



***FELIX
MENDELSSOHN-
BARTHOLDY***

***LETTERS
OF FELIX
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BARTHOLDY
FROM 1833
TO 1847***

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy

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CATALOGUE OF ALL THE MUSICAL COMPOSITIONS OF FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY. I. THE PUBLISHED WORKS, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER. II. THE UNPUBLISHED WORKS, CLASSIFIED UNDER DIFFERENT HEADS. COLLECTED PRINCIPALLY FROM THE AUTHOR'S ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS, AND ACCOMPANIED BY A PREFACE, BY J U L I U S R I E T Z.

PREFACE.

I. PUBLISHED WORKS, IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER.

II. WORKS NOT PUBLISHED.

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PREFACE.

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THE Letters of Felix Mendelssohn Bartholdy from Italy and Switzerland, have amply fulfilled the purpose of their publication, by making him *personally known* to the world, and, above all, to his countrymen.

Those Letters, however, comprise only a portion of the period of Mendelssohn's youth; and it has now become possible, by the aid of his own verbal delineations, to exhibit in a complete form that picture of his life and character which was commenced in the former volume.

This has been distinctly kept in view in the selection of the following letters. They commence directly after the termination of the former volume, and extend to Mendelssohn's death. They accompany him through the most varied relations of his life and vocation, and thus lay claim, at least partially, to another kind of interest from that of the period of gay, though not insignificant enjoyment, depicted by him in the letters written during his travels. For example, the negotiations on the subject of his appointment at Berlin take up a large space; but this is inevitable, so characteristic are they of the manner in which he conceived and conducted such matters, while they reveal to us much that lies outside his own personal character, and thus possess a more than merely biographical value.

On the other hand, the minute details of the pure and elevated happiness which Mendelssohn enjoyed in his most intimate domestic relations, are expressly withheld, as being the peculiar treasure of his family, and a few passages only

have been selected for publication from these letters, which however are sufficiently clear on the point. In conclusion, it should be observed, that no letter addressed to any living person has been published without express permission readily accorded.

A Catalogue of all Mendelssohn's compositions, compiled by Herr Kapellmeister Dr. Julius Rietz, is added as a supplement, which, by its classification and arrangement, will no doubt prove an object of interest both to musicians and amateurs of music.

*Berlin and Heidelberg,
June, 1863.*

LETTERS.

TO PASTOR BAUER, BESZIG.

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Berlin, March 4th, 1833.

SINCE I set to work again, I feel in such good spirits that I am anxious to adhere to it as closely as possible, so it monopolizes every moment that I do not spend with my own family. Such a period as this last half-year having passed away makes me feel doubly grateful. It is like the sensation of going out for the first time after an illness; and, in fact, such a term of uncertainty, doubt, and suspense, really amounted to a malady, and one of the worst kind too.^[1] I am now however entirely cured; so, when you think of me, do so as of a joyous musician, who is doing many things, who is *resolved* to do many more, and who would *fain* accomplish all that can be done.

For the life of me I cannot rightly understand the meaning of your recent question and discussion, or what answer I am to give you. Universality, and everything bordering on æsthetics, makes me forthwith quite dumb and dejected. Am I to tell you how you ought to feel? You strive to discriminate between an excess of sensibility and genuine feeling, and say that a plant may bloom itself to death.

But no such thing exists as an excess of sensibility; and what is designated as such is, in fact, rather a dearth of it. The soaring, elevated emotions inspired by music, so welcome to listeners, are no excess; for let him who can feel do so to the utmost of his power, and even more if possible; and if he dies of it, it will not be in sin, for nothing is certain but what is felt or believed, or whatever term you may choose to employ; moreover, the bloom of a plant does not cause it to perish save when forced, and forced to the uttermost; and, in that case, a sickly blossom no more resembles a healthy one, than sickly sentimentality resembles true feeling.

I am not acquainted with Herr W——, nor have I read his book; but it is always to be deplored when any but genuine artists attempt to purify and restore the public taste. On such a subject words are only pernicious; deeds alone are efficient. For even if people do really feel this antipathy towards the present, they cannot as yet give anything better to replace it, and therefore they had best let it alone. Palestrina effected a reformation during his life; he could not do so now any more than Sebastian Bach or Luther. The men are yet to come who will *advance* on the straight road;

and who will lead others onwards, or back to the ancient and right path, which ought, in fact, to be termed the onward path; but they will write no books on the subject.

TO PASTOR BAUER, BESZIG.

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Berlin, April 6th, 1833.

My work, about which I had recently many doubts, is finished; and now, when I look it over, I find that, quite contrary to my expectations, it satisfies myself. I believe it has become a good composition; but be that as it may, at all events I feel that it shows progress, and that is the main point. So long as I feel this to be the case, I can enjoy life and be happy; but the most bitter moments I ever endured, or ever could have imagined, were during last autumn, when I had my misgivings on this subject. Would that this mood of happy satisfaction could but be hoarded and stored up! But the worst of it is, that I feel sure I shall have forgotten it all when similar evil days recur, and I can devise no means of guarding against this, nor do I believe that you can suggest any. As, however, a whole mass of music is at this moment buzzing in my head, I trust that it will not, please God, quickly pass away.

Strange that this should be the case at a time, in other respects so imbued with deep fervour and earnestness, for I shall leave this place feeling more solitary than when I came. I have found my nearest relatives, my parents, my brother and sisters, alone unchanged; and this is a source of happiness for which I certainly cannot be too grateful to God; indeed, now that I am (what is called) independent, I

have learned to love and honour, and understand my parents better than ever; but then I see many branching off to the right and to the left, whom I had hoped would always go along with me; and yet I could not follow them on their path, even if I wished to do so.

The longer I stay in Berlin, the more do I miss Rietz, and the more deeply do I deplore his death. X—— declares that the fault lies very much with myself, because I insist on having people exactly as I fancy they ought to be, and that I have too much party spirit for or against a person; but it is this very spirit, the want of which I feel so much here. I hear plenty of opinions given, but where there is no fervour there can be no sound judgment; and where it does exist, though it may indeed not unfrequently lead to error, still it often tends towards progress too, and then we need not take refuge in past times, or anywhere else, but rather rejoice in the present, if only for bringing with it in its course a spring or an Easter festival.

TO PASTOR JULIUS SCHUBRING, DESSAU.

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Coblenz, September 6th, 1833.

Dear Schubring,

Just as I was beginning to arrange the sheets of my oratorio,[\[2\]](#) and meditating on the music that I intend to write for it this winter, I received your letter enclosing your extracts, which appeared to me so good that I transcribed the whole text so far as it has gone, and now return it to you with the same request as at first, that you will kindly send me your remarks and additions. You will perceive various

annotations on the margin as to the passages I wish to have from the Bible or the Hymn Book. I am anxious also to have your opinion—1st. As to the form of the whole, especially the narrative part, and whether you think that the *general* arrangement may be retained,—the blending of the narrative and dramatic representation. I dare not adopt the Bach form along with this personified recital, so this combination seems to me the most natural, and not very difficult, except in such passages, for example, as Ananias, owing to the length of the continuous narration. 2nd. Whether you are of opinion that any of the principal features in the history or the acts, and also in the character and teaching of St. Paul, have been either omitted or falsified. 3rd. Where the divisions of the first and second parts should be marked. 4th. Whether you approve of my employing chorales? From this I have been strongly dissuaded by various people, and yet I cannot decide on giving it up entirely, for I think it must be in character with any oratorio founded on the New Testament. If this be also your opinion, then you must supply me with all the hymns and passages. You see I require a great deal from you, but I wish first to enter fully into the spirit of the words, and then the music shall follow: and I know the interest you take in the work.

If you will do all this for me, write me a few lines immediately to Berlin, for I am obliged to go there for three or four days with my father, who went to England with me, and was dangerously ill there. Thank God, he is now quite restored to health; but I was under such dreadful apprehensions the whole time, that I shall leave nothing undone on my part to see him once more safe at home. I

must, however, return forthwith and proceed to Düsseldorf, where you are probably aware that I directed the Musical Festival, and subsequently decided on taking up my abode there for two or three years, nominally in order to direct the church music, and the Vocal Association, and probably also a new theatre which is now being built there, but in reality for the purpose of securing quiet and leisure for composition. The country and the people suit me admirably, and in winter “St. Paul” is to be given. I brought out my new symphony in England, and people liked it; and now the “Hebrides” is about to be published, and also the symphony. This is all very gratifying, but I hope the things of real value are yet to come. I trust it may be so. It is not fair in me to have written you such a half-dry and wholly serious letter, but such has been the character of this recent period, and so I am become in some degree like it.

To I. MOSCHELES, LONDON.

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Berlin, 1833.

... Do you suppose that I have not gone to hear Madame B—— because she is not handsome, and wears wide hanging sleeves? This is not the reason, although there are undoubtedly some physiognomies which can never, under any circumstances, become artistic; from which such icy cold emanates that their very aspect freezes me at once. But why should I be forced to listen for the thirtieth time to all sorts of variations by Herz? They cause me less pleasure than rope-dancers or acrobats. In their case, we have at least the barbarous excitement of fearing that they may

break their necks, and of seeing that nevertheless they escape doing so. But those who perform feats of agility on the piano do not even endanger their lives, but only our ears. In such I take no interest. I wish I could escape the annoyance of being obliged to hear that the public demands this style; I also form one of the public, and I demand the exact reverse. Moreover, she played in the theatre between the acts, and that I consider most obnoxious. First, up goes the curtain, and I see before me India, with her pariahs and palm-trees and prickly plants, and then come death and murder, so I must weep bitterly; then up goes the curtain again, and I see Madame B—— with her piano, and a concert ensues in every variety of minor key, and I must applaud with all my might; then follows the farce of “Ein Stündchen vor dem Potsdamer Thor,” and I am expected to laugh. No! This I cannot stand, and these are the reasons why I do not deserve your censure. I stayed at home because I like best to be in my own room, or with my own family, or in my own garden, which is wonderfully beautiful this year. If you will not believe me, come and judge for yourself. I cannot resist always reverting to this.

TO REBECCA DIRICHLET, BERLIN.

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Düsseldorf, October 26th, 1833.

My dear Sister,

The history of my life during the last few weeks is long and pleasant. Sunday, Maximilian's day, was my first Mass; the choir crammed with singers, male and female, and the whole church decorated with green branches and tapestry.

The organist flourished away tremendously, up and down. Haydn's Mass was scandalously gay, but the whole thing was very tolerable. Afterwards came a procession, playing my solemn march in E flat; the bass performers repeating the first part, while those in the treble went straight on; but this was of no consequence in the open air; and when I encountered them later in the day, they had played the march so often over that it went famously; and I consider it a high honour, that these itinerant musicians have bespoken a new march from me for the next fair.

Previous to that Sunday, however, there was rather a touching scene. I must tell you that really no appropriate epithet exists for the music which has been hitherto given here. The chaplain came and complained to me of his dilemma; the Burgomaster had said that though his predecessor was evangelical, and perfectly satisfied with the music, he intended himself to form part of the procession, and insisted that the music should be of a better class. A very crabbed old musician, in a threadbare coat, was summoned, whose office it had hitherto been to beat time. When he came, and they attacked him, he declared that he neither could nor would have better music; if any improvement was required, some one else must be employed; that he knew perfectly what vast pretensions some people made now-a-days, everything was expected to sound so beautiful; this had not been the case in his day, and he played just as well now as formerly. I was really very reluctant to take the affair out of his hands, though there could be no doubt that others would do infinitely better; and I could not help thinking how I should myself feel, were I to

be summoned some fifty years hence to a town-hall, and spoken to in this strain, and a young greenhorn snubbed me, and my coat were seedy, and I had not the most remote idea why the music should be better,—and I felt rather uncomfortable.

Unluckily, I could not find among all the music here even one tolerable solemn Mass, and not a single one of the old Italian masters; nothing but modern dross. I took a fancy to travel through my domains in search of good music; so, after the Choral Association on Wednesday, I got into a carriage and drove off to Elberfeld, where I hunted out Palestrina's "Improperia," and the Misereres of Allegri and Bai, and also the score and vocal parts of "Alexander's Feast," which I carried off forthwith, and went on to Bonn. There I rummaged through the whole library alone, for poor Breidenstein is so ill that it is scarcely expected he can recover; but he gave me the key, and lent me whatever I chose. I found some splendid things, and took away with me six Masses of Palestrina, one of Lotti and one of Pergolesi, and Psalms by Leo and Lotti, etc. etc. At last, in Cologne I succeeded in finding out the best old Italian pieces which I as yet know, particularly two motetts of Orlando Lasso, which are wonderfully fine, and even deeper and broader than the two "Crucifixus" of Lotti. One of these, "Populus meus" we are to sing in church next Friday.

The following day was Sunday, so the steamboat did not come, and knowing that my presence was necessary in Düsseldorf, I hired a carriage and drove here. People were crowding along the *chaussée* from every direction; a number of triumphal arches had been erected, and the

houses all adorned with lamps. I arrived with my huge packet, but not a single person would look at it; nothing but “the Crown Prince,” “the Crown Prince,” again and again. He arrived safely at the Jägerhof on Sunday evening, passing under all the triumphal arches during the time of the illuminations, and amidst the pealing of bells and firing of cannon, with an escort of burgher guards, between lines of soldiers, and to the sound of martial music. Next day he gave a dinner, to which he invited me, and I amused myself famously, because I was very jovial at a small table with Lessing, Hübner, and a few others. Besides, the Crown Prince was as gracious as possible, and shook hands with me, saying that he was really quite angry at my forsaking both him and Berlin for so long a time; listened to what I had to say, called me forward from my corner as “dear Mendelssohn,”—in short, you see I am thought infinitely more precious when I am a little way from home.

I must now describe to you the fête that was given in his honour, and for which I suggested the employment of some old transparencies, to be connected by appropriate verses for “Israel in Egypt,” with *tableaux vivants*. They took place in the great Hall of the Academy, where a stage was erected. In front was the double chorus (about ninety voices altogether), standing in two semicircles round my English piano; and in the room seats for four hundred spectators. R —, in mediæval costume, interpreted the whole affair, and contrived very cleverly, in iambics, to combine the different objects, in spite of their disparity.

He exhibited three transparencies:—first, “Melancholy,” after Dürer, a motett of Lotti’s being given by men’s voices

in the far distance; then the Raphael, with the Virgin appearing to him in a vision, to which the "O Sanctissima" was sung (a well-known song, but which always makes people cry); thirdly, St. Jerome in his tent, with a song of Weber's, "Hör' uns, Wahrheit." This was the first part. Now came the best of all. We began from the very beginning of "Israel in Egypt." Of course you know the first recitative, and how the chorus gradually swells in tone; first the voices of the *alti* are heard alone, then more voices join in, till the loud passage comes with single chords, "They sighed," etc. (in G minor), when the curtain rose, and displayed the first tableau, "The Children of Israel in bondage," designed and arranged by Bendemann. In the foreground was Moses, gazing dreamily into the distance in sorrowful apathy; beside him an old man sinking to the ground under the weight of a beam, while his son makes an effort to relieve him from it; in the background some beautiful figures with uplifted arms, a few weeping children in the foreground,—the whole scene closely crowded together like a mass of fugitives. This remained visible till the close of the first chorus; and when it ended in C minor, the curtain at the same moment dropped over the bright picture. A finer effect I scarcely ever saw.

The chorus then sang the plagues, hail, darkness, and the first-born, without any tableau; but at the chorus, "He led them through like sheep," the curtain rose again, when Moses was seen in the foreground with raised staff, and behind him, in gay tumult, the same figures who in the first tableau were mourning, now all pressing onwards, laden with gold and silver vessels; one young girl (also by

Bendemann) was especially lovely, who, with her pilgrim's staff, seemed as if advancing from the side scenes and about to cross the stage. Then came the choruses again, without any tableau, "But the waters," "He rebuked the Red Sea," "Thy right hand, O Lord," and the recitative, "And Miriam, the Prophetess," at the close of which the solo soprano appeared. At the same moment the last tableau was uncovered,—Miriam, with a silver timbrel, sounding praises to the Lord, and other maidens with harps and citherns, and in the background four men with trombones, pointing in different directions. The soprano solo was sung behind the scene, as if proceeding from the picture; and when the chorus came in *forte*, real trombones, and trumpets, and kettledrums, were brought on the stage, and burst in like a thunder-clap. Handel evidently intended this effect, for after the commencement he makes them pause, till they come in again in C major, when the other instruments recommence. And thus we concluded the second part.

This last tableau was by Hübner, and pleased me exceedingly. The effect of the whole was wonderfully fine. Much might possibly have been said against it had it been a pretentious affair, but its character was entirely social, and not public, and I think it would scarcely be possible to devise a more charming fête. The next that followed was a *tableau vivant*, designed and arranged by Schadow, "Lorenzo de' Medici, surrounded by the Geniuses of Poetry, Sculpture, and Painting, leading to him Dante, Raphael, Michael Angelo, and Bramante," with a complimentary allusion to the Crown Prince, and a final chorus. The second division

consisted of the comic scenes from the “Midsummer Night’s Dream,” represented by the painters here, but I did not care so much for it, having been so absorbed by the previous one.

How would you translate in the same measure the following line:—

“So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause”?[3]

Ramler, with the genuine dignity of a translator, says, “Heil, Liebe, dir! der Tonkunst Ehr’ und Dank” (All hail to thee, O Love! to Music thanks and honour), which has no point, and is anything but a translation; the first part of the Ode closes with these lines, so the whole sense would be lost, for the pith of the sentence lies in the word “*won.*” Give me some good hint about this, for on the 22nd of November we come before the public with “Alexander’s Feast,” the overture to “Egmont,” and Beethoven’s concerto in C minor. I am told that an orchestra is to be constructed in Becker’s Hall, for two hundred persons. All who can sing, or play, or pay, are sure to be there. Tell me if I shall resume my Greek here.[4] I feel very much disposed to do so, but fear it will not go on very swimmingly. Could I understand Æschylus? tell me this honestly. Further, do you attend to my advice about pianoforte playing and singing? If you want any songs, as Christmas draws dear, you can get them from me if you wish it. Send for the “Hebrides” arranged as a duett; it is, no doubt, published by this time. I think, however, that the overture to “Melusina” will be the best thing I have as yet done; as soon as it is finished I will send it to you. Adieu.

FELIX.

TO HIS FATHER.

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Bonn, December 28th, 1833.

Dear Father,

First of all, I must thank you for your kind, loving letter, and I rejoice that even before receiving it, I had done what you desired.[5] Strange to say, my official acceptance, I must tell you, was sent last week to Schadow; the biography was enclosed, so I expect the patent next week; but I must thank you once more for the very kind manner in which you write to me on the subject, and I feel proud that you consider me worthy of such a confidential tone.

The people in Düsseldorf are an excitable race! The “Don Juan” affair amused me, although riotous enough, and Immermann had a sharp attack of fever from sheer vexation.[6] As you, dear Mother, like to read newspapers, you shall receive in my next letter all the printed articles on the subject, which engrossed the attention of the whole town for three long days. After the *grand scandale* had fairly begun, and the curtain three times dropped and drawn up again,—after the first duett of the second act had been sung, entirely drowned by whistling, shouting, and howling,—after a newspaper had been flung to the manager on the stage, that he might read it aloud, who on this went off in a violent huff, the curtain being dropped for the fourth time,—I was about to lay down my *bâton*, though I would far rather have thrown it at the heads of some of these fellows, when the uproar suddenly subsided. The shouting voices were

hoarse, and the well-conducted people brightened up; in short, the second act was played in the midst of the most profound silence, and much applause at the close. After it was over, all the actors were called for, but not one came, and Immermann and I consulted together in a shower of fiery rain and gunpowder smoke—among the black demons—as to what was to be done. I declared that until the company and I had received some apology, I would not again conduct the opera; then came a deputation of several members of the orchestra, who in turn said that if I did not conduct the opera, they would not play; then the manager of the theatre began to lament, as he had already disposed of all the tickets for the next performance. Immermann snubbed everybody all round, and in this graceful manner we retreated from the field.

Next day in every corner appeared, “Owing to obstacles that had arisen,” etc. etc.; and all the people whom we met in the streets could talk of nothing but this disturbance. The newspapers were filled with articles on the subject; the instigator of the riot justified himself, and declared that in spite of it all he had had great enjoyment, for which he felt grateful to me and to the company, and gave his name; as he is a Government secretary, the president summoned him, blew him up tremendously, and sent him to the director, who also blew him up tremendously. The soldiers who had taken part in the tumult were treated in the same manner by their officers. The Association for the Promotion of Music issued a manifesto, begging for a repetition of the opera, and denouncing the disturbance. The Theatrical Committee intimated that if the slightest interruption of the

performance ever again occurred, they would instantly dissolve. I procured also from the committee full powers to put a stop to the opera in case of any unseemly noise. Last Monday it was to be given again; in the morning it was universally reported that the manager was to be hissed, on account of his recent testiness; Immermann was seized with fever, and I do assure you that it was with feelings the reverse of pleasant that I took my place in the orchestra at the beginning, being resolved to stop the performance if there was the slightest disorder. But the moment I advanced to my desk the audience received me with loud applause, and called for a flourish of trumpets in my honour, insisting on this being three times repeated, amid a precious row; then all were as still as mice, while each actor received his share of applause; in short, the public were now as polite as they formerly were unruly. I wish you had seen the performance: individual parts could not, I feel sure, have been better given,—the quartett for instance, and the ghost in the finale at the end of the opera, and almost the whole of “Leporello,” went splendidly, and caused me the greatest pleasure. I am so glad to hear that the singers, who at first, I am told, were prejudiced against me personally, as well as against these classical performances, now say they would go to the death for me, and are all impatience for the time when I am to give another opera. I came over here for Christmas, by Cologne and the Rhine, where ice is drifting along, and have passed a couple of quiet pleasant days here.

And now to return to the much talked of correspondence between Goethe and Zelter. One thing struck me on this

subject: when in this work Beethoven or any one else is abused, or my family unhandsomely treated, and many subjects most tediously discussed, I remain quite cool and calm; but when Reichardt is in question, and they both presume to criticize him with great arrogance, I feel in such a rage that I don't know what to do, though I cannot myself explain why this should be so. His "Morgengesang" must unluckily rest for this winter, the Musical Association is not yet sufficiently full fledged for it, but the first musical festival to which I go it shall be there. It is said they will not be able to have it at Aix-la-Chapelle, and that it is to be given at Cologne, and many of my acquaintances urge me strongly to pay my court to one or the other, in which case I should be selected, but this I never will do. If they should choose me without this, I shall be glad; but if not, I shall save a month's precious time (for it will take that at least), and remain as I am. Having been obliged to give three concerts this winter, besides the "Messiah" and the "Nozze di Figaro," I think I have had nearly enough of music for the present, and may now enjoy a little breathing time. But how is it, Mother, that you ask whether I *must* conduct all the operas? Heaven forbid there should be any *must* in the case, for almost every week two operas are given, and the performers consider themselves absolved by one rehearsal. I am only one of the members of the Theatrical Association, chosen to be on the select committee, who give six or eight classical performances every year, and elect a council for their guidance, this council consisting of Immermann and myself; we are therefore quite independent of the rest, who consequently feel increased respect for us.

When the great Theatrical Association is fairly established, and the theatre becomes a settled and civic institution, Immermann is resolved to give up his situation in the Justiciary Court, and to engage himself for five years as director of the theatre. Indeed, I hear that most of the shareholders have only given their signatures on condition that *he* should undertake the plays, and *I* the operas; how this may be, lies close hidden as yet in the womb of time, but in any event I will not entirely withdraw from the affair. I have composed a song for Immermann's "Hofer," or rather, I should say, arranged a Tyrolese popular melody for it, and also a French march; but I like the thing, and mean to send it to Fanny. We think of giving "Hofer" this winter, and perhaps also "Das laute Geheimniss" and "Nathan," or the "Braut von Messina," or both. You also advise me, Mother, to acquire the habit of dictation; but in the meantime I can get through by the use of my own pen, and intend only to have recourse to such a dignified proceeding in the greatest possible emergency.[7] Thank you very much for the letter you sent me from Lindblad.[8] It gave me great pleasure, and made me like my concerto far better than I did before, for I know few people whose judgment I respect more than his. I can as little explain this, or give any reason for it, as for many another feeling, but it is so; and when I have finished a thing, whether successful or a failure, he is the first person, next to yourself, whose opinion I should be glad to hear. That a piece so rapidly sketched as this pianoforte concerto, should cause pleasure to so genuine a musician, enhances mine, and so I thank you much for the letter. But it is high time to close this letter and this year, to which I am

indebted for many blessings and much happiness, and which has been another bright year for me.

I thank you also, dear Father, now as ever, for having gone with me to England for my sake; and though my advice, which you followed for the first time, proved so unfortunate, and caused us all so much anxiety and uneasiness, you never once reproached me. Still I think, since you write that you are now perfectly well and in good spirits, the journey may have contributed to this. May these happy results be still further increased during the approaching year, and may it bring you all every blessing. Farewell.

FELIX.

To His FAMILY.

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Düsseldorf, January 16th, 1834.

We are leading a merry life here just now, casting aside all care; every one is full of fun and jollity. I have just come from the rehearsal of "Egmont," where, for the first time in my life, I tore up a score from rage at the stupidity of the *musici*, whom I feed with 6-8 time in due form, though they are more fit for babes' milk; then they like to belabour each other in the orchestra. This I don't choose they should do in my presence, so furious scenes sometimes occur. At the air, "Glücklich allein ist die Seele die liebt," I fairly tore the music in two, on which they played with much more expression. The music delighted me so far, that I again heard something of Beethoven's for the first time; but it had no particular charm for me, and only two pieces, the march

in C major, and the movement in 6-8 time, where Klärchen is seeking Egmont, are quite after my own heart. To-morrow we are to have another rehearsal; in the evening the Prince gives a ball, which will last till four in the morning, from which I could excuse myself if I were not so very fond of dancing. I must now tell you about my excursion to Elberfeld. Sunday was the concert, so in the morning I drove there in a furious storm of thunder and rain. I found the whole musical world assembled in the inn, drinking champagne at twelve in the forenoon, instead of which I ordered chocolate for myself. A pianoforte solo of mine had been announced, after which I intended to have come away immediately, but hearing that there was to be a ball in the evening, I resolved not to set off till night, and as they had introduced music from "Oberon" in the second part, feeling myself in a vein for extemporizing, I instantly took up their last *ritournelle*, and continued playing the rest of the opera. There was no great merit in this, still it pleased the people wonderfully, and at the end I was greeted with plaudits loud enough to gratify any one. As the room was crowded, I promised to return in the course of the winter to play for the benefit of the poor. The Barmers sent me a deputation of three Barmer ladies to persuade me to go there on Monday; and as my travelling companion had both time and inclination for this, I played extempore on the Monday afternoon in the Barmer Musical Association, and then a quartett in Elberfeld, travelled through the night, and arrived at home at four on Tuesday morning, as my hour for receiving people is from eight to nine. The Barmer fantasia was well designed; I must describe it for Fanny.