

Westminster Hotel, N. Y.,
 Wednesday noon, Nov. 22, '76.

My Dear Frank:

Fanny received your letter this morning, with check enclosed. Thanks!

The dull, depressing weather still continues, but shows signs of clearing off; and as I am to go to Orange to-morrow, I am hoping for a fair day. I shall return to this city Friday forenoon, and it is now my intention to leave in the 11 o'clock train of that day for home, which is due at the Boston depot about a quarter past 6; but I may change my mind, and remain over until Saturday. In either case, I must enjoin upon you not to be at the depot for me, as there is no need of your doing so, and my valise, relieved of what I had in it for Fanny, is of no weight. Mary might make a fire in my stove Friday after-

noon; and should I not reach home till Saturday evening, it will be on the safe side.

I am glad you are to hear Ole Bull Friday evening. Bestow your spare ticket, if agreeable, upon the young lady that accompanied us to the theatre. Fanny and I have enjoyed a similarly rich treat (twice) upon the violin by Professor Vivier, who appears each time at Madame Essipoff's piano-forte concert; and we shall probably hear them again this evening, if not interrupted by callers.

Yesterday forenoon Fanny and I spent a couple of hours at the Metropolitan Art Museum, and were greatly interested in examining the wonderful Cesnola collection of ancient curiosities from the Egyptian tombs, thousands of years old. I passed a couple of hours afterward with Wendell, and last evening (with Fanny) at Mr. Savin's, playing whist. This forenoon we have called upon Mrs. John Hopper, Charley McKim's wife, Lucy Gibbons Morse, and at the Windsor Hotel.

Mr. Richards is here to go with me to call at various places, and I must abruptly close.

With kind regards to Miss Southwick, and also to Mrs. Joy, (if she is still at Rockledge,) and to all at Linwood Street, I remain, always,

Your loving Father.

P.S. Fanny authorizes Mary, the cook, to use her sewing machine - of course, carefully.

Ms. A. 1. 1 v. 9, p. 12A

MME. ESSIPOFF'S SECOND MATINEE.

There is a strange charm about Mme. Essipoff's playing which it is impossible to define, even to grasp. It does not lie so much in the perfection of her technique, although there is keen enjoyment to be derived from the sense of absolute security which one has with such playing as hers; the feeling that, no matter what demands the music may make on her fingers, everything will go with the smoothness of a perfectly constructed machine. Nor is it, either, the mere animal pleasure which one derives from hearing a thing done, whether by voice or instrument, with absolute perfection. It is not great intellectuality—the talent that, like Von Bülow's, deliberately studies out the character of each work, makes its rendering wholly symmetrical, with each part depending closely on each other, and adheres strictly to this on all occasions, with slight variation, making a work wholly satisfactory to the head, yet which to the heart may leave something wanting. Nor is it the overwhelming genius of Rubinstein, who, in the effort to produce great effects, was too often careless of the means that he employed, who through carelessness committed faults that all the power of his genius was needed to palliate. It is none of these, yet it comes in part from all of them. There is much of the intellect of Von Bülow, much of the inspiration of Rubinstein, and a technique wholly her own. Yet besides all this there is some vague, intangible charm, which, when we try to catch it and transfer it to paper, fairly escapes us; a charm coming perhaps from her very womanliness or some lovely hidden quality of her nature, always dim and undefined yet always present and felt.

At the matinee yesterday afternoon Mme. Essipoff interpreted the following programme :

Sonata (Op. 53).....	Beethoven
Des Abends, }.....	Schumann
Springbrunnen, }.....	
Gavotte.....	Raff
Nocturne, }.....	Chopin
Mazurka, }.....	
Valse, }.....	
Rhapsodie, No. 8.....	Liszt

We had yesterday for the first time an opportunity of judging of Mme. Essipoff's powers as an interpreter of Beethoven, for in the concerto on Friday evening she had so much to contend against in the orchestra that accompanied her that it would have been extremely unfair to form an opinion on that performance. Yesterday the case was different. She had nothing to interfere with her; she could select a work with which she felt herself wholly in sympathy. She certainly did select one to which her peculiar style of playing was admirably suited. And the result was, on the whole, satisfactory. It did not show the scholarly habits of thought of Von Bülow; she did not like him sink herself completely in the work, so that she made one feel that it was not she who was playing but Beethoven who was playing through her, as Von Bülow had the gift of doing. Nor did she, like Rubinstein, seize the work and make it a part of herself, forcing all her own individuality upon it. It was another thing from these. There were tender sentiment and elegant fancy, life and warmth, correctness of intention, and it is needless to say, a faultless rendering. It was not, perhaps, a startlingly great interpretation, but it was a wholly and entirely satisfactory one—one which gave so much and promised so much more for what we shall hear if she plays others of Beethoven's works, that there was no room for disappointment. And more, it stimulated curiosity, and has made us only more anxious to hear her further in the works of the great master. Quite a different affair was her playing of the two dainty Schumann numbers, in which she seemed at her best in a still different way. There is an infinity of grace and poetry in them, to which she gave the fullest expression, and the Raff "Gavotte" was no less good. There is about it a strong flavor of the old school of piano compositions, of Bach and Haydn and Scarlatti, and with this school Mme. Essipoff is in sympathy strangely complete, if we consider the perfectness of her renderings of Chopin, who is the very opposite of it in every way, both in form and feeling. She gave the Chopin selections yesterday in a manner that was beyond all praise, and secured a number of recalls, so warm and enthusiastic that she finally acknowledged them by playing as an encore the "Alouettes" of M. Leschetizky. The brilliant Rhapsodie Hongroise, No. 8, with its semi-barbaric themes, its mildness and richness of coloring, gave an opportunity for a superb exhibition of power and brilliancy utterly in contrast with all that had gone before.

Mme. Essipoff had the assistance of Mlle. Reber, a young lady with a fairly agreeable mezzo-soprano voice, which she seems unwisely endeavoring to make into a soprano, who sang Meyerbeer's "Ah! mon fils" and "She wandered down the mountain-side," by Clay. The latter seemed especially out of place in such a concert. M. Vivien played Vientemps's "Fantaisie Caprice" and Wieniawski's Polonaise. He continues steadily to improve the excellent impression which he first created.

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