDNER, BERLIN.)

the Master chats awhile and departs as he came. To give him a surprise and pleasure, many a forgotten composition has been revived or special work, like the Dante or Faust symphonies, has been prepared for these soirées. Like the regular lessons, three days each week, they have become a summer institution. About the middle of July the Fräuleins Stahr go to the North Sea coast to pass a few weeks, but continue their entertainments when they return home until the Lisztianer depart in September or October.

The sisters always dress alike to the slightest detail. On their birthdays they receive a mass of gifts, but no one would think of presenting an ornament or bit of wearing apparel for the one without a like remembrance for the other; otherwise, it would never be worn. Anna is tall, slender, and wears her curly gray hair short. Her nerves are constantly at a tension and voice quite hoarse from teaching. Eloquent gestures and rapid changes in facial expression animate her conversation on any topic. Helene is a head shorter than her sister, and several years her junior. By nature she is less impulsive and is keener-sighted than Anna, but a life-long companionship, with one thought, one aim in common, has made the sisters outwardly alike. Such oneness of purpose and action is rarely found. In dress, manner, and conversation they are as perfect counterparts as exist, and their letters are always signed Anna-Helene.

After the lesson at Liszt's, the day follow-

ing my arrival, my first duty was to visit the two sisters. As I came down Schwannseestrasse I spied them standing at the garden gate. They gave me one of those hearty, characteristic welcomes that cause the newly arrived to think himself the best friend they have; led me up the gravel walk through the well-kept garden to the plain, two-story brick house standing some distance back from the street. We ascended by a side door to the second floor, where, as black letters on the porcelain bell-handle indicate, the "Family Stahr" reside. Adjoining the salon and facing the rear garden is a room called by the Lisztianer the "Museum." Into this apartment were crowded the gifts and pictures with appended autographs of the army of artists who have been guests in the house during more than thirty years. The four walls, numerous tables, chairs, in fact every nook and corner is hidden by this conglomerate mass of souvenirs. The sisters guard this treasure as though it were a sacred trust. They have over fifty different pictures of Liszt, a life-size bust, and a large package of his letters.

As we sat chatting in the cozy dining-room, Fräulein Anna cast frequent despairing glances at the street approach. The garden gate clicked. "Finally!" exclaimed she. "That man is invariably late. I am half famished!" A tall spare individual of six-and-twenty strode up the path, disappeared around the corner, and a moment later was ushered into our presence.

"Ach, dear August, I thought thou wouldst never come. How goes it with thee?" said the sisters as with one voice.



ARTHUR FRIEDHEIM.
(FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORG BROKESCH, LEIPZIG.)

"Unavoidably detained," came the quiet answer with a strong Viennese accent.

"And where are the others?" asked they, without waiting for a reply to their inquiries.

"At Werther's—concert there this evening; they will reserve a table for the crowd."

In a corner alcove of the quiet public room of the Russian Hotel is a broad, round table partly surrounded by a divan. Here, at seven o'clock each evening from the beginning to the close of the season, the sisters Stahr and a select few of the Lisztianer sup together and discuss the affairs of the day. Although the persons and place of meeting have from time to time changed, this "historical corner table" has for many years been the favorite resort, and the Fräuleins Stahr the permanent supports of it. If its memoirs were written, what hopes and disappointments, successes and failures, sacrifices and jealousies, joys and sorrows, comedies and—yes—tragedies it could chronicle of the youth, beauty, and talent that have surrounded its boards. In very warm weather the crowd spends an occasional evening at Chemnitz's or Werther's Garden, the Felsen Keller, and out of town at Tiefurt or Belvedere.

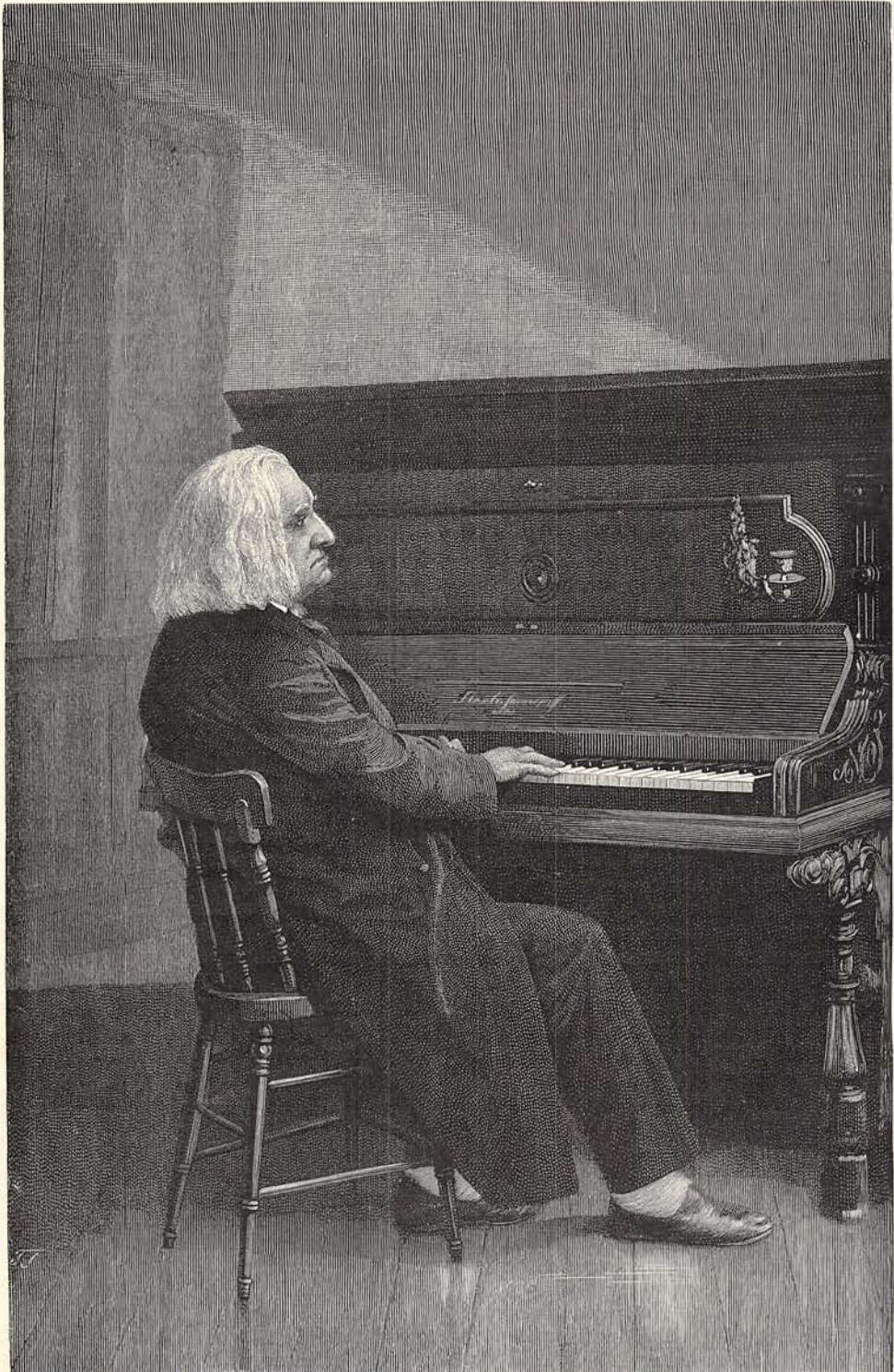
For many years the Master and his pupils have been the guests of Herr Hofrath Gille at the neighboring city of Jena on the occasion of a special performance of oratorio—generally a work of Liszt's—by the local singing society. They were entertained at his residence formerly with a substantial repast, of which hot roast sausage was the chief ingredient. The Lisztianer nicknamed the day the "Sausage Festival," and now it is never called otherwise. The "Sausage Festival" of '85 occurred Friday, June 26th. The Lisztianer and the sisters Stahr went by a morning train to Jena; the Master, accompanied by the Baroness M., was to follow in the afternoon. Our host met us at the station, and while he and the ladies were driven to the hotel, the remainder of us visited the old Schiller house and garden where "Wallenstein" was written, 1789-99. Later, we met by agreement at a public garden. The place was crowded mainly by university students, drinking beer and listening to the excellent music of a military band. Two large tables placed together accommodated our party, and the hours passed gayly until time for dinner with Dr. Gille at the hotel "Zum Bären." The court councillor presided at a long table in a private dining-room; toasts filled in the pauses between courses, and afterwards all strolled off to drink coffee at a restaurant on a rose-covered hillside in full view of the picturesque region.

After a four o'clock performance of Bach's St. John passion music, at the ancient City

Church, Liszt, the Baroness M.,—a Princess Gortschakoff by birth and a niece of Russia's late Prime Minister,—our party from Weimar, and the oratorio soloists assembled in the pretty little garden at the rear of the "Bären" for the "Sausage Festival." Dr. Gille proved to be a model host, and did everything possible for the comfort of his guests. Long tables were spread under the trees, and at a bountifully supplied sideboard the gentlemen helped the ladies and themselves from pyramids of sandwiches, salads, cheese, and great platters heaped high with steaming roast sausage, a rare kind made especially for this feast, and extraordinarily appetizing. Speeches were made and healths drunk. When Liszt and the Baroness drove off, we strolled leisurely to the station as twilight deepened into night.

The Fräuleins Stahr gave frequent informal four o'clock "coffees" on week-days to which a select few were bidden. These were more enjoyable than the Sunday soirées, for artists are oftener heard at their best when free from restraint. I had heard a performance by Adèle aus der Ohe in a Berlin drawing-room a few months previous, and been disappointed. But in one of those hours of inspiration which come to some artists, she made memorable a gathering, the Thursday following our Jena trip, by her superb playing of "Isolda's Liebestod" and Liszt's first and second Mephisto waltzes. Fräulein aus der Ohe is certainly one of the first lady pianistes of Germany, though too passive to be often enthusiastic. Another time, a year since, Alfred Reisenauer, without leaving his seat, gave one of the finest performances of Liszt's two concertos to which I have ever listened, in defiance of an upright and a second piano accompaniment. Volumes of Liszt's music for two pianos have had some of their best hearings on these informal occasions.

My hostess rarely had more than one or two guests at most in the house, generally young Englishmen to learn German; but, during my absence in Jena, our small family received two additions in the persons of Mrs. B—— and her granddaughter, Miss G——, of Chicago, who had come to study with Liszt. Absorbed in a thoroughly congenial existence, I forgot the approach of our national holiday until the calendar turned Wednesday, July 1st. Then it occurred to me that a *soirée musicale* might appropriately celebrate the day in Weimar, if the Master and his pupils would join us, on the anniversary of American Independence. Miss G—— and I, the only Americans then with Liszt, went the following day, and found him much pleased to participate in the national celebration of a country with which he has so many ties.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

After a photograph by Louis Held.

LISZT AT THE PIANO.

Friday afternoon we entered the Master's salon as the lesson was beginning. The crowd before the piano courteously opened the way for us to address Liszt, who was seated beside Emil Sauer, about to play a Rubinstein concerto. Arthur Friedheim, at the upright, was to accompany.

"Ah, ha! America!" ejaculated the Master, in his paternal fashion, smiled, and extended his hand. "To-morrow is the great national celebration. By the way, B——, you must have 'Yankee Doodle' for us to-morrow afternoon. It would never do to omit that at a national celebration. Sit down and play it now." All joined in the laugh that followed.

"Here, Sauer, get up," and he waved the surprised pianist from the stool. "Now, B——, give us 'Yankee Doodle.'"

The Master's word is law, and the melody was performed while Friedheim improvised variations at the second piano.

"Yes," continued the Master, who stood erect, nodded his head, and beat time impressively, as if directing a grand orchestra, "and Friedheim must write variations on 'Yankee Doodle' especially for to-morrow afternoon! Now, Friedheim," said he, as he approached the piano, "as soon as you go home, take pen and paper, and set yourself down to work, and you can have the variations ready in time. You and B—— must play them together!" The pianist looked aghast and groaned at the task allotted him. The Master had entered into the spirit of the occasion. He undertook the entire management, questioned closely about the arrangements, and, by his determination to make the affair a success, evinced a desire to prove his good-will and honor for the American nation.

"Have you plenty of room, B——?"

"Plenty, Master."

"Good! So, Fräulein B——, we will see you also to-morrow?" said he, turning to a pupil.

"I am not invited, dear Master," was the quiet response.

He looked at me in surprise.

"Yes, Master, all the ladies and gentlemen are invited. I have not yet had time to speak with them, as everything has been so hastily arranged."

At the close of the lesson he said to me: "Provide *Bowle* and—yes!—Rubinstein's variations on 'Yankee Doodle' too."

"Have you heard, Master," volunteered a pupil, "they are so long that when Rubinstein himself played them in Steinway Hall, New York, almost the entire audience left before he was through?"

"They are very long, something like forty pages, I believe, but well made," was the reply. "Each one shall play at them to-morrow."

Our hostess demonstrated a generous interest in the entertainment, and surrendered the entire house to the caterer in charge. When four o'clock Saturday afternoon came, the ladies of our household advanced to the head of the stairs to meet Liszt, whom I had escorted from his residence. Miss G—— pinned the national colors in flowers, worn by all the guests, to the lapel of his coat.

"We are all Americans to-day," said the Master, with a patriotic ring to his voice.

An American flag of flowers, stripes of red and white roses, square of blue corn-flowers, with small white star-flowers, made especially for Liszt, rewarded this speech. Besides the Master and his twenty pupils, there were present the Fräuleins Stahr, Max Alvary-Achenbach, the operatic tenor, and three American ladies, the Misses M—— of Brooklyn, C—— of New York, and R—— of Elmira, who had stopped over a day on their journey southward from Berlin. The Master, who was at his best and very gay, extended both hands to each of them, and said, as he motioned to a laurel-crowned bust of himself, "You have already made my acquaintance!" Finally he said, "Now we will have some music," and took his seat in the front row. Then Göllicher and Stradal of Vienna played appropriately to the day Liszt's "Festklänge" for two pianos. The Master left his chair and seated himself between the two pianists, where he could make observations and occasionally heighten the orchestral effect by playing on one end of the keyboards. After a pause Liszt called for the next number, and gallantly led Miss G—— to the instrument, sat at her side, and encouraged by muttered "bravos," "good," etc., as she performed an *étude* of his. Then Arthur Friedheim of St. Petersburg, the best living interpreter of Liszt's compositions, played the second "Ballade." At the close the Master asked for the pianist's variations on "Yankee Doodle." Ansonge, one of the best artists present, was at the second piano. After an impressive introduction came the familiar melody, but the music grew gradually wilder and more complicated, and in the grand crash of the finale the closing chorus from Beethoven's Ninth Symphony and the "bell" theme from Wagner's "Parsifal" were distinguishable. Friedheim was triumphant, but when he afterwards gave me the manuscript he made me promise that I would never permit its publication, as it was written under pressure and not in satisfactory shape. The freaky medley developed a proper Fourth of July humor in all; the Master especially shook with laughter. During the ensuing pause for refreshments it was my duty to toast our illustrious guest; in response to a "*hoch*" for

the Master, he cried "*Amerika hoch!*" The following telegram from Dr. Gille, who could not be present, was read: "*Amerika und Meister hoch!*" The Master then invited a young man from Berlin, Alfred Sormann, who arrived that morning, to play, and he contributed Schumann's "Toccata."

"Now for Rubinstein's 'Yankee Doodle!'" exclaimed Liszt. The music, which had been procured in haste from Leipzig, was placed on the rack. "Who shall begin? Ah, yes; here, L——, you may be the first to play."

"Dare I ask to be excused, Master? I am just in from a two weeks' tramp in the mountains, and have no piano. My fingers are very stiff," said L—— uneasily.

"Then, Sauer may begin."

"Dear Master, my wrist is very painful from over-practice on that Rubinstein concerto yesterday. Will you not excuse me?" pleaded the blushing pianist.

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the Master. "Good! very good! It reminds me of an anecdote of William Mason of New York, who was with me twenty-five or thirty years ago. He brought Chopin's E minor concerto one day to the lesson, but was unable to play this passage." He stepped to the piano, and ran his fingers over the keys. "He played it so"—here he illustrated the faults of the performance. "I had him try it over several times, but without improvement, so I told him to work on it until the next lesson. He appeared the next time with his arm in a sling." At this the Master laughed heartily, and continued: "I asked him the cause of his affliction, and he replied that he had overworked his hand trying to master that difficult passage. Now each shall play two pages. Stradal may begin." Several watched the opportunity and glided into the adjacent rooms. Reading at first sight before the Master is rather venturesome, for the consciousness of having played badly in his presence is punishment enough, even though he were not ruthless in his criticism. Liszt keenly enjoys this game of "hide and seek"; and during the ordeal at the piano he circulated freely through the rooms, to the confusion of the faint-hearted.

"Bravo, Stradal! Now Rosenthal shall play two pages."

When the composition had created merriment enough the Master said, "There, that will do. Bring the variations in to the lesson Monday, B——, and we will finish them."

At half-past six the carriage came.

"Stradal, you accompany me; B—— is host, and must not leave," commanded the Master.

"I can find but one of your gloves, Master," said Stradal as we stood in the hall.

"I never wear but one, and that the left hand," was the response. The other guests remained, and the next two hours resembled a technique tournament. Rosenthal, Ansoerge, van de Sandt, Sauer of the stiff wrist, and others contributed feats of piano gymnastics rarely excelled. Then the evening was terminated about the historical corner table at the Russian Hotel. All agreed that American Independence had been gloriously remembered in 1885.

The following Monday morning one of my colleagues hurried in excitedly.

"B——, you can do the fellows the greatest favor in the world if you will only forget those variations this afternoon. The Master will not think of them again."

"Indeed he will; he forgets nothing. I will leave them outside and have them convenient if he asks for them."

"Let me have a look at them, then. I have no intention of making myself ridiculous this afternoon," chattered the pianist.

"It is just my luck to get one of the difficult ones. Let me see, how does this go?" It resulted in his taking the music with him until lesson time.

"Now, B——," said the Master at the close of the afternoon lesson, "we will finish 'Yankee Doodle.'" The music was produced and the comical game of hide and seek begun anew. Finally Rosenthal, with his splendid technique and rapid sight-reading, brought the variations to a triumphant close, and the pupils dispersed, inexpressibly relieved to have the piece forever shelved.

The American flag of flowers stood for one week on a large table in the salon.

"See," said Liszt to me at each lesson, "how fresh they are still."

Pauline said, "*Ach*, Herr Doctor has me water them carefully every day."

When withered and dry, the flag was relegated to the entry, and conspicuously stood there all summer.

That week Mrs. Harkness and her daughter Arma, the latter known to the public by her artist name Senkrah, took up their residence in Weimar for the summer. The young violinist once met Hans von Bülow at the office of the concert-agent Wolff in Berlin, and showed him a Leipzig paper which praised her for refusing to give a second piece in response to three enthusiastic recalls at a Gewandhaus concert. Bülow took a blue pencil and wrote "Bravo" under the article.

"That is only complete with your signature," said Miss Senkrah, delighted to possess a souvenir so thoroughly characteristic of this erratic being. The pianist wrote, "*Snah nov Wolüb.*"

"Why, what is that?" exclaimed the bewildered artiste. Bülow laughed. "Your name

is Harkness; reverse the letters, and it is Senkrah. Have I not your privilege to make Hans von Bülow Snah nov Wolüb?" When Wolff became manager of Miss Harkness's concerts he desired her to adopt a foreign name; she refused, and, at his suggestion, compromised by reversing the spelling of her patronymic. As Arma Senkrah she has become in two seasons one of the greatest favorites before the German public. Musical critics, young and old, have raved about the "violin fairy," to all which the young American is utterly indifferent. She is only twenty-one years of age, and has spent thirteen years studying in Europe. After taking the second and first prizes at the Paris Conservatory she had instruction from Leonhard, Sarasate, Vieuxtemps, and Joachim. Liszt has a high regard for her musicianly attainments, and has used his influence in her behalf where it could most benefit her. Miss Senkrah is thoroughly cosmopolitan, and an important addition to the artistic circle in Weimar.

The young artiste made her *début* in Weimar at the *Fräuleins Stahr*. Liszt took special interest in her, and she became, with her mother, a regular attendant of his class. Miss Senkrah always brought her instrument, and at the close of the lesson the Master himself accompanied her in the Beethoven sonatas for violin and piano, and miscellaneous compositions of his own and other composers. It was an appreciated privilege to hear Liszt play so frequently, for before Miss Senkrah's advent he rarely performed a piece in its entirety, even in the lessons. Whenever the Master waved a pupil from the stool and took his place at the piano to illustrate a passage, a sudden hush fell on the assembly; the stragglers whispering and laughing over in the corner stopped their chatter and joined the group of eager listeners, standing closely about the performer and concealing him from view. Those were moments of hopeful expectancy. How hard every one was wishing that he would play it all! Sometimes it would be only a few measures; again, a page or two; then he would stop abruptly. A score of happy faces grew long with disappointment, though all were grateful for even these fragmentary delights; but when the Master deigned to perform an entire piece, the favor was regarded as a special act of Providence. As Liszt has long since ceased playing in public, and given up daily practice, one would naturally suppose, at his age (he was born October 22, 1811), that his fingers have lost much of their skill. Unquestionably there are moments when a failing in his technical powers is perceptible, and the Master is altogether too clever to play more than a few measures when forced to realize this; but there

are hours when he seems rejuvenated and in full possession of his old-time vigor. Then his playing overwhelms by its majesty and passion, dazzles by its sparkle and brilliancy, animates by its light playfulness, or excites the deeper emotions by its tenderness and pathos. No pianist has ever so successfully worked upon the different feelings of his auditors. Whatever his mood, he compels one to feel with him. By force of his irresistible personality he fascinates and conquers without putting forth an effort. His playing is like the man himself. As he sits at the piano or listens to a worthy composition his face mirrors the feelings of the inner self. A deaf person could learn the character of the work performed, and of the performance too, merely by watching Liszt's face. Added to his natural qualifications is the ripeness of knowledge grown of such an experience as his has been. Aside from the pleasure of having heard him play, the privilege of attending his class is exceedingly valuable to a young musician, as the Master's interpretation of any composition is accepted as unquestionably authentic. His suggestions and instruction are treasured up among those rare things that stand out in relief from the experiences of a lifetime. Few are granted this boon, as Liszt has never accepted a penny for lessons, and can cull at pleasure from the many that seek his instruction. Thus the musical public have learned to consider his pupils among the elect, though so many who have merely been admitted to a lesson or played once in his presence have afterwards made capital of it by announcing themselves as "a pupil of Liszt," that the advertisement is now regarded with distrust. During the entire summer the Master was in unusually good health and capable of more physical endurance than the year before. With the impetus derived from his accompaniment of the violin, he frequently went on and played alone.

One day *Fräulein B*— brought Chopin's *Étude in A flat, Op. 25, No. 1*. The Master had just arisen from a refreshing nap and was in a mood for playing. He smiled benignly as he glanced at the piece and said, "I play that well myself," and proceeded to prove his assertion. Played throughout pianissimo, the gently undulating accompaniment resembled the faint sighing of the breeze through the trees in the still of evening, while, as if borne on the wind, there arose softly, yet clearly and distinctly, a wonderful melody. A superhuman spell seemed to hold the listeners as the music died away. The fingers that had wrought such magic lingered a moment on the keys, and then the Master arose slowly from the stool and said in barely audible accents, "Now you may play, *Fräulein B*—."

"No, Master," said one with tears in his eyes, and his voice sounded strangely harsh and real, "let us live in the recollection of this."

"Very well, another time then," replied the Master, awakening us all to a realization of our surroundings.

"Do you play whist, B——?" inquired Liszt one day shortly after Miss Senkrah's arrival.

"Yes, Master."

"Then remain after the lesson."

The class ended, the Master, and Arma Senkrah, Fräulein von Liszt, and I formed the party. From this time until the departure of Fräulein von Liszt, early in August, the same four played regularly after each lesson, unless Fräulein Breidenstein, the oratorio singer, happened in from Erfurt, when she became my partner. However, Miss Amy Fay arrived just in time to fill the vacancy. Mrs. Harkness and two or three favorite pupils always remained, and occasionally formed a second party at whist. At the start the English game was played, but one day the Master said, "We will try Russian whist to-day." It was new to me. My mistakes amused Liszt, who called me ever afterwards "the desired opponent," even, as he said, when I no longer deserved the appellation. He is great at whist; it is his recreation after work. Often we were bidden on the "off" days to come at four o'clock for a quiet rubber. When he played, a small table placed at his side held a lighted candle and a broad flat shell, on which he laid at intervals the long, slender cigar he so fondly smoked. The unoccupied ones present always vied for the honor of keeping it burning. Although the Master attentively watched the game, he invariably entertained us with interesting talk while the cards were being dealt. These quiet games, free from restraint, were to us all the most enjoyable hours spent in his society. One afternoon a hand-organ began grinding in the garden under the open windows. To hear that instrument of torture before Franz Liszt's house was ludicrous, and a general burst of laughter greeted the first notes of a waltz from "Gasparone."

"Here, T——," and the Master felt in his pocket, "hurry down and give him this. I threw him a mark" (25 cts.) "yesterday; he shall have only half the amount to-day. Tell him to hurry off."

Liszt spoke both German and French on these occasions; he understands English, but never carries on a conversation in that tongue, though he would repeat some of our remarks that amused him. One day Miss Fay glanced dubiously at a card he had led, and said quietly, "I don't like that," before playing.

The Master thought it quite amusing, and would repeat, "I don't like that!" when at a disadvantage.

In a secluded garden room of the "Hotel zum Elephanten" eight gentlemen sat enjoying the after-dinner repose. The patriarchal figure of Franz Liszt, towards whom all eyes were directed, occupied the head of the table. Every feature expressed contentment as he leaned back on the high, deep sofa, sent an occasional whiff of cigar-smoke curling above his head, and listened to his friend Dr. Gille relating reminiscences of other days. Stradal, our host, sat at his left and anticipated every wish of the beloved Master. The court councillor cleared his throat, knocked the ashes from his cigar, and began. "It was many years ago. Johanna Wagner, then in her prime, had sung Orpheus with great success at the Opera here in Weimar, and Master had directed. After the performance she invited Master and myself with three or four others to sup with her in her lodgings. When the repast was finished, Master requested Johanna to sing. 'Very well,' said she, 'if Master will accompany me.' She chose the 'Erl King' by Loewe, the same who wrote 'Archibald Douglas,' and sang it, well—as only Johanna could. When she was through, Master continued playing as though inspired, extemporizing on the theme of the song. Johanna stood motionless at his side, spell-bound, like the rest of us. As the last notes died away Johanna burst into tears, threw her arms about Master's neck and sobbed out 'Ach, dear Master, I will never again sing that song! Nothing shall mar the recollection of this evening!'"

"Yes, yes," said the Master, smiling as the incident was ended, "I remember it well."

"On another occasion," continued the narrator, as he took a pinch of snuff, "Master and several of us from Weimar were spending the evening out at Berka with Ferdinand David of Leipzig, who had taken lodgings there for the summer. David desired to try a new composition through with Master. 'You will find the piano part,' said he, as he touched the music with his bow, 'very difficult.' We all felt indignation at David's arrogance, but Master said nothing. The piece began with a broad majestic movement; the piano part grew more and more brilliant. David's face changed expression as though some important fact were dawning upon him, and finally he stopped playing altogether. 'Why,' he gasped, 'he is playing the violin part too!' Master continued without noticing the mortified violinist, and with orchestral effect brought the piece to a magnificent close. It was a rebuke that David could never forget."

Stannislaus - Pastorium.

Salve Poloniae, Zetachadim.

1^a Viola

Andate pietro = Moserato anni, Metronomo 64 = 1. Adagio.

2^a Viola

In this strain Dr. Gille and some of the pupils recalled incidents in the life of the Master, who frequently joined in the conversation, until his carriage was announced shortly after ten o'clock.

One of Liszt's pupils is Fräulein S——, a young girl of uncommon perseverance. She gives lessons and has undertaken concerts in the leading summer resorts of Thuringia. As his presence never fails to draw a large audience, Liszt has attended some of these latter to insure a paying house. I will never forget the first trip of this kind. The Master, Fräulein S—— with her mother, B—— of Munich, and I comprised the occupants of a coupé in the 1:30 P. M. train from Weimar. An hour later we stepped out at S——, a little city planted in the valley with numerous summer hotels and cottages growing up and over the beautiful hills that shut it in. Fräulein I——, the singer, with a bevy of English and German boarding-school girls under the chaperonage of her mother, quitted another compartment and surrounded us. They were anticipating a frolic, though the presence of the great Master awed them into temporary silence.

"Please, mamma," said the youthful pianiste, extending her hand, "the receipt for the traveling-basket."

"I have none! They gave me no receipt for it in Weimar!" exclaimed the startled matron.

Search proved the object of solicitude missing. Whether conveyed farther or still in Weimar, there was no passenger-train to return it before nine o'clock. Every face expressed consternation; only the penetrating gaze of Liszt prevented a scene. At our suggestion both artistes drove with him to the Kurhaus, the principal hotel, where the concert was to take place. Then Frau S—— admitted that an introduction to Liszt at the station in Weimar so overcame her that she had not thought of the basket after the porter had brought it in from the cab. Besides, it was not marked with her name.

"What shall we do?" wailed the poor woman. "We cannot have the concert, for their dresses and music are in the basket. If the Master were not here, it would be different; and he so generous and good to come, too!"

After much telegraphing the basket was found in Weimar, where the porter had first put it down, and placed on a freight-train just departing for S——. We drove in a heavy rain to the Kurhaus, whither the ladies had preceded us. In a small, damp, dismal room, that served as main entrance to the hotel, sat Liszt and Fräulein S——, drinking their afternoon coffee. A crowd of ladies and children hovered about the doorway of the

large dining-hall, and stared curiously at the Master.

News of the basket's safety was hailed with fervent thanksgivings. I chose an opportunity to reconnoiter; new troubles arose. Through the mismanagement of Frau S——, who had been at S—— a few days before, neither the Kurhaus proprietor nor the townspeople knew of the concert. The dining-hall was hastily put in order for evening, a few handbills were sent out, and, as we afterwards learned, the guests in the house notified their friends in the hotels and cottages of Liszt's arrival. There was not one available room in the house for the Master. I argued repeatedly but vainly with the proprietor. Liszt created a flutter among the guests when he entered the dining-hall and ran his fingers over the keys of the piano which Herr H—— of Weimar had just put up. The assemblage beamed with a delight of short duration, for the Master arose and departed. We tried to make him comfortable in the deserted public room. Immediately every woman and child in the house, it seemed, invented errands which took them this way. With locked doors we guarded his repose. At half-past four Liszt drove to the castle to visit friends, and took me as far as the railway station. After the usual delays the freight-train came in. A porter shouldered the basket, and we walked over the long hill to the Kurhaus. The girls met us, caught up the basket, and ran off, shouting with delight, to a private room temporarily at their disposal.

In the concert-hall a large easy-chair had been placed in the middle aisle before the platform for Liszt. Some of the ladies at the hotel reserved for themselves all the adjacent seats. I knew the Master would not take so conspicuous a seat, and proposed a better position on one side. The ladies gathered their cards from the chairs and followed. Another group approached them.

"Why do you take these places? You saw our cards here," said one.

"We told you that we intended sitting near Liszt, no matter where his chair stood," was the unblushing reply. "We have put your cards on just as good seats over the aisle." The second detachment was vanquished. News of Liszt's arrival crowded the concert-room in the evening. All eyes were directed to a side door through which he should enter. At the first glimpse of his snow-white head a burst of applause greeted him. He led Fräulein S—— to the platform, turned to his seat, and gracefully acknowledged the hearty reception. B—— and I had places at his side. The ladies in the rear hung on his every look and movement as though he were a divine being.

Barring a few minor mishaps, the concert

was a success. The local City Church organist, an awkward, nervous old man, with short, corpulent body, supplied the singer's accompaniments. He tiptoed in his heavy, squeaking boots to the platform; seated himself at the instrument; fumbled in all his pockets; finally produced a small case; pulled out a pair of spectacles; put them on, but at once removed and polished them with a voluminous red handkerchief; gazed a moment at Liszt as if to gain courage; leisurely hunted his place in the book before him; gave Liszt a hasty look, and began pecking nervously at the keys. His style of playing annoyed the Master, who made an occasional sotto-voce criticism to me. Fräulein S—— was in the midst of her next number, a stormy composition, when discordant noises from the piano indicated something on the wires. Several of us dashed simultaneously to the pianiste's assistance. The accompanist's spectacle-case was bouncing about like a rubber ball. The owner retired in confusion with his property, and the music went on. When the funny man again appeared, he fidgeted about as usual until ready to play, raised his hands above the keyboard, and — stopped short. Something was evidently wrong, and he began to cast searching glances at the audience. His eyes were set, his face sullen, as he leaned forward and beckoned angrily, giving a broad sweep to the index finger towards the shoulder and a rapid jerk of the head. A waiter with a huge napkin on his arm hurried precipitately forward, vanished through a side door, and reappeared with the piano lamps, which had been removed when Fräulein S—— played. The accompanist vented his agitation in an aimless staccato prelude with one hand,—loud pedal on,—ending abruptly on the upper notes. This last almost upset the gravity of the spectators. At the close of the concert the Master bowed gallantly to the ladies whose infatuation for him had made them conspicuous, and repaired with us to the public room, where supper had been prepared for our party. The other tables were reserved by the hotel guests in anticipation of this event. A portion of the audience crowded into the room and obstructed the doorway; some even stood on chairs in the far background to get a glimpse of Liszt, who sat apparently oblivious to it all. After supper the Master grew very weary, and said he would take a chair into the little entry beyond, where it was dark and quiet, and try to rest. B—— mounted guard at the outer door. It was impossible longer to endure the indifference manifested by the landlord for Liszt's comfort. I appealed to the guests, who were each and all eager to be of assistance. "Why did you not tell us before? He shall have my

room! What a perfect shame!" exclaimed they in chorus. Just then B—— hurried towards me. "It is too late. A lady tried to get through the farther door; the Master heard her and unlocked it. She was indignant to see him so carelessly treated by the proprietor, and invited him to her room, made him comfortable on the couch, and we have just left him alone." The ladies now made themselves agreeable to our party, and easily persuaded Fräulein S—— to return to the concert-hall and play. An hour later the Master walked into the public room, quite refreshed by his short nap. An army officer's wife handed me a card and pencil and implored me to procure his autograph. I explained that it would be impossible, as he wrote on his photographs only when requested by pupils or friends. "I should so much like a souvenir of him and this evening," sighed the lady. As the Master made his simple toilet before the concert, a handful of hair had come out on the comb, and I had put this in my card-case. Thinking it would sufficiently answer the lady's request, I produced the tangle of long, snowy hair, which was viewed with acclamations of delight. "Oh! oh! oh!" came from a dozen throats at once before I had time to explain. A dozen hands were outstretched as the ladies closed in around me. "Give me some! Give me some!" The half had been portioned out when one of the group snatched from my hand the remainder. As she persistently refused to divide her spoils the crowd dispersed. It was now time to go to the train. Fräulein S——, B——, and I accompanied the Master. At midnight we steamed into Weimar, but were compelled to wait several minutes before the station for Liszt's carriage. Miska sprang from the box and made profuse apologies in broken German, which the Master good-naturedly accepted. We bade him good-night at his house-door.

The succeeding day, at the close of the lesson, Fräulein von Liszt said to the Master:

"The Fräuleins Stahr requested me to ask if you would attend the circus with some of us one evening this week."

"Who? I? You must have misunderstood them!" said he in surprise.

"No, I have not; they said you had gone with them before."

"I have not been inside a circus for five and twenty years! You tell the Fräuleins Stahr, for me, that they have been mistaken!"

That evening the party from the Russian Hotel, with additional ladies, went to the circus. The tent was pitched in an open square adjoining the Grand Ducal Museum, and, though small, the performance was excellent. I observed that the general tone was

much higher than that of similar organizations in America; the rough element was utterly wanting. A number of ladies walked behind the scenes to pet the dogs and horses. I took occasion to address the English clown, who was quite delighted to hear his mother tongue. He sent for and introduced his wife, who gave me a hearty shake of the hand. A group of army officers, interested in athletic sports, stood about the entrance and conversed with the performers. It was like a cozy family theater, where every one is acquainted with his neighbor. Friday morning an item in the local column of the daily paper announced that "Dr. Franz Liszt will attend the performance at the circus this evening." At the afternoon lesson the Master corroborated the statement, and bade several accompany him. He had been especially invited by the manager. Punctually at eight o'clock he drove up to the tent. The manager, in evening dress and bareheaded, opened the carriage door, received him with great ceremony, and escorted him within. Mrs. Harkness, her daughter, and five of the pupils followed. The seats were already filled. The band played a march as we entered the second row, where an arch of green boughs had been erected over the space reserved for the Master and his court. The performance began immediately. As the artists stepped into the ring they saluted, first Liszt, then the audience. During the long pause I went behind the scenes to request the clown to perform his greatest feat, the "railway"—a series of somersaults straight across the ring—as I had described it to the Master, and it was not down on the bills this evening. The poor fellow was quite indisposed, but cheerfully complied when his act came on, and received more applause from the Master than his fellow-performers had. Then the "fire steed, Miranda," skipped through burning hoops, waltzed amidst a shower of sparks, and the programme was ended. The manager was instantly at Liszt's side to lead the way through the crowd. "This is the proudest day of my life, Master," said he, as they reached the carriage.

"I have enjoyed it very much," responded Liszt; "it is the first circus I have visited in five and twenty, or possibly thirty, years."

The next day the Fräuleins Stahr left for the North Sea coast to spend their midsummer vacation, though the party at the Russian Hotel remained otherwise unbroken. During their absence the Sunday soirées were replaced by four-o'clock "coffees" at the residences of the different Lisztianer. Mind-reading *à la* Cumberland, stage-coach, and like amusements filled the time instead of music, of which we had a sufficiency during the

week. Another time we strolled out under the magnificent old trees to Belvedere and supped on the shaded terrace overlooking the city, as the sun sank behind the Ettersberg. Lights peeped from the silver haze hanging over the lovely valley as we stepped into the park fronting the castle to enjoy the view before starting homeward.

One day Dr. Gille, Göllicher of Vienna, and I sat with the Master at his dinner-table discussing the excellent qualities of the last course—muskmelon. "Is that not the work of young Herr von M.?" asked G——, pointing to a large drawing hanging on the wall.

"Yes!" replied the Master with sudden interest. "The boy evinced unusual ability as an artist, but chose another profession. One evening several years since, he was then only fourteen years of age, I played my music to Longfellow's 'Bells of Strasburg' at his mother's home. He was studying his lessons in a neighboring room at the time, though I knew nothing of it. A week or ten days later the Baroness showed me this picture as it now appears. He had been so deeply impressed with the words and music that he presented his conception of the poem in this sketch, made in the short interval. I was so much pleased with the creation that I asked him to give it to me, which he did. The poem is in one of two volumes entitled 'Legends,'" continued he, addressing me. "I knew Longfellow myself years since, perhaps ten or twelve, in Rome, during Pius the Ninth's time. He first called on me, I returned the visit, and he came again, without our ever meeting. So I wrote him an hour when I should be at home. It was holiday time, the last of December, and I awaited him after the *Te Deum*. When the bell rang, my servant was out, and there chanced to be no one else in the house, so I went to open the door. Longfellow and our common friend Healey, the painter, stood in the dark outer corridor. In one hand I carried a candle, and as I peered into the gloom shaded my eyes from the light with the other. Healey then grasped the idea, and afterwards painted a portrait of me in that position. Longfellow had it in his possession at the time of his death, I believe. He had a charming family—quite charming! I met them frequently that winter."

We now passed into the drawing-room and played a rubber at whist. While waiting for dinner the Master spoke of a certain celebrated writer who had financially ruined himself by his exceeding hospitality. "That reminds me," added he, "I must write Siloti to change his soirée Tuesday to four o'clock in the afternoon. He has invited eighteen already, and a supper for that number with wines, etc., is

too extravagant! A plain coffee is more reasonable. I shall write him at once and say I will decline for *supper!*" He seated himself at his writing-desk and spoke the words aloud as he slowly traced the characters on the paper. "Dear friend *Silotissimus*" (an affectionate mode of address for S—, who is a great favorite of his): "Your—company—is—at—four—o'clock—Tuesday—afternoon—. Have—only—cake,—wine,—sandwiches?" said he musingly. "No, that is too much"; and he wrote, "perhaps—cognac—and—seltzer-water—and—" here he hesitated; "yes!—music. Now! that will do," he exclaimed with satisfaction, and signed himself with a flourish. "Siloti must have that this afternoon," was his final remark as Miska announced dinner.

Siloti, however, coaxed the Master into coming at eight o'clock the following Tuesday evening. He had dined with the Grand Duke at Belvedere, and wore his long abbé's coat with a single order fastened in a buttonhole. Siloti first arranged for him a rubber of whist with his customary associates, though the Master suggested that the others might be hungry. Then our host, who is one of Liszt's very best pupils, played a "Mazeppa" by some Russian composer, a countryman of his. Miss Senkrah and Siloti performed the Master's "Hungarian Fantaisie" (dedicated to Joachim) for violin and piano in splendid style. Both were thoroughly aroused. I had never before heard the violinist play with such fire and abandon; her instrument seemed a soul that breathed and had human passions. Liszt led in the prolonged applause that ensued. He again suggested supper, but Siloti said: "Just wait a moment, please, Master, until we play a little Russian melody."

"Good! good!" was the kindly reply.

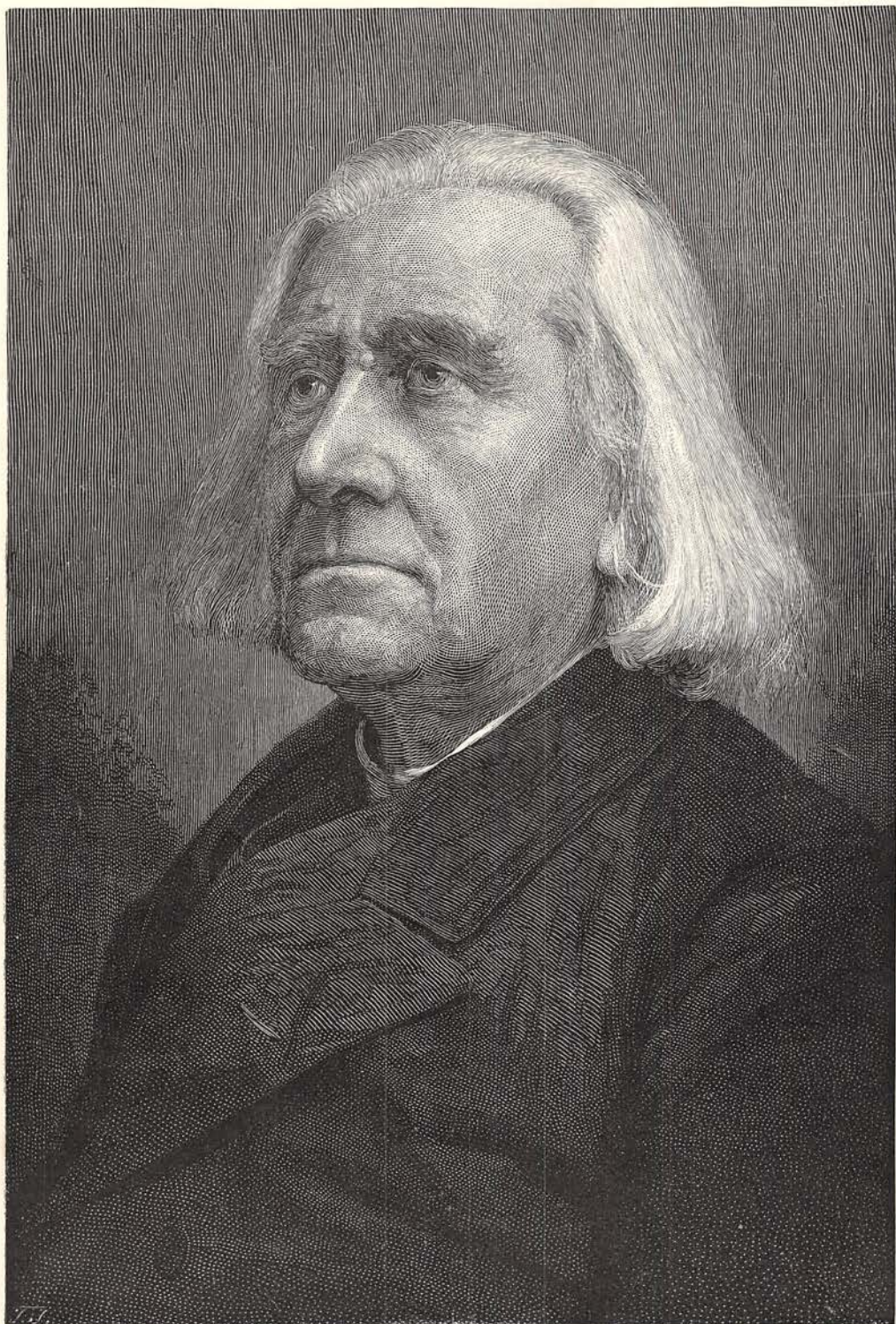
After supper Wilhelm Posse of Berlin, who visits the Master a few days each summer, played his own arrangement of Liszt's third

"Liebesträum" for harp. The Master once said to me: "In my opinion Posse is the greatest harpist since Parish-Alvers." More need not be said; Parish-Alvers died in 1849, and Posse is just thirty-two years of age. Liszt could not sufficiently express his pleasure and gratification with Posse's wonderful music. To our intense delight he went to the piano and played the first "Liebesträum," adding at the close a long improvisation. We who heard him on this particular occasion can never forget it; there is magic in his touch! The Master was weary and left; the ladies likewise. Posse then played Chopin's piano Étude in A flat (Op. 25, No. 1), his own Scherzo, and Liszt's "Consolation" magnificently. The gentlemen gathered about a long table; coffee, beer, and cigars were served, and the story-tellers warmed to their tasks.

In her biography of him Fräulein Ramann writes: "Liszt is not a genius, he is a phenomenon!" A lady recently said to me: "His heart is as great as his playing." This thought recurs to me especially when I recall the day in S—. Neither before nor since, at home or abroad, have I seen deference and attentions less than those demanded by a sovereign shown him. Throughout the long, weary hours he submitted patiently to discomforts and annoyances unknown in his old age, at least. Not one look or gesture betrayed his mental observations. With his pupils especially is he tender and fatherly. While eager to make some return for his kindness, and show appreciation of the privileges granted them, his greatness is an obstacle to many who grow dumb and helpless in his presence. Ever generous and kind, he is ready to encourage talent or assist the needy. His benevolence is proverbial and frequently abused. Though the city of Weimar forbids "soliciting alms" within its limits, many a well-dressed beggar finds his or her way to the liberal giver at the court garden. To know Liszt is to love him.

Albert Morris Bagby.

AUTOGRAPH OF LISZT.



Engraved by T. Johnson.

FRANZ LISZT.

After a photograph by Louis Held, Weimar.