

CHAPTER VIII

MY FIRST VISIT TO PARIS, ETC.

My first visit to Paris—I see the troops pass before Napoleon III and the Empress Eugénie—I visit the gala performance at the Opera—Nicolini—Rossini—The three occasions on which I have played before Queen Victoria—The Prince Consort and the Great Exhibition of 1851—Meyerbeer—My pupils—Three Viceroys—The Ladies Spencer Churchill—The Countess of Warwick and Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox—Miss Braddon.

IN August 1859 I visited Paris for the first time, when on my honeymoon, and was enchanted with that wonderful city. We saw the entry of the French troops, after the Italian-Austrian War, when 80,000 soldiers passed before Napoleon III, who was on horseback at the corner of the Rue de la Paix, surrounded by a brilliant staff. It took from ten in the morning till six in the evening for them to pass. It was a splendid sight, but it had its mournful side, because many of them were wounded and had their heads bandaged and their arms in slings. It was very interesting to see the Vivandières, in the uniforms of the various regiments, pass by, and they were tremendously cheered by the public. I had hired two seats near where the Emperor stood, in the Rue de

la Paix, and could see everything perfectly well.

In the evening there was a gala performance at the Opera, and *Guillaume Tell* was performed. As this masterpiece of Rossini's is very seldom performed in England, I venture to say that, being French in character and style, it will live with *Il Barbiere*, which is thoroughly Italian in character, for many years to come. This was the old Opera-house in the Rue Lepeletier. The Emperor and Empress were present, and the doors of all the private boxes were left open and guarded by gendarmes, which was done in case some maniac should fire a shot at the Emperor or Empress; but, fortunately, nothing happened. During the *entr'actes* I saw the Emperor and Empress visit some of their relatives, who sat in the middle boxes of the grand circle.

The performance was very fine, and the scenery splendid; but, unfortunately, I cannot remember the names of the principal singers.

When we left the opera we found ourselves in fairyland. The Jardin des Tuileries, and the Champs Elysées, as far as the Arc de Triomphe, were brilliantly illuminated with coloured lamps, and the streets were thronged with sight-seers.

Napoleon was then at the height of his power. I remember, the night before the gala performance, when we were driving in the Bois de Boulogne, he and the Empress passed us in an open carriage drawn by six horses with out-

riders, coming from the palace at St. Cloud. All this pomp and glory was swamped eleven years later, when Germany conquered France, and some of the victorious troops entered Paris by the Arc de Triomphe, headed by the Uhlans of the Prussian Army, and Napoleon and the Empress had to take refuge in England, where they were hospitably received, and where the Empress is still living as a welcome guest and an intimate friend of the royal family. But this is a matter of history.

While in Paris in 1859 we often saw Madame Nicolini, who was very kind to us in showing us round. I had known her and her son Ernesto before; in fact, we were boys together and kept up our friendship till he died. When I first came to London I became acquainted with his parents, and, as Ernesto was studying the piano at the Paris Conservatoire, where he gained the first prize in 1855, he often came over to visit his parents; and thus I met him, and we used to amuse ourselves by playing pianoforte duets.

Some years later he found out that he had a good tenor voice, and he then studied hard at singing. He was first engaged at the Salle Ventadour in Paris, where he made his *début* in 1862. He came to England in 1866, and was engaged at the Royal Italian Opera, Covent Garden, where he remained for many years as one of the principal tenor singers, and had always a great success, especially in such parts

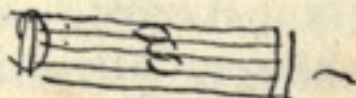
as Almaviva in *Il Barbiere*, singing the florid music to perfection; as Edgardo in *Lucia*, as Rhadames in *Aïda*, as Alfredo in *La Traviata*, and as Faust. He was the first to sing the part of Lohengrin in Wagner's opera when it was produced here. He sang every season at Covent Garden Theatre, where he was very popular indeed. He was a very good-looking man, and many people said he resembled Mario, with which I quite agreed. He told me that singing Lohengrin displaced his voice, and therefore he gave it up, although he sang it most beautifully; but he never sang Tannhäuser. His acting was excellent. His death occurred in January 1898.

We thoroughly enjoyed our stay in Paris, visiting the museums, theatres, the Champs Elysées Gardens, where Musard's famous band played, and Versailles, where we saw the fountains play. We also went to Fontainebleau, where the great Napoleon signed his abdication and drove through the beautiful park there.

When I was in Paris in the Exhibition year of 1867 I visited Rossini at Passy, on the outskirts of Paris. He received me very kindly, and, in looking over my album containing the autographs of many celebrated musicians, he signed his name at my request, under the signature of Thalberg, whom he greatly admired. In looking through the names he spoke of many of the artists and composers, whom he had known personally, in very flattering terms. I

had a letter of introduction to him from a mutual friend, Madame Puzzi.

We had a talk about musical doings. I told him various bits of news connected with his operas, which were being performed in London during the season, and he seemed much interested. I was always glad to have had this interview with him, though, as it took place so long ago, I cannot remember his exact words, but only the gist of what he said.



A M^r: Ganz
 Pissy de Paris
 11 Aout 1867
 G. Rossini

In describing my future visits to Paris I shall have something to say of my musical impressions there.

I have had the honour of playing before Her Majesty Queen Victoria on three different occasions. On the first occasion I accompanied Madame Marie Roze at Balmoral in 1885. I drove with this artist from Ballater to the Castle, but it was too dark to see the beautiful scenery on Dee side. The Queen spoke to me in German and asked me whether I was related to the Concertmeister Leopold and Moritz Ganz,

who had played before her at Windsor many years before. I replied they were my uncles. On referring to my diary I find this happened on June 10th, 1856, twenty-nine years before! I well remember taking my uncles down to Windsor and having great difficulty in finding rooms at an hotel, as it was Ascot week. I went with the mand the other artists to the Castle and listened to the concert in the next room. The Queen seemed pleased with Madame Roze's singing; I remember that the Duke of Connaught was there, dressed in Highland dress, as were also some of the other men present, and I had to sign the Queen's visitors' book.

The drawing-room in which the music took place was hung round with a number of engravings of the Royal Family, and the furniture was upholstered with Scotch plaid. Everything was very simple and unceremonious. When all was over, one of the gentlemen-in-waiting handed me, in the name of the Queen, a cat's-eye breast-pin set in diamonds, which could also be worn as a stud. Supper was then served to us, and we drove back to Ballater, a distance of eleven miles.

The second occasion was at Osborne House, Isle of Wight. I went with M. Johannes Wolff and M. Joseph Hollman in 1889 to play there before the Queen. We played part of Mendelssohn's Trio in D minor—I remember the late Prince Henry of Battenberg turning over the

leaves for me, and telling me that he often played the 'cello. The Queen gave me a pair of gold sleeve-links, with a diamond in the middle of each. Just as at Balmoral, it was nearly dark when we arrived at Osborne, and I had no opportunity of seeing the natural beauties of the place.

The third occasion was at Windsor Castle in 1894, when I accompanied Madame Adelina Patti in all her songs. She had come specially from her castle in Wales to sing to the Queen, and had asked me to come to Windsor to play for her. Naturally I looked forward to a very interesting evening, as it indeed proved to be. The Queen sat about twenty feet from the piano and used an opera-glass in looking at Madame Patti, who sang a number of songs. During "Home, Sweet Home" I noticed the Queen wiped the tears from her eyes.

When Madame Patti had finished her first song Princess Christian, who sat by the side of the Queen, called to me in German, "Herr Ganz, the Queen wishes to speak to you." I rose immediately and advanced towards the chair where the Queen sat. Her Majesty spoke to me in German, in a lovely melodious voice, asking me what other songs Madame Patti would like to sing. She had a list in her hand, so I named some of them which I thought Her Majesty would like. Among other songs Madame Patti sang one by Princess Henry of Battenberg, who

was present with Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein and a number of court officials, both ladies and gentlemen. At the end of the concert the Queen spoke for some time with Madame Patti, then rose, and bowed very graciously to Madame Patti and myself and the rest of the company. We then adjourned to a room where supper was served, and Sir William Carington, Comptroller of the Household, handed me, in the name of the Queen, a crocodile leather cigar-case, mounted in gold, with the royal crown and the Queen's initials. I spoke to Lady Ponsonby, one of the ladies-in-waiting, wife of Colonel Sir Henry Ponsonby, Private Secretary to the Queen, whom I had known as Miss Bulteel at Lady Waldegrave's at Nuneham Park, and she said she was very much pleased to renew my acquaintance.

Next morning I was shown over the State Apartments at Windsor Castle, and saw the various collections of art-treasures.

When Madame Patti left the Castle that morning the Great Western express was specially stopped for her at Slough by Royal Command, so that she could get back to Craig-y-nos that day. On her arrival home she received a gracious telegram from Queen Victoria hoping she had had a comfortable journey, and later a signed photograph. My daughter Adelina, who was staying at Craig-y-nos, and travelled with her, told me that, although tired from her early start,

she insisted on keeping awake the whole journey in case sleeping should affect her voice, as she considers sleep before singing injurious to the voice.

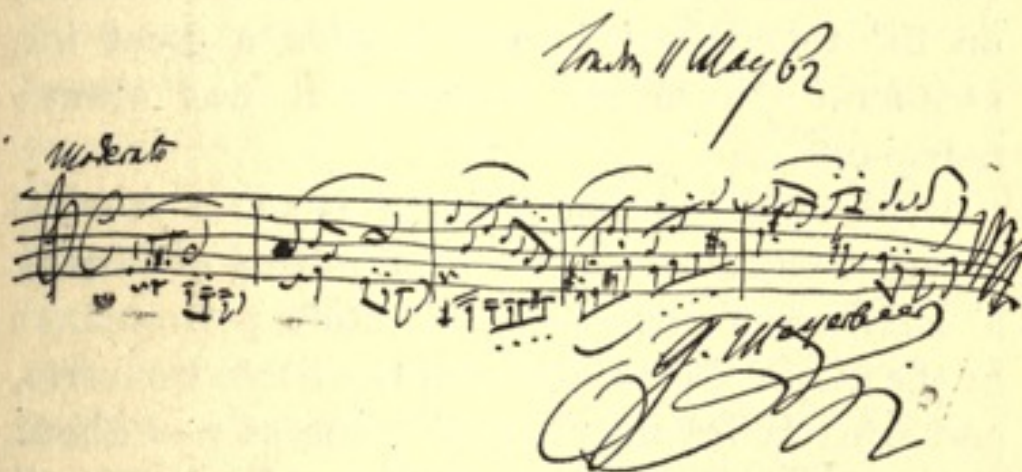
I often remember seeing the Prince Consort in former years. He was a tall, handsome man, and, as everybody knows, a great patron of the arts, and the originator of the first Great Exhibition held in Hyde Park in 1851. I went to the Exhibition the last few days before it closed, and more than a hundred thousand people were present—the crowds were so great that one could scarcely walk about. It was a gay scene, and the picture and sculpture galleries were splendid, one of the great attractions being a statue called “The Greek Slave,” by Gibson. It was the first time, too, that the public had seen machinery in motion. I have been to a good many exhibitions since then—the one in 1862, also held in Hyde Park, and the 1867 Paris Exhibition, but none came near the Great Exhibition of 1851 in picturesqueness. Another of the attractions there, I remember, was a crystal fountain, which stood in the transept and is now in the nave of the Crystal Palace.

Meyerbeer came to London for the Exhibition of 1862 in Hyde Park, for the opening of which he had composed an overture, in the form of a kind of march.

My father had known him personally for many years, and he took me to see him at the York

Hotel in Albemarle Street. Of course I was very anxious to see him, and wondered what he was like. He was a little man, dark-haired, with a most intelligent face. My father asked him to write something in my musical autograph book, which he did at once. He asked my father to get him a metronome to mark the *tempi* of his new overture, and my father succeeded in obtaining one for him.

I often saw him during the rehearsals of



Dinorah at Covent Garden, when the title-rôle was sung by Madame Patti. He constantly interrupted the rehearsals by showing Costa and the artists what to do ; but, although he corrected them constantly, he was at the same time most polite, and never hurt their feelings.

He belonged to a rich Jewish banker's family in Berlin, which enabled him to have his operas first performed at the Opera-house in Paris, where innumerable rehearsals took place, lasting several months. Meyerbeer, I have often

been told, defrayed some of the heavy expenses connected with their production out of his own pocket.

When any of his operas succeeded, as they generally did, they were given in Berlin and other cities on the Continent, and in London, where they were always well received. I remember being present at the production of *L'Africaine* on July 22nd, 1865, in which Pauline Lucca took a brilliant part. The prelude of the last act was played by the violins *unisono*, on the fourth string, and created a great impression. On future occasions it was always redemanded.

Meyerbeer had the title of General Musical Director bestowed on him by the King of Prussia at Berlin and conducted the state performance at the Royal Opera and also the State Concerts, and when a royal prince or princess was about to be married he composed a "Fackeltanz," which was a sort of Polonaise, in which the bride and bridegroom, as well as the King and Queen and other court personages, walked in procession to the music. This custom always took place the evening before the wedding, everybody who walked in the procession holding a lighted torch in his hand.

Meyerbeer, like many other good composers, was not a good conductor, the reason, I think, being that when he was conducting his own works he was very nervous.

He had one great terror, and that was of being buried alive, and he left directions in his will that, after his death, several days were to elapse before his burial. I heard it said, but cannot vouch for the fact, that when Gounod made such a success with his *Faust*, Meyerbeer simply collapsed, realising that his day of being the only successful operatic composer in Paris at that time was at an end, and he died soon after its production. Anyhow, he had had his day. No modern composer has had such complete success with his operas. He was also able to select the best singers, and to finance his productions—if it is true that he did so. Poor Richard Wagner, in his earlier days, had the greatest difficulty in getting his operas performed in Paris, or even his own native country, and had no money to offer towards their expenses. Nevertheless, he succeeded in after-years, and has drawn larger audiences together than any other modern composer.

It was, perhaps, a unique coincidence that I had three Viceroys as my pupils, one of whom was the present Earl of Cadogan, a former Viceroy of Ireland. I gave him lessons as an Eton boy, when he came home for the holidays to the old Cadogan House in Cadogan Place, where, since he inherited the title, he has built a magnificent mansion. His father was Viscount Chelsea (the old Earl Cadogan was then still alive).

The next one was the late Earl of Derby, who had lessons from me in St. James's Square, where his parents lived, when he was still the Hon. Frederick Stanley. He honoured me with his friendship until his death, and often invited me to his political parties, and was a most amiable man. About that time his mother, the Countess of Derby, asked me to arrange a musical party for her. At her request I had engaged a Viennese singer, Madame Wildauer, from the Imperial Opera, but before the soirée took place she was suddenly taken ill. I then remembered that my friend, Madame Viardot Garcia, was here for the season, so I went to see her to beg her to sing, as I only heard of Madame Wildauer's illness the very day of the concert.

She asked me why I had come, and when I said that I wanted her, as a favour, to kindly fill Madame Wildauer's place, as she was ill, she at once expressed concern and said she would fill the gap, which, for so great a singer, was most considerate. Herr Alexander Reichardt, the tenor, I had already engaged. The old Duchess of Cambridge was present, with her daughter Princess Mary, and Lady Derby introduced me to the Duchess, who said some kind things to me in German, praising the artists and the programme. The great Earl of Derby, called "The Rupert of Debate," was, of course, present.

The last time I saw my pupil, the late Lord Derby, to speak to, was at a public dinner to

the Colonial Premiers in 1902, at which the Duke of York—our present King—presided. Lord Derby conversed a long time with me and asked me about my professional doings.

The third Viceroy was the present Earl of Dudley, whom I taught as a boy at Dudley House. None of these boys, when they grew up, had time to keep up their music, as they have all had great political careers.

As Professor of Music I have had innumerable pupils, too many for me to name ; but I may mention that among them were the daughters of the late Duchess of Marlborough, whose husband was also a Viceroy of Ireland in 1874. I used to go three times a week to their house in St. James's Square, which was afterwards the Devonshire Club for some years. They were Lady Cornelia Spencer-Churchill, who became Lady Wimborne, Rosamond (now Lady de Ramsey), Lady Anne, who became Duchess of Roxburghe, and their aunt, Lady Clementina, afterwards Marchioness Camden, and the late Lady Fanny, who became Lady Tweedmouth. They were all very clever players, and took a great interest in their lessons. The Duchess of Marlborough used sometimes to come into the room to listen to their playing ; but whenever she came they were so nervous that they could never do themselves justice. The Duchess was herself a first-rate pianist, and I often gave her lessons. I dedicated one of my compositions to

her—a difficult transcription of the Neapolitan air “Santa Lucia,” which she read off at sight with ease.

Lord Randolph Churchill used to rush in, like a whirlwind, while I was teaching his sisters, and speak very loudly to them, and his eldest brother, the Marquis of Blandford, did the same. Later on Lady Georgiana Spencer-Churchill, afterwards Lady Howe, and Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill, who married Colonel Wilson, also took lessons from me, and, more recently, the daughters of the Duchess of Roxburghe—so I taught three generations of the family.

I also taught all the daughters of the late Lady Mildred Beresford-Hope, sister of the great Marquis of Salisbury, and many others, among whom were the Countess of Warwick and her sister, Lady Algernon Gordon Lennox, before she was married, but Lady Warwick also had lessons from me after her marriage. I never had any fault to find with these pupils, as they always prepared their lessons to my satisfaction; they were all talented, and some read splendidly at sight.

At the various schools where I taught I used to notice how much the pupils enjoyed studying Beethoven, Mendelssohn and Schumann, which many of them played by heart. At the present time there are few private pupils on account of the numerous musical institutions, such as the Royal Academy of Music, the Royal

College of Music, the Guildhall School of Music, and Trinity College—where, through the spirit of emulation, they make great progress, and where also the tuition is much less expensive than formerly, when the fee was one guinea for each private lesson. Before leaving the subject of my pupils I ought to mention two more interesting ones, namely, Lady Elizabeth Pringle, sister of the Marquis of Breadalbane, who was, I think, nearly eighty years of age when I taught her, in spite of which she studied the longest and most difficult sonatas by Beethoven with me—and also Mrs. Maxwell (Miss Braddon, of *Lady Audley's Secret* fame), who studied with me as recently as four years ago, with great earnestness, and practised for me diligently between each lesson. She lately wrote a novel into which she introduced me under a thin disguise. The old-fashioned courtesy and reticence which made her write, "I did not feel at liberty to give even a hint of your personality in my book without submitting the proof to you," might afford an example to the indiscreet novelists of to-day.

CHAPTER IX

RECOLLECTIONS OF RICHARD WAGNER

I first meet Wagner—He conducts at the Albert Hall—I attend the Third Cycle of *The Ring* at Bayreuth—King Louis of Bavaria—I attend a reception at Wagner's house—"Wahnfried"—Wagner's performances in Paris—"Bravo les chiens!"—I hear *Tristan and Isolde* at Munich—The Prinz Regenten Theater.

I HAD the privilege of meeting Richard Wagner at Schott's music-shop in Regent Street, in 1877. He had come over from Bayreuth to conduct the Wagner Festival given at the Albert Hall to collect funds for the Wagner Festspiel (Wagner Festival performances) at Bayreuth, and Mr. Wolff, the manager of Schott's, introduced me to him. He wore felt shoes, as he was then suffering from gout. I had my little daughter Georgina with me, and he stooped down and talked to her and gave her a kiss. I showed him some bills of my Orchestral Concerts, which were hanging up in the shop, and contained the names of some of his own orchestral works which I was going to perform. When I pointed this out Wagner said, "I am very glad indeed of that, as we badly want money." He meant to carry on the *Ring des Nibelungen*.

The Wagner Concerts at the Albert Hall were composed entirely of his works, and he conducted the first part of the programme himself. Unfortunately, he was no longer at his best, and had lost something of his great skill as a conductor.

The second part of the Wagner programme was conducted by Dr. Hans Richter, who, when he mounted the conductor's desk, was received most enthusiastically by the members of the orchestra. That was Richter's first appearance in London, and everybody knows what a wonderful career he has had during so many years of activity, and how greatly he has improved orchestral concerts—not to mention his numberless performances of Wagner's operas at Drury Lane Theatre and Covent Garden.

The singers engaged for this festival were principally those who sang in Wagner's operas in Bayreuth. They were Frau Materna, Herren Scaria, Grimm, Schloesser, Unger, and others. I remember giving a supper-party at my house at which Materna sat next to me, and several more of these great artists were also my guests, and so was our well-known German doctor, Carl Harrer. The latter was himself a great Wagner singer, although only an amateur, but he could have become a first-rate opera-singer had he not entered the medical profession. We were all lively, and passed a most pleasant evening. Wagner, when in London, stayed at the house

of his young friend, Edward Dannreuther, 12, Orme Square, Bayswater. Before he left England Dannreuther gave a reception in his honour at which no end of musical people were present, and to which I was also invited. Madame Albani was among the guests and she asked me to introduce her to Wagner, which I did, and they had a very animated conversation together. I wonder whether Wagner knew that the lady he was talking to had so often sung his Elizabeth, Elsa, and Senta with great credit to herself.

In the year 1876 I went to Bayreuth and heard the *Ring*. On the way there a very agreeable coincidence happened. Starting from Charing Cross Station, my neighbours in Harley Street, Dr. Critchett (father of Sir Anderson Critchett), and his daughter, Mrs. Boursot, sat next me by accident in the railway carriage, and we travelled together all the way to Bayreuth, which was a very pleasant occurrence. What was still more strange was that my seat was near theirs at the Bayreuth Theatre, although we did not buy our tickets together.

In those days the seats were very expensive—I paid £15 for mine, buying them at Schott's—now you can get them for twenty-five shillings for each performance, £5 for the whole series of four operas.

Dr. Critchett was a great admirer of Wagner,

and when *The Flying Dutchman* was performed at the Lyceum, he went to hear it every night during the season.

The First Cycle at Bayreuth commenced on August 13th, and the third, which I attended, was given from the 27th to the 30th. I had a very nice lodging in the house of the verger, just behind the church, and I was most comfortable there. On the first evening, in *Das Rheingold*, the following singers appeared: Betz, from Berlin, as Wotan—he was a native of Mainz, where I was born—Frau Grün Sadler as Fricka, Schloesser as Mimi, Herr Gura from Munich as Donner, Vogl as Loge, Hill from Schwerin as Alberich.

Fräulein Johanna Wagner, a niece of Wagner, took the part of Erda. She was a rather tall woman, with a resonant contralto voice. Fasolt and Fafner were taken by Eiler and Von Reichenberg.

I was present at Her Majesty's in 1856 when Johanna Wagner made her début as Romeo in Bellini's opera, a part which suited her admirably. Afterwards I met her with her father, Albert Wagner, the eminent tenor, at a soirée at Countess Bernstorff's, when he asked me to accompany her in three songs: she was particularly charming to me.

In *Die Walküre* the Siegmund was Herr Niemann from Berlin; a tall, handsome man, with a fine figure, he had light blond hair and

wore a big beard. He certainly had one of the finest tenor voices I have ever heard—I mean, among the German artists, for I don't wish to compare him with Mario, Giuglini, and other Italian tenors. I remember first hearing him at the Royal Opera in Berlin, in 1858, when he sang the Prophet in Meyerbeer's opera most splendidly. The Sieglinde was Fräulein Schefzky, and Brünnhilde was sung by the incomparable Madame Materna.

In *Siegfried* the leading rôle was sung by Herr Unger, and in *Die Götterdämmerung* Gutrune was Fräulein Weckerlin; Hagen, Herr Scaria; Brünnhilde, Madame Materna; and the Rheinmaidens, Fräulein Lilli and Marie Lehmann (from Berlin) and Fräulein Lammert.

Of all the great moments in this music drama I shall never forget the impression the Trauermarsch made upon me. I had no difficulty in following any of the music, and the various *Leitmotifs* with which each opera was interwoven came out perfectly clear to me.

The theatre, which was built from designs given by Wagner, was so arranged that one could see quite well from every seat in the stalls. There was no pit, only rows of gradually ascending stalls, and at the end of every few rows there were doors of exit. There was only a small gallery or circle, in the middle of which was placed the royal box, and also several smaller boxes. The gaslights were lowered

during each performance—of course, electric light was not then invented.

When Wagner appeared, walking across the stalls during the *entr'actes*, he was cheered to the echo. King Louis of Bavaria attended the four performances, and before the beginning of each opera a fanfare of trumpets was sounded, giving a few bars of a *Leitmotif*. I remember quite well seeing the King drive up to the theatre. The theatre stands at the top of a hill. The King drove up in a carriage with four horses. The horses were most beautifully caparisoned, the harness being exquisitely decorated with silver most artistically wrought.

The King, on the carriage drawing up at the centre entrance, which is reserved now for special royalties, jumped hastily from the carriage, and with a stride or so was within the doors, which shut immediately behind him, as he was anxious not to be seen. At the end of the performance the door opened and the King, with the same hurried stride, practically leaped into the carriage and was drawn at full speed back to the palace in the town. The beautiful harness which he had had made, I believe by Bavarian artists, is still to be seen on the first floor of the magnificent stables in Munich. After the close of the *Götterdämmerung* all the lights were suddenly turned up and the whole house rose and cheered the King, who had to bow, very much, I fear, to his own dislike. He

was a tall, handsome man, with a fine head covered with thick black hair. I noticed that he looked rather melancholy, and he evidently hated the public notice; but on this occasion he could not help himself.

Wagner did not allow any of the artists to bow their acknowledgments at the end of each act; he allowed it only when the opera was finished (I think quite rightly too), and it was but natural that when they did appear the audience applauded them enthusiastically. I also remember that, in the intervals between the acts, the principal male singers sat in their costumes outside the stage door, at the back of the theatre, refreshing themselves with Bayrisches Bier (Bavarian beer)—a very curious sight!

The audience also had a chance of refreshing themselves during the intervals, which were very long, lasting one hour. Special restaurants were built in the grounds of the theatre; they were thronged by a hungry and thirsty crowd, and one had great difficulty in being served. Dr. Hans Richter conducted the *Trilogy*, and he performed a great feat in conducting them without having the score before him, entirely from memory, such a thing having never been done before in the musical world. I have already mentioned that my father conducted the classical operas by heart, but this was child's play compared with Dr. Richter's accomplishment of conducting the difficult and complicated music, vocally

and instrumentally, of the *Ring*, and in those days it was extraordinary that a work so intricate and difficult should be memorised by one man.

Dr. Richter, like the members of the orchestra, was in his shirt-sleeves as the heat was so great.

Wagner was the first to conceal the orchestra, by sinking the floor and thus placing them below the stage and stalls, screening them from the audience, who thus had an uninterrupted view of the stage. Wilhelmj, the great violinist, was the leader, and he told me that Wagner had asked him to alter some of the violin passages—many of which were almost unplayable and extremely difficult—and to make them more playable. As the orchestra was placed underground and not seen by the public, the poor fellows could see nothing of the stage or the artists. Wagner's idea has now been adopted at the continental theatres and in the various opera-houses in this country, and I suppose also in America and other countries. In consequence of it the various scenes look more like a series of pictures, as nothing intervenes between stage and audience—it also concentrates the volume of sound more effectually. Many new instruments were used, such as the saxophones, which were specially manufactured for Wagner's operas.

On the next evening a reception was given by Frau Wagner at "Wahnfried," as Wagner's

house was called. It was a most interesting soirée. All the principal singers—whom Wagner adopted as his children and addressed as “du”—were there. They, on their part, venerated and loved him, calling him “Meister.” A number of foreign visitors from all parts of the world were also present, among whom were the most celebrated composers and instrumentalists. I had the honour of being invited, with Dr. Henry Wylde and my fellow-townsmen, Herr Sigismund Lehmeier, the pianist.

An amateur tenor, M. Robsart, from Brussels, was asked to sing Siegmund’s “Liebeslied,” and as neither Richter nor Herr Rubinstein (the usual accompanist of the opera) was present, I had to play the accompaniment, and as the song is extremely difficult, I was perhaps a little timid at being asked to do so in the presence of its great composer. But it went off well, and the singer was greatly applauded.

“Wahnfried” is a splendid house, with large reception-rooms on the ground-floor. At the back of the drawing-room there is a large library with many volumes of bound music. Looking through them, I noticed that the only composers omitted from the walls of the great master were Mendelssohn and—I believe—Meyerbeer.

I fancy that Wagner did not like Jewish composers, especially as these two I have named belonged to rich families, and Wagner was poor and had constantly to fight for his living, and

was often, as one reads in his Life, obliged to borrow money, until King Louis took him up and helped him to make his fortune and a great name.

Mendelssohn, by the way, was not a Jew, though he belonged to a Jewish family. Wagner wrote a brochure called *Das Judenthum in der Musik*, in which he speaks against Jewish composers, theoretically only, for he had many staunch friends amongst them. It created a great sensation at the time, and he sent a copy to Offenbach, who, after reading it, wrote to him :

“DEAR WAGNER,
“You had better stick to music.”

Wagner thereupon sent Offenbach a copy of the score of the *Meistersinger*, and a few days later had the following :

“DEAR WAGNER,
“I think you had better stick to writing books.”

At Frau Wagner's reception refreshments were served at several buffets, and I remember that, while I was partaking of some in one of the back rooms with some of my friends from London, Wagner came up to where we stood and said jokingly, “Darf ich nicht auch etwas zu essen bekommen ?” (Am I not going to have anything to eat ?) We all made room for

him at once, and were highly pleased that he came amongst us.

Perhaps the following incidents may interest my readers; they happened during the first three performances of *Tannhäuser* in Paris, the first of which was on March 13th, 1861, now fifty-two years ago.

The Emperor Louis Napoleon and the Empress Eugénie were present on the first night, and the opera was received in cold, significant silence.

On the second night the audience, from the second act onward, made a great row, fighting among themselves and disturbing the singers.

On the third night there was a terrific noise, and no member of the audience could hear a note of the music the whole evening, but the one success of the opera was the appearance of the sporting dogs, which the Emperor had specially lent from the royal kennels. One of my friends played the part of the page who had to lead the dogs on the stage towards the end of the first act, and he told me recently that the audience cheered them and called them before the curtain, shouting, "Bravo les chiens!" "Bis les chiens! on vous rappelle!" But the page would not comply with their sarcastic demands.

Now all this has been changed, and whenever Wagner's operas are performed in Paris the house is crowded, and even the *Ring* has become very popular. Naturally, the operas were splen-

didly given in Paris and the scenery could not have been surpassed. At the Lamoureux and Colonne orchestral concerts extracts from his operas were constantly given and received with acclamation by an enthusiastic audience.

It was at Munich that I first heard Wagner's *Tristan and Isolde*, which was then a comparatively unknown work : I was very much impressed and deeply moved. Herr and Frau Vogl sang the title-rôles. I heard them both later at Bayreuth. Musicians came from far and near to hear the performance, which created a great sensation. Munich has always been celebrated for its performances of Wagner's operas, and has had excellent conductors, such as Von Bülow, Hermann Levi, Richard Strauss, and Mottl. The last time I was there was in 1901, the year of the opening of the Prinz Regenten Theater, the new Festspielhaus, which had been built a little way out of the town in the same style as the theatre at Bayreuth.

The performances of Wagner's operas, which included *Tristan and Isolde*, *Die Meistersinger*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*, were some of the finest I have ever heard. Ternina's performance as Isolde I had already known and admired in London. She sang with all her wonted beauty of voice and rose to the greatest heights of dramatic intensity. In the *Meistersinger* I was particularly struck by the perfection of the *ensemble*, and the sunken orchestra added greatly

to the unity of the general effect. Gura, the great baritone, made one of his last appearances as Hans Sachs, and was superb. The performance of *Lohengrin* was remarkable for the fine singing of the choruses, which are always cut in London, so as to alter the whole balance of the opera. Madame Nordica gave a beautiful rendering of the part of Elsa.

One evening I went to see an excellent performance of Mozart's *Così fan tutti* in the little rococo Residenz Theater, a charming setting for the gay and spontaneous opera. Another feature was the small orchestra and the rapid succession of scenes arranged on the revolving stage. I used to meet some of the artists after the performances at supper: they were all delightful companions.

CHAPTER X

SOME GREAT PERSONALITIES

I meet the Abbé Liszt, at Bayreuth and in London—Gounod at Tavistock House—Mrs. Weldon—*Roméo et Juliette* in Paris—I attend the special performances—An annoying incident—Gounod *chez lui*—I accompany his son to a concert at the Conservatoire—Ambroise Thomas—Léo Delibes—Madame Patti's Christmas-tree—Two great pianists—Rubinstein—Hans von Bülow—His grimaces while playing—Story of a pupil.

WHEN I was introduced to Liszt, who was staying with Wagner, he said he knew my name on account of my uncles in Berlin. He was dressed in the clerical garb of an Abbé, and was a very tall man, but stooped a little and spoke very gently. His long, white, silky hair hung down picturesquely, and he was very affable to me and had most charming manners. I saw him every day whilst I stayed at Bayreuth. Liszt was one of the greatest friends and warmest admirers of Wagner and his operas, and he was the first to bring out *Lohengrin*—the *première* of which took place at Weimar in the year 1850, with Liszt as conductor. I met Liszt again in London on Saturday, April 3rd, 1886, when he came over to England as the guest of Mr. Henry Littleton, head of the firm of

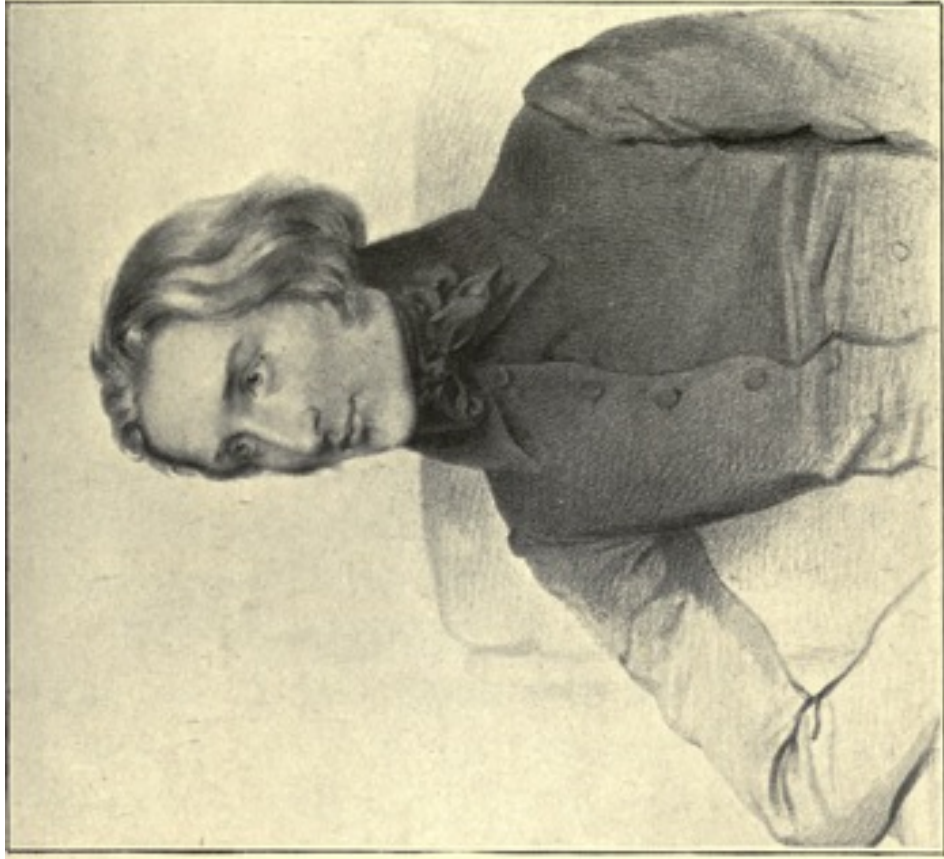
Novello & Co. Liszt arrived at Westwood House, Sydenham, very late in the evening and very tired, and was received by a distinguished company of between three and four hundred people who had been specially invited to meet him. He had come over to hear his oratorio, *Saint Elizabeth*, performed at St. James's Hall on April 6th under the direction of Sir Alexander Mackenzie. I went to hear the performance, and noticed that Liszt occasionally fell asleep, but woke up at hearing the great applause that came at the end of each important part.

I also saw him one Sunday morning at the house of my old friend the late Mr. Beatty Kingston, in St. John's Wood, where he had been invited to lunch. A song composed by his host's daughter was sung, and immediately afterwards Liszt sat down at the piano and extemporised beautifully on the theme of the song, never having heard it before.

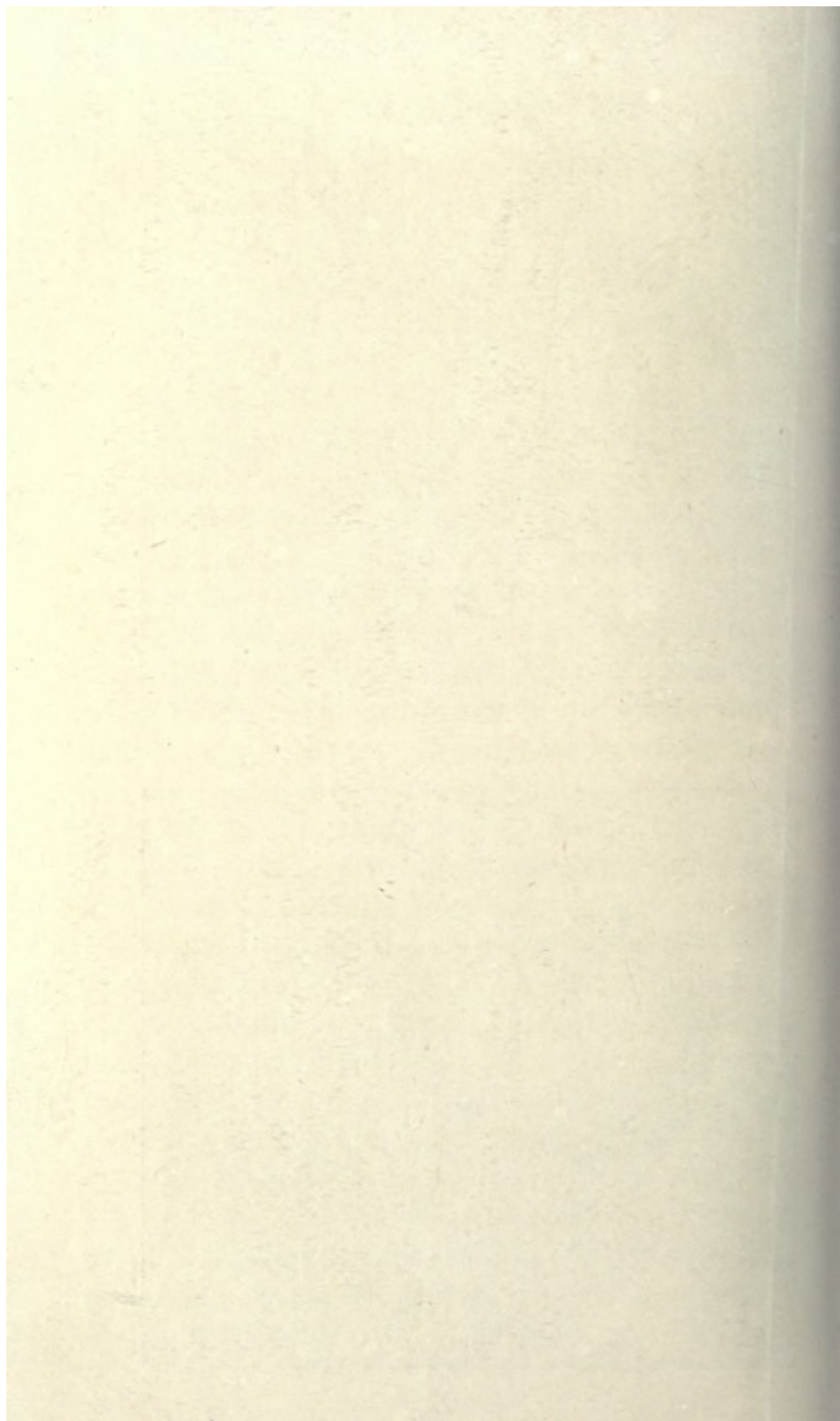
A brilliant reception was also given in his honour, arranged by his pupil and friend, the late Mr. Walter Bache, at the Grosvenor Galleries in Bond Street, where I had the good fortune to hear Liszt play. He was then seventy-five years old, having been born on October 22nd, 1811, so one could hardly expect that his playing would have been so astonishing. He still had wonderful fire and technique, and one could easily imagine his former greatness, as the first pianist of his day. He may be said



Chas. Robertson



J. Lloyd



to have created a new school of pianoforte playing, and now his works are constantly being performed at all the recitals given by modern pianists, and his orchestral works, such as his symphonies and symphonic tone-poems, are in the programmes of most of the orchestral concerts in London and the provinces. I have already mentioned that I gave the first performance in England of his "Divina Commedia" Symphony at my Orchestral Concerts in 1882.

After Liszt's death I stayed at Weimar and saw the houses where Schiller and Goethe and other great German poets and writers lived. There they have a Liszt Museum of his presents, testimonials and portraits, etc., and his old housekeeper showed me over it. She pointed out a lithograph portrait of Beethoven, and said that Liszt had always spoken of it as being the best likeness of him. Liszt, when a boy of twelve, had played before Beethoven.

In 1870, when the Franco-German War broke out, Charles Gounod, like many other Parisians, came over to England to get out of the war. He lived at Tavistock House, with Captain and Mrs. Weldon, where Charles Dickens once resided, near Euston Square. Georgina Weldon used to receive her friends, including a number of distinguished artists, on Sunday afternoons, and on those occasions Gounod used to accompany her in some of his newest songs, many of which he had dedicated to her. She had a

lovely high soprano voice, and was, in those days, a great beauty. She used to call Gounod "Papa."

Gounod also sang his own songs, such as "Maid of Athens," with perfect charm. He had only a small voice, but he sang exquisitely, every word being distinctly heard, and of course he played his own accompaniments to perfection. I used to go with the 'cellist, M. Paque, to these Sunday Réunions, and accompanied him in a fantasia which he had composed on airs from Gounod's *Faust*.

It was about this time that Gounod had organised a series of orchestral concerts, consisting of his own new works. These concerts, which were most interesting, were given at St. James's Hall, and he had engaged a fine orchestra. Several new works were performed, such as "The Funeral March of a Marionette." Mr. Edward Lloyd made a successful first appearance as a young English singer at these concerts. I remember complimenting him on his singing after the concerts had finished, and he seemed very pleased at my praise.

Gounod always admired English choral singing, and his famous oratorios, *The Redemption* and *Mors et Vita*, were both written for Birmingham Festivals. I was present at the rehearsal of *The Redemption* at St. George's Hall, Langham Place, when Madame Albani, Madame Patey, Edward Lloyd, and Charles Santley were

among the singers. Gounod conducted it himself, most splendidly.

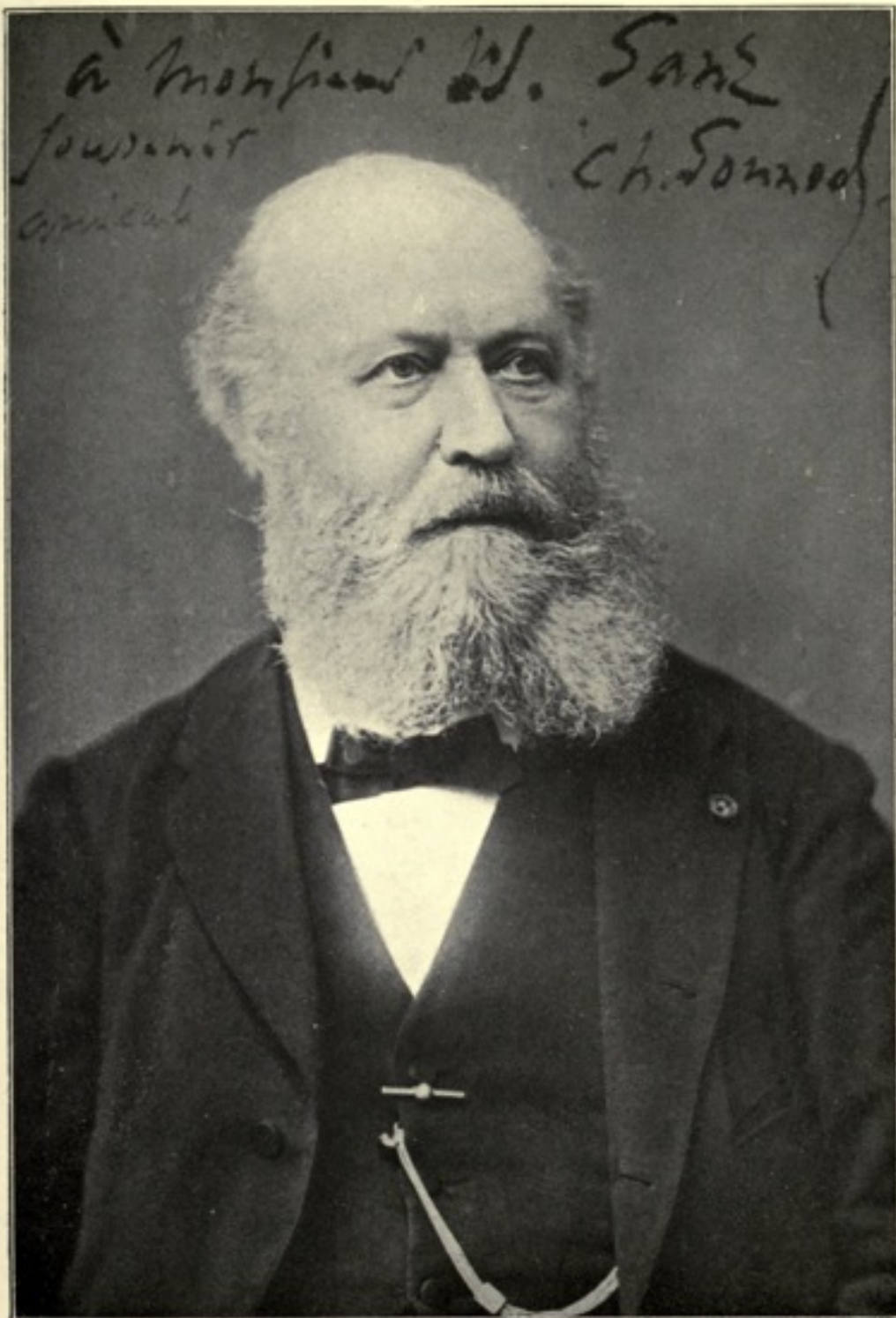
When the Franco-German War was over he returned to Paris. The Parisians had been clamouring for his return, and complaining that he had been so long kept away from them. They even twitted him with having become an Englishman, to which he replied, "If I were not a Frenchman, I should like to be an Englishman." Many years afterwards, in December 1888, I visited him in Paris and renewed my acquaintance with him under the following circumstances.

Gounod and the directors of the Paris Grand Opera wished to give some special performances of *Roméo et Juliette*, and one of the directors, M. Gailhard, came over to England and travelled west to Craig-y-nos Castle to invite Madame Patti to go over to Paris and sing, and she kindly consented to do so. Signor Nicolini invited the late Mr. Augustus Spalding, Mr. Percy Harrison, the late Mr. N. Vert, and myself to go over to Paris and hear the performances. We four, accordingly, travelled over to Paris and stayed at the Hôtel Meurice in the Rue de Rivoli. *Roméo et Juliette* was a brilliant success, and was sung to packed houses. Madame Patti surpassed herself as Juliette, M. Jean de Reszke was Roméo, and M. Edouard de Reszke Friar Lawrence, and the opera was well conducted by M. Taffanel, who used to play the flute in the

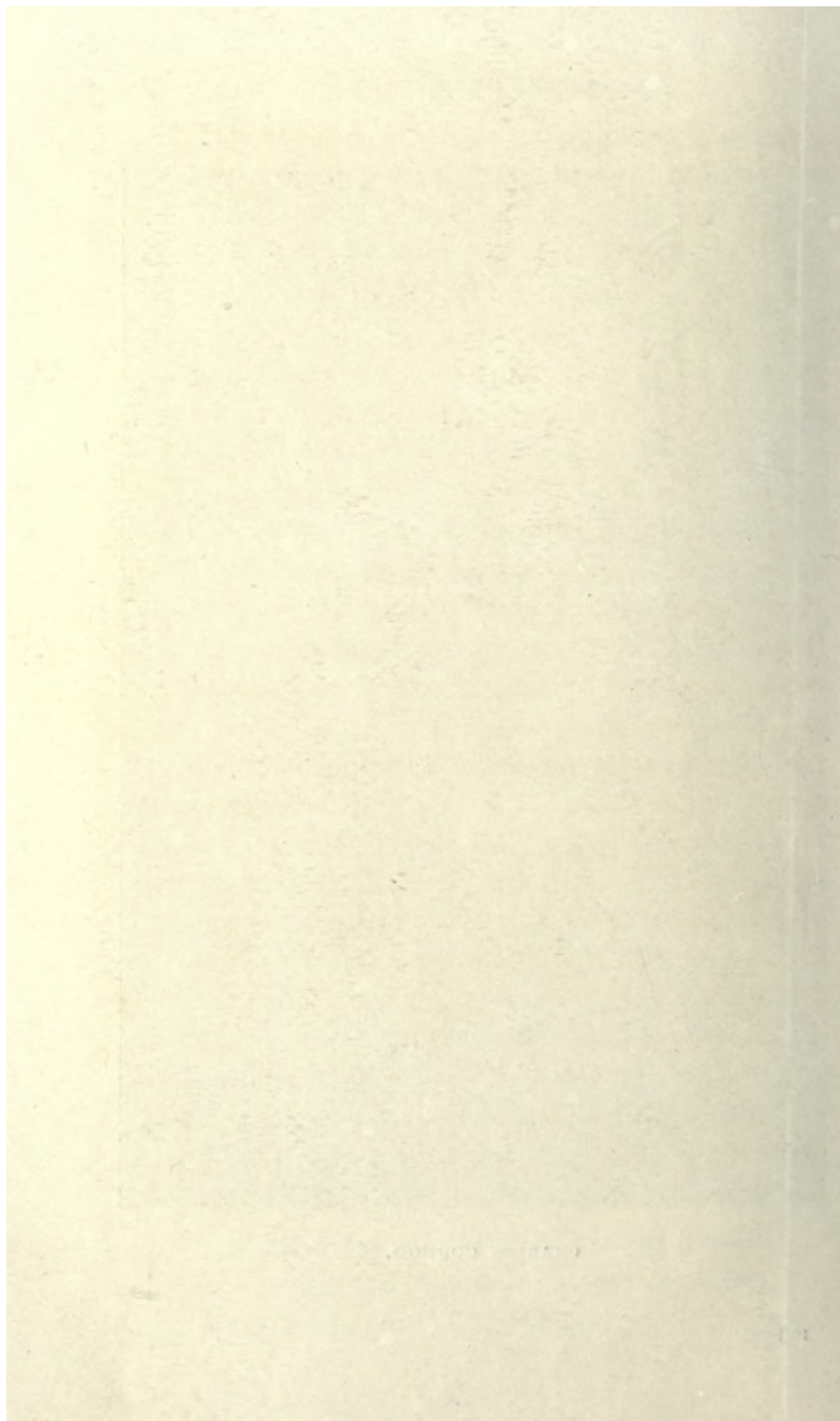
orchestra—Gounod only conducting the first of the four performances.

We had seats in a box in one of the upper tiers that night, and for the next three performances had very good seats in the stalls. The *mise-en-scène* was very fine, the choruses excellent, likewise the ballet. The Ball Scene, where Juliet faints through the effect of the potion given her by Friar Lawrence in the second act, is always omitted at Covent Garden, but it was given in Paris, and altogether it was a memorable occasion. This was the first time I had seen the New Opera-house, with its grand staircase and superb *foyer*. The only thing which threw a kind of damper on my enjoyment was that I lost my pocket-book in the crush while trying to get my overcoat at one of the cloak-rooms connected with that part of the stalls where we sat. There were a great many other people trying to get their coats, and I felt a man pressing against me who, I suppose, was the one who stole my little book. Fortunately it contained no money, only my return-ticket to London, and, what I regretted most, a card from Gounod introducing me to Ambroise Thomas, in which he was kind enough to call me his *confrère*. I advertised and offered a reward, but nothing came of it.

On the Saturday morning following I called on Gounod at his house in the Boulevard Malesherbes and found him at home, sitting in



CHARLES GOUNOD.



his study on the first floor, dressed still in *négligé* and wearing his velvet cap. He received me most kindly, and, as Mr. Vert was waiting in the carriage outside, I asked M. Gounod whether I might bring him up and introduce him, and he at once said "Yes," and greeted Vert most affably. He talked a great deal about music in England, and said he regretted the cause which prevented him from coming over to England again and conducting some orchestral concerts of his own works, which he would have dearly loved to have done. This cause was a lawsuit, which he had lost in London and had been condemned to pay a heavy fine, and had he returned to England he would have had to settle it.

I asked him to write something in my autograph album, which he did, and I begged him to give me a piano-score of *Roméo et Juliette* signed with his name. He went to look in his library and returned, saying : " I am very sorry, but I have not a single copy left. People come to visit me, and take away all the piano-scores of my operas from my shelves."

In looking over my album he noticed the title and also a phrase of one of his own arias, " She alone charmeth my sadness," from his opera, *La Reine de Saba*. I told him that Signor Foli had made it very popular in England, but, strangely enough, he did not seem to recollect the song at all !

Gounod asked me if I would like to go to the Conservatoire Concert next morning, and of course I said "Yes": he then offered to fetch me from my hotel and take me there with him. Unfortunately, he was taken ill, so could not go, and his son came in his stead and we went together to the concert, which took place in the Salle du Conservatoire. It was conducted by M. Taffanel, and was a wonderful performance. The orchestra is celebrated all over Europe, and I must say I never heard a finer performance of Beethoven's *Eroica*. It was a revelation to me, and "The Funeral March" affected me to tears. Choruses from Gluck's *Armida* and *Iphigenia in Aulis* were also given.

In the afternoon I attended a reception given by the director of the Conservatoire, M. Ambroise Thomas, in his rooms at the Conservatoire, and renewed acquaintance with Madame Thomas, who had known me in London when she came over with her sister, Madame Montigny-Rémaury, the celebrated pianist, who had played several times at my orchestral concerts, and both sisters had visited my house. A great many artists, principally French, and other distinguished persons were present at the reception. Ambroise Thomas was very tall, and had a commanding presence; he was most sympathetic, and made everybody feel at home.

During the siege of Paris, Ambroise Thomas

was much troubled about the fate of his villa at Argenteuil, and as soon as he could leave Paris he hastened there. To his surprise, amidst the surrounding ruins of the place, he found his villa "Elsinore," with its garden, untouched. On opening the door of his house, he found the explanation. A visiting-card was lying there bearing the name "Lieutenant —," and underneath in pencil was written, "nephew of Meyerbeer."

Later in the evening I visited Monsieur Léo Delibes in his rooms at the Rue de Rivoli. I found him at home and told him that Madame Patti had sung his "Bell Song" from *Lakmé* at the Albert Hall, under my direction, with immense success; in fact, she had to repeat the last quick movement. I asked him to put his autograph on my orchestral score of this song, which I had brought with me, which he did, and we had a most interesting chat. He died soon afterwards, on January 16th, 1891, when only fifty-four years old, and by his death the musical world lost a genius who could ill be spared. His grand Opera Ballets, *Sylvia* and *Coppélia*, alone will never let his name be forgotten, to say nothing of his many charming songs.

Madame Patti invited me to remain as her guest over Christmas, saying that she would have a Christmas-tree in her apartments in the Hôtel Meurice; but I could not accept her invitation, as I knew my wife and children would

be disappointed if I were away on such a family festival; so I thanked Madame Patti and her husband for the great treat I had had in hearing the festival performances of *Roméo et Juliette*, and we said "good-bye" for the time being.

The greatest pianist I have ever heard was Anton Rubinstein. He was a veritable giant in his playing. He used to come over from Russia in the summer, and I heard him at John Ella's Musical Union Concerts. He was a man of extreme artistic sensitiveness, and very moody, and was noted for his playing of rapid and spirited movements.

I also heard his opera *Il Demonio*, which was performed here by a Russian company and made a great impression.

In 1881 he gave a series of historical recitals in chronological order at St. James's Hall, and gave me two tickets for each concert. Seats were a guinea each, an unheard-of price in those days, and after each concert he used to invite his friends to a reception at the Hôtel Dieudonné in Ryder Street, to which I also received an invitation.

Rubinstein had a fine head, and people thought him like Beethoven. One evening I was invited by Carl Rosa to dine, to meet him and his agent, Mr. Wolff. We played whist afterwards, but not for money. Rubinstein was very fond of gambling, and lost lots of money at the roulette-table at Baden-Baden and other watering-

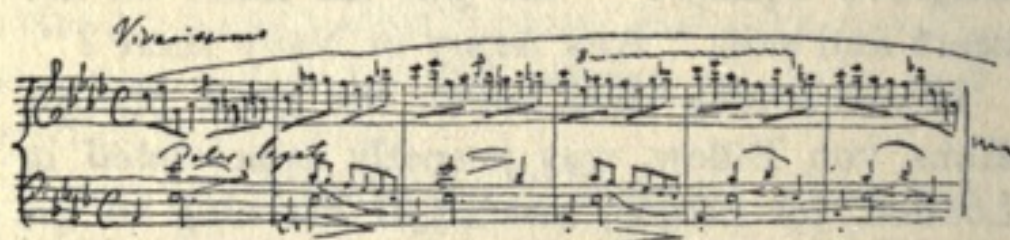
places. Sometimes he lost so much that the Russian Grand Duchess Hélène had to send him his travelling expenses so that he could get back to Russia. He was, all the same, a very generous man and never minded what he gave away.

A young girl I know was once taken to see Rubinstein, and he asked her to sing to him : she chose his "Du bist wie eine Blume." When she had finished his comment was, "Too much Belgrave Square !" He put his hand on her heart and said, "Any Army or Navy there ?"

It was a long time before the great pianist, Hans von Bülow, was properly appreciated in London, for people, instead of listening to his playing, only seemed to notice his mannerisms. He was, as a fact, very short-sighted, and when he played he took off his spectacles and moved his head about rather grotesquely ; but this was not affectation, it came naturally to him. He was always entranced in the music, and really could not see his audience at all without spectacles ; but his gestures and apparent grimaces used to amuse them.

I call to mind one day meeting Arthur Chappell in Bond Street, when he asked my opinion about Bülow, which I gave him, lauding the pianist up to the skies ; but Chappell did not agree with me. Bülow had only been a short time in England then, and I fancy Arthur Chappell changed his mind, for he engaged him to play at his popular concerts.

Bülow, apart from being such a great player and musician, was also a distinguished literary man, and wrote pamphlets on musical subjects. He was a clever composer as well, and a first-rate orchestral conductor, of which he gave proof when he was Kapellmeister at Munich and conducted Wagner's operas there. He also conducted orchestral concerts here, and used to give piano recitals at St. James's Hall, at one of



Lucas. Wilhelm Jung

8. 2. 1874

London 23 Nov 1874

Lucas & Bülow

which he performed the last four Sonatas of Beethoven, which, as everybody knows, are immensely difficult; but he played them so clearly, especially the fugues, that it was a great treat to listen to him. You never heard a wrong note, and what I particularly admired was the feat of playing these difficult works by heart. At the present day all the great pianists do the same thing, and nobody thinks it at all extraordinary; but in those days it was a *tour de force*.

As everybody who takes an interest in musicians knows, Frau Cosima Wagner was the wife of Bülow before she married Wagner, and the daughter of Franz Liszt.

Bülow was a little man, thin and wiry, and full of wit and sarcasm. He was very sensitive about his slight build, and on one occasion, when he was conducting a concert at Berlin, he wrote and asked my uncle the Concertmeister whether he couldn't come to his aid, saying:

“Muss ich, bei meiner anti-Murphy Statur, Madame Clara Novello vorführen? Oder wird sich nicht ein besserer Cavalier zu dieser Repräsentation auftreiben lassen?” (Must I, with my anti-Murphy stature, lead on Madame Clara Novello, or cannot a better cavalier be raked up?)

Murphy was a well-known Irish giant of the period.

A young English pupil of Bülow's told me a characteristic story of him. Bülow always impressed upon him the importance of the serious study of musical form and structure. Happening to come into the room one day, he heard his pupil playing Mendelssohn's *Lieder ohne Worte*. Bülow remarked, “Mendelssohn! Das ist eine Krankheit für die Jugend!” (which might be liberally translated: “Mendelssohn! A malady, like measles, to be got over in youth!”) No one, except perhaps Liszt, worked harder for Wagner's fame—in which he certainly succeeded.

CHAPTER XI

MADAME ADELINA PATTI

Her wonderful career—Enthusiasm at Swansea—"A Royal Progress"—Annual charity concerts at Swansea, Brecon, and Neath—Life at Craig-y-nos—A kind chatelaine—Her Bijou Theatre—The Albert Hall concerts—How Patti practised—Her marriage with Baron Cederström—Sir George Faudel-Phillips's joke—Patti's many escapes from death—Her wonderful *sang-froid*—Her dresses and jewellery—Some musical amateurs I have known.

I HAVE already mentioned that Madame Adelina Patti sang at my concert at St. James's Hall in 1870 (see page 86). I cannot refrain from saying a few words about this charming lady, who has been my staunch and valued friend for forty-three years, since I first met her in 1870. Everybody knows her wonderful career, which began in 1850, when she was only seven years old, and appeared at Tripler's Hall, New York. She then sang "Casta Diva" from *Norma*, Eckert's "Echo Song," and "Home, Sweet Home," evoking the greatest enthusiasm. Her first appearance on the operatic stage took place when she was not yet seventeen years of age, at the Academy of Music, New York, in 1859, when she sang the title-rôle in Donizetti's opera



ADELINA PATTI, IN "LA TRAVIATA," 1859.

THE "AMERICAN" THE JOURNAL

Lucia di Lammermoor, and carried everything before her.

She came to London with her father, and on May 14th, 1861, she made her début at Covent Garden in Bellini's opera *La Sonnambula*, when her success was phenomenal, and from that day she became the reigning favourite at the Opera, where she sang, for twenty-five consecutive years, twice a week. She told me herself that she had a répertoire of thirty-nine operas, and knew them by heart, the text and all the changes, with the various embellishments and cadenzas. Her memory is prodigious; no other singer in the world can show such a wonderful record. Her teacher was her half-brother, Ettore Barili.

She first invited me to her beautiful castle in South Wales, called Craig-y-nos (the Black Mountain or Mountain of the Night), to assist at a charity concert, which she gave for the Swansea Hospital in the eighties. The distance from her home was about twenty miles by rail, and all along the embankments crowds of miners stood with their wives and children, watching the train go by, and cheering her and waving their caps and handkerchiefs as she passed along. On her arrival at Swansea she was received by the Mayor and some members of the corporation, and a company of the local volunteers with their bands playing. She drove in an open carriage with her husband, and other

carriages followed with the rest of the artists and her friends staying at the castle, through the streets to the Albert Hall. The ships in the harbour were decked with flags, and on each side of the way, bunting with such mottoes as "God bless the Queen of Song," "Welcome," "Long live Adelina Patti," etc., decorated the route. From the house windows the inhabitants cheered, and likewise the crowds of people in the streets.

The Albert Hall at Swansea was crowded to suffocation. She sang several of her favourite songs, and ended with the ever-popular "Home, Sweet Home," which made many of the audience shed tears. Numerous floral offerings which consisted of the choicest flowers were handed to her on the platform. At the end of the concert the Member of Parliament for Swansea made an eloquent speech, in which he thanked her for her generosity and kindness in coming so far to help the hospital. A suitable reply was made for her by a friend. Our return to the railway station was again a scene of enthusiasm and deafening cheering, her castle being reached in time for dinner, and the Diva was happy in having done such good work for the suffering poor.

These concerts took place every year in rotation, viz. at Swansea, at Brecon, and at the Gwyn Hall, Neath, with the same result, and at each she was received by the Mayor and local

authorities. At these annual concerts the Diva was assisted by distinguished artists, who also gave their services, and I had the honour of being the conductor at them all. At the conclusion of our stay Madame Patti always presented handsome gifts of jewellery to all the artists as a souvenir of the occasion.

Craig-y-nos Castle occupies a beautiful position, three hundred feet above the level of the River Tawe; it stands in a lovely valley surrounded by high mountains. The reception-rooms are large and beautifully furnished. In the billiard-room there is a big orchestrion, which has a répertoire of all the popular operas, a large number being those of Wagner. Madame Patti generally joins in these airs, singing them while they are being played. She told me that Wagner asked her repeatedly to sing the soprano parts in *Lohengrin* and *Tannhäuser*, but she always declined his request. She would have made a splendid Elsa, but she was afraid that Wagner's operas might hurt her voice, particularly in the dramatic parts. The orchestrion is generally wound up to play after dinner, to the delight of the Diva's guests. There is a large Winter Garden with an electric fountain, which is lit up in various colours, and makes the *coup d'œil* a fairy place. The gardens are large, with a great number of hot-houses. There are two artificial lakes filled with fish, and wild-duck fly about everywhere.

Many years ago, when Madame Patti was looking out for a place to purchase, she was advised to consider the claims of a castle and estate near Turin called *Casa di Val di Casotto*. One of the attractions which it possessed was that the purchaser would be entitled to assume a title connected with the place. "When I was told I could call myself Duchessa di Val di Casotto," said Patti, "I replied that I preferred *Risotto*!"

I have always found it a real pleasure to be her guest, for as a hostess she entertains her friends in the most charming and hospitable manner. Madame Patti has an enormous correspondence, having friends all over the world, and this generally occupies her time the greater part of the morning. In the afternoon she, with her husband and guests, takes long drives, and it is a sight to see how the villagers turn out of their cottages with their little children to salute and bow to her as she passes along. In the winter time she provides the poor of the neighbourhood with coals and blankets, and gives them winter clothes. Her accomplishments do not end with her beautiful singing; she plays the piano perfectly, as well as the harmonium, the guitar, the mandoline, and the zither. She speaks and writes Italian, Spanish, Russian, Portuguese, German, French, and English perfectly. She does the finest embroidery, and has painted some charming little sketches

in water-colour. She is a courageous horse-woman, and drives splendidly, and delights in playing croquet.

She has had a pretty little bijou theatre built in the castle, which seats over three hundred persons, and where she often performs little plays and pantomimes. On one occasion she asked me to arrange a performance of *La Traviata*, as her husband, Baron Rolf Cederström, had never seen her on the stage. I had engaged some singers from London, and a small orchestra from Swansea, which I conducted. It was a memorable performance, and I never heard her sing better, nor with more pathos, than in the last act, in the dying scene, when everybody was moved to tears and felt as if, in the death of Violetta, they had lost a personal friend.

The audience consisted of her friends staying at the castle, and the rest of the stalls were filled with the families of her neighbours, while the little gallery contained her personal attendants and tenants. Of course the applause of the audience was most enthusiastic. A performance of Grand Opera in a private house, under such circumstances, was most interesting.

For many years Madame Patti was engaged by Mr. Percy Harrison of Birmingham, for concert tours in England, Scotland, Ireland, and Wales, in which I acted as conductor. The concert-halls were crowded to excess, and the enthusiasm of the audience was so great that

she was obliged to accept encores to all her songs. The concerts at the Albert Hall given by the late Wilhelm Kuhe, the late N. Vert, and afterwards by Percy Harrison, must be remembered by all who had the good fortune to be present on these occasions, at which I both conducted the orchestra and accompanied on the pianoforte.

Madame Patti has always found her audiences insatiable in the matter of encores; and while she has never been unwilling to comply with the fair requests of her enthusiastic admirers, she found that, after all, there must be some limit set to them. Of late years she found a subtle way of indicating to the house that they should not ask for more. After "Home, Sweet Home," or "Coming thro' the Rye," she would retire, and then, in response to continued applause, return to the platform with a scarf on her shoulders, thus making it clear that it was really "good-night."

I have already mentioned Madame Patti singing to Her late Majesty, Queen Victoria, at Windsor Castle. Later I referred to the wonderful concert given by the Marchioness of Lansdowne at Covent Garden on February 22nd, 1900, in aid of the officers' widows and families, in connection with the South African War.

It may be interesting for students of the vocal art to know that Madame Patti, at the beginning of her career, practised the fugues of Bach, which

are not only very difficult to play, but even more so to sing, as she herself told me, and also the "Rondo Capriccioso" of Mendelssohn. Her voice is a soprano of the purest quality; her roulades come out of her mouth like pearls, and her shake is exquisite and the finest I have ever heard.

The practice of introducing new cadenzas and making alterations in the music without the composer's approval has always been disapproved of by Madame Adelina Patti. She has told me that Rossini strongly objected to the liberties which singers used to take with his music, and that when M. Maurice Strakosch, her brother-in-law and teacher, introduced certain staccato notes into an aria, Rossini remarked, "Ce sont des Strakoschonneries!"

The very brilliant cadenzas to "Bel Raggio," which Madame Patti used to sing, were specially composed and written out for her by Rossini himself. He had a great admiration for her singing, and asked to come and hear her practising her *solfeggi*, and would not listen to her objections. He would come upstairs in the hotel where they were staying and stand outside the door of the room while she was practising.

I attribute the miraculous manner in which Madame Patti has kept her voice to the way in which she has spent her life in actually living for her art, to a degree never exercised by any

other singer. She can actually count on her fingers the times she has disappointed in her singing career. In her desire to keep faith with the public and not to fail in her appearances through any cause avoidable by herself, she was most careful in her diet, never overtired herself, keeping early and regular hours; after singing she would only take a light supper. So conscientious was she before her engagements that I know of many pleasures she has voluntarily given up. Now that she has retired she is able to enjoy visits to Bayreuth or Munich, where she constantly goes to the festivals, or to Paris, where she has so many old friends, including M. Jean de Reszke and his wife, and when staying in London she is a great theatre-goer.

It will not be out of place if I mention that her marriage with Baron Rolf Cederström took place at Brecon in January 1899, and after the ceremony a special train took the bride and bridegroom, with their guests, including my wife and my daughters, Georgina and Adelina, and myself, and many friends and relations, to London. The wedding breakfast was served in the train, and Sir George Faudel-Phillips proposed the health of the bride and bridegroom in felicitous terms, and jokingly said that he had made speeches before in curious places, but he "had never before made one in a tunnel," as we were passing through the Severn Tunnel at that moment.

Madame Patti has had several narrow escapes from death. On one occasion, when she was about sixteen years of age, she was singing the Mad Scene in *Lucia*, when the sleeve of her dress, which was very long and of some light, flimsy material, caught fire in the footlights. Tearing it off with her hand, she extinguished the flames, only stopping singing for a few moments, and then caught up the flute *obbligato* exactly where she left off. There were thunders of applause at her plucky action. Another time, in America, when she was singing in opera, an assassin threw a bomb at a man in the stage box. Madame Patti had taken several calls from the right-hand side of the stage, and was going to appear again to bow from that side, when something seemed to tell her to go to the left-hand side instead. It was well she did so, for just then the anarchist threw his bomb, which missed the stage box and fell on the stage at the exact spot where she had just been standing. Fortunately it did not explode.

On another occasion, when she was a young girl, a messenger left a pair of gloves at her house, with a note asking her to accept them, as the sender wished to call them the "Patti gloves." Her father looked at them and thought they had a suspicious appearance and smell, so he took them to a chemist, who analysed them and found they had been steeped in a most deadly poison.

Once, when Madame Patti returned to the artists' room after singing, she helped herself to a glass of water from the carafe provided for her; but the moment she tasted it she found it had such a strange flavour that she would not drink it. It was afterwards discovered that a box of matches had evidently been soaked in the water to poison her, for it was found to be full of brimstone.

Even at an early age she was entirely fearless. When a little girl she toured in Porto Rico with her father, riding on a white horse, and met with all sorts of adventures. She never seemed to know what danger meant. When she was only ten years old she was singing at a place called St. Thomas, in America, when an earthquake took place, and the building in which the concert was held began to rock ominously. Of course everybody proceeded to rush away, but little Adelina called out from the platform: "Why do you all run away? I am not running away," and started singing an extra "Home, Sweet Home," which prevented a panic. She did a similar thing when an overcrowded gallery threatened to give way and the people were terrified by the sinister cracking of the boards.

Once when Madame Patti was singing in *Traviata*, during the duet "Parigi o Cara" the tenor, by mistake, began to sing the soprano part. Quite undaunted, Patti immediately rose to the

occasion, and dropped into his part quite naturally. "When he was kind enough to let me," she says, in telling the story, "I took my own part back again." Nobody noticed the mistake, and the tenor afterwards thanked Patti, with tears in his eyes, for saving the situation.

When Patti was on a concert tour up the Mississippi River, she used to leave the boat, sing at some concert-hall, and then continue the journey. On one occasion she got out at a place called Bâton Rouge, but, not feeling well enough to sing, was obliged to disappoint the audience by not appearing. While she was resting in the hotel she heard a child crying bitterly in one of the rooms, and, in her kindly and impulsive way, went to see what was the matter. She found a little girl sobbing because "mother had gone to hear the great Patti sing and she was left behind." Patti soon cheered her by singing "Home, Sweet Home," and "Kathleen Mavourneen," and when the mother came back, very disappointed, from the concert, the child exclaimed, "I've heard her! I've heard her!" "What *do* you mean?" said the mother, and her feelings can be imagined when she learned what she had missed.

As an instance of Patti's interest in the opinion of the humblest of her hearers I may mention that once, when a mutual friend of ours was

coming out of the Albert Hall after a concert with Madame Patti, she said to her: "I have just heard a policeman going into raptures about your singing!" "What did he say?" said Patti, intensely pleased, "I *do* want to know what he said." It was characteristic of her that, with the plaudits of the whole Albert Hall audience still ringing in her ears, she was eager to hear what a policeman on duty there had thought about her voice.

I have not said half enough in praise of Madame Patti, but words fail me to give expression to the admiration I have for her as a friend, artiste, and woman. She has given pleasure to more people all over the world than any other living singer, and it is to be regretted that, being still in full possession of her powers, she has given up her public career; but, after all these many years of arduous work, singing in operas and concerts, and travelling thousands of miles nearly all over the world, she deserves her well-earned rest.

In former years, when she was still active in her profession, she never had an opportunity of visiting various cities (where she was not singing), visiting theatres, museums, and other places of entertainment, or artistic instruction, because she never had any time to give to these sights. She was always so devoted to her profession. Her husband, however, is himself a great admirer of art, and encourages his wife to

visit the fine museums, and they generally spend a few months every winter in Rome.

She did not formerly accept any invitations to dinners or receptions, as she was afraid of catching cold, and of disappointing not only the public, but also her managers.

She is the soul of punctuality, always arriving in ample time for her engagements. The method and order observed in her castle are very characteristic of her.

She is very fond of animals, and cannot bear to see them in pain. Often when driving along the country roads she will stop to see why a lamb is bleating or a dog whining. Once, when a thrush knocked against her window and fell stunned she went out to pick it up, nursed and revived it and then let it go.

She is adored by her servants, Welsh, English, German, and Italian, and her sympathetic kindness to her old retainers is the admiration of every one.

When staying at her house it was a sight to see her coming down to dinner dressed magnificently. She varied her jewellery according to the dress she wore—diamonds and rubies, pearls and emeralds. Her toilettes are elegant, and never over-elaborate. I have mentioned these particulars as I thought they would interest my lady readers, and I may add that the Baroness Cederström has been kind enough to work a waistcoat for me.

Shortly after one of Patti's concerts, at which I conducted the orchestra, *Puck* had an excellent cartoon with the following verses :

" OPORTET PATI "

OR

" WE ALL WANT PATTI ! "

'Tis said that Hector Berlioz once wrought
A novel version of an ancient adage,
And clothed in words expressing modern thought
One of the grimmest notions of a sad age.

" Oportet pati " was the monkish text
He dealt with, saying, " It is meet to suffer "
Was its translation by some dull, unsexed,
Monastic, gloomy, superstitious duffer.

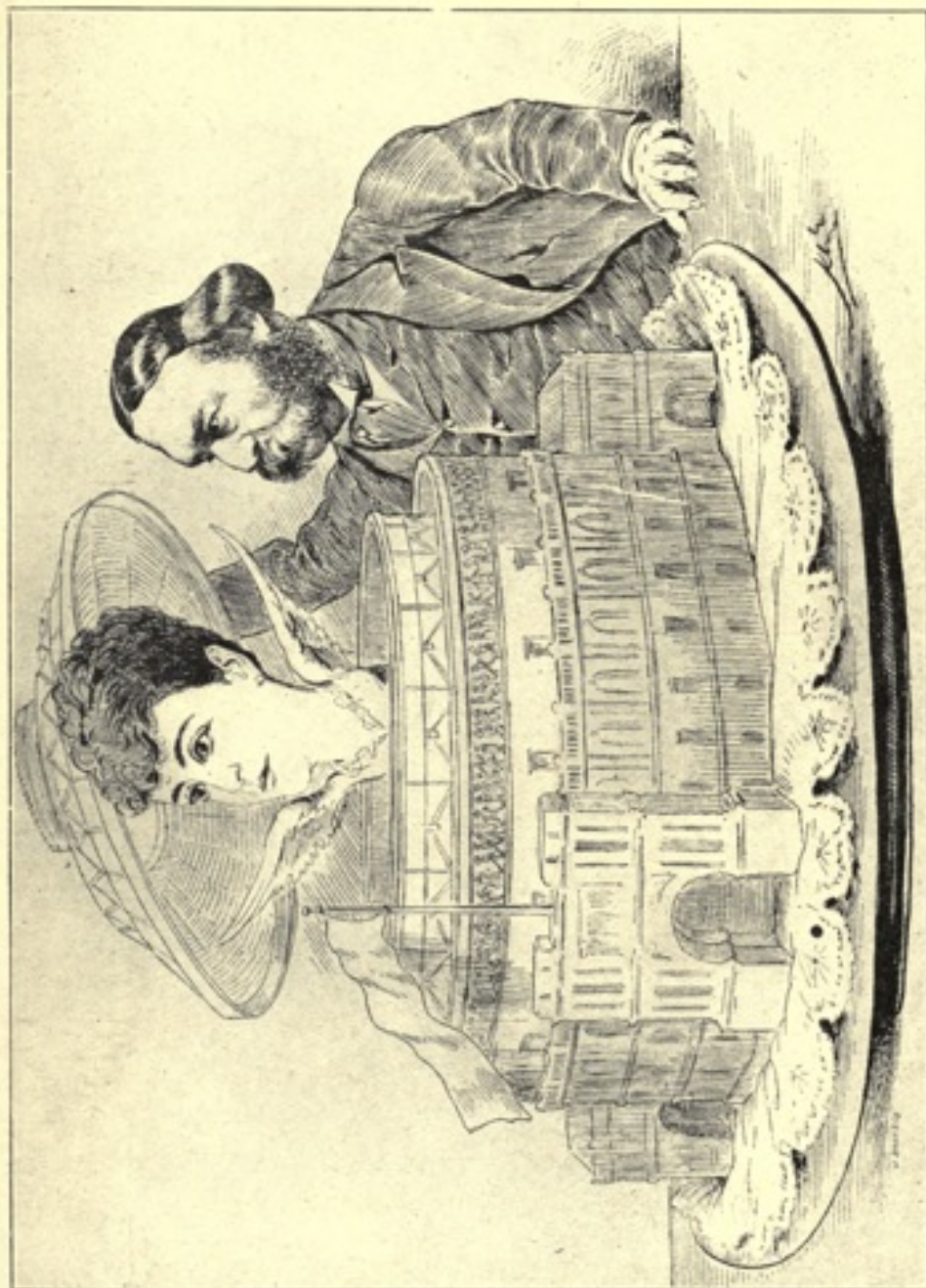
Next came a cheerfuller interpretation
Ingeniously excogitated by
A French *gourmet* of world-wide reputation,
Who vowed the axiom meant " Bring up the Pie ! "

The rendering by Berlioz devised,
Was the most graceful, sympathetic, natty ;
He gave it thus : " Correctly modernised,
' Oportet pati ' means ' We all want Patti. ' "

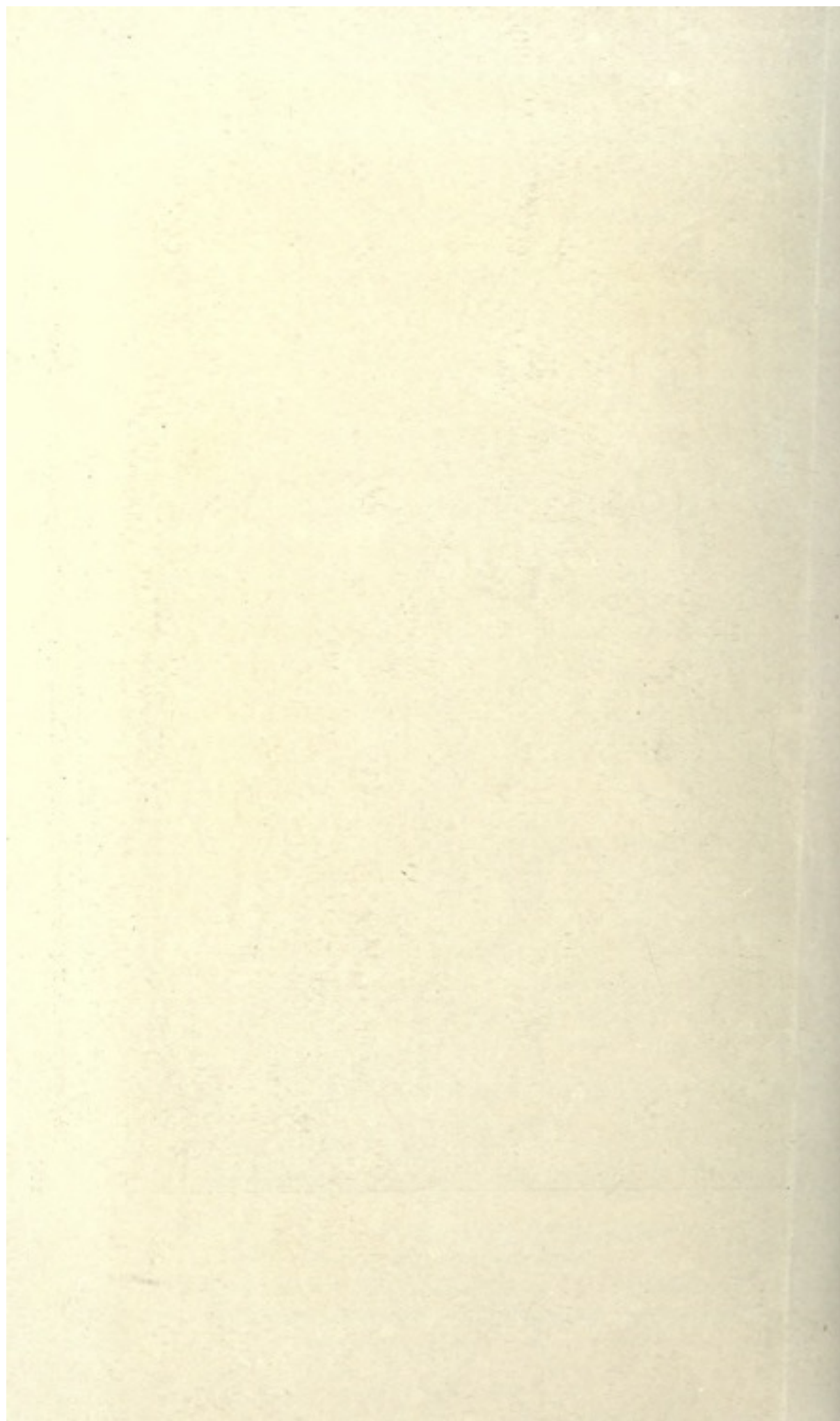
Our version of the Latin saw shall be
The same as that of France's great musician ;
" We all want Patti. " Ever fain are we
To court the song-spells of that sweet magician.

See ! *Puck* has drawn her nestling in a pie—
A mimic *paté*, pasty architectural ;
The Nightingale is just about to fly,
No longer her departure is conjectural.

She leaves her island home and friends to reap
A golden harvest on a foreign shore ;
Heaven guide her safely o'er the storm-toss'd deep !
Good luck, dear Queen of Song, and " Au revoir. "



"OPORTET PATI," OR WE ALL WANT PATTI (PATÉ).
Mr. Ganz (under Mr. Harrison's clever auspices) has dished us up a "patée" always to our taste.—"Puck."



The late Duke of Edinburgh, throughout his life, retained his love for the violin, and when he founded the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society he himself led the orchestra. The early meetings of the Society were held in private at Metzler's, in Great Marlborough Street, and there was no audience. I joined as a violinist, and I remember one occasion when the Prince of Wales was present. In conversation with me he asked if I knew the Duke of Edinburgh, and, when I replied that I had not that honour, he took me by the arm up to the Duke and introduced me.

I have known many charming lady amateurs in my time, all skilled in the art of music. Lady Augustus Hervey used to sing duets with Lord Dudley, and Lady Rumbold is an admirable exponent of the *bel canto*. Lady Arthur Hill has written many favourite songs, such as "In the Gloaming," and made a melodious setting of the hymn "O perfect Love," which was sung at her daughter's wedding. Mrs. Arkwright sings cleverly to her own guitar accompaniments, and Lady Parkyns, a true musician, has composed some beautiful lyrics.

Lady Folkestone once arranged a performance of Romberg's Toy Symphony, and invited all the best-known musicians of the day to take part. It was given at a charity concert on May 14th, 1880. We all chose instruments we had not played before. Charles Santley played the violin and I the viola. Benedict took the bells, and

Arthur Sullivan amused us all with his imitation of the cuckoo. Henry Leslie wielded the bâton with great skill.

While I am speaking of musical amateurs, I must not omit to refer to my friend the late Mr. John Woodford. He was the son of Field-Marshal Sir Alexander Woodford, Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and was for forty years in the Foreign Office. He never failed to be at the Opera when Mario was singing, and he imitated his style to perfection. His pronunciation of Italian could not have been surpassed. He was a great favourite in society, not his least attraction being his good looks. He used to help me when I had my Amateur Vocal Reunions in 1858, and we continued our friendship until he died. Since then I have kept up the friendship with his charming widow and daughter.

Another great friend of mine, an amateur tenor, was the late Mr. George Gumbleton, familiarly known as "Gumby." He sang Irish national songs to perfection, accompanying himself faultlessly on the piano. He could converse in four different languages. It was a pleasure to listen to him in songs of Schubert and Schumann, which of course he sang in the original German. Apart from "Salve Dimora" in *Faust* (in Italian) he also excelled in Gounod's songs, such as, "Ce que je suis sans toi," "Medjé," and "Quand tu chantes."

He was very clever in his profession as a

barrister, and a very versatile man. I remember his writing some Greek verses on the present German Emperor.

I was put in rather an awkward predicament by a present he made me at the time of my Orchestral Concerts. It was a black ebony silver-mounted conducting-stick, a beautiful thing in itself, but quite unpractical. I always used a white stick, so that the orchestra could see my beat. In order not to offend him I took both sticks with me to my desk at the next concert and used his for a piece where I thought I could safely take the risk.

The late Mr. Augustus Spalding was a notable figure at the Opera, and for very many years could always be seen sitting in his corner seat in the stalls close to the stairs leading to the exit by the orchestra. A confirmed admirer of the old school of Italian Opera, it was only by slow degrees that he became accustomed to and learned to appreciate the beauties of Wagner's operas. I remember his telling me that his special abhorrence was the beginning of the second act of *Lohengrin*.

The magnificent music of *Ortrud* and *Telramund*, so interesting as the forerunner of Wagner's later style, had no charms for him.

He used to explain how convenient it was for him to slip out at his usual dinner-hour and return to the Opera-house when the dawn breaks in the middle of the second act!

CHAPTER XII

PARTIES AND POLITICIANS

My first guinea—Lord Cardigan—The Balaclava Charge—Music at Lady Rothschild's—Private concerts at Mr. Alfred de Rothschild's—The Prince of Wales and other guests—Madame Patti and a fee of £1,000—M. Jacoby—Mr. Charrington's private concert—Story of three *prima donnas*—Baroness de Reuter's receptions—Music at Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill's—Mentmore—I meet Disraeli—A recollection of the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone—Tring Park—Sir Alexander Cockburn.

I HAD already begun playing at private parties when I was fifteen, and used to get a fee of half a guinea. The next year I earned my first guinea under rather curious circumstances, which I described in my diary at the time :

“*Saturday.*—To-day Miss Messent sent for me, and said that she was to sing to the Duchess of Somerset, and would I oblige her by playing her accompaniments. If she pleased the Duchess, she was to sing at her party that evening, and I was to go too. As we had to be there at 4 o'clock, I went home quickly, flung on my ‘gala,’ and drove with Miss Messent to the Duchess of Somerset's, 1, Park Lane, Hyde Park. The Duchess had asked this morning at Mitchell's Library for a singer, and he had suggested Miss Messent, and that is how it happened. We

pulled up at the 'palace,' and a liveried servant with powdered hair opened the door. We went through a splendid hall to the first floor to await the Duchess. The room, or rather 'salon,' where I now found myself was more beautiful and splendid than any I had yet seen. The carpets, mirrors, and furniture were all very fine. Suddenly the door opened, and a stout, elderly lady came in, and we bowed deeply, for we thought it was the Duchess, as it really was. She asked Miss Messent some questions, and what her fee was for a soirée, and finally asked about me. Miss Messent sang something and I accompanied her. After this I was asked by Her Grace (the title for the Duchess) to play a pianoforte solo, and I played a short piece. To her inquiry as to what I asked for the evening I said, quite unabashed, 'A guinea!' She smiled, for she considered it very cheap. To Miss Messent she said that, for this evening, it would not be possible for her to sing, as chiefly Ambassadors were coming, and they would talk so much about politics that they would not listen to singing. So that I was to come and play some little solos, and be there at 10 o'clock that evening. I was very pleased to play for such a high personage, as I had not expected it. I drove back again with Miss Messent, who probably was very much annoyed that I had cut her out. . . . This evening I flung myself into my 'best state' (clothes) and drove up to the house in a cab. In the entrance-hall were some five servants, and everything was lit up. I was then shown into a side-room by a servant in black clothes, and there I had tea. At 10 o'clock I was announced to the Duchess. I was, however, immediately told that I could not play at present, as the French Ambassador had suddenly been

taken ill—I was to wait. The servants said, in fun, that the Ambassador had dined *too well*. The wife of the late Duke of Sussex (an English Prince) was there, also the Russian, Turkish, Danish Ambassadors, and also many lords and ladies and others whom I did not know. The Duchess was covered with diamonds, and told me herself that I could not play yet. I also saw her husband, who was simply in evening dress with a star. After waiting for two hours, a servant came to me and said that he had been requested to give me a guinea, and that it was not necessary for me to play to-day, and I could go home; the Duchess would engage me another time. He paid me the guinea (12 florins) *for nothing*, and also 2s. for the cab, and I went home doubly pleased. It was the first guinea that I had earned, and I went to bed with a happy heart and soon fell asleep.”

In January 1857 I was engaged to go down for the night to play at Deene Park, the Northamptonshire seat of Lord Cardigan, the hero of Balaclava. In the fine oak-panelled hall with rich carvings I saw the diplomas presented to him on his return from the Crimea, and a large oil-painting of the famous charge. There was music in the evening in the hall. Verdi's new operas were much *en vogue*, and Lord Cardigan asked me to play something from *Rigoletto*. A handsome, tall man, he wore court dress with black silk stockings, and I noticed he had on his orders and stars. He spoke to me in French, and was particularly affable.

He asked me to stay on for a week, and send to

London for my things. Unfortunately, I could only stop two days, as I had to be back in town.

While we were talking, the Earl of Westmorland came up and spoke to me. Lord Cardigan said, "Ah, vous connaissez Monsieur Ganz?" "Mais oui, et ses parents. Ses oncles étaient mes premiers violon et violoncelle à Berlin." Lord Westmorland, who had been English Minister in Berlin, was one of the most distinguished musical amateurs of the time. He composed operas and cantatas, and founded our Royal Academy of Music. His grand-daughter, the present Lady Londesborough, was a pupil of mine. As he was going away Lord Westmorland said, "I live only five miles from here, and would be very happy to see you if you will come over."

There were many distinguished guests there, including Count Pourtalès, Lord and Lady Ernest Bruce, the Earl and Countess of Jersey and their daughter, the beautiful Lady Clementina Villiers. The day after we had music in the afternoon, and I played to Lady Clementina, and she played some Chopin Valses and other pieces to me very beautifully. Mrs. Dudley Ward, a pupil of mine (afterwards Mme de Falbe), sang the same evening. While the party were out hunting, I went over the beautiful garden and visited the splendid stables.

I was there shown the actual charger which Lord Cardigan rode when he led the Charge of the Light Brigade at Balaclava. As I had to

leave, I suggested to Lord Cardigan sending some one to take my place. He said, "Cela ne vaut pas la peine : ce n'est pas comme vous." I heard that an artist who had been there before me had given offence by playing something other than sacred music on a Sunday, and Lord Cardigan did not ask him again.

I remember, many years ago, attending a musical party given by the late Baroness Lionel de Rothschild, mother of Lord Rothschild, at her country house in Gunnersbury Park, near Kew. I accompanied a young Italian singer, Mlle Finoli, and played some piano pieces, one of which was a fantasia on airs from *La Traviata*, which I had arranged and wished to dedicate to the Duchesse d'Aumale, who was present. I had written to her a day or two previously about it. When I had played it she sent word to me that she would be very pleased to accept the dedication, and when I went to Orleans House, later on, she presented me, as a recognition of it, with a set of coral studs set in diamonds. Another French royal lady, the Duchesse d'Orléans, was also present at the party, and among the guests were Cardinal Wiseman, in his full ecclesiastical dress, also the Bishop of Oxford (Bishop Wilberforce), and Lord Clarendon, the then Minister of Foreign Affairs. It seemed strange, at that time, that at the house of the Rothschilds the representatives of many religions should have been present.

This was as it should be, in my humble opinion, as it showed that religious susceptibilities were wearing off, and that the representatives of all creeds could meet amicably together.

I was once asked by Herr Leopold Auer to accompany him at a *soirée* given by Count Schouvaloff, the Russian Ambassador, at the Russian Embassy, in Chesham Place. When he and I walked in, the Princess of Wales, afterwards Queen Alexandra, was sitting at the piano, accompanying Madame Christine Nilsson. Her Royal Highness got up at once from the piano when she saw us enter, not without my having noticed her beautiful touch. Then the men guests came in from the dining-room, among them being our late King Edward and the young Prince Louis Napoleon, who met with such a tragic end in the Zulu War.

When the concert was over, a Hungarian band played, and after twelve o'clock dancing began in one of the salons and was kept up with great spirit. I noticed that Prince Napoleon danced with one of my pupils, Lady Augusta Rous, daughter of the Countess of Stradbroke.

I used also to arrange the musical parties given by Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild, at which the Duchess of Edinburgh and the Duke of Cambridge were often present. I remember being rather amused, on one occasion, to see, on entering the house, Disraeli and Lord Granville walking arm in arm up the staircase. It showed

that, though political opponents, they were friendly enough in private life. A foreign lady singer, who had been recommended to the Baron, sang that night, and also Mr. Edward Lloyd.

At one of the musical parties that I arranged for Lady Rothschild Madame Melba sang, and M. Pugno, the well-known French pianist, and M. Hollman, the 'cellist, played. The house is really magnificent, and the acoustics, from a musical point of view, most excellent.

The private concerts I have arranged and conducted have been many and varied in character. At the annual soirées given by Mr. Alfred de Rothschild at his beautiful house in Seamore Place, Park Lane, Madame Adelina Patti always sang for him and was supported by artists I engaged from Covent Garden, such as M. Alvarez, M. Plançon, and Mlle Scalchi, by Mr. Ben Davies, and Mr. Charles Santley.

Mr. Alfred de Rothschild took great interest in arranging the programme with me, and I had to see him frequently beforehand at his house in the mornings. King Edward (then Prince of Wales) honoured all these soirées with his presence, and after the music he would speak to me very graciously, saying in German, "Sie haben sehr schön begleitet" (You accompanied beautifully). Well-known figures in London society were always there, and it was a fine sight to see the magnificent toilettes and rare jewels

of the ladies in the glittering light of the white-and-gold drawing-rooms, their walls hung with the masterpieces of Gainsborough.

The music generally began about a quarter past eleven and ended at one o'clock. Then supper was served, and the Prince of Wales generally escorted Madame Patti to the supper-table. Later on dancing took place, the late M. Jacoby conducting the band.

Jacoby was for many years conductor at the Alhambra, for which he composed a number of ballets. He was a German, and as a boy lived with his parents in Berlin, where my eldest brother, Eduard, taught him the violin, and he always spoke of him to me with the greatest gratitude and respect. His father afterwards settled in Paris, and then young Jacoby came over here and made his home in London, and also his reputation.

I remember once being asked by a very rich gentleman to engage Madame Patti for a private concert he intended to give, for which he said he would pay her a fee of a thousand guineas if she would consent to sing. I told him at once that she would not sing anywhere privately, as she never accepted such engagements, and that I could not, on any account, try and persuade her to sing for him, as it would be quite useless. So that finished the matter.

At one of the soirées at Mr. Rothschild's, at which Madame Patti sang, I had engaged three

remarkable artists from the Opera, namely, M. Alvarez, Signor Ancona, and M. Plançon, to sing, besides their songs, the Trio from *Faust*; but when it was over the Prince of Wales, who sat close to the singers in the front room, said to me: "Ganz, the singers sing as if they thought they were in Covent Garden; it is much too loud."

I am bound to say he was right, but it was magnificently sung all the same. We did not have a trio next year.

On one occasion I arranged a private concert for Mr. Charrington, at his house in Pont Street, for which, at his desire, I engaged three *prima donnas*, Madame Calvé, Madame Emma Eames, and Mlle Marie Engle. I had fixed upon some concerted music for this soirée, one item being the Quintette from the *Meistersinger*, and I had arranged to have a rehearsal for the concert at my own house. One of the ladies objected to rehearsing, saying that the pitch of my piano was much too high; but I told her that I should order a French-pitch piano for the soirée, and after some persuasion I got her to rehearse. When the evening came this lady, instead of singing a grand aria, elected to sing a little American ballad, while another wanted to take Plançon's place in the programme, saying, "Je dois chanter demain devant la reine Victoria à Windsor, et il faut que je parte aussi vite que possible" (I am going to sing to Queen Victoria

at Windsor to-morrow, and must get away as quickly as possible), but Plançon would not give way, saying to her, "Mais, madame, vous avez déjà chanté une fois et je ne peux pas vous donner ma place" (But, Madame, you have already sung once, and I cannot give you my place). She reluctantly consented to remain until her turn came to sing her last song. I tried to smooth things over and pacify these exacting artists, in which I succeeded. The concert took place in a large music-room and afterwards Mr. Charrington presented each lady artiste with a beautiful bouquet. The united fees of the artists on this occasion were over £1,100, and the programmes were printed on white satin.

The late Baroness de Reuter used also to give receptions at her house in Kensington Palace Gardens, where many unknown young artists had the chance of appearing before a distinguished audience. These receptions took place in the afternoon; the big salons were on the ground-floor and attached to them was a spacious conservatory, containing choice flowers and marble statues.

On one occasion I engaged a small orchestra, which I conducted, and Madame Christine Nilsson sang and won the hearts of all her listeners. The other artist was Herr Alexander Reichardt, the Viennese tenor, who sang German Lieder with exquisite taste.

Baron de Reuter was a clever and charming

man. It was he who succeeded in laying the first Atlantic cable to America, by the *Great Eastern* steamship, which was the largest steamer then built. He was also the founder of Reuter's Telegraph Company, which gives the news to this country from all parts of the world and has made the name of Reuter famous. We used to chaff each other, and the Baron would often say in fun : " Ganz, I have composed a wonderful new opera, which will be performed very shortly."

When I first knew the Reuters they were then Mr. and Mrs. Reuter, and lived in a small house in Doughty Street, Mecklenburg Square. Through his energy and good luck in organising the telegraphic service during the Franco-Prussian War in 1870-71, he became a well-known man and was created a baron by the late Duke Ernest of Saxe Coburg-Gotha. This Duke was the brother of Prince Albert of Saxe Coburg-Gotha, and composed several operas, one of which, called *Casilda*, was performed at Her Majesty's Theatre.

At another private concert I had engaged a good number of artists, and the lady who was giving the concert wanted some concerted music performed, and I had therefore to engage two *prima donnas*. One of them, when she saw the list of artists, complained that I had engaged too many and made the programme too long. I assured her that I was obliged to do so, and

told her the reason, and said it would not be fair to ask her to sing too often. Anyhow, I had arranged a splendid programme, and all the items went well; but I mention this to show how extremely difficult it is to please everybody—especially *prima donnas*!

Mrs. Mackintosh of Mackintosh is another hostess who gives concerts at which such artists as Madame Calvé, Madame Emmy Destinn, Madame Clara Butt, Mr. Ben Davies, and M. Plançon are heard. The playing of The Mackintosh's piper in full highland dress during supper always interests the foreign artists.

I remember accompanying at a small musical party given by Lord and Lady Randolph Churchill at their house in Connaught Place, at which King Edward, then Prince of Wales, was present. Mlle Sigrid Arnoldson, a Swedish operatic vocalist, who had a high, fresh soprano voice, sang most beautifully, while Miss Nettie Carpenter played the violin. When Miss Carpenter entered the drawing-room the Prince beckoned me to him and asked me all about her and whether she played well. Of course I replied in the affirmative, and told His Royal Highness that she was an American girl, who had studied at the Conservatoire in Paris, where she had gained the *premier prix*.

When the little concert was over, everybody adjourned to the billiard-room, which was on the same floor, where we all had supper. During

a conversation I had with Lord Randolph I asked him whether he ever felt nervous when addressing the House of Commons, and he said, "Yes, always, at the beginning of my speech; but when once I am warmed up I get on all right." It was a very enjoyable and uncere- monious evening; several of the host's married sisters, who had been my pupils, were present. I noticed on the staircases no end of addresses to Lord Randolph—some being from his con- stituents. The house was beautifully appointed and full of *objets d'art*.

Many years ago I stayed at the country seat of Baron and Baroness Meyer de Rothschild at Mentmore, near Leighton Buzzard. That fine mansion had not long been finished, and Baron Ferdinand de Rothschild and his bride, Baroness Evelina de Rothschild, daughter of Baron Lionel de Rothschild, M.P. for the City of London, were staying there at the same time on their honeymoon. The Baroness Evelina had a good mezzo-soprano voice, and sang occasionally in the evenings, and I accompanied her. She died within a year of her happy marriage, to the great grief of her husband, who founded the Evelina Hospital for sick children at Southwark in memory of her.

Among the visitors staying there at the same time was Benjamin Disraeli, who had his secre- tary, Mr. Montague Corry, afterwards Lord Rowton, with him. I sat next Mr. Disraeli at

dinner sometimes, but was always too timid in those days to address him—he used to come into the drawing-room to listen to my playing, and would stand by my side, holding his little eyeglass to his eye; but he never uttered a word.

Mr. Corry knew me well, as I used to teach his sisters, and he would willingly have introduced me to Disraeli, but I fought shy of him. Other guests were the Count and Countess Bernstorff; the Count was then Prussian Ambassador. The Countess was a pupil of mine, and had a fine contralto voice, excelling in Schubert's songs, which she often sang. Then there was the Hon. Monckton Milnes, afterwards Lord Houghton, father of the present Marquis of Crewe. He was, as everybody knows, a fine poet, and his lyrics were often set to music. One of them, "The Beating of my own Heart," was set by Sir George Macfarren, and Madame Clara Novello sang it into popularity. In later years my daughter Georgina sang it a great deal at country houses where she stayed, and the melody was so infectious that people used to hum it all over the house.

I thoroughly enjoyed my visit to Mentmore, and meeting so many distinguished people. Before the present mansion was built I used to stay at Mentmore Cottage and gave a few singing-lessons to Miss Hannah de Rothschild, who married the present Lord Rosebery.

The Bernstorffs were great favourites of Queen

Victoria and Prince Albert, and I remember that the Prince Consort was godfather to one of their sons. I used to teach two of their children the piano, Count Andreas and Countess Teresa. They often gave evening parties at their fine house in Carlton House Terrace, which lent itself well for big entertainments. Many German artists appeared there, who thus had an opportunity of being heard by the best English society. Some of them the Countess introduced to me, and I did all I could to be useful to them. After Count Bernstorff left he was succeeded by Count Münster, who was very fond of music, and often asked me to arrange musical parties for him. He was a widower, and his daughter, the Countess Marie, did the honours for him. The present German Emperor created him a Prince.

Count Münster was always most affable and friendly to me. I remember, one evening, Joseph Joachim and I were invited to dine with him. After dinner he asked Joachim to play something, but he had not got his violin or any music with him. I suggested the Kreutzer Sonata, and Joachim sent a messenger to fetch his violin and music, and we played the sonata together. Joachim afterwards made appreciative remarks to me which pleased me very much.

Although these reminiscences are supposed to be only connected with music and musicians, I cannot refrain from mentioning my several

interviews with the late great "Tribune of the People," Mr. William Ewart Gladstone, as it was principally at musical entertainments that I met him.

On one occasion the "grand old man" was staying on a visit at Lord and Lady Rothschild's, at Tring Park, Hertfordshire, with Lord Redesdale, Mr. John Morley, M. de Staal, the then Russian Ambassador, and other distinguished guests. Of course Lady Rothschild did the honours, assisted by her daughter and her son, Mr. Walter Rothschild. We used to have music in the evenings, M. Joseph Hollman playing the 'cello and I accompanying him. One evening I sat next Mr. John Morley at dinner, and in the course of conversation spoke to him about becoming a Cabinet Minister again. This, he assured me, would never happen; but of course it did, for Mr. Gladstone soon became Prime Minister again, and Mr. Morley entered his Cabinet, and in later years was created Viscount Morley.

In conversation with Mr. Gladstone I asked him whether he did not feel very tired after addressing his constituents for so many hours at a time at the Corn Exchange in Edinburgh; but he said no, and added that, to moisten his throat, he took the yolk of an egg beaten up, and that made it all right.

I asked him to be so kind as to favour me with his autograph, and he said: "Give me a

little time, and let me have your address, and I will attend to it." He did not forget his promise, for one cold day in March, not long after, he drove up in a victoria to my house in Harley Street while we were at lunch. When I saw him drive up I went to the door and his footman handed me a large envelope. I knew what it was, and walked out to the carriage and thanked Mr. Gladstone, who said he had preferred to bring the packet to me himself instead of sending it by post, so that the photograph inside it might not be damaged; and I thanked him again for his kindness. It was a large photograph signed by himself. I had it specially framed, and it now graces one of the walls in my house.

Mr. Gladstone was particularly fond of music, and used to sing in his younger days. Unfortunately, I never heard him; but I remember the late Countess of Bernstorff, who had heard him, telling me about his singing. He went one evening to the Music-hall in Great George Street, Edinburgh, when Madame Adelina Patti sang and I was conducting. During the interval he came round to the artists' room to speak to Madame Patti, addressing her in Italian. But when he found she spoke English quite perfectly he continued the conversation in that language, and offered her his congratulations on her superb singing.

Mr. Gladstone at one time had a house in

Harley Street close to where we then lived, and I remember, one Sunday afternoon, walking down our usually quiet street and seeing a cordon of police drawn across the road to prevent people approaching Mr. Gladstone's house. It was at the time of the "Jingo" excitement, and his windows had been broken by a mob.

At that time Harley Street was not merely a street of doctors ("Pill-box Lane" it has sometimes been called), but my neighbours and friends included, besides Sir Richard Quain, the great diner-out, who was always amusing, and Sir Morell Mackenzie, the Kendals, the Chappells, who gave famous musical parties, Mr. Gully, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, Sir Charles Russell, Mr. F. Wootton Isaacson, M.P., Mr. Weedon Grossmith, and Sir Francis and Lady Jeune, at whose parties one met all the celebrities of the day.

Some most artistic private concerts were given by the late Lord Chief Justice, Sir Alexander Cockburn, at his house in Hertford Street, and he did me the honour of asking me to arrange them. Joachim generally played at these soirées, and so did Piatti, and some distinguished artist always sang, one of these, I remember, being the beautiful Mlle Belocca, of Her Majesty's Theatre. People listened most attentively, and there was no talking to disturb the performers, as often happened at other houses, where pianoforte-playing was usually the signal for general con-

versation to begin. While on this subject I may mention what happened once at a musical party given by Mrs. Dudley Ward, sister-in-law of the late Earl of Dudley, which I helped to arrange and at which I played all the accompaniments.

It so happened that the great Madame Schumann was engaged to play some pianoforte solos, and she began by playing Chopin's Polonaise in A flat. But, alas! during the whole time she was playing the people talked incessantly. Knowing what her feelings would be, I stood by her side and condoled with her; but I don't think she ever played at any private party in England again.

The fact was that the great attraction that night was Giuglini, who had then not long made his first appearance at Mapleson's opera, as Arturo in *I Puritani*, and became at once the idol of the British public. Of course, a few years afterwards, when Madame Schumann became a leading attraction at the Popular Concerts, she was always received with acclamation, and I have seen the audience in the stalls throwing flowers at her; but on the night of Mrs. Dudley Ward's party she could not get a hearing.

To return to the soirée at Sir Alexander Cockburn's, among the audience used to be a good many judges, the confrères of the host. Sir Alexander was a very charming and fascinating

man; he was particularly fond of Beethoven, and I remember that, after attending some of my Orchestral Concerts at St. James's Hall, where I performed some of Berlioz's symphonies, he told me that he did not care for Berlioz, but preferred the old classical masters. He had a very melodious voice, and always spoke to me in German, which he had learnt fluently at the University of Jena, where he studied, and he also spoke French and Italian perfectly. He was the English representative at the Court of Arbitration that dealt with the Alabama dispute, and of course presided for many months at the Tichborne Trial, which was so sensational, and ended in a verdict approved by all sensible people.

He once asked me to join him at dinner one Sunday at Richmond; but I told him I had already accepted an invitation to dine with Mr. J. M. Levy (proprietor of the *Daily Telegraph*). I said I would, however, explain matters to Mr. Levy, who I knew would excuse me.

"Don't do that," said Sir Alexander; "as Mr. Levy can be much more useful to you than I can, we will arrange for another Sunday"; which he did. He was always most considerate, even in small matters.

He told me that his grand piano at Hertford Street was wearing out, and I suggested his buying a new Erard grand; so we fixed a day to go to Erard's in Great Marlborough Street

to select one. I tried several pianos and he chose one he liked, but did not purchase it, and when we got outside he told me the reason. He said rather despondently that, after all, he would rather not buy a new instrument, as he might be dead the following year; and so it really happened, for he died suddenly November 20th, 1880. I have often thought since of his curiously prophetic words, and of his strange premonition.

He was full of eloquence, combined with great learning and sound judgment, and was a great loss to the musical world.

At one of his soirées Madame Sembrich, the new *prima donna* from Covent Garden, sang. She was an extraordinary woman, not only a great singer but a splendid pianist and violinist. She showed all three talents at a concert she appeared at given at the Albert Hall by Sir Julius Benedict, where she roused the large audience to great enthusiasm. At Sir Alexander Cockburn's soirée she surpassed herself. There were a great many distinguished people present, amongst whom was the handsome Countess Grosvenor.

Other eminent personages in the law I have known have shown a cultivated taste for things musical.

The late Lord Chancellor, Lord Herschell, was a proficient performer on the violoncello, and often of an evening he used to arrange trio parties, in which he took part and played classical

works. The present Lord Chief Justice, Lord Alverstone, has a baritone voice and may often be heard taking part with the choir in the singing at St. Mary Abbot's, Kensington.

But not all eminent judges have the same partiality for good music. One of them had been invited by a friend to go with him to a concert devoted to the works of John Sebastian Bach. When the concert was over, and he was asked what he thought of it, he replied, "I had rather hear Offenbach than Bach often!"

CHAPTER XIII

MY ITALIAN TOUR

I attend the first performance of Mascagni's *I Rantzau* in Florence—My notice of it in the *Daily News*—Rome—Clement Scott and I continue the journey—A dinner-party of celebrities—Cardinal Rampolla—Madame Ristori—Naples—Scott goes on to Egypt and India—Pisa—Genoa—Paganini's violin—I visit Verdi at the Palazzo Doria—His *Falstaff*—Nice—Monte Carlo—Cannes—Turin—Milan—Signor Ricordi and his great publishing house—Venice—Farewell performance at the Teatro Rossini to Tamburlini—His triumph—The audience sings with him.

IN 1892 I was asked by my co-directors of the Carl Rosa Opera Company to go to Florence to hear the first performance of Mascagni's new opera, *I Rantzau*, and to report on it for possible production by the company. My travelling companion was the late Mr. Eugene Ascherberg, the music-seller, who purchased the rights of Mascagni's *Cavalleria Rusticana*, and Leoncavallo's *I Pagliacci*; he also wanted to hear the new opera, to see if it was worth his while to publish it in England. Thanks to him, I made the acquaintance of Signor Sonzogno, Mascagni's publisher, through whom I was introduced to Mascagni, who conducted the performance at the Pergola Theatre, which is very

large and has six to eight rows of boxes, but no gallery. Signor Ferraris, the ordinary conductor, had a splendid orchestra and fine chorus. Madame Darclée, a Roumanian soprano, took the part of Luisa. De Lucia, whom I remembered hearing at Covent Garden, was the tenor. The most prominent artist in the cast was the great baritone Signor Battistini, whom I visited during the interval in his dressing-room and asked him why he never came to England. He replied that he would like very much to come, only had not yet had any offers of an engagement. But I think Sir Augustus Harris had wished to engage him, only that his terms were so high. The fact was that Battistini was a great favourite in Russia, and got high fees there. In Russia a baritone was a draw, in England not at all—even the former great baritones, Ronconi and Graziani, never drew crowded houses.

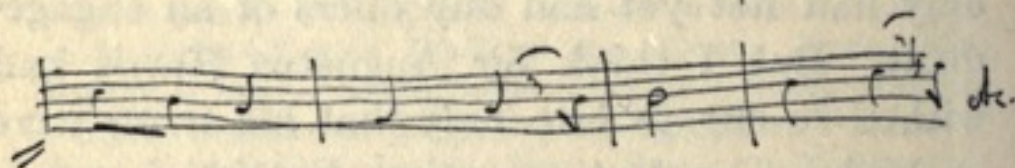
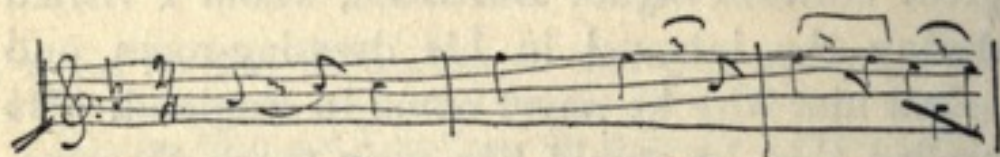
The great Russian, Chaliapine, has now come here to prove that this is no longer the case.

Battistini was engaged in 1905 at Covent Garden, to sing Don Giovanni and other parts, and he pleased very much.

But to return to our journey. We left London the morning of November 8th, and travelled to Paris, and thence direct to Florence, via Dijon, Chambéry, Mont Cenis, Turin, Genoa, and Pisa. We reached Florence on the morning of the third day and had already engaged

rooms in the Kraft's Hotel, which had been formerly an Italian nobleman's palace.

I am sorry to say that *I Rantzau* was a failure, notwithstanding the thunderous applause the audience bestowed upon the composer and the singers. Mascagni was recalled twenty or thirty times. *Entre nous*, I suppose the



À Monsieur le Maestro Wilhelm Ganz

= *Les Rantzau* = (Intermezzo)
P. Mascagni

claque had something to do with it. The ladies in the audience were presented with fans made of fancy straw, each one having a photograph of Mascagni and some roses attached to it.

I had been asked by my friend, Mr. Percy Betts, to write a notice of the opera for the

Daily News. The performance did not finish until very late, and at about one a.m. I went to the post office and wrote a notice of 841 words, which I telegraphed to the Paris Office of the *Daily News*. It cost me £5, but was worth it, for my notice filled two columns of the London *Daily News* next morning. When the other English critics saw me writing and sending off my copy they wondered for whom I was doing it, as they had never seen me do such a thing before ; but I did not give them any information. I heard them remark to one another, "What is Ganz doing here ? " and I must say it amused me to see their curiosity.

Mr. Ascherberg soon went back to England, telling me before he started that he was not going to buy the English rights of Mascagni's opera. I stayed on and saw Sonzogno very often, and also Mascagni, at whose house I visited and made the acquaintance of his wife and children. I went from Florence straight to Rome.

I know that many of my readers have already seen "The Eternal City" of Rome, but I hope they will forgive me for adding my impressions of it. I arrived in the evening and stayed at the Hotel Quirinale in the Via Vittorio Emanuele. At the table d'hôte I had a pleasant surprise, for who should I see sitting opposite me but my old friend Clement Scott, the eminent writer and critic of the *Daily Telegraph*.

I went to the Church of St. Peter's, built by

Michael Angelo, every day during the ten days I was in Rome. I had to drive there as it was a long way from my hotel. The first time I entered St. Peter's I am ashamed to say I felt disappointed. The fact was I could not grasp the grandeur of this magnificent building all at once; but every day it grew on me more and more, and I visited over and over again the fine chapels with the kneeling statues of the various popes in marble, and admired the wonderful sitting statue of St. Peter, whose toe millions of people have kissed, and gazed up to the summit of the dome, with its gallery, and the magnificent High Altar, above which is the loggia of the Pope.

I also went up the famous winding staircase, upon which one can ride on horseback, to the top of the principal tower, from which I had a splendid view over Rome and the Campagna, with the mountains in the distance.

One evening I went to the Constanza Theatre, when a new opera by a—to me—unknown composer was given, through the influence of Signor Tamagno, who played the leading tenor rôle. Notwithstanding the efforts of this great singer, it did not meet with much success. In Italy no end of new operas are given during the season, but the greater number of them are failures, and never reach other countries.

Another evening I was invited to a most interesting dinner-party given by Signor Angelo

Basevi, a friend of Signor Tosti's, who had introduced me to him. There I met Targioni-Tozzetti, part author of the libretti of Mascagni's operas, and also Count Sacconi, architect of the colossal monument to Victor Emanuel, which was then being erected. Mascagni was also there, and played and sang extracts from *I Rantzau* to Sgambati, and told us he was receiving seven or eight hundred letters a day asking for his autograph. We were all very jovial, and passed a delightful evening.

I was much impressed by the ruins of the Colosseum, and I also visited the Church of S. Paolo fuori le Mura, a few miles outside the city—a splendid building, with marble columns on each side, which I could not help thinking would have made a fine concert-hall. As I was leaving, I saw a priest kneeling at his devotions in one of the side-chapels, evidently some important personage, as his attendant, dressed in black, was in the corner waiting for him; so I went up to the attendant and asked who he was. He replied that it was His Eminence Cardinal Rampolla, Secretary of State to the Pope. When the Cardinal rose from his prayers and walked out he passed me, and I bowed to him, and he returned the salutation with a gracious smile. He was tall and commanding-looking, and extremely dignified and handsome. He entered his carriage and drove off.

When Pope Leo XIII died, Rampolla had

to vacate his official position at the Papal Court. In former years, of course, the Cardinals drove about in magnificent state, with gorgeous liveries, and I contrasted this with the plain carriage and unostentatious appearance of Cardinal Rampolla, who, great man as he was, went about with no pomp or ceremony.

On one of my visits to St. Peter's, on a Saint's Day, I heard a mass the music of which was most trivial. It was said by a Cardinal, but was not impressive, and the singing was not at all out of the ordinary.

One day I visited the celebrated actress, Madame Ristori, who in private life is the Marchesa del Grillo, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from my friend, Paolo Tosti. She received me most kindly and introduced me to her son, the Marchese del Grillo. She is a madonna-like woman, with wonderful eyes; very queenly in bearing, and of striking appearance. I told her I had had the pleasure of seeing her in London as Maria Stuart in Schiller's play. She regretted that Tosti never came to Rome, and we talked about London and music and a variety of subjects. Before leaving she handed me these beautiful lines:

"L'Arte è un grande inesorabile riposo dello spirito.

"ADELAIDE RISTORI DEL GRILLO.

"Al gentilissimo Wilhelm Ganz, Roma, 18 Nov. 1892."

I found her a most charming hostess, and am always glad I had the opportunity of meeting her.

It was once suggested that *Macbeth* should be translated and so cut down as to give greater prominence to Lady Macbeth. Ristori exclaimed, "What! cut Shakespeare? God forbid that I should commit such a sacrilege!"

Before leaving Rome I visited the King's palace, and also the Conservatoire, where I was introduced to the director, Signor Marchetti, by Signor Sgambati, who was one of the professors there. I went into the various class-rooms, and was much interested in the different arrangements. Marchetti's opera, *Ruy Blas*, was performed at Her Majesty's many years ago, with Mlle Salla and Mlle Belocca in the caste, and, as I told him, I was present at the first performance. Signor Sgambati had also frequently been in England, and has played at London concerts. He told me that, during the winter months, he went every Monday evening to the Palace to play to Queen Margherita. She was very fond of Beethoven's music, and he played most of the sonatas to her and arranged performances of the trios and quartettes.

After leaving Rome I went with Clement Scott to Naples, where we took our rooms at the Hotel Vesuvius, which stands on the long, beautiful esplanade facing the bay. The manager, who knew Scott from having been manager of the "Greyhound" at Hampton Court, was

much pleased to see him, and very attentive to us. We drove together to Sorrento, which lies in the Bay of Naples a little way from the town, and had our lunch at a restaurant, sitting at the open window, to the accompaniment of some mandoline players, who sang Tosti's songs and folk-melodies and made us feel quite happy and contented. Before us was the Bay of Naples, with Vesuvius in the distance and the beautiful Island of Ischia. Scott was enchanted, and said he would like to live there for ever. After lunch we sipped our coffee and smoked our cigars, and then drove along the coast to Pausilippo, passing some picturesque villas, the property of old Lablache, who had bought land there, and saw the house where Thalberg, his son-in-law, lived.

Next day we parted company, Scott going on to Egypt and India and other distant parts of the world—to write an account of his travels for the *Daily Telegraph*. After he had left I visited Pompeii, driving there in a small one-horse carriage through Portici, and saw the wonderful ruins.

I remained a few days longer in Naples and then travelled back to Rome without stopping anywhere *en route*, and then went on to Pisa, Turin, Nice, and Monte Carlo. At Pisa I stayed at an old-fashioned, rather small hotel, called the "Arno," and while there visited the famous Campo Santo, where so many distinguished

Italians are buried, and saw the Cathedral and the Baptistery. Of course I also ascended the wonderful leaning-tower, but was disappointed with the view from the top of it.

Next day I travelled to Genoa, where I arrived on November 26th, and took my room at the Grand Hôtel du Parc. I was most anxious to see Verdi, so I called at his home, the historical Doria Palace; but his servant told me he was at the opera, rehearsing his new opera, *Falstaff*, and asked me to call again the following morning, when he would receive me.

I then went to the Palazzo Municipale and saw Paganini's "Guarnieri" violin, which was locked up in one of the cupboards. Sivori, who lives in Genoa, is sometimes permitted to play upon it. As I knew Sivori, having often accompanied him at concerts, I called to see him and asked him to give me an introduction to Verdi, which he did, writing some lines on his card.

I went to see the world-renowned *Campo Santo* at Genoa, which, like that of Pisa, is filled with the graves of Italy's famous men and contains a very fine monument to Mazzini. The next day, which was Sunday, I went to the Palazzo Doria to visit Verdi—my appointment being for eleven. I gave the servant my card, and that of Sivori, and was shown into a very elegantly furnished salon, where I noticed a large glass cabinet containing Verdi's orders

and various laurel wreaths, with one of gold, as well as a conductor's baton.

Presently Verdi himself appeared, a fine, handsome man, with a high forehead and grey hair, and beard, who received me most amiably. I mentioned to him that this was my first visit to Italy, and showed him some of the programmes of the Carl Rosa Company's Opera performances of *Aïda* and *Otello*, giving him all particulars about the first performance of *Otello* in English, and reminding him that the directors, including myself, had wired him to Busseto an account of its great success. He said our cable had never reached him, and that in future we were always to address him at Genoa. I left him the programmes, and told him what Carl Rosa had done for English Opera, and of his wife, the charming Euphrosyne Parepa. He asked me how long the company had existed, and how often they performed his operas, and seemed very much interested in every detail.

I next spoke to him about Madame Patti, and he asked me where she lived and where she was at the present time; so I said she was at her castle in South Wales, called "Craig-y-nos," and described it to him, with its beautiful surroundings, and showed him a programme of the Albert Hall Concert I had conducted, at which Patti had sung his aria "Ernani Involami" from *Ernani*. He also asked whether Nicolini still sang, and I said yes, but very rarely, adding

that he had sung Verdi's famous "La Donne è mobile" a short time before at a charity concert organised by Madame Patti. I told him Patti knew all her operatic rôles by heart, and he said charming things about her and asked me to remember him to her when I returned to England.

Verdi heard Madame Patti again in 1893 in his opera *La Traviata* at the Scala, Milan: she wrote me an interesting letter about the performance.

"MILAN,
"January 1893.

"MY DEAR PAPA GANZ,

"I must send you a line at once, to tell you of the *enormous* success I had last night in the *Traviata*. The place was packed full, and when I came on the reception was so great, all the people standing up, that I know, had you been there with that big heart of yours, you would have cried your poor eyes out, just as Verdi did. I am told that throughout the performance he did nothing but sob, he found that my phrasing was so pure and touching. At the end of the Farewell Scene, just as I was rushing off, my foot caught in the lace of my skirt, and I fell right down on the floor. 'Dieu Merci,' I did not hurt myself much. . . . It is a real pleasure to sing to these Italians, they do so well appreciate each phrase, to the highest degree; and then their 'Brava' always comes in just at the right moment. You could have heard a fly, so quiet they were, and took everything in, and at the end the enthusiasm was *glorious*—oh!!!

"I love to sing to them; 'Cela fait un vrai

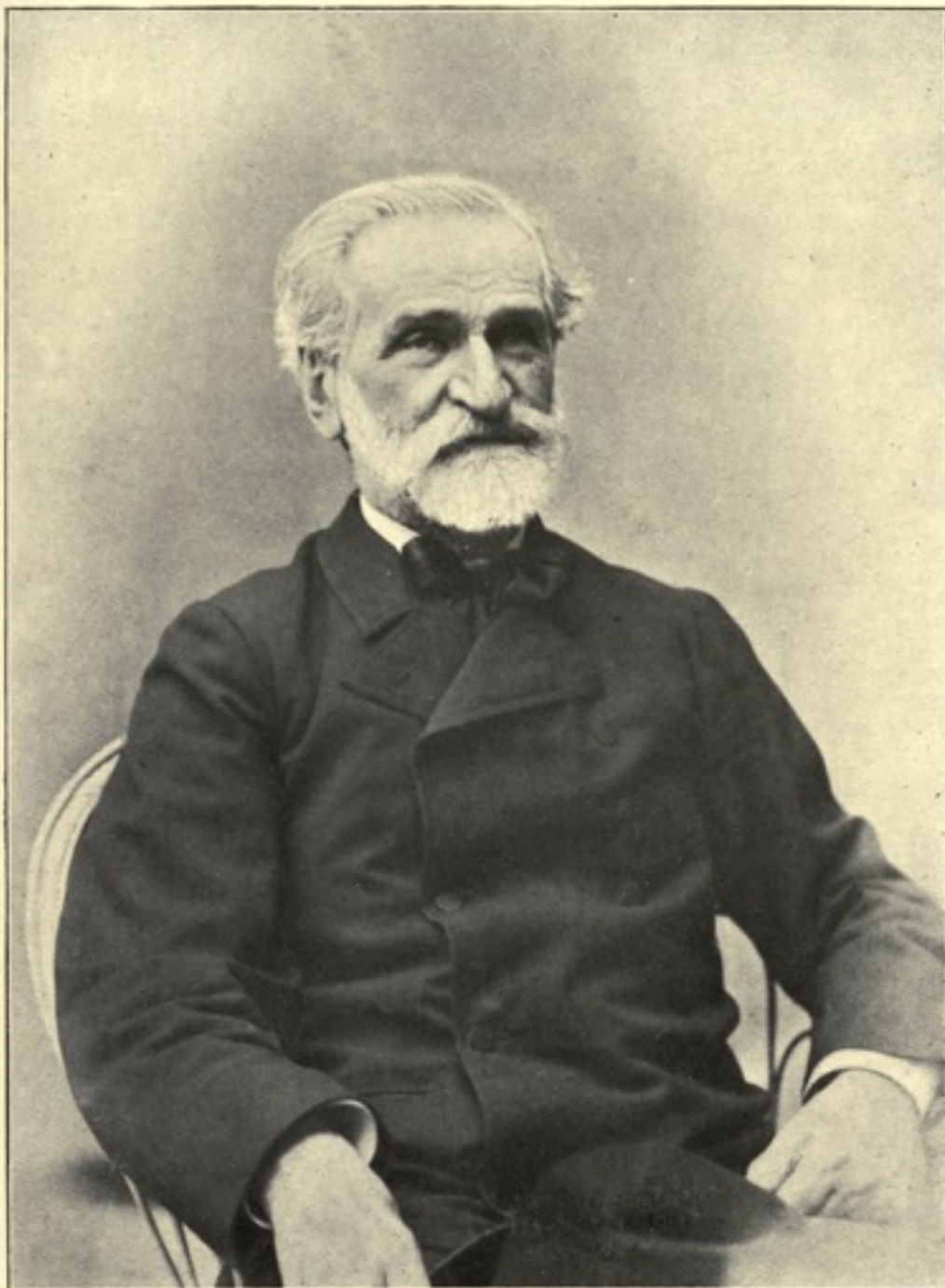
plaisir,' and a *real* success here is something worth having.

"Now I must close, as Verdi has just come to see me. Love to all your dear family, not forgetting your dear self. Always affectionately yours,

"ADELINA."

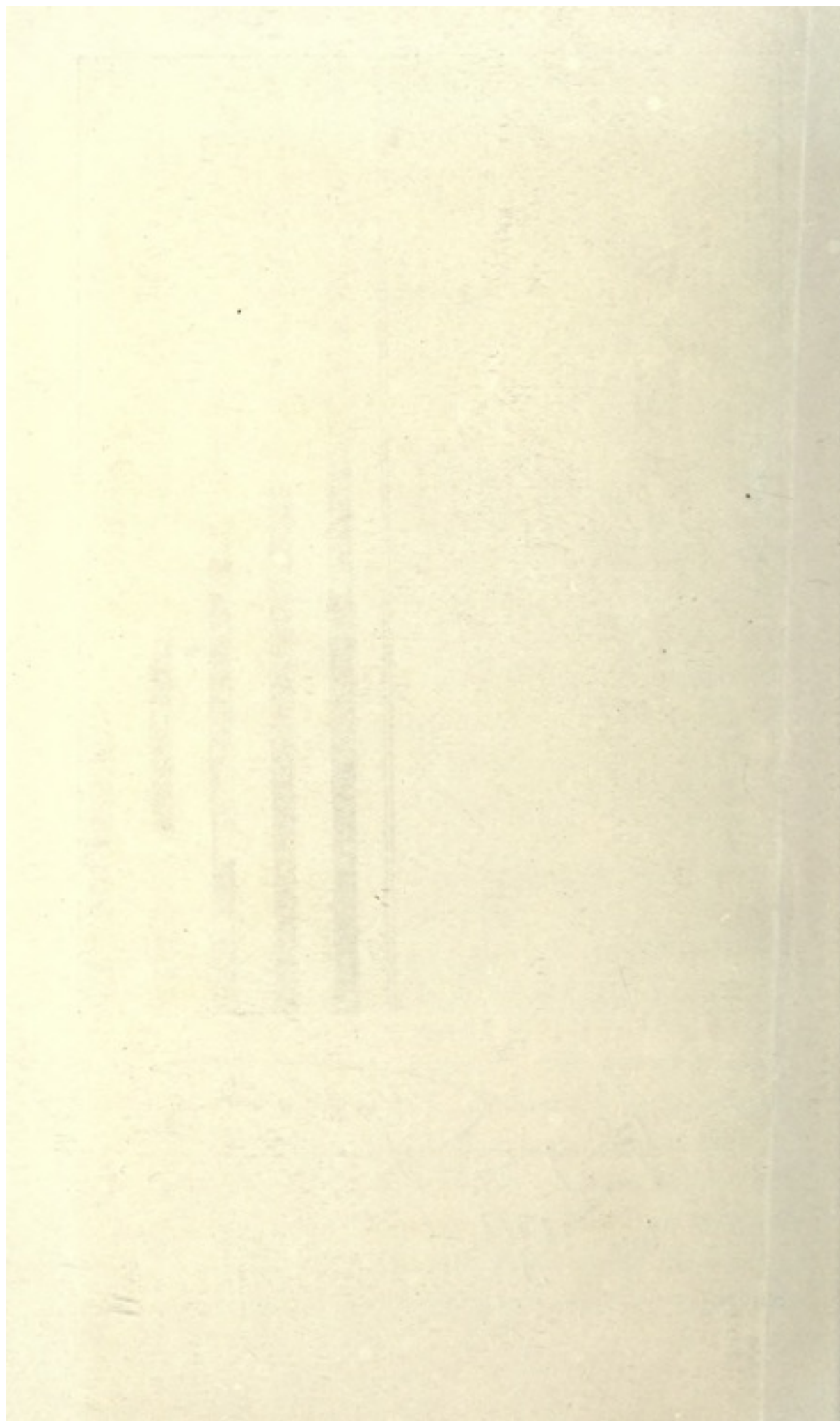
I recalled to Verdi that I was present at the Royal Albert Hall when he had conducted his famous *Requiem*, sung by Madame Stoltz, Madame Waldmann, and other great artists. He then asked whether Signor Randegger was still in London, and I told him yes, and very active into the bargain.

In reply to my question as to whether he had finished *Falstaff*, he said: "It will be given in Milan at the end of January. Are you coming to the first performance?" I told him I much regretted it was impossible. He said there were a great many rôles in it and the tenor had the lover's part, "which," he added, "is very sweet." He went on to say, "For a long time I have wanted to compose a comic opera, but I could not find a suitable libretto; but I did once write a comic opera." He paused, and did not tell me its name. Evidently the thought crossed Verdi's mind of the tragic bereavement he sustained over fifty years before, when he lost his wife and his two only children within a few months, and, though stunned by the blow, had to complete a comic opera called *Un giorno*



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27
Nov 1892

G. Verd



di Regno which he had been commissioned to write. He had already engaged the soprano and tenor for his *Falstaff* when I saw him.

He told me he enjoyed composing, which gave him real pleasure, and that he hoped he would live long to continue to write. He spoke about Sivori, as if he thought him very old; but I reminded him that the latter still played the violin and was by no means past work.

I asked Verdi for his autograph, and before writing it he said: "What is the date of to-day?" and added the date—then gave it to me. I noticed that he had not put my name down, so he took the trouble of going back to his study and bringing it back with my name on it. I mention this because Verdi is, as a rule, very chary about giving his autograph; so I considered it a great compliment.

I then said good-bye to him, and thanked him for his very kind reception, for I had remained with him about an hour. I may add the following characteristic story of him. A friend who went to see Verdi when he was staying in a villa at Moncalieri found him in a room which, Verdi said, was his drawing-room, dining-room, and bedroom combined, adding, "I have two other large rooms—but they are full of things that I have hired for the season." Verdi threw open the doors and showed him a collection of several dozen piano-organs.

"When I arrived here," he said, "all these

organs were playing airs from *Rigoletto*, *Trovatore*, and my other operas from morning till night.

"I was so annoyed that I hired the whole lot for the season. It has cost me about a thousand francs, but at all events I am left in peace."

I then took the twelve-ten train on to Nice, where I arrived in the evening and engaged a room at the Hôtel des Anglais, facing the sea. Next morning I called on my old friend, Signor Tagliafico, but found him busy teaching singing, so did not interrupt him. Then I called on an old friend belonging to the Royal Somerset House Lodge in London, who invited me to dinner, and he and his wife took me for a long drive through the town of Nice. We drove along the sea-shore to Beaulieu, where we visited a London friend, Mrs. David, who is also a friend of Madame Patti's.

Next day I went by rail to Monte Carlo, where I visited the Casino and went to an orchestral concert conducted by M. Jehin, whom I had known in London when he was conducting at Covent Garden, and who conducts concerts at Monte Carlo, where the most admirable artists appear. I chatted with several English friends at the rooms and in the gardens and then returned to Nice. In the evening I went to the Municipal Theatre.

Then I went on to Cannes, and saw the little English Chapel and the villa where Prince Leopold, Duke of Albany, lived and died. The

sea was perfectly smooth and blue, and the beautiful scenery of the Riviera appealed greatly to me. While at Nice I saw Miss Minnie Tracy by appointment, and engaged her as soprano for the Carl Rosa Company. Signor Vianesi, a former conductor at Covent Garden, called upon me to introduce a young singer who was one of his pupils. I heard her sing, but was not sufficiently struck by her capabilities to recommend her for an operatic engagement.

During the four days I was at Nice I met General Stevens, Adjutant to the late Duke of Cambridge, a friend from London who is an amateur violinist. He is very fond of music, and we often played duets together; therefore he was sorry when I left and wanted me to stay longer, but I was obliged to go on to Turin. It was a long journey, and the weather was rather cold as we entered Italy. At Turin I stayed at the Hôtel de l'Europe, which stands in the large Square. I saw the Royal Palace, the fine armoury, and the Teatro Regio, where I witnessed a performance of which I cannot remember the name, but I fancy it was the ever-popular *Cavalleria*.

On December 3rd I travelled from Turin to Milan. Of course I saw all the "sights" and thought the Duomo one of the most wonderful churches in the world, the summit having small marble towers so finely decorated as to

give the effect of embroidery. I went to the top and found it difficult to walk about up there, the stone paths being so intricate.

I was greatly struck with the Brera Picture-gallery, and I saw the world-renowned and almost obliterated "Last Supper" by Leonardo da Vinci, which is painted on a wall of the Refectory of Santa Maria delle Grazie. It seems a pity that nothing could have been done to preserve this masterpiece from fading.

One evening I heard a performance, of course well given, of the *Cavalleria* at the Teatro dal Verme, and I also went to see the celebrated Opera-house, La Scala; but, as it was holiday-time, there were unfortunately no performances there. However, I went on the stage, which is enormous, the house being much larger than Covent Garden, and there are reception-rooms at the back of each box.

I made a point of going to see my old friend Bazzini, the eminent violinist and composer, who played for me in 1857, and was glad to find him looking so well after his long and strenuous career. He talked of his visits to London, where I often accompanied him at concerts, and his duties as director of the Milan Conservatoire, which, he regretted, prevented him travelling as he had done formerly.

Bazzini was one of the many great artists who appeared at the concerts of the Musical Union: he will be seen standing first on the left-

hand side of the picture reproduced on an earlier page. I accompanied him there in 1853, when his beautiful tone and finished execution astonished everybody.

Both music publishers, Signor Ricordi and Signor Sonzogno have large establishments at Milan; Ricordi has bought the whole of Madame Lucca's (the former rival of Ricordi) musical stock, containing all the old operas of Rossini, Bellini, Donizetti, and the earlier operas of Verdi. He invited me to visit his music-printing, engraving, and publishing works, where he showed me the proof-sheets of Verdi's *Falstaff*. He is the publisher of Puccini's operas, and has, I believe, the largest musical publishing-house in Europe. All my own compositions are published by Ricordi, although, in connection with the above-mentioned great composers, my small name ought not to appear; but I state the fact because Madame Lucca bought the copyright of my little works, and they were transferred to Ricordi.

Ricordi's great opponent in the musical trade is Sonzogno, who buys the rights of all Mascagni's and Leoncavallo's operas; but all the same I don't think he does Ricordi any harm. He is also the publisher of the Italian newspaper *Il Secolo*.

From Milan I travelled to Venice, and on arriving at the station was shown into a gondola steered by two boatmen, in which I traversed

several canals and finally arrived at the Hôtel Britannia. Next morning I was awakened by loud knocking. Some workmen were driving big wooden posts into the sandy earth and singing all the time. After breakfast I walked, by way of very small streets and alleys, to the Piazza to see San Marco, the King's Palace, the Campanile, and the Palace of the Doges. I went through the royal palace and up the Campanile, and then visited the Doges' Palace, with its grim inquisition-chamber, and admired the splendid paintings by Paul Veronese and Tintoretto.

I then took a gondola on the Grand Canal and passed the house where Wagner lived and died, and saw the Bridge of Sighs and the other wonderful sights of the city. In the evening I went to the Teatro Rossini and heard Boito's fine opera, *Mefistofele*. It was being given as a farewell performance to Signor Tamburlini, who had quite an ovation, being called and recalled many times, and was not only presented with a great many bouquets, but with a small statue of himself. In the last act the audience in the gallery joined Tamburlini in his singing, and altogether it was a most impressive performance. The theatre is rather small, but the orchestra and chorus were good and the principal singers quite acceptable.

I was very much impressed by the excellent operatic conductors they had at the Italian

theatres I visited, and the tenors and baritones were splendid artists; but I did not care for the female singers, who were rather mediocre. In nearly every theatre I visited I heard *Cavalleria*, which, as I said before, seemed to be the rage.