

# FAY AMY

MUSIC-STUDY IN  
GERMANY, FROM THE  
HOME  
CORRESPONDENCE OF  
AMY FAY

Amy Fay

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# Amy Fay

## Music-Study in Germany, from the Home Correspondence of Amy Fay

### PREFATORY NOTE

COMPARATIVELY few books on music have enjoyed the distinction of reissue. Twenty-one editions is an amazing record for a book of so narrow a subject as "Music Study in Germany." The case of Miss Amy Fay's volume becomes all the more unusual, if one considers that her letters were written only for home, not for a public audience and further that within twenty years from the year of first publication, her observations had become more or less obsolete.

The Germany of the years 1869-1875 was quite different from the Germany of 1900 and certainly of 1912, even down to German table-manners. The earlier "Spiessbürgertum" of which Miss Fay gives such entertaining glimpses even in high quarters with their pomp and circumstance, was rapidly being replaced, at least outwardly, by the more cosmopolitan culture of the *fin de siècle*, not to mention the ambition for political, industrial and commercial "Weltmacht" in a nation thitherto known, perhaps too romantically, as a nation of "Denker und Dichter."

Most of the heroes of the book are long since dead, Miss Fay included, who died in 1921. While even as late as 1890, Miss Fay's volume could have been used as a guide of orientation by the would-be student of music in Germany, certainly it could no longer serve such a purpose during the years just prior to the war, when the lone American student of her book who despised Germany and everything German was definitely in the ascendency. In other words, her personal observations had ceased to be applicable except in certain details of ambient and had passed into the realm of autobiography valuable for historical reading. As a piece of historical literature proper, I doubt that the book would have survived the war, because it is lamentably true that the average American music-student or even cultured lover of music is not particularly interested in musical history as such.

To this must be added the indisputable fact that "music study in Germany" or in France, for that matter, had become a mere matter of personal taste and predilection, and was not a necessity as in the days of Miss Fay's amusing experiments with this or that German teacher of renown. An endless stream of excellent European artists and teachers had poured into America since then, augmented by the equally broad stream of native Americans who had learned their *métier* abroad. Music study in America thus became an easy matter and many an aspiring virtuoso would have done more wisely by staying and studying at home, instead of venturing to a European country with its different language, its different temperament, its different mode of living, customs and so forth. Germany, in particular, is still a "marvellous home of music," to quote an editorial remark of Miss Fay's sister, but it is no longer the "only real home of music," thanks precisely to such artists as Miss Amy Fay herself.

To point out the radical change in conditions in that respect is one thing, quite another to deny, as some rather zealous patriots do, that Europe, Germany included, can still give the American music-student something which he does not have at home quite in the same manner. Debate on that subject is futile. Let the American music-student at some time in his career, but only when he is ripe for further study in a foreign country, sojourn a few years in Paris, Berlin, Leipzig, Munich, Vienna, Rome, London, and he will profitably encounter, whether it be to his taste or not, that indefinable something which the old world in matters of life, art, and art-life possessed as peculiarly its own in 1870, still possesses to-day, and will possess for many, many years to come.

What, then, gives to Miss Fay's book its vitality? What is it that justifies the publisher in keeping the book accessible for the benefit of those who wish to study music in Germany instead of elsewhere or of those even who study music in America?

Of course, there is first of all the charm of Miss Fay's own personality, the charm of her observations intimately, entertainingly, and shrewdly expressed. That makes for good reading. Incidentally, it teaches a student-reader to be observant, which unfortunately many musicians are not, even in matters of technique on their chosen instrument. Secondly, the seriousness of purpose of the authoress, the determination to improve her understanding of art and technique to the very limit of her natural ability, will act as a stimulating tonic for him or her who despairs of ever conquering the often so forbidding difficulties of music. The book will teach patience to Americans, patience and endurance in endeavor, qualities which are none too frequent in us. Young America forgets too often that the *Gradus ad Parnassum* is not only steep; it is long and rough.

There is furthermore in these letters that respect for solid accomplishment of others, that reverential attitude toward the great in art and toward art itself, without which no musician, however talented, will ever reach the commanding heights of art. There permeates these letters the enthusiasm of youth, that perhaps sometimes overshoots its mark but for which most of us would gladly exchange the more critical attitude of maturer years. For we learn to appreciate sooner or later that enthusiasm is the propelling force and the refreshing source of inspiration. Finally, born of all these elements there appear on the pages of Miss Fay's letters such fascinating pen-portraits as that of her revered master, Franz Liszt, the incomparable. Turning the pages of the volume to refresh my memory and impression of it, I confess that I skipped quite a few because their interest seemed so remote and personal, but I found myself absorbing every word Miss Fay had to say in her chapters about Liszt and his Weimar circle. An enjoyable experience which one may safely recommend to those who desire first-hand impressions of the golden days of pianism in Germany, of the romantic, indeed almost legendary figure of Franz Liszt, and consequently a touch of the stuff out of which art-novels are made, into the bargain.

O. G. SONNECK

## PREFACE

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IN preparing for the public letters which were written only for home, I have hoped that some readers would find in them the charm of style which the writer's friends fancy them to possess; that others would think the description of her masters amid their pupils, and especially Liszt, worth preserving; while piano students would be grateful for the information that an analysis of the piano technique has been made, such as very greatly to diminish the difficulties of the instrument.

How much of Herr Deppe's piano "method" is original with himself, pianists must decide. That he has at least made an invaluable *résumé* of all or most of their secrets, my sister believes no student of the instrument who fairly and conscientiously examines into the matter will deny.

M. FAY PEIRCE.

CHICAGO, Dec., 1880.

## PREFACE

### TO THE ENGLISH EDITION

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MISS FAY'S little book has been so popular in her own country as to have gone through half a dozen editions, and even in German, into which it was translated soon after its first appearance, it has had much success. It is strange that it has not been already published in England, where music excites so much attention, and where works on musical subjects are beginning to form a distinct branch of literature. This is the more remarkable because it is thoroughly readable and amusing, which books on music too rarely are. The freshness and truth of the letters is not to be denied. We may laugh at the writer's enthusiasm, at the readiness with which she changes her methods and gives up all that she has already learnt at the call of each fresh teacher, at the certainty with which every new artist is announced as quite the best she ever heard, and at the glowing and confident predictions – not, alas, apparently always realised. But no one can laugh at her indomitable determination, and the artistic earnestness with which she makes the most of each of her opportunities, or the brightness and ease with which all is described (in choice American), and each successive person placed before us in his habit as he lives. Such a gift is indeed a rare and precious one. Will Miss Fay never oblige us with an equally charming and faithful account of music and life in the States? Hitherto musical America has been almost an unknown land to us, described by the few who have attempted it in the most opposite terms. Their singers we already know well, and in this respect America is perhaps destined to be the Italy of the future, if only the artists will consent to learn slowly enough. But on the subject of American players and American orchestras, and the taste of the American amateurs, a great deal of curiosity is felt, and we commend the subject to the serious attention of one so thoroughly able to do it justice.

*GEORGE GROVE.*

December, 1885.

## PREFACE

### TO THE GERMAN EDITION

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Die vorliegenden Briefe einer Amerikanerin in die Heimath, die im Original bereits in zweiter Auflage erschienen sind, werden, so hoffen wir, auch dem deutschen Leser nicht minderes Vergnügen, nicht geringere Anregung als dem amerikanischen gewähren, da sie in unmittelbarer Frische niedergeschrieben, ein lebendiges Bild von den Beziehungen der Verfasserin zu den hervorragendsten musikalischen Persönlichkeiten, wie Liszt, v. Bülow, Tausig, Joachim u. s. w. bieten.

Wir geben das Buch in wortgetreuer Uebersetzung und haben es nur um diejenigen Briefe gekürzt, die in Deutschland Allzubekanntes behandeln. Hingegen glaubten wir die Stellen dem Leser

nicht vorenthalten zu dürfen, welche zwar nicht musikalischen Inhalts sind, uns aber zeigen, wie manche unserer deutschen Zu-oder Mißstände von Amerikanern beurtheilt werden.

*Robert Oppenheim, Publisher.*

Berlin, 1882.

## CHAPTER I

### A German Interior in Berlin. A German Party. Joachim. Tausig's Conservatory

*BERLIN, November 3, 1869.*

Behold me at last at No. 26 Bernburger Strasse! where I arrived exactly two weeks from the day I left New York. Frau W. and her daughter, Fräulein A. W., greeted me with the greatest warmth and cordiality, and made me feel at home immediately. The German idea of a "large" room I find is rather peculiar, for this one is not more than ten or eleven feet square, and has one corner of it snipped off, so that the room is an irregular shape. When I first entered it I thought I could not stay in it, it seemed so small, but when I came to examine it, so ingeniously is every inch of space made the most of, that I have come to the conclusion that it will be very comfortable. It is not, however, the apartment where "the last new novel will lie upon the table, and where my daintily slippered feet will rest upon the velvet cushion." No! rather is it the stern abode of the Muses.

To begin then: the room is spotlessly clean and neat. The walls are papered with a nice new paper, grey ground with blue figures – a cheap paper, but soft and pretty. In one corner stands my little bureau with three deep drawers. Over it is a large looking-glass nicely framed. In the other corner on the same side is a big sofa which at night becomes a little bed. Next to the foot of the sofa, against the wall, stands a tiny square table, with a marble top, and a shelf underneath, on which are a basin and a minute soap-dish and tumbler. In the opposite corner towers a huge grey porcelain stove, which comes up to within a few feet of the ceiling. Next is one stiff cane-bottomed chair on four stiff legs. Then comes the lop-sided corner of the room, where an upright piano is to stand. Next there is a little space where hangs the three-shelved book-case, which will contain my *vast* library. Then comes a broad French window with a deep window-seat. By this window is my sea-chair – by far the most luxurious one in the house! Then comes my bureau again, and so on *Da Capo*. In the middle is a pretty round table, with an inlaid centre-piece, and on it is a waiter with a large glass bottle full of water, and a glass; and this, with one more stiff chair, completes the furniture of the room. My curtains are white, with a blue border, and two transparencies hang in the window. My towel-rack is fastened to the wall, and has an embroidered centre-piece. On my bureau is a beautiful inkstand, the cover being a carved eagle with spread wings, perched over a nest with three eggs in it. It is quite large, and looks extremely pretty under the looking-glass.

After I had taken off my things, Frau W. and her daughter ushered me into their parlour, which had the same look of neatness and simplicity and of extreme economy. There are no carpets on any of the floors, but they have large, though cheap, rugs. You never saw such a primitive little household as it is – that of this German lawyer's widow. We think our house at home small, but I feel as if we lived in palatial magnificence after seeing how they live here, *i. e.*, about as our dressmakers used to do in the country, and yet it is sufficiently nice and comfortable. There are two very pretty little rooms opposite mine, which are yet to be let together. If some friend of mine could only take them I should be perfectly happy.

At night my bed is made upon the sofa. (They all sleep on these sofas.) The cover consists of a feather bed and a blanket. That sounds rather formidable, but the feather bed is a light, warm covering, and looks about two inches thick. It is much more comfortable than our bed coverings in America. I tuck myself into my nest at night, and in the morning after breakfast, when I return to my room — *agramento-presto-change!*— my bed is converted into a sofa, my basin is laid on the shelf, the soap-dish and my combs and brushes are scuttled away into the drawer; the windows are open,

a fresh fire crackles in my stove, and my charming little bed-room is straightway converted into an equally charming sitting-room. How does the picture please you?

This morning Frau and Fräulein W. went with me to engage a piano, and they took me also to the conservatory. Tausig is off for six weeks, giving concerts. As I went up the stairs I heard most beautiful playing. Ehlert, Tausig's partner, who has charge of the conservatory, and teaches his pupils in his absence, examined me. After that long voyage I did not dare attempt anything difficult, so I just played one of Bach's Gavottes. He said some encouraging words, and for the present has taken me into his class. I am to begin to-morrow from one o'clock to two. It is now ten P. M., and tell C. we have had five meals to-day, so Madame P.'s statement is about correct. The cooking is on the same scale as the rest of the establishment – a little at a time, but so far very good. We know nothing at all about rolls in America. Anything so delicious as the rolls here I never ate in the way of bread. In the morning we had a cup of coffee and rolls. At eleven we lunched on a cup of bouillon and a roll. At two o'clock we had dinner, which consisted of soup and then chickens, potatoes, carrots and bread, with beer. At five we had tea, cake and toast, and at nine we had a supper of cold meat, boiled eggs, tea and bread and butter. Fräulein W. speaks English quite nicely, and is my medium of communication with her mother. I begin German lessons with her to-morrow. They both send you their compliments, and so you must return yours. They seem as kind as possible, and I think I am very fortunate in my boarding place.

Be sure to direct your letters "Care Frau Geheimrätin W." (Mrs. Councillor W.), as the German ladies are very particular about their *titles*!

*BERLIN, November 21, 1869.*

Since I wrote to you not much of interest has occurred. I am delighted with Berlin, and am enjoying myself very much, though I am working hard. I am so thankful that all my sewing was done before I came, for I have not a minute to spare for it, and here it seems to me all the dresses fit so dreadfully. It would make me miserable to wear such looking clothes, and as I can't speak the language, the difficulties in the way of giving directions on the technicalities of dressmaking would be terrific. Tell C. he is very wise to continue his German conversation lessons with Madame P. Even the few that I took prove of immense assistance to me, as I can understand almost everything that is said to me, though I cannot answer back. He ought to make one of his lessons about shopping and droschkie driving, for it is very essential to know how to ask for things, and to be able to give directions in driving. I had a very funny experience with a droschkie the other day, but it would take too long to write it. Frau W. cannot understand English, and she gets dreadfully impatient when Fräulein A. and I speak it, and always says "*Deutsch*" in a sepulchral tone, so that I have to begin and say it all over again in German with A.'s help.

When I got fairly settled I presented myself and my letters at the Bancrofts, the B's. and the A's., and was very kindly and cordially received by them all. Mrs. Bancroft and Mrs. B. have since called in return, and I have already been to a charming reception at the house of the latter, and to the grand American Thanksgiving dinner at the Hotel de Rome, at which Mr. Bancroft presided, and made very happy speeches both in English and German. I enjoyed both occasions extremely, and made some pleasant acquaintances. I have also been to one German tea-party with Frau W. and A., and there I had "the jolliest kind of a time." There were only twelve invited, but you would have supposed from the clatter that there were at least a hundred. At the American dinner there was nothing like the noise of conversation that this little handful kept up. Before supper it was rather stupid, for the men all retired to a room by themselves, where they sat with closed doors and played whist and smoked. It is not considered proper for ladies to play cards except at home, and I, of course, did not say much, for the excellent reason that I *couldn't*! At ten o'clock supper was announced, and the gentlemen came and took us in. Herr J. was my partner. He is a delightful man, though an elderly one, and knows no end of things, as he has spent his whole life in study and in travelling. He looks to me like a man of

very sensitive organization, and of very delicate feelings. He is a tremendous republican, and a great radical in every respect, and has an unbounded admiration for America.

As soon as every one was seated at the table with due form and ceremony, all began to talk as hard as they could, and you have no idea what a noise they made, and how it increased toward the end with the potent libations they had. The bill of fare was rather curious. We began with slices of hot tongue, with a sauce of chestnuts, and it was extremely nice, too. Then we had venison and boiled potatoes! Then we had a dessert consisting of fruit, and some delicious cake. There were several kinds of wine, and everybody drank the greatest quantity. The host and hostess kept jumping up and going round to everybody, saying: "But you drink nothing," and then they would insist upon filling up your glass. I don't dare to think how many times they filled mine, but it seemed to be etiquette to drink, and so I did as the rest. The repast ended with coffee, and then the gentlemen lit their cigars, and were in such an extremely cheerful frame of mind that they all began to sing, and I even saw two old fellows kiss each other! The venison was delicious, and nicer than any I ever ate. Herr J. was the only man in the room who could speak any English, and since then he takes a good deal of interest in me, and lends me books. Every Sunday Fran W. takes me to her sister's house to tea. I like to go because I hear so much German spoken there, and they all take a profound interest in my affairs. They know to a minute when I get a letter, and when I write one, and every incident of my daily life. It amuses them very much to see a real live wild Indian from America. I am soon going to another German party, and I look forward to it with much pleasure; not that the parties here give me the same feeling as at home, but they are amusing because they are so entirely different.

There is so much to be seen and heard in Berlin that if one has but the money there is no end to one's resources. There are the opera and the Schauspielhaus every night, and beautiful concerts every evening, too. They say that the opera here is magnificent, and the scenery superb, and they have a wonderful ballet-troupe. So far, however, I have only been to one concert, and that was a sacred concert. But Joachim played – and Oh-h, what a tone he draws out of the violin! I could think of nothing but Mrs. Moulton's voice, as he *sighed* out those exquisitely pathetic notes. He played something by Schumann which ended with a single note, and as he drew his bow across he produced so many shades that it was perfectly marvellous. I am going to hear him again on Sunday night, when he plays at Clara Schumann's concert. It will be a great concert, for she plays much. She will be assisted by Joachim, Müller, De Ahna, and by Joachim's wife, who has a beautiful voice and sings charmingly in the serious German style. Joachim himself is not only the greatest violinist in the world, but one of the greatest that ever lived. De Ahna is one of the first violinists in Germany, and Müller is one of the first 'cellists. In fact, this quartette cannot be matched in Europe – so you see what I am expecting!

Tausig has not yet returned from his concert tour, and will not arrive before the 21st of December. I find Ehlert a splendid teacher, but very severe, and I am mortally afraid of him. Not that he is cross, but he exacts so much, and such a hopeless feeling of despair takes possession of me. His first lesson on touch taught me more than all my other lessons put together – though, to be sure, that is not saying much, as they were "few and far between." At present I am weltering in a sea of troubles. The girls in my class are three in number, and they all play so extraordinarily well that sometimes I think I can never catch up with them. I am the worst of all the scholars in Tausig's classes that I have heard, except one, and that is a young man. I know that Ehlert thinks I have talent, but, after all, talent must go to the wall before such *practice* as these people have had, for most of them have studied a long time, and have been at the piano four and five hours a day.

It is very interesting in the conservatory, for there are pupils there from all countries except France. Some of them seem to me splendid musicians. On Sunday morning (I am sorry to say) once in a month or six weeks, they have what they call a "Musical Reading." It is held in a piano-forte ware-room, and there all the scholars in the higher classes play, so I had to go. Many of the girls played magnificently, and I was amazed at the technique that they had, and at the artistic manner in

which even very young girls rendered the most difficult music, and all without notes. It gave me a severe nervous headache just to hear them. But it was delightful to see them go at it. None of them had the least fear, and they laughed and chattered between the pieces, and when their turn came they marched up to the piano, sat down as bold as lions, and banged away so splendidly!

You have no idea how hard they make Cramer's Studies here. Ehlert makes me play them tremendously *forte*, and as fast as I can go. My hand gets so tired that it is ready to break, and then I say that I cannot go on. "But you *must* go on," he will say. It is the same with the scales. It seems to me that I play them so loud that I make the welkin ring, and he will say, "But you play always *piano*." And with all this rapidity he does not allow a note to be missed, and if you happen to strike a wrong one he looks so shocked that you feel ready to sink into the floor. Strange to say, I enjoy the lessons in *Zusammenspiel* (duet-playing) very much, although it is all reading at sight. Four of us sit down at two pianos and read duets at sight. Lesmann is a pleasant man, and he always talks so fast that he amuses me very much. He always counts and beats time most vigorously, and bawls in your ear, "*Eins – zwei! Eins – zwei!*" or sometimes, "*Eins!*" only, on the first beat of every bar. When, occasionally, we all get out, he looks at us through his glasses, and then such a volley of words as he hurls at us is wonderful to hear. I never can help laughing, though I take good care not to let him see me.

But Weitzmann, the Harmony professor, is the funniest of all. He is the dearest old man in the world, and it is impossible for him to be cross; but he takes so much pains and trouble to make his class understand, and he has the most peculiar way of talking imaginable, and accents everything he says tremendously. I go to him because Ehlert says I must, but as I know nothing of the theory of music (and if I did, the names are so entirely different in German that I never should know what they are in English) it is extremely difficult for me to understand him at all. He knew I was an American, and let me pass for one or two lessons without asking me any questions, but finally his German love of thoroughness has got the better of him, and he is now beginning to take me in hand. At the last lesson he wrote some chords on the blackboard, and after holding forth for some time he wound up with his usual "*Verstehen Sie wohl – Ja?* (Do you understand – Yes?)" to the class, who all shouted "*Ja*," except me. I kept a discreet silence, thinking he would not notice, but he suddenly turned on me and said, "*Verstehen Sie wohl – Ja?*" I was as puzzled what to say as the Pharisees were when they were asked if the baptism of John were of heaven or of men. I knew that if I said "*Ja*," he might call on me for a proof, and that if I said "*Nein*," he would undertake to enlighten me, and that I should not understand him.

After an instant's consideration I concluded the latter course was the safer, and so I said, boldly, "*Nein*." "*Kommen Sie hierher!* (Come here!)" said he, and to my horror I had to step up to the blackboard in front of this large class. He harangued me for some minutes, and then writing some notes on the bass clef, he put the chalk into my hands and told me to write. Not one word had I understood, and after staring blankly at the board I said, "*Ich verstehe nicht* (I don't understand.)" "*Nein?*" said he, and carefully went over all his explanation again. This time I managed to extract that he wished me to write the succession of chords that those bass notes indicated, and to tie what notes I could. A second time he put the chalk into my hands, and told me to write the chords. "Heaven only knows what they are!" thinks I to myself. In my desperation, however, I guessed at the first one, and uttered the names of the notes in trembling accents, expecting to have a cannon fired off at my head. Thanks to my lucky star, it happened to be right. I wrote it on the blackboard, and then as my wits sharpened I found the other chords from that one, and wrote them all down right. I drew a long breath of relief as he released me from his clutches, and sat down hardly believing I had done it. I have not now the least idea what it was he made me do, but I suppose it will come to me in the course of the year! As he does not understand a word of English, I cannot say anything to him unless I can say it in German, and as he is determined to make me learn Harmony, it would be of no use to explain that I did not know what he was talking about, for he would begin all over again, and go on *ad infinitum*. I have got a book on the Theory of Music, which I am reading with Fräulein W. She has studied with

Weitzmann, also, and when I have caught up with the class I shall go on very easily. I quite adore Weitzmann. He has the kindest old face imaginable, and he hammers away so indefatigably at his pupils! The professors I have described are all thorough and well-known musicians of Berlin, and I wonder that people could tell us before I came away, and really seem to believe it, "that I could learn as well in an American conservatory as in a German one." In comparison with the drill I am now receiving, my Boston teaching was mere play.

## CHAPTER II

### Clara Schumann and Joachim. The American Minister's. The Museum. The Conservatory. The Opera. Tausig. Christmas

*BERLIN, December 12, 1869.*

I heard Clara Schumann on Sunday, and on Tuesday evening, also. She is a most wonderful artist. In the first concert she played a quartette by Schumann, and you can imagine how lovely it was under the treatment of Clara Schumann for the piano, Joachim for the first violin, De Ahna for the second, and Müller for the 'cello. It was perfect, and I was in raptures. Madame Schumann's selection for the two concerts was a very wide one, and gave a full exhibition of her powers in every kind of music. The Impromptu by Schumann, Op. 90, was exquisite. It was full of passion and very difficult. The second of the Songs without Words, by Mendelssohn, was the most fairy-like performance. It is one of those things that must be tossed off with the greatest grace and smoothness, and it requires the most beautiful and delicate technique. She played it to perfection. The terrific Scherzo by Chopin she did splendidly, but she kept the great octave passages in the bass a little too subordinate, I thought, and did not give it quite boldly enough for my taste, though it was extremely artistic. Clara Schumann's playing is very objective. She seems to throw herself into the music, instead of letting the music take possession of her. She gives you the most exquisite pleasure with every note she touches, and has a wonderful conception and variety in playing, but she seldom whirls you off your feet.

At the second concert she was even better than at the first, if that is possible. She seemed full of fire, and when she played Bach, she ought to have been crowned with diamonds! Such *noble* playing I never heard. In fact you are all the time impressed with the nobility and breadth of her style, and the comprehensiveness of her treatment, and oh, if you *could* hear her *scales*! In short, there is nothing more to be desired in her playing, and she has every quality of a great artist. Many people say that Tausig is far better, but I cannot believe it. He may have more technique and more power, but nothing else I am sure. Everybody raves over his playing, and I am getting quite impatient for his return, which is expected next week. I send you Madame Schumann's photograph, which is exactly like her. She is a large, very German-looking woman, with dark hair and superb neck and arms. At the last concert she was dressed in black velvet, low body and short sleeves, and when she struck powerful chords, those large white arms came down with a certain splendor.

As for Joachim, he is perfectly magnificent, and has amazing *power*. When he played his solo in that second Chaconne of Bach's, you could scarcely believe it was only one violin. He has, like Madame Schumann, the greatest variety of tone, only on the violin the shades can be made far more delicate than on the piano.

I thought the second movement of Schumann's Quartette perhaps as extraordinary as any part of Clara Schumann's performance. It was very rapid, very *staccato*, and *pianissimo* all the way through. Not a note escaped her fingers, and she played with so much magnetism that one could scarcely breathe until it was finished. You know nothing can be more difficult than to play staccato so very softly where there is great execution also. Both of the sonatas for violin and piano which were played by Madame Schumann and Joachim, and especially the one in A minor, by Beethoven, were divine. Both parts were equally well sustained, and they played with so much fire – as if one inspired the other. It was worth a trip across the Atlantic just to hear those two performances.

The Sing-Akademie, where all the best concerts are given, is not a very large hall, but it is beautifully proportioned, and the acoustic is perfect. The frescoes are very delicate, and on the left are boxes all along, which add much to the beauty of the hall, with their scarlet and gold flutings.

Clara Schumann is a great favorite here, and there was such a rush for seats that, though we went early for our tickets, all the good parquet seats were gone, and we had to get places on the *estrade*, or place where the chorus sits – when there is one. But I found it delightful for a piano concert, for you can be as close to the performer as you like, and at the same time see the faces of the audience. I saw ever so many people that I knew, and we kept bowing away at each other.

Just think how convenient it is here with regard to public amusements, for ladies can go anywhere alone! You take a *droschkie* and they drive you anywhere for five groschen, which is about fifteen cents. When you get into the concert hall you go into the *garde-robe* and take off your things, and hand them over to the care of the woman who stands there, and then you walk in and sit down comfortably as you would in a parlour, and are not roasted in your hat and cloak while at the concert, and chilled when you go out, as we are in America. Their programmes, too, are not so unconscionably long as ours, and, in short, their whole method of concert-giving is more rational than with us. I always enjoy the *garde-robe*, for if you have acquaintances you are sure to meet them, and you have no idea how exciting it is in a foreign city to see anybody you know.

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*BERLIN, December 19, 1869.*

I suppose you are muttering maledictions on my head for not writing, but I am so busy that I have no time to answer my letters, which are accumulating upon my hands at a terrible rate. This week I have been out every night but one, so that I have had to do all my practicing and German and Harmony lessons in the day-time; and these, with my daily hour and a half at the conservatory, have been as much as I could manage.

On Monday I went to a party at the Bancroft's, which I enjoyed extremely. It was a very brilliant affair, and the toilettes were superb. At the entrance I was ushered in by a very fine servant dressed in livery. A second man showed me the dressing-room, where my bewildered sight first rested on a lot of Chinamen in festive attire. I could not make out for a second what they were, and I thought to myself, "Is it possible I have mistaken the invitation, and this is a masquerade?" Another glance showed me that they were Chinese, and it turned out that Mr. Burlingame, the Chinese Minister, was there, and these men were part of his suite. The ladies and gentlemen had the same dressing-room, which was a new feature in parties to me, and as we took off our things the servant took them and gave us a ticket for them, as they do at the opera. I should think there were about a hundred persons present. There were a great many handsome women, and they were beautifully dressed and much be-diamonded and pearled. Corn-colour seemed to be the fashion, and there were more silks of that colour than any other.

Mr. Burlingame seemed to be a very genial, easy man. I was not presented to him, but stood very near him part of the time. He looks upon the introduction of the Chinese into our country as a great blessing, and laughs at the idea of it being an evil. He says that the reason railroads can't be introduced into China is because the whole country is one vast grave-yard, and you can't dig any depth without unearthing human bones, so that there would be a revolution on the part of the people if it were done now, but it will gradually be brought about. He travels with a suite of forty attendants, and says he has got all his treaties here arranged to his wishes, and that Prussia has promised to follow the United States in everything that they have agreed on with China. He is going to resign his office in a year and go back to America, where he wants to get into politics again. Mr. Bancroft introduced many of the ladies to the Chinese, one of whom could speak English, and he interpreted to the others. It was very quaint to see them all make their deep bows in silence when some one was presented to them. They were in the Chinese costume – Turkish trousers, white silk coats, or blouses, and red turbans, and their hair braided down their backs in a long tail that nearly touched their heels.

On Thursday I went to Dr. A.'s to dinner. He seems to be a very influential man here, and is a great favorite with the Americans. He has a great big heart, and I suspect that is the reason of it. Mrs. A., too, is very lovely. I saw there Mr. Theodore Fay, who used to be our minister in Switzerland, and who is also an author. He is very interesting, and the most earnest Christian I ever met. He has the tenderest sympathies in the world, and in a man this is very striking. He has a high and beautiful forehead, and a certain spirituality of expression that appeals to you at once and touches you, also. At least he makes a peculiar impression on *me*. There is something entirely different about him from other men, but I don't know what it is, unless it be his deep religious feeling, which shines out unconsciously.

Last week I made my first visit to the Museum. It is one of the great sights of Berlin, but it is so immense that I only saw a few rooms. In fact there are two Museums – an old and a new. I was in the new one. It is a perfect treasure house, and the floors alone are a study. All are inlaid with little coloured marbles, and every one is different in pattern. One of the most beautiful of the rooms was a large circular dome-roofed apartment round which were placed the statues of the gods, and in the centre stood a statue in bronze of one of the former German kings in a Roman suit of armour. Half way up from the floor ran round a little gallery in which you could stand and look down over the railing, and here were placed on the walls Raphael's cartoons, which are fac-similes of those in the Vatican, and are all woven in arras. They are very wonderful, and you feel as if you could not look at them long enough. The contrast is impressive as you look down and see all the heathen statues standing on the marble floor, each one like a separate sphinx, and then look up and see all the Christian subjects of Raphael. The statues are so cold and white and distant, and the pictures are so warm and bright in colour. They seem to express the difference between the ancient and the modern religions. We went through the rooms of Greek and Roman statues, of which there is an immense number, and on the walls are Greek and Italian landscapes, all done by celebrated painters.

We had to pass through these rooms rather hastily in order to get a glimpse of the "Treppen Halle," which is the place where the two grand stair-cases meet that carry you into the upper rooms of the Museum. This is magnificent, and is all gilding and decoration. An immense statue stands by each door, and on the wall are six great pictures by Kaulbach, three on each side. "The Last Judgment," of which you're seen photographs, is one of them. I ought to go to the Museum often to see it properly, but it is such a long distance off that I can't get the time. Berlin is a very large city, and the distances are as great as they are in New York.

At the last "Reading" at the conservatory the four best scholars played last. One of them was an American, from San Francisco, a Mr. Trenkel, but who has German parents. He plays exquisitely, and has just such a poetic musical conception as Dresel, but a beautiful technique, also. He is a thorough artist, and he looks it, too, as he is dark and pale, and very striking. I always like to see him play, for he droops his dark eyes, and his high pale forehead is thrown back, and stands out so well defined over his black brows. His expression is very serious and his manner very quiet, and he has a sort of fascination about him. He is a particular favorite of Tausig's.

After he played, came a young lady who has been a pupil of Von Bülow for two years. She plays splendidly, and I could have torn my hair with envy when she got up, and Ehlert went up to her and shook her hand and told her before the whole school that she had "*real* talent." After her came *my* favorite, little Fräulein Timanoff, who sat down and did still better. She is a little Russian, only fifteen, and is still in short dresses. She has almost white hair, it is so light, and she combs it straight back and wears it in two long braids down her back, which makes her look very childish. It is really wonderful to see her! She takes her seat with the greatest confidence, and plays with all the boldness of an artist.

Almost all the scholars in Tausig's class are studying to play in public, and I should think he would be very proud of all those that I have heard. There are many scholars in the conservatory, but he teaches only the most advanced. He only returned to Berlin on Saturday, and I have not yet seen

him, though I am dying to do so, for all the Germans are wild over his playing. The girls in his class are mortally afraid of him, and when he gets angry he tells them they play "like a rhinoceros," and many other little remarks equally pleasing.

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*BERLIN, January 11, 1870.*

Since my last letter I have been quite secluded, and have seen nothing of the gay world. I have been to the opera twice – once to "*Fantaska*," a grand ballet, and the second time to "*Trovatore*." The opera house here is magnificent, and I would that I could go to it every week. It is extremely difficult to get tickets to it, as the rich Jews manage to get the monopoly of them and the opera house is crowded every night. It is the most brilliant building, and so exquisitely painted! All the heads and figures of the Muses and portraits of composers and poets which decorate it, are so soft and so beautifully done. The curtain even is charming. It represents the sea, and great sea monsters are swimming about with nymphs and Cupids and all sorts of things, and one lovely nymph floats in the air with a thin gauzy veil which trails along after her. The scenery and dresses are superb, and I never imagined anything to equal them. The orchestra, too, plays divinely.

The singing is the only thing which could be improved. The Lucca, who is the grand attraction, is a pretty little creature, but I did not find her voice remarkable. The Berlinese worship her, and whenever Lucca sings there is a rush for the tickets. Wachtel and Niemann are the star singers among the men. Niemann I have not heard, but Wachtel we should not rave over in America. I am in doubt whether indeed the Germans know what the best singing is. They have most wonderful choruses, but when it comes to soloists they have none that are really great – like Parepa and Adelaide Phillips; at least, that is my judgment after hearing the best singers in Berlin, though as the voice is not my "instrument," I will not be too confident about it. Everything else is so far beyond what we have at home that perhaps I unconsciously expect the climax of all – the solo singing, to be proportionally finer also.

They have beautiful ballet-dancers here, though. There is one little creature named Fräulein David, who is a wonderful artist. She does such steps that it turns one's head to see her. She is as light as down, and so extremely graceful that when you watch her floating about to the enchanting ballet music, it is too captivating. There were four other dancers nearly as good, who were all dressed exactly alike in white dresses trimmed with pink satin. They would come out first, and dance all together, sometimes separately and sometimes forming a figure in the middle of the stage. Then suddenly little David, who was dressed in white and blue, would bound forward. The others would immediately break up and retire to the side of the stage, and she would execute a wonderful *pas seul*. Then *she* would retire, and the others would come forward again, and so it went. It was perfectly beautiful. Finally they all danced together and did everything exactly alike, though little David could always bend lower, and take the "positions" (as we used to say at Dio Lewis's,) better than all the rest.

On Friday I am going to hear Rubinstein play. I suppose he will give a beautiful concert, as he and Bülow, Tausig and Clara Schumann are the grand celebrities now on the piano, Liszt having given up playing in public. After our lesson was over yesterday, Ehlert took his leave, and left us to wait for TAUSIG – my dear! – who was to hear us each play. He came in very late, and just before it was time to give his own lesson. He is precisely like the photograph I sent you, but is very short indeed – too short, in fact, for good looks – but he has a remarkably vivid expression of the eyes. He came in, and, scarcely looking at us, and without taking the trouble to bow even, he turned on me and said, imperiously, "*Spielen Sie mir Etwas vor.* (Play something for me.)" I got up and played first an *Etude*, and then he asked for the scales, and after I had played a few he told me I "had talent," and to come to his lessons, and I would learn much. I went accordingly the next afternoon. There

were two girls only in the class, but they were both far advanced. I had never heard either of them play before. The second one played a fearfully difficult concerto by Chopin, which I once heard from Mills. It is exquisitely beautiful, and she did it very well. From time to time Tausig would sweep her off the stool, and play himself, and he is indeed a perfect wonder! If, as they say, Liszt's trill is "like the warble of a bird," his is as much so. It is not surprising that he is so celebrated, and I long to hear him in concert, where he will do full justice to his powers. He thrills you to the very marrow of your bones. He is divorced from his wife, and I think it not improbable that she could not live with him, for he looks as haughty and despotic as Lucifer, though he has a very winning way with him when he likes. His playing is spoken of as *sans pareil*.

I spent a very pleasant Christmas. The family had a pretty little tree, and we all gave each other presents. It was charming to go out in the streets the week before. The Germans make the greatest time over Christmas, and the streets are full of Christmas trees, the shops are crammed with lovely things, and there are little booths erected all along the sidewalks filled with toys. They have special cakes and confections that they prepare only at this season.

## CHAPTER III

### Tausig and Rubinstein. Tausig's Pupils. The Bancrofts. A German Radical

*BERLIN, February 8, 1870.*

I have heard both Rubinstein and Tausig in concert since I last wrote. They are both wonderful, but in quite a different way. Rubinstein has the greatest power and *abandon* in playing that you can imagine, and is extremely exciting. I never saw a man to whom it seemed so easy to play. It is as if he were just sporting with the piano, and could do what he pleased with it. Tausig, on the contrary, is extremely restrained, and has not quite enthusiasm enough, but he is absolutely *perfect*, and plays with the greatest expression. He is pre-eminent in grace and delicacy of execution, but seems to hold back his power in a concert room, which is very singular, for when he plays to his classes in the conservatory he seems all passion. His conception is so very refined that sometimes it is a little too much so, while Rubinstein is occasionally too precipitate. I have not yet decided which I like best, but in my estimation Clara Schumann as a whole is superior to either, although she has not their unlimited technique.

This was Tausig's programme:

1.	Sonate Op. 53,	Beethoven.
2. a.	Bourrée,	Bach.
	b. Presto Scherzando,	Mendelssohn.
	c. Barcarole Op. 60,	}
	d. Ballade Op. 47,	} Chopin.
	e. Zwei Mazurkas Op. 59 u 33,	}
	f. Aufforderung zum Tanz,	Weber.
3.	Kreisleriana Op. 16, 8 Phantasie Stücke,	Schumann.
4. a.	Ständchen von Shakespeare nach Schubert,	} Liszt.
	b. Ungarische Rhapsodie,	}

Tausig's octave playing is the most extraordinary I ever heard. The last great effect on his programme was in the Rhapsody by Liszt, in an octave variation. He first played it so *pianissimo* that you could only just hear it, and then he repeated the variation and gave it tremendously *forte*. It was colossal! His scales surpass Clara Schumann's, and it seems as if he played with velvet fingers, his touch is so very soft. He played the great C major Sonata by Beethoven – Moscheles' favorite, you know. His conception of it was not brilliant, as I expected it would be, but very calm and dreamy, and the first movement especially he took very *piano*. He did it most beautifully, but I was not quite satisfied with the last movement, for I expected he would make a grand climax with those passionate trills, and he did not. Chopin he plays divinely, and that little Bourrée of Bach's that I used to play, was magical. He played it like lightning, and made it perfectly bewitching.

Altogether, he is a great man. But Clara Schumann always puts herself *en rapport* with you immediately. Tausig and Rubinstein do not sway you as she does, and, therefore, I think she is the greater interpreter, although I imagine the Germans would not agree with me. Tausig has such a little hand that I wonder he has been able to acquire his immense virtuosity. He is only thirty years old, and is much younger than Rubinstein or Bülow.

The day after Tausig's concert I went, as usual, to hear him give the lesson to his best class of girls. I got there a little before the hour, and the girls were in the dressing-room waiting for the young men to be through with their lesson. They were talking about the concert. "Was it not beautiful?"

said little Timanoff, to me; "I did not sleep the whole night after it!" – a touch of sentiment that quite surprised me in that small personage, and made me feel some compunctions, as I had slept soundly myself. "I have practiced five hours to-day already," she added. Just then the young men came out of the class-room and we passed into it. Tausig was standing by the piano. "Begin!" said he, to Timanoff, more shortly even than usual; "I trust you have brought me a study *this* time." He always insists upon a study in addition to the piece. Timanoff replied in the affirmative, and proceeded to open Chopin's *Etudes*. She played the great A minor "Winter Wind" study, and most magnificently, too, starting off with the greatest brilliancy and "go." I was perfectly amazed at such a feat from such a child, and expected that Tausig would exclaim with admiration. Not so that Rhadamanthus. He heard it through without comment or correction, and when Timanoff had finished, simply remarked very composedly, "So! Have you taken the *next* Etude, also?" as if the great A minor were not enough for one meal! It is eight pages long to begin with, and there is no let-up to the difficulty all the way through. Afterward, however, he told the young men that he "could not have done it better" himself.

Tausig is so hasty and impatient that to be in his classes must be a fearful ordeal. He will not bear the slightest fault. The last time I went into his class to hear him teach he was dreadful. Fräulein H. began, and she has remarkable talent, and is far beyond me. She would not play *piano* enough to suit him, and finally he stamped his foot at her, snatched her hand from the piano, and said: "Will you play *piano* or not, for if not we will go no farther?" The second girl sat down and played a few lines. He made her begin over again several times, and finally came up and took her music away and slapped it down on the piano, – "You have been studying this for weeks and you can't play a note of it; practice it for a month and then you can bring it to me again," he said.

The third was Fräulein Timanoff, who is a little genius, I think. She brought a Sonata by Schubert – the lovely one in A minor – and by the way he behaved Tausig must have a particular feeling about that particular Sonata. Timanoff began running it off in her usual nimble style, having practiced it evidently every minute of the time when she was not asleep, since the last lesson. She had not proceeded far down the first page when he stopped her, and began to fuss over the expression. She began again, but this time with no better luck. A third time, but still he was dissatisfied, though he suffered her to go on a little farther. He kept stopping her every moment in the most tantalizing and exasperating manner. If it had been I, I should have cried, but Timanoff is well broken, and only flushed deeply to the very tips of her small ears. From an apple blossom she changed to a carnation. Tausig grew more and more savage, and made her skip whole pages in his impatience. "Play here!" he would say, in the most imperative tone, pointing to a half or whole page farther on. "This I cannot hear! – Go on farther! – It is too bad to be listened to!" Finally, he struck the music with the back of his hand, and exclaimed, in a despairing way, "*Kind, es liegt eine Seele darin. Weiss du nicht es liegt eine SEELE darin?* (Child, there's a soul in the piece. Don't you know there is a *soul* in it?)" To the little Timanoff, who has no soul, and who is not sufficiently experienced to counterfeit one, this speech evidently conveyed no particular idea. She ran on as glibly as ever till Tausig could endure no more, and shut up the music. I was much disappointed, as it was new to me, and I like to hear Timanoff's little fingers tinkle over the keys, "Seele" or no "Seele." She has a most accurate and dainty way of doing everything, and somehow, in her healthy little brain I hardly wish for *Seele*!

Last of all Fräulein L. played, and she alone suited Tausig. She is a Swede, and is the best scholar he has, but she has such frightfully ugly hands, and holds them so terribly, that when I look at her I cannot enjoy her playing. Tausig always praises her very much, and she is tremendously ambitious.

Tausig has a charming face, full of expression and very sensitive. He is extremely sharp-sighted, and has eyes in the back of his head, I believe. He is far too small and too despotic to be fascinating, however, though he has a sort of captivating way with him when he is in a good humor.

I was dreadfully sorry to hear of poor Gottschalk's death. He had a golden touch, and equal to any in the world, I think. But what a romantic way to die! – to fall senseless at his instrument, while he was playing "*La Morte*." It was very strange. If anything more is in the papers about him

you must send it to me, for the infatuation that I and 99,999 other American girls once felt for him, still lingers in my breast!

On Saturday night I went for the first time to hear the Berlin Symphony Kapelle. It is composed only of artists, and is the most splendid music imaginable. De Ahna, for instance, is one of the violinists, and he is not far behind Joachim. We have no conception of such an orchestra in America.<sup>1</sup> The Philharmonic of New York approaches it, but is still a long way off. This orchestra is so perfect, and plays with such precision, that you can't realize that there are any performers at all. It is just a great wave of sound that rolls over you as smooth as glass. As the concert halls are much smaller here, the music is much louder, and every man not only plays *piano* and *forte* where it is marked, but he draws the *tone* out of his violin. They have the greatest pathos, consequently, in the soft parts, and overwhelming power in the loud. Where great expression is required the conductor almost ceases to beat time, and it seems as if the performers took it *ad libitum*; but they understand each other so well that they play like one man. It is *too* ecstatic! I observed the greatest difference in the horn playing. Instead of coming in in a monotonous sort of way as it does at home, and always with the same degree of loudness, here, when it is solo, it begins round and smooth and full, and then gently modulates until the tone seems to sigh itself out, dying away at last with a little tremolo that is perfectly melting. I never before heard such an effect. When the trumpets come in it is like the crack of doom, and you should hear the way they play the drums. I never *was* satisfied with the way they strike the drums in New York and Boston, for it always seemed as if they thought the parchment would break. Here, sometimes they give such a sharp stroke that it startles me, though, of course, it is not often. But it adds immensely to the accent, and makes your heart beat, I can tell you. They played Schubert's great symphony, and Beethoven's in B major, and I could scarcely believe my own ears at the difference between this orchestra and ours. It is as great as between – and Tausig.

*BERLIN, March 4, 1870.*

Tausig is off to Russia to-day on a concert tour, and will not return until the 1st of May. Out of six months he has been in Berlin about two and a half! However, as I am not yet in his class it doesn't affect me much, but I should think his scholars would be provoked at such long absences. That is the worst of having such a great artist for a master. I believe we are to have no vacation in the summer though, and that he has promised to remain here from May until November without going off. Ehlert and Tausig have had a grand quarrel, and Ehlert is going to leave the conservatory in April. I am very sorry, for he is an admirable teacher, and I like him extremely.

We had another Musical Reading on Sunday, at which I played, but all the conservatory classes were there, and all the teachers, with Tausig, also, so it was a pretty hard ordeal. The girls said I turned deadly pale when I sat down to the piano, and well I might, for here you cannot play any thing that the scholars have not either played themselves or are perfectly familiar with, so they criticise you without mercy. Tausig plays so magnificently that you know beforehand that a thing can never be more than comparatively good in his eyes. Fräulein L. is the only one of his pupils that plays to suit him. I do not like her playing so much myself, because it sounds as if she had tried to imitate him exactly – which she probably does. It does not seem spontaneous, and she is an affected creature. They all think 'the world' of her at the conservatory, and I suppose she *is* quite extraordinary; but I prefer Fräulein Timanoff – "*die kleine Person*," as Tausig calls her – and she is, indeed, a "little person." On Sunday Fräulein L. played the first part of a Sonata by Chopin, and Tausig was quite enchanted with her performance. I thought he was going to embrace her, he jumped up so impetuously and ran over to her. He declared that it could not be better played, and said he would not hear anything else after that, and so the school was dismissed, although several had not played that expected to do so.

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<sup>1</sup> This was written before the full development of the Thomas Orchestra. The writer had heard it only in its infancy.

Tausig has one scholar who is a very singular girl – the Fräulein H. I mentioned to you before, who has studied with Bülow. She is half French and half German, and speaks both languages. She is full of talent and cannot be over eighteen, but she is the most intense character, and is a perfect child of nature. One can't help smiling at everything she does, because she goes at everything so hard and so unconsciously. When the other girls are playing she folds her arms and plays with her fingers against her sides all the time, and when her turn comes she seizes her music, jumps up, and rushes for the piano as fast as she can. She hasn't the least timidity, and on Sunday when Tausig called out her name he scarcely got the words out before she said, "*Ja*," to the great amusement of the class (for none of us answered to our names) and ran to the piano.

She sat down with the chair half crooked, and almost on the side of it, but she never stopped to arrange herself, but dashed off a prelude out of her own head, and then played her piece. When she got through she never changed countenance, but was back in her seat before you could say "Jack Robinson." She is as passionate as Tausig, and so they usually have a scene over her lesson. He is always either half amused at her or very angry, and is terribly severe with her. When he stamps his foot at her she makes up a face, and the blood rushes up into her head, and I believe she would beat him if she dared. She always plays as impetuously as she does everything else, and then he stops his ears and tells her she makes too much "*Spektakel*" (his favorite expression). Then she begins over again two or three times, but always in the same way. He snatches the music from the piano and tells her that is enough. Then the class bursts out laughing and she goes to her seat and cries. But she is too proud to let the other girls see her wipe her eyes, and so she sits up straight, and tries to look unconcerned, but the tears trickle down her cheeks one after the other, and drop off her chin all the rest of the hour. By the time she has had a piece for two lessons she comes to the third, and at last she has managed to tone down enough, and then she plays it splendidly. She is a savage creature. The girls tell me that one time she sat down to the piano (a concert-grand) with such violence as to push the instrument to one side, and began to play with such vehemence that she burst the sleeve out of her dress behind! She is going to be an artist, and I told her she must come to America to give concerts. She said "*Ja*," and immediately wanted to know where I lived, so she could come and see me. I think she will make a capital concert player, for she is always excited by an audience, and she has immense power. I am a mere baby to her in strength. Perhaps when she is ten years older she will be able to restrain herself within just limits, and to put in the light and shade as Fräulein L. does.

Since I last wrote I have been to hear Rubinstein again. He is the greatest sensation player I know of, and, like Gottschalk, has all sorts of tricks of his own. His grand aim is to produce an *effect*, so it is dreadfully exciting to hear him, and at his last concert the first piece he played – a terrific composition by Schubert – gave me such a violent headache that I couldn't hear the rest of the performance with any pleasure. He has a gigantic spirit in him, and is extremely poetic and original, but for an entire concert he is too much. Give me Rubinstein for a few pieces, but Tausig for a whole evening. Rubinstein doesn't care how many notes he misses, provided he can bring out his conception and make it vivid enough. Tausig strikes *every* note with rigid exactness, and perhaps his very perfection makes him at times a little cold. Rubinstein played Schubert's Erl-König, arranged by Liszt, *gloriously*. Where the child is so frightened, his hands flew all over the piano, and absolutely made it shriek with terror. It was enough to freeze you to hear it.

Last week I went to a party at Mrs. Bancroft's in honour of Washington's birthday, and had a lovely time, as I always do when I go there. Bismarck was present, and wore a coat all decorated with stars and orders. He is a splendid looking man, and is tall and imposing. No one could be kinder than Mr. Bancroft. He and Mrs. Bancroft live in a beautiful house, furnished in perfect taste and full of lovely pictures and things, and they entertain most charmingly. They seem to do their utmost for the Americans who are in Berlin, and I am very proud of our minister. His reputation as our national historian, together with his German culture and early German associations, all combine to render him an admirable representative of our country to this haughty kingdom, and I hear that he is very popular

with its selfsatisfied citizens. As for Mrs. Bancroft, one could hardly be more elegant, or better suited to the position. Mr. Bancroft is passionately fond of music, and knows what good music is, – which is of course an additional title to *my* high opinion!

The other day Herr J. called for me to go and take a walk through the Thier-Garten, and see the skating. It was the first time I had been there, though it is not far from us, and I was delighted with it. It is the natural forest, with beautiful walks and drives cut through it, and statues here and there. We went to see the skating, and it was a lovely sight. The band was playing, and ladies and gentlemen were skating in time to the waltz. Many ladies skate very elegantly, and go along with their hands in their muffs, swaying first to one side and then to the other. It is grace itself. Carriages and horses pranced slowly around the edge of the pond, and at last the Prince and Princess Royal came along, drawn by two splendid black horses.

The carriage stopped and they got out to walk. "Now," said I to Herr J., "you must take off your hat" – for everybody takes off his hat to the Crown Prince. As they passed us he did take it off, but blushed up to his ears, which I thought rather odd, until he said, in a half-ashamed tone, "That is the first time in my life that I ever took off my hat to a Prince." "Well, what did you do it for?" said I. "Because you told me to," said he. He is such a red hot republican, that even such a little act of respect as this grated upon him! I only told him in fun, any way, but I was very much amused to see how he took it. He always raves over the United States, and says we are the greatest country in the world. He is a strange man, and you ought to hear his theory of religion. He sets the Bible entirely aside – like most German cultivated men. We were talking of it one night, and he said, "We won't speak of that *blockhead* Peter, stupid fisherman that he was! but we will pass on to Paul, who was a man of some education." David, he calls "that rascal David, etc." Of course, I hold to my own belief, but I can't help laughing to hear him, it sounds so ridiculous. The world never had any beginning, he says, and there is no resurrection. We live only for the benefit of the next generation, and therefore it is necessary to lead good lives. We inherit the result of our father's labours, and our children will inherit ours. So we shall go on until the human race comes to a state of perfection. "And then what?" said I. Oh – then, he didn't know. Perhaps the world would explode, and go off in meteors. "We *do* know," said he, "that there are lost stars. Occasionally a star disappears and we can't tell what has become of it; and perhaps the earth will become a wandering star, or a comet. The intervals between the stars are so great as to admit of a world wandering about – and there is no police in those regions, I fancy," concluded he, with a shrug of his shoulders. "Do you really *believe* that, Herr J.?" I asked. "Oh," said he, "we won't speak about *beliefs*. Now we are *speculating*!" He is a delightful companion, and I think he is scrupulously conscientious. Though he does not profess the Christian faith, he acts up to Christian principles.

## CHAPTER IV

### **Opera and Oratorio in Berlin. A Typical American. Prussian Rudeness. Conservatory Changes. Easter**

*BERLIN, March 20, 1870.*

On Wednesday the Bancrofts most kindly called for me to go to the opera with them. They came in their carriage, with two horses and footmen, so it was very jolly, and we bowled rapidly through Unter den Linden (the Broadway of Berlin), in rather a different manner from the pace I usually crawl along in a droschkie. They had fine opera glasses, of course, and we took our seats just as the overture was about to begin, so that everything was charming except that instead of Lohengrin, which we had expected to hear, they had changed the opera to Faust, which I had heard the week before. Faust is, however, a fascinating opera, and it is beautifully given here, albeit the Germans stick to it that it is Gounod's Faust and not Goethe's.

Since I have come here I have a perfect passion for going to the opera, for everything is done in such superb fashion, and they have the orchestra of the Symphony Kapelle, which is so splendid that it could not be better. It is a pity the singers are not equally good, but I don't believe Germany is the land of great voices. However, the men sing finely, and the prima donnas have much talent, and *act* beautifully. The prima donna on this occasion was Mallinger, the rival of Lucca. She is especially good as Margareta. Niemann and Wachtel are the great men singers. Wachtel was formerly a coachman, but he has a lovely voice. His acting is not remarkable, but Niemann is superb, and he sings and acts delightfully. He is very tall and fair, with light whiskers, and golden hair crowning a noble head, in truth a regular Viking. When he comes out in his crimson velvet mantle and crimson cap, with a white plume, and begins singing these delicious love songs to Margareta, he is perfectly enchanting! He and Mallinger throw themselves into the long love scene which fills the third act, and act it magnificently. It was the first time I ever saw a love scene well done. The fourth act is most impressive. The curtain rises, and shows the interior of a church. The candles are burning on the altar, and the priests and acolytes are standing in their proper order before it. The organ strikes up a fugue and all the peasants come in and kneel down. Then poor Margareta comes in for refuge, but when she kneels to pray a voice is heard which tells her that for her there is no refuge or hope in heaven or earth.

This scene Mallinger does so well that it is nature itself. When the voice is heard she gives a shriek, totters for a moment, and then falls upon the floor senseless, and O, *so* naturally that one is entirely carried away by it. The organ takes up the fugue, and the curtain drops. The contrast between the two acts makes it all the more effective, for in the third it is all love and flowers and languishing music, and in the fourth one is suddenly recalled to the sanctity and severity of the church; also, after the orchestra this subdued fugue on the organ makes a very peculiar impression. In the fifth act Margareta is in prison, and Faust and Mephistopheles come to rescue her. This is a powerful scene, for at first she hesitates, and thinks she will go with them, and then her mind wanders, and she recalls, as in a vision, the happy scenes of earlier days. They keep urging her, and try to drag her along with them, but at last she breaks free from them and cries, "To Thee, O, God, belongs my soul," and falls upon her straw pallet, and dies. Then the scene changes, and you see four angels gradually floating up to heaven, supporting her dead body, while the chorus sings:

"Christ ist erstanden  
Aus Tod und Banden  
Frieden und Heil verkeisst

Aller Welt er, die ihn preist."<sup>2</sup>

This ends the opera, which is very exciting throughout. I am going to read the original as soon as I know a little more German, so that I shan't have to read with a dictionary. I am just getting able to read Goethe without one, and think he is the most entrancing writer. There never could have been a man who understood women so well as he! His female characters are perfectly captivating, but he is not very flattering to his own sex, and generally makes them, in love, (what they are) weak and vacillating.

I met a very agreeable young countryman at a dinner the other day – a Mr. P. – and a great contrast to any of Goethe's ill-regulated heroes. He was the typical American, I thought. Wide awake, bright, with a sharp eye to business, very republican, with a hearty contempt for titles and a great respect for women, practical and clear-headed. When the wine was passed round he refused it, and said he had never drunk a glass of wine or touched tobacco in his life. I was so amused, for he looked so young. I said to myself, "probably you are just out of college, and are travelling before you settle down to a profession." After a while he said something about his wife. I was a little surprised, but still I thought "perhaps you have only been married a few months." A little further on he mentioned his children. I was still more surprised, but thought he couldn't have more than two; but when Mrs. B. asked him how many he had, and he said "three living and two dead," adding very gravely, "I have been twice left childless," I could scarcely help bursting out laughing, for I had thought him about twenty-one, and these revelations of a wife and numerous family seemed too preposterous! – But it was very nice to see such a model countryman, too. It is such men that make the American greatness.

After dinner I went with my hostess to hear Mendelssohn's Oratorio of St. Paul. It is a great work, a little tedious as a whole, but with wonderfully beautiful numbers interspersed through it. There are several lovely chorales in it. I was disappointed in the performance, though, for in the first place there is no organ in the Sing-Akademie, and I consider the effect of the organ and the drums indispensable to an oratorio; and in the second, the solos all seemed to me indifferently sung. The choruses were faultless, however. They understand how to drill a chorus here! Next Friday I am going to Haydn's "Jahreszeiten," which I never happened to hear in Boston.

Germany is a great place for birds and flowers. All winter long we have quantities of saucy-looking little sparrows here, and they have the most thievish expression when they fly down for a crumb. I sometimes put crumbs on my window-sill, and in a short time they are sure to see them. Then they stand on the edge of a roof opposite, and look from side to side for a long time, the way birds do. At last they make up their minds, swoop down on the sill, stretch their heads, give a bold look to see if I am about, and then snatch a crumb and fly off with it. They never can get over their own temerity, and always give a chirp as they fly away with the crumb; whether it is a note of triumph over their success, or an expression of nervousness, I cannot decide. One cold day I passed a tree, on every twig of which was a bird. They were holding a political meeting, I am sure, for they were all jabbering away to each other in the most excited manner, and each one had his breast bulged out, and his feathers ruffled. They were "awfully cunning!"

On Tuesday I went out to Borsig's greenhouse. He is an immensely rich man here, who makes a specialty of flowers. He lives some way out of Berlin, and has the largest conservatories here. The inside of the portico which leads into them is all covered with ivy, which creeps up on the inside of the walls, and covers them completely. When we came within, the flowers were arranged in perfect *banks* all along the length of the greenhouse, so that you saw one continuous line of brilliant colours, and oh – the perfume! The hyacinths predominated in all shades, though there were many other flowers, and many of them new to me. Camelias were trained, vine fashion, all over the sides of the greenhouse, and hundreds of white and pink blossoms were depending from them. All the centre of

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<sup>2</sup> Christ is risen out of bonds and death. He promises joy and blessing to all the world, which for this glorifies Him.

the greenhouse was a bed of rich earth covered with a little delicate plant, and at intervals planted with azalea bushes so covered with blossoms that one could scarcely see the leaves. At one end was a very large cage filled with brilliant birds, and at the other was a lovely fountain of white marble – Venus and Cupid supported on three shells. But I was most struck by the tree ferns, which I had never before seen. They were perfectly magnificent, and were arranged on the highest side of the greenhouse with many other rare plants most artistically mingled in. After we had finished looking at the flowers we went into a second house, where were palm trees, ferns, cacti and all sorts of strange things growing, but all placed with the same taste. It was a beautiful sight, and I never had any idea of the garden of Eden before. I must try and bring home a pot of the "Violet of the Alps." It is the most delicate little flower, and looks as if it grew on a high, cold mountain.

*BERLIN, April 1, 1870.*

To-day is April Fool's day, and the first real month of spring is begun. I have not fooled anybody yet, but as soon as dinner is ready, I shall rush to the window and cry, "There goes the king!" Of course they will all run to see him, and then I shall get it off on the whole family at once. I shall wait until the "kleiner Hans," Frau W.'s son, comes home. I call him the "Kleinen" in derision, for in reality he is immense. I have been very much struck with the height of the people here. As a rule they are much taller than Americans, and sometimes one meets perfect giants in the streets. The Prussian men are often semi-insolent in their street manners to women, and sometimes nearly knock you off the sidewalk, from simply not choosing to see you. I suppose this arrogance is one of the benefits of their military training! They *will* have the middle of the walk where the stone flag is laid, no matter what *you* have to step off into!

I went to hear Haydn's Jahreszeiten a few evenings since, and it is the most charming work – such a happy combination of grave and gay! He wrote it when he was seventy years old, and it is so popular that one has great difficulty in getting a ticket for it. The *salon* was entirely filled, so that I had to take a seat in the *loge*, where the places are pretty poor, though I went early, too. The work is sung like an oratorio, in arias, recitatives and choruses, and is interspersed with charming little songs. It represents the four seasons of the year, and each part is prefaced by a little overture appropriate to the passing of each season into the next. The recitatives are sung by Hanna and Lucas, who are lovers, and by Simon, who is a friend of both, apparently. The autumn is the prettiest of the four parts, for it represents first the joy of the country people over the harvests and over the fruits. Then comes a splendid chorus in praise of Industry. After that follows a little love dialogue between Hanna and Lucas, then a description of a hunt, then a dance; lastly the wine is brought, and the whole ends with a magnificent chorus in praise of wine. The dance is too pretty for anything, for the whole chorus sings a waltz, and it is the gayest, most captivating composition imaginable. The choruses here are so splendidly drilled that they give the expression in a very vivid manner, and produce beautiful effects. All the parts are perfectly accurate and well balanced. But the solo singers are, as I have remarked in former letters, for the most part, ordinary.

I took my last lesson of Ehlert yesterday. I am very sorry that he and Tausig have quarrelled, for he is a splendid teacher. He has taught me a great deal, and precisely the things that I wanted to know and could not find out for myself. For instance, those twists and turns of the hands that artists have, their way of striking the chords, and many other little technicalities which one must have a master to learn. He always seemed to take great pleasure in teaching me, and I am most grateful to him for his encouragement. I think Tausig behaves very strangely to be off for such a long time. He does not return until the first of May, and all this month we are to be taught by one of his best scholars until he comes back and engages another teacher. He has just given concerts at St. Petersburg, and I am told that at a single one he made six thousand rubles. They are in an immense enthusiasm there over him.

Last night I went with Mr. B. to hear Bach's Passion Music. Anything to equal that last chorus I never heard from voices. I felt as if it ought to go on forever, and could not bear to have it end. That

chorale, "O Sacred Head now wounded," is taken from it, and it comes in twice; the second time with different harmonies and without accompaniment. It is the most exquisite thing; you feel as if you would like to die when you hear it. But the last chorus carries you straight up to heaven. It begins:

"We sit down in tears  
And call to thee in the grave,  
Rest soft – rest soft."

It represents the rest of our Saviour after the stone had been rolled before the tomb, and it is *divine*. Everybody in the chorus was dressed in black, and almost every one in the audience, so you can imagine what a sombre scene it was. This is the custom here, and on Good Friday, when the celebrated "Tod Jesu" by Graun, is performed, they go in black without exception.

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*BERLIN, April 24, 1870.*

I thought of you all on Easter Sunday, and wondered what sort of music you were having. I did not go to the English church, as is my wont, but to the Dom, which is the great church here, and is where all the court goes. It is an extremely ugly church, and much like one of our old Congregational meeting-houses; but they have a superb choir of two hundred men and boys which is celebrated all over Europe. Haupt (Mr. J. K. Paine's former master) is the organist, and of course they have a very large organ. I knew, as this was Easter, that the music would be magnificent, so I made A. W. go there with me, much against her will, for she declared we should get no seat. The Germans don't trouble themselves to go to church very often, but on a feast day they turn out in crowds.

We got to the church only twenty minutes before service began, and I confess I was rather daunted as I saw the swarms of people not only going in but coming out, hopeless of getting into the church. However, I determined to push on and see what the chances were, and with great difficulty we got up stairs. There is a lobby that runs all around the church, just as in the Boston Music Hall. All the doors between the gallery and the lobby were open, and each was crammed full of people. I thought the best thing we could do would be to stand there until we got tired, and listen to the music, and then go. Finally, the sexton came along, and A. asked him if he could not give us two seats; he shrugged his shoulders and said, "Yes, if you choose to pass through the crowd." We boldly said we would, although it looked almost hopeless, and then made our way through it, followed by muttered execrations. At last the sexton unlocked a door, and gave us two excellent seats, and there was plenty of room for a dozen more people; but I don't doubt he frightened them away just as he would have done us if he could. He locked us in, and there we sat quite in comfort.

At ten the choir began to sing a psalm. They sit directly over the chancel, and a gilded frame work conceals them completely from the congregation. They have a leader who conducts them, and they sing in most perfect time and tune, entirely without accompaniment. The voices are tender and soft rather than loud, and they weave in and out most beautifully. There are a great many different parts, and the voices keep striking in from various points, which produces a delicious effect, and makes them sound like an angel choir far up in the sky. After they had finished the psalm the organ burst out with a tremendous great chord, enough to make you jump, and then played a chorale, and there were also trombones which took the melody. Then all the congregation sang the chorale, and the choir kept silence. You cannot imagine how easy it is to sing when the trombones lead, and the effect is overwhelming with the organ, especially in these grand old chorales. I could scarcely bear it, it was so very exciting.

There was a great deal of music, as it was Easter Sunday, and it was done alternately by the choir and the congregation; but generally the Dom choir only sings one psalm before the service begins, and therefore I seldom take the trouble to go there. The rest of the music is entirely congregational, and they only have trombones on great occasions. We sat close by the chancel, and the great wax candles flared on the altar below us, and the Lutheran clergyman read the German so that it sounded a good deal like Latin. I was quite surprised to see how much like Latin German *could* sound, for it has these long, rolling words, and it is just as pompous. Altogether it made a strange but splendid impression. I thought if they had only had their choir in the chancel, and in white surplices, it would have been much more beautiful, but perhaps the music would not have sounded so fine as when the singers were overhead. The Berlin churches all look as if religion was dying out here, so old and bare and ill-cared for, and so few in number. They are only redeemed by the great castles of organs which they generally have; and it is a difficult thing to get the post of organist here. One must be an experienced and well-known musician to do it. They sing no chants in the service, but only chorales.

To-night is the last Royal Symphony Concert of this season, and of course I shall go. This wonderful orchestra carries me completely away. It is too marvellous how they play! such expression, such *élan!* I heard them give Beethoven's Leonora Overture last week in such a fashion as fairly electrified me. This overture sums up the opera of Fidelio, and in one part of it, just as the hero is going to be executed, you hear the post-horn sound which announces his delivery. This they play so softly that you catch it exactly as if it came from a long distance, and you cannot believe it comes from the orchestra. It makes you think of "the horns of elf-land faintly blowing."

Tausig is expected back this week, and he has indeed been gone long enough. He is going to give a lesson every Monday to the best scholars who are not in his class, and as I stand at the head of these I hope to have a lesson from him every week. This would suit me better than two, as he is so dreadfully exacting, and it will give me time to learn a piece well. Then I should have my regular lesson beside from Mr. Beringer, or whoever he appoints to take Ehlert's place. Beringer, who is a young man about twenty-five years old, has turned out a capital teacher, and I am learning much with him. He plays beautifully himself, and is a great favorite of Tausig's. He has been with him so long that he teaches his method excellently, and gives me pieces that he has studied with him. I believe he is to come out at the Gewandhaus, in Leipsic, in October, and after that he will settle in London.

## CHAPTER V

### **The Thier-Garten. A Military Review. Charlottenburg. Tausig. Berlin in Summer. Potsdam and Babelsberg**

*BERLIN, June 5, 1870.*

We've had the vilest possible weather this spring, but Berlin looks perfectly lovely now. There are a great many gardens attached to the houses here. Everything is in bloom, and is laden with the scent of lilacs and apple blossoms. The streets are planted with lindens and horse chestnut trees, and on the fashionable street bordering on the Thier-Garten, all the houses have little lawns in front, carpeted with the most dazzling green grass, and rising out of it are solid banks of flowers. The shrubs are planted according to their height, close together, and one behind the other, and as they are all in blossom you see these great masses of colour. It is like a gigantic bouquet growing up before you.

The Thier-Garten is perfectly beautiful. It is so charming to come upon this unfenced wood right in the heart of an immense city, with roads and paths cut all through it, and each over-arched with vivid green as far as the eye can reach. When you see the gay equipages driving swiftly through it, and ladies and gentlemen glancing amid the trees on horseback, it is very romantic.

Frau W.'s brother, "Uncle S." as I call him, announced the other day that he was going to take us to Charlottenburg. I had often been told that I must go there and see the "Mausoleum," but as you know I never ask for explanations, this did not convey any particular idea to my mind, and I started out on this excursion in my usual state of blissful ignorance. We took two droschkies for our party, and meandered slowly through the Thier-Garten and along the Charlottenburg road till we arrived at our point of destination. This was announced from afar by an absurd statue poised on one toe on the top of the castle which stands in front of the park containing the Mausoleum.

The first thing we did on alighting was to go into a little beer garden close by to take coffee. It was a perfect afternoon, and the trees and flowers were in all their June glory. We sat down around one of those delightful tables which they always have under the trees in Germany. The coffee was soon served, hot and strong, and Uncle S. took out a cigar to complete his enjoyment. Then we began to stroll. We went through a gate into the grounds surrounding the castle, and after passing through the orangery emerged into a garden, which soon spread into a beautiful park filled with magnificent trees, and with beds of flowers cut in the smooth turf for some distance along the borders of the avenues. We turned to the right (instead of to the left, which would have brought us directly to the Mausoleum) in order to see the flowers first, then the river, and then come round by the pond where the carp are kept.

The Germans certainly understand laying out parks to perfection. They are not *too* rigidly kept, and there is an air of nature about everything. This Charlottenburg park is a particularly fascinating one. A dense avenue borders the River Spree, which is broad at this point, and flows gloomily and silently along. The branches of the trees overhang the stream, and also lock together across the walk, forming a leafy avenue before and behind you. We met very few people, scarcely any one, in fact, and the songs of the birds were the only sounds that broke the all-pervading calm. The path finally left the river, and we came out on an open spot, where was a pretty view of the castle through a little cut in the trees. We sat down on a bench and looked about us for awhile, and then went up on the bridge which crosses the pond where the carp are kept. The Germans always feed these carp religiously, and that is a regular part of the excursion. The fish are very old, many of them, and we saw some hoary old fellows rise lazily to the surface and condescend to swallow the morsels of cake that we threw them. They were evidently accustomed to good living, and, like all swells, considered it only their due!

At last we came gradually round towards the Mausoleum. An avenue of hemlocks led to it – "Trauer-Bäume (mourning-trees)," as the Germans call them, and it was an exquisite touch of sentiment to make *this* avenue of these dark funereal evergreens. At first you see nothing, for the avenue is long, and you turn into it gay and smiling with the influence of the birds, the trees, and the flowers fresh upon you. But the drooping boughs of the sombre hemlocks soon begin to take effect, and the feeling that comes over one when about half way down it is certainly peculiar. It seems as if one were passing between a row of tall and silent *sentinels* watching over the abode of death!

Involuntarily you begin repeating from Edgar Poe's haunting poem:

"Then I pacified Psyche and kissed her,  
And conquered her scruples and gloom,  
And banished her scruples and gloom,  
And we passed to the end of the vista  
Till we came to the door of a tomb;  
And I said, 'What is written, sweet sister,  
On the door of this legended tomb?'  
And she said, 'Ulalume, Ulalume,  
'Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume."

And so, too, does *your* eye become fixed upon a door at the end of *this* vista, which comes nearer and nearer until finally the Mausoleum takes form round it in the shape of a little Greek temple of polished brown marble. A small flower garden lies in front of it, and it would look inviting enough if one did not know what it was. Two officials stand ready to receive you and conduct you up the steps.

Within these walls a royal pair lie buried – King Friedrich Wilhelm III. and his beautiful wife, Luisa, who so calmly withstood the bullying of Napoleon I. and for whom the Prussians cherish such a chivalrous affection. They are entombed under the front portion of the temple, and two slabs in the pavement mark their resting places. These are lit from above by a window in the roof filled with blue glass, which throws a subdued and solemn light into the marble chamber. You walk past them to the other end of the temple, which is cruciform in shape, go up one step between pillars, and there, in the little white transept, lie upon two snowy marble couches the sculptured forms of the dead king and queen side by side. Though this apartment is lit by side windows of plain glass high up on the walls, so that it is full of the white daylight, yet the blueish light from the outer room is reflected into it just enough to heighten the delicacy of the marble and to bestow on everything an unearthly aspect.

Queen Luisa was celebrated for her beauty, and the sculptor Rauch, who knew and adored her, has breathed it all into the stone. There she lay, as if asleep, her head easily pressing the pillow, her feet crossed and the outlines of her exquisite form veiled but not concealed by the thin tissue-like drapery. It covered even the little feet, but they seemed to define themselves all the more daintily through the muslin. There is no look of death about her face. She seems more like a bonny "Queen o' the May," reclining with closed eyes upon her flowery bed. The statue has been criticised by some on account of this entire absence of the "*beauté de la mort*." There is no transfigured or glorified look to it. It is simply that of a beautiful woman in deep repose. But it seems to me that this is a matter of taste, and that the artist had a perfect right to represent her as he most felt she was. The king's statue is clothed in full uniform, and he looks very striking, too, lying there in all the dignity of manhood and of kingship, with the drapery of his military cloak falling about him. His features are delicate and regular, and he is a fit counterpart to his lovely consort. Against the back wall an altar is elevated on some steps, and there is an endless fascination in leaning against it and gazing down on those two august forms stretched out so still before you. On either side of the statues are magnificent tall candelabra of white marble of very rich and beautiful design, and appropriate inscriptions from the German Bible run round the carved and diapered marble walls. Altogether, this garden-park, with

its river, its Mausoleum, its avenue of hemlocks, and its glorious statues of the king and queen, is one of the most exquisite and ideal conceptions imaginable. As we returned it was toward sunset. The evening wind was sighing through the tall trees and the waving grasses. An indefinable influence hovered in the air. The supernatural seemed to envelop us, and instinctively we hastened a little as we retraced our steps.

When we emerged from the hemlock avenue Uncle S., I thought, seemed rather relieved, for the contemplation of a future life is not particularly sympathetic to him! After he had asked me if I did not think the Mausoleum "*sehr schön* (very beautiful)," and had ascertained that I *did* think so, he restored his equilibrium by taking out another cigar, which he lighted, and we leisurely made our way through the garden to our droschkies and drove home. It was quite dark as we were coming through the Thier-Garten, and it seemed like a forest. The stars were shining through the branches overhead, and their soothing light gave the last poetic touch to a lovely day.

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*BERLIN, June 26, 1870.*

Last week the Emperor of Austria was here, and they had a parade in his honour. The B.'s took me in their carriage to see it. We drove to a large plain outside the city, and there we saw a mock battle, and all the manœuvres of an army – how they advance and retreat, and how they form and deploy. There was a continual fire of musketry and artillery, and it was very exciting. The enemy was only imaginary, but the attacking party acted just as if there were one, and at last it ended with the taking by storm, which was done by the attacking party rushing on with one continued cheer, or rather yell, from one end of the lines to the other. Then they all broke up, the bands played the Russian Hymn, the King and the Emperor mounted horses and led off a great body of cavalry, and away we all clattered home – carriages and horses all together. It was a great sight, and I enjoyed it very much.

I am going to play before Tausig next Monday, and have been studying very hard. He praised me very much the last time, and said he would soon take me into his regular class; but he is such a whimsical creature that one can't rely on him much. Two of the girls have almost finished their studies with him, and soon are going to give concerts. I am playing Scarlatti, which he is *awfully* particular with, and expect to have my head taken off. Two of his scholars are playing the same pieces that I am, and he told one of them that she played "like a nut-cracker." He is very funny sometimes. The other day one of the young men played the Pastoral Sonata to him. Tausig gave a sigh, and said, "This *should* be a garden of roses, but, as you play it, I see only potato plants." Scarlatti is charming music. He writes *en suite* like Bach, and is still more quaint and full of humour.

I find Berlin very pleasant, even in summer. Most of the better houses are made with balconies or bow windows, and around each one they will have a little frame full of earth in which is planted mignonette, nasturtiums, geraniums, etc., which trail over the edge, and as you look up from the street it seems as if the houses were festooned with flowers. On many of them woodbine is trained so that every window is set in a deep green frame. All the nice streets have pretty little front yards in which roses are planted, and I never saw anything like them. The branches are cut to one thick, straight stem, which is tied to a stick. They grow very tall, and each one is crowned with a top-knot of superb roses. Every yard looks like a little orchard of roses, and they are of every imaginable shade of colour. Every American who comes here must be struck with the want of beauty in the cities he has left at home; and it is really shameful, that when our people are so much better off, and when such immense numbers of them see this European culture every year, still they do not introduce the same things into our country. Take Fifth Avenue or Beacon Street, for example, and one won't see anything the whole length of them but a little green grass and an occasional woodbine, whereas here they would be adorned with flowers and all sorts of contrivances to make them beautiful.

On Thursday a little party of three, including myself, was made up to take me out to Potsdam. The Museum, Charlottenburg and Potsdam, are, as Mr. T. B. says, "the three sights of Berlin." I have written you of the first two, and you shall now have the third. Potsdam is sixteen miles from here, and it took about as long to go there by train as it does from Boston to Lynn. It is the royal summer residence. On arriving we bought a large quantity of cherries and then seated ourselves in a carriage to drive through the city to Charlottenhof. Here we got out and walked into a superb park, filled with splendid old trees. The first thing we saw was a beautiful little building in the Pompeian style. This was where Humboldt used to stay with the last king and queen in summer. We went into it and found it the sweetest little place you can imagine. When we opened the door, instead of a hall was a little court with a fountain in it and two low, broad staircases (of marble, I think) sweeping up to the main story. The walls were delicately tinted and frescoed all round the borders with Pompeian devices. The windows were of some sort of thin transparent stained glass, through which the light could penetrate easily, and were also in the Pompeian fashion, with chariots, and horses, and goddesses, etc. The rooms all opened into each other, but we were obliged to go through them so hastily that I could not look at them much in detail. The walls were covered with lovely pictures, and there were tables inlaid with precious marbles and all sorts of beautiful things. We saw the table and chair where the king always sat, just as he had left it, with his papers and drawings; and the queen's boudoir, with her writing materials and her sewing arrangements. From her window one looked out on a fountain at the right, and on the left was a long arcade covered with vines which led to a garden of roses.

We opened a door and passed through this arcade, and, after looking at the flowers, went on through the park until we came to another house, which was Pompeian, also, or Greek, I couldn't exactly tell which. It was built only to bathe in. The floors were all of stone, and it was as cool and fresh as could be. The bath itself was a large semi-circular place into which one went down by steps. It was large enough to swim in. Those old peoples understood pretty well how to make themselves comfortable, didn't they? There was an ancient bath-tub there, set upon a pedestal, made of some precious stone, which Humboldt had appraised at half a million of thalers. Outside was a lovely little garden, of course, and one of the prettiest things I saw was a quantity of those flowers which only grow in cool, moist places, sheltered under an awning. The awning was circular, and stretched down to the ground on three sides, so that one could only see the flowers by standing just in front. There were any number of lady-slippers of every shade, each mottled exquisitely with a different colour, and behind them rose other flowers in regular gradation, and all of brilliant tints. It seemed as if they were all nestling under a great shaker bonnet, and they looked as coy and bewitching as possible. I thought it was a charming idea.

After we left this place we went on until we came to Sans Souci, which was built simply for the benefit of the orange trees – to give them a shelter in winter. At least, this was the pretext. It has a most dazzling effect in the sunshine as you look at it from below. Terrace rises above terrace, and at the top is this airy white building rising lightly into the sky, with galleries and towers, groups of statuary, colonnades, fountains, flowers, and every device one can imagine to make it look as much like a fairy palace as possible. The great burly orange trees stand in rows in the gardens in large green pots. Many of them were in blossom, and cast their heavy perfume on the air. You couldn't turn your eyes any where that *something* was not arranged to arrest and surprise them. Here I saw another way of training roses. Running along on the green turf was a certain low growing variety, the branches of which they pin to the earth with a kind of wooden hair-pin, so that it does not show. They thus lie perfectly flat, and the grass is *literally* "carpeted" with them. It was lovely. After we had sufficiently admired the exterior of the palace, we ascended the flights of steps which lead up the terraces, and went into it. Outside were the long galleries where the orange trees stand, and then we passed into the large and noble rooms. First came the one which is devoted to Raphael's pictures. Copies of them all hang upon the walls. After we had gazed at them a long time, we looked at the other apartments, all

of which were furnished in some extraordinary way, but I glanced at them too hastily to retain any recollection of them. I only remember that one was all of malachite and gold.

The next thing we did was to go over the palace originally named "Sans Souci," where Frederick the Great lived. We saw the benches – ledges rather – on which his poor pages had to sit in the corridor, and which were purposely made so narrow in order to prevent their falling asleep while on duty. The armchair in which he died is there, and the bust of Charles XII still stands on the floor at the foot of the statue of Venus, where Frederick placed it in derision, because Charles was a woman-hater. I think it was a very small piece of malice on Frederick's part, and in fact he had such a bad heart that none of his relics interested me in the least.

After we had seen everything we went to a little restaurant at the foot of Sans Souci, where we drank beer and coffee and ate cake seated round a little table under the trees. This fashion that the Germans have of eating out of doors in summer is perfectly delightful, I think. I laid in a fresh stock of cherries, though I had already eaten an immense quantity, but they looked so nice, piled in little pyramids upon a vine leaf, like the cannon balls at the Cambridge arsenal, that there was no resisting them. I've thought of you ever since the cherry season began. They are so extremely cheap here, that two groschens (about six cents) will buy as many as two persons can eat at one time. We drove from Sans Souci to Fingstenberg, which is only a place to see a view of the country. The landscape was perfectly flat, but it had the charm of quiet cultivation. It was green with beautiful trees, and the river wound along dotted with white sails, and there were wind-mills turning in every direction. After we left Fingstenberg we drove down to an inn where we ordered dinner, and this also was served out of doors. It was about six o'clock in the evening, and we were all very hungry, so we enjoyed this part of the programme very much.

When we had finished our cutlet and green peas we got into the carriage again, and drove to Babelsberg. This is a little retreat which belongs to the queen, and where the royal family sometimes passes a few weeks in summer. We walked through a noble park where the ground swelled upward on our left and sloped downward on our right. After following the windings of the road for a long distance, we at last arrived at the little castle, perched upon a hill-side and embowered in trees. A smart looking maid showed us through it, and I was more impressed here than by all I had previously seen. As Balzac says, "People who talk about a house 'being like a palace' should see one first," – although, as Herr J. observed, "Babelsberg is not a palace, but is more like the home of an English nobleman." It is just a quiet little retreat, but the beauty with which everything is arranged is quite indescribable. Every window is planned so that you cannot look out without having something exquisite before you. Here it will be a little mosaic of rare flowers; there a fountain, etc. And then the bronzes, the pictures, the rare old pieces of glass and china, the thousand curious and beautiful objects of art that one must see over and over again to be able really to take in. In these castles, too, there are no end of little nooks and crannies where two or three persons, only, can sit and talk. Dainty little recesses made for enjoyment.

I walked into the grand salon and imagined an elegant assemblage of people in it, with all the means of entertainment at hand. It was a circular room, and large enough to dance the German in very comfortably. We went up stairs and through the different apartments. I went into the Princess Royal's room, and "surveyed my queenly form" in the superb mirror, and arranged my veil by her toilette glass – which I envied her, I assure you, for it shone like silver. We saw the cane of Frederick the Great, with a lion couchant on it – the one which he shook on some occasion and frightened somebody – (now you know, don't you?) Last of all we went up into the tower, and after climbing the dizzy staircase, we stood on the balconies for a long time, and looked over the splendid park about the country. Altogether, I was enchanted with Babelsberg, and nothing will suit me now but to have it for the retreat of my old age. I think I shall apply to be a servant there, for it must be a delightful situation. The royal family is only a short time there, and the servants have this exquisite habitation,

which is always kept in perfect order, all the rest of the year, and have nothing to do but show visitors over it and take in half thalers!

After we left Babelsberg we took a carriage and drove to the station, where we got into the cars about half-past nine, and went back to Berlin. Herr J. had made himself extremely agreeable, and had exerted himself the whole day on our behalf. We had a most perfect time of its kind, and I enjoyed every minute of it, but came back in the worst of spirits, as I generally do. It seems so hard that one can never get together *all* the elements of perfect happiness! Here in Babelsberg everything was so lovely that one could scarcely believe that there had ever been a "Fall." It seemed as if people *must* be happy there, and yet I'm told that the queen is very unhappy. I suppose because she has such a faithless old husband.

## CHAPTER VI

### The War. German Meals. Women and Men. Tausig's Teaching. Tausig Abandons his Conservatory. Dresden. Kullak

BERLIN, July 23, 1870.

Just now the grand topic of course is this dreadful war that has just been declared between Prussia and France, and everybody is in the wildest state of excitement over it. It broke out so very suddenly that it is only just one week since it has been decided upon, and ever since, the drafting has been going on, and the streets are filled with regiments and with droves of horses, cannon, and all the implements of war. The trains are going out all the time packed with soldiers, and the railroad stations are the constant scene of weeping women of all classes, come to see the last of their dear ones. There is such a storm of indignation against Napoleon that one hears nothing but curses against him. I am entirely on the German side, and am anxious to see the result, for between two such great nations, and with so much at stake, it will be a tremendous struggle.

We are promised a holiday soon, when I shall have a let-up from practicing, and only practice three hours a day, instead of five or six. Don't think I am making extraordinary progress because I practice so much. I find that the strengthening and equalizing of the fingers is a terribly slow process, and that it takes much more time to make a step forward than I expected. You may know how a thing *ought* to be played, but it is another matter to get your hands into such a training that they obey your will. Sometimes I am very much encouraged, and feel as if I should be an artist "immediately, if not sooner," and at others I fall into the blackest despair. I don't know but that S. J. was in the right of it, not to attempt anything, for it is an awful pull when you *do* once begin to study!

I wish S. could come here and spend a winter. I am sure it would be capital for her health. The Germans have a great idea that you must "*stärken* (strengthen)" yourself. So they eat every few hours. When you first arrive you feel stuffed to bursting all the time, for you naturally eat heartily at every meal, because, as we only eat three times a day in America, we are accustomed to take a good deal at once. Here they have five meals a day, and one has to learn how to take a little at a time. But it is a pretty good idea, for you are continually repairing yourself, and you never have such a strain on your system as to get hungry! The German women are plump roly-polies, as a general rule, and it is probably in consequence of this continual "strengthening." One has full opportunity to observe their condition, for they generally have their dress "*aus-geschnitten* (square neck)," as they call it, in order to save collars, and you will see them strolling along the streets with their dresses out open in front. They are not handsome – irregular features and muddy complexions being the rule. The way they neglect their teeth is the worst. They are always complimenting Americans on what they call our "fine Grecian noses," and, in fact, since they have said so much about it, I have noticed that nearly all Americans *have* straight and reasonably proportioned noses. – One sees a great many handsome *men* on the street, however – many more than we do at home. Perhaps it is because the Prussian uniform sets them off so, and then their blonde beards and moustaches give them a *distingué* air.

From what you tell me of the shock of our respected friend – over B.'s travelling from the West under Mr. S.'s escort, I think the "conventionalities" are taking too strong a hold in America, and it will not be many years before they are as strict there as they are here, where young people of different sexes can never see anything of each other. I regard it as a shocking system, as the Germans manage it. Young ladies and gentlemen only see each other in parties, and a young man can never call on a girl, but must always see her in the presence of the whole family. I only wonder how marriages are managed at all, for the sexes seem to live quite isolated from each other. The consequence is, the girls

get a lot of rubbish in their heads, and as for the men, I know not what they think, for I have not seen any to speak of since I have been here. You can imagine that with my co-education training and ideas, I have given Fräulein W.'s moral system a succession of shocks. She has been fenced up, so to speak, her whole life, and, consequently, was dumbfounded at the bold stand I take. I cannot resist giving her a sensation once in a while, so I come out with some strong expression. Do you know, since I've seen so much of the world I've come to the conclusion that the New England principle of teaching daughters to be independent and to look out for themselves from the first, is an excellent one. I've seen the evil of this German system of never allowing children to think for themselves. It *does* make them so mawkish. A girl here nearly thirty years old will not know where to buy the simplest thing, or do without her mother any more than a baby. The best plan is the old-fashioned American one, viz.: Give your children a "stern sense of duty," and then throw them on their own resources.

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*BERLIN, August 6, 1870.*

Until yesterday I have had no holiday, for I got into Tausig's class finally, so I had to practice very hard. He was as amiable to me as he ever can be to anybody, but he is the most trying and exasperating master you can possibly imagine. It is his principle to rough you and snub you as much as he can, even when there is no occasion for it, and you can think yourself fortunate if he does not hold you up to the ridicule of the whole class. I was put into the class with Fräulein Timanoff, who is so far advanced that Tausig told her he would not give her lessons much longer, for that she knew enough to graduate. You can imagine what an ordeal my first lesson was to me. I brought him a long and difficult Scherzo, by Chopin, that I had practiced carefully for a month, and knew well. Fancy how easy it was for me to play, when he stood over me and kept calling out all through it in German, "Terrible! Shocking! Dreadful! O Gott! O Gott!" I was really playing it well, too, and I kept on in spite of him, but my nerves were all rasped and excited to the highest point, and when I got through and he gave me my music, and said, "Not at all bad" (very complimentary for him), I rushed out of the room and burst out crying. He followed me immediately, and coolly said, "What are you crying for, child? Your playing was not at all bad." I told him that it was "impossible for me to help it when he talked in such a way," but he did not seem to be aware that he had said anything.

And now to show how we all have our troubles, and that blow falls upon blow – I will tell you that at our last lesson Tausig informed us that he was *not going to give another lesson to anybody*, and that the conservatory would be shut up on the first of October!! This is the most *awful* disappointment to me, for just as I have worked up to the point where I am prepared to profit by his lessons, he goes away! I suppose that he has left Berlin by this time, or that he will very soon, but he wouldn't tell when or where he was going, and only said that he was going off, and did not know when he was coming back, or what would become of him. Of course he *does* know, but he does not want to be plagued with applications from scholars for private lessons. I heard that he was only going to retain two of his scholars, and that one was a princess and the other a countess.

He is a perfect rock. I went to his house to see if I could persuade him to give me private lessons. He came into the room and accosted me in his sharpest manner, with "*Nun, was ist's?* (Well, what is it?)" I soon found that no impression was to be made on him. He only said that when he happened to be in Berlin, if I would come and play to him, he would give me his judgment. But I never should venture to do this, for as likely as not he would be in a bad humour, and send me off – he is such a difficult subject to come at. I told him I thought it was very hard after I had come all this way, and had been at so much expense only to have lessons from him, that I should have to go back without them. He said he was very sorry, but that most of his scholars came from long distances, and that he could not show any special favor to me. He asked me why I insisted upon having lessons

from him, and said that Kullak or Bendel both teach as well as he does. The fact is, he is a capricious genius, entirely spoiled and unregulated, and the conservatory is a mere plaything to him. He amused himself with it for a while, and now he is tired of it, and doesn't like to be bound down to it, and so he throws it up. Money is no consideration to him.

It really seems almost as difficult to get a *great* teacher in Europe as in America. Tausig is the only celebrity who teaches, and now he has given up. He rather advised my taking lessons of Bendel, who is a resident artist here, and a pupil of Liszt's.

I suffered terribly over Tausig's going off. I heard of it first two weeks ago, and couldn't sleep or anything. The only consolation I bare is that I should have been "worn to the bone," as H. C. says, if I had kept on with him, for all his pupils except little Timanoff, who is at the age of plump fifteen, look as thin as rails. However – "the bitterness of death is past!" When one is stopped off in one direction, there is nothing for it but to turn in another. But it seems as if the more one tried to accomplish a thing, the thicker hindrances and difficulties spring up about one, like the dragon's teeth. I suppose I shall end by going to Kullak. He used to be court pianist here before Tausig and has had immense experience as a teacher. Indeed, Professor J. K. Paine recommended me to go to him in the first place, you remember. If I do, I hope I shall have a better fate than poor young N., whom, also, Professor Paine recommended to go to Kullak. He could not stand – or else *understand* the snubbing and brow-beating they gave him in Kullak's conservatory, and from being deeply melancholy over it, he got desperate, and actually committed suicide!

Germans cannot understand blueness. They are never blue themselves, and they expect you always to preserve your equanimity, and torment you to death to know "what is the matter?" when there is nothing the matter, except that you are in a state of disgust with everything. Moods are utterly incomprehensible to them. They feel just the same every day in the year.

*BERLIN, August 21, 1870.*

I suppose that C. has described to you in full our Dresden visit, and what a lovely time we had. It was really a poetic five days, as everything was new to both of us. We were a good deal surprised at many things in Dresden. In the first place, the beauty of the city struck us very forcibly, and we both remarked how singular it was that of all the people we know who have been there no one should have spoken of it. The Brühl'sche Terrasse is the most lovely promenade imaginable. It runs along the bank of the Elbe River, which is here quite broad and handsome, and I always felt myself under a species of enchantment as soon as we had ascended the broad flight of steps that lead to it. We always took tea in the open air, and listened to a band of music playing. The Germans just live in the open air in summer, and it is perfectly fascinating. They have these gardens everywhere, filled with trees, under which are little tables and chairs and footstools; and there you can sit and have dinner or tea served up to you. At night they are all lighted up with gas.

It seemed like fairy land, as we sat there in Dresden. The evenings were soft and balmy, the very perfection of summer weather. The terrace is quite high above the river, and you look up and down it for a long distance. The city lies to the left, below you, and the towers rise so prettily – precisely as in a picture. This air of the culture of centuries lies over everything, and the soft and lazy atmosphere lulls the soul to rest. We used to walk until we came to the Belvidere, which is a large restaurant with a gallery up-stairs running all round it. There was a band of music, and here we sat and took our tea, and spent two or three hours, always. The moonlight, the river flowing along and spanned with beautiful bridges, the thousands of lamps reflected in it and trembling across the water and under the arches, the infinity of little steamers and wherries sailing to and fro and brilliantly lighted up, the music, and the throngs of people passing slowly by, put one into a delicious and bewildered sort of state, and one feels as if this world were heaven!

The day after we arrived we went, of course, to the picture gallery, and here I was entirely taken by surprise. Nothing one reads or hears gives one the least idea of the magnificence of the pictures

there. I never knew what a picture was before. The softness and richness of the colouring, and their exquisite beauty, must be seen to be understood. The Sistine Madonna fills one with rapture. It is perfectly glorious, and one can't imagine how the mind of man could have conceived it. One sees what a flight it was after looking at all the other Madonnas in the Gallery, many of which are wonderful. But this one soars above them all. Most of the Madonnas look so stiff, or so old, or so matronly, or so expressionless, or, at best, as in Corregio's Adoration of the Shepherds (a magnificent picture), the rapture of the mother only is expressed in the face. In the Sistine Madonna the virgin looks so young and innocent – so virgin-like – not like a middle-aged married woman. The large, wide-open blue eyes have a dewy look in them, as if they had wept many tears, and yet such an innocence that it makes you think of a baby whom you have comforted after a violent fit of crying. The majesty of the attitude, and the perfect repose of the face, upon which is a look of *waiting*

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