

**FELIX  
MENDELSSOHN-  
BARTHOLDY**

**LETTERS  
OF FELIX  
MENDELSSOHN  
TO IGNAZ AND  
CHARLOTTE  
MOSCHELES**

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**Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy**

# **Letters of Felix Mendelssohn to Ignaz and Charlotte Moscheles**

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# **PREFACE.**

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The letters addressed by Felix Mendelssohn to my father came into my possession in 1870. After Mendelssohn's death, my father had carefully arranged them in a special manuscript book, and had supplemented them with an index of the contents and a table showing the dates of the principal events in the life of his departed friend.

If I have abstained from giving publicity to these letters for so long a time, it is because I thought such delay was in accordance with the wishes of both writers. Many passages occur in which prominent musicians of those days are unreservedly criticised,—passages which I felt as little authorized to suppress as to publish during the lifetime of those alluded to. I trust they will be none the less interesting now that time has judged between the critics and those criticised. Nor did I feel justified in omitting passages that may prove of less interest to the general public than to a smaller circle; for they truly depict the warm friendship which, in the course of years, ripened between Mendelssohn and Moscheles, and they are thoroughly characteristic of the bright and genial way in which Mendelssohn would express his personal feelings.

For a copy of my father's letters to Mendelssohn, I am indebted to Prof. Carl Mendelssohn, of Freiburg, the eldest son of the composer. From these I have made extracts, or embodied their substance in a commentary, where it seemed necessary to explain what Mendelssohn had written. To give them in full I deemed undesirable, so much

of similar subject-matter from the pen of my father having already been made public, notably in the "Life of Moscheles," edited by my mother. This biography is chiefly compiled from diaries extending over a period of nearly sixty years, and faithfully reflecting his impressions on the manifold incidents of his artistic career.

The letters addressed by Mendelssohn to my mother could, however, not be omitted, although an English version of most of these appeared in print some years ago. They accompany the letters to my father in chronological order, and bear testimony to the warm regard which Mendelssohn entertained for her, and which she so fully reciprocated. Although only five years his senior, she was well fitted to be his guide and Mentor on his entrance into London society; and he, on his side, was always ready to take advice and friendly hints from his "grandmother," as she would call herself. Since that time half a century has gone by. She has become a grandmother and a great-grandmother, surrounded by a bevy of great-grandchildren; and now, in her eighty-third year, she is still with us, active in mind and body, and, while cherishing the memories of the past, ever ready to share in the joys and to join in the aspirations of the present. And when she looks back on the long list of departed friends, no figure stands out more brightly in her memory than that of Mendelssohn; and we all, young or old, love to listen when she talks of him.

I too have my recollections of him,—juvenile impressions, to be sure, for I was not fifteen when he died; but none the less firmly are they imprinted on my mind. Nor could it be otherwise. From earliest childhood, I looked upon him as my

parents' dearest friend and my own specially dear godfather, whose attention I had a right to monopolize, whenever I thought my turn had come. I recollect waiting for that turn more than once, while he was sitting at the piano with my father. When it came, I had every reason to enjoy it. He really was a rare playfellow, a delightful companion, not likely to be forgotten. A certain race across the Regent's Park; the tennis ball thrown into immeasurable space; that pitched battle of snowballs, which appeared to me second to none in the annals of warfare; his improvisation of a funeral march, to which I enacted the part and exemplified the throes of the dying hero,—all seem but things of yesterday. And then the drawing of that troublesome hatchet!—to this day I am grateful to him for helping me with that curve I could not get right. In fact, whether it was play or lessons, my drawing or my Latin, he always took the most lively interest in everything concerning me and my first steps along the path of life,—the thorny path, I might add; for such it was on those occasions when it led me away from the drawing-room in which he was the ever-attractive centre,—when the hour struck which, according to cruel practice, gave the signal for my discreet retirement. It is, however, gratifying to me to remember that I occasionally proved refractory. One evening, in particular, I successfully resisted, when Mendelssohn and my father were just sitting down to the piano to improvise as only they could, playing together or alternately, and pouring forth a never-failing stream of musical ideas. A subject once started, it was caught up as if it were a shuttlecock; now one of the players would seem to toss it up on high, or to keep it balanced in

mid-octaves with delicate touch. Then the other would take it in hand, start it on classical lines, and develop it with profound erudition, until, perhaps, the two, joining together in new and brilliant forms, would triumphantly carry it off to other spheres of sound. Four hands there might be, but only one soul, so it seemed, as they would catch with lightning speed at each other's ideas, each trying to introduce subjects from the works of the other. It was exciting to watch how the amicable contest would wax hot, culminating occasionally in an outburst of merriment when some conflicting harmonies met in terrible collision. I see Mendelssohn's sparkling eye, his air of triumph, on that evening when he had succeeded in twisting a subject from a composition of his own into a Moscheles theme, while Moscheles was obliged to second him in the bass. But not for long. "Stop a minute!" said the next few chords that Moscheles struck. "There I have you; this time you have taken the bait." Soon they would seem to be again fraternizing in perfect harmonies, gradually leading up to the brilliant finale, that sounded as if it had been so written, revised, and corrected, and were now being interpreted from the score by two masters.

Bright and enjoyable as were such performances, they were by no means the only ones that impressed me. In my father's house there used to be a great deal of music-making. "To make music" (*Musikmachen*) is a German expression that covers a vast area of artistic ground. I should say it meant: "To perform music, for the love of music." That is certainly how it was understood by the select little circle of musicians which gathered round the



piano in London, and later on in the Leipzig home. Their motto was that which stood inscribed over the orchestra in the Gewandhaus: "Res severa est verum gaudium." High art to them was truly a source of eternal joy. As I write now, I know full well that I was born under a happy constellation; it was a happy name that Mendelssohn had given me, and Berlioz was not wrong when, quoting the line of Horace, he wrote in my album: "Donec eris *Felix*, multos numerabis amicos" (As long as you are *Felix*, you will number many friends). But in those days the fact that I was enjoying special privileges scarcely dawned upon me. It was all a matter of course; to be sure, Mendelssohn or Liszt, the Schumanns or Joachim, would come in and make music, and I would listen devoutly enough many a time; but then, again, I could not always follow my inclinations. There were my Latin and Greek exercises to be done by to-morrow; and when such was the case, I might or might not listen to what was going on in the next room, even if it happened that Mendelssohn was playing and singing some new numbers just composed for the "Elijah."

The mention of my exercises reminds me of an incident truly characteristic of Mendelssohn. It was on the evening of the 8th of October, 1847, memorable to me as being the last I passed in his house. He, Rietz, David, and my father had been playing much classical music. In the course of an animated conversation which followed, some knotty art-question arose and led to a lively discussion. Each of the authorities present was warmly defending his own opinion, and there seemed little prospect of an immediate agreement, when Mendelssohn, suddenly interrupting

himself in the middle of a sentence, turned on his heel and startled me with the unexpected question: "What is the *aoristus primus* of τῦπτω, Felix?" Quickly recovering from my surprise, I gave the answer. "Good!" said he; and off we went to supper, the knotty point being thereby promptly settled.

But the sounds of mirth, as the chords of harmony, were soon to be silenced. On the following day, the 9th of October, Mendelssohn was struck down by the illness that proved fatal. He died on the 4th of November.

Shortly afterwards I spent many an hour in the house that had been his. Cécile Mendelssohn, his widow, carried her heavy burden with dignity and resignation. The door of his study she kept locked. "Not a pen, not a paper," she says, in a letter to my father, "could I bring myself to move from its place; and daily I admire in him that love of order which, during his lifetime, you have so often noticed. That room must remain, for a short time, my sanctuary,—those things, that music, my secret treasure."

It was with feelings of deep emotion that I entered that sanctuary, when shortly afterwards Cécile Mendelssohn opened its door for me. I possessed already much love for the study of painting; and now I had asked and obtained permission to make a water-color drawing of that room, while all yet stood as the master and friend had left it. There, on the right, was the little old-fashioned piano, on which he had composed so many of his great works; near the window was the writing-desk he used to stand at. On the walls hung water-colors by his own hand,—Swiss landscapes and others; to the left, on the bookcases containing his

valuable musical library, stood the busts of Goethe and Bach; on the writing-table, the pen which but the other day was wet, along with this or that object which I had so recently seen in his hand. And as I sat working, doubts and misgivings arose in my mind. Was it not profanation, I thought, to intrude with my petty attempt at painting, where all was hushed in the silence of death? But I worked on, and my thoughts were lost in my first great sorrow. Cécile Mendelssohn came and went. Not a sigh, not a murmur, escaped her lips.

But enough. I close this hasty sketch, although yet many a color and form arise in my memory to complete it. Sufficient has been said in these pages, if between the lines there stands to read, that in editing and translating the following correspondence I have been performing a pleasant duty and a labor of love, and that I feel happy to share with a larger circle of Mendelssohn's friends and admirers the possession of those letters which have so long been dear to me.

FELIX MOSCHELES.

LONDON, *May, 1888.*

# **LETTERS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN.**

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IN 1824 Moscheles was engaged on a professional tour, giving concerts in the principal cities of Germany. During his short stay in Berlin, and in response to the two following

notes from Mendelssohn's mother, he gave some instruction to Felix, then in his fifteenth year. How fully he, even at this early period of their acquaintance, recognized the genius of the young composer, is shown by an entry in his diary. He says: "I am quite aware that I am sitting next to a master, not a pupil."

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BERLIN, Nov. 18, 1824.

We much regretted not to see you at dinner to-day; pray let us have the pleasure of your company, if not earlier, at least next Sunday. Have you kindly thought over our request concerning lessons? You would sincerely oblige us by consenting, if you could do so without interfering with the arrangements you have made for your stay in this place. Please do not set down these repeated requests to indiscretion, but attribute them solely to the wish that our children should be enabled to profit by the presence of the "prince des pianistes."

With sincere regards, yours,

L. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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BERLIN, Nov. 23, 1824.

Being uncertain whether my son will find you at home, I write this line to ask if you feel inclined to visit the Sing-Akademie. Felix will at any rate call for you, as his way lies in that direction. If you are disengaged, will you join our family dinner at three o'clock, or, should that be impossible, will you accompany Felix, after the "Akademie" (it lasts from five to seven o'clock), and be one of our small circle at tea?

If I may be allowed to renew my request that you will give lessons to my two eldest children, be good enough to let me know your terms. I should like them to begin at once, that they may profit as much as possible during the time of your stay here.

With sincere regard and esteem, yours,  
L. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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The relative positions of teacher and pupil were soon to be exchanged for friendship of a lasting character,—Moscheles, on the one hand, greeting with the most cordial sympathy the great promises of the youthful genius; Mendelssohn, on the other, appreciating with all the warmth of his artistic nature what had been achieved by the maturer artist, his senior by sixteen years.

In the autumn of 1826 Moscheles, then again on a concert tour through Germany, made a short stay in Berlin, and spent many happy hours with his friends the Mendelssohns. Felix had just completed his Overture to “A Midsummer Night’s Dream,” and played it, arranged for two performers, with his sister Fanny. Amongst other compositions that mark these early days of his musical career, were the Sonata in E major and an Overture in C. Moscheles in his diary expresses his warm appreciation of those works, and comments at the same time on the fact that “this young genius is so far scarcely recognized beyond the small circle of his teachers and personal friends. One more prophet,” he adds, “who will have to lay the foundation of fame in another country.”

On the eve of Moscheles's departure from Berlin, Mendelssohn sent him his E major Sonata with the following lines:—

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BERLIN, Nov. 28, 1826.

You kindly expressed a wish, dear Mr. Moscheles, to have my Sonata, and I therefore take the liberty of presenting it to you. Should you occasionally come across it, let it remind you of one who will always esteem and respect you.

Once more a thousand heartfelt thanks for the happy hours I owe to your "Studies;" they will long find an echo in my mind. I am sure they are the most valuable of your works,—that is, until you write another.

My best wishes accompany you on what I trust will be a happy and pleasant journey.

Please remember me most kindly to Mrs. Moscheles, and believe me

Ever yours,

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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During the next two years Mendelssohn was cultivating and developing his natural gifts in every direction. He attended the lectures of Hegel, Ritter, and others at the Berlin University, was in frequent contact with some of the most prominent men of the day, and already took the highest position both as a composer and as a pianist. Amongst the friends who formed the select circle at his father's house, and who remained attached to him through life, were Eduard Devrient, the distinguished actor and

writer on Dramatic Art, and Carl Klingemann, who lived many years in England as Attaché to the Hanoverian Embassy. The latter was highly gifted as a poet, and many of Mendelssohn's most popular songs were inspired by his verses.

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BERLIN, Dec. 12, 1828.

MY DEAR SIR AND ESTEEMED FRIEND,—My son, in whom you take so kind an interest, is about to leave his home in a few months, and to go forth into the world. He is a musician, and a musician he means to remain; and in furtherance of his musical education he proposes to make some stay in Italy, France, England, and Germany, with a view to becoming acquainted with the great works of art, the prominent artists and art institutions of these countries, and of seeing for himself what Music aspires to, and what it has achieved.

What a comfort it is to us to know that in that vast metropolis, so strange and so new to my son, he is to be welcomed by such true and warm friends as yourself and Carl Klingemann!

To him please remember me most kindly when you see him, and do not fail to present my kindest regards to Mrs. Moscheles.

Yours most truly,

A. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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BERLIN, Jan. 10, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—Let me begin by apologizing for troubling you with this letter.

The kindness and friendship you have so often shown me will not, I know, fail me on this occasion; more especially as I come to you for advice on a subject of which I know you to be the most competent judge. The matter on which I want your kind opinion is this:—

I intend to start at the beginning of this year, and to devote three years to travelling; my chief object being to make a long stay in Italy and France. As it is desirable, for several reasons, that I should spend a few days in Berlin about the middle of next December, before leaving for Rome, I intend to devote the eight and a half months of the present year, during which I can absent myself, to visiting first those cities of Germany I am not acquainted with, such as Vienna and Munich, and then, if possible, I would extend my journey to London.

The object I have in view is, not to appear in public, but rather to be musically benefited by my tour, to compare the various views and opinions of others, and thus to consolidate my own taste. As I only care to see what is most remarkable in these two cities, and to become acquainted with those eminent in the world of Art,—not, as I said before, to be heard myself or to appear in public,—I trust the time I can devote to my travels will not prove too short. Now, the question which I want you to decide is this: whether it will be better to begin or to end with London. In the one case I should be in Vienna early in April, remaining there till about the middle of July, and go first to Munich *viâ* the Tyrol, and then down the Rhine to London, where I could stay till December, and return by way of Hamburg to Berlin. In the other case I should take London first in April, remain



till July, then go up the Rhine to Munich, and through the Tyrol to Vienna, and thence back to Berlin. Evidently the former of these tours would be the more agreeable, and as such I would willingly select it; but in following the latter, should I not have a better chance of seeing the two capitals to the fullest advantage,—the season in Vienna coming to an end, as I am given to understand, in May, whereas in London it extends all through June and even beyond?

You, who have so long lived in both cities, and are so well acquainted with musical men and matters in both, will best be able to solve my doubts and to answer a question of so much importance to me. You have given me such constant proofs of your kindness and readiness to oblige, that I feel confident you will not discontinue your friendly assistance, but once more give me the benefit of your advice.

I have yet to thank you for the second book of your splendid “Studies.” They are the finest pieces of music I have become acquainted with for a long time,—as instructive and useful to the player as they are gratifying to the hearer. Might you not feel disposed to publish a third book? You know what service you would be rendering all lovers of music. With best regards to Mrs. Moscheles, I have the honor to remain,

Yours most respectfully and truly,

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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In answer to this and the preceding letter from Mendelssohn’s father, Moscheles advises Felix to begin his projected tour with a visit to London.

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BERLIN, March 26, 1829.

DEAR SIR,—I sincerely thank you for your kind letter of the 23d of last month, which has quite settled my plans. I shall follow your advice and go to London first. Do not take it amiss if I now recall your kind offers and take you at your word. If I am indiscreet, you have but your own kindness and friendliness to blame; and so I trust you will make allowances for my boldness, and will moreover grant my requests. Your description of London is so attractive, and the way you meet my wishes so friendly, that it is no wonder I made up my mind at once.

According to your advice, I have made inquiries about the boats between Hamburg and London. The first sails on the 4th of April, and after that, one every week. It will be impossible for me to leave by the first or second, as I have hitherto not been able to make any preparations.

I have been very busy lately conducting, for the benefit of a charitable institution, two performances of Sebastian Bach's Passion according to Saint Matthew, with the aid of the Sing-Akademie and the Royal Band; and now the public is loud in its demands for a third performance, which, however, is quite out of the question.

The whole thing has so interfered with the completion of some of my own compositions, and with various business, that I shall require at least a fortnight to prepare for my departure; then I want to stay a few days in Hamburg, so I shall leave only by the third steamer, on the 18th of April, due in London on the 20th. If all goes well, I leave Berlin on the 10th of April, arrive in Hamburg on the 12th, and shall call upon you at your house on the 20th. You cannot fancy

how delighted I am at the prospect of seeing you in the midst of your own happy surroundings and in the brilliant position you occupy, and how anxious I am too to hear your latest compositions, especially the new symphony you speak of.

Paganini is here; he gives his last concert on Saturday, and then goes direct to London, where I believe he will meet with immense success, for his never-erring execution is beyond conception. You ask too much if you expect me to give a description of his playing. It would take up the whole letter; for he is so original, so unique, that it would require an exhaustive analysis to convey an impression of his style.

Now, to my great requests; I put them, trusting to your kind indulgence. Can you really take rooms for me, as you suggest in your letter? Anything would be welcome, however small, if in your neighborhood. If so, please let Klingemann know; he would have time to send me the address to Berlin. Secondly, I want your advice as to whether I should really bring the scores of some of my compositions, and if so, which would be the best to select? I was thinking of my Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream;" do you think that suitable? And if I pack manuscripts in my portmanteau, shall I be able to pass the custom-house without difficulty? In that case I would bring several of my compositions, and submit them to your judgment previous to making a selection.

I by no means expect you to answer all my questions yourself, for I know how precious every single moment of your time in London is; but if you will give Klingemann the desired information and your decisions on the above, you

will again oblige me, and add one more claim to my sincere gratitude.

Please give my best compliments to Mrs. Moscheles, and believe me

Yours most sincerely,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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Moscheles writes to say that he has secured rooms for Mendelssohn at No. 203 Great Portland Street, Oxford Street. He urges him to bring with him for performance in London some of his compositions, more especially his Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and his sixteen-part Cantata, "Hora est," and adds that he will encounter no difficulty at the custom-house.

On the 21st of April Mendelssohn arrived in London; on the 23d Moscheles notes in his diary, "I took him a round of calls to introduce him to Chappell, Cramer, Collard, etc.;" and then follow daily memoranda, recording pleasant hours spent in and out of Moscheles's house. The following note refers to Mendelssohn's offers of assistance in copying out a Fantasia for pianoforte and orchestra, "Strains of the Scottish Bards," which Moscheles had just written and dedicated to Sir Walter Scott (Op. 80),—a composition which had been put on the programme of Moscheles's concert announced for the 7th of May.

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LONDON, April 25, 1829.

Might I request you, dear Mr. Moscheles, to send me by bearer the promised part of your Fantasia to copy? I hope to

have some time to spare to-day and to-morrow morning, and will endeavor to distinguish myself to the best of my ability by putting large heads to my notes and being generally correct, so that I may frequently be allowed to assist you; and if you are satisfied with my copying, I trust you will prove it by giving me further orders. I only beg you will send me some sheets of music paper, as I do not know your size and have none by me.

I regret that Professor Rosen,[\[1\]](#) who has just called on me, has reckoned on my coming to dinner to-day, and I must therefore request you to apologize for my absence to Mrs. Moscheles. At any rate, I shall be with you on Saturday at about eight o'clock, as you have allowed me to do so.

Your respectfully devoted

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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THURSDAY.

DEAR MRS. MOSCHELES,—I regret that I am engaged for dinner and evening, and see no possibility of getting off, however much I should like it. But I trust you will let me call as soon as I have moved into my Portland Street quarters (I am doing so to-day), and ask when I may come instead. I am much obliged to Mr. Moscheles for desiring to see some of my new things; and if he will promise to let me know when he has had enough of them, I will one of these days bring a cab-full of manuscript and play you all to sleep.

Excuse this hasty line of

Your migrating

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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During the following months they spent many pleasant hours together. Mendelssohn brought the “cab-full;” and amongst other compositions it contained his sacred Cantata on a Chorale in A minor, a Chorus in sixteen parts (“Hora est”), and a stringed Quartet in A minor; and Moscheles finds in the works of the young composer “a solid substratum of study, and the rarest and most promising of natural gifts.” He soon became a favorite in all circles of London society, always welcome as an artist and as a genial companion. His Overture to “A Midsummer Night’s Dream” was performed, and met with an enthusiastic reception.

What he writes of his Double Concerto is so bright that we quote his own words:—

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“Yesterday Moscheles and I had a first trial of my Double Concerto in E in Clementi’s piano-manufactory. Mrs. Moscheles and Mr. Collard were our audience. It was great fun; no one has an idea how Moscheles and I coquetted together on the piano,—how the one constantly imitated the other, and how sweet we were. Moscheles plays the last movement with wonderful brilliancy; the runs drop from his fingers like magic. When it was over, all said it was a pity that we had made no cadenza; so I at once hit upon a passage in the first part of the last *tutti* where the orchestra has a pause, and Moscheles had *nolens volens* to comply and compose a grand cadenza. We now deliberated, amid a thousand jokes, whether the small last solo should remain in its place, since of course the people would applaud the cadenza. ‘We must have a bit of *tutti* between the cadenza and the solo,’ said I. ‘How long are they to clap their hands?’

asked Moscheles. 'Ten minutes, I dare say,' said I. Moscheles beat me down to five. I promised to supply a *tutti*; and so we took the measure, embroidered, turned, and padded, put in sleeves *à la* Mameluke, and at last with our mutual tailoring produced a brilliant concerto. We shall have another rehearsal to-day; it will be quite a picnic, for Moscheles brings the cadenza, and I the *tutti*." [2]

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In the summer of this year Moscheles made a concert tour through Denmark, whilst Mendelssohn took a trip to Scotland with Klingemann. There, after the multifarious duties and pleasures of a London season, he sought fresh strength and energy; there, also, he conceived the germs of two great works, subsequently to be matured, the Scotch Symphony and the Overture to "The Isles of Fingal." Towards the end of November he returned to Berlin, in time for the celebration of his parents' silver wedding.

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JAN. 6, 1830.

DEAR MADAM,—I hardly know how to ask your pardon for my sins, for I have a load of them on my conscience; yet were I to trouble you with a string of excuses, you might think that a new sin. To be sure, my writing thus late is unpardonable, considering all the kindness and friendliness you showed me in the spring; but it is true also that these last few days have been the only quiet ones since we parted. First, there was our Highland tour in anything but favorable weather, with bad roads, worse conveyances, still worse inns and landlords, and the richest and most

picturesque scenery,—all of which so entirely engrossed us that we could not collect our thoughts for even a single day. Then I returned to London; and just as I was finishing some work, and getting through all manner of business before starting for the Netherlands to meet my father, I had the misfortune to be thrown out of a gig, and was obliged to be six weeks in bed and two months in my room. At last I was able to travel home; but my injured foot, which was very weak, made the journey both painful and dangerous, and I felt so prostrate when I did reach home, that I was condemned to another imprisonment of several weeks. A few days ago we celebrated the silver wedding of my parents, for which I was obliged to finish some work;<sup>[3]</sup> so you see I had a most busy and varied time of it, the happiest and the most disagreeable days of my life following each other in rapid succession. Of course I feel rather upset by all this. Witness this careless, confused letter; yet I would not put off writing lest I should add to my sins.

And now I do not know how to thank you and Mr. Moscheles, for words cannot sufficiently express my gratitude. You know what it is to visit a foreign land for the first time, and to be a stranger among strangers. This feeling, perhaps the most terrible of all others, I have been spared through your kindness, and it is you who have lessened the painful weight of my first separation from my family. If England has made a favorable impression upon me, it is to you I chiefly owe it; and now that I have got over the most difficult part of my tour, I augur favorably for the remainder. I am not going to thank you for each individual



act of kindness, or for all the trouble you took about me,—if I did, there would be no end of it; but I may say to you and to Mr. Moscheles that I appreciate from my heart your friendly feelings towards me, and the kindness with which you received me, making all things easy that were difficult to a foreigner. As long as I remember my first entrance into the wide world, so long shall I also remember your goodness. I do not know when I may be so fortunate as to say all this to you instead of writing it down in these formal and cold characters, but I do hope for the pleasure of another meeting before long, and for the continuance of those friendly feelings, for which I shall ever remain

Yours gratefully,

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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Three days later he writes:—

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BERLIN, Jan. 9, 1830.

DEAR MR. MOSCHELES,—I have written to Mrs. Moscheles and asked forgiveness for my long silence. Allow me to refer to that letter, and to hope that the reasons therein detailed may plead for me with you; at the same time I cannot refrain from assuring you personally how truly I feel myself indebted to you, and how grateful I am for all the kindness you have shown me. You received me in London in a way I could never have expected, and gave me proofs of confidence and friendship which I shall never cease to be proud of. If hitherto I had looked up to you with admiration, how much more so now, when on closer acquaintance I had

the happiness to find in you an example fit, in every respect, to be followed by any artist! You know best yourself the value of a kind reception in a strange country, and the immense advantage of an introduction through you, especially in England. If that country made a most favorable and lasting impression on me, since, for the first time far away from home and friends, I could spend such happy hours, it is you I have to thank, to you I shall always be grateful. Might I but have some opportunity of proving how deeply I feel my obligation! I hope I may soon meet you again in some corner of the world, and find such glorious new pieces of music as I have this time. The Symphony is quite present to my mind, and I can play some of it by heart, especially the first and third movements; but that is very insufficient, and I look forward with impatience to the publication of this masterpiece. Will you not soon give it to the public? You must yourself know how surely you can reckon on a brilliant success and on the admiration and warmest sympathy of every musician. For my part, I should be truly happy to see the score published, and I am convinced that in this feeling I should be joined by all who love music. Will you not soon let a second one follow? Maybe you are at work on one already; it would be truly delightful if you gave us more pieces in the same spirit, imbued with such earnestness and depth; all real lovers of music here would hail them with pleasure.

I mean to leave for Italy as soon as my foot will permit me to travel, and request your permission to write to you occasionally on music and musicians; should your time allow

of your sending me a few words, you know how much pleasure it would give me.

With best wishes for your welfare and happiness, and trusting you will preserve a kind remembrance of me, I remain

Yours most sincerely,

F. MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

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In the spring of 1830 Mendelssohn started on his continental tour. His first station was Weimar, where, at the urgent request of Goethe, he spent a memorable fortnight in the house of that "Pole-star of poets," as Mendelssohn had described him, when, as a boy of thirteen, he first was privileged to be a guest at his house.

Leaving Weimar, he proceeded to Munich and Vienna, and from there to Italy. On his return he visited Switzerland and several of the German musical centres; and after a short stay in Paris, he once more crossed the Channel, arriving in London in April, 1832. His visit was marked by the most kindly intercourse with his old friends. Speaking of these, he says in a letter to his parents:[\[4\]](#)—

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"I wish I could describe how happy I am to find myself here again, where everything is so congenial to my taste, and how glad to meet with so much kindness from my old friends. With Klingemann, Rosen, and Moscheles I feel as much at home as if we had never been separated. They are the centre to which I am constantly gravitating. We meet every day, and I feel thoroughly happy to be with such good

and earnest people and such true friends, in whose company I can show myself just as I am, without reserve. The kindness of Moscheles and his wife to me is really touching, and I value it in proportion to my warm and ever-growing attachment to them both.”

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During this stay in London he played for the first time his G minor Concerto at the Philharmonic. In Moscheles's concert he conducted his Overture to "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which he had carefully revised, and the Overture to "The Isles of Fingal," recently written at Rome.

Moscheles's birthday was on the 30th of May, and Mendelssohn's congratulations on the occasion of his anniversary took the shape of a drawing humorously illustrating some of his friend's works. "The writing," he says, "is in Emily's hand; the poem, by Klingemann; the design invented, and the ink-blots executed, by Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy." In his design we find "the young Berliner" (meaning himself) practising a piece that Moscheles had dedicated to him. Further on, "Respect" for the drums, that for once in the way are in tune; the "Blue Devils," that stand for melancholy; "The Last Rose of Summer," on which Moscheles had written Variations; the "Demons" refer to one of Moscheles's "Studies." Next, Moscheles is conducting his Symphony. The Scotchman with his bagpipes illustrates the "Anticipations of Scotland," a piece dedicated to Sir Walter Scott. The stirring theme of the "Alexander Variations" is supposed to bring about the Fall of Paris; and finally, the popular song "Au Clair de la

Lune” comes in as being the theme of some brilliant Variations. In the centre of the paper we read:—