Frederick Chopin.

While preparing this sketch of Chopin, I opened a memoir from the pen of his great biographer, Franz Liszt, and finding it so full of sympathetic appreciation of his life and work, I have very faithfully borrowed from it to be understood and to enjoy cordial sympathy as blessings. It is curious and so rare, that I have, in small instances, used Liszt's own reason and preference in attempting to nourish the thought: Frederick Chopin, the most original, imaginative and delicately spiritual of recent pianists, and composer for the piano, was born in Warsaw in the year 1810. His mother was a Pole and his father was a Frenchman. Although an exile from the land of his birth, he nevertheless became a great exponent of the national life and character, and his genius...
adorns and gives increased lusty
to the name of Poland. His child-
hood, and indeed his subsequent
life, offers nothing especially re-
markable. He was not one of
those noble natures who with the
challenge our admiration by
determined struggle and brilliant
achievement, but is so aloft by
their greatness and are so lofty
shilth. But if few are great
all even the most favored child
of fortune knows something of
the side of life in which are
found love, disappointed hope,
unrequited love and ideals un-
realized. I lose Chopin and the
heart goes out to that life which
was so continued strain of heart
sadness. From childhood he was
frailly built and the anxious care
of friends was directed almost
all his health. He grew up among
filthines of domestic virtues and
religious fervor; and had the
example of simplicity, activity,
work and refined culture in his
eyes. In his twentieth-
he received instruction in music and soon after him placed under the charge of a passionate worshipper of Sebastian Bach, by the name of Ginn, who for many years conducted the musical studies of the boy in the good old English manner. It is pleasant and in limited circumstances and induce thought of building hope upon a brilliant Virtuosi in their bones kept him to the earnest study of music, that he might become a consistent leader. Prince Anton Radziwill, who composed music for the youth, early recognized a remarkable talent in the boy and provided for his entire education. His musical ability and the favor of influential friends procured for him a place in the select and brilliant circles of the highest society in Franconia and at that time was rich.
Soft, full of feeling, fine in every sense, the features of Chopin's face and in his 16 years an ideal beauty, of which it might have been said, that it belonged to no determined age or sex. But the first period of his youth falls his attachment to a foundling who all her life thought of him with loving devotion. The home which she found for away from his home proved this first love and robbed the child of a fond aged faithful wife as well as of his fatherland. Nor in his after years was there for him the bliss of such a tie as he dreamed of then. It is told that his memory taunted and clung with filial affection to his parents. He would Chopin's father permit that the finishing of his Frederic which she had drawn in his days of youth be replaced by another promise, more artistically perfect. Chopin visited Lunnaberg several times to study music and to hear the great artist, but he never stayed long. In the year 1830
He had just left Vienna again with a similar purpose when the revolution of the 29th of Nov. took out. He was compelled to remain in Vienna where he performed in some concerts. He left Vienna with the purpose of going to London but desiring to stop some time in Paris he had his passport marked to England by way of Paris. It was many years and after many changes that he at last carried out his plan of going to London. Shortly after his arrival in Paris he gave several concerts and won immediate and universal recognition. Chopin did not allow himself to be dazzled or intoxicated by his triumphs. He bore them off with but pride, but at the same time with real modesty. There were a great many of Chopin's distinguished countrymen in Paris at this time and, as in society, sympathy and encouragement he enjoyed. He
continued by this means a sort of musical correspondence with his fatherland. They brought him new songs and poems to Paris and furnished with his melody tide flew home again and quickly became generally loved without any step knowing who the composer was. But evidently Chopin is a lone poet who fly his composition's lane but an individual expression to the poetic sense, the poetic way of feeling of a people of a given place. His music does not fit either of the old frames, which are distinguished by the names of German and Italian music. But that national colony was mildly to no means a thing seriously caught. Perhaps he could himself have wondered had you called him a national composer. As mild the genuine national poet as in his music the pristine spirit pervaded the creation with no thought and without the consciousness of the creator. Thoroughly subject his true creations make and the
same life, but one inward and most individual life, so that in all a unity of character prevails, an exclusive mode of feeling. He could not be classed with the classic nor the romantic school. While he went beyond the restrictions of the former, he avoided the extremes of the latter. Everything moderate and refined displeased him; everything that approached the style of the new French melodrama was anathema to him. If he was partial to the romantic, yet he hated all extraordinary and shuddering effects. He sought an admiration as he cherished for Buthanon, yet certain portions of his works appeared to him too rough. The passion in him turned to rickly, the rage to infinite and thundering. But some of the melodies of Franz Schubert he recognized. The full charm, but
unnecessarily he listened to those whose outlines to his ear at last seemed to sharpen. Among the composers of the former period he valued and played Hummel most and Mozart was to him the ideal type of musical poetry since he more seldom than all other condoned to wrest the threads which separate the excellent from the common. And yet his adherence to the common place and his temperament found him in Don Juan that immortal masterpiece passed whose presence he lamented. His reverence for Mozart was not thinly leavened but as it were saddened. He could for years to forget what he did not like, but it became reconciled or seeming impossible. The compositions of Chopin are nearly all short. Believing as did Edgardo Donizetti that long high-flying passages can not be prolonged he embodied his thoughts in the shortish forms and has in only a few instances attempted long and extended compositions.
The opera and symphony are never attempted. It would seem a paradox to say live music is at once inexpressible and yet that most of his compositions are in the form of the Polish national dances. But a melody in Poland is of such a peculiar appeal to the Polish character that even its dances are

the essence of sadness. Chopin's mazurka, canzona, polonaise, are touchingly and pathetically interwoven the national air of Poland. His cludes, ballads, impromptus and nocturnes are full of pathos and unheard-of subtleties of harmony. His style of playing was as indifferent as his composing. It was the opposite of Liszt, which Liht and the others developed with such fine effect. But we must

learn to close this chapter and can not dwell longer upon Chopin. Let us characterize as an artist. There is no school of music known at the time...
school because he did not attempt to make anything for educational purposes until the latter part of his life and then his rapidly declining health forbade his finishing this work and all other projects of this effort have been abandoned. The most meager relief of Chopin's life would be entirely impossible without some semblance of that great intellectual giant that aristocrat pronounces the most intellectual of women, Madame de Sand. Chopin seemed at first rather a certain shrinking from the lady who was so prominent above all others and like a Delphic priestess uttered as much as could not utter. He avoided the posthumous meeting with her, George Sand, and never suspected not the Ralph like fear. She approached him and her look soon disintegrated the prejudice which he held of her obstinately chequered against literary women. In the year 1835 began his intimacy with this celebrated novelist. In 1837 she became such an invalid at it he was obliged to travel to the south to escape the severe winter air.
Madame Buderanct would not permit him to go alone as his health depended so largely upon careful nursing. They selected the island of Maiorca in their place of abode. There the chandeliers, the shadows of death, seemed hovering over him and during the whole time men for a moment left the man who loved her until death and with a fervor that did not lose its strength when its joy was departed.

His health became better and continued so for several years. His teeth were bad and remained unbroken until 1847. In the beginning of the spring of 1847 his health declined from day to day. In April he grew better and desired to execute his purpose of going to England, to which country he had lived in youth, when life and its prospects seemed bright. Before leaving for London he gave me more concerts. In this concert his relief and long-
tried public in Paris heard him for the last time. In London he
was received with extraordinary cordiality. This recalled his former
humor and he threw himself into society without regard to his
health more than he had ever done. He then went to Edinburgh but the atmosphere there
was particularly injurious and he returned to London much
enfeebled. He played once more in a concert for the Isles. It was
the last love token that he sent to his fatherland, the last look
the last longing sigh. Upon his return to Paris he found that
his physician who alone as he believed could save his life
was dead. He was greatly discouraged and gradually
gave up his work. His health
continued to decline until the
19th Oct 1849, when the fatal
town was reached and he breathed forth his soul.