

too extravagant! A plain coffee is more reasonable. I shall write him at once and say I will decline for *supper!*" He seated himself at his writing-desk and spoke the words aloud as he slowly traced the characters on the paper. "Dear friend *Silotissimus*" (an affectionate mode of address for S—, who is a great favorite of his): "Your—company—is—at—four—o'clock—Tuesday—afternoon—. Have—only—cake,—wine,—sandwiches?" said he musingly. "No, that is too much"; and he wrote, "perhaps—cognac—and—seltzer-water—and—" here he hesitated; "yes!—music. Now! that will do," he exclaimed with satisfaction, and signed himself with a flourish. "Siloti must have that this afternoon," was his final remark as Miska announced dinner.

Siloti, however, coaxed the Master into coming at eight o'clock the following Tuesday evening. He had dined with the Grand Duke at Belvedere, and wore his long abbé's coat with a single order fastened in a buttonhole. Siloti first arranged for him a rubber of whist with his customary associates, though the Master suggested that the others might be hungry. Then our host, who is one of Liszt's very best pupils, played a "Mazeppa" by some Russian composer, a countryman of his. Miss Senkrah and Siloti performed the Master's "Hungarian Fantaisie" (dedicated to Joachim) for violin and piano in splendid style. Both were thoroughly aroused. I had never before heard the violiniste play with such fire and abandon; her instrument seemed a soul that breathed and had human passions. Liszt led in the prolonged applause that ensued. He again suggested supper, but Siloti said: "Just wait a moment, please, Master, until we play a little Russian melody."

"Good! good!" was the kindly reply.

After supper Wilhelm Posse of Berlin, who visits the Master a few days each summer, played his own arrangement of Liszt's third

"Liebstraum" for harp. The Master once said to me: "In my opinion Posse is the greatest harpist since Parish-Alvers." More need not be said; Parish-Alvers died in 1849, and Posse is just thirty-two years of age. Liszt could not sufficiently express his pleasure and gratification with Posse's wonderful music. To our intense delight he went to the piano and played the first "Liebstraum," adding at the close a long improvisation. We who heard him on this particular occasion can never forget it; there is magic in his touch! The Master was weary and left; the ladies likewise. Posse then played Chopin's piano Étude in A flat (Op. 25, No. 1), his own Scherzo, and Liszt's "Consolation" magnificently. The gentlemen gathered about a long table; coffee, beer, and cigars were served, and the story-tellers warmed to their tasks.

In her biography of him Fräulein Ramann writes: "Liszt is not a genius, he is a phenomenon!" A lady recently said to me: "His heart is as great as his playing." This thought recurs to me especially when I recall the day in S—. Neither before nor since, at home or abroad, have I seen deference and attentions less than those demanded by a sovereign shown him. Throughout the long, weary hours he submitted patiently to discomforts and annoyances unknown in his old age, at least. Not one look or gesture betrayed his mental observations. With his pupils especially is he tender and fatherly. While eager to make some return for his kindness, and show appreciation of the privileges granted them, his greatness is an obstacle to many who grow dumb and helpless in his presence. Ever generous and kind, he is ready to encourage talent or assist the needy. His benevolence is proverbial and frequently abused. Though the city of Weimar forbids "soliciting alms" within its limits, many a well-dressed beggar finds his or her way to the liberal giver at the court garden. To know Liszt is to love him.

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AUTOGRAPH OF LISZT.