MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN

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Wilhelm Ganz

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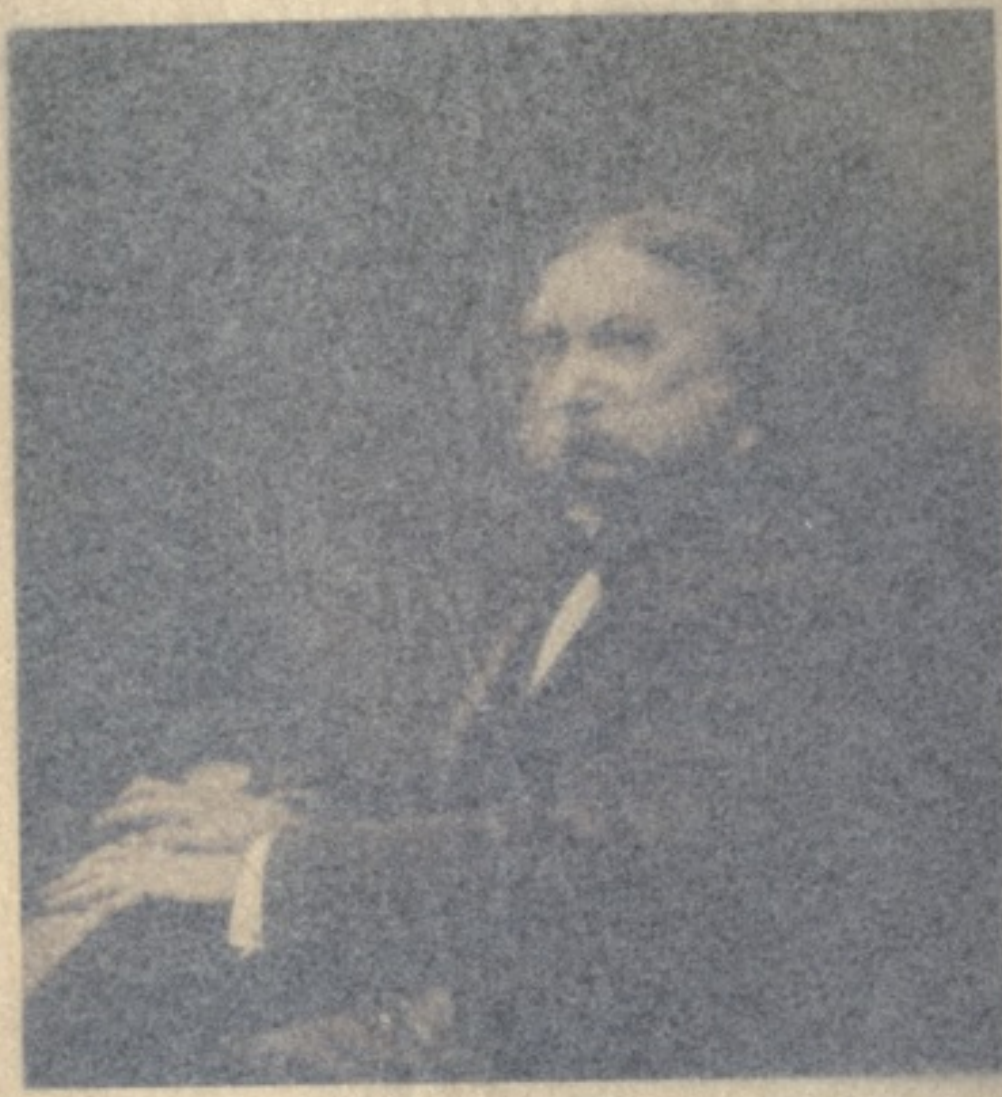
REMINISCENCES OF SEVENTY YEARS OF MUSICAL LIFE

BY WILHELM GANZ

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS

LONDON
JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.
1913



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TO

MY WIFE

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MEMORIES OF A MUSICIAN

CHAPTER I

EARLY LIFE

Early life in 1848—My father, Adolph Ganz—Mainz—Nuremberg—I first meet Jenny Lind—London—Her Majesty's Theatre—Balfe—"The great singers of my youth"—Jenny Lind—Cruvelli—Lablache—Sontag—My début as a Violinist—Stories of Lablache—Thalberg and his opera—He takes my place at the piano—Alboni—The famous ballets—Cerito, Carlotta Grisi, and Marie Taglioni—Reappearance of Madame Pasta—Halévy and Scribe—Benjamin Lumley's lawsuit with Frederick Gye over Johanna Wagner—Piccolomini—Mapleson at Her Majesty's—Titiens—Trebelli—Giuglini, Mario and Grisi—Sir Michael Costa—Amusing story of his discipline—His oratorios—I coach Madame Ney-Bürde and Signor Tamberlik—The Grand National Concerts at Her Majesty's under Balfe—Début of Arabella Goddard—Sims Reeves sings "God bless the Prince of Wales" for the first time—St. George's Rifle Corps—I become a naturalised Englishman—Queen Alexandra as a bride.

I HAVE been so often asked by my musical and other friends to write my reminiscences that at last I have made up my mind to do so, and I hope these lines will be of interest to them, as well as to my younger colleagues. Although I am conscious of my literary shortcomings, I think I can speak of many musical facts and

events which have happened during my long career in England that may perhaps prove acceptable to my readers.

I was a boy of fourteen when I came to London with my father in 1848, having been born on November 6th, 1833. My father, Adolph Ganz, had been for more than twenty-five years Kapellmeister at the Opera at Mainz, on the Rhine, and the Grand-duke of Hesse-Darmstadt bestowed on him the title of Grossherzoglicher Hofkapellmeister—Grand Ducal Court Conductor. He brought the opera there to a high pitch of perfection. It was his *forte* that he could conduct most of the classical operas from memory—I mean, without having the score before him—and could also write out each orchestral part from memory. Furthermore, although self-taught, he could play every instrument in the orchestra.

My father saw the great Napoleon at Mainz, and remembered a grand parade in the Schlossplatz, when Napoleon called a soldier out of the ranks and pinned the *légion d'honneur* on his breast.

I had the good fortune, as a boy, to be engaged to play in the orchestra under his direction, first the triangle, bass-drum, and cymbals, and afterwards the second violin. I thus became acquainted in early life with most of the operas then being performed at the theatre in Mainz, and they were constantly changed.

The répertoire consisted of the classical operas of Gluck, Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber, as well as French operas by Méhul, Hérold, Boieldieu, Auber, Adolph Adam, and a few Italian operas by Bellini, Donizetti, and Spontini—the latter being then general director of music to the King of Prussia in Berlin.

I also perfected myself in pianoforte-playing, the rudiments of which I had learned from my eldest sister Emilie. I had learnt to play the violin from a cousin of my father's, and could also play the flute and the guitar, and I was fortunately able to read music off at sight with great facility.

After leaving Mainz my father was engaged for the post of conductor at the Stadt Theater (town theatre) at Nuremberg during the years 1846 and 1847. I used to be at the piano during the rehearsals of the soloists and the choruses, and also conducted several musical plays on my own account and met with much encouragement from the artists of the Opera. I accompanied Jenny Lind on the piano behind the stage when she appeared as a guest at the Stadt Theater in *La Figlia del Reggimento* on December 11th, 1846, in the Lesson Scene, and at the conclusion of the opera she came up to me and complimented me on my playing, saying, "You have accompanied me extremely well, and I am very satisfied."

This, I remember, pleased me very much,

for even at that time she was a very great star.

When my father and I came to England in 1848, I find I made the following entry in my diary:

"*Friday, Feb.* 18*th.*—Left Mainz. . . . We arrived in London on Sunday night, 10.30, and drove to Brydges Street.

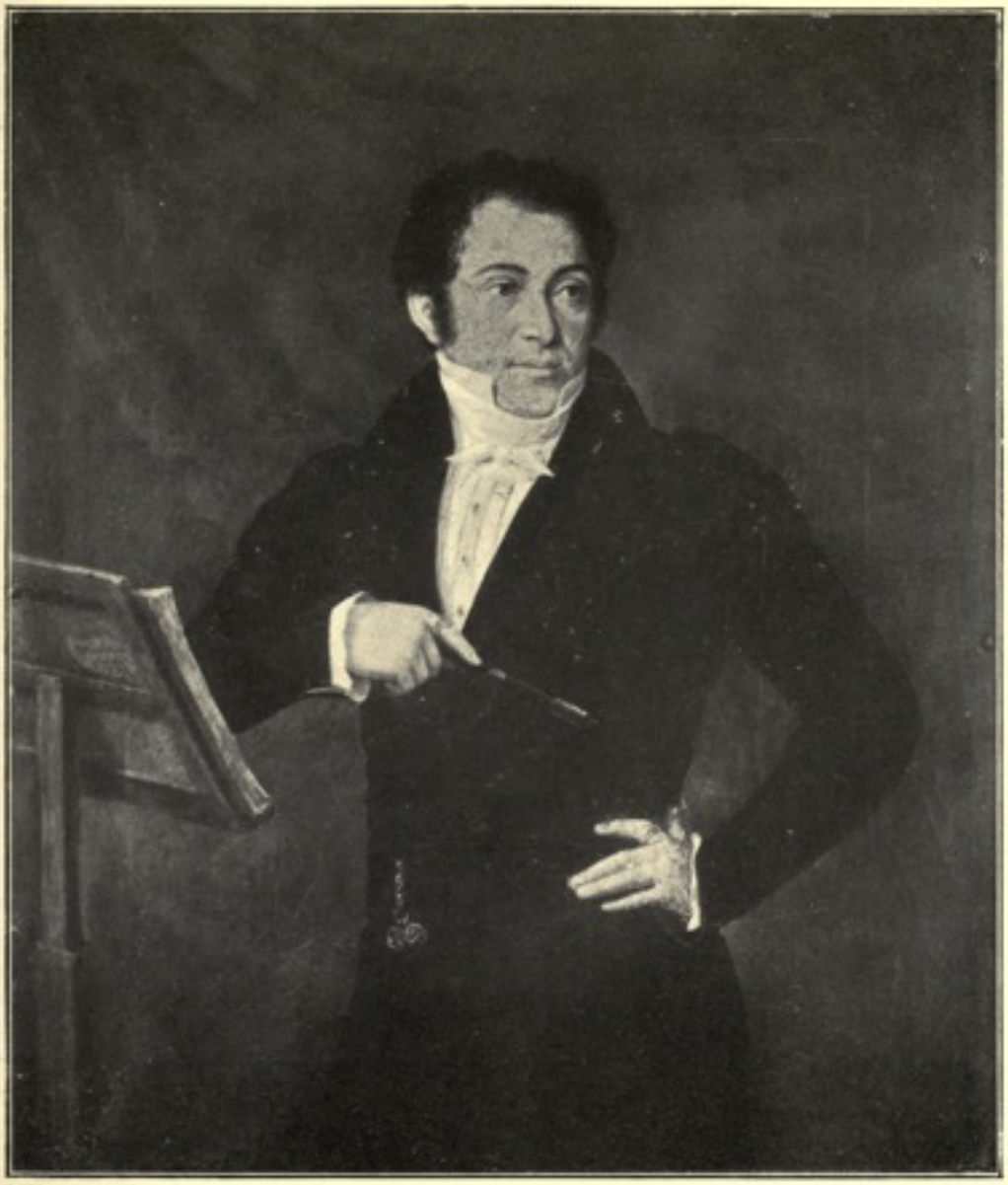
"*Monday.*—Went to see Balfe, who received us in a very friendly way; then went for a walk. I cannot describe the impression it made upon me; so many beautiful shops, and so many carriages that one could not walk in the road, but had to keep to the pavement.

"In the evening went across to Drury Lane Theatre and saw the opera. Berlioz was conducting *Figaro.*"

The late Michael William Balfe, composer of the ever-popular *Bohemian Girl* and many other operas, was the conductor at Her Majesty's Theatre, and Mr. Benjamin Lumley was the director. Balfe had known my father before, and had suggested his coming and settling here. In a letter dated December 3rd, 1847, he wrote as follows.

"I will do all in my power for your son; at all events, he shall have the triangle."

And, true to his word, when we came Balfe engaged me to play in the orchestra, first the triangle and a year after as second violin. In that year I had the good fortune to hear "The



ADOLPH GANZ.

Swedish Nightingale," as Jenny Lind was called —in all her various operatic rôles, such as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and Maria in *La Figlia del Reggimento*. I shall never forget the impression she made upon me. I marvelled at the artist who was at once so great a singer and so fine an actress. She used her voice, which was of rare beauty in every note, as an instrument, doing with it what she liked. As Amina her singing showed such depth of feeling as to touch all hearts. In a wonderful cadenza to *Ah non credea* she sustained a long note until it died away in the softest *pianissimo*. Her dramatic acting in this part carried everything before it, and the enthusiasm of the audience knew no bounds. The lively part of Maria she also acted and sang to perfection, especially in the Lesson Scene, in the second act, into which she introduced a cadenza consisting of scales, roulades, and shakes lasting for several minutes and then threw her music down and sang with Belletti (the celebrated baritone who acted the part of Sulpizio the serjeant) marching up and down and singing "Rataplan" with him, imitating the drums. She created a perfect furore whenever she appeared. On referring to my diary, I find the following note:

"*Wednesday* was the first rehearsal of Jenny Lind. She sang splendidly, and the whole orchestra and personnel applauded tremendously.

"*Thursday, May 4th*, was the performance of

Sonnambula. The Opera-house was packed full with people. The Queen, the Duchess of Gant [Kent], the Queen-dowager, and the Duke of Wellington were there. After the first act 'God save the Queen' was sung, and the Queen herself stood up and bowed to the public. Then the cheering began and they cried 'Hurrah!' and made an awful noise. Lind pleased very much."

The cause of this demonstration was that it was only then discovered that the Queen was in the Opera-house. It was a time of intense political excitement, and she had not been seen in public since the birth of the Princess Louise and the great Chartist meeting on Kennington Common.

Signor Gardoni, a sweet-voiced tenor, was also associated with her in *La Figlia del Reggimento*, singing the part of Tonio, and he also sang Elvino with her in the *Sonnambula*. He was a very handsome young man, and married one of the daughters of the great baritone Tamburini—whom, I regret to say, I never heard.

Unfortunately, Jenny Lind was persuaded in the zenith of her career (I believe by the Bishop of Norwich) to give up the operatic stage and sing only for the glory of God.

The astounding news of her decision came in the spring of 1849 with Mr. Lumley's announcement of a final series of operas in concert form. Only one took place when *Die Zauberflöte* was given. It was described as a "Grand Evening Classical Performance." Jenny Lind sang the part of Pamina,

and Lablache showed his usual droll humour as Papageno. I played the bells in his song. My diary says:—

"*Wednesday.*—There was a rehearsal of *Zauberflöte*. Balfe asked in French, 'Est-ce qu'il y a un bon pianiste?' My father said at once 'Mon fils, mon fils!' so I had to play the bells and was applauded by the whole orchestra.

"*Thursday, April 12th,* was the concert. There was no acting whatever; the singers all sat on seats on the stage, the orchestra was as usual. The song of Papageno in the second act was encored. Jenny Lind sang very beautifully."

But, as the public showed no inclination to accept opera in this form, Jenny Lind was reluctantly induced to give six final performances of opera in the usual way. She chose Alice in *Roberto il Diavolo* for her last appearance, and there was a great farewell scene: the audience was loath to let her go.

Thenceforth she sang only in oratorios and at concerts, which was a serious loss to the Opera. I will describe her Great Tour in 1856 later on.

At that period (1848) Mademoiselle Sofie Cruvelli, who had a magnificent soprano voice, sang on alternate nights with Jenny Lind at the Opera, and therefore, being handicapped by comparison, did not create as much success as she really deserved. She was a remarkably handsome woman, with a fine figure, and one of her great rôles was Leonora in Beethoven's *Fidelio*, which she acted and sang superbly.

Balfe, wishing to perform that immortal work in the most attractive manner, got all the principal singers engaged at the Opera to take part in the Prisoner's Chorus at the end of the first act. Of course, the regular chorus also joined, and the effect was perfectly prodigious. I ought to mention that Mr. Sims Reeves (of whom later) sang the part of Florestan in *Fidelio*, and held his own against all his Italian competitors. He studied in Italy, and was a perfect Italian scholar.

Returning to Cruvelli, although she was a German by birth, her Italian was also perfect. Her real name was Sophia Kruwel, which she Italianised into Cruvelli. She did not remain very long on the operatic stage, but married a French nobleman, Baron Vigier, and lived in a wonderful villa at Nice until she died.

Another operatic star at that time was the great basso, Signor Lablache. He always enjoyed singing the part of Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*, and I remember an amusing incident that happened in connection with it. It was in his first song "Madamina," when he recounts Don Giovanni's easy conquests of admiring ladies, putting the number at *mille e tre*. On this occasion, when the phrase came again he repeated it in English—"a thousand and three"—and the whole house roared with laughter. Lablache was never vulgar in these buffo parts.

Another thing he enjoyed singing was the

Sextet, in *Don Giovanni.* Near the end he used to come in thundering his phrase with great gusto.

Lablache was originally a double-bass player. When he gave up that instrument and became an opera-singer his voice was so powerful that Weber, on hearing him sing, said, "By heavens! he is a double-bass *still*!"

Lablache was also the best Dr. Bartolo in Rossini's masterpiece *Il Barbiere di Seviglia*, showing his wonderful sense of humour, as he also did in Donizetti's *Don Pasquale.* Lablache was literally "great," being very stout, but he moved with extraordinary agility. One night I heard him make fun of his own unwieldy appearance. In one of the scenes he sat in an arm-chair and tried to pick up the handkerchief of Norina, sung by Sontag, of whom I will speak later on. Being extremely fat, he could not do so, and his vain efforts always created much amusement among the audience. It may interest my readers to know that Lablache gave Queen Victoria lessons in singing.

Then there was a baritone, Signor Coletti, who sang the "Doge" in Verdi's now forgotten opera *I due Foscari.* He sang with immense pathos, and through his artistic singing and acting gave new life to that work and ensured the sympathy of the audience. Another celebrated singer of that time was Madame Parodi, who excelled as Norma and Lucrezia Borgia.

After the Jenny Lind fever there arose another star in the operatic firmament, namely, Henrietta Sontag. She had married a Sardinian nobleman, Count Rossi, and left the stage; but, when misfortune overtook her husband through political affairs, she returned to the opera and came out as Linda di Chamounix at Her Majesty's in 1849. She was no longer in her first youth, and, coming directly after Jenny Lind, her success at first was not great; but afterwards she appeared as Rosina in *Il Barbiere* and carried everything by storm. In the duet "Dunque io son" with Signor Belletti, and in "Una voce" her vocalisation was perfect, and, to crown all, in the Lesson Scene she interpolated Rode's "Variations" (which were popular about that time) and created a great furore. The last variation is very difficult, consisting of arpeggios and chromatic scales, running up and down, which she executed with perfect ease, her face not betraying in the least that she was singing the most difficult phrases; on the contrary, she warbled everything *con amore.* In fact, it was a real pleasure to look at her face, while singing, as she was still very pretty. Lumley had engaged her for six months, at the enormous salary of £6,000, although the season finished at the end of the summer, and he made her sing at concerts in the provinces during the winter, and also in Paris, to eke out the contract.

I made my début in London as a violinist in

1848, when I played these very "Variations," at that time a very popular violin solo (reader, don't laugh!) at the Albion Hall, Hammersmith. I felt very nervous, but got through the ordeal with considerable éclat.

I find the following note in my diary:

"*Thursday, May* 18*th*.—I went with Mr. Milligan to Hammersmith, where he was giving a concert at the Albion Hall, and I played the Variations of Rode: I was applauded. I stayed the night at Milligan's and the next morning we drove back home by omnibus: he gave me a shilling."

I did not continue to study the violin, preferring to become a pianist. In those days people preferred the piano to the violin, and no young lady ever thought of learning it or carrying a violin-case about in the streets. Twenty-five years later all this was changed, chiefly through the beautiful playing of Madame Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé), which gave young ladies a taste for taking up the violin, and even the 'cello and double-bass, and in many amateur orchestras you see ladies in great numbers playing all these instruments, which accounts for the fact that piano-lessons have become rarer.

I often saw the great Duke of Wellington at Her Majesty's Theatre in a pit tier-box, with his daughter-in-law, the beautiful Marchioness of Douro, and I remember they were together at a soirée one evening at the Duchess of

Buccleuch's, where I was accompanying my friend, Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, in his songs. I used constantly to see the Duke riding his famous white charger in Piccadilly between Apsley House and the Horse Guards, wearing a blue coat and white trousers. His funeral cortège in 1852 was a sight never to be forgotten.

Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were often present at Her Majesty's, the Duchess of Kent sharing the same royal box. One afternoon, when the young Queen went to visit her uncle, the old Duke of Cambridge, who was lying ill in Cambridge House, Piccadilly, a madman sprang forward just as she was leaving the house and struck her on the face with a riding-whip. Fortunately he did her no real harm beyond the shock, and I vividly recall the great scene that evening when the Queen and Prince Albert appeared at Her Majesty's Theatre. The audience rose *en masse* and cheered her so enthusiastically that she had to bow time after time in acknowledgment of their cheers.

Hitherto I have only spoken of the opera at Her Majesty's Theatre, because my father, like myself, was engaged there by Balfe, and our sympathies did *not* run with the rival Opera-house. I shall speak later of the opera at Covent Garden, where I often had an opportunity of hearing the splendid performances. Balfe was always most kind to me—calling me "Ganzino" (little Ganz). The performances were a

great lesson for me, and cultivated my taste for the best singing. I also played the piano at the chorus rehearsals, which were all under my father's direction.

The celebrated pianist, Sigismund Thalberg, composed an opera called *Florinda*, which his father-in-law, Lablache, was most anxious to get performed. The director, Mr. Lumley, acceded to his request, as Lablache was a most useful member of his company; Madame Sontag and he took the principal rôles, but the opera only made a *succès d'estime* and was quickly shelved.

I remember Thalberg coming into the room where my father was holding the chorus rehearsal of *Florinda*, at which I was playing the piano accompaniments; but as soon as I saw him coming I rushed away, and he sat down in my place and played during part of the rehearsal. I listened from afar, and was at once charmed with his exquisite touch and beautiful playing; so I crept back quietly and hung on every note. I had not heard him play before, and I at once realised that he was a great virtuoso.

In the opera by Alary, *Le tre Nozze*, given the same season, Lablache afforded great amusement by dancing a polka with Sontag: the rest of the opera fell rather flat, and it was soon withdrawn.

About that period another great operatic star appeared, namely, Madame Alboni. Her greatest

rôle was the leading one in *La Cenerentola* by Rossini. In the last act she sang the great bravura aria "Non più mesta," executing the florid passages to perfection — warbling the chromatic scales up and down in a most marvellous manner, as well as the arpeggios in the caballetta, by which she held the audience in thrall. She was a very stout woman, but had a very handsome face and wore her beautiful hair cut short, like a man, to suit the men's parts that she took in the opera. She certainly had the finest contralto voice I have ever heard.

Another of her famous rôles was Orsini in Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia.* She made the Brindisi *Il segreto per esser felice* popular, and she had to repeat it at every performance. It is a strange thing that, although Alboni was such a great singer, she never drew such a big audience as a soprano of the same merit would have done. I ought to mention that the unusual range of her voice enabled her to sing the part of Zerlina in *Don Giovanni.* Her "Batti batti" with the violoncello *obbligato* played by Piatti was delightful.

The part of Prince Ramiro, in *Cenerentola,* was taken by Signor Calzolari, who sang the florid music in a way I have never heard surpassed. He also excelled in the rôle of Il Conte Almaviva in *Il Barbiere,* when he had to sing no end of bravura passages, the aria "Ecco ridente" and

other numbers in that opera winning a most favourable verdict from the audience.

In the Exhibition year of 1851 performances were given almost every evening at Her Majesty's, while in previous seasons only three performances a week used to be announced, on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays. One of the new operas performed was Auber's *L'Enfant Prodigue*, in which the Parisian *prima donna*, Madame Ugaldé, sang most charmingly, and M. Massol, the French baritone, also took a leading part. The scenery and dresses were magnificent, and, in fact, the opera was sumptuously mounted.

I played the little bells in the orchestra, to imitate the bells of the camels in the Desert Scene. There was a *Ballet Divertissement* afterwards, representing the principal nations, in which Madame Cerito, Madame Carlotta Grisi, Madame Rosati, and Mlle Marie Taglioni—the niece of the great Taglioni—took part. This was called the *Pas de Quatre*, but must not be confounded with the one in which the Taglioni, Carlotta Grisi, Cerito, and Lucille Grahn took part. At that period the ballet was at the height of its popularity, and took place after the opera, which was generally a short one. One of the most popular ballets was *Esmeralda*, of which the music was by Signor Pugni, in which Madame Carlotta Grisi and M. Perrot took part, dancing a duet called "La Truandaise," which created a great sensation.

Another ballet, composed by Adolph Adam, called *La Giselle*, was a great favourite. It was performed at Covent Garden lately, in 1911, when the Russian dancers took London by storm, and made such a big success. This ballet in the old days ran for several months in the summer and autumn season, varying with the opera, on alternate nights, and now, after sixty years, it becomes again *en vogue*!

An old opera which pleased audiences very much was Auber's *Gustave, ou le Bal Masqué*, in which Mlle Duprez, daughter of the famous French tenor, Duprez, took part. The music of it is extremely pretty, the Ball Scene being particularly fascinating. The story is the same as that of Verdi's opera *Il Ballo in Maschera*.

During the season of 1850, at Her Majesty's, the once celebrated soprano, Madame Pasta, reappeared in her famous rôle of Anna Bolena in Donizetti's opera of that name. She was then fifty-three years old. The audience was full of expectation to hear this great artiste; but, unfortunately, she was quite *passée*, and sang flat; so her reappearance turned out a *fiasco*. This was a great pity, when one considers that Bellini composed *La Sonnambula* in 1831, and *Norma* in 1832 for her—two of the finest operas ever written for a soprano. The first one is still a great favourite with the sopranos of the present day; but since the time of Grisi *Norma* has very seldom been performed, except when Titiens

sang the principal part. Richard Wagner always thought very highly of this opera, and it may yet be revived.

A new opera, specially composed for Her Majesty's, called *La Tempesta*, after Shakespeare's *Tempest*, with music by Halévy and libretto by Scribe, was given for the first time in June 1850, under the direction of these two distinguished Frenchmen. Madame Sontag was the Miranda, Carlotta Grisi the Ariel—her part being written only for her dancing and *quasi* flying about—and Lablache the Caliban. The latter impersonated Caliban splendidly, his physique lending itself to the part. Arne's pretty melody, "Where the bee sucks," was interpolated into the music with good effect, and the opera proved a great success. Halévy, with Scribe as *collaborateur*, also composed *La Juive*, which made a great hit all over the world, and is still a favourite in Paris. His other popular operas are *Les Mousquetaires de la Reine*, *La Reine de Chypre*, and *Charles VI.* Scribe wrote nearly all his librettos; it was a brilliant collaboration.

In 1852 Benjamin Lumley temporarily gave up the direction of Her Majesty's Theatre, owing to a lawsuit which he had with Mr. Frederick Gye, the director of the Covent Garden Opera, on account of Mlle Johanna Wagner—the niece of Richard Wagner—who was engaged, through some misunderstanding, by them both. The

brilliant advocate, Sir Alexander Cockburn, afterwards Lord Chief Justice of England, gained the action for Mr. Gye, and Sir Frederick Thesiger, afterwards Lord Chelmsford, appeared for Mr. Lumley. My father was one of the witnesses in the case.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini was brought out by Lumley at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1856. She was the first to sing the leading rôle in Verdi's *La Traviata.*

She was a little woman, but rather handsome, with fine, even features. It used to be said that she would never succeed in being able to shake, although she worked very hard at this accomplishment, and in this particular opera it was so necessary to sing a shake, the arias being full of trills as well as runs, chromatic scales, and brilliant bravura passages. However, she got through all these difficulties with much credit to herself.

I remember well a certain evening on which she sang *La Traviata*, because Mr. Charles Braham, son of the celebrated John Braham, took the part of Alfredo in that opera, which he had studied with me, and had previously studied in Italy, and it was his first appearance at the opera here. Naturally he felt very nervous, and so was his sister Frances, Countess of Waldegrave, who had previously asked me to remain with her on that memorable occasion at her house in Carlton Gardens until after the

performance was over. The result was most favourable to Mr. Braham, and Lady Waldegrave was overjoyed, and presented Mademoiselle Piccolomini with a very handsome piece of jewellery as a mark of her gratitude for singing with her brother.

Mademoiselle Piccolomini gave up her operatic career while rather young, as she married an Italian nobleman and lived afterwards in Rome.

In 1862 Colonel J. H. Mapleson opened at Her Majesty's Theatre, beginning a new season with the following talented singers, who became great favourites with the English public, namely, Theresa Titiens, Trebelli, Giuglini, as well as a host of new operatic stars. Mapleson had the honour of introducing Gounod's *Faust* on June 12th, 1863, and Bizet's *Carmen* on June 22nd, 1878. Both operas met at once with the greatest success—how different from their cold reception in Paris, when they entirely failed to please the Parisian public! It is a curious comment on the suggestion that the English are not a musical nation that these famous operas were at once appreciated in this country.

Titiens was engaged by Mapleson in rather an amusing way. She was singing in Vienna at the time. Gye and Mapleson had both heard of her success. Gye sent his manager, the father of the late Sir Augustus Harris, to interview her in Vienna and arrange terms.

Mapleson, learning of this, started off post-haste to Vienna himself, interviewed her, and, with his usual address persuaded her then and there to sign a contract to sing for him for several years.

To those who knew her, as I did later, as a most sympathetic and kind-hearted artiste, it was a surprise to learn that she at one time used to suffer from a bad temper; and in these outbursts she felt a strong desire to smash anything that came handy. Finding this a somewhat expensive amusement, her sister used from time to time to buy 1*s.* 6*d.* worth of cheap china, which was placed on the mantelpiece and shelves ready for emergencies. She also related how at last she was cured of this failing. She was sitting at supper after a concert at a provincial town when the manager made some remark which annoyed her. As usual, she took the first thing that came to her hand, a soda-water bottle, and flung it at him. The manager was sitting at the table with his back to the window. The bottle missed him, smashed through the window, and nearly killed a casual passer-by. This, she says, gave her such a shock that she was completely cured of her failing.

I may here mention that when I first came to England I sometimes had, in the intervals of a busy life, an opportunity of hearing the performances at Covent Garden, and was particularly charmed with the singing of Madame Giulia

Grisi and also of Signor Mario, who had the finest tenor voice I have ever listened to. There was something so suave in his voice, which was so mellow and thoroughly Italian in timbre that you could not resist being entranced when you heard him. His finest rôles were Almaviva in *Il Barbiere*, and Raoul in *Les Huguenots*, in which he sang with Grisi, who was superb as Valentine. I often played for him at private parties, at which he occasionally sang John Hatton's favourite ballad, "Good-bye, Sweetheart," pronouncing the English words very well. I also used to accompany Madame Grisi, at various concerts.

Mario was a fine and elegant-looking man, an Italian count by birth, his title being Conte di Candia.

He was always a great attraction at the Royal Italian Opera, and created a perfect furore in such operas as Meyerbeer's *Les Huguenots* (in which he was associated with Madame Grisi, who became his wife), and the *Barbiere di Seviglia*, in which he sang the florid rôle of Conte d'Almaviva to perfection. His appearance bore out his nobility of birth, being both noble and dignified. In the dramatic part of Fernando in *La Favorita* by Donizetti, in which he took his farewell to the stage, he was magnificent both in voice and bearing. He was a most generous man, and gave very freely to all the people who served him: if a waiter brought him

a cigar he would sometimes give him five shillings for it, and half a crown more for his trouble.

So many years of professional association with Madame Grisi greatly helped his histrionic powers, as she was a great actress herself and gave lessons in the art.

Grisi died in Berlin in 1869, on her way to St. Petersburg where Mario was engaged at the Imperial Opera, and he never saw her alive after their parting, much to his grief. He and Patti were the first to sing in *Roméo et Juliette* when that opera was first performed at Covent Garden in 1867. Mario had a golden wig made for the part of Romeo, but after the first performance he never wore it again, but returned to his own black hair with additional locks.

At the close of his operatic career he went to live in Rome, where the King of Italy bestowed on him a government appointment, which he filled until he died in 1883.

Sir Michael Costa was the conductor at Covent Garden; he was a strict disciplinarian, and the performances under his direction were very fine. On one occasion a member of his orchestra came late to a rehearsal, and Costa commenced to storm at him. "I am very sorry," said the frightened musician; "but I could not leave home because my wife has just been confined." "All right," said Costa, "*but mind you don't let this happen again.*"

Later on, when Costa left Gye and went over to Her Majesty's Theatre under Mapleson's direction he had occasion to find fault with the slackness and inefficiency of the stage-manager. Mistakes having frequently occurred, Sir Michael told him that, if it happened again, he would have to ask Mapleson to dismiss him. Shortly afterwards there was a worse blunder, and Sir Michael stopped the rehearsal, called for the stage-manager and told him he must go! The stage-manager, who was a man of striking appearance, advanced to the front of the stage, made a magnificent deep bow to Sir Michael, and sang in a beautiful voice, "Good-bye, Sweetheart!" and then retired, backwards, off the stage.

Costa lived in a fine house in Eccleston Square. The walls of his dining-room were covered with engraved portraits of the royal family, all of which were autographed. I used to visit him on Sunday mornings, and it was always delightful to listen to his animated conversation. He used always to attend my orchestral concerts later on.

He conducted for many years the concerts of the Philharmonic Society, and also the Sacred Harmonic Society's winter concerts at the old Exeter Hall in the Strand, which is now demolished and its site occupied by the Strand Palace Hotel. Patti, Lemmens Sherrington, Sainton Dolby, Patey, Sims Reeves, Weiss, and

Santley used to sing the principal parts in his oratorios, *Naaman* and *Eli*. *Eli* was composed in 1851, for the Birmingham Festival, and *Naaman* in 1864. Unfortunately, they are now never performed, and are rapidly being forgotten. He wrote them somewhat in the style of Handel, with fine choruses and melodious arias, but his greatest achievement was in the conducting of the celebrated Handel Festivals at the Crystal Palace. I am sure that nowhere in the world could finer performances have taken place than those held every three years at the Palace under the direction of Costa. The performers at these festivals numbered several thousands of singers and instrumentalists, and the effect of the volume of sound was simply overpowering. One could never forget the sublime "Hallelujah Chorus" in the *Messiah*, or the "Hailstorm Chorus" in *Israel in Egypt*.

I used often to put some of Sir Michael's songs and concerted pieces into my concert programmes, such as his fine "Ecco quel fiero istante" and his trio "Vanne colei." He sometimes came to my concerts to accompany some of his own music, such as a big soprano *scena*. Costa's compositions, like Benedict's, are now almost forgotten, although at one time it seemed likely that his oratorios would retain their popularity.

I attended a performance of *Die Zauberflöte* at Covent Garden, which was a special revival.

Mario and Grisi both sang, the latter with delicious pathos. Mlle Zerr was the best Queen of the Night I had ever heard. Madame Viardot Garcia took the part of Papagena and played it in the most vivacious way, and Ronconi as Papageno was most entertaining.

I also saw Madame Viardot Garcia's impressive and unapproachable performance of Fides in *Le Prophète*, a thing never to be forgotten.

I well remember the *première* of Verdi's *Rigoletto* on May 14th, 1853. The caste was very brilliant. Angiolina Bosio was an exquisite Gilda, and Mario, in his most mellifluous mood, brought down the house with *La donna è mobile*. As Rigoletto, Ronconi realised all the tragic pathos of the part. The basso Tagliafico was Sperafucile, and the charming Madame Nantier Didiée Maddalena. She had studied the part with me. The great quartette in the last act was encored.

In 1855 came the first performance of *Il Trovatore*. I was asked to teach Madame Ney-Bürde, a *prima donna* from Dresden, the part of Leonora, which I did. She had a magnificent and powerful soprano voice. Madame Viardot Garcia was superb as Azucena, Signor Tamberlik was the Trovatore, and Signor Graziani (the incomparable baritone) sang the part of the Conte di Luna. Tamberlik studied with me Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète*, and also the title-rôle in Hector Berlioz's *Benvenuto Cellini*. I was present at the first performance of the latter opera

on June 25th, 1853. Berlioz conducted it himself, but it had no success, and was withdrawn after the second performance.

My disappointment was great, as I had also coached Madame Nantier Didiée for the part of Ascanio. My diary says:

"*May 22nd.*—To Madame Didiée. M. Berlioz there: tried over Madame Didiée's part for his opera *Benvenuto Cellini*, which is to be produced at Covent Garden under his direction. He beat time and I accompanied this difficult music *prima vista.*"

In order to give Tamberlik his lesson I had to be out at Haverstock Hill, where he lived, by seven o'clock in the morning. I had to walk all the way because at so early an hour I could not get a cab, nor could I have afforded to pay for one in those days. He used to practise with me for some time—although he was always hoarse in the morning—and afterwards he had a fencing-lesson and then his breakfast. He was a fine artist, and was splendid as Jean of Leyden in the *Prophète*, singing the aria "Re del Ciel," with its famous high C (better known as the *Ut de poitrine*) from the chest, with great effect. Tamberlik had not such a beautiful voice as Mario, but he had more power in his high chest-notes, and was, perhaps, also more dramatic in his acting. He had a fine, commanding figure, and was what I should call a

tenore robusto. He was a good musician too, and had no difficulty whatever in learning the difficult rôle of Benvenuto Cellini—though, after all, what is it compared with the tenor parts of Wagner's *Ring*?

M. Prévost, Tamberlik's fencing-master, promised to instruct me in his art in exchange for my giving his little daughter piano-lessons. The little girl came regularly as clock-work twice a week, and I had to give the lessons, although I was very busy and really had not time to get in all my fencing-lessons. M. Prévost was a refugee; he taught fencing to the Prince of Wales and the members of the French Royal Family.

In 1850 a series of concerts called "The Grand National Concerts" were given at Her Majesty's Theatre under the directorship of Balfe. The orchestra was first-rate, containing the finest instrumentalists in London; Molique, a pupil of Spohr, was the leader.

The programmes were well arranged, and classical music was made a great feature of, though the symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Mendelssohn were intermixed with dance music under the direction of Herr Joseph Labitzky from Carlsbad. He had made himself a name as a composer of dance-music, and was a contemporary of the old Johann Strauss (not to be confounded with his son, Johann Strauss, the composer of the famous "Blue Danube" waltz, and of *Die Fledermaus* and a host of other

popular operettas) and another dance-music composer named Lanner.

These concerts were also memorable for the bringing over, at my father's suggestion, of the famous Berliner Domchor, the cathedral choir of Berlin, consisting of eighty boys and men, with Director Neithardt as the conductor. I never heard anything more beautiful as a combination of men's and boy's voices.

A feature of these National Concerts was the début of the young pianist, Miss Arabella Goddard, who was then a girl of fourteen years of age, and played a fantasia by Thalberg with immense success. She became famous afterwards as the best English woman pianist of her day.

Being a member of the orchestra at these concerts helped me a great deal to appreciate classical orchestral music, as well as other styles, and so did hearing the best instrumental soloists. The chairman of the committee, the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay, was no mean player of the cornet-à-piston. The cornet, which has now gone out of fashion, was then a great favourite as a solo-instrument. After he left the army he became Colonel of the St. George's Rifle Corps of Volunteers. At one of their concerts at St. James's Hall, Mr. Sims Reeves sang for the first time, "God bless the Prince of Wales"; the composer, Brinley Richards, was at the piano with myself, and we played the

accompaniment as a *duet*! Benedict was the conductor, and there was a chorus to sing the refrain. Naturally the song, which has since become a National Hymn, was vociferously encored and repeated with still greater effect. It became most popular, and was always sung at public dinners after the Prince's Toast, and at all functions where the Prince of Wales was present, or his name mentioned. Mr. Cocks, the music publisher of New Burlington Street, bought the song from Brinley Richards for a low price; but after it had such an immense sale he presented the composer with a cheque for one hundred guineas.

I became a naturalised Englishman in 1856, and was enrolled as a volunteer in the St. George's Rifle Corps, which Mr. Richards and several other musicians had joined; but I did not remain very long in it, as I found carrying a heavy rifle made my arm too tired and was bad for my piano-playing. However, I well remember taking part in the Review in Hyde Park with the Corps in 1863, when the Princess Alexandra, as a bride, made her entry into London in an open carriage by the side of the Prince of Wales. Colonel the Hon. Charles Hugh Lindsay was then the colonel of the regiment.

CHAPTER II

MUSIC IN THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

English operas under Maddox in 1848—Anna Thillon—Weiss, composer of "The Village Blacksmith"—Louisa Pyne—First performance of *Lurline*—Sir Henry Bishop—John Hatton—"Goodbye, Sweetheart"—Henry Smart—Sir John Macfarren—Sivori—Jansa—Jullien and his Promenade Concerts—English country seats—Orleans House and Nuneham Park—Princess Mary of Cambridge—I am capsized on the Thames—I visit Lord Dufferin and Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart at Ardgowan—My confirmation at the Savoy Lutheran Chapel—French political refugees—Orleans House and its habitués—A musical party of the period.

I RECALL a series of English operas which were given in 1848 at the Princess's Theatre in Oxford Street, under the direction of Mr. Maddox. Mr. Edward Loder was the conductor, and he engaged me to play the violin in his orchestra.

The charming Madame Anna Thillon was the principal soprano, and sang in Auber's *Crown Diamonds* most brilliantly. She was a beautiful woman; in fact, I never saw a prettier woman on the stage, and she was most fascinating into the bargain.

She was married to a Frenchman, and I think had studied in Paris. Monsieur Thillon was the conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts at

Havre. The part of Queen Catherine in *Crown Diamonds* is most difficult to sing, but Madame Thillon sang it with the greatest ease, and all its difficulty seemed to vanish with her superb rendering. Miss Louisa Pyne also excelled in it in later years. Mr. Allen was the tenor and Mr. Willoughby Weiss the bass.

Mr. Weiss, who was the composer of that popular song "The Village Blacksmith," became in time a great favourite, singing Elijah in Mendelssohn's great oratorio at the provincial festivals, and appearing at the Sacred Harmonic Concerts at Exeter Hall under Costa, and at many other good concerts.

Edward Loder, the conductor, was the composer of a very melodious opera, called *The Night Dancers*, which was produced in 1846 and revived in 1860. Altogether the season was most successful.

Another great English singer at this period was Miss Louisa Pyne, whom I have already mentioned in connection with *Crown Diamonds*. I remember her singing Catherine in that opera, and her vocalisation was superb. She had a clever sister, Miss Susan Pyne, who sang duets with her. She was co-director with Mr. William Harrison (the original Thaddeus in Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*) at Covent Garden and they carried on English opera there for many years, producing a new opera by Balfe, such as *The Rose of Castile*, or *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*,

every year. It was at one of their seasons that I heard the first production of *Lurline*, by Vincent Wallace on February 3rd, 1860, in which Charles Santley made his first appearance as an operatic singer, and created at once a great furore.

Wallace composed many operas, of which *Maritana* is the most popular; it is full of melody, and is still a great favourite in the provinces. He was, like Balfe, an Irishman, and first came out as a boy violinist. He asked me to give his sister some lessons, which I did. I remember Santley singing one of his songs, "The Bellringer," most splendidly.

I firmly believe that if Balfe and Wallace had lived twenty years later they would have scored their operas more fully than they did—in the same way as Verdi scored his *Aïda*, *Otello*, and *Falstaff*, and his immortal *Requiem*.

Among the English composers now almost forgotten, but whom I should like to mention, as I saw a good deal of him, was Sir Henry Bishop. I remember him as a tall, thin, elderly man, with very little hair on his head, wearing a stiff white cravat. I met him first at the house of Miss Sophie Messent, an English singer who used to have an amateur choir, which performed some of Sir Henry's compositions, with me at the piano.

Miss Messent used to sing some of his songs, which are Shakespearian and thoroughly English

in character, such as "Tell me, my Heart," "Should he upbraid," "Bid me discourse," and "Lo! here the gentle Lark"—with flute *obbligato*. The latter used to be a great favourite with sopranos such as Christine Nilsson, and Sims Reeves made Bishop's "Pilgrim of Love" and "My Pretty Jane" exceedingly popular, and he had to sing them at every ballad and non-classical concert, especially "My Pretty Jane," of which the public never seemed to get tired.

At that period, which was fifty or sixty years ago, all his compositions were very popular, and Miss Messent's choir used to sing his glees, such as "Blow, gentle Gales," "The Chough and the Crow," and "Sleep, Gentle Lady." Although his compositions are not much thought of nowadays, I think his ballads are better than many one hears at the present time; at all events, that is my humble opinion.

Another English composer of those days was John Hatton; he was full of talent, and his compositions were typical of English music. He composed an opera called *Pascal Bruno* for Vienna, and another, *Rose, or Love's Ransom*, for Covent Garden, and a large number of beautiful glees and songs which have become very popular, such as "Goodbye, Sweetheart," which Sims Reeves sang constantly, and which was taken up by all the leading tenors, and also "To Anthea," with which Santley always made a

great hit and had to repeat. He still sings it, and no other baritone could ever compete with him in the fire and energy he displayed in its delivery.

Another composer I knew and admired in those days was Henry Smart, nephew of Sir George Smart, the friend of Carl Maria von Weber, who died in his house in 1826. Sir George Smart and Charles Kemble went together to Germany to ask Weber to compose an opera for Covent Garden. This he did, and brought it to London in 1826. It was his famous *Oberon*, in which John Braham took the rôle of Huon.

Henry Smart wrote a cantata called *The Bride of Dunkerron*, and many glees and songs, and was also a fine organist. He is now forgotten, like many of his contemporaries.

Sir George Alexander Macfarren, also a prolific composer, was another friend of mine. He composed *Don Quixote* and *Robin Hood*, the latter opera being performed in 1860, with Madame Lemmens Sherrington and Sims Reeves in the principal parts. One of his most popular overtures was "Chevy Chase," and a serenata of his entitled "The Sleeper" was performed at the National Concerts in 1850.

Unfortunately, his eyesight began to fail, and he eventually became blind, but notwithstanding this calamity he continued to compose, dictating the music to a secretary. He was Cam-

bridge Professor of Music, and became the Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, which post he held until his much-regretted death.

Among the many great violinists I have known was the celebrated player, Signor Camillo Sivori, who was a pupil of Paganini. One of his most popular compositions was the "Carnival of Cuba," an imitation of the once popular "Carnaval de Venise," composed by Ernst, whom I accompanied on the Jenny Lind tour, when he played it himself so successfully. Sivori's playing was superb, and his execution faultless. He was a short, thin man, with bright black eyes and a narrow face, exceedingly modest and full of kindness.

He once came to a supper-party at my house in Queen Anne Street very many years ago, when my friend, Madame Parepa, the singer, was also present, and sang comic songs in which we all joined. Sivori and the great contra-bassist, Bottesini, often used to play violin and double-bass duets together and seemed to enjoy playing *ensemble*; it was a great pleasure to hear them.

Herr Leopold Jansa, another well-known violinist, came over to this country from Vienna in 1851, and was one of the musical judges at the exhibition in Hyde Park. He played at a concert in aid of the Hungarian political refugees, and on that account the Austrian Government cancelled his appointment at the Imperial Court,

although he told me himself that he had formerly taught the present Emperor, Francis Joseph, the violin. He settled here and became a much-respected teacher of the violin, his best-known pupil being Madame Norman Neruda (Lady Hallé). Jansa was a contemporary of Beethoven, and I have heard him relate that he had often played in that great master's quartettes for the first time of their performance. Beethoven, he said, would stand in a corner with his arms folded, and occasionally spring forward to point out some error or make some correction in the rendering.

Jansa used to conduct the music at the Bavarian Chapel in Warwick Street, and he asked me to play the organ there, a thing I very much liked doing, as the beautiful masses of Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven were constantly sung.

I may here mention that when the new Catholic Church in Hatton Garden was built (the one now called the Italian Church), I was asked by the Rev. Bruno di Faa to conduct the music there. I engaged a very good orchestra and the solo-singers were Madame Rudersdorff (then a celebrity) as soprano, Miss Julia Elton as contralto, and Mr. Swift as tenor—I have forgotten the name of the bass. After a few weeks, the whole of the musical performers were dispersed, including myself, because the clergy could not afford to keep up such an expensive choir and orchestra.

I must now say something about Monsieur Jullien, who was the originator of the Promenade Concerts. They were always crowded to suffocation, and the crowd in the pit where the audience promenaded jostled each other and made a great row.

The orchestra was built over the stage. I was engaged to play in it as one of the side-drum players. These Promenade Concerts only lasted a month, but they set the fashion of such entertainments. At the old Promenade Concerts, where the orchestra had often to play somewhat hackneyed marches and such-like music, they used to signalise the return of the leading theme by all rising in their seats, recognising, as it were, an old acquaintance. The effect was very funny.

One of Jullien's most popular compositions was called "The British Army Quadrilles," in which the ordinary orchestra was reinforced by a military band and a number of drummers and big-drum players to imitate the cannon-shots. "Rule, Britannia!" finished this extraordinary battle-piece with great effect, and at the conclusion the audience always cheered Jullien with the greatest enthusiasm.

This composition survived him for many years, and became a standard work at similar entertainments.

It really was a sight to see him conduct, waving his bâton right and left. He always wore an

embroidered shirt-front with a white waistcoat, open wide enough to show it off. I must do him the justice to say that he composed an opera called *Pietro il Grande* which had a fair amount of success when produced at Covent Garden Theatre on August 17th, 1852. I was at the first performance of it, and an old friend of mine, Mr. Whitworth (Jones), sang the part of Pietro. He had a fine bass voice and a good stage presence. He quitted the operatic stage upon inheriting a large fortune, left him by a relation upon the condition that he should give up his operatic career. I often accompanied him when he sang privately at friends' houses, and, later on, when he married, my family became very friendly with his wife and children. He often sang, at my request, some of the famous songs which he made famous.

In 1851 I was invited to pay the first of my many visits to Nuneham Park, the Oxfordshire seat of Frances, Countess of Waldegrave and Mr. Vernon Harcourt, M.P. for Oxfordshire, to play the piano during some theatrical performances and to accompany some of the amateurs of the house-party in their songs. There I made the acquaintance of Mr. John Braham, father of the Countess, and doyen of English tenors. He was then in his eightieth year, but he sang " Total Eclipse " from Handel's oratorio *Samson* in a way I shall never forget, and with an amount of pathos that touched my heart.

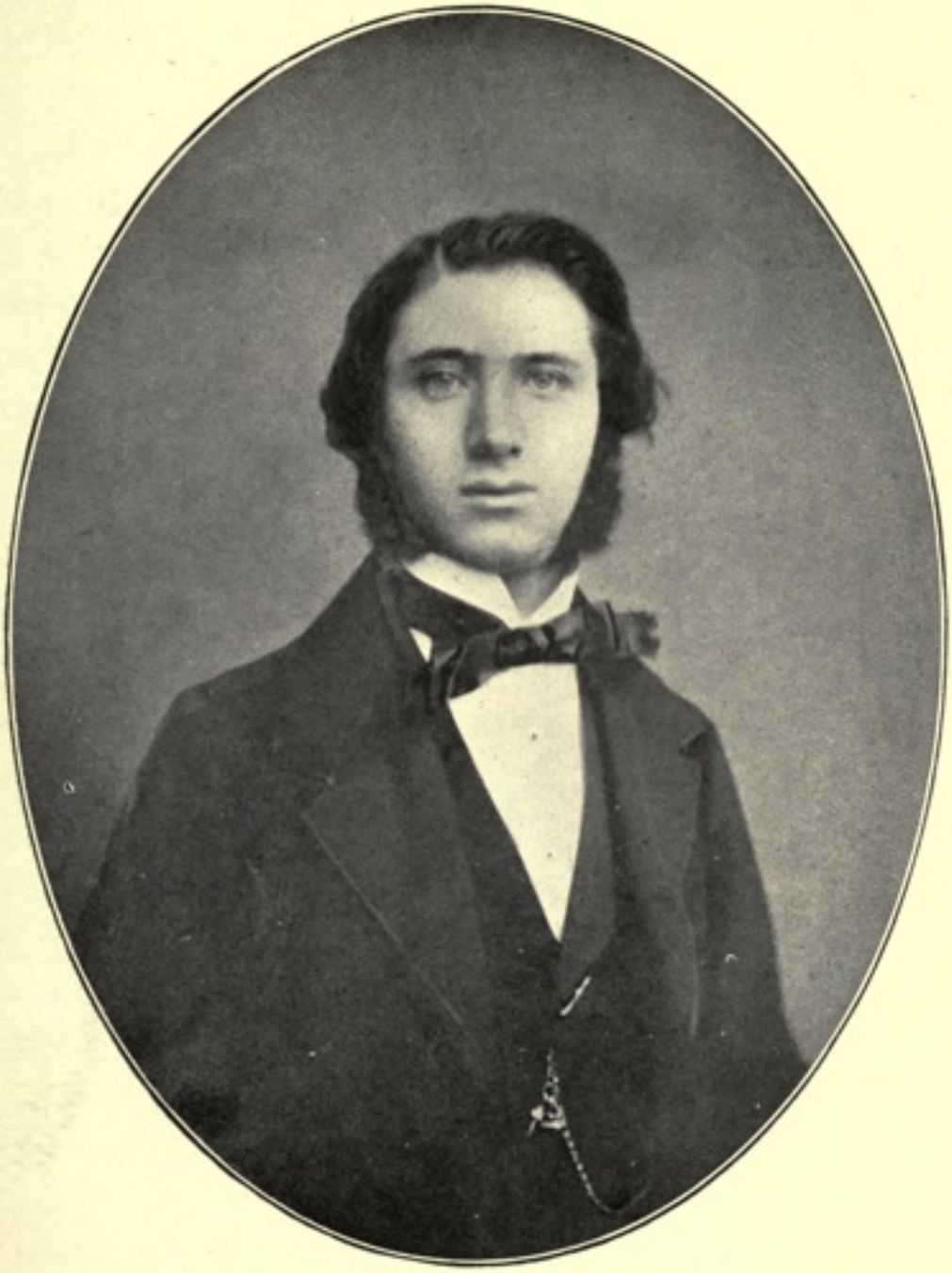
He also sang the well-known song, "The Death of Nelson," which I had the pleasure of accompanying, singing it with an amount of fire and energy which was extraordinary in a man of his age. His high chest-notes were as fresh and pure as those of a young man of twenty-four. Sims Reeves and many well-known singers, such as Edward Lloyd and Ben Davies, continued to sing "The Death of Nelson" at concerts, especially the former, who always scored tremendously with it.

Braham earned a great fortune by his singing in London. He created the tenor part of Huon in *Oberon*, singing the great song "Oh! it is a glorious sight to see," which Weber specially wrote for him. Braham, although so rich, could not refrain from speculating, and he built the Colosseum (a kind of Diorama of Rome, which is now demolished) in Regent's Park, and also the St. James's Theatre, which happily is in a flourishing condition, through Sir George Alexander's clever management, though in Braham's time it was also an unfortunate speculation and spelt disaster and ruin. Fortunately he had his wealthy daughter, Lady Waldegrave, to fall back on, who supported him until the end of his days. He had several sons, two of whom I used to coach in their operatic parts. The eldest, Hamilton Braham, was a baritone, Charles was a tenor, and the third was Augustus Braham, who, however, only sang at concerts,

and never went on the stage. Charles Braham was the father of the present Lady Strachie.

At Lady Waldegrave's I had the honour of making the acquaintance of H.R.H. the Duc d'Aumale, son of King Louis Philippe and his wife, the Duchesse d'Aumale. The latter became my pupil for the piano and singing, and I used frequently to go to Orleans House, Twickenham, where we had music in the evenings. The Duchesse's mother was an Austrian Archduchess, who married the Prince de Salerno, brother of the King of Naples, King Bomba as he was called, who was such a tyrant. She always used to speak to me in German, with an Austrian accent.

The late Duchess of Cambridge and her daughter, the Princess Mary of Cambridge (the late Duchess of Teck) used often to dine at Orleans House. Princess Mary joined in the music, singing various songs, one of which I remember distinctly was Marras's "S'io fosse un Angelo" and also Mendelssohn's duets in the original German, with the Duchesse d'Aumale. I always accompanied them on these occasions. The Princess Mary had a beautiful and sonorous contralto voice. This amiable Princess became my pupil later on; I often gave her lessons in singing at St. James's Palace, and sometimes the Countess Apponyi, wife of the then Austrian Ambassador, used to come and sing duets with her. The Countess was exceedingly musical, and



WILHELM GANZ AS A YOUNG MAN.

could read off music at sight wonderfully well. On one occasion Queen Victoria came quite unexpectedly to St. James's Palace to hear her, as she had been told about her singing and wanted to listen to it.

I also met at Nuneham Park H.R.H. the Duchess of Gloucester, the old Duke of Bedford, the Marquis d'Azeglio (Sardinian Minister), the Countess of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Clarendon (who was then Minister), the Minister of Foreign Affairs in Lord Palmerston's Government, Sir William Vernon Harcourt (a nephew of Mr. Harcourt), then a young man, who became many years later on a distinguished member of Parliament and Chancellor of the Exchequer, also Mr. Chichester Fortescue, who, after Mr. Harcourt's death married Lady Waldegrave as her fourth husband, the two previous ones having been the Hon. Mr. Waldegrave, and, after his death, his cousin, the Earl of Waldegrave.

Mr. Chichester Fortescue was created Lord Carlingford and became a Minister in Lord John Russell's Government. He was an exceedingly pleasant man, and, like the Countess Apponyi, always spoke to me in German. Among the guests at Nuneham were also Viscount Chelsea, father of the present Earl Cadogan, Lord Dufferin, who had such a splendid political career as Viceroy of India and Ambassador at Rome and Paris, and Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, as well as a host of other notabilities.

One evening Lady Waldegrave danced the Truandaise from *Esmeralda* with Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart amid enthusiastic applause. "General Post" was a game in which everybody joined, including the elderly Earl of Clarendon.

When I was staying there in 1855, Meyerbeer was expected on a visit, and a room was prepared for him; but he did not come. I was very disappointed, as I had just been coaching Miss Jenny Baur for the part of Catherine in his *L'Etoile du Nord*, which was produced at Drury Lane that year in English.

The Crimean War was raging at the time, and I witnessed an extraordinary scene when I attended a performance of that opera at Drury Lane on March 2nd. After the first act Mr. Smith the director came out and announced that the Czar was dead. There was tremendous excitement in the house and "God save the Queen" and "Partant pour la Syrie" were loudly demanded by the public amid tremendous cheering. I doubted if the news was true, but hoped at least that the war was at an end.

I remember, while at Nuneham, going one day to Oxford by river with some friends. Before I started Lady Waldegrave asked me if I would call at the post office to see if there were any letters for her, and, if so, bring them back.

I got the letters, but on the way back, as we were returning by rowing-boat, our boat upset

through some of the men getting up in it at the same time, and we were all thrown into the river. Fortunately, I caught hold of a man who could swim, and so managed to reach the bank, but arrived at the house drenched to the skin. Of course all the letters, which I had placed in a side-pocket, were simply saturated, but Lady Waldegrave and all the visitors made light of it and had a good laugh over our adventure, and when the letters had been dried before the fire they were none the worse.

Lord Dufferin had often asked me to visit him at his country seat, Clandeboye, near Belfast, and in 1852 I accepted his invitation. The journey from London to Belfast took nineteen hours. Lord Dufferin's first words to me were: "Do you find Ireland a desert and the people barbarians?" I remained there some weeks, and used to play to him in the mornings and afternoons for hours, while he studied—usually Chopin, as he was particularly fond of that master's works. His mother and grandmother were among the guests, also Mr. Hardinge, son of General Hardinge. Lady Dufferin was, as all the world knows, a delightful poetess, and composed some charming songs, such as "The Bay of Dublin," and "Katie's Letter." She was one of the three beautiful Sheridans, granddaughters of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the two others being the Duchess of Somerset and the Hon. Mrs. Norton. I greatly enjoyed my visit

to Clandeboye, and I heard afterwards that a hill on the estate had been christened Ganz's Hill —a great compliment to me.

When Lord Dufferin returned from his famous voyage in the *Foam* to Iceland and Spitzbergen he asked me to come up one evening to Highgate. His mother, Lady Dufferin, and her sister, the Duchess of Somerset, were there, and his cousin, Captain Hamilton.

Lord Dufferin was in wonderful spirits. He wanted to hear all about the new opera, *La Traviata*, which had been produced that summer and asked me to play some of the music. Then I had to play his favourite Chopin nocturnes and try over some Swedish and Danish songs he had brought with him from Copenhagen.

He showed me several curiosities he had collected on his voyage, and talked for a long time about his interesting experiences in the Far North. He read me a quaint example of a Lapp love-ditty. The Laplander is hastening on his sledge to his beloved one :

"Hasten, Kulnasatz! my little reindeer! long is the way, and boundless are the marshes. Swift are we, and light of foot, and soon we shall have come to whither we are speeding. There shall I behold my fair one pacing. Kulnasatz, my reindeer, look forth! look around! dost thou not see her somewhere—*bathing*?"

As it was then midnight he wanted me to stay the night, but I said my father would be anxious

if I did not return, so he ordered a carriage to take me home.

When Lord Dufferin was English Ambassador in Paris he asked me to visit him there; but, unfortunately, I was not then able to accept the invitation.

From Clandeboye I went to Scotland, to visit Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, travelling by steamer from Belfast to Greenock and from thence by coach to Ardgowan. I was charmed with the Clyde, with its scenery, which has a beauty peculiarly its own, and the fair Isle of Arran in the distance. Ardgowan lies on its banks most picturesquely.

Sir Michael Shaw-Stewart, like Lord Dufferin, was exceedingly musical, and sang Scottish ballads and also the French comic songs of Levasseur very charmingly, in which I accompanied him, as I had previously done at his entertainments in London during the season. Whilst I was staying at Ardgowan there was a tenants' ball, and I saw for the first time the Highland reels and jigs danced by the native farmers and their wives, in which the guests staying in the house also joined. It was a real pleasure to see with what energy and excitement these people danced their national dances.

Lady Octavia Shaw-Stewart, the wife of Sir Michael, was a daughter of the Marquis of Westminster (he was the father of the late Duke of Westminster, who was created a duke by Mr.

Gladstone), and he and the Marchioness came on a visit to Ardgowan while I was there. The old Marquis was very fond of music, and particularly of the septette from *Les Huguenots*, which I often used to play to him.

I also made my first acquaintance here with grouse-shooting on the moors. The shooting season had just begun, and Sir Michael handed me a gun and made me have a try; but, I am sorry to say, without any result! It was at Ardgowan that I learned to know the mode of living in these Scotch country houses, and noticed how well everything was regulated and the perfect order maintained in their households. I kept up my acquaintance with many of the people I met there and at Nuneham Park for years after.

I often met Sir William Harcourt in after-years. I remember meeting him—unfortunately for the last time—at a reception given by the Marchioness of Londonderry, when he spoke to me of the old days at Nuneham—adding that Nuneham now belonged to him. Alas! he was not long able to enjoy his new possession, for he died soon afterwards.

I recollect, when I was staying at Orleans House, the Duchesse d'Aumale telling me that Her Majesty Queen Amélie, the exiled Queen of France, widow of King Louis Philippe, was coming to her in a few days to hear her play some duets for piano and harmonium with me,

and we had several rehearsals. On the eventful day the Queen arrived, with her entourage of the old French nobility, including the Duc de Montmorency. She was a tall, stately woman, with a very dignified air. She complimented us both warmly on the music, and added a few gracious words to me.

The picture-gallery at Orleans House contained a great many ancient and modern French pictures. Some of the walls were hung with the battle-pictures of the great Prince de Condé, for the Duc inherited all his property. The pictures and other works of art were given by the Duc when he returned to Paris, after the fall of Napoleon and the Franco-German War, to the museum at the Château of Chantilly for the benefit of the nation. The Duc's two sons bore the historical titles of Prince de Condé and Duc de Guise; unfortunately, they both died young, the elder, who was consumptive, while on a voyage to Australia for his health. The younger, whom I recollect as a sweet boy, did not long survive his brother; their deaths were a great blow to their parents, who were thus left childless.

When I first came to England the French Revolution was then going on, and my father told me that the French King, Louis Philippe, had just arrived as a refugee at the Brunswick Hotel in Jermyn Street. There was, at that time, an outbreak here as well, led by the

Chartists, and Louis Napoleon acted as a special constable during the riots. I was staying with some friends at Brompton, who did not wish me to go home in the evenings by myself, in case something might happen to me *en route*.

The Chartists smashed the large glass windows at Swan & Edgar's in Piccadilly Circus, and did a lot of other damage besides.

At that time I was being prepared for confirmation by the Rev. Dr. Schoell, second Pastor of the German Lutheran Church in the Savoy, of which old Dr. Steinkopff was the Rector. I used to go every morning at eight o'clock to Dr. Schoell for religious instruction, and was finally confirmed on Palm Sunday, 1848. My diary says :

"*Sunday, April 16th.*—Palm Sunday : I got up early to dress, as I am to be confirmed today. The church was at 10.30. We boys went in : I stood first. The first of the girls was Countess Reventlow, daughter of the Danish Minister : next to her stood Fräulein von Bunsen, daughter of the Prussian Minister. They both had pretty white dresses on, with veils on their heads and kid gloves. Then next to them were three girls in dresses given by the Church, as there is no need, as with us at home, to subscribe towards clothing the poor. They had brown dresses on and were dressed anyhow. All wore hoods, as it is not the custom here for a girl to go bare-headed, but to wear a hat or a hood. They looked just like peasants at a wedding at home. . . ."

In 1852 I was appointed, in open competition, to be the organist at this church.

Many notable people attended service there every Sunday about that time, including the Prince of Prussia, who had to leave Berlin during the Revolution, and the Duchesse d'Orléans, who also had to fly from Paris. She was a Protestant, and on that account, I believe, was disliked by the French people.

On several occasions when the Duc and Duchesse d'Aumale gave big receptions to their French and English friends, I saw the other exiled Princes—the sons of Louis Philippe—the Duc de Nemours, the Prince de Joinville, and the Duc de Montpensier, who married a Spanish Princess, the sister of Queen Isabella. They were all fine, tall men, very distinguished-looking. I generally conducted a small orchestra of good players on these occasions, and the receptions were always very gay and lively, notwithstanding the fact that the French people present were exiled from their beloved country. English society used to be well represented at these gatherings, ambassadors, ministers, and diplomatists with their families being gathered there.

I continued my career as a pianist and teacher of the piano and singing, and coaching up operatic singers in their parts, and got on remarkably well. I had many musical parties to arrange, engaging the best artists. At one soirée, given by the late Baroness Burdett-

Coutts (then Miss Burdett-Coutts) I engaged young Santley and Miss Gertrude Kemble (granddaughter of the great actor, John Kemble) who afterwards became his wife.

All the political world was present that night, including the Earl of Clarendon, then Foreign Secretary, Viscount Palmerston, Prime Minister, also Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Oxford, and many other celebrities—truly a brilliant galaxy.

CHAPTER III

FURTHER RECOLLECTIONS OF THE FORTIES AND FIFTIES

Opera in English at Drury Lane—Jullien and Berlioz—Madame Dulcken's receptions—Alfred Bunn—Adolph Ganz and German Opera in London—Cremorne—The great Monte Cristo Row—Berlioz at the New Philharmonic—Balfe and the Pyne and Harrison English Opera season at Covent Garden—Balfe's extravagance—How he composed—His popular songs—Alfred Gilbert—Story of the German Reeds and their famous entertainments—Jenny Lind's Concert Tour.

MONSIEUR JULLIEN was the director of the English Opera at Drury Lane when I arrived with my father in 1848, and my father often took me there. Hector Berlioz, the celebrated French composer, was the conductor.

I heard many operas there in English, including Mozart's *Le Nozze di Figaro*, the night after my arrival, in which Miss Charlotte Ann Birch was the Susanna. She had a very fine soprano voice. Miss Miran, who had a lovely mezzo-soprano voice, sang "Cherubino"; unhappily she died while still young. Sims Reeves and many other well-known artists also appeared.

Balfe specially composed an opera called *The*

Maid of Honour for Monsieur Jullien, but the season did not last long; as a matter of fact, I think Jullien mismanaged it. I was, however, highly gratified at hearing these performances in the National Theatre, and seeing Berlioz conduct. The orchestra was splendid, among the players being an old friend of my father's, Herr Goffrié, who was one of the first violins. In later years he started a series of chamber concerts on his own account, called Les Réunions des Arts in the old Beethoven Rooms in Harley Street. He brought out many new foreign artists, and I remember my uncles being engaged to play at some of them. Herr Goffrié afterwards went to California, and settled at San Francisco. Alas! no soirées of that convivial and artistic sort have since been established in London. During the usual interval tea and coffee were served to the audience, and they had an opportunity of mixing with one another and making the acquaintance of the artists; so they enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The Réunions were always well arranged, and only the best music was performed. I used to be the accompanist at them.

I remember going with my father in March 1848 on Sunday evenings to the musical receptions of Madame Dulcken, pianist to Queen Victoria, in Harley Street. She was the sister of Ferdinand David, professor of the violin at the Leipzig Conservatoire—the intimate friend

of Mendelssohn, who dedicated his Violin Concerto to him. I find in my diary:

"*Sunday, March* 19*th.*—After tea went to Madame Dulcken, where I accompanied Steglich (the famous horn player) on the piano. Molique and Berlioz were there. She lives in a fine house; there is a good piano in every room."

It was at Madame Dulcken's house that all the most distinguished musicians assembled, especially those who left Paris owing to the French Revolution. There I first met and heard M. Kalkbrenner, a German pianist, who had settled in Paris, Mr. Charles Hallé, who, as every one knows, became one of the most important musicians in England and settled here, and Mr. Wilhelm Kuhe, who died here in October 1912, after residing in this country for more than sixty years, and celebrating his eighty-eighth birthday the previous December. He became, unfortunately, totally blind, and used to play the piano by touch only, but would play every day—of course, without music—for several hours.

Hector Berlioz used often to go there, and also his wife, an Irish lady who was a great Shakespearean actress, and before her marriage was Henrietta Smithson. Berlioz had a fine, big head and a Roman nose, huge forehead, and piercing eyes.

Some of these pianists played during the evening receptions. Madame Dulcken often played

Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor with Quintette accompaniment, played by my father, Herr Goffrié, myself, and two other instrumentalists, whose names I have forgotten; in fact, she was almost the first to make this lovely concerto known and popular—it was really her *cheval de bataille*. She was a very brilliant player, and a charming woman as well.

Many years later her house was taken by the celebrated throat specialist, Sir (then Mr.) Morell Mackenzie, and he and Lady Mackenzie entertained there right royally many distinguished people and operatic stars, including Christine Nilsson, Trebelli, and Valleria, and many great theatrical lights as well, such as Sir Henry Irving. Sir Morell Mackenzie was particularly kind to artists, and they often came to him for advice, to be restored to health, and to get rid of their throat troubles; and to all of them he gave his services gratuitously.

Many years later my son Henry decorated the staircase of this house for him in the Pompeian style, with four figures representing the arts on a terra-cotta ground, while underneath is a black dado with classic masks.

The wife of Ignaz Moscheles, the celebrated pianist and composer, used also to give musical receptions at her house in Chester Place, Regent's Park. I remember hearing from my father that Madame Moscheles told him, on one occasion, that she was expecting Mendelssohn to

come on a certain evening and asked him, as a great favour, to allow the chorus of the German Opera, of which he was the conductor, to come to her house and sing the choruses from Mendelssohn's oratorio *Œdipus in Colonos* as a surprise for the composer when he arrived. My father and the chorus stood in the inner hall of the house, and when Mendelssohn arrived they greeted him with the strains of his own lovely music. He was naturally very pleased with the kind attention of Madame Moscheles, and thanked her most warmly. Of course this happened long before I came to England.

I must not forget to mention Alfred Bunn, who was director of the English Opera at Drury Lane Theatre for nearly twenty-five years. He was the librettist of Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, and manager of the German Opera seasons, at which my father was the conductor in 1840–42.

These seasons were held at the Prince's Theatre (now the St. James's) in King Street, Drury Lane Theatre, and Covent Garden, and as German Opera was still a rare event here, afforded Londoners the opportunity of hearing many masterpieces for the first time. The operas given included Mozart's *Don Juan*, *Zauberflöte*, *Marriage of Figaro*, *Titus* and *Die Entführung*, Beethoven's *Fidelio*, Weber's *Freischütz*, *Oberon* and *Euryanthe*, and Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris*. The singers were such fine artists as Madame

Stoeckel Heinefetter, a dramatic soprano, the great tenor Tichatschek (who created the rôles of Rienzi and Tannhäuser at Dresden) and the noted baritone Staudigl.

Staudigl, who settled here, I afterwards saw frequently. He dressed very shabbily, and wore a sort of Inverness cape and a slouched hat, and did not look at all like a distinguished singer; but that did not matter, for his voice was most expressive and beautiful, and he never forced it. I first heard him at the New Philharmonic Concerts in 1852.

My father and the company also went to Manchester and Liverpool in 1841.

My father told me that Bunn once said to him: "Mon cher Ganz, si je n'avais pas assez d'argent pour vivre en luxe, je prendrais un pistolet et je me tuerais." I think that was "bluff."

I well remember Cremorne, and at the beginning of my career I was engaged by Signor Bossisio, the conductor of the concerts held there, to play the violin in his orchestra. The gardens were always beautifully illuminated in the evenings, and dancing was kept up there after the concerts were over. I was obliged to walk home in those days to my lodgings near Golden Square, Regent Street, which took me nearly an hour, as I could not get an omnibus at night, and cabs were too expensive—anyhow, it was a good experience in orchestral playing.

Last Night but Four.

THE PRINCE'S THEATRE.

GERMAN OPERAS!

HERR SCHUMANN

Has the honor of announcing an EXTRAORDINARY COMBINATION of TALENT, consisting of

HERR WILD,

Madame SCHUMANN.

MADAME

STOECKEL HEINEFETTER,

AND

HERR STAUDIGL.

This Evening, FRIDAY, July 17th, 1840.

Will be performed (*third time in this Country*) GLUCK'S Opera, (in Four Acts) called

IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS.

Diana, - - - Madame MICHALESI,
Thoas, - - Herr STAUDIGL,
Iphigenia, - - - Madame STOECKEL HEINEFETTER.
Orestes, - - - - - Herr WILD,
Pylades, Herr WOLF, Servant of the Temple, Herr KRUG, A Scythian, Herr BENESCH,
First Priestess, Madame CHRIST. Second Priestess, Dem. FROMBACH,
A Greek Female, Dem. SEELAND,
Priestesses, Scythians, Greeks, and Furies,

By the following POWERFUL CHORUS.

Dlles. DAUN, THOENE, GALLO, KIRCHER, MATHES, FROMBACH, SCHUNK, PFEIFFER, WAGNER, FRITZ.
Mesdames BLICK, CHREST, SCHNEPF, &c. &c.
Herr GEBHARDT NEUMANN, KLEIN, BLICK, CHREST, SCHNEPF, HERBOLD Senior, HERBOLD Junior, FRONTZHEIM, BENESCH, RETOURNIER, GOETZ, HOFFMANN, KREBS, BECKMANN, REESE, HETZEL, REYNE, KRUG, HARTIG, FRÖHLING, BERNARD, SCHNEIDER, THOENE.

THE ORCHESTRA

CONSISTS

OF THIRTY-SIX FIRST-RATE MUSICIANS,

Directed by Herr GANZ.

Final Arrangements of the Season:

On Monday, (Last Night but Three) the Opera of **JESSONDA.**

On Wednesday, (Last Night but Two) **IPHIGENIA.**

On Thursday, (Last Night but One) Mozart's **TITUS.**

On Friday, (by particular desire) Weber's

OPERA of DER FREISCHUTZ,

FOR THE

BENEFIT: HERR SCHUMANN,

AND

The Last Night of the Season.

Acting Manager, Mr. BUNN.

W. S. JOHNSON, "Times" Steam Press.

When we first came here my father and I lodged for some time in Queen Street, Soho, at the house of a Mr. Aspa, a piano-tuner employed by Broadwoods. The old Mr. Hipkins, of that firm, used kindly to allow me when a boy to practise on their fine pianos in Great Pulteney Street. Aspa came back one day from the country and told us of an adventure he had had. He was on a lonely road when a footpad came up to him in a threatening way. Aspa quickly pulled out a tuning-fork and pointed it at him. The man hesitated for a moment, then turned and fled.

On one occasion my father was taken suddenly ill, and I went off to find a doctor living in Montague Street, Bloomsbury. In my ignorance I thought this name had a French sound, and I asked my way to "Mont-ague" Street. No one could understand me, and I had to return home.

One day, in Hyde Park, I saw the beautiful Lady Blessington driving up and down in her famous green carriage with Count D'Orsay, the great beau of the period.

I well recollect the death of the old Duke of Cambridge, the grandfather of Queen Mary, and made a note in my diary:

"*July 8th* (1850).—To-day the youngest son of George III, the good Duke of Cambridge, died. He was in his seventieth year. Father knew him in Wiesbaden; he played quartettes with him and my uncles there. He played on Stradivarius instruments belonging to the Duke. He was a very kindly man, and very fond of

music, and was the patron of most concerts here. . . . He was universally mourned, as he was very kind to the poor."

In the troublous times of 1848 a French company of actors came over from Paris to London to perform Alexandre Dumas's great drama, *Monte Cristo*. The English actors in those days were so jealous of the fact that a French company should play at the English National Theatre that they would not allow the French actors to be heard, and the public present—at least the greater number of them—hissed, shouted, and whistled the whole evening, so that not a line could be heard. The feeling against everything French ran very high. No doubt most people remembered that Napoleon's ardent wish was to invade England. I recollect so well when I first came to England some boys called out after me, "There goes a French boy!" because I was dressed differently from English boys; and they had no idea of my being a German, forgetting that there *were* other nationalities! But now all this feeling has entirely disappeared, the *entente cordiale* being thoroughly established.

To return to my *Monte Cristo* story. The French actors were splendid, the scenery was perfect, and, although I could not hear them speak owing to the noise, I could gather that they were first-rate. I was playing the violin in the orchestra at the time, and it was an

odd experience. The managers of the troupe gave up the idea of continuing to perform at Drury Lane, and they migrated to the St. James's Theatre, where the play was performed in perfect peace, and thoroughly enjoyed by the audience, and I was again engaged to play in the orchestra.

This incident reminds me that I had the good fortune to hear the great French actress Rachel as Andromache in Racine's play. I have never forgotten the impression this famous tragedienne made upon me. I was at the time playing in the orchestra, a member having asked me to deputise for him. Since that time I have often seen the great Sarah Bernhardt (who comes nearest as an actress to her in my opinion), Madame Ristori (the Italian tragedienne, whom I met in Rome), and other great foreign actresses; but I must say that Rachel surpassed them all. I do not wish to make comparisons with our own great English actresses, such as our universal favourites, Ellen Terry, Lady Bancroft, Mrs. Kendal, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and others who are and have been such great ornaments of the English stage.

A memorable event in the spring of 1852 was the first series of orchestral concerts given by the New Philharmonic Society, which was formed by Dr. Henry Wylde with the special object of producing novelties and giving concerts of the best kind. Great éclat attended these concerts,

as Hector Berlioz, after his triumphant tours throughout Europe, was specially engaged to conduct. The orchestra consisted of 110 performers, the leaders being all well-known soloists, such as Sivori, Jansa (violinists), Goffrié (viola), the great 'cellist Piatti, Bottesini, the famous contrabassist, Rémusat the flautist, Barret the oboist, and Lazarus the clarinettist. I was fortunate in being engaged as one of the second violins, and was much gratified when, during the first rehearsal, Berlioz said, "Ganz, I want you to play the small cymbals with Silas in the *scherzo*." We were rehearsing his *Romeo and Juliet* symphony, which has a wonderfully light and fairy-like *scherzo* to represent "Queen Mab," and he had had two pairs of small antique cymbals made to give a particular effect in it. There were several orchestral rehearsals, which for England at that time was a really great innovation. Every one was intensely enthusiastic, and anxious to please Berlioz, who was a wonderful conductor. His beat was clear and precise, and he took endless trouble to get everything right. I remember his asking Silas and me to come and see him in King Street, St. James's, just to try over the passage for the little cymbals. I mention this to show the care he took over every detail.

As a result, the first concert proved a veritable triumph for him, and it was generally admitted that no such orchestral performance had ever

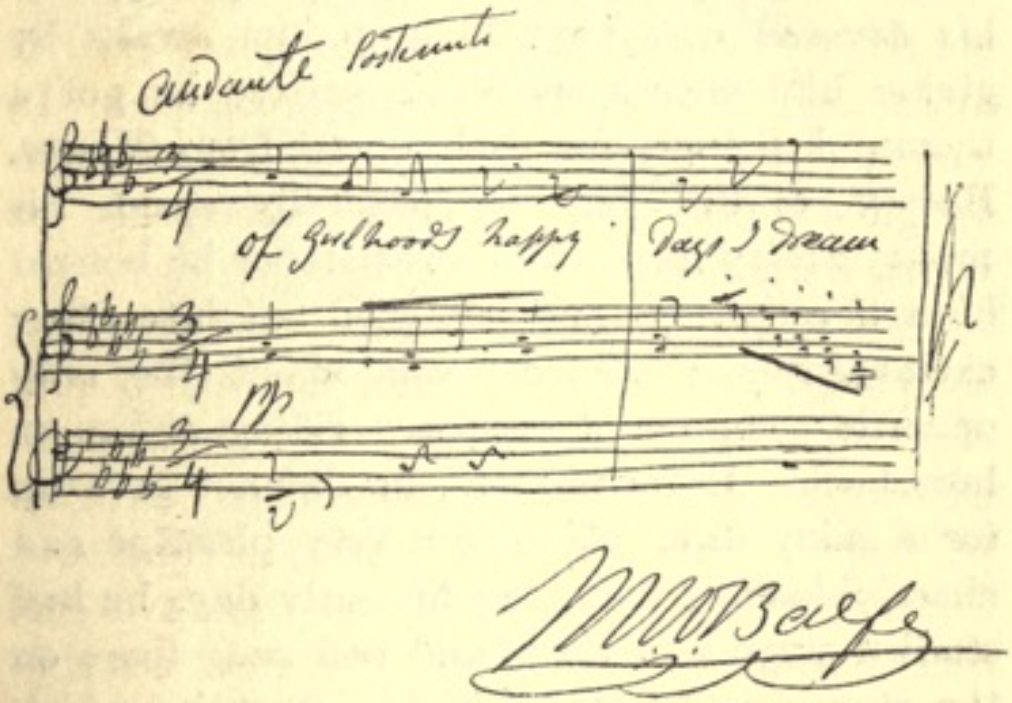
before been heard in England. The hall was crammed, and the audience was absolutely carried away and cheered him to the echo. There were similar scenes at all the following concerts. Perhaps the finest was the fourth concert, when the hall was packed to overflowing for Beethoven's *Choral Symphony*. Up to then the work had never been properly given in England, as the old Philharmonic Society, although it owned the original score, would never give it more than their customary one rehearsal. In consequence it was still regarded as an unintelligible work. We had five rehearsals, at which Berlioz was indefatigable.

The performance at the concert was masterly, completely realising all the grandeur and beauty of the immortal work, and the effect on the audience was electrical, Berlioz being called out again and again amidst perfect storms of applause. The singers in the symphony were Clara Novello, Sims Reeves, and Staudigl. It was at this concert that I first heard the beautiful and poetical playing of Mlle Wilhelmine Clauss, in Mendelssohn's Concerto, an artist of great charm, who, unfortunately, only paid rare visits to this country. Berlioz gave selections from his *Faust* at a later concert, which again roused immense interest and enthusiasm. I was also in the orchestra in 1855, when he came again and conducted his *Harold in Italy*.

The concerts were most interesting and in-

structive to me, not only on account of the great privilege I had of playing under Berlioz's baton, but also because in later years I was enabled, when I took over the New Philharmonic Concerts, to bring his great works once more before the English public.

Balfe composed a new opera every season for the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Season at



the Lyceum or Covent Garden Theatres, one of which was *Satanella*. It contained a pretty song called " The Power of Love," which became very popular, when sung by Louisa Pyne, and it was taken up by all the leading sopranos of that time. Another of his operas was *The Rose of Castille*, in which was a muleteer's song, which Mr. William Harrison sang, striking his whip with great effect, which was always encored, and

also a comic trio called "I'm not the Queen": this also went well. A comic singer of those days was Mr. Honey, who always caused great amusement whenever he sang in concerted pieces like this trio. Miss Susan Pyne, sister of Louisa Pyne, also took part in these operas, such as *Bianca, the Bravo's Bride*, and *The Puritan's Daughter*.

Balfe used to sit up at night composing, and his devoted wife used to keep him awake by giving him strong coffee. I believe he got a thousand pounds for each opera from Messrs. Boosey & Co., but he generally spent his money pretty freely, and I remember he bought himself a carriage and launched out into other extravagances; and he was about the only operatic composer I ever saw riding about on horseback. Unfortunately, he did not save up for a rainy day. He was a very pleasant and cheerful-looking man. In his early days he had studied singing in Italy, and had sung there on the stage; so he spoke Italian fluently, which came in very useful when he became the conductor of the Italian Opera at Her Majesty's Theatre. He was a first-rate conductor, and did not only beat strict time, as some conductors do (and their beat is like the pendulum of a clock!) but he showed sympathy with the singers by allowing them *tempo rubato* and also *ritardandos* and *accellerandos* if they did not over-step the rules of music or sing out of tune. Being a

London March 22 1858

To my friend William Gray

singer himself, he knew exactly where to give way to singers.

Composing gave him no trouble; it came fluently to him, and he had the gift of melody, which, by the way, does not count for so much in the present day. He asked me to give some lessons on the pianoforte to his daughter Victoria,[1] and we also played some sonatas for violin and piano, I taking the violin part.

At one of Balfe's soirées in 1848 in Bruton Street, I heard Herr Joachim play; he was then quite a young man. Madame Balfe had been a singer herself, and had sung under my father's direction at the Theatre at Mainz. After Balfe's death in 1870 she did everything she could to keep his memory green, and had a tablet erected to him in Westminster Abbey.

I have written so much about Balfe because he was not only an interesting figure in the musical world, but was also such a kind friend to my father and myself, and it was owing to him that we were able to make London our home. I am afraid his music is not much thought of by the musical world of to-day; but some of his songs will always remain popular, such as "Come into the Garden, Maud," and "Good-night, Beloved," which Sims Reeves, Edward Lloyd, and Ben Davies have all sung so beautifully.

A friend of mine long associated with the

[1] She became Duchesse de Frias.

musical world was the late Mr. Alfred Gilbert. He was for many years Professor of the Pianoforte at the Royal Academy of Music, and a Director of the Philharmonic Society. The famous sculptor, Alfred Gilbert, is his son.

Alfred Gilbert's wife was a Miss Charlotte Cole, and she and her sister, Miss Susan Cole, used to sing the duets which in the early fifties were hardly ever sung except by the sisters Louisa and Susan Pyne before they were associated with the Pyne and Harrison English Opera Company, and the sisters Brougham, who made Balfe's duet, "Beware, she is fooling thee!" so popular. I used to accompany the Misses Cole at the recitals of Alexandre Billet, a Russian pianist, at the St. Martin's Hall, in Long Acre, which was built by John Hullah for his own concerts.

It was at one of Billet's recitals that the late Miss Bessie Palmer sang John Hullah's popular songs "The Storm" and "Three Fishers went Sailing," which are still such favourites with Madame Clara Butt.

Another of my early memories is of Mr. German Reed, who, with his clever wife, gave for many years an entertainment in the Gallery of Illustration in Regent Street, started in 1856, which was neither theatrical nor exactly musical, but a little of both. People went to it, thinking, no doubt, they were not going to a theatre, about which many faddists had scruples sixty

years ago. This entertainment was always most successful, and a delight to children; it took place in the afternoon.

After St. George's Hall was built in Langham Place, Mr. and Mrs. German Reed migrated there, which suited them admirably, as there was a real stage built in the Hall and they could have plenty of good scenery. At the end of each performance Mr. John Parry sang a number of his own songs, which always created great amusement. He accompanied himself most beautifully, his execution being perfectly marvellous. After his death he was succeeded by similar entertainers.

The German Reeds gave several original light operatic entertainments, which they commissioned various English composers, such as Frederick Clay, Alberto Randegger, and Arthur Sullivan (who was then hardly known as a musical composer) to write for them. They had a nice little company of singers to assist them, one of whom was a young protégée of my own, Miss Fanny Holland, with a lovely mezzo-soprano voice. She sang and acted well, and was very prepossessing in appearance. The late Arthur Cecil was also one of the company, his dry and clever humour charming everybody. After each entertainment, subsequent to John Parry's death, the late versatile Mr. Corney Grain gave one of his inimitable musical monologues, admirably accompanied by himself. He

was a clever follower of John Parry, and for many years gave his amusing sketches most successfully.

When Mr. German Reed had carried on his operatic entertainments for some time, he had an idea of establishing English opera in a small way, and asked me to be one of his conductors, to which I agreed without hesitation. He engaged all the necessary vocalists and a small orchestra. The performances took place at St. George's Hall in the evenings. A charming operetta, by Arthur Sullivan, called *The Contrabandista*, which was conducted by Mr. German Reed, served as a *lever de rideau*. I believe it was not the first, but the second *opéra bouffe* —if I may call it so—by this genial and prolific composer, the first being *Trial by Jury*, in which Sullivan's elder brother sang and acted, and which had such a stupendous success.

The Contrabandista made a great hit, and was received with acclamation. Then followed Auber's melodious opéra-comique *L'Ambassadrice*, in which Madame Louisa Liebhart took the part of the Ambassadress, singing and acting it extremely well. Before she came to England she had been a *prima donna* at the Imperial Opera in Vienna; she was therefore well qualified to sing a big part here, and she was able to sing it in English, having only a slight foreign accent. She was a good actress, and looked well on the stage. The other artists in *L'Ambassadrice* were Mrs. Ainsley Cook (*née* Payne), contralto, Mr.

Lyall, a very good tenor and an excellent actor, and Mr. Ainsley Cook, a bass buffo and first-rate comic singer. I was the conductor, and had only a small, though efficient orchestra, as there was no room for a larger one.

The performances were artistically successful, but Mr. German Reed did not receive enough support from the public to continue them, and therefore gave up the speculation as a bad job. I was very sorry, because I enjoyed conducting operas, which really was no trouble to me, and my father praised my efforts in this direction. Even now, when I am writing this book, more than fifty years later, English opera is not yet established, though many attempts have been made by the Pyne and Harrison Opera Company and the Carl Rosa and Moody-Manners Companies, but these only gave short seasons in London, and Mr. Thomas Beecham's series of operas in English in 1910 only lasted a few months. I am afraid that, as long as our Government refuse to support a native opera, nothing can be done to advance the art of English operatic music. I shall mention Arthur Sullivan's comic operas elsewhere. In the meantime, light operas, such as *The Merry Widow*, *The Dollar Princess*, *The Chocolate Soldier*, and others of that calibre hold their own and make their managers' fortunes.

I have already mentioned Jenny Lind's appearance at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1848, when I heard her in her incomparable performances.

The late Mr. John Mitchell arranged a Concert Tour for her, of several weeks, in 1856, through the principal cities in England, Scotland, and Wales, and engaged me as accompanist.

The other artists beside Jenny Lind and her husband, Mr. Otto Goldschmidt, who was an accomplished pianist and first-rate musician, were Herr Heinrich Ernst, the Hungarian violin virtuoso, Signor Piatti, the finest 'cellist of the day, and Mr. Willoughby Weiss, of whom I have spoken previously, and who was a favourite baritone.

Mr. Goldschmidt accompanied his wife in all her songs, and I accompanied the other artists. It was a glorious tour, never to be forgotten, and created a sensation wherever the concerts were announced. When travelling, Jenny Lind and her husband occupied a first-class railway compartment, next to that of the rest of us, and I heard her constantly practising her runs and shakes while going along. To my mind she was not the born singer that Adelina Patti is—she had always to practise steadily to keep her voice in order, and was always studying her songs, while Patti, even at the height of her career, was not obliged to practise constantly.

Ernst and Piatti passed their time during the long journeys in playing chess, both being accomplished chess-players. At the various stations big crowds assembled to catch a glimpse of the great *prima donna*, and some of the people

London im März 1856

Jenny Goldschmidt
geb. Lind

used to be bold enough to touch her dress as she was getting into her carriage to drive to the hotel, which always annoyed Jenny Lind extremely. In Yorkshire, where we halted inside some of the stations, the people gazed into her carriage, and she was obliged to pull down the blinds. At the various hotels large crowds waited to see her arrive and also to see her start for the concert, so that sometimes she had great difficulty in entering her carriage. In fact, I never witnessed such excitement at any of the tours of the world-renowned artists as at that of Jenny Lind—people were simply mad to see her, even at the greatest disadvantage. I do not mean to say that other artists have not created as much enthusiasm inside the concert-halls, but the people were not so demonstrative outside, at the stations and hotels.

The concerts on this tour were always crowded; the prices of the tickets were one guinea and half a guinea. In those days there were only a few big concert-halls; the Free Trade Hall at Manchester did not then exist, and Jenny Lind was obliged to sing in the small town-hall there. Perhaps the greatest enthusiasm was shown in the Potteries. The concert took place in the Market Hall, Hanley, before an enormous audience of about 5,000 people. I heard that 2,000 factory hands had paid 2*s.* 6*d.* each to hear Jenny Lind. Their applause was tremendous, and at the end they gave three cheers, upon

which she waved her handkerchief and kissed her hand.

At Leamington the public seemed very *recherché* and only applauded very little.

Her singing was really superb, and created the greatest enthusiasm. I remember, at the first concert, standing with other artists at the side of the platform hidden from view, and we all applauded to the echo, which made her very angry! She positively forbade us to do it again, so we had to remain quiet for the rest of the tour, much against our inclination.

She sang that night a grand aria from Bellini's opera, *Beatrice di Tenda*, and "Mighty Pens" from Haydn's *Creation*, then a duet with Mr. Weiss, and finished her concert with her famous Swedish songs—the echo in some of them being a wonderful accomplishment, the sounds dying away into a mere whisper. It used to be said that she did this echo by ventriloquism; but that was utterly absurd. In addition to being a marvellous executant she sang with intense feeling. Her cadenzas in Bellini's aria were immensely difficult, but she warbled them off with the greatest ease. The cadenzas in "Ah non credea," "Ah! non giunge," and "Come per me sereno"—all from Bellini's *La Sonnambula*, which she sang at her various concerts and also in the opera, were unique and quite in character with the music. They were published in later years by Otto Goldschmidt.

As Amina in the opera, she sustained a long note in a cadenza in "Ah non credea" most wonderfully when she dropped the flowers Elvino had given her, the note dying off *pianissimo*. Of course, in a concert-hall she sang equally wonderfully, but could not drop the flowers,

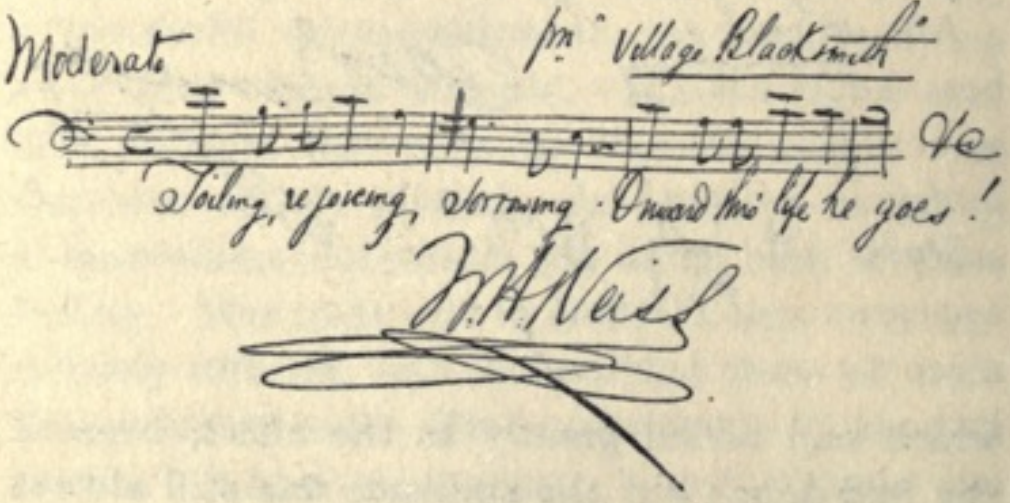
which had added greatly to the effect, because she had none; but the audience was still always enraptured.

Ernst and Piatti played their solos splendidly —I am always glad to have had the privilege of playing their accompaniments. Often in after-life, when I have accompanied various violinists

in Ernst's pieces, I have told them how he played them and given them hints. Ernst was a tall, thin man, and people used to say he was like Paganini; he had piercing black eyes, and long black hair, which fell down in elf-locks. He was a very nervous man, very highly strung, and his playing in slow movements was most pathetic.

Every one remembers our old friend Piatti, who for so many years kept his position as one of the greatest living 'cellists. His tone was comparatively small, but he played with intense feeling, and his execution was perfect.

Mr. Weiss sang "I'm a Roamer," by Mendelssohn, and his own popular song, "The Village Blacksmith," which was generally encored.



Jenny Lind gave up concert-singing much too soon, as she was still in the zenith of her powers. She was of middle height, with handsome features and a bright expression. She wore her pretty blond hair in *bandeaux*.

Her upper notes sounded like silver bells. The range of her voice was from C to D in alt.

When I compare her with Patti I must repeat that all her success was through study and hard work, whilst Patti had genius and her voice was of more exquisite timbre than that of Jenny Lind. I mention these facts because I have often been asked which of the two artistes I prefer. I might as well reply that I prefer Raphael to Leonardo da Vinci, or vice versa. There is really no comparison.

My readers must forgive me for raving so much about Jenny Lind. I am one of the very few musicians—perhaps the only one—living now who heard her in her prime, so my recollections of how she sang and what, in my humble opinion, I thought of her, may be of interest.

An audience is, perhaps, not inclined to remember that their favourite singers, being mortal, sometimes have need of refreshment in the intervals of performing great vocal feats. A story is told of Jenny Lind that, at her first appearance in Vienna, there were loud calls for a repetition of the famous air in *La Sonnambula*. Exhausted by her previous efforts, the singer felt she could not respond until she had refreshed herself. So she came forward and said to the audience, "Now just a few moments for a glass of lemonade." The respite was willingly given, and she then repeated the air with surprising éclat, to the delight of the house.

I have seen an amusing incident of a similar kind at Covent Garden. In the Hall of Song in the second act of *Tannhäuser*, where the singers are assembled for the vocal competition and each seeks to outstrip the other, a famous *prima donna* was seated on her throne next to the Duke. She had sung her address to the Hall of Song, and was now no doubt thinking of her coming intervention on behalf of Tannhäuser and the vocal efforts to be demanded of her. So she seized the occasion, when the attention of every one was engrossed by Wolfram's meditation, to bend down and pick up and drink a glass of red wine which had thoughtfully been placed at the side of her throne. The permission of the audience was in this case dispensed with.