ABOUT ONE WHOM
CHOPIN LOVED

IRENE ANDREWS
Née FILTSCH
ABOUT ONE WHOM
CHOPIN LOVED
Pariser Tabletten
Karl Giltz


So äußerte er sich nach dem Vortrage des Finale seines Concerts in Italien mit Freude und Freude: "Mon Dieu, quel enfant! Jamais personne ne m'a compris comme cet enfant, qui est le plus extraordinaire, que je ne..." "uncontrôle! Le n'est pas de l'imagination, c'est un sentiment, émotion, que le fait jouer sans rechoir, tant honnêtement, que comme si on ne pouvait..." "Pouvez toutes mes compositions il me les jouer, sans m'avoir entendu, sans que je lui montre la minutie de l'action..." "une musique comme une chose que je ne suis propre et cachet mais cette est par moi." "Auf sein Ausfall einige Fragen, wie er sich glücklich fühlen mußte, einen fehlen Schüler zu haben, meinte er: "Apparemment c'est le bon Dieu, qui l'inspire, et je suis pour rien, car jamais nous n'avons pas joué ce concert."

Man erhebt tiefe Karl bei Gerald auf, und nun gibt ihm auch...
Kalkbrenner, der als wahrhaftige musikalische Universität seine Meinung gewöhnlich sehr breit ausdrückte, hörte den jungen Pianisten und meinte, daß er das Alter in Anschlag genommen, aber die Noten, auf denen er sich berief, bemerkenswert, der Eindruck, den er machte, von einem grossen Genialen, der der Klassiker ist. Der Name Chopin war ihm leider noch nicht bekannt.

Alles andere weichende Anrufungen Scherzo's erinnern erfreulicherweise nur an Thalberg in seinem ersten Jahre zu Salz. Das früheste, was man über ihn einst auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenalter der Welt ist, der Name Chopin, auf dem Seelenaler
MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

The Concert of Young Pianists.

Charles Filsch has established himself as one of the most remarkable pianists of his time. Without an overestimate of his ability, which, by the way, lacks a month or two of thirty, he made his first appearance on Tuesday, in the Hanover-square Rooms, introduced him to the critics of England, who, up and down, were enthusiastic in his praise. We attach the programme of the concert.

But what are we to say of little Filsch? We really are at a loss for words to convey any idea of the delight he gave us. His reception throughout was most enthusiastic and gratifying. The playing of Filsch is endowed with every characteristic of excellence. The most conscientious taste, and the profoundest poetical feeling are allied to a facility of execution which is perfectly prodigious. In the fantasia and high-energy creations of his master, Chopin, these are brought admirably into play. Filsch may assuredly claim for himself the merit of having made Chopin understood in England—and, moreover, of having laid the first stone of a popularity, which we predict will equal that of any pianististic composer in the annals of music. In the scherzo, all wildness and waywardness—in the études so difficult and brilliant—in the sforzato, all tenderness and grace—and in the nocturnes in opinion and respectability in the dancing sarabands, Filsch was equally at home, and rendered to such its entire character. To the pretty encore of Mendelssohn is imparted a peculiar grace. The prelude and fugue were faultless, and proved him a perfect master of the greatest school of playing. But his most marvellous performance was beyond a comparison the ‘Schubert and Schumann,’ or variations on ‘The Tempest’ of Mendelssohn. The amazing facility with which this long and difficult study was rendered is even almost incredible. We trembled for his life when he set off it such a floridly rapid passage; but the little hero, more properly speaking, “did,” come to the end without missing one note, to which we, who know the composition by heart, can testify. This performance was rewarded with enthusiastic applause, and a general demand for its repetition—which, however, little Filsch only resisted by a slight—so much so to say, “I wish you may get it.” A repetition of such a feat of execution would have been beyond the power of any ear-borer pianist. The last encore being rendered, Filsch gave an exhilarating waltz by Chopin, which concluded the performance. The concert, which lasted scarcely two hours and a half, afforded universal satisfaction to a very crowded audience. Among the distinguished musicians pro-
CARL FILTSCH'S IMPROMPTU COMPOSED ON SIMILAR LINES.
CORRECTIONS IN CHOPIN'S HANDWRITING
Choral" theme A.

[Music notation]
When we had buried our dear mother and returned to her little sanctum we found various family souvenirs on her table with the names of her children attached to them; among them was a package of faded letters tied with a red ribbon and my name on it (she had carefully saved them for sixty years). They were from my father to his mother when the genius of his little brother brought him into close relations with great people. From these letters I have tried to tell the brief career on earth of the gifted child Carl Filitsch.

CHAPTER I.

Perhaps at no time Vienna was the brilliant center it was in 1838. The throbbing memory of the music gods who had died there not so long ago made it for many years the shrine to which all musicians came to worship.

Hardly had Clara Wieck (later Clara Schuman) enthralled the capital when Liszt came and made a madhouse of it. Hospitality was carried to excess and the aristocrats were eager to welcome all celebrities; Prince and Princess Metternich, Princess Furstenberg, the Prince Hohenzollern, Schwarzenberg, Dietrichstein, Kolkwitz, Paldieck, Tarn-Bate, Accaruesta, Schönberg, Esterhazy, Andrassy, all opened their homes, but none as liberally as Countess Banffy nee Schilling Canstadt.

After Liszt came the Pope of all pianists, Thalberg, who could announce 16 concerts and have the hall packed.

The world was divided into Liszt lovers and Thalberg lovers. Not only on musical lines divisions were distinct, but also in regard to social matters: the fortifications which surrounded the town formed also the division of the classes. Only very gifted persons had access to the nobility and the rich magnates. Hence the climber did not exist and the calamity of indigence did not exclude an aristocratic lady could pull out her turban and her little shoes from her reticule when she had reached the hall of some great palace on foot. However, most people owned a vehicle and sent their verbal messages by their lacquey, as it was a mania to affect not to know how to write.

The many nationalities under Austria's rule showed their irrelevance in those days only in the many different costumes and languages. The Bohemians, Hungarians, Poles, Romanians, Serbs, Croats, Wallachs, Moldavians, Transylvanians, brought their habits, language, costumes and atmosphere un molested into the streets and made Vienna the picturesque center it was.

Long forgotten lights which shed their brilliancy on that period surround the name of Jenny Lind, who was the magnet. (My father played her accompaniments at all intimate social functions.) "Nothing can describe the delight of those evenings," he wrote, "where the elite of talent was gathered at a cozy supper table after music, at Baron Wittwerzuk's or at Countess Bouchoven's (the chère Cousine of the Russian Tsar and wife of the famous statesman (an illegitimate son of Catherine II of Russia). The evenings sometimes ended with an innocent Lotto game after some interesting program of the celebrity of the day when beautiful presents—gold watches, antique fans and snuff boxes—were distributed. An informal delightful intercourse in many brilliant
centers existed and attracted all the talent that Vienna sheltered or that was transient in the capital."

Into this brilliant setting the little phenomenon Carl Flitsch, eighteen years old, was placed by Countess Luise Bathori, who had completely lost her heart to the child before even she had heard the little fellow as his beautiful eyes told their story; but when he had played she decided his destiny. At the house of her father-in-law, Count George Banffy (the Governor of Transylvania) he had become a warm friend of Carl's father, the superintendent of the Reformed Churches of Hungary, who, besides possessing a charming personality, a lovely tenor voice and musical ability was noted for his gift at the predominating game of chess; he was patronized among the aristocrats. In 1841 Princess Dietrichstein became so interested in his literary talent that she had his poems published, being herself a poetess of great talent.

Carl was the youngest of 16 children and it took some persuasion before the fond parents allowed the Countess to carry him off. (They had lost a child named Carl at the age of 7 with extraordinary gifts and had named their youngest after him so as to banish the void.)

When the child was asked to express his own wish he turned to his father as they strolled through the familiar vineyards around their home and said, looking towards those lovely mountains cut off from approach by the crystal river flowing by: "These vineyards are really what I like best in the world but when I think of the music in Vienna I give them up!"

Even as a very young child, at the age of five, he was always asking what lay beyond those mountains and how one could reach other parts of the world. He combined a dreamy, gentle nature with the strongest will and most critical auditory faculties. He loved the church bells, "his first teachers," as he called them; when somebody sang or played a wrong note, no matter who it be, he called out: "That's wrong!" He was only four when he took the lessons with his father so seriously that when anyone called him to come and play games in the garden or pick holly hocks or bathe in the river, he firmly answered: "I can't come, I am working now." When the birds sang in the morning one could hear him picking at the piano to find the notes he heard! Already then he sang a number of songs with much expression. In church he suddenly put his little hands to his ears when the organist took a wrong note or played too loud. The first time he was taken to church to hear his father preach, he asked him afterwards, "Why did you shout so and shake your hands?"

He loved the thunder when it cracked but he, could not bear lightning or any unusual sight nor darkness.

When he was six his first concert tour was to Klausenburg, the capital of Transylvania, and to Hermannstadt where the aristocracy, assembled by Ferdinand d'Este (who became the Emperor of Austria), heard the child play and sing, and the greatest critic of the country, Ruschitzka, first heralded a musical miracle, as he called Carl.

An attack of cholera, which was raging at that time, nearly cut the boy's span of life even then.

He was entirely taught by his father and this tuition was so cleverly and firmly carried on that the child wanted more of it rather than less, as is often the case. In order to encourage a perfect rendering he made a bargain with him putting a price on each piece when he had mastered it; then, turning his back on the little performer it was understood that at each mistake a coin
would be noiselessly removed from the sum which lay under a heavy cloth.

Later, Carl's brother Josef, his senior by 17 years, took the reins and left his employment at the foreign office in Vienna to give the child the cherished atmosphere of home left behind. This brother (my father) was a most adapted companion for a genius as his own talent was so pronounced that when he was a boy the great Czerny was approached who recently had launched the phenomenon Liszt. Czerny stood composing at his desk, dressed in a flannel night jacket, his spectacles on his nose. Visibly annoyed at the disturbance he declared that nothing could induce him to take another pupil: he wanted peace. None the less my father got such good grounding in Vienna that at one occasion Mittag (Thalberg's teacher) touched his shoulder and said: "Your trill beats that of the boy Liszt!" (It was one of my father's most interesting reminiscences to have played to Sir Hudson Lowe—Napoleon's jallier—who visited all parts of Europe at one time to defend himself against the rebuke of the whole world for his harsh treatment towards the great exile.)
CHAPTER II.

The boy describes his journey and his arrival in Vienna in his memoirs, which he wrote when he was 12:

"When I left my home with my father I was a little over seven years old. After a rough trip of two days in a vehicle in which I had the slight mishap to fall out of it, we arrived at Count Dyonis Banfy's country seat Gyalu, a most imposing property; a fortress in the midst of a huge park. The Countess greeted us so warmly that I felt less homesick though I pined for my mother, my sisters, my brothers, my dear old governness and my little playmate, my youngest sister, nine years old!

"After three days of rest we started on our long journey, packed into several conveyances. In one large coach, a luxuriously fitted house on wheels, sat the Countess with her Lord, his secretary and her own; in another, a little smaller, sat the physician, who also was the dentist; next to him the companion (a Countess Stackelberg), my father and I."

"When comfortably settled we began to enjoy the journey, the coach being wonderfully fitted with many pockets filled with delicacies, biscuits, liqueurs, food of all kind, which by pressing a button was obtainable. Other pockets, as my father told me, contained volumes of Stael, Dumas, Hugo, Goethe, Shakespeare, Schiller, Chateaubriand, Dante and Virgil. I could not help regretting that instead of sixteen days, as previously, our journey would only last six." (This was in 1837.)

"Pest with the blue Danube flowing between the banks, crowded with beautiful castles and palaces, the imposing residence of the king high above is the finest view in the world; and Prince Hohenlohe, the celebrated Catholic Bishop, is the kindest and most interesting man I ever met. I hated to leave him and his nice housekeeper, who sent me home with a basket of my beloved grapes.

"It was a relief to taste food cooked without spices; those horrid things we have to tolerate everywhere. The only delay we had on the whole journey was later at a bridge which was broken down, so that a kind of ferry took us across when 200 oxen carts had passed over before us. In Hungary one must take one's turn no matter who it be! Though the drive up the wide river was fine in parts we were glad when after a few uneventful days the high steeples loomed up in the distance and the lovely capital lay before us bathed in a glorious sunset!"

* When Carl's mother was told of the child's decision to go to Vienna she quoted Schiller's words: "Great is virtue when its practice breaks the heart." I add, she said, "My love is great enough that for his happiness I am ready to break my heart!" (Gross ist die Tugend wenn unser Herz bei ihrer Unrein brennt)

† The prairies (puszta's) of Hungary were not always crossed so comfortably judging from an experience my father had. Seated in a vehicle on two huge wheels drawn by four horses he was driven by the manger of a firm in Vienna who had packed about one hundred hams and tongues in the rear into a box they call "chiricile.

Owing to a snowfall the entire wagon had to be transferred to sledge runners. Shortly after, the whole edifice collapsed, burying the occupants in the cold snow among the scattered hams and tongues. It was getting dark before the mishap was repaired. Two unloaded pistols were the sole protection against wolves or any other wild animals who might be attracted by the odor. Finally the hams were safely rescued, the wagon rejousted on the runners and the journey slowly continued to the next village, where with loaded pistols and well barricaded doors the tired travelers passed the night.
CHAPTER III.

The little fellow continues his memoirs: "Hardly released of our fare and coats my father and I rushed to the great Mittag (Thalberg's teacher) but it took a week before, thanks to Prince Dietrichstein, we met him. (These supreme masters had hardly time to eat.) Before becoming his pupil, Wieck (the father of the great Clara) took me in hand. He wanted to take me to Leipzig and bring me up with his younger daughter, even more talented than Clara, but this plan fell through."

(When Wieck heard the boy improvise and modulate to a piece he was to play at sight ending again with an improvisation, he was so impressed that he turned to Clara, who stood by, and said: "An so einem Kinde konnte man sich zu Tode lehren." (Such a child one could die for in teaching.)

Wieck's lessons were very interesting. His exercises were made up of well adapted phrases of all kinds and when the pupils had played them they were to compose others similar in rhythm and character, thus attaining unawares the practice of composition without taxing the brain; being told only the elementary the intelligence gradually ripened for the study of theory. After Wieck the boy studied under Mittag and the famous theorist, Sechter, who said: 'He would begin with him where he generally finished with others.'

Soon after when the pleasant new surroundings had driven away the homesickness of so young a student he writes home: "I have become great friends with Thalberg and Liszt. I spent the day with Thalberg at the house of Prince Dietrichstein (Thalberg's fosterfather) and we fended with whips in the court yard; afterwards we played the piano till ten in the night. I had to play and so I improvised on the theme Sleep, as I was very sleepy. I like Thalberg better than Liszt.

A few months later he writes: "In one of the spiritual concerts I particularly loved the Symphony of Beethoven, dedicated to the great Napoleon. I played to a pupil of Beethoven, a Baroness Friedenthal, the other day and was much impressed by her just after having heard that lovely Symphony (she looked so refined and listened so attentively while I played). Her children, a boy 11 and a girl 6 years old, sat at her feet and she caressed them with tears in her eyes. I am to live with her when my beloved Countess goes to Hungary for the summer.

In June, 1838, he writes: "Last week I heard an extraordinary pianiste, Countess Potocka. I liked her almost as well as Liszt. I have heard so many pianists that I can hardly distinguish them as they all play alike, but I almost prefer Czerny to all of them.

"I played the new piece of Thalberg to Countess Potocka, the piece which is so difficult and I improvised on a story Count Klausen told us of a hunting expedition where everybody would have perished in a fearful storm but for a log cabin. The Countess called out bravissimo!"

In 1840 he writes: "Franz Liszt is in Vienna now. I have been to all his concerts and also met him often. I played to him at Countess Amadei's house. I wanted to kiss his hand but he said 'No, this will never do; we are comrades.' And carrying me back to the piano he accompanied my improvisation playing the thunder with the left and the lightning with the right hand. I never heard anything so beautiful in my life! My dear people, that fellow can play! He gave me his transcription of Schubert's Serenade and wrote the dedication: To the prodigy of Transylvania!"
CHAPTER IV.

In January, 1841, the famous field marshal Archduke Charles organizes Carl's concert at court. His brother writes an account of it to the parents: At 8 p.m. the Court carriage stood at the door and little Carl dressed in a dark violet Eton coat, white waistcoat, black trousers, large white Eton collar, black pumps, open-work stockings, the hair a la Lord Byron and white gloves, assisted by the footman quietly stepped into it. He showed no nervousness at all. By two lacqueys literally covered with gold braid we were ushered into a ballroom lit by 4,000 candles, where the portraits of an old dynasty looked down upon us from the walls. We stood at the window gazing at the brilliant Burgplatz, animated by the life of the capital, the sky adding all its lighth to those of the world below. Suddenly the doors opened and the dowager Empress entered. It was Marie Caroline, whom my father knew from the days in 1817 when he was chosen to receive the Emperor Francis I. and Consort in his diocese in Transylvania*. After inquiring about my parents' health she explained the portraits to us, when again a door was thrown open by two of those glided lacqueys and their Majesties were announced; behind them, Little Franz Josef, the future Emperor, and his brother, the unfortunate Maximilian, who both are about Carl's age.

The whole Court followed and then came the Ministers Metternich, Kollowrat; the field marshals Schwarzenberg, Furstenberg and many others with or without wives—Countess Esterhazy (our friend) and Countess Banffy among the most prominent.

Their Majesties addressed us in French (the language spoken at Court and at the houses of all the aristocrats). When all were seated in a circle little Carl quietly crossed over to a beautiful concert grand and took his seat. After his first piece the whole audience, against all Court etiquette, applauded and when he ended his programme with an improvisation and got up everybody crowded round the little fellow, who only tried to point me to know my approval as he always does. Then the Archduchess Sophie got up and put a piece of music before him, asking him to read it at sight. A "Chambeilane" whispered to me: "That's lucky it should be a piece he knows!" Whereupon I denying it several others convinced the audience and he was surrounded and petted by everybody.

The Emperor said: "What a memory you have. I also play but I can't remember anything nor can my sister, Marie Louise, who is quite an expert."

Tea was served by high dignitaries carrying the trays and soon after their Majesties got up to leave and we were driven home in the same carriage we had come.

After many events of this kind the masters directed that Carl should receive his final instruction from Chopin in Paris. At that time the great critic Saphir wrote: "It is hard to tell what is a greater treat, to see or to hear little Filligie. When he lifts his dark eyes with the long eyelashes one feels he is in communion with unseen powers who inspire him with a spirit much beyond his years (the boy looks hardly ten). His wonderful originality in his improvisation is a delight and when he touches upon a known melody he dissimulates it by the most delicate handling."

* A large painting of this event hung in the palace, as the Emperor was so struck by the picturesque crowds in their brilliant costumes and by the beautiful chorus of thousands greeting him.
CHAPTER V.

Before starting for Paris the brothers went to visit their parents in Transylvania. It was understood that the boy would only play for charity during his stay in his own country. He began by a concert in Pest under the patronage of the Emperor’s sister, Maria Dorothea, where in his national costume (Attila and Kolok) he was boisterously acclaimed. The celebrated painter Eybl being present, made a sketch of him which as the most resembling appeared all over the world.

At one of the concerts in Hermanstadt, the opera house was packed and in a box, hidden from view, sat the happy parents looking down upon the stage—a perfect hothouse in the midst of which stood two pianos also covered with flowers.

In these concerts often both brothers played and the critics gave my father his well deserved share in the applause.

In Kronstadt, that beautiful romantic city, twelve young girls made an arbor of roses among which the boy moved; even whilst he played the public threw flowers onto the platform and a little bunch fell between his fingers. Quietly releasing it, he smiled and continued to play. A girl admirer of his (Baroness Wernhardt) threw bouquets from her box, the first falling on the clarinet player, the second on the viola player, until everybody began to be amused when the indefatigable enthusiast threw a third bouquet, this time wrapped in her handkerchief. Carl, unfolding the handkerchief took the flowers in his hand, looked up to the box and bowed; afterwards he went up to the box and handed the bouquet to the pretty girl, who in her ecstasy gave him a kiss.

After a dozen of such concerts to aid hospitals, churches and needy institutions the brothers returned to Vienna, where the preliminaries of their journey to Paris were in progress; the coaches, boxes, were being repaired, the roadmaps laid out, the stations marked, and all the provisions stored into their well fitted corners.

A solace at Princess Metternich’s was given for Carl to say goodbye and this ended the stay in Vienna, which in three years had prepared little Flitsch for the phenomenal success that awaited him in Paris near Chopin.

The brother writes interesting events in his letters home.

Paris, Nov. 29, 1841: Here we are, and as the Duke Sierra Capriola said the other day leaving the train: “Nowadays one no longer travels; one arrives!”

(Aujourd’hui on ne voyage plus, on arrive!)

We went all through Austria in a couple of days travelling as fast as the coach could take us through the most beautiful country. In Salzburg we paid a visit to Mozart’s widow. The old lady was visibly affected by Carl’s improvisation on a theme of Mozart and taking him in her arms blessed him. The simplicity of this being in the midst of a sanctuary crowded with the offerings and homage of a whole world touched us profoundly. In the hall stood the piano on three pointed legs on which Mozart had composed the Don Juan. On that same little piano he composed the Requiem, to the sounds of which he was buried.

At Munich during the table d’hote we sat opposite to a boy who caught our attention by his great vivacity. The head waiter whom I asked said: “This is the celebrated pianist from Moscow, Rubinstein.” A few minutes later, to everybody’s amusement, the two boys—Charles Flitsch and Antoine Rubinstein—were discussing the superiority of ancient music over modern music and at the end of a short time they called each other Dr. After dinner they
played alternately. Rubinstein in spite of his ten years is very strong and his solid hands reveal great power. He does not improvise nor compose and was so surprised when the other little boy did that he turned to me and said: "Mais c'est merveilleux comme ce petit improviser!" Approaching the brilliant metropolis a mixed feeling of curiosity and wonder seized little Carl and his romantic nature made him speak constantly of the great exile at St. Helena. First of all he would go to see the Dome des Invalides, he said, and the column of Vendome (where the crippled soldiers never passed without looking up to their sublime little corporal) as Carl afterwards wrote to his mother.

While the Court under Louis Philippe's reign was much less imposing than that of Vienna under Ferdinand I. Paris at that time was the center of the greatest minds and intellects living, the most celebrated women vying with each other to have the most brilliant salon. The Embassies, particularly the Austrian Embassy with the hospitable Count Wepony, a music lover, were represented by the first names of Europe. Talleyrand, Lamartine, Chateaubriand, Montesquieu, LaRochehoucaud, Stael, Recamier, Viardot, d'Agoult, Georges Sand, Rachel and many others made social life a famous chapter in the history of France—a wonderful setting to place a jewel in. Among these people little Carl under Chopin's wing became l'enfant choyé (the favorite of the day).

† Of Louis Philippe his subjects said: Il est trop père; il fait concurrence au Père Éternel.
CHAPTER VI.

Carl writes home: We have arrived and I have seen the Dome des Invalides. You know that a bust of Napoleon is even at Court at the Tuileries because there is a miniature of the Vendome Column to be found there. They call him the great man and at the Invalides the crowds of people are the best proof of his greatness.

We live in the faubourg St. Germain in the house of the Duke La Rochechouart. I play games with one of his daughters (the later Princess Borghese) and her brother. The first night we went to the opera and heard Haley's Reine de Chypre. The orchestra did not impress me as I had heard more powerful orchestras and a chorus of thousand voices in Haydn's creation in Vienna. The great Pasta seems like a shipwreck to me, also Dupres and Wild (the Vienna tenor) are past delight; the great Sloiz too weak and the whole vocal part of the performance not in keeping with the perfection of the instrumental parts. Erard has sent me a grand piano but it will take several weeks to get accustomed to the different action. Thalberg took that long!

In the next letter he writes: We have heard Herz! He plays in a refined way without much expression. I was amused when they told me the fantastic programme he made in America; one of them containing a piece for eight pianos and sixteen performers. Among them one had to be replaced at the last minute by a dummy player who, being told just to move her hands and fingers without striking the notes, went on doing so wildly during a long silence, bringing down the whole audience. It was advertised that the hall would be lit by 1,000 candles. A man in the audience counted the candles and finding only 992 went up to Herz criticizing the incorrectness whereupon Herz bought eight candles and sent them to the critic!*

When finally after four weeks the difficulty of the French mechanism was overcome, the brothers made their pilgrimage to the rue Pigalle, where Chopin lived close to Countess d'Agoult (Liszt's friend) and Madame Liszt, his mother.

December, 1841. Carl's brother writes: We have been to Chopin and, oh joy, we will be there again!

Timidly we crossed a garden and reached the house in which Chopin occupied the first floor—a small but refined, dainty apartment where everything points to an exceptional taste from the pretty designs of the carpets to the handsome embroidered pillows on his lounge (all done by his pupils); a beautiful "service" of gold (vermeil) with the crest of Louis Philippe; some vases in marble, bronze candelabras, and an old rococo clock stood on the mantelpiece. The works of the clock were stopped for fear its ticking might disturb the creative current of the master. His beautiful piano stood open.

We had hardly taken in the contents of this sanctum when without noise a small door opened and a man of medium height about 38 or 40 entered the room. His frail suffering physiognomy was animated by expressive eyes. I was struck by the large arteries on his forehead; his thick, blond hair naturally curled, was brushed back flat against the head; his whole appearance expressed regret, physical suffering and dreaminess.

After a hasty perusal of our letters he turned to Carl and said: Eh bien mon enfant jone mon quelque chose de Thalberg. This opening was comforting from one whose verdict was the most

* These anecdotes appeared later in the Voyages en Amerique (Henri Herz).
supreme in Europe. Charles courageously attacked his difficult introduction and when the great passage landed him at the theme, he rendered it with such feeling that Chopin got up and faced the boy attentively. Brave mon enfant tres bien, he called out and the boy flushed with excitement, looked up to him and smiled. Chopin put his arm round him, took both his hands and said: "You have had very good masters, you owe them a great deal. Then he left the room and shortly returned with a lady. He did not name her but I recognized her from her picture. It was Georges Sand. Medium size, well made, curls falling over her shoulders, her eyes beautifully shaped, betrayed genius. Her black dress buttoned up to the neck, made her look manly, but there is no truth in the malicious report that she wears men's clothes.

Now the boy had to play for her, and her pleasure was so obvious that without doubt we could be certain of her good influence on Chopin, whose failing health and crowded time might have been an obstacle. She kissed Carl warmly and we left with the happy certainty that we had the hour from 10 to 11 every other day.

The little boy shortly after writes: "My master, Chopin, gave a soiree musicale last week and enchanted us all by his so expressive playing. I spend a happy hour with him every other day, when he often plays instead of explaining. His fingers really sing, they are so delicate and move with such ease. While I work hard, when my lessons are done I have a good time with my friend, Arthur Laltochefoucauld. We do all sorts of exercises and play games with the family. The father has a prominent position near his Majesty and we are taken to the Tuileries every now and then. We were invited there the other day but owing to my brother's toothache could not go. The Court here is not as musical as that in Vienna and much less imposing but the soirees more interesting.

The boy, however, so rapidly acquired Chopin's ways that even he himself marveled at it.

In 1842, shortly before leaving Paris, an amusing incident happened at Baron Rothschild's. When the ladies had insistently pressed Chopin to play he finally consented on condition that the entire audience be seated in the next room. He beckoned to Carl in his hiding place and made him play. When the usual applause broke out he laughed and pointing to Carl at the piano said: "Voila Chopin.adressez vous a lui!"

Other composers, however, Carl played with a very individual touch as the following remark implies. Someone asked him why he does not play this Adagio the way others do. He answered: "I cannot play with the sentiment of another."
The brother writes in 1841: Carl has become so much the double of Chopin that some critics express alarm for a talent to be so entirely under the influence of a master great as he is. Yet what can be lovelier than those effects of Chopin—that pianissimo and those contrasts without effort or brutality—the shading and legato so prodigiously obtained by the judicious use of the pedals (the hands of the piano, as he calls them). The ease with which he uses the thumb on the black notes or slides from one to the other with the same finger; those wonderful rubatos that never disturb the rhythm! No wonder when he plays in public the applause is fanatical and the hall packed at 20 frs. a ticket! He realizes 9 to 10,000 frs. at each concert!
CHAPTER VII.

The brothers soon became family members at Georges Sand's house, where billiards with her or chess with Chopin were a relaxation at which one could frequently observe the capricious, susceptible, teasing ways of Sand which Chopin had not the courage nor the strength to cope with and therefore persistently ignored. The brother writes: "There was, however, a great charm in Sand's original manner and she put one at ease at once by lighting her cigar and when she spoke to Carl she always put on an air of inferiority which was very charming and encouraging to her little favorite, who sat admiringly at her feet. When Chopin was in good humor she got him to the piano, unfortunately an old-fashioned square one! Despite her 35 years she retains traces of her former beauty."

Georges Sand and Chopin often took the brothers to the houses of aristocrats or musicians, when the little prodigy played alone or with Chopin. An eyewitness, Lenz, a pupil, tells of a matinee at Chopin's house when the boy and Chopin played the whole E minor Concerto on two pianos, Chopin taking the part of the accompaniment. The usual circle was there, Georges Sand sitting in a corner as silently and attentively as the pupils who one by one had taken their seats in different corners far from the instruments, as Chopin wished. From a distance he greeted them, waving his hand; with a few only he shook hands. Among his pupils are the most beautiful women in Paris. Chopin is so easily upset that he a "Noli me tangere!" was worried the other day by the simple process of pulling the second piano (a square one in his study) to the Erard in his drawing room. Another time he called out: "If I see another crack in my ceiling I won't be able to play a note."

Chopin infused into his orchestral ensemble such expression that nothing one has ever heard can compare with it. The little Piltch was miraculous. When they had finished Chopin turned to the boy and said: "Mon garcon, tu as bien joue cela, je veux essayer de jouer comme cela moi meme! (My boy you played that well, I shall try to play it that way myself!)."

Only Sand was allowed to pet the boy, and Chopin dismissed his pupils in a gentle but decisive way. He hated exaltation for himself and others. He turned to us, to Charles, his brother and myself and said: "We must go on an errand together. His desire was equivalent to a command; and we followed him to the editor Schlesinger, where Chopin gave his little pupil the score of Beethoven's Fidelio, saying: "You have given me a great deal of pleasure today. I wrote that Concerto in happy days! Take this Chef d'oeuvre and read it all your life thinking of me sometimes!"

The little fellow profoundly touched, kissed his hand and Chopin, unable to control his emotion, disappeared quickly through the door and hurried down the street.

In 1842 the boy's talent was taxed to the limit as besides his lessons with and for Chopin he had masters for certain instru-

*They must have been spoiled in regard to beauty if the women in the prime of life were supposed to have retained and not developed beauty at that age.

*The Concerto was written at Warsaw in 1830 when, at the age of 20, Chopin had found his ideal in the beautiful singer Constantia Gladowska, who sang at the opera. She married in 1832 a merchant by the name of Grabowski and is said to have died blind.—Life of Chopin by F. Niecks.
mente—for orchestration, composition and singing. His memory was so good that Chopin made him write his Impromptu in G flat from memory for one lesson* and compose one of his own, of a similar type for the next lesson? (the manuscripts herewith published). A paragraph of J. W. Davison’s introduction to Chopin’s works mentions that at one of the concerts in London where the boy was to play Chopin’s Concerto in F it was found impossible to obtain the parts for the orchestra in time, so the boy sat down and wrote out all the parts.

When hardly twelve the boy wrote in his diary the definition of the word Maîtrisé (supreme) in connection with an artist: “The greatest pianist is the man who can master every difficulty, who has the faculty to express the strongest and the most delicate passages, remaining within the limit of brutal strength or morbid tenderness; who plays with depth, grasps quickly and is free from affectation. These qualities Thalberg possesses! To make a comparison: As God watches over the world, so Thalberg watches over his instrument.”

The brother writes in August, 1842: During Chopin’s absence, Liszt has offered to teach Charles. Walking arm in arm he introduces him as the prodigy of his country.

Liszt is not married but his relations (mariage de fait) with the Countess d’Aguill, one of the first families of France, dates from about ten years ago and their two charming daughters live with his mother Madame Liszt. He took us to the soirée at the house of this beautiful and amiable woman. All the aristocracy of music and science, also M. Berlioz (the same to whom the great Paganini gave 20,000 frs. after having heard his symphony), and the most distinguished women of the great world were there.

Here the boy had an immense ovation and was proclaimed the successor of Liszt, to which the latter answered the well-known remark quoted in Grove’s Dictionary: “Quand ce petit voyager je fermera boutique!” (When that little one starts out I shall shut up shop.)

Alluding to his joke about calling him “mon gendre” (my son-in-law), he said: J’ai des intentions bien plus egoistes sur l’héritier prescriptif du trône des pianistes (I have much more selfish intentions regarding the presumptive heir to the throne of the pianists.)

Liszt gave his lessons gratis to the boy as a patriotic duty and to his own glory, he said, while Chopin gets 20 frs. placed on his manteaupe without exception.

The same Lenz quoted above, tells an amusing incident concerning the relations between Liszt and Chopin, which while friendly always bordered on misunderstandings and small jealousies. Liszt gave Lenz a card to Chopin with “Laissez passer” on it, as, like so many others, he would have been dismissed.

At one of his lessons Lenz played the Mazurka in B Minor Op 7 with Liszt’s annotations made specially for him. Chopin whispered sarcastically: “That nuance (shading) is not yours, is it? Has he done this for you? He must have a hand in everything. He plays for thousands; I rarely for two!”

However, Chopin and Lenz became great friends. “You understand me,” Chopin said, “I like to hear you when you play it the first time; then I get ideas: as soon as you practice it, it’s not the same thing—it becomes mediocre!”

* Music manuscript—page V.
† Music manuscript—page VI.
Liszt told me so. Lenz said.

"In that case," Chopin replied, "it does not surprise me that I am right." (Chopin used to mark a star on the music when he was pleased.) "Un premier chevron," as he called it; when Lenz returned for a second and a third "chevron," Chopin sent him off with the words: "Now this is enough, for you this is perfect." Lenz ventured to say: "But you play it so divinely that no one can approach you!" Waving him off, Chopin with a little malice answered: "Well, Liszt can, but he won't."

(These pinpricks were a common occurrence and will show how delicate the situation was should Chopin come back and find Liszt teaching the boy; particularly as at that time they were not on speaking terms owing to a common feeling for one and the same person. The choice without doubt would have been for Chopin, because, though Liszt was excellent, Chopin was beyond anyone in the matter of method. Fortunately Liszt suddenly disappeared to Cologne and wrote the child a warm good-bye, wishing it were possible to continue his lessons through space!)
CHAPTER VIII.

Among the best friends the brothers had and where every Saturday they met all Paris, was Mme Recamier**, the same to whom Napoleon said: "J'ai pu vaincre l'esprit (Mme de Stael), mais je ne saurais defier la beaute! (I could conquer wit but I cannot defy beauty!) Without ever leaving the house, she saw everybody of the great world. Chateaubriand, the spoiled genius and statesman; Lamartine, the good looking poet; Montalembert, Montesquieu, and many others were under her charm and she commanded in her unchallenged power over men and women. Later when Napoleon sent her into exile for her independent views, his own sister (Queen of Naples) despite of him, gave her a warm welcome in Italy.

Another charming friend was Rachel the actress. She loved little Carl. "What beautiful eyes," she used to say, looking at him, "genius loves to dwell there!" (Le Genie aime se montrer dans les yeux!) Her beautiful, luxurious home which cost a royal Prince his liberty* was the center of the most brilliant people in Paris but her friendship she only gave to a few and those she loved warmly. At one occasion Rachel had been to Brussels with Countess Banffy and the brothers when the latter, having rushed back to Paris for a pressing engagement, had forgotten some of their things. After packing them in an attractive parcel, the Countess confided it to Rachel, who on her return to Paris handed it to little Flitsch, saying, "Here is again a gift for you—some tribute to your art. (The parcel contained their shirts they had left behind.)

Carl writes home: We have been to Brussels to be introduced to the director of the Conservatoire, Feti, by Meyerbeer. I made many friends in that beautiful city, among them the celebrated Virtuose, Mme de Pleyel; at Dieppe I played to the Duchess of Leuchtenberg, the daughter-in-law of the great Napoleon. I was very much impressed when we saw her standing on the strand sadly watching the waves as we did. Meyerbeer’s departure leaves a great void among us. He invited us to Berlin in 1844. He gave us a letter to Habeneck, the unrelenting director of the Conservatoire here in Paris. I hope to play to him soon and at last make my debut in public!

** Lagouve, in his memoirs, made the charming distinction between the salons of Mme de Recamier and the Duchess Rosan: at Mme de Recamier literature did the honors to the nobility while at the Duchess de Rosan’s it was the nobility that welcomed literature.

(Chez Mme de Recamier la literature faisait les honneurs a la Noblesse tandis que chez la Duchesse de Rosan c’etait la Noblesse qui faisait l’acceuil a la litterature.)

* Prince de Joinville, Louis Phillippe’s son, who brought back the remains of the great man from St. Helena.

Meyerbeer writes to Feti: Allow me to introduce to you a remarkable talent. Little Flitsch not only executes in a masterly fashion the compositions of Liszt, Thalberg, Chopin, but he has a profound musical sentiment; he understands the character of every kind of music. I heard him play Beethoven and Bach in such an astonishing manner that I have the greatest hope for his musical future. I send you this lovable child.
CHAPTER IX.

A fortnight later after all kinds of stumbling blocks, overcome by the energy of Chopin, Sand, Pauline Garcia and Prince Arenberg, Carl played to Habeneck and he unhesitatingly promised him his debut at the Conservatoire.

In the midst of all this success Charles became ill—a severe warning that too great a strain had been put on the child's strength. During those weeks Chopin, Sand, Erard, Count Aponyi, Gavard and many others shared alarm or hope and when finally he had recovered, an enormous welcome greeted him at his debut in April, 1843.

Just before taking his seat at the piano the little fellow looked straight into the audience and spotting his brother, his adored Chopin and his dear Georges Sand, he smiled at them and then attacked the difficult Fantaisie on Don Juan by Thalberg. When the boy whirled through the final thunder storm passage, a tumultuous applause broke out in every corner of the house. His greatest applause, however, came after Chopin's Nocturne No. 13*, when the depth and charm of his playing was at its climax, and the boy had to return again and again before he could rush to Chopin, who put his arms around him and said: Brave mon enfant.

As it was decided that Carl should appear shortly in London a farewell soiree was given at Baron Rothschild's when Chopin and Carl repeated the Concerto in E minor. Among the 500 people, many of the Court circle, the Embassies, all the prominent artists were present; also Pradier, who made the lovely bas-relief Medallion of the boy; also Las Cases, the great phrenologist who had shared Napoleon's exile. He examined Carl attentively and said of him: "This child must have a great intellect and an indomitable will."

The critic of the "Monde musical" wrote: "This is how we imagine Mozart must have played; thus we remember Liszt twenty years ago." The critic Rellstab put Carl beyond all infant prodigies. This coincides with James Hunecker's remark in his "Life of Chopin," published in 1909, "that Carl Flitsch was the only genius Chopin taught."

Princess Wittenstein was also among the guests (the later friend of the Abbe Liszt). One of the most interesting was Elise Gavard, to whom Chopin later dedicated his Berceuse 1845.

All the great Polish refugees were there. Poniatowsky, Chatkalskiy, Radziwill, and many others who after the Revolution in their country found a hearty welcome in Paris. It was indeed a triumph! "God speed" for Carl that made it all the harder to leave his established fame, and partiring from Chopin and Georges Sand was like leaving a brother and a sister. When looking back, as the messagerie royale whirled them away the two brothers took leave with tears of a lovely dream that had lasted 13 months in the most glorious capital of the world.

* It is after the rendering of this Nocturne No. 13 that Chopin made the remark which was quoted in the papers: "Personne ne jouera cela comme lui excepte moi."
CHAPTER X.

Letters to Queen Victoria, to the Duchess of Kent (her mother), to all the Court circle, the Dukes Gloucester, Sutherland, Wellington, Devonshire, to Lady Holland, Lady John Russell and many others were to bring more laurels to Chopin’s "petit Gamin."

The crowning event in London was the child’s appearance at Buckingham Palace, where the youthful Queen repeatedly had the brothers, as the Duchess of Kent (the mother) lost her heart to the handsome boy.

Carl writes of his first appearance at the Palace: Though I have been to several Courts I must say I was quite overcome by the magnificence here and never saw so many handsome men as are here at Court; it was thrilling to see the old Duke Wellington as I took so much interest in Napoleon's downfall and memories in Paris. The Queen is so young and kind. I came half an hour late to the Concert through some mistake or other and I was very upset as my number on the programme had been past. But she quickly sent the Austrian Ambassador to cheer me. "I shan't mind and play now," she said, nodding to me graciously. The Duchess of Kent took a seat close to me and talked during intervals and when I had finished playing the Queen kept me near her during the rest of the concert. Her manner was so simple that I wasn't a bit shy. Before leaving she turned to us and said I must come again and play to the King of Hannover and the King of Belgium, who are expected soon.

After several soirées in the Court circles and in public Carl gave a concert in July, 1843, which prompted a critic to write: "Flitsch may assuredly claim for himself the merit of having made Chopin understood in England." His program included also the "Schnell und beweglich" from the "Temperaments" of Mendelssohn. The amazing speed he put to it without missing one note evoked such bolsterous applause that there was insistent demand for repetition, to which, however, little Flitsch only responded by a salute as much as to say, "Hope you may get it." To do it over again would have been beyond the power of any earth begotten pianist, the critic J. W. Davison wrote.

Before leaving London the boy writes home: My dear parents; thank Heaven my London season is over. We had so many engagements that I am quite tired. My brother wrote you that I have played to all the Imperial Highnesses and other distinguished persons and artists and that at my concert after several things of Chopin the applause was so persistent that I was obliged to do them over again. But now I had rather write you about my amusements in London, which is the finest, largest and most magnificent city I ever saw. The Museums, the Politechnical Institute and the public parks particularly, have delighted me. I also was in Hampstead, Greenwich, Woolwich and so on and had much fun everywhere. The last three days were the most brilliant and the most tiring of my career, for on Tuesday was my matinee at the Hanover Rooms; the same evening at the Duchess of Gloucester; Wednesday night again at Buckingham Palace and yesterday at the Philharmonic Institute, invited by Sir George Smart to play for the great Spohr, whom they call the Beethoven here. (In order to save the boy from fatigue the brothers were obliged to say they would be out of town and in August, after two of the most strenuous months, they fled to Wiesbaden accompanied by intimate friends and followed with kind messages and invitations for the following year.)
But even Wiesbaden was a round of engagements and they went to Baden-Baden, where Carl only played for the Grandduchess Helene (sister of the Tsar), who gathered the greatest talents in her delightful Russian milieu and sang so well herself.

In Baden the boy finished the Concerto he wrote for grand orchestra, which he proposed to play on his return to Vienna. But after a triumphal success, back in the familiar atmosphere in Vienna, at his third concert, when he was ready to step onto the platform to play and direct the Concerto he had composed, he was suddenly taken ill and the concert countermanded at the last moment. He was taken to Venice for a rest, they said, but it was the beginning of the end. After a year of the greatest suffering from an internal abscess, he died in the arms of his brother, May 11th, 1845.

Shortly before his death the boy wrote these touching lines to his brother, who was again employed at the foreign office in Vienna, as Carl was nursed and cared for by the whole household at the palace of the Countess Banffy, who had transferred her residence temporarily from Vienna to Venice: “My dear, dear brother, I am in less pain though very weak as you can see by my writing. If you really want to come, please ask leave for two weeks only, so as not to neglect your own work for my sake; even four or five days with you will make me happy. I only want to hold you in my arms and thank you again for your great love and self-denial.”

After the funeral, the brother wrote to his people: Between Venice and Murano, caressed by the waves of the Adriatic, lies an island. The breeze gently stirs the leaves; the sound of the swaying cypress trees and the distant roaring of the sea falls upon this deep silence and a cold shiver comes over you as you wander through this haven of repose. If you turn your eyes northeast you see far off a flower bed, but as you draw nearer, you discover a grave—the grave of my adored Charles. One night a brilliant flash of lightning and a deafening thunder came down from Heaven. It was a signal that after a short absence an angel had returned to his home. An endless row of gondolas followed him on his last journey and these innumerable black coffins made one wonder if all Venice had died from love and grief!

Thus ends the story of Chopin’s “petit Gamin.” Carl Fliotisch.

IRENE ANDREWS.
nee Fliotisch.

May 11th, 1923.

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