

Sublime. Of her residence here she writes: "I am again in Rome, and for the first time situated entirely to my mind. I have the sun all day. * * * It is very high, and we have pure air, and the most beautiful view imaginable. The house looks out upon the Piazza Barbarini, and I see both this palace and the Pope's (the Quirinal)."

But to come back to the living: one of my great desires in coming here to Rome was to see the mighty Liszt, for here, as you know, he has made his residence during the past four years. On my arrival I immediately made inquiries about him, his residence, and how I could obtain a presentation, but the accounts given of him were not very encouraging. The Abbé was described as eccentric and capricious, and in society often almost rude, and that an introduction was almost an impossibility—*enfin* everybody was afraid of him, and no one would venture to present me. In my despair and distraction at the great maestro being so near, and yet so inaccessible,

("Thou art so near, and yet so far,")

I wrote him a note inquiring if he had a few moments to give to a young American girl, who wished to pay her homage to the illustrious maestro Liszt. To my note I received a prompt and very kind response, appointing the following Friday (his reception day) for an interview. On Thursday I attended a *matinée* given under the patronage of Liszt by one of his pupils, a young man named Sgambati, at the *Galerie Dantesque*—a small hall, whose walls are hung with beautiful paintings. The concert was very delightful, as you will see by the programme:

Schumann-Sonate en ré min. p. et v.
Beethoven Quatuor en do op. 59, No. 3.
Mendelssohn Trio en ré min. op. 49.

I was much pleased with some details given me by a friend respecting the young artists who performed. I was told that they were old friends, who had studied from boyhood together; that Pinelli, the violinist, had then gone to Leipzig to complete his studies under the direction of Joachim, where Sgambati was intending to follow him when he met Liszt, who interested himself in him, and promised to instruct him—so for four years Sgambati has never left Rome, but studied with Liszt in the most furious manner. And now that his art-companion has returned, they give weekly *matinees*; where their fervor and brilliancy in playing wins for them great admiration. During the concert I had the delight of seeing Liszt walking around among the audience, recognizing his friends, and stopping to converse with some highly-favored ones; then listening with anxious interest to his young pupil, and applauding *vivement* his success. We have all read descriptions of Liszt in his new ecclesiastical dress, but still it affects us strangely—the short coat and knee-breeches, the slippers with their great silver buckles, and the enormous hat—how different from the former Liszt, with his conventional dress and his breast covered with decorations! When the concert was over the Abbé held a levee beside the piano; so, pushing my way through the crowd, I awaited my turn to speak with him. In a moment his piercing glance rested upon me, and, advancing, I pronounced my name. "Ah!" he said, with a most affable smile, "is it you that has committed the beautiful crime of writing to me uninvited?" His manner towards me was most cordial, and

after a few minutes' talk he said: "You will come to me, then, to-morrow, but come early—I would like to see you before my reception hours"—from two till four. The next day, accompanied by mamma and my sister, I arrived at the old Convent of Santa Francesca Romana. This Convent is situated in the immediate vicinity of the Coliseum and other ruins of imposing grandeur; it is a low building, with a small iron door, upon which I read the divine name, "L'Abbé Liszt," and ascending one broad flight of stone steps, we came to the door of his apartment. There we met the footman, who showed us through a large ante-chambre, in which stands a grand piano, into the drawing room. This is vast in size, and very handsomely furnished; in one corner stands an exquisite statuette of St. Elizabeth, and pictures and *objets religieux* adorn the walls. Occupying a conspicuous place in the drawing room is a Chickering Concert Grand, a Christmas gift, presented by Mr. Frank Chickering himself, as the Abbé afterwards told me. This explains, I presume, the discarded instrument in the ante-chambre. After waiting a few moments, the Abbé entered, and advancing towards me, welcomed me by extending both hands; and, leading me towards the piano, said: "Here we will be at our ease. Now play me something," said the Master, "for I perceived by your appreciation of the music yesterday at the concert that you are an artist." This I disclaimed, but told him what I had studied and by whom I had been instructed, mentioning Mr. Mills and Mr. Gottschalk as being my earliest teachers. Mr. Mills the maestro remembered very well. "He used to play to me," he said, "and William Mason and Satter, how are they?" Of Mr. Gottschalk he had a shadowy remembrance in Paris many years ago, but he had lately seen some of his music and thought it *très original*. Could I play him any? Running my fingers over the beautiful silver-toned keys, I played him the Last Hope; with this he seemed pleased, then he touched the keys, and the softest, tenderest, sweetest strains were evoked—an improvisation, inspired, I felt, by the piece that I had just played. Then he pressed me to play again, and while hesitating as to my selection he asked if I could not play something more of Mr. Gottschalk's, as he was interested in its peculiar character. I then played to him "Murmures Eoliens," to which he listened with the kindest interest, and responded with a wild Hungarian rhapsody. I spoke of Mr. Gottschalk's Creole duets. "Ah!" he said, "what a pity that you did not bring them; I would have dechiffré them with you" (!) I then told him that my sister, who was in the *voiture* at the door, played them with me. "At the door!" he exclaimed, in great concern. "Why did she not come in?" and starting up, he rushed down stairs, coming so suddenly upon M. that she looked quite alarmed, as if about to take wing. "And is this the way you pay me visits?" he said, helping her to alight; then, upon entering, he placed another chair at the piano, saying: "Now let me immediately hear the Creole duets." We played first "Di que si," then "La Gallina" and "Creole Eyes." With these Liszt seemed perfectly delighted. Leaning over the piano, he watched our hands, and expressed almost boyish pleasure in those trills and runs in the high treble, which, he said, sounded like "oiseaux," and

those parts in which we played with arms interlaced entertained him vastly. "Tiens, que c'est original!" he exclaimed. A young Abbé, with brilliant black eyes, who had meantime entered, Liszt laughingly presented to us as an enthusiastic music-student with whom he played duets, and who practiced daily four hours. Meanwhile the maestro's friends were assembling, and as often as fresh groups arrived we were compelled by his persuasive kindness to repeat our Creole duets. La Gallina seemed to strike him as immensely droll; he tapped the keys to catch the air, inquiring most ingenuously, "Is this it?" His gracious, pleased manner of listening quite divests one of alarm in playing before so august a tribunal. The Abbé praised the excellence of the magnificent piano, and once turning to his visitors, many of whom were Americans, he said in English, of which he speaks a little, "This is an excellent piano. I do not think anything finer can be made," and added that his friend, the little Abbé, thought it marvelous, and styled it the "Coliseum of pianos." During our rests Liszt played several songs by Schumann, and Rossini's "Carita." The latter piece gave me a better idea of that conquering might that makes him the king of the piano. After our duets had been *bissé* and *bissé* Liszt said to me: "Now I want you to play a solo—something very brilliant for the *bonne bouche*." To this I acquiesced by playing Gottschalk's *Miserere du Trovatore*, and if you are desirous to know how this *cheval de bataille* was received, I refer you to a dear friend who resides in Cottage Place.

Liszt is of medium height, slender and erect. His face is fresh and unwrinkled; his large gray eyes have a reposeful calmness, except when playing impassioned music; then the whole face changes, the eyes sparkle and flash, the massive steel-gray hair trembles and shakes, and the head is thrown into a pose of striking grandeur—the whole reminding me of the imposing image of an inspired Numidian lion.

Tout à vous,

CECILIA.

P. S. Please send the Art Journal to 149 Via Felice quinto piano, Roma.

LEIPSIK.—Concert of Chamber Music given by Riedel's Association: G major Trio for Stringed Instruments, Op. 9 No. 1, Beethoven; "Volkslied and Gesänge," for an alto voice, Rubinstein; D major Trio, Op. 70, No. 1, Beethoven; Songs, Lassen, Holstein, Kremling; and Piano Quartet, Op. 47, Schumann.—Eighth concert of the Euterpe Association; Prelude to *Lohengrin*, R. Wagner; Air from *Oberon*, Weber (Mdle. Spohr); Second Concerto (F minor), Op. 21, Chopin (Mdle. Dittich, from Prague); Symphony in D minor, Op. 120, Schumann; Solos for Pianos, Bach, Schumann, and Raff; Songs, Kirchner and Schubert.—Concert of the Pauliner Vocal Association: Concert overture (No. 2), Jadassohn; "Der Morgen," for chorus and orchestra, Rubinstein; Air from *Joseph*, Méhul (Herr Wiedemann); Quartets, Hauptmann, Voltmann, and Schumann; Scotch Melody, arranged by Bruch; "Märchen," for solo, chorus, and orchestra, H. Götz; "Das Grab im Busento," for chorus and orchestra, Nessler; "Der Jäger Heimkehr," Reinecke; Notturmo, Chopin; Ballad, Op. 20, Reinecke; "Volkslieder," Herbeck and Silcher; and "Der Landsknecht," for male chorus and orchestra, Harbeck.